

# EUSTACHE BAUDIN

An Original Drama,

IN THREE ACTS.

BY

JOHN COURNEY,

*Author of "Time Tries All," "The Soldier's Progress," "Vanity,"  
"The Two Polts," &c. &c. &c.*

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,

LONDON.

209505

First Performed at the Royal Surrey Theatre,  
on Monday, January 30th, 1854.



## Copy of Original Bill.

### ACT FIRST—PERIOD, 1798.

EUSTACHE BAUDIN ( <i>Village Postmaster and Keeper of a Provincial Auberge</i> ) .....	MR. CRESWICK.
ALPHONSE LAMBERTI ( <i>Nephew of the Countess d'Alberte, an Adventurer and Roué</i> ) MR. H. HARALD.	
DELBOIS ( <i>His Companion, a confirmed Scamp, with—an Appetite</i> ) .....	MR. SHEPHERD.
MONS. PONCELET ( <i>Farm Proprietor in the District of Bonville</i> ) .....	MR. E. D. LYONS.
MONS. MANCLERC ( <i>Village Surgeon</i> ) .....	MR. FENTON.
CAPTAIN LAHAIRE.....	MR. PHELPS.
SERGEANT POMPONNEAU ( <i>an Admirer of Manou and a Rival to Marcel Poulet</i> ).....	MR. T. H. HIGGIE.
MARCEL POULET ( <i>an Egg Merchant in a Small Way of Business, also an Admirer of Manon</i> ) .....	MR. H. WIDDICOME.
GREGORY } .....	MR. RIVERS.
PIERRE } .....	{ MR. WILSON.
THE COUNTESS D'ALBERTE .....	MRS. FITZALLEN.
LOUISE ( <i>Wife of Eustache Baudin</i> ) .....	MISS CLAYTON.
LOUISE ( <i>her Daughter 4 Years of Age</i> ) .....	MISS JULIA BARNES.
MANOU ( <i>the Village Belle, Servant of the Auberge</i> ) .....	MISS E. SANDERS.

INTERIOR of the AUBERGE of EUSTACHE BAUDIN  
(EVANS)

Mountain Pass and Ravine.  
(DALBY)

✓ X 6266704

**ACT SECOND—PERIOD, 1804.**

EUSTACHE BAUDIN ( <i>State Courier to the Minister of the Interior</i> ).....	MR. CRESWICK.
ALPHONSE LAMBERTI ( <i>residing in the Chateau d'Alberte</i> ) .....	MR. H. HARALD.
DELBOIS ( <i>a Vagrant, hungry as ever</i> ).....	MR. SHEPHERD.
PAUL POMPONNEAU ( <i>Lamberti's Confidential Valet</i> ) .....	MR. T. H. HIGGIE.
MARCEL POULET ( <i>Head Footman in the Service of the Countess</i> ) .....	MR. H. WIDDICOMB.
MONS. DARVILLE ( <i>an Advocate</i> ) .....	MR. CHAPMAN.
ADRIAN ( <i>a Servant</i> ) .....	MR. CLIFFORD.
THE COUNTESS D'ALBERTE .....	MRS. FITZALLEN.
LOUISE ( <i>Divorced from Eustace, and an Inmate of the Chateau d'Alberte</i> ) .....	MISS CLAYTON.
MADEMOISELLE LOUISE ( <i>her Daughter, 10 Years of Age</i> ) .....	MISS R. BARNES.
MANOU ( <i>now Madame Poulet, Attendant on the Countess</i> ).....	MISS E. SANDERS.

**Saloon and Gardens of the Chateau d'Alberte.**

(DALBY)

**ACT THIRD—PERIOD, 1811.**

THE DUKE DE BRISSAC .....	MR. BUTLER.
CAPT. HENRI DE BUSSAC ( <i>the accepted Lover of Madlle. Louise</i> ) .....	MR. F. HUSTLEBY.

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ALPHONSE LAMBERTI ( <i>the proposed Husband of the Divorced Louise</i> ).....	MR. H. HARALD.
DELBOIS ( <i>a Felon</i> ) .....	MR. SHEPHERD.
MONS. BONCOUR ( <i>a Village Curé</i> ).....	MR. R. GREEN.
MONS. PONCELET ( <i>a Traveller</i> ).....	MR. E. D. LYONS.
MARCEL POULET ( <i>Village Innkeeper</i> ) .....	MR. H. WIDDICOMB.
PAUL JARDIN ( <i>a Peasant</i> ) .....	MR. CLIFFORD.
THE COUNTESS D'ALBERTE, .....	MRS. FITZALLEN.
LOUISE .....	MISS CLAYTON.
MADLLE. LOUISE ( <i>Aged 17—affianced to Capt. Henri</i> ) .....	MISS S. THORNE.
MADE. POULET .....	MISS E. SANDERS.

**VILLAGE INN, MOUNTAIN CHAPEL,  
AND DISTANT LANDSCAPE.**

(DALBY)

## Costumes.

### ACT I.—PERIOD 1798.

*Eustache Baudin.* Loose blouse (blue) with striped shirt, loose collar, and neck-tie, dark French trousers, and gaiters, peaked French cap.

*Alphonse Lamberti.* Coat (claret colour) of the period, embroidered waistcoat, white neckerchief, light pantaloons, French top boots, rather conical hat, and band.

*Delbois.* French long frock, large French trousers, shoes, and gaiters.

*Monsieur Manclerc.* Plain black suit of the period.

*Monsieur Poncelet.* Slate or brown suit ditto.

*Sergeant Pomponneau.* Military suit of the time—blue coat and red trousers.

*Marcel Poulet.* Village suit—large brown breeches, flowered waistcoat, and white coat.

*Gregory and Pierre.* Village dresses.

*Countess d'Alberte.* Rich travelling dress of puce velvet, hat, and feathers.

*Louise.* Plain dark boddice, red skirt.

*Manou.* Blue boddice, orange skirt, French handkerchief on head.

### ACT II.—PERIOD 1804.

*Eustache Baudin.* Dark purple velvet courier's jacket, red waistcoat (both trimmed with gold lace), buckskin pantaloons, high boots, conical hat and band, black neck-tie.

*Alphonse Lamberti.* Green coat, white waistcoat, lower garments the same as First Act.

*Monsieur Poncelet.* Darker suit.

*Delbois.* Ragged trousers, old shoes, dirty waistcoat, coat long and much worn, old cap with large peak.

*Marcel Poulet.* Red plush breeches, silk stockings, shoes and buckles, large livery waistcoat, ditto coat with long tails.

*Darville.* Plain black suit of the period.

*Sergeant Pomponneau.* Smart livery coat, breeches, top boots.

*Adrian.* Livery.

*Countess d'Alberte.* Rich orange dress of the period.

*Louise.* Black velvet, handsomely-trimmed head-cap of beads.

*Louise.* Blue satin.

*Manou.* Blue skirt, dark boddice.

### ACT III.—PERIOD 1811.

*Duke de Bussac.* Rich plum colour suit of the date.

*Captain Henry Bussac.* Officer's uniform—blue and red.

*Alphonse Lamberti.* Dark blue coat, white waistcoat, dark pantaloons, Hessian boots.

*Delbois.* A change entire—more in poverty.

*Marcel Poulet.* Brown coat, character waistcoat, blue breeches.

*Monsieur Boncœur.* Black suit.

*Monsieur Poncelet.* Plain suit.

*Countess d'Alberte.* White satin, stomacher, &c.

*Madame Louise.* Grey rich silk, with head dress.

*Manou Poulet.* Brown skirt, black boddice.

# EUSTACHE BAUDIN.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Wine House of Eustache Baudin in the Village of Bonville, near the Southern Frontier. There is, r., a cooking stove upon which is placed an iron heating; lines on which things are hanging as ready for the iron; a table, behind which MANOU is employed ironing; there are also tables and chairs ranged at the other side for drinking; door, r.; a small stair going up to room, l. The stage is open at back, and through the trellis-work and the vine trailing is seen distance picturesque from hilly to mountainous; a road also appears to descend to all, by which all pass who leave on the l.; another road continued from the descent rises, r. Music. Drum or bugle heard as curtain rises.*

MANOU. There I declare the morning parade is over, and I shall have my dear Serjeant Pomponneau here before I get my work done. (*bustles and takes another iron*, SOLDIERS are seen to cross at back from rise to descent). There are some of his men that he commands. Dear me, if I should become his wife and he become a general, why I should be Madame General Pomponneau—a little different that would sound to Madame Pullet, for that would be my name if I married Marcel; before Serjeant Pomponneau came here I thought I loved Marcel, but Pomponneau is a military man—a hero—a warrior, Marcel a mere egg merchant; the one smart, elegant, and handsome—the other lumpy and loutish; Marcel is constantly teasing, but I must really dismiss him.

*Enter MARCEL COUCHON, with basket on his head, from l. u. e.*

MARCEL. Eggs, eggs—Hen eggs—Duck eggs—Goose eggs—(*entering*) Here I am (*puts his eggs off his head*) just dropped in, Manou, to see how my little dove gets on.

MANOU. Then you can drop out as soon as you please, for I am very busy and I don't want to be disturbed. (*feeling the heat of iron and beginning to use it*)

MARCEL. Well, but I've got something to talk to you about. (*unconsciously placing both hands upon the table as in argument*) You see—(*MANOU runs her iron along which reaches his hands*)

MANOU. Take care.

MARCEL. Oh! oh! (*stamps, &c.*)

MANOU. Couldn't you see.

MARCEL. I was telling you to see.

MANOU. And I told you to take care.

MARCEL. (*in fury*) But I know what you are thinking of—that serjeant, it's all through him!

MANOU. It's all through your putting your hands in my way.

MARCEL. You love that fellow.

MANOU. (*folding things*) I'm afraid I do!

MARCEL. And pray what's to become of me?

MANOU. I really don't know.

MARCEL. And perhaps you really don't care.

MANOU. Exactly—and to tell you the truth, I had just before you "popped in" determined to give you your dismissal, and I therefore dismiss you at once.

MARCEL. Dismiss me—what, for ever?

MANOU. For ever!

*Enter SERJEANT POMPONNEAU from R. U. E.*

SERJ. P. Light of my glory—star of my bravery—object of my battle-cry—my dearest Manou!

MANOU. My Pomponneau!

SERJ. P. Mine for ever.

MANOU. Thine for ever. (*they embrace*)

MARCEL. Ah! (*staggers and falls on his egg basket*) I'm smashed!

SERJ. P. And so are your eggs, my fine fellow.

MANOU. Ha! ha! ha!

MARCEL. Ruined in business as well as love.

SERJ. P. 'Pon my life I feel for you, give me your hand.

MARCEL. Ha! stand off! (*avoiding him and getting up*) you military monster, I shall hear of your being shot yet.

SERJ. P. Ha! ha! ha! my dear fellow, 'tis what we soldiers live for.

MANOU. Live to be shot?—oh, how shocking to be sure.

SERJ. P. My love, 'tis the soldier's duty to be foremost in the attack, and to die bravely—his greatest glory.

MANOU. And what is to become of his wife when he's gone?

SERJ. P. He bequeaths her to his country's protection.

MARCEL. Rags and beggary.

MANOU. Oh dear! (*staggering*)

MARCEL. You see what you've got to expect, but don't come to me when you're a widow. (*call of the bugle heard*) There, you are called, Mr. Serjeant Pomponneau.

*Enter CAPTAIN LAHERE, up rise, with SOLDIERS—sees POMPONNEAU.*

CAPT. L. Serjeant!

SERJ. P. Yes, captain. (*saluting*)

CAPT. L. There's no time for the wine house—the route has come for Tours, we march there to day—come.

SERJ. P. I'm ready, Captain—the devil take it. (*aside*)

MARCEL. Ha, ha, ha! "mine for ever—mine for ever." (*imitates*)

MANOU. (*crying*) Oh—oh—oh dear—you are not going to leave me?

CAPT. L. What's the matter, my girl? (*crosses to c.*)

MANOU. No—no—nothing, sir! (*sobbing*)

MARCEL. The matter's this—she has been transplanting her affections from my eggs to his epaulettes, and a good thing she has made of it.

CAPT. L. Oh, indeed—well, she is certainly a pretty girl!

MANOU. (*bobs a curtsey*) Thank you, sir.

MARCEL. If she hadn't been handsome, do you think I should have condescended to love her?

CAPT. L. 'Tis said extremes meet—and I have frequently seen handsome wives with the most ordinary of husbands. Fall in, Serjeant. In the meantime, my girl, I'd advise you to fall back upon your former love. Adieu! (*lifts his cap*)

SERJ. P. Adieu, dear, for the present—I'll see you before we march.

*Music—They march off, she sits and weeps, r.*

MARCEL. (*struts*) Eggs are down certainly—but I fancy I am getting up in the market.

MANOU. (*looking the way SERJEANT POMPONNEAU went*) He is gone!

MARCEL. Yes—why don't you go after him?

MANOU. (*glancing archly*) What, after a soldier? No, Marcel—a joke is very well in its way, and by pretending to love the Serjeant I have found out how truly you love me. (*goes to MARCEL*)

MARCEL. Oh, you have, eh? and I have found out by the same joke how little you care for me.

MANOU. Now, Mareel, if you talk in that manner, you'll break my heart.

MARCEL. You don't break mine, though you've broken my eggs. (*taking up his basket*) Here's a squash! good-bye!

MANOU. Marcel—Marcel—don't be a fool!

MARCEL. I won't!

MANOU. Hear me—stay!

MARCEL. Go to the — no, I won't send you so far as that—go to your Serjeant! Eggs! eggs! broken eggs! damaged eggs!

*Exit, c. and l.*

MANOU. I'll punish you for this; we have quarrelled before now, and I have had you at my feet in an hour. A pretty thing indeed, when a girl can't do as she likes with her lovers! (*bell without*) Bless me, how the time slips to be sure; there are the vine-dressers coming to refresh—I must bustle.

*Music—As she busies herself preparing—VINE-DRESSERS are seen to wind up.*

*Chorus.*

Merry month of flowery May,  
Summer's herald 'tis to-day,  
Giving hope of harvest bright,  
Slakes our thirst with heart so light.

Wine, come bring us wine;

Wine—wine—come bring us wine.

(MANOU serves wine)

*Enter PONCELOT, c. from R.*

OMNES. Health to our new master!

PON. Thanks, my friends; I have been but a short time proprietor here, but I feel certain from the ready hands of the men and the pretty smiling faces of the women that I shall live happily amongst you.

OMNES. Long live our worthy master!

GREGORY. Now we have little time to lose, our dial is the sun and he is never idle; we'll pay for our draught.

PON. Here, my good girl—let this suffice; (*gives money*) and now, friends, to work.

OMNES. Long live our worthy master! Hurrah! hurrah!

*As they exit, R. U. E., MANOU offers change.*

PON. Keep the rest towards getting you a husband.

MANOU. Thank you, sir!

PON. You are not the mistress here?

MANOU. Oh no, sir—my mistress is busy up-stairs.

PON. And her husband?

MANOU. He went with some travellers to the next town very early this morning—their horse fell lame and he put his own to the chaise. Here comes my mistress.

LOUISE BAUDIN appears coming from door L.—she descends the stairs and arrives on stage.

LOUISE. Your most obedient, monsieur.

PON. Madam, yours. (*LOUISE has a cloth on her arm as she begins to lay table*)

MANOU. (*placing chair*) This gentleman, madam, is the new proprietor of the farm.

LOUISE. Oh, indeed!—most welcome, sir, to our humble home—we are not very elegant.

PON. It is elegant in its neatness, madam; and speaks the good care of the housewife.

LOUISE. (*curseys*) Sir, comfort may be achieved without profusion. I hope, monsieur, you will take some refreshment—my husband would be angry, I am sure, did I neglect his good neighbour in his absence.

PON. (*crosses to L. and sits*) I'll not refuse, ma'am, since you so kindly invite. (*she places wine before him which he takes*) I should be sorry to be the cause of so good a wife, as I am sure you are, encountering the anger of her husband.

LOUISE. Oh, sir, I wronged him when I spoke of anger, for his anger I never experienced; he is too kind, and whatever my fault, a look or glance of disappointment from him is my only upbraiding.

PON. Excellent!—happily indeed must such a couple live.

LOUISE. It is such happiness as poets paint—a few I fear in this everyday world enjoy; we have no difference of heart, mind, thought, or will.

PON. His name is—(*distant horse bells heard*)

LOUISE. Eustache Baudin.

PON. Here's long life and health to Eustache Baudin!

*Music.—Enter EUSTACHE, running, dressed in half-postilion fashion, skin waistcoat, &c., c. from L.*

Eus. Louise! Louise! Oh, here you are, and here am I with such an appetite. Give me a kiss, and then (*about to kiss her*) give me—

LOUISE. Eustache!

Eus. Eh! (*she points*) Oh—hem—you'll excuse us, sir, won't you?

PON. Of course!

Eus. There, (*snatches a kiss*) you see, sir, though married nearly five years, we are still lovers.

PON. Ha! ha! ha! I hope you may continue so!

Eus. I hope we may, don't you love—eh? (*playfully*)

LOUISE. Eustache, don't be silly; here is your breakfast all ready. (*places things, takes coffee from stove, &c.*)

Eus. And I am ready for breakfast—(*throws his hat off, sits down and prepares*) a ride of fifteen miles helps the appetite, does it not, sir?

PON. Yes, indeed!

LOUISE. This gentleman is the proprietor of the farm, Eustache.

Eus. Sir, your very obedient—glad to see you—proud to see you—and what's more, hope we shall see you very often. (*during this, he is sopping his bread in the coffee and eating very heartily; little LOUISE runs in and clings to his knee*) What, my little toddlekins—jump up! (*tosses her upon his knee and kisses her*)

PON. Your daughter?

Eus. So I am told—I don't doubt the information—she is the prettiest and cleverest child in the world, (*exhibits LOUISE on his knee*) and I verily believe, peaceable subject as I am, if any man were to contradict my assertion I should challenge him. Have a bit of sugar! (*gives LOUISE some sugar*)

LOUISE. Come with me, Manou. You will excuse me, sir, my husband will wait upon you. (*PONCELET bows*)

Eus. Oh, yes, I'll attend upon the gentleman. *They exit, r.*  
By-the-bye, sir, will you partake?—the fare is poor, but the welcome is rich.

PON. I thank you, I have had my morning's meal long since. Excuse me, but you seem most happy in your choice of a wife.

Eus. Choice! she was heaven's gift—she's the very core of my heart, sir!

PON. She has an air superior—

Eus. To me? ha! ha! yes—I know what you would say.

PON. Nay, I would not offend so greatly.

Eus. You would not offend me at all, I know it—I am proud of it, and (*sighs*) yet it makes me sometimes uneasy, for should aught occur to deprive her of me—

PON. Have you then fear?

Eus. No fear of her, but a dreamy foreboding—you are our neighbour and shall learn our little history. I am not a native of this village, but of another province. When about six years old,

one night as I rocked my infant sister to sleep, a stranger entered our cottage—he held a child in his arms wrapped in a mantle, whose mother he said had been thrown from her carriage on the high road and he feared was much injured—he left the child and departed—my father came from his labour and instantly hastened to assist the travellers, but he returned alone, having found no sign of carriage or of accident, and upon the next day all that we knew of the matter was that we were one more in family.

Pon. Strange, indeed, and did you never learn any tidings?

Eus. None from that hour to this.

Pon. No sign or proof?

Eus. One—that want had not caused this cruel desertion, for loosely stitched in the mantle that covered the child, the next day was found a necklace, but with neither initials nor crest—my father made enquiry of jewellers in the next town in vain—the necklace was sacredly kept—months, years passed—my sister having died of fever, the orphan became so woven round our hearts that I feared each knock—each strange approach—lest claim had come to snatch from me my second sister.

Pon. Your fears were evidence of a kindly heart.

Eus. I had scarcely passed my fifteenth year when a heavy conscription tore me away—my term of service expired, I flew home—for the means of life my mother had removed to this village, while the child I had left I found almost a woman, beautiful and good, her industry alone the support, hope, and pride of my mother—need I speak then, of my heart's devotion.

Pon. You loved her then?

Eus. No, I didn't. (*comically*)

Pon. No!

Eus. I reverenced—but looking upon her superiority, I dared not love—

Pon. But you married her?

Eus. That's true, or we couldn't—that is, we shouldn't—have been blessed with this little pops. My mother was taken sick, and upon her death-bed revealed for the first time to Louise her strange history, gave the necklace to her hand, and in prayer fully begged me to be her protector—friend—brother—she breathed her last sigh in our arms, and dying left us orphaned and alone.

Pon. Happy must she have died, for those who succour and cherish the rejected and fatherless must have blissful hopes in their life's last struggle.

Eus. Louise and I loved as brother and sister; six months passed, and whispers met my ears—for magpies will chatter—I felt the same home was incompatible with her good name, but when we talked of parting—

Pon. You found you loved?

Eus. (*rises*) You are right, neighbour, and we got married too—ha, ha, ha! This wine house being for sale, Louise insisted that I should dispose of the necklace, and purchase it; and here we are—the sun never rising upon a happier couple, and its going down never blessing more joyous hearts. (*lifts up CHILD and kisses*

*it)* Now, sir, you have my story; and somehow I couldn't help telling it you, from the interest you seemed to take in the light of my home—my darling Louise. Your health, sir.

PON. Yours, my good friend, and may no day's blight ever come to you. (*music—noise of murmurs*)

EUS. What's that? (*murmurs louder—some of the VINE DRESSERS run up rise from the road below*) Yonder, people ascend the hill in haste. Look—a carriage—the postilion loses all control—the horses plunge and rear—if they reach the pine dell it is death to those within. Your people will arrive too late—across the brook is the only way.

*Rushes off, and is seen to make a leap below.*

PON. Run, dear, to your mother. (*places CHILD by stairs, who runs up—then looks*) The horses disappear behind the trees, in the most dangerous angle of the road—I fear to know the worst, yet cannot resist the strong temptation.

*Exit, R.*

*Music—Enter LAMBERTI and DELBOIS, c. from L.*

LAM. (*in cloak*) Phoo!—in this house we may refresh and make enquiry.

DEL. Let's refresh first and enquire afterwards.

LAM. Ever in haste for refreshment.

DEL. I can't fast as you can—you are always thinking—it's a thing I never was famous at, and never could live upon.

LAM. Strange I could not trace the spot, yet the hut we found in ruins must have been the house, and the old woodman of whom we enquired told us those who inhabited it had left for this village.

DEL. Well—come let's have something to eat.

LAM. I see no one.

DEL. Well then, we must find them; here has been something to eat and some one with an appetite. (*looking on table*) Hoa! within or without—up-stairs or down-stairs—above or below!

*Enter MANOU.*

MANOU. I thought master was here—did you call, sir?

DEL. I fancy I did.

LAM. Some wine, my girl; (*throwing his cloak upon chair*) and what have you got to eat?

MANOU. The wine I can furnish you, sir, but I am afraid with very little to eat.

DEL. What?

MANOU. This is a wine house only—the inn is further up the road.

DEL. How far?

MANOU. About five miles.

DEL. (*aside*) Oh, lord, my stomach!

LAM. Let's have some wine!

MANOU. Yes, sir; there it is, sir.

DEL. (*in passion*) A village without an inn—you ought to be swallowed up by an earthquake!

MANOU. (*alarmed*) Lord, monsieur !

*Enter LOUISE down stairs.*

LOUISE. What is the matter, Manou ?

MANOU. Only a gentleman wants to swallow us up.

LAM. Excuse my friend, madame—he is a gentleman with an appetite, that's all, and has learnt from your servant that this is not an inn.

LOUISE. It is not, sir—nor does our village boast of one; yet what we have prepared we will with pleasure place before you—here is bread, a ham bone, and I'll see if I cannot find you another snack or two. Manon, get the wine.

*Exit.*

DEL. Yes, here's the bone—but where's the ham ? (*cuts and eats*) I hate picking bones ! (*LAMBERTO walks about*) What's the matter ?

LAM. The matter—how know I but the Countess may not be at our very heels ? (*sits, R. C.*)

DEL. What then ?

LAM. Everything—for when she saw the necklace exhibited in the shop at Tours, she recognised it at once as the one entrusted to my father to bear the expenses of her child's protection, at the time when she feared her parents might discover the secret of her marriage with my uncle.

DEL. And what did your father do with the child ? (*eating*)

LAM. Assumed to have placed it with a motherly woman, till her friends were reconciled, and she could own her marriage.

DEL. And were her friends reconciled ?

LAM. Yes, for she shortly inherited a title and fortune on her mother's side, and her husband the property of a rich uncle, who cut my father off for his gaming and extravagance, leaving him solely dependant on his brother's bounty and the hope of becoming his heir.

DEL. His heir ! oh, then they never saw their child again, of course ?

LAM. Never, he took them to the cottage where he said he had left her—a well-paid couple informed them that the late inhabitants had gone, bearing the child with them to America.

DEL. Capital, and where was their child ?

LAM. Many leagues off—according to this map of my father's—the hut we visited yesterday.

DEL. But what do you want to find the girl for ?

LAM. To marry her, and so succeed to all the Countess' wealth—my father died a beggar, and 'tis my only hope—my only chance of fortune.

DEL. In the execution of which project I am to assist you—that being my only chance of fortune.

LAM. Exactly ! (*music.—a murmur, and some appear as looking on something approaching*) What's that ? (*goes to opening and looks off*) Ha ! am I deceived—no, it is the Countess—a party of country people bear her hither, she appears dying, if she is brought here and sees me, I am perhaps lost—this way. (*taking cloak*)

DEL. But I haven't half done.

LAM. Come, I say. (*drags him*)

DEL. What, with my empty stomach ?

LAM. Would you ruin all ? (*draws him off, l. d., LOUISE appears with tray*)

LOUISE. I beg your pardon, gentlemen, gone ! (*sees people entering*) Heavens, what is this ?

*Music.—EUSTACHE brings on the COUNTESS D'ALBERTE fainting, with PONCELET and others following.*

EUS. A chair, Louise, prepare a bed, this lady has been thrown from her carriage and I fear much injured.

LOUISE. The bed is ready, Eustache—poor lady.

EUS. Do you attend to the lady ; I'll mount the horse and ride to Monsieur Manchere ; do you, my friends, run and assist the postilion in extricating the horses ; I'll not be long.

*All Exeunt, except COUNTESS, PONCELET, and LOUISE*

PON. (*a movement*) She seems to recover slightly. (*a little window opens at side, l., and LAMBERTO is seen listening*)

COUN. (*slowly*) Where—where—where am I ? and where have I been borne ?

LOUISE. You are in safety, lady, be not alarmed.

COUN. (*still reviving and looking round*) 'Tis then no dream.

LOUISE. No, lady ! be composed—collect yourself ; you are better now.

COUN. Yes !—I remember that fearful abyss down which I seemed to fall.

PON. From which you have been preserved by this good woman's husband.

LOUISE. Who now rides for medical aid.

COUN. I need not that—a little rest.

*Enter MANON and LITTLE LOUISE.*

LOUISE. This way, (*to MANON*) assist me to bear this lady to our best bed room.

COUN. This is kind.

LOUISE. Our best assistance be assured, lady, is yours. (*music—as she is raised by PONCELET and taken by LOUISE and MANON, the child stands before them looking up enquiringly—the COUNTESS utters a cry and faints*)

PON. Heavens !

LOUISE. Lady !

PON. It was at the sight of your child.

LOUISE. Pray assist us, sir, to bear her to her room.

COUN. No, no ! where is the mother of that child I saw but now ?

LOUISE. Here, lady.

COUN. I would speak with you alone—alone.

PON. I will retire and watch your husband's coming. *Exit, c.*

LOUISE. Manon, you will await us in yonder room—make all ready.

MANON. Yes, madame. How very odd. (*aside*) *Exit, stair, l.*  
COUN. Your child ?

LOUISE. Here !

COUN. Yes, yes—in every feature. (*caresses child—and intensely*)  
Dear, dear—image of my heart.

LOUISE. What mean you, lady ? (*with an anxious look*)

COUN. Your name ?

LOUISE. Louise Baudin !

COUN. Your family ?

LOUISE. Why ask you ?

COUN. As you love that child, tell me !

LOUISE. Alas, I know it not.

COUN. Birth-place ?

LOUISE. I am ignorant.

COUN. Age ?

LOUISE. About twenty two.

COUN. (*taking out necklace*) Know you this necklace ?

LOUISE. Yes, yes—'twas sewn in the mantle in which I was wrapped when given to my foster parents' care.

COUN. I am thy parent—thou art my child !

LOUISE. You my mother ? I—I— (*embrace*)

COUN. My poor dear—long sought child !

LOUISE. Am I so blessed as to embrace that bosom that gave life to me ?

COUN. It is your own resting place, and will be your refuge ever ; but tell me, when last saw you this ? (*holding necklace*)

LOUISE. When it was taken to be sold in the neighbouring town, after the birth of our little one, to purchase this small home, the better to support existence—my husband sold it.

COUN. Whose parents, for the supposed value of this bauble, bore you from the spot where you had been entrusted to their care, and that for years has severed you from your family ?

LOUISE. Then I am not your child ; they who fostered and protected me were incapable of such an act—nor would my husband, their son, have wedded me with such a guilty knowledge.

COUN. He is poor, and of mean birth.

LOUISE. He is my husband, and if poor in blood is rich in honesty

COUN. You must quit him !

LOUISE. Quit him ? Never—never !

COUN. Have you no pride ?

LOUISE. Yes—the pride of honour, and the pride of love.

COUN. Your marriage can be cancelled—must be ; it was a fraud upon your unsuspecting girlhood, and the law will annul it.

LOUISE. The law annul it ! (*aside*) Can this be ?

*Enter EUSTACHE and MONSIEUR MANCHERE, l.*

Eus. This way, doctor. (*sees COUNTESS*) What recovered—wonderful ! I see you ladies don't like doctors, my wife don't—do you, love ?

COUN. (*aside*) His love ! (*LOUISE and CHILD group*)

Eus. Lady, I congratulate you—for when I extricated you from

your carriage I really thought you were dead, but thank heaven, I see you alive and well. Doctor, I have troubled you for nothing it appears. Again, lady, I joy to see you so well.

COUN. I thank you for your good wishes. (*with pride*)

EUS. (*looks*) Very cool! But she is a countess I hear!—and I suppose a countess can't feel like common people, they must always be high backed! Thank heaven, I am not a countess.

MAN. How do you feel, madame?—our good Eustache was in great anxiety about you!

COUN. I was alarmed, I thank you. Have you a carriage here, sir? (*to Doctor*)

MAN. I have, madame.

COUN. I would thank you for an asylum till mine is repaired, or I can send to the next town?

MAN. If 'tis your wish—certainly!

EUS. But you'll surely, lady, take refreshment?—a glass of wine and—(*about to help her*)

COUN. I thank you, do not trouble. (*with cool pride*) I will, if you please, depart with you, monsieur! (*to MANCHERE*) Here is for the trouble I have caused you. (*giving purse*)

EUS. Why, look you, lady. I saw your carriage and frightened horses on yonder point, when, but heaven's interposition could have saved you, had you been the meanest creature upon earth in such peril, I should as eagerly and as willing have hastened to your aid. Reward entered not my mind, but manhood and its duty! If heaven gave me the means to save a fellow creature in such peril, that's a greater reward than gold could be!

COUN. Your pride refuses my remuneration!

EUS. (*crosses to r.*) My heart and honour, madame! (*with pride*) not my pride. (*COUNTESS offers purse to LOUISE*)

LOUISE. (*with great reverence*) I never do that which would wound my husband, madame.

COUN. I must not be baulked thus. (*with affection*) My sweet one, (*offering it to CHILD*) here is a plaything! (*EUSTACHE steps between*)

EUS. (*after pause*) I hope lady, you would not hurt the father, through his simple and unconscious child.

COUN. (*as losing recollection*) Your child! (*in some contempt*)

EUS. Yes, my child, lady, that is Louise's child and mine. She is not yours—is she? (*LOUISE is seen to weep, the COUNTESS kneels and kisses the CHILD rapturously*)

COUN. (*to CHILD*) May heaven bless you—come! (*to MANCHERE*)

EUS. (*won with her expression of tenderness*) Madame, for your blessing on my infant may—(*he is about to express his gratitude and approaches—she, with returning pride rejects him*)

COUN. Adieu!

*Music.—with a look upon LOUISE and CHILD, she exits with MANCHERE, LOUISE sinks in a chair, as EUSTACHE walks up and looks after the Countess with his hand upon his child's head.*

LOUISE. What am I to do? How act? I dare not tell him, it would break his heart. (*aside*)

EUS. She's off, and joy go with her—these are your high born !  
 (to CHILD) I would not have your mother a lady with such a heart as that.

LOUISE. She caressed our child, Eustache !

EUS. Yes, but she turned up her nose at us, that is to say at me. I say if that's a specimen, I wouldn't have my child's mother a lady, that is—I beg your pardon, Louise, you are a lady, for you are good and grateful, and would be rich no doubt, if you could find your riches, and had your rights !

LOUISE. And 'tis something to have our children protected from the chance of want.

EUS. Want—that for want ! (*snaps his fingers and puts child to L.*) while I have these strong arms and this willing heart, with health to aid them !

LOUISE. But the willing arm and heart are often paralyzed by accident or sickness. (*with a burst of feeling*) Oh, Eustache, should we lose you !

EUS. Lose me !

LOUISE. Life is uncertain to all.

EUS. True ! (*as if struck*) You, this child—would have then no protector.

LOUISE. Unless chance should guide those who lost me, where they might discover and claim me.

EUS. Well but they haven't claimed you yet, and they wouldn't have you if they did, while I lived, I can tell them—you are my wife !

LOUISE. Yes, yes, and a happy one. (*throws her arms round his neck*)

EUS. Well then, what's all this trouble about ; this is our child whom we both love, is it not ?

LOUISE. Yes, devotedly and tenderly.

EUS. Well then, here we are, three happy birds in one little wood nest—birds of song, if not of plumage—for sickness, accident, or death, we must take our chance, the highest have no other guard ; we will earn our humble meal with grateful hearts and mightily pray heaven's blessing on the morrow.

LOUISE. (*aside*) I dare not tell him now.

EUS. There, come give me a kiss, we have no time for melancholy. This is all owing to that confounded Countess ! I'll go and cut the cabbages for dinner.

#### *Enter DELBOIS.*

LOUISE. You have returned, monsieur !

DEL. Yes. My friend is at the brow of the hill, and having pressing business in the next town, would be obliged by your husband assisting him with the use of a vehicle to reach it.

EUS. Yes, certainly I will. Here's a job—you must cut the cabbages yourself, my dear.

DEL. My friend is in haste !

EUS. I am his man !

DEL. You must start directly !

EUS. I'll put the mare to in a twinkling!

DEL. I'll tell him so; you'll meet him on the hill; we will wait for you.

*Exit DELBOIS—music till end of scene.*

EUS. I'll be with you—good bye, love, I shall be back by seven. Get the dinner ready, and I shall have a good day. Bless you, (*kisses wife*) and you, Pops. (*kisses child*) Where's my hat?—where's my whip? Give me a drop of wine. (*she does, and he drinks quickly*) One more kiss, each of you, and the devil take the countess!

*He goes off, LOUISE and the CHILD looking after him.*

SCENE II.—*The Heights of the Village.*

Music. Drum is heard, and VINE-DRESSERS and others come on R. and c., GREGORY and PIERRE r., and look opposite L.

GREGORY. The soldiers are about to march; we shall have a chance of keeping our lasses. Holloa! here comes Marcel! (*drum*)

Enter MARCEL, with cockade in his hat, seemingly much alarmed and very pale, l. h., he does not see but runs against GREGORY.

GREGORY. Holloa, Mareel! where are you running to?

MARCEL. I don't know: anywhere out of hearing of that horrible drum.

GREGORY. But they are about to march, and you have enlisted!

MARCEL. I know I have.

GREGORY. How came you to do that?

MARCEL. I don't know: I was jealous of that confounded Serjeant Pomponneau!

GREGORY. Well:

MARCEL. I wish it was well; his conduct was atrocious, Manon's became alarming. I left her, swearing I'd never see her again—got drinking in desperation—the drink made me valiant, valour made me enlist—I drank again till I got dead drunk, when the drum awoke me to my senses, and now I'm dead with fright. (*drum*) There it goes again, how it rings in my ears. (*drum*)

PIERRE. Ha! ha! ha! you'll have the shots ringing in your ears by and bye.

MARCEL. Don't! don't! (*alarmed*) you are an old friend of mine, now don't joke on so serious a subject.

PIERRE. I'm not joking, Marcel; how came you to make yourself such a fool for a woman?

MARCEL. I should like to see the man that hasn't, one way or other, made a fool of himself for a woman, he'd be a rare bird.

GREGORY. So he would, Marcel; you have shown a proper courage, and she'll tell another tale when she receives the news of your death.

OMNES. Aye, aye.

MARCEL. Aye, aye? Ah, you are all very consoling, kind friends, but will any of you take my place? (*they turn, he observes*

*them)* Ah, the world all over; they'll console you, but curse me if they'll help you. I say, Pierre!

PIERRE. Well?

MARCEL. You are a fine grown young man! an uncommon fine fellow, taller and handsomer than I am; I'll give you a chance of becoming a great man—you shall be my substitute, I'll run and tell 'em so!

PIERRE. (*stays him*) Don't trouble yourself.

MARCEL. They'll take you at my recommendation in a minute.

PIERRE. But I am not taken with the idea.

MARCEL. But my figure is not a martial one, I'm not cut out for a military man.

PIERRE. Nonsense; you'll do to be shot at!

MARCEL. Not half so well as you; now only consider the chance of becoming a general.

PIERRE. And only consider the chance of becoming a dead man.  
(OMNES *laugh—drum heard*)

MARCEL. (*in despair to all of them*) Isn't there a patriot among you?

PIERRE. We can't all be Marcells.

MARCEL. I wish any of you was Marcel, but myself.

*Enter MANOU, L.*

MANOU. Oh! Marcel, what have you been doing?

MARCEL. What have you made me do? make a donkey of myself!

MANOU. No, you were a donkey ready made; but never mind, Marcel, you'll think of me in battle, wont you dear?

MARCEL. (*in despair*) I be hanged if I shan't. (*bugle heard—he trembles*)

*Enter SERJEANT POMPONNEAU with SOLDIERS, L.*

SERJ. P. Come, my rival and comrade!

MARCEL. What do you want?

SERJ. P. You! (*MARCEL needs support*)

MANOU. Oh dear, dear! only think, to lose two lovers in one day; was ever a girl so unfortunate!

SERJ. P. My love, I'll think of you when far away.

MANOU. What good will that do me? You had no business to make love to me if you couldn't stay and marry me.

MARCEL. He had no business to make love to you at all, inveigling you out of your seven senses, and me into this horrible condition. How's the village to get on without me?

MANOU. I am so sorry, Marcel!

MARCEL. It serves you right—we might have been the pride and envy of the village.

SERJ. P. Come, fall in!

MARCEL. I shall fall down. (*aside*)

GREGORY. Good bye, my brave fellow! (*music till end of scene—then they all bid good bye and shake hands—drum heard as on march*)

SERJ. P. They are on the march!

MARCEL. And I'm on the shake.

SERJ. P. Forward!

*They exeunt, PEASANTS, R., MARCEL and SOLDIERS, L.*

MANOU. (*crying*) I don't think there is another young man disengaged.

SCENE III.—*A romantic scene with vine clad hills, and a winding road, with ravine between the road and the front view, which is rude and picturesque.*

*Enter DELBOIS, R.*

DEL. Lamberto has sent me on in haste to watch their passing this spot, as the husband of his discovered cousin must be got rid of; that done, my friend's fortune is safe and mine also. (*small horse bells are heard at distance, and the clash of EUSTACHE is seen to pass the high road*) Hark! I hear the bells—let me prepare. (*takes out pistols*) I must be sure of my mark, he seems a courageous fellow, and missing, I might fare badly with him. (*having looked to pistols, the bells become louder*) They near! (*seems to fail*) I can scarcely find the heart, bad as I am and have been, when I look upon that little home of happiness, their hearts of love, it makes me shudder, for I remember my father and mother, as happy looking upon me with the same dotage as they on their infant, till I grew big in size and sin, and to be their curse. (*bells nearer still*) Psha! I am now a sin-stained and branded man, I must live and have no other way; let me be careful not to hit my friend. (*bells closer—he aims and fires—a plunging noise and ring of bells*) I have hit the horse and not the man! (*looks to other pistol*). EUSTACHE leaps down from high point, R.)

EUS. (*hails off*) Hoa, monsieur! here is the villain!

(As he is about to come down and is upon a ledge over the precipice, DELBOIS turns and fires, EUSTACHE utters a cry, clings as staggering to an overhanging and scathed branch, it breaks from the loose earth, and as he falls he utters the words)

Ers. Louise, my wife! my child! (*disappears as down the ravine*)

LAMBERTO enters R., and looks down.

LAM. She is mine! (*exultingly*)

DEL. That cry—his wife—child! Oh! I am life cursed, (*as LAMBERTO arrives by his side, he seizes him, and raises but-end of pistol*) why should I not cast thee after him for this?

*Drums heard and SOLDIERS seen marching in the distance.*

LAM. Fool! (*LAMBERTO sinks on knee—Tableau*)

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

**SCENE I.—The Chateau of the Countess d'Alberte near Perpignan.**  
*A handsome Apartment with entrance doors, R. and L.; windows, R. U. E. and L. opening to the ground; a large opening in C. with balcony or terrace, beyond which is seen a lake, over which is a handsome bridge—country beyond. The furniture is handsome; a large glass over the chimney, L., another, R.*

*Enter MANOU as pleased with herself and admiringly, L.*

MANOU. Dear me, what a difference fashion makes to be sure; really no one could recognize me who knew me at Bonville five years since, when I used to run about in my woollen jacket and heavy sabots—clump, clump, clump—and there is as much change in my mistress, Madame Louise;—a strange affair, the sudden disappearance of her husband, Eustache! some say he was murdered, though no trace was ever found of him; others that he eloped with a little girl who left the neighbourhood about that time. She still frets for him, which is a thing I can't make out; he was a good master I own and a good husband I believe, but la! to pine after a man for five years!—I am sure I'd have forgotten Marcel if he hadn't been discharged from the army as useless and returned to us, just as Madame Louise was made a great lady of; she has made him her footman, he has made me his wife, and there he struts about as proud of his livery as a peacock of his tail after moulting time! (going) La, Monsieur Lamberto returns from his mission to Paris to-day and writes to the Countess that we are to prepare apartments for his new valet, let me see how I look—(she steps on a chair before the glass, R., and surveys herself)

*Enter MARCEL strutting, L. 1 E.*

MARCEL. I don't think I want a duster to brush the cobwebs off of me—I used to rail against the aristocracy when I sold eggs and poultry, but now I tell a very different story since I have become an aristocrat myself, I turn up my nose at every thing under silk stockings—(sees glass) by-the-bye, I feel awkward at my bow, let me have a quiet practice. (mounts table before L. glass)

MANOU. (having admired herself) Your most obedient, monsieur. (curtsies)

MARCEL. Your very humble servant, mademoiselle. (bowing—they see each other reflected in the glass)

MANOU. Eh!

MARCEL. Ah! (both turning)

MANOU. You vain fool! what are you doing upon that table?

MARCEL. I'm standing upon it. What are you doing upon that chair?

MANOU. Impertinence! you were admiring yourself, you affected

ape ! look at the cover ! get down ! such nonsense !—instead of seeing if you are wanted !

MARCEL. My business is not to see if I am wanted—if they want me, tis their business to let me know it !

MANOU. Why, what do think yourself ?

MARCEL. A head footman !

MANOU. Without a head !

MARCEL. Do you mean to tell me I haven't a head ?

MANOU. A block !

MARCEL. A head !

MANOU. Well, a block-head !

MARCEL. Ah, beware, you are my wife now, and I won't put up with it.

MANOU. Ha ! ha ! ha ! and that's the very reason you must put up with it !

MARCEL. (*in rage*) I'll sting her ! (*aside*) Serjeant Pomponneau, you remember him ?

MANOU. Ah, he was a dear fellow.

MARCEL. Smashed eggs ! she is my wife and calls another rascal a dear fellow ! Why didn't you marry him ?

MANOU. Because he never gave me a chance ; he never got wounded in the back and therefore never came forward.

MARCEL. It was a wretched day for me when I came forward.

MANOU. So I thought, for a greater wretch I never saw—half-dead, half-starved, and half-naked !

MARCEL. How could I help it ? Didn't the ungrateful wretches discharge me without a pension ?

MANOU. And without a character. What you would have done without my interest with Madame Louise I don't know ; I, sir, made you what you are.

MARCEL. And I suppose, if somebody were here, you'd make me something else ?

MANOU. What do you mean ?

MARCEL. Serjeant Pomponneau !

POMPONNEAU has entered, attired handsomely as a valet.

POMPON. Holloa—my name ! who the deuce can know me here, eh ? What—no—yes—my little Manou !

MANOU. La ! well, I declare !—my dear Pomponneau, is it really you ?

POMPON. It is, my sweet. Give me a shake of your dear little hand and a kiss of your sweet little—(MARCEL between looking at him) How are you, my cauliflower ? (hitting him on the head, which knocks out the hair powder and sets MARCEL sneezing—he kisses MANOU)

MANOU. Oh, fie !

MARCEL. What was that ?

POMPON. I knew you were fond of the smell of powder, my dear Manou.

MANOU. Don't, before my husband.

POMPON. Husband !

MARCEL. Yes, her truly begotten husband, and you dare to lay a finger upon her.

POMPON. What! really married! (to MANOU)

MANOU. Yes. (*seriously*)

POMPON. Sweet little boy.

MANOU. No! (*seriously*)

POMPON. Lovely little girl.

MANOU. (*sighs*)

MARCEL. What are you talking about?

POMPON. I was merely asking—

MARCEL. I'd thank you not to interfere with my family.

POMPON. My dear fellow, upon my honour—

MARCEL. Oh! blow your honour! Get out of this house.

POMPON. Can't exactly do that, my friend, as I am about to become an inmate here.

MARCEL. Eh! what!

POMPON. I have left the army, like yourself, and am engaged by Monsieur Lamberto as his confidential valet.

MARCEL. He has smashed my aristocracy, as he did my eggs; (*aside to MANOU*) I'll discharge myself, and so shall you.

MANOU. I wont!

MARCEL. You shall.

MANOU. I wont! (*quarrelling—POMPONNEAU laughs*)

*Enter the Countess d'ALBERTE, R.*

COUN. What is this?

MANOU. Serjeant Pomponneau, my lady.

MARCEL. Who caused me to enlist in the army.

COUN. Silence! (*MANOU putting him up the stage—to POMPONNEAU*) Your business?

POMPON. (*crosses R. C.*) With you, I believe, lady—Monsieur Lamberto has sent me as his avant courier to announce his coming.

COUN. 'Tis well! Manou, are the apartments prepared?

MANOU. Yes, your Ladyship!

COUN. Conduct this person to them.

MANOU. This way, if you please.

MARCEL. I'll show him!

MANOU. Nonsense!

MARCEL. Never mind my nonsense; I'm not going to have any of his.

*They exeunt quarrelling—POMPONNEAU laughing, R.*

COUN. So my nephew returns to-day from his mission to annul the law marriage of my daughter. I have used all my interest for its accomplishment. The sudden disappearance of her wretched husband was a mystery to all. She still prays he lives and live he may, but my petition granted, puts it beyond his power, should he ever appear, of claiming her as his wife.

*Enter LAMBERTO, he is very differently attired to the first Act.*

*In that having been much disguised in appearance, with travelling dress, cloak, broad hat, &c. He now wears an elegant suit, SERVANT precedes him, L.*

SERVANT. Your nephew, madam.

LAM. My dear aunt, I congratulate you.

COUN. Am I successful?

LAM. To your every wish, the other Empendra Court Ecclesiastic in consideration of the wrong done by the abduction of your child, and her low marriage with Eustache Baudin, cancel the act, pronouncing the marriage illegal void in law, and annulled—banned by the church.

COUN. I am then at last happy and my daughter free.

LAM. We have but to wait the arrival of the signed warrant, and then I may legally ask my dear cousin's hand, the fifth year has expired and I joyfully claim the fulfilment of her promise.

COUN. Nephew, she will doubtless make me happy and keep her word, though the pledge she has given to wed you, was most reluctantly yielded and cost us both more anguish than I would remember, therefore I now give her to you in faith and hope of your whole life's cherishing.

LAM. Thanks, dear aunt for such a treasure.

COUN. Prize it. (*he bows*) I'll announce to my daughter her enfranchisement.

LAMBERTO leads her to door—*bows her off*, R.

LAM. Click—deuce—ace—game, ha, ha, ha! (*takes the stage*) Thus we of the world push on our fortune—Louise's husband stood in my way and I pushed him from me—gave Delbois a handsome purse to dispose of him and to secure his own flight—my cousin now free—her husband gone—Delbois, my agent dead, or without knowledge of my whereabouts—I may consider myself for life safe and at my ease.

*During this and at the mention of his name, DELBOIS has entered, L., wretched and worn in appearance, and as LAMBERTO takes one chair—seizes another as almost fainting and sits at the same moment as LAMBERTO, who seeing him starts paralyzed.*

You here!

DEL. Yes, quite by accident though. I saw you as you entered—saw at once the worldly stream was running well with you and being in anything but smooth water myself, I thought I could not do a wiser thing than make for the same harbour.

LAM. You cannot stay here.

DEL. I must, and what's more, I will!

LAM. Must—will!—and why?

DEL. Because you seem to tread upon a very comfortable carpet, and one that will suit my corns exactly, I have nothing like so good a home myself, in fact I have no home at all.

LAM. After that affair, I gave you a handsome sum, and we separated for ever.

DEL. How can that be when we are together now? and what's more, my dear friend, I never intend to leave you again.

LAM. We agreed to do so, and—

DEL. Ah! well, we'll talk of that by-and-bye—you know I always had a good appetite, and whatever else I may have lost I haven't lost that—so let your servants bring a tray well served, a bottle of your best wine—for I quite long for a gentlemanly repast.

LAM. The servants and household must not see you—here take this! (*offers purse, they rise*)

DEL. Money is of no use to me, it all goes. I want comfortable board and lodging—I am tired of living one day and starving the next.

LAM. You must quit this house.

DEL. I am too tired I tell you and I won't, besides I want to have a chat about old times, and the wife of that fellow we shot.

LAM. Silence! (*in fear*)

DEL. Well, there I won't make you nervous, you have married her of course, and have the handling of her fortune, and being settled yourself, you can of course make me snug?

LAM. I have not yet married—and your presence here may destroy all and yourself.

DEL. Myself, how?

LAM. She has ever spoken of your face being fixed on her remembrance.

DEL. And yours—

LAM. I was much disguised as you know, she scarce saw me—it was your acute, craving appetite, caused her notice.

DEL. Can I help my appetite—I must have something now.

LAM. Hark! footsteps—this door, for heaven's sake—I will be with you anon! (*pushing him in, l.*)

DEL. With something to eat.

LAM. Yes, yes—lock the door within. *Exit DELBOIS, l. d. 2 e.*  
On this day too—the curse of accomplices—were it to do again, my own hand—

*Enter LOUISE.*

My dear Cousin! (*offering his hand, which she withdraws from*)

LOUISE. Your pardon, I have too much anxiety here at my heart for ceremonious compliment.

LAM. Cousin, what mean you!

LOUISE. This. The Countess informs me that you have returned successful from a mission annulling my marriage with Eustache even if he live, a union which was as duly truly performed and registered as ever heaven's holy altar witnessed, what earthly law has power to sever us; we were conjoined in sacred communion of heart, mind, thought and will. Oh, cruel and sinful is that act that tears those bonds asunder.

LAM. Oh, cousin, you must see now that fraud lay beneath his surfaced love and that interest was the guiding impulse—he knew your birth to be above his station.

LOUISE. His generous mind and soul, soaring beyond all interest, was incapable of fraud; he ever knew me destitute of all protection, save that of his parents and his own, and he nobly became my life's guardian.

LAM. Selling your little treasure to procure and provide his home.

LOUISE. To make one for me, and that only at my entreaty; but I am, you say, free and unwedded even should Eustache live?

LAM. The Synod's order to that effect ariving, yes.

LOUISE. And at liberty?

LAM. Yes, according to law and the affectionate wishes and hopes of your lady mother, the Countess d'Alberte, at liberty to wed.

LOUISE. (*with desperate feeling*) Release me from this calamity!

LAM. And you would fly to a still greater evil—commit a sin that shuts out hope of pardon.

LOUISE. There can be no deeper state of suffering or sin than that resulting from shameless apostacy to truth and honour—that which changing the heart's sworn faith and innocence, accepts and lives a foul and an abhorrent lie.

LAM. Yes, the sin of obstinate defiance of the church, whose stern anathema you will sure incur by disobedience to your mother's will—tis threatened, and it will fall upon you.

LOUISE. Ha!

LAM. I save you then from that fearful evil, that solemn curse, that desolating ban, wherein the irrevocable wrath of heaven is expressed: and this you impiously call calamity?

LOUISE. Most fearful and heart withering.

LAM. Oh, really, cousin.

LOUISE. For when, after two years' weary watching for the return of my husband Eustache, and he came not; sick, hopeless, and in poverty most dire: I yielded to my mother's prayer and came here—I dreamed not of this, and it but confirms the thought that long has haunted me, that you cousin Lamberto had some hand in the disappearance of my husband.

LAM. (*starts*) I—I? (*hesitating*)

LOUISE. You!—for I remember two travellers were at our house, (*he again starts*) one I noticed not, but the other who came to engage my husband for that journey, from which he never returned to me, I could swear to—his face is ever before me.

DELBOIS. (*coming from door, L.*) I can't stand this.

LAM. A wild dream!

LOUISE. No! I see him plainly as if he were. (*she sees DELBOIS as he comes down—utters a cry, and falls prostrate by chair*)

LAM. My curse upon you!

DEL. What's the matter—who is she?

LAM. My cousin! Fly, or in another hour we are both denounced as her husband's murderer!

DEL. The devil! but I have had nothing to eat.

LAM. (*pushing him*) Go, cormorant—fly! (*points*) through that door. (*points to L. D.*)—I'll meet you at the gate—your life here is not safe.

DEL. I'm off then—but I shall not stir from the gate.

LAM. Away! (*pushes him off, L. D.*)

*old woman from* Enter M<sup>lle</sup>. LOUISE, *from R. D.*

M<sup>lle</sup>. LOUISE. Ha, ma! dear ma! (*clings to Louise as she is recovering, and LAMBERTO is about to raise her*)

LOUISE. (*rejecting his hand*) No—no—I—

Enter MANOU and MARCEL, *quarrelling, r.*

MARCEL. I insist on your leaving this house immediately.

MANOU. I beg you won't make yourself such a fool.

M<sup>lle</sup>. LOUISE. Ma—dear ma.

MANOU. My lady, what is this?

LOUISE. (*looking round*) Saw you a stranger?

MANOU. No!

MARCEL. Yes, I saw—he's up stairs.

LOUISE. Ha!

LAM. (*alarmed*) Marcel!

LOUISE. I denounce that man!

MARCEL. So do I?

MANOU. La, madame, 'tis only Serjeant Pomponneau.

LOUISE. Marcel, see quickly if there is not a stranger in the house or the grounds, and inform me on the instant; Manou, I am faint, lead me in; come Louise, for your life may not perhaps be in safety here. (*glancing at LAMBERTO*)

*Exit LOUISE, with MANOU and M<sup>lle</sup>. LOUISE, r. 1 e.*

MARCEL. I shan't look after strangers—I've enough to do to attend to my own affairs now—damn Pomponneau, I'll look after him.

*Exit, in a great passion, l. 1 e.*

LAM. This encounter is ruin—I must get rid of Delbois at any price. (*as he passes table, r.*) What's this? (*takes up jewel case*) a case of my aunt's jewels! (*slaps his thigh as with a sudden thought*) A man of talent never fails—I'll bribe him with these to disappear, their loss will account for his having been seen here; if he return, I'll charge him with the robbery—now for him,

*Exit, l. d.*

*Enter SERVANT from terrace, and EUSTACE with a packet in his hand.*

Eus. Deliver this to the Countess d'Alberte.

SERVANT. Instantly!

Eus. And you will please to say—I must know from her that she has received it.

SERVANT. Very well.

*Exit, r. d., very pompously.*

Eus. These aristocrats—their servants are tainted with pride; and she is now doubtless as proud and looks with the same scorn upon the lowly—she whom I so loved, so worshipped—no, no, she was ever all charity and goodness—could I but find her and my poor child who was my pet, my pride, in whom my hopes seemed bound—(*sits*) who ere this has perhaps no remembrance of such a being—has been taught, it may be, to despise the class that owns her father,

*Re-enter SERVANT, . d.*

SERVANT. I have delivered your packet to the Countess, and she will see you shortly—in the meantime I will order you some refreshment.

Eus. None, I thank you, see but my horse refreshed—I would make the next stage to-night on my return.

SERVANT. Oh, very well, your horse shall have a double feed.

*Exit at terrace, L.*

Eus. How long will this Countess keep me waiting? Oh, how changed my nature since that day! I seem to hate all who bear a titled name—instinctively to shudder, when sheltered by the walls that own them. I cannot breathe freely here—I'll walk upon the terrace.

*As he exits at back, LOUISE enters, r.*

LOUISE. It has come—the fatal instrument of law and power—that were he here before me would make us strangers, branding our union as illegal. Had I been widowed, I could have borne and bowed in resignation to the decree, but now—oh, fatal promise!—yet who could longer resist a mother's tears? As the hour draws near, my heart palls at the redemption of my pledge—I cannot make this sacrifice. It was no dream, the face I here saw but now—it was a living one, and confirms the suspicion that Lamberto caused our separation. I will know if that man is lurking near, for by him I am convinced my husband must have—

*Enter EUSTACHE, c.*

EUS. Lady, I—(sees LOUISE and starts) Louise!

LOUISE. Ha! I am saved—I am preserved—and he still lives for me! (they embrace)

Eus. He does! But is this real? Wife, look up, and confirm this dream of happiness!

LOUISE. Eustache, we have suffered deeply—our greatest trouble is still to come. No, no, no—I am not your wife! (shuddering, and half retiring)

Eus. Not my wife, not my own Louise? Oh, it is as I thought, she is now too proud to own the poor man, I see—I see. (in despairing pride)

LOUISE. See what?

EUS. The cause of your flight—the reason of your absence from Bonville and of my endless misery.

LOUISE. I thought you dead.

EUS. And prayed it.

LOUISE. Eustache, oh did you know—

EUS. I do; Poncelet informed me all; that that woman whom I saved was your proud and haughty mother, who could only show her gratitude for life preserved, by trying to rob me of mine, or failing in that, to render life worthless—by blighting my happy home and crushing all that I could live for.

LOUISE. Eustache, you wrong my mother; two years did I watch, daily, nightly, praying your return, no tidings could we gain of

you—nothing knew, but that your horse was found dead upon the road—I expended my last coin for messengers and enquiry—health sank each coming day, with the heavy sorrow weighing at my heart—I was destitute till a small cottage of Monsieur Poncelot's received us.

EUS. Who still would have protected you.

LOUISE. Yes, yes, most true, but my mother—

EUS. I know! she won you to her pride and you left with her.

LOUISE. Not for myself, I swear, but for my child's sake. Oh, tell me, how came all this evil upon us?

EUS. I will tell you, for if I wronged your mother her presence was the cloud that ushered in the storm. I had scarcely taken the traveller a league upon the road when my horse was shot, my quick eye saw him who fired, I released myself from my saddle—flew towards the villain—saw the flash of a second pistol—it was my last consciousness till I found myself in a strange place to which I had been borne, bound hand and foot—presumed and declared a lunatic.

LOUISE. You were not mad?

EUS. No, but money had done its work, and I was life-doomed amongst those deemed incurable, where the more I declared my sanity, the more they tormented and mocked me.

LOUISE. Then how escaped you?

EUS. By assuming the exhaustion of approaching death—with ill-concealed joy, my cruel keepers dragged me to a low room leaving me to breathe my last unheeded, I leaped from my pallet—seized the lamp that gave dim light to my charnel house, set flame to the straw that was to be my shroud, it blazed, caught the dry rotting boards around, and amid the fears of jailors and the wild cry of their victims made my way through the dark night, flying with lightning's speed till I fell prostrate in exhaustion.

LOUISE. Oh, dreadful!

EUS. And this is your mother's work! Awakened on the morrow by the mid-day's blistering sun upon my fevered limbs, I found that I was far distant from my home, but thought of wife and child gave returning hope, and hope gave strength—I journeyed on, and arrived to find it desolate—no wife, no child—all gone!—fled none knew where.

LOUISE. But my mother told Monsieur Poncelot—

EUS. That you were to be found at Rheims—to which I hastened, but in vain.

*Enter MADMOISELLE LOUISE.*

MDLLE. LOUISE. Ma! dear ma! (*starts at seeing EUSTACHE*)

EUS. Those features—the voice resembling, too! Ha! it is my ch—

LOUISE. Hush! (*stays him, as Mdlle. Louise flies towards her*)

MDLLE. LOUISE. Ma! protect me.

EUS. Are you not—

LOUISE. Oh, heavens!

EUS. What is this?

MDLLE. LOUISE. Dear ma! who is this rough rude man? Do you know him?

LOUISE. Yes, yes, my child—he was once very kind to you.

EUS. (*with broken accents*) Oh, yes, she knows I was always kind to you, and when I nursed you—

MDLLE. LOUISE. Nursed me? (*surprised*)

EUS. (*with burst of feeling*) Yes, my child, tossed you in my arms, and pressed you to my heart.

LOUISE. Eustache!

EUS. What? (*looks at her*) Is she not my child, my—

LOUISE. Yes, yes, but she has been taught—

EUS. To think not, speak not of, or know her father—ha! am I not right?

LOUISE. (*sinking*) Go, go, child—to the Countess, I will come to you anon.

MDLLE. LOUISE. Do not be long, dear ma. (*LOUISE puts her off, EUSTACHE looks*)

EUS. (*taking LOUISE by the arm*) Louise! (*in reproach*)

LOUISE. Heaven support me, for if I follow the dictates of my heart, I must sacrifice my child; oh, I cannot provoke the heavy desolating curse now hovering o'er me; oh, no—that I cannot do. Keep your reproaches till you know all, let her not hear, and let your temper hold; from this hour must we forget each other, the sacred bond between us is for ever broken—a mother's cold unfeeling pride has raised a barrier impassable between us. The lips of holy men denounce a curse upon the union they once did solemnly sanctify with blessings; oh, Eustache, to be obedient to my love, is to be the anathemized of heaven; to yield to my mother's heartless will—to be for ever a spirit-crushed and broken-hearted woman; I cannot sin against heaven, Eustache, I—I am no longer your wife?

EUS. May— (*about to curse*)

LOUISE. Oh, stay, you yourself have borne the missive hither that separates us, and for ever.

EUS. The missive—what?

LOUISE. My mother has sought the annulment of our marriage—has succeeded, and that packet you but now delivered declares our union void and illegal.

EUS. And our child a—

LOUISE. Ha!—oh, brain! (*sinks*)

EUS. Ha, ha, ha! does the law in tearing you from me give legitimacy to our offspring? No, it takes not my blood from it—no, the father may condescend to claim his unlawfully begotten child—but the mother, what says she? (*with pride*) I'll have my child! (*with proud determination*)

LOUISE. Would you kill me?—my mother?

EUS. Are we not both widowed by her? Our child by her made—

LOUISE. Hold!

EUS. No!—bastard!

LOUISE. Oh, Eustache!

EUS. The truth shall be spoken, though you shudder when you hear it. Adieu !

LOUISE. Stay, go not—I will brave all and fly with you.

EUS. And my child.

LOUISE. Oh, in your love of her, think of my mother's for me ; she will care for her, make her—

EUS. What? spurn you and contemn you—I'll have my child, be assured I'll apply to the authorities and return armed with power to assert my right. Go, lady, daughter of the Countess d'Alberte, teach my child to own her father and I will then own you.

*Exit, c.*

LOUISE. Eustache!—yet what avails without his child ? He is firm ! yet my mother—oh, had I never known her, I had never pined or felt for her, as I now perforce must do.

*Enter COUNTESS and CHILD, r.*

COUN. Louise, where is the courier who so insulted your child ?  
LOUISE. Gone !

COUN. Gone ! Why did you not detain him, Louise. Your daughter tells me he would have embraced her.

LOUISE. He said he was a father, and her likeness to his own daughter—

COUN. His daughter resemble child of yours ?

LOUISE. Countess, I sicken here, where all is pride and heartlessness ; give me my child, and let me go with her a beggar hence.

COUN. Are you mad ?

LOUISE. I am, and you have made me so.

*Enter ADVOCATE MONSIEUR DELBAIRE.*

DELBAIRE. Countess, your servant. I am here according to your request.

*Enter LAMBERTO, l. d.*

LAM. I have got rid of Delbois, at least for some time. (*aside*) My dear aunt—

COUN. George, you are here opportunely. You have brought the contract of marriage, Monsieur Delbaire ?

DELBAIRE. It is here, Countess.

COUN. And here the warrant that dissolves the previous disgraceful union.

LOUISE. (*snatches it*) Which here I rend, as a deed shameful to all who sought it !

COUN. Daughter, would you have my curse ?

*Enter MADEMOISELLE LOUISE.*

LOUISE. No ! (*takes MADLLE. LOUISE as she enters*) I would have my child to render to her father.

COUN. Her father !

LAM. Cousin, he is dead.

LOUISE. He lives !

OMNES. Lives !

LOUISE. And unknowingly brought himself that accursed mis-  
sive; he now claims his wife and child!

DELBOIS. (*without*) Help! help!

OMNES. What's that?

DELBOIS *runs on in fear*, c.

LAM. (*aside*) Delbois!

DEL. Save me from his hands!

LOUISE. Ha! that is the assassin! (*as EUSTACHE dashes past SERVANTS, who arrived at c. in affright*)

LAM. Ha! Stay! (*as EUSTACHE is rushing to DELBOIS*)

EUS. I have no words (*throws him aside*) but these! (*holds forth his hands*) Come! (*throws him over by throat*)

LOUISE. Eustache!

EUS. (*standing with his foot upon DELBOIS*) I live, Monsieur Traveller, as you see; and I am here, lady, (*to COUNTESS*) to demand my child!

### Tableau.

END OF ACT II.

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### ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Half the stage or more on the L. is taken up by the Interior of a small Inn, with door of entrance at the back. A stair leads off to upper room extreme L.—a window looks on to stage towards R. Tables and chairs. Distant country in heights seen over the roof of the inn, and path downwards. On the R. a small gate leading to a chapel, with a grave yard bounded by a low stone wall, so that the humble tombs appear—one stands by wall, on which is written "Eustache." A path winds up R. between trees.*

*Enter MARCEL, down stairs, followed by MANOU—he has his nightcap on, and is putting on his coat. They are quarrelling.*

MARCEL. Don't tell me, madame—I'm lord and master of this inn, and I'll sleep as long as I like!

MANOU. You'll sleep?

MARCEL. Don't tell me!

MANOU. I will tell you! I'll always tell a fool what I think of him.

MARCEL. And I'll tell you what I think of you and your conduct. Last night, didn't I catch you laughing at the customers?

MANOU. Would you have me cry at them?

MARCEL. I'll give up innkeeping, and retire into private life.

MANOU. You may retire into what life you like, or retire from life altogether if you choose.

MARCEL. Of course! to make room for Pomponneau. You want

me in my grave, like that poor fellow your old master, Eustache, there. (*points*)

MANOU. Poor fellow ! He was worthy of a wife.

MARCEL. Yes, and had a wife worthy of him. She never loved another.

MANOU. I won't bear this—I will not ! You'll break my heart—I am sure you will. What have I ever done to rouse such horrible jealousy ?

MARCEL. (*in passion*) Pomponneau !

POMPONNEAU, attired in officer's servant's travelling dress, enters at the word, with whip and portmanteau—starts.

POMPON. Odd—very—my name—my friends !

MARCEL. (*turns and sees him*) Damn me, if he isn't here too ! (*throws his nightcap down and sits in rage*)

MANOU. (*sees him*) Ah !

POMPON. What ! Ha, ha, ha ! Upon my life, this is odd.

MARCEL. It's anything but even.

POMPON. Manou, and my old friend, Marcel ! (*about to shake his hand*)

MARCEL. Don't old friend me. What do you want here ?

POMPON. To wash the dust out of my throat.

MARCEL. Or to throw dust into my eyes, which ?

POMPON. Ha, ha, ha ! what ! as great an idiot as ever ?

MANOU. What will you take ?

MARCEL. Why himself out of this house, to be sure, come—  
(approaches POMPONNEAU)

POMPON. (*draws*) A-la-distance, if you please—I am here, a weary traveller, I require refreshment and I'll have it.

MARCEL. I know the refreshment you've come here for. (*aside*)

MANOU. Of course ! we keep a public inn, don't we ?

MARCEL. Yes—but you belong to the private business.

POMPON. I have walked in the dust from the road where the diligence set me down—am on my way to the new chateau of the Countess D'Alberte.

MARCEL. Ah, don't tell me—you left her nephew's service three years ago.

POMPON. Re-entered the army, and am now in the service of the young captain, Count de Brissac, who is in love with young Louise, and I suppose will wed her; but come, I am tired, thirsty, and must have a bottle of your best wine.

MANOU. Well, you must have one, I suppose. (*looks at him*)

POMPON. Of course I must.

MARCEL. (*uncorks and gives him a bottle*) There, (*sulkily*) if you drink that it will physic you, or I'm no judge.

POMPON. Your health ! (*to MARCEL*)

MARCEL. Oh ! (*turns*)

POMPON. Manou, may your husband live to grow wiser.

MARCEL. I tell you what—(POMPONNEAU having tasted some, spouts it out—some going upon MARCEL who is approaching) The nasty wretch.

POMPON. (*with a face*) Vinegar!

MANOU. Why, you have given him one of the sour bottles.

MARCEL. He shouldn't come here souring my temper, I'd give him poison, if I had it.

MANOU. I really beg your pardon; go and fetch one from the second rack—go! (*pushes him*)

MARCEL. And leave you together! not if I know it.

MANOU. Fool! I'll go myself.

*She exits, L.*

POMPON. (*kindly*) Well, Marcel, how do you find yourself.

MARCEL. Oh, don't soap me.

*Re-enter MANOU, L.*

MANOU. There's a beautiful drop of wine!

MARCEL. Give it me—you are not going near him. (*places wine*) Now drink up and be off.

POMPON. Ha, ha, ha! is this the way he treats all his customers?

MANOU. Nearly.

MARCEL. Treat? I don't treat anybody—I expect to be paid.

POMPON. I certainly do not expect my wine for nothing,—here! (*gives coin*) Keep the change, my man.

MARCEL. I'm no man of yours, I don't want your change, take it—five sous.

POMPON. I won't take it, my man.

MARCEL. I'm no man!

MANOU. No—that you are not!

MARCEL. Take your change!

POMPON. I will not, my man.

MARCEL. Then, out it goes. (*the door being left open by POMPON-NEAU, he throws it out, and as MONSIEUR PONCELOT, who has been seen coming down the path, enters, it hits him*)

PON. Oh! oh!

MANOU. You idiot.

MARCEL. I really beg your pardon.

PON. Not intentional, of course?

POMPON. Well, I'll be off—how far to the chateau?

MANOU. About a quarter of a mile.

POMPON. Adieu! dear—which road?

MARCEL. Go straight out of the door, and follow your nose.

PON. I shall call again!

*Exits, as MARCEL in a rage slams the door.*

PON. Now, my friends—

MANOU. Eh? (*looks*)

PON. Surely, I am not mistaken, though years have passed.

MANOU. At Bonville, sir—Monsieur Poncelet?

PON. The same; and you, little Manou, married, I suppose?

MANOU. (*rather sadly*) Yes!

PON. And this your husband?

MANOU. (*in the same tone*) Yes!

PON. Why so melancholy a tone?

MANOU. Dreadfully jealous!

PON. Ha, ha, ha ! a little jealousy keeps up the spice of love.  
 MARCEL. Pepper !

PON. Why, 'tis Marcel. How do you do ?

MARCEL. Well as I can—not exactly as I would. (*glancing at Manou*)

PON. Any family ?

MANOU. No, Monsieur. And how do you do, sir ? Pray what brings you so far from home ?

PON. I have been to the funeral of a sister, and am on my way to the diligence. Tell me—you entered the service of Louise Baudin's mother ?

MANOU. And remained with her till very lately.

MARCEL. So did I, from the time I retired from the army.

PON. Oh, I remember—you enlisted from jealousy. Did you retire with any honours—any mark of distinction ?

MARCEL. Eh ? Oh, yes—a shot in the centre of the back.

PON. Ha, ha, ha ! (*MARCEL looks*) But the Countess and Louise ?

MANOU. They reside at a small chateau within half-a-mile of this.

PON. Indeed !

MARCEL. Oh, yes—she placed us in this inn as a reward for our faithful services.

MANOU. To get rid of your annoyance.

PON. And my poor friend Eustache—he returned to Bonville two years after she left, but as the mother had given me a false address, he could not trace them. The last I heard from him was that he had found service as a government courier.

MANOU. Alas, sir ! he is dead. You may see his grave from the window. (*she throws it open*) See !

PON. (*looks*) "Eustache." And he lies there—of a broken heart, doubtless.

MARCEL. Something like it. Women are enough to break any man's heart.

*Exit L., up stairs.*

MANOU. Silence ! (*stamps*) 'Tis quite a romance, sir. By the power of the Countess and her nephew their marriage was pronounced illegal, and strange to say, he brought them the document. There was a terrible scene—he discovered not only his wife, but in her cousin Lamberto and a companion, those who had attempted his destruction ; but a casket of jewels happening to lay at his feet, Lamberto had him arrested upon a charge of stealing them. He was hurried to Paris, tried for that and contumacy of Church and State, and condemned to imprisonment for life.

PON. But his wife, Louise—did she not stand forth in his defence ?

MAN. All that woman could do, she did ; but there was a power greater than her truthful love.

PON. And the grave you point to me is his ?

MAN. On his journey to the fort where he was to be confined, he attempted, it appears, to escape his guard, and was shot near this, and buried there. Madame Louise hearing of it, won upon her mother to reside here, and had this tablet erected : she daily visits it.

PON. May his wronged spirit rest in peace. (*bell heard*)

MANOU. Hark! 'tis the hour of her approach; and see, they come. (*music*)

*Enter LOUISE, with two female SERVANTS. She bids them leave her—they enter gate and exit. She kneels to tombstone.*

LOUISE. Eustache, I pay this daily tribute to thy grave in memory of truest, dearest, fondest love—my brother, friend, and husband. Power's cruel law has severed but not parted us, for you are ever with me—your form in day before me—at night your shade I see as watching over me. Oh, look upon your wife—smile upon your child till we meet in happy union there.

*As she kneels with uplifted hands, PASTOR having come down, raises his hands.*

PASTOR. Daughter!

LOUISE. Father!

PASTOR. My benison be on you. Come, the service waits.

*They enter gate. Music.*

PON. Poor faithful girl! I must still call her so. And do the servants and neighbours know?

MANOU. They think 'tis the erring son of an old faithful servant of the family.

PON. I will call upon her; so get me refreshment.

MANOU. With pleasure.

*Music. They do so, while PONCELOT places his hat and cloak, &c. Music is heard in chapel, as EUSTACHE is seen to come down R. declivity. He has long beard and hair (not in extreme), he is pale and careworn, has a staff, and leans upon it.*

EUS. My eye stretches its dim gaze towards Bonville—shall I ever reach? My strength fails—hunger fastens on me—a cold damp chill—(*music of chapel louder*) Ha! the chapel service for the dead! Could I reach its porch, that its tones might mingle with prayers for them—that the holy father might passing, give me blessing, and his ear receive my dying words. (*he makes an effort, but reaching the face of his grave stone, falls exhausted*)

PON. What strange circles in time's wheels we trace in our life's onward way—sad realities that beggar the power of fiction.

*Enter MANOU, with tray, wine, &c., L. 2 E.*

MANOU. Here we are, sir—we have not much ready, but what there is—

PON. More than plenty.

MARCEL. I'll draw the cork.

*Enter, from chapel, PAUL JARDIN and PEOPLE who see EUSTACHE.*

PAUL. What's this, neighbours? a dying way-worn man, he has yet life. (*feels his heart*) He breathes, moves—

EUS. This parching thirst—my utterance fails—oh, for one drop to moisten my fevered lips.

PAUL. Run to the inn—do you assist me to raise him. (*some do so—PEASANT runs and knocks at inn and enters*)

PEASANT. Here's a poor dying man at the stranger's tomb.

PON. Ha! (*runs to window*) Bring him here, my friends.

PAUL. (*to EUSTACHE*) Look up, my friend, you have travelled far.

EUS. Yes, and also without food or rest.

PAUL. You shall have both in comfort now.

EUS. I fear too late. (*bell tolls as they lead him in*) That sound is sure my knell. (*as he is borne in—music*)

PON. Poor fellow—place him here. (*they put him in chair, he has dropped his head*) Quick, the wine. (*MANOU gives it—he places it to his lips, during which PASTOR and LOUISE are seen to enter from the chapel—all the rest are within the Inn—EUSTACHE drinks the wine eagerly*)

PON. I fear for him.

EUS. What renewed agony of life—I had angel dreams, music around with thrilling notes of peace. (*he again droops, PONCELOT places wine to his lips*)

PON. Give air.

LOUISE. (*who has again knelt at tomb*) Eustache, be ever near me, thy spirit hover round.

EUS. I die—a priest—

PON. Fly to the chapel, to the Pastor. (*LOUISE has risen*)

PAUL exits and sees PASTOR.

PAUL. Worthy sir, a poor dying man is in the inn and needs your aid.

LOUISE. Ha, father, let us in. (*about to go*)

PASTOR. My child, you have enough of woe—I'll go alone.

LOUISE. Haste then I entreat, and here is that to help his need—adieu! (*PASTOR is seen to enter*)

PON. Good father, your aid, here is the holy man.

EUS. (*looks up*) Father I would have your—— (*sees PONCELOT*)

PON. Great powers! that face——

EUS. A moment, father—one word—you are——

PON. Your friend, Poncelot, for you are——

EUS. Eustache Baudin.

MANOU. It is—it is!

EUS. Stay, tell me—where is she?—does she live?

PON. She does.

EUS. My child?

PON. Yes.

EUS. (*on his knees*) Bless you—bless you!

*By this time LOUISE is upon path over roof—SERVANTS off.*

LOUISE. For you, Eustache and our child, my constant prayers and love. (*hands upraised*)

DELBOIS and LAMBERTO seen to come a little before on r. rise, looking on, in disguised attire—Tableau. Scene closed in slowly.

SCENE II.—*Neighbourhood of the Inn on the road to the Chateau.*

*Enter DELBOIS, followed by LAMBERTO, R.*

DEL. Ha, ha, ha ! oh my sides, they'll burst, I know they will, ha, ha !

LAM. What the deuce is the matter with you ?

DEL. A woman erecting a tombstone, and snivelling over it every day in the year, thinking her husband lies beneath, when he's alive and kicking, in one of our strongest forts.

LAM. Well, it is odd !

DEL. Yes, and tolerably clever of you to persuade her to it ; how the devil did you contrive it ?

LAM. With the greatest ease ; one of his fellow-prisoners was shot near this on the way to their sentence ; I was by chance in the neighbourhood—claimed the privilege of seeing him buried, as one I had known, the son of a tenant in better times—it was granted ; I said his real name was Eustache Baudin, and procured a certificate of burial in that name—sent it to the Countess and Louise, with a letter from the pastor who performed it—they swallowed all, of course. I little thought though they would come to reside here.

DEL. No—that's awkward, because the pastor—

LAM. The pastor is dead, my boy—I am safe there.

DEL. It's a pity though you didn't stick to the old Countess.

LAM. I did, till she would no longer stick to me ; she entrusted me with the management of her affairs, till I managed them nearly into my own hands, which she found out ; I made the most of what I could lay hold of, and bade her adieu one morning before she was awake.

DEL. But that's all gone, you are now poor as—

LAM. A rat ! she has moved about since, but I have tracked my lady, and must hasten to the chateau.

DEL. Won't that be dangerous ?

LAM. Fool ! is not the young Chevalier de Brissac in love with little Louise and about to marry her.

DEL. Well—what of that ?

LAM. Would he take the hand of one whose father toils as a felon ? leave me alone, I have my plans, and now for the chateau and the Countess. (*crosses, L.*)

DEL. I can't go there, that woman knows me ; besides, I am dreadfully hungry and must eat.

LAM. There ! (*gives money*) go to the inn by the chapel—no one will know you there.

DEL. This is barely enough for drink. What can I get to eat with this ?—you don't know the present depth of my digestive cavity.

LAM. Take all and I'll starve ! (*throws purse*)

DEL. (*aside*) I don't care who starves so long as I don't.

LAM. Be prudent, wait till I join you—say nothing.

DEL. If they'll find me enough to eat I shan't want to talk. (*as they go*) I say, if you get into a little difficulty, don't leave me with my inexperience in this strange place.

*Exit LAMBERTO, L.*

Now, that fellow, though a very old friend of mine, is a regular rogue in grain; I'm bad enough myself, but I can't go so far as he, except when I'm hungry. Holloa! here's a young woman, I was always fond of the girls, though somehow they never took much to me; let's see what this one's made of.

*Enter MANOU, R., with a small basket.*

MANOU. Dear me, what a flurry I am in to be sure—not an egg in the house to make the poor creature an omelette, so I ran to Madame Simon's. Louise too, what a surprise! I can't think, and I must not stay thinking.

DEL. (*staying her*) How do you do, my little chicken?

MANOU. I'm no chicken, sir! I'm a married woman, and if you don't let me go my way, you may find yourself hen-pecked.

DEL. As witty as pretty. Now you see, my dear—(*staying her*)

MANOU. Are you a man, sir?

DEL. Well, I was born a boy, and have grown to what you see.

MANOU. A ruffian!

DEL. You shall pay for that. (*seizes her*)

MANOU. Let me go!

DEL. Your passport is a kiss. (*he kisses her—she screams*)

*Enter POMPONNEAU, R., with a whip in hand—he throws him round, and strikes him with his hand.*

POMPON. Brute!

DEL. I'll take blow from no man! (*feeling for knife*)

POMPON. Take this into the bargain! (*lashes him*)

DEL. Oh, oh! I'll—You have been indulging in a most expensive luxury. (*runs off*)

POMPON. Why 'tis Manou!

MANOU. Oh, Pomponneau! what I should have done if it hadn't been for you. I can but thank you. (*gives her hand*)

*Enter MARCEL, his hair on end, R.*

MARCEL. Pomponneau! I thought you ran to Mother Simons for more than eggs.

MANOU. (*to him*) Fool!

MARCEL. (*to POMPONNEAU*) Villain!

POMPON. (*coolly*) Gnaf!

MANOU. You stupid! Hear me, sir! I have been attacked.

MARCEL. How dare you attack my wife?

MANOU. I've been rudely kissed.

MARCEL. How dare you kiss my wife rudely?

POMPON. My good fellow, there's something the matter with your—

MARCEL. I know it—I feel 'em growing!

MANOU. I was attacked by a ruffian, from whom he saved me.  
Come along!

MARCEL. No, madam—I'll never come along with you again!

MANOU. Then stay where you are!

MARCEL. Adieu for ever! (*crosses*)

POMPON. Where are you going?

MARCEL. Into my grave, and let me catch her weeping over it.

MANOU. That you never will!

*Exit*, L.

POMPON. Ha, ha, ha! Adieu, Fuswig.

*Exit*, L.

MARCEL. I don't think she would weep over my grave, and curse me if I'll try her; and you, (*after POMPONNEAU*) if I was but a safe shot, wouldn't I challenge you. Ah, he went the way she went—she turns down by yonder wall—he turns the same way—I can't see 'em. Oh, it's a lucky thing I have no family to look upon their agonized father!

*Rushes off*, L.

SCENE III.—*The Chateau of the Countess. The ground apartment looking on to the gardens, &c. Entrance in c. Folding doors, R.—smaller door, L. Tables—one R. U. E., with books and writing materials. Chairs—sofa, R.—a mirror.*

MDLLE. LOUISE discovered looking upon a miniature in her hand.

MDLLE. LOUISE. His portrait—his! So proud, so noble—so like the Chevalier's, of whom I have read performing deeds of valour, and of good to all. My mother says that she fears his love is beyond my state or hope: my grandma tells me different—says that I might grace the salons of the palace, and truly I think I might. (*looks in mirror, as CHEVALIER DE BRISSAC enters L., and lightly places his hand upon her shoulder*) Oh, dear! (*turns and sees him*) Henri!

BRIS. My dearest Louise!

MDLLE. LOUISE. Oh, fie! to enter thus—unannounced.

BRIS. I knew not, sweetest, that you were here, and as for announcement, I really had not patience to seek for any.

MDLLE. LOUISE. But tell me, I pray you, all the news. Your sister is well—your father—and how is that dear Paris, that I so much love?

BRIS. As gay, as frivolous as ever; but I bring news that I hope will give you joy as it does me—unspeakable. I have informed my father of our attachment.

MDLLE. LOUISE. Ah! and he—

BRIS. At first was angry, as all fathers according to parental law are, at his son's presuming to love any lady but of his own choosing.

MDLLE. LOUISE. I feared this—and will he part us?

BRIS. Listen. I showed him this—your miniature: that began to melt him—painted to him your gifts, accomplishments,—told him

that you were the granddaughter and heiress of the Countess d'Alberte—when what think you he said?

MDLLE. LOUISE. I am impatient to know.

BRIS. That he was journeying this way upon a court missive, and would judge for himself, and if he found what I represented to be true, his consent should be given. As it is quite certain that he will find it true, why we may consider all settled.

MDLLE. LOUISE. Oh, Henri! you make me weep with joy.

BRIS. Here is your mother, dearest, and the Countess.

*Enter COUNTESS and LOUISE, R.*

BRIS. Countess—Madame—I kiss your hands, and joy to meet you.

COUN. Welcome, Chevalier, to our poor home.

BRIS. Oh, say not so—rich, I am sure, in love, and in domestic peace. (*LOUISE droops*) I admire your new residence much—so removed from the din of the busy blustering world, and all its pride, with disappointed hopes. Are you not of my opinion, madame? (*to LOUISE*)

LOUISE. Yes, indeed! hopes are but the small threads by which we are drawn through this weary life, till one by one they break, leaving the mind and heart despairing.

COUNTESS. Daughter!

MDLLE. LOUISE. My dear mother, do not let, I pray, this constant melancholy oppress you—where young hearts too are hoping to bud and blow in joy.

BRIS. Aye, madame, and hope to flourish too.

COUN. I hear a carriage in the avenue.

LOUISE. We expect no visitor. (*aside*) Heaven preserve us from intrusion here!

*Enter POMPONNEAU, L.*

POMPON. I beg your pardon, Chevalier, but your father the Duke de Brissac.

BRIS. My father—so soon. (*aside*)

POMPON. The Duke is here!

*Enter DUKE DE BRISSAC, L. D.*

DUKE. Oh, here you are, sir, very snugly ensconced in love's arbour, I find. (*LADIES bow*)

BRIS. Your pardon, the Countess D'Alberte—Madame Louise, her daughter—Mademoiselle Louise.

DUKE. Your daughter, madame, I can see. (*to LOUISE*) I do not know what portion of her worthy sire's features are interlined—her striking likeness to her mother, leaves little room for other resemblance; it may be she bears his carriage, for she has a proud determined look and noble glance of eye, bespeaking him no common man. In the army?

LOUISE. (*timidly*) In his youth.

DUKE. Quitting that for the Court, perhaps, better suiting his devotion to you.

LOUISE. He was devoted. (*weeps*)

DUKE. I see—remembrance of departed worth. (*to Countess*)  
MDLLE. LOUISE. Mother—dear mother.

COUN. She will betray us. (*aside*) Monsieur le Duke, if you will accompany me to the salon—

DUKE. With pleasure, I came for the purpose of some conversation with you, lady, as it does not become us to let love run riot, for being blind, the urchin is apt to lose himself and require a guide; Countess, your hand. Madame. (*bows to Louise*)

MDLLE. LOUISE. My dear madame.

LOUISE. Go, go—my child! I will join you presently.

*They exit R., folding door.*

LOUISE. 'Tis too much! there is now base deceit to be played upon this man, or my child is wretched. Oh, that I were there in that lowly grave with him at peace. I will have no hand in this. Oh, fool have I been to yield to a mother's prayers, and rear my child in a base lie!

*Enter GEORGE, L. 3 E.*

GEORGE. A gentleman, madame—Monsieur Poncelet.

LOUISE. Ha! Poncelet, my best, my only friend! Admit him. Lucky visit at such a time, for he may counsel me.

*Enter PONCELET, L.*

Monsieur, my best, my dearest friend—oh, how I joy to see you!

PON. Lady—

LOUISE. No, no—call me, I pray you, as you did when I was your neighbour's wife.

PON. What still thus in remembrance?

LOUISE. To my grave, sir—till I lie there with him.

PON. I have heard, Louise—for I will call you as I did—what proof have you of Eustache's death?

LOUISE. His dying words to the priest, and a certificate of his funeral.

PON. (*aside*) Strange! The work of a cunning hand. 'Tis a foul and lying cheat upon your suffering weakness.

LOUISE. Ha!

PON. He lies not in the grave upon which you daily pray.

LOUISE. Oh, deceive me not, nor snatch from me the little hope I have.

PON. I would strengthen hope; nay, change that hope to certainty. Your Eustache lives!

LOUISE. Lives! Oh, where?

*EUSTACHE appearing, L.*

EUS. Here!—he is before you! Is here, Louise, to thank, to bless you for your constant faith!

LOUISE. Ah! (*she essays to speak, and reach him, but falls—he runs to her*)

PON. Imprudent!

EUS. I hold her once again—again do I press to mine this heart

of truest tested faith—that through years of tempting affluence has not forgotten him whose only sin was love to her. (*as she moves*) Louise !

LOUISE. Eustache ! Yes, yes—he lives again for me ! The world !—oh, how have I been cheated—fooled—but you are here, and now we part no more !

EUS. We must, alas ! for am I not a branded man ?

LOUISE. It is the brand of suffering, of persecution, and not of crime. We part no more !

EUS. We must—for who will now look upon or own me ?

LOUISE. If so thou hast the more need of my love.

EUS. Our child—

LOUISE. Ha ! (*starts*)

*Enter MDLLE. LOUISE, R.*

MDLLE. LOUISE. My dear mother, how feel you now ? The duke has sent me to enquire if you have strength to join us ? Sir—(*seeing and curtseying to PONCELOT, then observes EUSTACHE*) What wants this man ? I saw him from the window of the salon, and pitying his wretchedness, was just seeking a messenger to take him some relief. (*aside in half-tone to LOUISE*)

LOUISE. You—you !

EUS. (*approaching her*) Do not be alarmed at me, my child.

MDLLE. LOUISE. (*with pride*) Your child ?

EUS. Excuse me, young lady—I—a careless phrase will sometimes escape the lips, and though very humble, I had once a child much resembling you.

MDLLE. LOUISE. Resembling me indeed ! (*with pleasant derision*)

EUS. Not so beautiful, young lady, of course.

MDLLE. LOUISE. But still your child, and a father's child—

EUS. Ah ! true—is all to him, and strange as it may appear though that child wore but a plain homely woollen petticoat it was a little princess in my eye, I loved it, I not only loved but worshipped it, and the little darling loved me too, and like a bird would come to my chirp, leap to my knee—my neck—twine its fingers in my hair—but that has gone long since and she is—(*faltering*)

MDLLE. LOUISE (*melted*) Where ?

EUS. I have not seen her for many years, she'd not know her father now.

MDLLE. LOUISE. Hard fate indeed, the child to forget her parent.

EUS. (*quickly*) You have not then forgotten yours, lady ?

MDLLE. LOUISE. My father died early, ere I could distinctly remember, but I often weep in silence for him, and pray that he had lived.

EUS. You do.

MDLLE. LOUISE. Yes, for my grandma, the Countess ever avoids all mention of him, while my mother seems to fear to name him, I used much to wonder why—but now—

EUS. You know the cause.

MDLLE. LOUISE. Oh, no ! but I fear the marriage was unhappy.

Eus. Oh no, it was most happy! (*forgetting*)

Mdlle. Louise. You knew my father?

Louise. Ha! (*aside*)

Eus. No, no, I dreamed you spoke of my own marriage, which was most happy till—

Mdlle. Louise. If happy, how came your daughter a stranger to you?

Eus. I was borne away by the call of the State.

Mdlle. Louise. I see, the army—you are now I hope seeking her?

Eus. Seeking her!

Mdlle. Louise. Do not be offended, here is a purse, 'tis of my own embroidery, and has some trifling contents—when you meet give her this, as the present from one who, still more unfortunate than she, can never know a father.

Eus. Lady, I will take the precious gift and treasure it for her, my child's sake. She is of your age, and, as far as poor man's offspring can resemble those of the rich, your beauty too—she may have your virtues—your goodness—I trust your—oh! pardon me, I shall again begin to think I look upon my own.

Pon. My friend—

Eus. Excuse me, sir, but there are chords within the human heart never struck till we look upon our own. (*weeps—pause*) Lady—I thank—I bless, and will ever pray for you. (*takes purse*)

Mdlle. Louise. Dear mother, I beg you to come with me, we shall have Henri seeking us.

Louise. Go, I will come to you anon!

Mdlle. Louise. Adieu, monsieur, (*to PONCELOT*) and you my good man, farewell, and when you see your daughter, think of me.

*Exits, c.*

Louise. What is to be done? aid—council me! the Duke de Brissac and his son are here—she loves the Chevalier devotedly, he proposes for her hand—should the truth be known, her bridal will be broken off, and she will be the sufferer. Yet, if it is your will, I'll go to them, all shall be known, and we will fly together.

Eus. Stay! Louise, our child can have no sudden second nature—to cast off high thoughts, love, habit, fortune, in an hour—to quit all these for me—it is too late! Enough for us, that she may hereafter learn our hapless lot, and drop the tear upon our memory!

Pon. Hard fate, but still the wisest.

Louise. But—

Eus. No, Louise, I cannot consent to crush her hopes—to tear her from rank, and plunge her in penury and disgrace—'twould only add to our load of misery.

Louise. You must not go from hence, there is much to do. Enter, I pray you, that room—'tis mine.

Eus. Remember you betray not yourself—keep our secret from Louise.

Louise. I will fulfil my duty, and obey you as I used, husband.

Eus. Louise!

Louise. Enter Eustache. Go, go!

*Exit LOUISE, PONCELOT, and EUSTACHE, small door, R., as LAMBERTO and SERVANT enter, L. 2 E.*

LAM. Say to the Countess a gentleman from Paris, whom she will recognize when she sees.

SERVANT bows and exit, R. D.

LAM. Just in the nick of time to suit my purpose. This Duke de Brissac prides himself upon his escutcheon; I'll show him the bar sinister in the Countess's, unless the old fool should make things comfortable.

*Enter SERVANT and COUNTESS, R. D.*

SERVANT. This is the gentleman.

*Exit, L.*

COUN. Lamberto!

LAM. Yes, dear aunt.

COUN. Audacious! Depart, or I denounce you! (*about to ring*)

LAM. Stay, good gentle aunt.

COUN. (*still about to ring*) Ingrate! I have friends here,

LAM. Call them—or shall I? I can tell them the cheat you'd play upon them. The proud Duke de Brissac will open wide his eyes to see the young lady's pedigree.

COUN. You will not.

LAM. If your first promise to me be not fulfilled, I will lead them to the grave of Eustache, the felon, and name the father of the bride with which you'd honour them.

COUN. Has all my trust in thee but come to this?

LAM. Hear me. Here is a legal document prepared, making me heir to all the available property and land in your power to will—sign it, or I hasten to the salon and denounce you, Countess, as a cheat and an impostor!

COUN. Are you made of hate?

LAM. I am. Sign—come! (*drags her to table, placing pen and papers before her*) By hell, you shall! (*draws dagger*)

*EUSTACHE enters and rushes between them, seizing his dagger.*

EUS. By heaven, she shall not! (*chord*)

LAM. (*starts*) Eustache!

COUN. Ha! He—

*Exit, R.*

LAM. Felon!

EUS. Liar!

LAM. Those papers! (*runs up*)

EUS. Stretch forth hand or finger towards them, and your own weapon is your death! (*stands before him*) I am desperate, for in you do I behold my demon—by you, do I look through years of misery and blighted hopes! The blasts of winter have failed to cool my fevered brain—the spring sun has brought no warmth to my heart—summer given me nor fruit nor flowers; and ripening autumn proved but desolation. All this has been your work—yours—and you shall now confess it, or with life I never quit you!

LAM. Fool! madman! That paper!

EUS. Never! (*they struggle*)

*Enter SERVANTS, DUKE, CHEVALIER, COUNTESS, MADEMOISELLE LOUISE, and LOUISE, R.*

LAM. Seize that assassin, let him not escape.

(*he has secured the paper on which he began to write, having dashed the ink over the previous memoranda.*)

LOUISE. No, no! (EUSTACHE folds his arms with the dignity of conscious innocence)

DUKE. What means this? explain sir.

LAM. Yes, Duke—I was here in pity to you, and to your son.

DUKE. To me—my son.

LAM. To save you from a deeply planned imposture.

DUKE. } Imposture!  
BRIS. } Bris!

LAM. Yes, that lady here—Louise, is the daughter of Eustache Baudin, the condemned, who stands before you, and who but now upon my threat of exposure attempted my life.

DUKE. Eustache Baudin? the former courier to my friend the Minister de la Vigne.

EUS. The same.

MDLLE. LOUISE. Mother, mother, this cannot be my father.

DUKE. You were condemned for theft and contumacy of Church and State.

EUS. Yes.

LOUISE. Oh, heaven!

MDLLE. LOUISE. Mother, mother! (*aside*)

DUKE. This is most strange. De la Vigne, convinced by every enquiry of your innocence, never ceased to make his representation for a remission of your punishment; you were released but a month since.

EUS. I was.

DUKE. And he anxiously looks for your appearance now in Paris, the edict against your marriage is reversed—it is declared legal and valid, and the Court's former judgment an error obtained by false evidence, produced by perjury and malice.

LOUISE. Oh, Duke! can this be true?

DUKE. I saw the document in his hand, signed by the Archbishop and Emperor.

EUS. I gasp to fetch in power of breath or speech—my wife—my child! Oh, this is too much happiness!

*Enter DELBOIS, with PASTOR, C.*

LAM. Delbois, summon the authorities to arrest my attempted assassin, there.

DEL. Here they are. (GEND'ARMES form at back) I am in their custody myself. (*points to PASTOR*) I have confessed all my sins to this gentleman, and have brought him here that you may confess yours.

LAM. Fool! (*going*)

PASTOR. Stay, sir! I do attach you upon this man's charge and confession. Here, perform your duty. (*GEND'ARMES surround him*)

EUS. Adieu, Monsieur! Reserve your courage for the galleys.

DUKE. Countess, knowing your history before I arrived, I pardon the deception you would have practised. Behold here the effects of pride. I will not suffer mine to blight the happiness of the son I love.

Eus. Madam, you have received the noblest rebuke, therefore I will not reproach you.

COUN. You will not reproach me, sir. Will you forgive?

EUS. Yes, madam, forgiveness of injury is the noblest of heaven's attributes; it is the triumph of the oppressed over the oppressor.

Dramatic virtue now has played her part,

Humbled the proud, (*pointing to COUNTESS*) made glad the weary heart; (*placing his hand on his own breast*)

Rewarded constancy; (*taking his wife's hand*) here good example shewn; (*taking his daughter's hand*)

Vice punished by an instrument of Vice's own.

Still we are but involuntary agents all,

And act and speak but at the poet's call.

Not so with you—free to condemn or praise,  
To lengthen or make short our drama's days.

Then as you're great, be merciful! Ask we in vain  
Once more your grateful debtors to remain?

Let poor Eustache for all his troubles past,  
Find here a shelter, and a home at last!

### Curtain.

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