

THE
BLACK DOCTOR,

A Drama,

IN FIVE ACTS.

TRANSLATED FROM

"LE DOCTEUR NOIR,"

OF MESSRS.

ANICET-BOURGEOIS & DUMANOIR,

BY

I. V. BRIDGEMAN,

AUTHOR OF

*I've Eaten my Friend, Matrimonial, Sextus the Fifth,
A Good Run for it, &c. &c.*

AND ADAPTED BY

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,
LONDON.

*First performed at the Porte-Saint-Martin Theatre,
on July 30th, 1846.*

As played at the Royal Victoria Theatre, Nov. 13, 1846.

A new and most interesting Drama, in five acts, founded on one of the very best pieces ever produced in Paris, embracing most startling and thrilling incidents, with great scenic effects, entitled
Le Doctor Noir; or, The

BLACK DOCTOR.

The new and extensive Scenery by Mr. Mildenhall, Mildenhall, jun., and Assistants.

The extensive Machinery, Platforms, Breaking-scene, &c., by Messrs. Wood, Foster, and Auxiliaries.

The Properties and new Stage Appointments by Mr. Boulanger, &c.

The Music by Mr. T. W. Hill.

ACTS I. & II.

THE ISLAND OF BOURBON, 1788.

THE CHEVALIER DE ST. LUCE (<i>of noble birth, attached to Pauline</i>)	MR. C. J. BIRD.
MONS. BARBANTANE (<i>a wealthy Planter</i>) ...	
FABIAN (<i>a Creole, the "Black Doctor"</i>)	{ MR. E. EDWARDS. MR. J. J. TOWERS.
LEON (<i>Superintendent to Barbantane</i>)	MR. JAMES.
CHRISTIAN (<i>a Negro, attached to Fabian</i>).....	MR. F. H. HENRY.
DOMINIQUE and JEAN (<i>two Fishermen</i>) ...	
MONSIEUR MORAND (<i>a Lawyer of Bourbon</i>)	
PAULINE DE LA REYNERIE (<i>a wealthy Heiress</i>)	MISS VINCENT.
THE COUNTESS AURELIA DE KERADEUC (<i>Sister to St. Luce</i>).....	MRS. R. BARNETT.
LIA (<i>a Creole—foster-sister to Pauline</i>)	MISS GREVILLE.

ROMANTIC ABODE OF THE BLACK DOCTOR.

Visit of the Countess and the Wealthy Planter to the abode of Fabian.—Story of the preservation of Pauline from the fatal pestilence by the devotion of the Black Doctor.—Departure of the Marchioness to France; subsequent wreck of the vessel and

supposed loss of all on board.—Interview between the despised mulatto and the rich heiress of La Reynerie.—The skill of the Black Doctor again appealed to.—A tale of hopeless love, a creole maid dying of concealed passion for a white man.—Fortune bestowed.—Love requited.—The taint of blood disregarded, and the devoted girl made happy.—Wild hopes of the Black Doctor.—St. Luce preserved from the deadly venom of the hooded serpent by the desperate bravery of Fabian.—His invitation to his preserver to receive the thanks of “his intended bride, Pauline.”—Despair of Fabian.—His fearful resolve—“If not in this life, in death we will be united.”

St. Michael's Bay and The Lover's Grotto:

“A secluded part of the Coast, surrounded by inaccessible Rocks, except where open to the Sea, and to be approached only by one Path, which together with the Grotto and space before it, was deeply submerged by every rising tide.”

Fabian appears guiding Pauline to La Reynerie.—Rising of the waters.—Legend of “The Mulatto's Grave.”—Alarm of Pauline.—the hoarded secret revealed.—“A black man has dared to love the daughter of a high and haughty race, and in his despair at her approaching marriage with another, devotes her with himself to death, in the fast rising waters of the gulf.”—The last hour of life, the hour for truth.—Pauline in the certainty of her approaching end, avows her affection for Fabian, and rejoices in her death within her lover's arms.

RISING of the WATERS, and TERRIBLE SITUATION of the FATED LOVERS of BOURBON.

SALOON IN THE CHATEAU DE LA REYNERIE.

Particulars of the miraculous preservation.—Resolution of Pauline.—Monsieur Barbantane meets with a good bargain.—Secret marriage of Pauline and Fabian.—Unexpected news from Europe.—The mother of Pauline has not perished.—The shadow of the cloud darkens the bright hopes conceived and fostered.—“Poor Fabian.”

ACT III.

P A R I S , 1789.

COUNT DE ST. LUCE (attached to Pauline) . . .	MR. C. J. BIRD.
FABIAN (the Creole)	{ MR. E. EDWARDS. MR. J. J. TOWERS.
ANDRE (an Artizan)	MR. W. SEARLE.
NOBLES	{ MR. FITZJAMES. MR. F. HARRIS.
JULIAN ANTOINE } (Domestics)	{ MR. HUTCHINSON. MR. WELLS.

THE MARCHIONESS DE LA REYNERIE	
(mother to Pauline)	MRS. G. LEE.
PAULINE (<i>secretly married to Fabian</i>)	MISS VINCENT.
COUNTESS AURELIA	MRS. R. BARNETT.

Ladies of Rank.

MAGNIFICENT MANSION of the MARCHIONESS.

The gratitude of an artizan to Fabian for his mother's health recovered.—Stolen interview of the black husband and the white wife.—Assemblage of the Parisian nobles upon their return from Versailles.—The king's command that Pauline shall receive St. Luce as her betrothed.—Suspicions of the latter excited.—A cruel test.—Sufferings of the mulatto.—Confession of Pauline: "He is my husband."—A mother's vengeance.—The marriage annulled by aristocratic power.—"The wife to close confinement in a convent, the husband to the deepest dungeons of the Bastile."

ACT IV.—1789.

COUNT DE ST. LUCE (<i>a State Prisoner</i>) ...	MR. C. J. BIRD.
BRIQUET (<i>his Valet</i>)	MR. FORMAN.
GAOLERS OF THE BASTILE...MESSRS. FRANKLIN and ANDRE (<i>a Leader of the People</i>)	MR. W. SEARLE,
PIERRE (<i>a Veteran, one of the Assailants of the Bastile</i>).....	MR. F. H. HENRY.
FABIAN { (<i>a wretched Prisoner in a deep, damp, dungeon</i>) }	MR. E. EDWARDS, MR. J. J. TOWERS.

THE BASTILE.

Four separate sections of the Prison of the Bastile.

A HANDSOME APARTMENT FOR THE PRISON
OF THE NOBLE WHO HAS OUTRAGED
THE LAW.

GALLERY AND
ENTRANCE TO BOTH
PRISONS.

A DEEP STONE DUNGEON WITHOUT LIGHT
FOR THE POOR MAN WHO IS GUILTY
OF NO CRIME.

SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGE
TO THE
LOWER DUNGEON.

The Contrast—The Rich and Poor Prisoners.

Gratitude of André.—A letter to Fabian containing information of the death of—. The gaoler deprives him of his lamp.—Utter darkness.—The letter cannot be read.—Misery of the poor victim.—Breaking out of the Revolution.—Rescue of the prisoners.

Siege and Destruction of the Bastile!

ACT V.—1793.

COUNT ST. LUCE (<i>a proscribed Refugee</i>)	MR. C. J. BIRD.
BRIQUET (<i>his Attendant</i>)	MR. FORMAN.
FABIAN { (<i>a Boatman, his mind unsettled by a cruel imprisonment</i>) }	MR. E. EDWARDS. MR. J. J. TOWERS.
ANDRE (<i>a Fisherman, the attached friend and protector of Fabian</i>)	MR. W. SEARLE.
PIERRE (<i>a Leader of the Revolution</i>)	MR. FITZJAMES.
PAULINE, (<i>Marchioness de la Reynerie—a Refugee</i>)	MISS VINCENT.
COUNTESS AURELIA (<i>her Friend and Companion</i>)	MRS. R. BARNETT.

Democrats, Villagers, &c.

SEA COAST IN BRITTANY.

Arrival of the *ci-devant* noblesse.—Triumph of the revolution, and fearful retribution of the people upon their oppressors.—Refuge of Fabian and his friend.—Madness of the victim of caste and colour.—Danger of the Count and Pauline.—A chance of escape.—Discovery of the fugitives.—Refusal of André to aid the destroyers of his friend.—Denunciation of the aristocrats.—Eager pursuit of the bloodhounds of retribution.—Death at hand.—Heroism of Fabian.—Despair of Pauline.—Fate does its worst.

Pure Love immolates itself to save its object.

TABLEAU OF GRIEF! DESPAIR! AND DEATH!

BLACK DOCTOR.

Costumes.

FABIAN.—*First Dress*: Green velveteen shooting frock, white cotton trowsers striped with red, brown leather shoes and gaiters, and broad brimmed straw hat. *Second Dress*: Court suit; dark brown coat, silk waistcoat, brown breeches, silk stockings, shoes, and buckles, powdered wig and bag; sword. *Third Dress*: Old tattered shirt and trowsers, over dark fleshings. *Fourth Dress*: Dress of a fisherman; striped shirt, blue frock, belt, and dark trowsers. In complexion, Fabian is a very dark brown, with glossy straight black hair.

ST. LUCE.—*First Dress*: Blue silk coat, with silver frogs, and buttons, figured waistcoat, white silk breeches and silk stockings, powdered hair and bag, and sword and buckles. *Second Dress*: Handsome dressing gown, plain long-tailed scarlet coat, high crowned hat, trimmed with lace. *Third Dress*: Plain dark cut-off coat, leather breeches, top boots, and long hair without powder.

BARBANTANE.—Light silk coat, breeches, silk stockings and shoes, and a broad straw hat.

ANDRE.—*First Dress*: Dark cloth suit. *Second Dress*: No coat, red cap, with tri-coloured cockade, sword, and pistols. *Third Dress*: Fisherman's dress; blue frock, trowsers, and shoes.

BRIQUET.—Neat livery.

LEON.—Plain suit of the time; coat, waistcoat, and breeches, straw hat—no powder.

MARCHIONESS.—Handsome lama train dress, over richly trimmed satin petticoat, hoop; jewels, gloves, powdered head with flowers and feathers, and large fan.

PAULINE.—*First Dress*: Plain white muslin, straw hat, and parasol. *Second Dress*: Court dress—powder. *Third Dress*: Plain silk travelling dress—no powder.

AURELIA.—*First and Second Dresses*: Handsome silk dresses of the time—powder. *Third Dress*: Plain silk dress.

LIA.—White muslin dress, neatly trimmed with red, short sleeves; she is slightly coloured.

Explanation of the Stage Directions.

R.	R. C.	C.	L. C.	L.
Right.	Right Centre.	Centre.	Left Centre.	Left.

FACING THE AUDIENCE.

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

THE BLACK DOCTOR.



ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Isle of Bourbon.* *Fabian's Cottage built of bamboo, and extending only to the second entrance, or the third at farthest; at R. 1 E., a large open window extending to the ground forming first wing, and directly opposite the audience; through the window a Garden is seen, and in it a green mound serving as a seat; an open door, L. C. in flat, the entrance from without; a wild landscape beyond it. A door, L. 2 E. leading into the interior of the cabin; at back a small old fashioned press with folding doors, by it an axe suspended to a nail, a couch covered with a tiger's skin, L. 1 E.; a few wooden chairs.*

Enter AURELIA, L. C.

AURELIA. (*closing her parasol*) Thank goodness, I have reached my destination at last! (*going to the door*) Well, Monsieur de Barbantane, have you got entangled in the creepers? must I come and extricate you?

BARBANTANE. (*outside*) No, fair lady, no, I shall rejoin in time.

Enter MONSIEUR BARBANTANE, L. C., *wiping his forehead, he has a small whip in his hand.*

I am here, ah—h—h! (*sighs heavily*)

AURE. (*laughing at him*) Ha, ha, ha!

BARBAN. Upon my honour, beautiful Countess, I admire your resolution. For your little feet, accustomed as they are to tread upon the softest carpets—

AURE. Yes, you must own that I have behaved bravely in this excursion: all your rocks, your torrents, and your cliffs, were unable to make me recede a single foot. Oh! I am not like my brother—by-the-bye, what has become of him?

BARBAN. When I left him, he was getting ready—

AURE. His gun?

BARBAN. (*wiping his forehead*) No—his fan. Ah! what a walk, and what a temperature! and all to see—what?—a wretched cabin, fit, at the best, to shelter a mulatto.

AURE. (*seating herself on couch*) Well, having reached our journey's end, I am ready to answer your questions.

BARBAN. (*taking a chair and seating himself, R.*) In the first place, about the poor Marchioness de la Reynerie?

AURE. (*whose features suddenly assume an expression of sadness*) Ah! that was a heavy blow for all our family, especially for Pauline! You were still here, when a letter came from France, to advise my aunt to proceed thither immediately, and defend the honor of the late Marquis de la Reynerie, which had been attacked. The very same day, Pauline was seized with that horrible epidemic, from which scarcely any one ever recovered.

BARBAN. Yes, and I was so frightened—(*correcting himself*) no—alarmed—no—uneasy, that I left the colony instantly.

AURE. Poor Pauline so suddenly stricken must have perished, but for the aid of the Black Doctor, who happened to be at the chateau.

BARBAN. The Black Doctor?

AURE. Ay, a man in whom a natural genius for the profession supplies the course of long study and years of research.

BARBAN. Ay, I remember!—Fabian, the mulatto: he was formerly a slave of Monsieur de la Reynerie, and was presented with his freedom by his master, whose life he was fortunate enough to save by throwing himself before a horse that had taken fright with him. Upon receiving his freedom, he entered the service of an old surgeon of the colony.

AURE. And by his aid and his own intuitive genius, he acquired the knowledge which during the fearful pestilence preserved my cousin's life, and many others.

BARBAN. What a pity he's a mulatto; it is very few of our complexion, that could condescend to be saved by a person of his colour. There was my poor old cousin, who was at the last extremity, he could have saved her, but she preferred to die. Her conduct was grand—it was sublime—it was heroic! Yes, my cousin died, and she was perfectly right.

AURE. You were her next heir, I believe?

BARBAN. Exactly so! A magnificent estate!

AURE. I am not surprised at your admiration of her conduct, monsieur; but still I think it carrying a prejudice somewhat to an extreme.

BARBAN. It is what every human being—that is, every white person—in the island would have done. Madame, you were born in France, and are yet ignorant of the manners and sentiments of the inhabitants of this colony. The division of colour is a prejudice, if you choose to call it so, but an inflexible and implacable prejudice, which our susceptibility will neither discuss nor reason on: the pride of our race is in us—in our very veins, and will never leave them but with the last drop of our blood. I have heard the late Marchioness relate, that near fifty years ago, a noble maiden of the family of the Soligny's became enamoured—it is a horrible and repulsive thought—with one of her father's slaves. The old count made her kneel down before him, ordered her to ask pardon of heaven for a monstrous crime, and then—sheathed his sword in her body.

AURE. Horrible!

BARBAN. Ah, madam, you came from France—

AURE. At all events, the prejudice of the Marchioness yielded at

the moment, and Fabian saved my cousin; she was far too weak however, to undertake so long a voyage; the consequence was, that the Marchioness being unable to wait any longer, and having no cause for anxiety on the score of Pauline's health, embarked alone.

BARBAN. Well?

AURE. A few months after her departure, intelligence was received that the vessel was lost; every soul on board, both passengers and crew perished. Pauline was motherless! I will not attempt to describe her grief, which once more endangered her life, and afforded the kind-hearted Fabian a second opportunity for shewing his devotedness.

BARBAN. I can guess the rest. Fabian has remained at the chateau, and his black doctorship has become the medical officer-in-chief of the plantation.

AURE. (*rising, and crossing to R. before BARBANTANE, who also rises, but with great unwillingness*) The exact contrary happens to be the case. One day, Fabian informed my cousin that his attendance was no longer requisite, and the day after he disappeared. From that time to this, a period of four months, he has not been seen at Saint Louis. A few negroes assert that they beheld him wandering about on the cliffs, but that he sedulously avoided them. Now, I have never seen this Fabian, and being in the vicinity, I could no longer contain my curiosity.

BARBAN. And that caused you to undertake this very laborious excursion!

AURE. Such, my dear Monsieur Barbantane, is a true account of the sad events which have occurred during your absence. For an entire twelve month we have respected Pauline's sorrow, but the moment is now arrived for her friends to think of her future prospects. We must offer her poor broken heart some one whom it can cherish—some one whom it can love.

BARBAN. I understand—a husband.

AURE. I am aware that you, Monsieur Barbantane, once aspired to my cousin's hand.

BARBAN. I did, but I was not encouraged, and at present I have placed my affections somewhere else—a magnificent sugar plantation—whom I adore.

AURE. Being delivered from the fear of so formidable a rival as yourself, my brother feels all his former hopes revive. He is the only person who can offer Pauline a name worthy to be borne by Mademoiselle de la Reynerie.

BARBAN. Well, since I am no longer in the ranks myself I am free to confess that Mademoiselle de la Reynerie could not make a better choice, and—(*suddenly changing his voice*) but it strikes me, Countess, that some one or other (I don't know who) is keeping us waiting here. (*calling*) Hollo, some one or other, I want you! Where is some one or other? (*cracking his whip*)

Enter CHRISTIAN by L. door.

CHRIS. I am here, master, I am here! (*stops, and then adds aside*) It is not he.

AURE. Well, thank goodness that we once more behold a human face!

BARBAN. Do you call that a human face! (*laughs*) Come here, you! (*makes a sign to CHRISTIAN to come nearer*)

AURE. Who are you, my good man?

CHRIS. (*with an expression of fear*) Christian, a poor old negro, whom Monsieur Fabian bought and set at liberty. I was no longer able to work, and blows could bring back neither my youth nor my strength. One day that my task-masters had left me, as they thought, dead, Monsieur Fabian came to my assistance. After curing my wounds, he bought me of my owner, and from that time I have devoted myself, body and soul, to his service.

BARBAN. (*R., looking at him and laughing*) The man is worthy of his master. I would not give twenty louis d'or for such an old nigger.

AURE. (c.) Poor fellow! And where is Monsieur Fabian? When will he return?

CHRIS. Heaven alone knows, madame.

AURE. What do you mean?

CHRIS. He only comes here when in his wanderings along the cliffs he happens to be near this cabin—where he goes, or what he does, is known only to himself. I often wait for him days and nights together.

BARBAN. (*taking the middle of the stage*) Report has not misinformed us with regard to the new habits of the Black Doctor. I imagine, fair lady, that your patience is not quite as extensive as that of this old negro?

AURE. No, I must renounce seeing the object of my visit gratified. At any rate, if I have not met the bear himself, I have at least, seen his den.

BARBAN. Which as far as I am concerned, is quite sufficient. (*to CHRISTIAN*) You ebony piece of nature, you inform your master that you have beheld beneath his roof her ladyship, the Countess de Keradeuc.

AURE. (*who has re-opened her parasol, turns round upon the threshold*) Well, sir, are you ready?

BARBAN. I follow you, fair lady!

Exeunt BARBANTINE and AURELIA, door in flat.

CHRIS. (*looking after him*) What will all I can say matter to him? Will he ever listen to me? Well, well, let me prepare his repast, although he will perhaps no more touch it to-day than he did yesterday. (*at entrance at back*) Ah, there he is! How sad he looks! When he is in this state, my conversation, my presence—in a word, everything seems to be irksome to him. I will retire and wait until he calls me.

Exit, R. 1 E.

FABIAN enters slowly from door in flat, he holds in his hand a small cross which is suspended round his neck; he places his gun near the entrance and his hat upon the small press.

FABIAN. Sacred relic that my mother wore all her life, and which,

when she had closed her eyes for ever, I piously took from her cold breast. Thou little cross—every time that the thought of evil has entered my mind, I have taken thee thus in my hand, thou poor little cross of my dead mother; I have gazed upon thee, I have pressed thee to my lips, and all my passion has dissolved in tears! Oh! thou who art so powerful against evil, canst thou do nothing against sorrow? In vain do I place thee on my burning heart, thou dost not extinguish the flame that is consuming it! And yet this love of mine is a crime against which I cry for help and assistance. Oh, mother! to you alone did I ever reveal it—I love her! yes, this man whose face is black, this man who was once a slave, dares to love a white maiden, the daughter of his master. Oh, he is mad! Mother, mother, look down upon him and pray that heaven will have pity on his madness. (*he falls on his knees and resting his head upon the couch, remains in an attitude of prayer*)

PAULINE appears at door in flat.

PAULINE. (*with visible effort*) Monsieur Fabian!

FABIAN. (*looking round, and recognizing PAULINE*) Oh, heaven!

(starts up)

PAULINE. (*advancing*) Monsieur Fabian—

FABIAN. Can it be really you, mademoiselle? You—in this hut!

PAULINE. (*with great mildness*) When death threatened my life, you came; when life and health were restored to me, you disappeared; but you cannot have desired, I believe, that I should prove forgetful or ungrateful. No—you expected me, I think—I wish to think so. I will, therefore, not reproach you: I will only prove my gratitude. (*she offers him a purse*)

FABIAN. (*in a voice full of emotion*) Was it for this you came? I once believed, mademoiselle, that you were generous and good.

PAULINE. (*quickly*) This gold, which I entrust to your keeping, is intended to be distributed by you among your poor patients.

FABIAN. (*taking the purse*) You are an angel of kindness. (*looking at her with ecstacy*) May heaven be thanked for smiling on my poor endeavours. I behold you—I gaze upon you, whom death has twice assailed, and I feel happy and proud!

PAULINE. As I have not succumbed beneath the first real sorrow of my life, my mother's death, I can henceforward hope to brave every ill.

FABIAN. You are not doomed to suffer any. Heaven will render you happy, Mademoiselle!

PAULINE. Good Fabian! Why then should I be subject to the vague fears, without any fixed cause, which incessantly pursue me, and which a recent event seems to justify?

FABIAN. A recent event?

PAULINE. Yes; and one, perhaps, that you can assist me to clear up. Since—since the time that you have discontinued your visits at the Chateau de la Reynerie, a man has been perceived, every night, wandering about the place, near my windows. This man set all pursuit—all search at defiance. One evening, however, the negro on guard fired at him, almost at hazard, and the next day, at the

foot of a tree, we discovered a large pool of blood. I cannot tell you, Fabian, what I felt at the sight of this blood—*(looking at him)* —but—but, you used not to have that scar on your forehead!

FABIAN. *(troubled)* That scar. I got it from a fall in the mountains.

PAULINE. *(aside)* It was he! *(she staggers)*

FABIAN. Mademoiselle—what ails you?

PAULINE. *(with an effort to overcome her emotion)* Monsieur Fabian, the wish—the necessity I felt of thanking you, is not the only motive of my visit—I have come to solicit your attention and skill for a poor young girl who is dying.

FABIAN. *(quickly)* Oh, speak! Who is the person that you wish me to assist?

PAULINE. My foster sister—Lia.

FABIAN. Lia? who once used to be so gay and cheerful!

PAULINE. Ave, but who is now so cast down and sad. Yes, Fabian, poor Lia is sinking beneath some malady that I do not understand; she will die unless you can save her.

She goes to door and beckons—LIA appears, she seems faint and ill.

See—look at her! *(to LIA)* Come, come, be of good heart! he who restored me to life, will also restore you to strength and health. *(FABIAN gives LIA a seat, c.)*

FABIAN. *(r. c. taking LIA's hand and looking at her)* What is the matter with you, my poor girl?

LIA. *(without raising her head)* Nothing.

PAULINE. *(l. c.)* Let me entreat you—tell Fabian what you suffer.

LIA. I do not suffer.

PAULINE. *(to FABIAN)* Always the same reply. *(with a burst of despair)* You will be able to do nothing for her, if she thus obstinately resolves not to answer. She will die, without any one ever knowing the grief that killed her.

FABIAN. *(sadly)* I know what it is, mademoiselle.

LIA. *(with affright)* Oh, heaven!

FABIAN. I know the nature of her malady. Oh, I know it but too well! *(letting fall her hand)* but I cannot cure it.

PAULINE. *(alarmed)* What, Fabian?

FABIAN. The malady which is eating you away, poor Lia, is there—in your heart.

LIA. *(rising with terror from her chair)* Fabian, Fabian! be silent. *(she sinks down again, completely overcome)*

PAULINE. *(aside)* What mystery is this?

FABIAN. *(becoming more excited)* You love!

LIA. *(feebley)* Oh, no, no! I cannot love.

FABIAN. Do not endeavour to deceive me. Your passion already sparkled in your eyes at the time of Mademoiselle Pauline's convalescence. Since then, I see, it has increased, and withered up the heart, in which you would fain have concealed it.

LIA. *(hiding her face in her hands)* Oh, mercy, Fabian—mercy!

FABIAN. You would have hidden this chaste and pure passion as you would a deed for which you ought to blush, for you love a man whom you have no right to love—a man who despises you.

PAULINE. Oh, no, no ! impossible !

FABIAN. For he is not one of our accursed race—he is white.

PAULINE. What do I hear ?

FABIAN. And yet he is a good and honourable young man—
Monsieur Leon.

LIA. Oh, do not pronounce that name !

PAULINE. Leon, the young Frenchman who is superintendant on
Monsieur Barbantane's plantation ?

FABIAN. The same, mademoiselle. Yes, he is good and honourable, but his skin is white; (*to LIA*) and yours is dark, like mine. You see that you have no right to love him; you see that there is no remedy for your disease, and that I cannot cure it. (*growing excited*) Ah, I know—too well, I know—all you suffer. Tell me—sometimes in the night, when your tongue could lament no more, and when your eyes could no longer weep, have you not been tempted to regret that you were ever born? to curse the hour when a heart first beat beneath your dusky skin? for you know that your heart must never feel. Have you never invoked vengeance on your mother for bringing you into the world the creature you are—that I am? (*weeping*) Suffer, my poor sister in misfortune; suffer on—for your illness is the most cruel of all: it is that for which there is no cure.

PAULINE. (*aside*) Gracious powers! dare I understand his words?

LIA. (*sobbing*) I know that I must die—it is what I wish.

PAULINE. (*running up to her*) Unhappy girl! but I am resolved that you shall live. I will save you. (*looking at FABIAN, and speaking in a determined tone*) You say that he is of a different race to hers? What matters that to me, if she loves him? if she is dying for him? You hear me, Fabian! She shall live—she shall be happy—she shall be his wife!

LIA. (*joyfully*) His wife!

FABIAN. (*astonished*) But it is impossible.

PAULINE. Oh, that concerns me. It is my task, my secret task, known only to us three, to prove that such is not the case. He loves you, does he not? He must love you.

LIA. (*with affright*) If he marries me, he is lost!

FABIAN. He will be proscribed—driven forth by the master whose bread he eats.

PAULINE. What matter if he is? I am rich. For the first time in my life I remember the fact, and I feel proud that I am. He shall be free, and you shall be happy. (*looking at FABIAN*) I do not know what it is which now gives me a degree of resolution that has hitherto been a stranger to my breast, but I will not swerve from my fixed purpose. We will proceed directly to Monsieur Barbantane's plantation. I will see Leon; I will speak to him, and he will understand me. But, Lia, (*stopping for an instant*) you are too weak and ill to accompany me; and I will confide the secret to no one. (*with determination*) I will go alone!

FABIAN. Alone?

PAULINE. (*mildly*) No, Fabian, you shall go with me. When it strikes three at the church of Saint Louis, meet me at the end of

the Avenue of Palms. (*to LIA*) Come, Lia; come, sister—you shall not die. (*LIA rises*) See, Fabian, see how much stronger she already appears, and what new brilliancy sparkles in her eye. Thanks to you, she now hopes; and hope is life. (*LIA advances towards FABIAN, and kisses his hand*)

Exeunt PAULINE and LIA, c. and l.

FABIAN. "He is of a different race to hers!" "What matters that to me, if she loves him, and if she is dying for him?" Such were her words. It was here that she spoke them, but a few moments since, to me who love her—to me, who would freely die for her sake. Oh, mother, dear mother! receive my deep, my eternal thanks. I called upon thee, and thou hast prayed to heaven to have compassion on me, and heaven has sent me a moment of ecstasy and bliss.

(*the report of a gun is heard, and instantly afterwards the voice of the CHEVALIER ST. LUCE*)

ST. LUCE. (*outside*) Help! help!

CHRISTIAN appears at the door. He remains outside, pointing to the left.

CHRIS. Master! see yonder! a hunter—a serpent! (*he takes down the hatchet, and is about to leave*)

FABIAN. Give me the weapon—your hand would prove too weak. *He takes the hatchet from CHRISTIAN, and rushes out, c. and l.*

CHRIS. (*at the door*) My life is worthless—it is useful to no one; but yours—

(*he is about to follow, but stops short on the threshold on perceiving*

FABIAN leading in the CHEVALIER ST. LUCE)
Ah, Fabian was in time.

FABIAN. (*to CHEVALIER*) Lean upon me.

ST. LUCE. (*he has his gun in his hand*) There is no need of that, Doctor. After all, I am not a delicate woman—confound it!

(*during this time, CHRISTIAN has taken his hat and gun, and placed them in a corner of the room*)

FABIAN. (*giving his hatchet to CHRISTIAN, who places it on the press*) Some water!

Exit CHRISTIAN, l. FABIAN offers the CHEVALIER a chair.

ST. LUCE. (*gradually recovering his self-possession*) I have often looked death as nearly in the face, but I frankly own that I was never so intimately acquainted with a serpent before. These same respectable reptiles are a product of your soil that are not ever creditable to it.

Enter CHRISTIAN, l. with a cocoa-nut shell full of water. He gives it to FABIAN, and the latter presents it to the CHEVALIER.

ST. LUCE. (*drinks, and hands the cocoa-nut shell back again to CHRISTIAN*) Many thanks.

FABIAN. (*looking at the CHEVALIER's left hand*) You are wounded.

ST. LUCE. Am I? Oh, it is a mere nothing: caused by a fragment from the flint of my fowling-piece.

FABIAN. Allow me. (*speaks as he goes to the press, and takes the necessary bandages, &c.*) But what was your object in visiting such a remote and sequestered spot?

(CHRISTIAN has returned with a fresh supply of water—FABIAN dips some pieces of linen in it, and then, sitting down, binds up the CHEVALIER's wound)

ST. LUCE. (*stretching himself upon his chair*) What was my object? In the first place, shade; and in the next, I was waiting for my sister, whom I had left under the escort of Monsieur de Barbantane, and who, I perceive, must have taken a different route to Saint Louis. I was lying at the foot of a plantain here, plunged in that half-sleepy state which allows us still to hear what is going on in this world, at the same time that it transports us into an ideal one. Well, I was dreaming that I was hunting at Marly, when I heard a rustling in the foliage near me; continuing my dream, although perfectly awake, I said to myself, "It is a rabbit"—and taking my gun, I fired at hazard into the thicket; all of a sudden I perceived at a few feet from me, the grey head of a peculiarly ugly serpent, that was evidently anything but pleased at my having disturbed him—he made towards me, hissing in a furious manner and frightfully out of tune; I had no weapon save a fan, so I am not ashamed to own that I shouted lustily for help; my good star brought you to the spot at the very moment when there was no more space between my enemy and myself than the size of your hatchet—by heavens, Doctor, you are a skilful practitioner, and you have performed on my scaly acquaintance a most superb amputation.

FABIAN. Chevalier, if you need rest, this miserable habitation is at your service; if on the contrary, you desire to return to Saint Louis, allow me to provide you with a guide. (*he rises*)

ST. LUCE. (*rising and crossing, R.*) A thousand thanks for your proffered hospitality, but I will not give Madame de Keradeuc time to grow uneasy at my absence; I will therefore, merely accept the guide you offer. (*CHRISTIAN removes the chairs off*)

FABIAN. (*to CHRISTIAN*) Christian, you will conduct the Chevalier by the pathway, known as Saint Mary's Road.

ST. LUCE. Most decidedly, Doctor, you are the guardian angel of your family, if it had not been for you, more than one pair of bright eyes would this evening have been dimmed with tears, and my cousin would once again have concealed beneath her long mourning veil, the charming face which will soon smile beneath the delicate chaplet of a bride.

FABIAN. (*who has advanced to the back of the stage, turning suddenly round*) Of a bride?—of whom are you speaking?

ST. LUCE. Of my cousin to be sure, who is about to get married.

FABIAN. (*with surprise*) Mademoiselle de la Reynerie?

ST. LUCE. Without the shadow of a doubt.

FABIAN. (*quickly*) Impossible!

ST. LUCE. Impossible!—and why?

FABIAN. (*troubled*) Because I know no one belonging to the Island of Bourbon worthy of possessing such a treasure.

ST. LUCE. Aye! but I do not belong to the Island of Bourbon.

FABIAN. What?

ST. LUCE. Yes, I am in love, my dear sir, seriously in love—the fact rather astonishes you, does it not? At Versailles, no one would ever believe it; but, I repeat, I love and I shall marry. The union was long since decided in Madame de la Reynerie's mind, and in obedience to her mother's wish, Pauline only deferred the happy event until she was out of mourning.

FABIAN. Can this be?

ST. LUCE. And though the aristocracy of the island may blame me—I invite you to be present at the wedding, which, but for your aid, would have been broken off by death on two different occasions. (*to CHRISTIAN, who is near the door, R., and who hands the CHEVALIER his gun and hat*) Do you go first, you, and may heaven preserve us from the serpents and—the heat. (*to FABIAN*) Adieu, Fabian.

Exeunt ST. LUCE and CHRISTIAN, c. and l.

FABIAN. (*with a tremendous burst of rage*) She loves this man! he will be her husband! and 'twas I who, but a few moments since, saved him from death, and I now let him leave this place alive! (*he seizes his gun and is about to rush out, when he suddenly stops*) If I kill—assassinate him, twenty others will be found to supply his place—she will marry one of them. No! it is not he who must die, it is—oh! I choke, I choke! (*he falls upon the couch, and carries his hand convulsively to his breast; in so doing he touches the little cross that hangs from his neck*) Ah, again? A frightful thought entered my mind, and my hand without any wish of mine has touched, has seized this holy cross. Mother! is it thou who thus speakest to me—who thus declarest the will of heaven? Yes—I understand—you would not have me become guilty of a crime; you would have me miserable—you would have me continue to suffer. (*the clock strikes three*) Three o'clock!—she is waiting for me! She—Saint Luce's betrothed bride. (*rising with rage*) Well, then, I—I say that I will not die alone. Between her and me, no recollection of my mother shall ever intervene; between her and me, there shall be nothing save a hell—a hell of agony and shame:—aye, but a hell for her as well as for me! (*he seizes his hat, and rushes out in a state of the greatest agitation*)

SCENE II.—*Enormous Rocks, l. A rock forming a Grotto, r. 1 e., and near it, a stone bench; on the same side, at the third entrance, a rock, in which steps rudely cut lead down to the sea; even with the second entrance, in the middle of the stage, is a rock in which another bench similar to the first appears to have been carved; to the left, a path, rather high up, running along the cliff; from first to fourth entrances, rocks and sand—all beyond is sea.*

JEAN is seated upon the bench of rock in the middle of the stage.—DOMINIQUE comes from the back, with some nets cast over his shoulder.

DOMIN. Holloa, Jean—what are you doing there?

JEAN. What am I doing?—why resting, to be sure; to come here to fetch you is rather fatiguing, I can tell you. What an agreeable little nook—it's a regular fisherman's bathing place.

DOMIN. The devil's bathing place, you mean; it's sides are embellished with pointed rocks, against which the most expert swimmer in the colony would be dashed to pieces, where he by chance surprised by high tide. Come, we are not particularly safe here, so take your nets up again, and let us shape our course homewards as quickly as we can.

DOMINIQUE and JEAN take the path which runs along the rocks to left, and disappear.

FABIAN and PAULINE appear at the top of the rocks, R.—she is leaning on him for support.

PAULINE. (*holding a parasol in her hand*) I thought this road had been deserted. Why have we chosen it?

FABIAN. Because it shortens the distance which separates us from your house.

PAULINE. (*looking round her*) I never visited this part of the Island before. Where are we?

FABIAN. The natives of the Island rarely visit this bay, which they call the Mulatto's Grotto. There is a popular legend attached to the name.

PAULINE. A legend? you shall relate it to me, Fabian. But come, let us proceed on our way.

FABIAN. The sun is at its greatest height, and just now you complained of fatigue. Repose yourself for a few moments.

PAULINE. Shall we reach La Reynerie before Leon? I would fain be the first to announce to Lia the success of my enterprize.

FABIAN. Leon said he should proceed to the chateau by sea: both wind and tide will be against him. You have, therefore, time for a short rest to regain your lost strength.

PAULINE. (*seating herself on the bench of rock, c., looking around*) How wild and deserted this spot is!

FABIAN. (*standing a short distance to her right*) Did you not tell me to avoid the frequented road? Mademoiselle de la Reynerie did not wish any one to see her walking by the side of a mulatto, and sometimes condescending to avail herself of the support of his arm. Oh! never fear, mademoiselle, I have selected the most suitable route.

PAULINE. (*after a moment's silence, and as if to change the conversation*) Fabian—you have, I think, my fan?

FABIAN. (*taking it from his bosom, and presenting it with profound respect*) Here it is, mademoiselle.

PAULINE. You too, Fabian, must stand in need of rest; for your hand trembles, I remarked it did just now. Are you ill?

FABIAN. No, mademoiselle. (*he goes farther from her, as if out of respect*)

PAULINE. The sun is scorching you where you stand. Sit down here, Fabian.

FABIAN. (*aside*) Near her! (*he advances a step, and then stops*)

PAULINE. At last, then, I shall be able to say to Lia—"The obstacles which separated you from Leon exist no longer: in a month you quit the colony with him you love. (*sighing*) You will go together to a country where prejudice will not condemn your union, nor brand your passion with disgrace. Lia, sister Lia, you will be happy."

FABIAN. Happy! Aye, happy in her husband's love; for without that love, of what use would have been my skill? of what avail your generous kindness?

PAULINE. Leon has a noble heart.

FABIAN. He loves—that is his whole secret.

PAULINE. But then he was not born under our sky. Had Leon been a creole, he would have smothered his love in the inmost recesses of his heart.

FABIAN. And Lia would have died. If, too, he had been a creole, Leon would not even have dared to drop a tear to her memory. Am I not right?

PAULINE. (*rising with calm dignity, and proceeding to the left*) Fabian, we will continue our journey:—Aurelia and her brother must expect me.

FABIAN. (*restraining his passion*) The Chevalier loves you, mademoiselle.

PAULINE. (*troubled*) He has told me so.

FABIAN. He is to be your husband?

PAULINE. My mother desired the marriage. (*FABIAN staggers, and leans for support on one of the rocks to R.* PAULINE *proceeds a step or two, and then turns round*) Fabian, I am waiting: what stops you? (*FABIAN passes his hand across his forehead, and seems to contemplate attentively two crosses engraved upon one of the rocks*) What are you gazing at thus?

FABIAN. (*calmly*) At these two crosses graven in the rock; and which, perhaps, are connected with the legend I mentioned some time since.

PAULINE. The legend?

FABIAN. Shall I relate it to you?

PAULINE. I fear I—

FABIAN. (*restraining himself with difficulty*) Shall keep the Chevalier de Saint Luce waiting.

PAULINE. (*after a moment's silence, returning*) You said, did you not, that we must be far in advance of Leon? (*going back, and seating herself on the bench again*) Such being the case, tell me the legend:—I am listening to you.

FABIAN. (*looking towards the sea, which begins to rise at back, and then returning to PAULINE*) At St. Louis there once lived, and suffered, a poor mulatto. For some service or other which he had rendered to his master, he had received his freedom; but this boon, which should have overwhelmed him with joy, caused him only grief and sorrow, for once free, he was obliged to depart from his former master's house; and in this house heaven had sent him a consoling angel. This mulatto left, then: more wretched under the

weight of his liberty than he had been under the chains of slavery; for he was mad—mad from violent and deep-rooted love!

PAULINE. (*becoming alarmed*) How violently the wind blows!

FABIAN. (*without paying any attention to her*) He would have driven his love back again into his breast, even if it had eaten away his heart, when the noble-minded girl came one day to him—a few gentle words was sufficient to trouble his reason. He thought he was loved—(*movement of PAULINE*)—I told you that he was mad—he thought that the maiden had divined his secret, and not being able to be his, out of respect to the pride of her race, would, at least never belong to another, and the poor madman thanked heaven, and forgot all that he had undergone. He was dreaming: a word awoke him. She was about to marry! to marry! She had merely trifled with his love; imprudent girl! The unhappy mulatto, then sacrificing for her his hopes of salvation, as he would have done his life, swore he would be united to her by a dread and terrible bond—by that of death!

PAULINE. (*rising and perceiving the tide coming in*) Fabian, Fabian, see how rapidly the tide is rolling in—oh, let us depart!

FABIAN. Depart! (*with a bitter smile*) Oh! the mulatto had calculated every chance. In his turn he had deceived the young maiden, and decoyed her into a trap. They were both here—on this very spot where we stand. The tide was fast coming in—a single path still remained open, and the sea still rose higher, higher! (*seizing her hands*) The young maiden begged the mulatto to fly and save her, but without pity for her tears and her affright, he held her in his iron grasp, and exclaimed “I love you!” while the sea rose higher and higher—the only road was closed, and death was ready for its victims—but the maiden feared death less than the mulatto’s love.

PAULINE. (*with terror*) Fabian, for pity’s sake, save me!

FABIAN. (*with a tremendous burst*) Save you! Then you have not understood? Not guessed? Save you! I love you!

PAULINE. You!

FABIAN. I spoke truth—death has fewer terrors for you than my love!

PAULINE. (*after a pause*) Oh! you are deceiving me—you will never see me expire before your very eyes?

FABIAN. (*pointing to the sea which continues to rise*) Look, Pauline: before we could reach those rocks, down which I guided you a short time since, the waves would have dashed us both to pieces. I was afraid of my weakness, and I carefully closed up every path to repentance and pity. Inevitable death is round about us on every side—but we shall die together. How is this? you no longer tremble—you do not invoke the darts of heaven upon the head of your murderer.

PAULINE. (*solemnly*) Fabian, swear to me by the memory of your mother—swear to me that all escape is impossible—totally impossible!

FABIAN. (*pointing down to the sea which has reached the spot where they stand*) I swear—the sea is already at our feet, a few seconds more and we shall be beneath its waves.

PAULINE. (*with enthusiasm*) Let me ask forgiveness of my mother, and let me pray for you! (*she falls on her knees*)

FABIAN. For me!

PAULINE. Yes, for now that I am sure of dying, I can say without shame and without remorse, I understand and I forgive you, for I—I, Fabian, return your love!

FABIAN. You, who love me! Hear it, oh, hear it, heaven, Pauline loves the poor mulatto! (*throws himself on his knees and kisses her hand*) Oh, horror, what have I done—she loves me—her murderer—oh, heaven, this cannot be your will—kill me—kill me! but oh, for pity save her!

(*he carries PAULINE, who has fainted, to the only rock which still remains above the waves, but the latter soon reach the spot, and FABIAN tears off his coat, wildly waving it and shouting for help, the sea reaches them; at this moment LEON's boat is perceived in the distance, the rock sinks gradually to give the appearance of the waves gaining on them*)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An elegantly furnished Apartment in the Chateau de la Reynerie. Door leading into a garden at back; side doors; to left, a small table with pens, ink, paper, &c.; near it an arm chair; to right another arm chair. At the rising of the curtain LIA is seated to right and LEON is standing near her.*

LIA. (*holding LEON's hand clasped in hers*) Yes, my beloved Leon, all Lia's existence shall be dedicated to you, for to you she owes everything. (*she rises*) It is now a month since the day on which I was anxiously awaiting the return of Mademoiselle de la Reynerie, but my heart was so full of thee that I had not thought of the possibility of my dear mistress being in danger, as you know, she was already insensible, and no longer struggled against the raging waters which were about to swallow her up for ever, when you, dear, dear Leon, heard her last cries of distress; you reached the place, and it was from your own lips, when you reached the chateau that I learned all I owed you. “Lia, my dear wife,” you said, “be of good cheer, your foster-sister is saved.”

LEON. But mademoiselle is now quite recovered, is she not?

LIA. Alas, no! she is still sad and sorrowful. On hearing the danger she had been exposed to, all her friends hastened to the Chateau, but she refused to see any one, even her cousin, the Countess. The Abbe Landry is the only person who is admitted to her presence; he comes every day. Yesterday evening, however, she was rather more composed. She has sent for her lawyer, Monsieur Morand, who has been closeted with her for the last hour.

LEON. Has she not seen the Black Doctor since?

LIA. No.

LEON. Yesterday she wrote to him. I was with him when the letter arrived.

(the door to left is slightly opened)
LIA. Ah ! there is Mademoiselle Pauline coming out of her study with Monsieur Morand, the notary.

LEON. I will take my departure. I will go and seek Fabian—his manner yesterday renders me uneasy about him.

LIA. Yes, go ; I will offer up prayers for our good Fabian, while you watch over him—for I love him, since it is to him that I owe my own beloved Leon, my whole happiness in this world.

Exeunt, c. and r., at back, leaning on LEON, as MORAND enters with PAULINE through door, l.

PAULINE. (holding a paper in her hand) The estimate you have made of my property appears just and reasonable; give this deed of sale to Monsieur Barbantane; and if the price you have set upon the estate of La Reynerie does not seem to him too exorbitant, let him sign the papers this evening, and to-morrow morning he will be owner of the place; all that I desire is, that everything be concluded this very day.

MORAND. Mademoiselle, allow me as an old friend of your family, to enquire once more, if you do not think that the resolution you have taken is rather an hasty one ? Why sell the estate where you were born—where you have been so beloved and so happy ?

PAULINE. And where I am now a poor lonely orphan. My dear Monsieur Morand, my determination is irrevocable.

She rings—a SERVANT appears, c.

Tell Lia that I wish to speak with her.

The SERVANT bows and exit, c.

I shall know the result of your interview with Monsieur Barbantane this evening, shall I not ?

MORAND. I will call on him directly ; but it is with great sorrow, I repeat, mademoiselle, that I shall behold this house and this estate, so honourably earned by your father's exertions, and which he felt so happy in willing to his child, pass into the hands of another.

He bows and exit, c. and l.

As he is going out LIA enters, c. from r.; seeing her mistress buried in thought, she comes and kneels down by her side, and seizes PAULINE's hand, which she carries to her lips.

PAULINE. Lia, I sent for you ; I wish you to go to the Abbe Landry, and take him this letter, which he expects. (gives a letter) You will bring him here, as you did yesterday, and conduct him to my oratory, where I will join him as soon as you have announced to me his arrival. (LIA hangs down her head) What ! more tears, Lia ?

LIA. Dear mistress, they are tears of gratitude and joy.

PAULINE. Oh ! let me view your joy—

LIA. It almost makes me mad ; but I hardly dare to be gay in your presence.

PAULINE. Why not, Lia ?

LIA. Because, dear mistress, I see in you the Lia of former days. You, in your turn, are silent—you, in your turn, weep and hide your tears. It is a strange thought, but it seems as if, from the day that Leon confided you, cold and death-like, to my arms, the malady which was consuming me had crept into your veins. Oh! my good, kind mistress, if you suffer from the same ill that Lia did, is there the same secret cause at work? (*a knock is heard at door, r.*)

PAULINE. (*starting and aside*) It is he!

LIA. Who knocked?

PAULINE. (*quickly*) Leave me. Run to the Abbe Landry, and tell him to speed hither.

LIA. Yes, dear mistress. (*aside with astonishment*) Who can it be? What mystery is this?

Exit, L. D.

PAULINE. I am alone—alone! and he is there—(*points to r. door*) he whom I summoned. Oh, mother! have compassion on your child, and, like heaven, forgive her!

She approaches the door timidly—she opens it with hesitation, and then crosses over, and seats herself, l. FABIAN appears, he stops for an instant on perceiving PAULINE, and then advances silently.

FABIAN. (*respectfully*) Mademoiselle, since the day that heaven took compassion on me, and saved you by a miracle, I have remained shut up within my wretched dwelling, for in my solitude I blessed you for forgetting him you had made so happy. But you have, to day, summoned me to your presence: is it that you wished to see me once more, to say, "Begone?"—but fear nothing, for the poor mulatto, he cannot forget, but he can—die!

PAULINE. (*with tenderness*) Die! you die! Listen, Fabian, I have given orders for all my property to be sold. This evening I shall not possess a foot of land in the Island of Bourbon, and to-morrow I shall have quitted it for ever.

FABIAN. (*with astonishment*) Have quitted it for ever! Oh, impossible! Pauline, your native country is a second mother—the only one you have left—and you desert her! I will live if you command it: I will depart, carrying within my heart the precious treasure of happiness which you have placed there. I shall find wretchedness to assist wherever I may go—and to all those I may rescue from the fangs of death I shall exclaim: "Pray for her, for it is she who saves you!"

PAULINE. You will not leave alone, Fabian. (*she rises*)

FABIAN. I do not understand you.

PAULINE. When, on recovering my senses, I found myself at this house, at the feet of my mother, whose portrait is there; (*she points to right*) of my mother, who seemed as if restored to life, only more terrible and menacing than ever, oh, Fabian! I felt ashamed of the existence which a miracle had saved. I was acquainted with the subtle poison which the negroes commonly employ. Oh, fear not. The Abbe Landry was with me: he turned the deadly draught from my lips, and spake to me of what I owed to an all-gracious

heaven. I fell upon my knees, and confessed all to the venerable priest; and he only answered in words of mildness and of pity. Every day he has come here, and sustained my wavering spirit; at last, I thought to-day, that I was strong enough for my task, and I summoned you to me. Fabian, from the day that Mademoiselle de la Reynerie said "I love you!" from that day, and by that avowal, she became yours. Had I died, I should have been your betrothed above: I have lived, and must be your wife.

FABIAN. (*with astonishment*) My wife—you! Mademoiselle de la Reynerie the wife of Fabian!

PAULINE. Aye, of Fabian, to whom she said, "I love you."

FABIAN. Oh, it is impossible! Heavenly powers! it is impossible! I—I your husband? Consider where you are. Do you not hear the voice of your father, Monsieur de la Reynerie, speaking from his tomb? Do you not perceive the apparition of your mother rise before your affrighted eyes?

PAULINE. Of my mother!

FABIAN. These walls beheld you grow up, noble, beautiful, and proud; they saw the slave, Fabian, bleeding from the wounds inflicted by his taskmaster's scourge! What matters it, that within this breast there beats a heart worthy of you? This breast is black! This hand, which labour and perseverance have rendered skilful and sure, can cure and save; but look at it—it is black! (*with despair*) Mademoiselle de la Reynerie can never place her hand within it.

PAULINE. Fabian, when you said to me, "Pauline, you must die, for I love you; I understood you"—cannot you understand that my lover must be my husband?

LIA appears at L. door, on perceiving her, PAULINE endeavours to overcome her emotion.

LIA. Mistress, the Abbe Landry, has arrived.

PAULINE. Very well!

She makes a sign and LIA retires, L. door.

FABIAN. (*with astonishment*) The Abbe Landry!

PAULINE. The good old priest is in my oratory, praying for both of us. This day I shall be your wife; all that I did love has ceased to exist—I give myself to all that I love now.

FABIAN. (*falling on his knees*) Oh, angel of goodness, may heaven bless you, for believing that my love can raise me to a level with yourself! Oh, I swear to you, Pauline, my love shall never be aught else save worship, idolatry; for you Fabian will always remain a slave—the poor mulatto will love you, but as the mariner loves the virgin—as the orphan loves the memory of his mother.

PAULINE raises FABIAN; points to the door, L., and then tenderly offers her hand, FABIAN takes it with an expression of respect, they execute slowly.

Enter CHEVALIER and a SERVANT, c. from L.

ST. LUCE. (*coming through the entrance at back and speaking in a loud voice to the SERVANT*) My cousin's doors cannot be closed

against me; if it is not agreeable to her to receive me immediately, I can wait. (BARBANTANE's voice is heard outside) Your orders must have been withdrawn, for I hear Monsieur Barbantane, who most decidedly never got in through the key-hole.

Enter BARBANTANE, c. from L.

BARBAN. Of course I did not; a man like me never enters except by the great entrance.

ST. LUCE. (*laughing*) I believe you implicitly.

SERVANT. Gentlemen, I was obliged to obey the express commands of my mistress, who to-day is at home to no one.

ST. LUCE. It appears to be the same to-day as it was yesterday, and as it is every day. It is now a month since my very beloved cousin has shut herself up and remained hidden from mortal eye, but I leave this evening for France, and I do not wish to leave the colony without having said farewell to this lovely invisible lady.

BARBAN. (*examining all the various objects*) Do not disturb Mademoiselle de la Reynerie on my account. I shall find plenty to do until such time as she shall please to see me.

SERVANT bows and exit c.

(aside) I have examined all the buildings connected with the chateau. The speculation is an excellent one. (*to the CHEVALIER*) Do you seriously mean to say that you are going to leave us, Chevalier?

ST. LUCE. Yes, my dear sugar-manufacturer, the minister has ordered me to return.

BARBAN. Oh, indeed!

ST. LUCE. My friends have written to inform me that matters have been arranged. The estimable married individual, whose jealousy caused my encounter with the unfortunate officer of justice, whose perseverance compelled me to give him a passport for another world, has been persuaded that it was he who was in fault, and is at present awaiting my arrival with an apology ready prepared. As to my creditors, it has been proved to them that they ought to accord me—

BARBAN. A premium for encouraging commerce?

ST. LUCE. No; a little time.

BARBAN. You must be delighted.

ST. LUCE. To tell you the truth, quite the contrary is the case. I am in despair, my dear Barbantane.

BARBAN. Indeed!

ST. LUCE. I shall see Paris again, it is true; but I shall leave Pauline, whom I love, with all the energy that the temperature of your climate allows. Poor Pauline! The idea of leaving her alone and unprotected, makes me quite sad.

BARBAN. Who knows? Perhaps Mademoiselle de la Reynerie does not care very much about stopping here alone.

ST. LUCE. What do you say?

BARBAN. Nothing: I said nothing—absolutely nothing.

ST. LUCE. Can my cousin have heard of my approaching departure? Can this have been the secret cause of her sudden

grief? After all, has she not thus condemned herself to a state of seclusion in order to conceal the tears which she sheds for me?

BARBAN. (*in a half whisper*) I could answer you, if I chose, but I have promised, and before a lawyer, to remain silent.

ST. LUCE. Before a lawyer?

BARBAN. When the deed of sale is signed, however—signed and sealed, with all the requisite formalities, and—

ST. LUCE. The deed of sale!—I see it all. Pauline, the coquet, would have been capable of allowing me to sigh in vain for another six months, but she has heard of my approaching departure, and can no longer remain in the Island of Bourbon. She is the mistress of her actions; and so she has determined to sell her estates, and proceed to France with my sister Aurelia, whose husband is recalled to Versailles. This is what you know, and what you have not told me, but what I have guessed. Am I not right, my dear Barbantine?

BARBAN. I have no doubt you are; but recollect, I do not affirm it.

ST. LUCE. (*with joy*) I am the most happy of men!

BARBAN. (*also with joy*) And I the most fortunate of planters.

ST. LUCE. (*same bye-play*) She loves me—

BARBAN. (*same bye-play*) I shall buy—

ST. LUCE. She, so lovely, so beautiful!

BARBAN. One thousand two hundred and ninety-seven full-grown negroes, without counting the fractions.

ST. LUCE. It must be a dream.

BARBAN. It is a magnificent speculation.

ST. LUCE. (*taking his hat*) I will run to my sister, and tell her that Pauline leaves with us, and—

AURELIA runs in, c. from L. with an air of joy, holding a paper in her hand.

AURE. Pauline, Pauline! Where is Pauline? I have such news for her.

ST. LUCE. Why, what have you got to communicate to her?

AURE. A most incredible—a most unheard-of piece of news. This letter—this dear letter to Pauline—it lay open in a dispatch which my husband has but this instant received.

ST. LUCE. By whom was it written?

AURE. By my aunt.

ALL. Madame de la Reynerie?

BARBAN. Before she died, of course?

AURE. She is not dead.

ST. LUCE. What do you say, Aurelia?

BARBAN. The devil!

AURE. The vessel, it is true, went down, but a few of the crew managed to escape. My aunt got a place on a raft which they had hastily constructed, and after a sojourn of several months upon an uninhabited island, they were taken off by an American vessel, and conveyed to France.

BARBAN. The poor Marchioness! (*aside*) How unfortunate! it is all over with my bargain.

AURE. (*eagerly*) My aunt announces here that full justice has been done her. The king would not hear of her quitting Versailles again, and, consequently, she authorizes Pauline to sell the estates, and, moreover, orders her to embark with us for France.

BARBAN. (*aside*) My bargain is all right. (*aloud*) How fortunate the dear Marchioness was saved.

AURE. I must break this happy news carefully to Pauline—she was so dotingly fond of her mother!

BARBAN. That is true; besides, as people do not come to life again every day—

ST. LUCE. Ah! she comes.

AURE. And we have as yet settled no plan—

BARBAN. I think I have an idea. (*they retire to the back of the room, l.*)

Enter PAULINE, l. door, without observing them, followed by LIA.

PAULINE. Married! I am married! Poor Fabian, what happiness gleamed in his eye, when the Abbe Landry delivered into his hands the contract which for ever united us to each other.

ST. LUCE. (*at back, to BARBANTANE*) Your idea is absurd.

BARBAN. I am of your opinion, but—

PAULINE. What do I see? You here, Aurelia—and you, Chevalier?

ST. LUCE. Pardon us, fair cousin, for having disregarded your orders, but happiness should have a free passage everywhere, and it is happiness which we bring you.

PAULINE. (*looking at them*) I do not understand you.

AURE. Dear Pauline, who has supported with true Christian resignation the dreadful calamity, which a year ago—

BARBAN. (*in a low voice*) Take care.

ST. LUCE. What are you doing, sister?

PAULINE. Reminding me of something which I shall never forget—the memory of my mother, whom I never cease to behold in my dreams.

AURE. (*significantly*) Are not dreams sometimes warnings from above? Tell me, Pauline: Have you never, in your dreams, beheld your mother sustained above the waves by an invisible and all-powerful hand, and reaching, by means of a frail raft, some un-hoped-for shore? Say—have you never seen her on her knees, as if in France, writing the words: "My child, I have been saved by a miracle: come to me—I expect you?"

PAULINE. Oh, say no more. Such a dream would have turned my brain when I awoke.

AURE. But if this dream were the truth—

PAULINE. My mother!

AURE. Pauline—dear Pauline, be calm.

PAULINE. Proceed, Aurelia, proceed—if you would not see me die. You said my mother—my mother—

AURE. Still lives.

PAULINE. (*falling on her knees*) My mother still lives, and heaven will not let me die before I have once again seen her; before I have

once more folded her to my throbbing heart. (*AURELIA shows her the letter*) Yes, this is indeed her hand. (*kisses the letter*) Lia, summon all my household: let them hasten hither instantly.

Exit LIA, at back.

They have wept with me when I was unhappy: they shall now rejoice with me, and join their thanks to mine. (*she embraces AURELIA—offers them her hands*)

Enter LIA, followed by all the MEMBERS OF THE HOUSEHOLD, c., from L. FABIAN, L. D.

PAULINE. (*addressing them all*) My friends, no more sadness, no more mourning. Heaven has restored my mother to me. Ah, Fabian, you must share my joy, my happiness. My mother still lives.

FABIAN. (*with dismay*) Your mother! (*he crushes convulsively in his hand his marriage certificate; PAULINE seems at first astonished at FABIAN's movements, but suddenly starts back terror-stricken*) Ah!

ALL. What is the matter?

PAULINE. (*aside*) I had forgotten! I gain a mother, but I lose a husband. Poor, poor Fabian.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A richly furnished Saloon in the Hotel of the Marchioness de la Reynerie. Large folding doors, c., opening on a corridor; on each side windows with long curtains; a handsome escritoire of inlaid wood, r 2 e.; a large sofa, l; arm chairs, r. and l.; a small bell on the escritoire; bell-pull, l. of c. doors; doors, r. and l.*

As the curtain rises enter the INTENDANT and a SERVANT, l.

INTEND. Her ladyship, the Marchioness, has gone to Versailles to present to Her Majesty Mademoiselle de la Reynerie, who has just arrived from abroad. Her ladyship will return in less than an hour, therefore take care that the orders I have given you are executed.

SERVANT. I will, sir.

He bows, and is about to leave the room when he meets ANDRE on the threshold of door at back.

Who are you, and what do you want?

ANDRE. The Doctor, if you please.

INTEND. You are in the town residence of her ladyship the Marchioness de la Reynerie, and not at any Doctor's house. You have mistaken your way.

SERVANT goes out and leaves the door open.

ANDRE. (*coming down*) Oh, no, I have not, sir, I am sure he lives here.

INTEND. He—who?

ANDRE. The Doctor—the good, kind being, whom I have come to thank. Oh, he is very well known in our part of the town, I promise you; ever since the day that he raised up and attended my poor old mother who had been run over by a magnificent carriage. Every one thought that she would die, even the surgeon of the hospital, but thanks to him, she is quite recovered. He has got plenty of patients in consequence, but he always gives the preference to the poor ones; when he passes along the street, if you would have all the men bow low to him, and all the women bless him, you have only to say—there is the Black Doctor.

INTEND. (*laughing*) The Black Doctor? Ah! now I know who you mean—you have been talking of Fabian.

ANDRE. Oh! is his name Monsieur Fabian?

INTEND. (*contemptuously*) He is a mulatto, a liberated slave, whom Mademoiselle de la Reynerie brought with her from the Island of Bourbon, as a kind of memento, a sort of curiosity of the country.

FABIAN appears at back. *He is dressed in the French costume of the period, and wears a sword at his side; he puts his hat on an arm chair, R.*

ANDRE. Don't speak ill of him in my presence, for I swear that I would sacrifice my life to serve him.

FABIAN. (*holding out his hand to ANDRE*) You have a noble heart!

ANDRE. (*going towards him*) Ah, you are come! (*kisses FABIAN's hand*)

INTEND. (*ironically, as he is going out*) Until such time as the Police and the College of Surgeons of Paris shall prohibit Monsieur Fabian from dabbling in medicine, I should strongly advise him to see his patients somewhere else. *Exit, c.*

ANDRE. What, doctor, do you allow a powdered old monkey like him to talk to you in that way?

FABIAN. (*calmly*) How is your mother to-day, André?

ANDRE. Well—quite well; it was she who sent me. I almost believe she would have been strong enough to come herself, but—she was afraid.

FABIAN. Afraid!—of what?

ANDRE. Why, you see, the fact of the matter is this:—my mother and myself said to one another, as it were, “Every one must live by his calling, and a person cannot always doctor people for nothing.” So I worked double hours, and I have just come and brought you a fortnight’s wages; it is not much, and it is not very heavy, but—but there it is.

FABIAN. My good friend, I accept what you offer—but do you take care of it, and when you meet any one worse off than yourself, why give him the money?

ANDRE. From you?

FABIAN. As you like.

ANDRE. I will obey you. Good-bye, Monsieur Fabian, do not

forget André. In a few months I expect to go and live with my brother in Brittany, where I was born.

FABIAN. In Brittany?

ANDRÉ. Yes; and should you ever visit those parts, you shall have the best place at our chimney corner, as you have already the first one in our hearts! Good-bye, good-bye, Monsieur Fabian.

He presses FABIAN's hand, and exit, c and L.

FABIAN. (*sitting down, and finishing the perusal of a letter which he has been holding in his hand*) "Yes, my dear Fabian, I have entered upon a new life, near Leon my husband, who loves me more than ever. I am now stopping with his family, who received me as if I had always made one of them. You see that I am indeed happy; write to us soon, and let us hear that you are as happy as we are." (*he folds the letter and then grasps it convulsively, speaking all the time in a tone of irony*) Yes, my good Lia, yes! I live in a splendid mansion, and I am the first lackey of the Marchioness de la Reynerie—I am indeed honoured! My meals are actually brought me in my own room by one like myself—a lackey. Oh! yes, yes—I am very happy. (*rising and suddenly changing his tone*) Gracious powers! how do I contrive to be so patient and resigned? It is now more than six months that matters have gone on in this manner and I have not yet roused myself to say to them all, "Back! back! This woman whom you surround in this saloon with homage and flattery—this woman belongs to me!" No, I am silent—shut in my own room almost all day, I try to forget my wretched position in study. It is only when I hear the Marchioness's carriage leave the hotel, that I venture to exchange a few glances—a few words with Pauline, and then, perhaps, some visitor will come, and I immediately leave her, carrying with me, as a reward for my silence, a smile or a tear. O, heavens! what a poor craven do I not prove myself! (*the noise of carriage wheels—he runs and opens window, L.*) It is she! (*with joy*) I shall see her! See her—aye, that is the secret of my resignation.

A FOOTMAN in grand livery throws open the folding doors at back.

The CHEVALIER, in Court dress enters, leading in PAULINE, who is also in full Court dress. The CHEVALIER does not notice FABIAN who withdraws on L. side—PAULINE does not see him either.

FABIAN. (*aside at back, L.*) That man always with her!

ST. LUCE. What, my dear cousin, cannot even the very flattering manner in which you were received at Court bring back the smiles to your face? I confess that I am in a perfect state of enthusiasm, as the Marchioness is, for it seemed to me that the looks of our charming queen only turned from you to repose upon me; she guessed, no doubt, what I concealed, but very awkwardly.

PAULINE. Excuse me, Chevalier, but I believe my mother is waiting for you in her apartments.

ST. LUCE. I may be forgiven for forgetting the fact, when I am near you. (*aside*) Always cold and constrained, and after having quitted everything for me too—I cannot understand it. (*aloud*) I shall see you again to-morrow, fair cousin, then; and between this

time and that, think a little of one whose thoughts are all of you. (*he is about to carry her hand to his lips, but PAULINE withdraws it, he makes a gesture as if mortified, and as he is going up the stage to leave the room, stops at the sight of FABIAN*) Ah, ah ! so you were here, were you ?

PAULINE. (*turning round with surprise*) Fabian !

ST. LUCE. In this apartment ! It is pretty evident that we are at a good distance from the Island of Bourbon, and that we are advancing with rapid strides towards equality, as the gentlemen of the third estate call it. (*aside*) This is strange. (*aloud*) You have come, of course, to receive some order or other from Mademoiselle de la Reynerie, but you might have sent some one to inform us of your coming, my good sir. Although we have no more slaves in France, we still have, I believe, lackeys.

Exit c. and l.

FABIAN. (L.) Aye, right ! At Bourbon I was a slave—here, I am a lackey.

PAULINE. (*R. in a subdued and supplicating tone*) A slave—a lackey—you are my husband, my beloved—in the sight of heaven that knows it, and of myself who love you, you are great and noble ; you have a right to feel proud of yourself. Do you not bear next your heart a sacred act, signed by a minister of heaven ; and does not that act proclaim you, lackey and slave though you be, my master ?

FABIAN. After all, what is this marriage, solemnized by an unknown priest in a corner of the Island of Bourbon ? Why, your mother can dissolve it by a blow from her fan. (*sharply, and taking the marriage deed out of his side pocket*) But if this deed can never make me happy, it can at least, enable me to bend the proud head of those that despise me, it can at least, enable me to be revenged.

PAULINE. (*in a calm voice*) True, Fabian, with that deed in your hand, you can go to my mother and say, "Die, madame, die beneath your load of shame, for your daughter has changed her name of La Reynerie for that of Fabian ; this, madame, has your daughter done !" Yes, you can act thus, and I shall forgive you—but my mother will curse her daughter's name !

FABIAN. (*trembling*) What, what do you say ?

PAULINE. You cannot have forgotten, that in the Island of Bourbon I once thought of suicide—the Abbe Landry diverted the poison from my lips, but I keep it, and it is there ! (*points to escritoire, R.*) In that desk, which opens with a spring that I alone know. Now, Fabian, mark ! The day that either through you or any one else, my mother learns that I have despised and trodden under foot this prejudice of race, which for her is a second religion, that same day I die ! And now, Fabian, if you choose, you can tell my mother all !

FABIAN. (*terror-stricken*) Oh, forgive me, Pauline, forgive me for what I said, but I suffer so much—I am so unhappy ! Henceforth, fear naught. I will resign myself to the lot I have chosen—I will overcome the grief which is killing me—I will smother the jealousy which is gnawing away my heart.

PAULINE. (*with tenderness*) Oh, Fabian ! Jealousy !

FABIAN. No, no ! I know not what I say—I am mad ! Doubt never entered my heart : had it done so, it would have killed me. Pauline, I will be calm, and confide in you.—I will see you leave every day for these brilliant fêtes, where you are surrounded by so many temptations, and I will be silent. Your mother may insult and wound my feelings even more than she has done, but I will be silent. You shall lean for support on the arm of this Chevalier de Saint Luce, who follows you wherever you go—Who loves you ! I will see him, as I did just now, gaze on you with looks of the most ardent passion, and bring his lips to that hand, which belongs to me !—I will see all this, Pauline, and I will be silent !—but the poison must not remain where it is. Give me the key of that desk. Where is the key ?

PAULINE. (*resolutely*) No, Fabian ; I shall not give it you.

FABIAN. I must—I will have the poison ! (*goes to the escritoire*) though to obtain it, I must dash it into a thousand pieces ! (*tries to open the escritoire*)

PAULINE. (*running to door at back, and locking it*) Some one is coming. Another word from you, Fabian, and I am lost.

MARCHIONESS. (*outside, c. d.*) Pauline, it is I—open the door.

PAULINE. My mother ! She will discover me alone with you

FABIAN. (*running up to the window, l.*) Never ! I would rather dash myself into the court-yard below.

PAULINE. (*running up to FABIAN*) Hold ! (*points to her chamber, r.*) Ah ! through my room—the servants' staircase. Hasten—fly !

MARCH. (*outside*) Pauline !

FABIAN. You see, I am silent ; and I leave you as you command.

Exit r. d.—PAULINE runs up to door at back, and opens it.

Enter the MARCHIONESS, c.

PAULINE. Excuse me, dear mother—

MARCH. (*looking round the room*) Were you alone, Pauline ?

PAULINE. (*confused*) Yes, yes—quite—quite alone.

MARCH. The Chevalier informs me, that when he left, Fabian was here.

PAULINE. He was.

MARCH. How dared he take the liberty to enter this apartment without your express order ?

PAULINE. (*hesitating*) He came to give me an account of some poor patients, whom I had desired him to attend.

MARCH. (*in a haughty tone*) The mere fact of your having to account for this person's appearance in your apartments is something unheard of. I will take care, that for the future, you shall not be under the necessity of giving me any more similar explanations. To-morrow Fabian leaves this hotel, and in three days he will have quitted France.

PAULINE. Quitted France !

MARCH. Yes ; I send him back to the colony, where he will enjoy for the future a sure and certain independence, for I shall

recompense him, as I ought, for what service he may have rendered you—but let us not talk about this person any longer. I must acquaint you with what brought me to your rooms. I have just received a despatch from Versailles. Madame de Keradeuc, who was admitted into the royal presence after we had left, has just written to say, how graciously inclined Her Majesty is towards you—the queen is pleased with you, my child, and in order that she may appoint you one of her Ladies of Honor, she has determined that you shall be married.

PAULINE. (*aside*) What do I hear?

MARCH. This evening, the Chevalier de Saint Luce will receive the letters patent conferring on him the title of Count, and, tomorrow the king will add the last mark of his favour to the many with which he has already overwhelmed me, by signing your marriage contract with his own hand.

PAULINE. I cannot have heard aright! Mother, this is impossible!

MARCH. (*quickly*) Impossible?

PAULINE. However brilliant may be the position now offered to me, I refuse it!

MARCH. (*in a firm, resolute tone*) Listen to me, my child; I will never yield to a caprice—a refusal, as foolish as it is inexplicable! I have been saved by a miracle, as it were: but some new misfortune might, perhaps, befall me; and in these times of popular troubles and disturbances, I am determined to leave you a protector—a support!—and I could not select any one to whom to confide my daughter more noble and more worthy than the Chevalier, who is already almost my son. (*remarking PAULINE's immovability and speaking in a still more decided tone*) I repeat it: It is my will that this marriage takes place, and by the memory of your father, it shall! (*she goes to the escritoire, r., rings, and then lays her fan down on it*)

PAULINE. (*aside*) Merciful heaven! I shall die!

Enter INTENDANT, c.

MARCH. Inform Fabian that I have an important order to give him. (*the INTENDANT bows and is about to leave*) Stay, you will show up the friends that I expect; I will receive them here, in my daughter's apartments.

Exit INTENDANT, c. and l.

Remember, you must now receive the Chevalier as your future husband. (*seats herself, r.—PAULINE, without making any reply, kneels down before her mother, and covers the latter's hand with kisses and tears*) Pauline, do not attempt to make me change my determination, your entreaties will be as vain as your resistance.

PAULINE. (*weeping*) Mother, heaven is my witness, that all I desired was to devote to you the existence which you gave me; all that I asked for was a place in your heart, and you repel me.

MARCH. I deliver you up to the protection of a husband.

PAULINE. (*still weeping*) Before your resolution banishes me from you, and separates us for ever, look on me, mother, as you used to do, when a child, I came to seek in your eyes joy and happiness. Bless me, as you were wont to bless me, when kneeling before

you, I used to pray heaven that I might live and die rich in a mother's love.

MARCH. (*raising her*) Pauline, to-morrow will I bless both my children before the altar.

PAULINE. (*aside, with fixed resolution*) To-morrow she will no longer have a daughter.

(*the INTENDANT throws open the folding-doors at back*)

MARCH. Pauline, compose yourself: we are no more alone.

*Enter AURELIA, the CHEVALIER de SAINT LUCE, MONSIEUR and MADAME de BEAUMESNIL, the MARCHIONESS d'AMBERVILLE, MONSIEUR d'ORMESSON, and other LADIES and GENTLEMEN of the Court. The different personages, on their entrance, are welcomed by the MARCHIONESS—PAULINE bows slightly to them. SERVANTS bring forward seats. The MARCHIONESS makes signs to two LADIES to seat themselves on the sofa to L., while she herself takes an arm-chair near the sofa. PAULINE, restraining her emotion, has placed another LADY to R.; an arm-chair is left unoccupied between this LADY and PAULINE, who seats herself close to the *escriatoire*, R. The GENTLEMEN remain standing behind the LADIES—AURELIA also remains standing, for a few moments, near the MARCHIONESS.*

AURE. My dear aunt, all my most sanguine hopes are fulfilled. The Chevalier has just informed me—

MARCH. (*smiling*) That I am a very humble and submissive subject—one who hastens to obey the orders of the king. I wish that to-morrow—nay, this very evening—it may be known at Versailles that I have presented to my friends, her Ladyship the Countess de Saint Luce, Lady of Honour to Her Majesty the Queen.

ALL. Lady of Honour!

(*the GENTLEMEN congratulate the CHEVALIER*)

AURE. (*taking PAULINE's hand*) At last, then, you are my sister.

(*she approaches the LADY seated R.*)

PAULINE. (*aside*) Merciful powers! grant me but one hour more of strength and courage.

ST. LUCE. My dear aunt, my heart will never be able to thank you sufficiently. I will prove worthy, I pledge my honour, of the treasure you are kind enough to confide to me. (*he kisses the MARCHIONESS' hand, and approaches PAULINE, who remains motionless and silent—aside*) What, not a look?

Enter the INTENDANT, c., from L.

INTEND. Your ladyship, Fabian, whom you sent for, is here, and—

PAULINE. (*starts*) Fabian!

ST. LUCE. (*aside*) How she started at his name. (*he takes his place near the MARCHIONESS, L.*)

MARCH. Very well: let him wait.

AURE. (*crossing to the MARCHIONESS*) Poor Fabian! I have hardly seen him a minute since his arrival. I have talked of him so often, and so much at our parties, that these ladies, who are as

curious as I was in the Island of Bourbon, are burning with a wish to behold the Black Doctor.

MARCH. In these rooms? Fie, niece! how can you think of such a thing?

AURE. (*laughing*) Why, aunt, no one will know anything about it in the Island of Bourbon. (*she entreats her in dumb show*)

PAULINE. (R.—*aside*) Oh, before every one, it will be impossible for him to restrain his feelings.

ST. LUCE. (L.—*aside*) Pale, agitated, as she was this morning; and always on Fabian's account. By heaven! I will know how far her interest for this man goes. (*aloud*) Allow me, my dear aunt, to join my prayers to those of my sister; besides, I have a debt to pay Fabian.

MARCH. You?

ST. LUCE. Yes, of honour.

MARCH. Well, Count, to-day I will not, I must not, refuse you anything. (*to the INTENDANT*) Tell Fabian he can come in.

Exit the INTENDANT, c., and L. AURELIA goes and seats herself near PAULINE, R.

PAULINE. (*aside*) He will betray himself, and both of us are lost.

Enter FABIAN, preceded by the INTENDANT, c. from L. On seeing so numerous an assemblage, he stops, and appears to hesitate; but on a sign from the MARCHIONESS, he bows and comes forward.

FABIAN. (c.) Your ladyship sent for me. I have come in obedience to your orders.

MARCH. Fabian, you must leave my house: you are about to leave France, and return to the Island of Bourbon.

FABIAN. (*quickly*) Going to the Island of Bourbon—I? (*a look from PAULINE stops him*)

ST. LUCE. (*aside*) How she looks at him.

FABIAN. (*in a tone of resignation*) When must I depart, madame?

MARCH. To-morrow. I have given the necessary orders to my Intendant. I have taken measures for your future welfare. At present, you may retire.

ST. LUCE. Not yet. Aunt, let me beg you will grant him a little longer time. (*he makes a sign for FABIAN to come forward to c.*) Fabian, we are no longer in the Island of Bourbon; and I can, I will, make you some recompense for the service you once rendered me. The invitation I then gave you still holds good, and it is my wish that you should be present at my marriage with Mademoiselle de la Reynerie, (*laying a stress upon his words, and looking fixedly at FABIAN and PAULINE*) which will be celebrated in three days.

(*FABIAN is about to give utterance to his thoughts, when PAULINE, rising, and without taking her eyes off him, places her hand upon the escritoire containing the poison. FABIAN makes a superhuman effort to contain himself, affects to be calm, and remains silent*)

ST. LUCE. (*aside, keeping his eye on them*) Again ! Cost what it may, I will discover what all this means.

AURE. (*from her place—to the MARCHIONESS*) You will grant Fabian this favour, will you not, aunt ? Doctor, do you not thank my brother ?

ST. LUCE. (*with a sarcastic smile*) Ah, I recollect. He does not like to proclaim himself a false prophet. Fabian declared that it was impossible that Mademoiselle de la Reynerie should ever marry.

MARCH. What ! he asserted this ?

ST. LUCE. Yes, aunt. He was apprehensive, without a doubt, of losing the patronage of a person who had opened to him an unexpected road to fortune and respect. (*significantly, and keeping his glance fixed on PAULINE*) It is impossible for us to suppose that he had any other motive. But I am very much afraid that the thoughtless, and perhaps too great kindness evinced by our cousin, will prove a fatal boon to the good Doctor here.

AURE. What !

ST. LUCE. (*with insulting disdain*) For at Bourbon he will have to cast this skin of a gentleman—these fine clothes, which amuse us in Paris from the mere fact of his wearing them ; but which, in the Island of Bourbon, would expose him to well merited chastisement for having been guilty of an insult to the inhabitants. Above all, he would be obliged to lay aside that sword, which but ill becomes a miserable mulatto, who would not dare to use it, even to parry a planter's whip.

PAULINE. (*with her eyes still fixed on FABIAN utters a half suppressed cry of concentrated passion*) Ah !

ST. LUCE. (*with rage, aside*) There can no longer be a doubt. She loves him !

AURE. You are cruel, Chevalier !

ST. LUCE. (*haughtily*) Not at all, my dear sister ; I am only giving utterance to the words of common sense, which puts everything in its proper place, and every man in his proper rank. You see that Fabian already pays a heavy price for the insane dreams which unreflecting kindness conjured up in his brain : he suffers acutely, for he cannot forget what he was, and what he still is. Look how he is playing with the handle of that sword, which he can never use but as a stiletto—which is the only weapon that can ever glisten in a hand that still bears the mark of a chain.

FABIAN. (*with rage*) Ah ! (*he carries his hand to his sword, and then, tearing it from his side, snaps it in two and throws the pieces at his feet—after this movement, which he was unable to suppress, he staggers and places his hands before his face, which is suddenly bathed in tears—general agitation—every one looks at FABIAN*)

ST. LUCE. (*looking at FABIAN with contempt*) What's the matter with the man ?

PAULINE. (*rising and throwing her fan violently on the ground*) Oh ! my conduct is dastardly and infamous ! (*rushing to her mother and speaking in a voice rendered indistinct by indignation and sobs*) Mother, dismiss every one—I must speak with you.

MARCH. (*rising*) How agitated you are—what does—

PAULINE. (*in a low voice to her*) If you feel any pity for me—if you feel any pity for yourself—dismiss every one.

MARCH. (*in a low voice to her*) Pauline, your words alarm me! (*aloud, while going towards back of stage*) My dear friends, my daughter feels unwell, and I am really frightened at the state she is in; I shall soon have the pleasure of seeing you again—and you, Chevalier, will pay us a visit, I trust, to-morrow.

Exeunt all the GUESTS, c. and L.

ST. LUCE. (*aside, with rage*) If you have really given me so unworthy a rival, my fair cousin, I have at any rate returned insult for insult. (*to AURELIA*) Come, Aurelia, come!

(*he takes her hand and leaves the room with her, casting a last look of contempt, as he passes, at FABIAN, who is about to follow him*)

PAULINE. Stop, Fabian—you must stop! (*she goes up towards him*)

MARCH. Why do you detain him?

PAULINE. Because, if you drive him forth, you must drive me with him; because, if he leaves, it is my duty to follow!

MARCH. Follow! follow him!

PAULINE. (*with energy and restraining her feelings no longer*) Aye, for he is my husband!

MARCH. Your—your—your husband!

PAULINE. (*to FABIAN*) Look up, poor martyr; heaven that gave you resignation has at last inspired me with courage to speak out.

MARCH. (*with vehemence*) You his wife! the wife of Fabian! Ah, you cannot have said that—I was mistaken!

PAULINE. Mother, I said that you should not dishonour—that you should not drive forth my husband like a dog!

MARCH. (*with increasing energy*) Thy husband, miserable creature! (*she advances towards PAULINE, with her hands raised as if to curse her*)

FABIAN. (*coming between the two*) Do not be so eager to curse, madame, for your malediction would be impious and never reach to heaven! Know that she who now bows her head before you and weeps such bitter tears, is as pure as chastity itself. She loved me, poor slave as I was, because I had saved her father's life; but, in spite of that, it is your blood which flows in her veins, for she felt ashamed of her love; and it was only on the very edge of the abyss, when death surrounded us on all sides—when all idea of escape seemed hopeless—it was only with what she thought her last gasp that her secret escaped her!

MARCH. Oh, heavens! was I rescued from the perils of shipwreck merely to witness the dishonour of my house!—but no! this infamous union shall be annulled.

FABIAN. (*with vehemence*) Annulled! you cannot annul it, madame! Summon your lackeys hither, and they will fall back submissively before the husband of your daughter: call back your Chevalier de Saint Luce, who, just now crushed me with such contempt beneath his red-heeled shoe—and whom, but for a look from Pauline, I would have snapped in two as easily as I did yonder frail sword; recal this insolent rival to your presence, and I will

say to him : " In your turn, die of jealousy and rage, for your betrothed is my wife ! "

MARCH. (*threatening him*) I will invoke the assistance of the magistrates—the laws—of the king himself !

FABIAN. Every slave becomes free the moment his foot touches the soil of France. Here I am not a slave, madame, and the laws which were made to defend and protect, were framed for me as well as for you, madame !

MARCH. (*to PAULINE*) You hear—you hear this man proclaim our shame ! Oh ! if your father could rise from out his tomb, he would kill you, you infamous daughter of a noble house, for he would rather see his daughter dead than dishonoured.

PAULINE. (*running to the escritoire and pressing the spring; the escritoire flies open, and PAULINE takes a small phial which was inside*) Well, then let my father be my judge, for I now go to him !

FABIAN. (*rushing up to her and snatching from her grasp the phial, which he throws away*) Pauline !

MARCH. (*going up to her*) What were you about to do ?

FABIAN. (*calmly*) To die, madame !

MARCH. Die !

FABIAN. She had poison ready concealed there, in order that your curse might fall only on a corpse ; and you would have seen her expire before your eyes, would you not ? In your inflexible pride, you, noble high-born lady would have said, " Better that our house should mourn than be disgraced ! Better that I be the mother of a corpse, than the mother of the wife of a poor mulatto."

MARCH. (*falling exhausted upon the sofa*) Pauline !

PAULINE. (*falling on her knees before FABIAN*) I cannot live with my mother's curse upon me.

FABIAN. (*gazing on her with intense affection*) It is now my turn. I will complete the sacrifice which your love and devotedness have begun : Fabian shall do what neither king nor laws can do ! This marriage which was consecrated by a holy minister—who will tell the secret to heaven alone—is inviolable and indissoluble in the eyes of all the world. Well, then, I annul it !

PAULINE. You !

MARCH. (*rising*) What say you ?

FABIAN. (*with difficulty restraining himself from sobbing aloud, he raises PAULINE*) I say, madame, that I restore you your daughter. Pauline, in one short instant have you recompensed me for all the torture, all the sorrow I ever felt ; you would have died for me—you shall live for your mother. (*he leads her near her mother*) Adieu, Pauline ! (*after a pause*) I was destined to be your husband only in heaven—adieu ! (*near the door and weeping*) You will never be mine, Pauline, but you will never be another's. Adieu !

He goes towards c. door, gazes mournfully at PAULINE, returns as if he would kiss her hand, but after a struggle desists—falls on his knees as if to invoke a blessing on her, and hurries out c. and l. ; PAULINE shrieks and attempts to follow, but the MARCHIONESS holds her back by main force. Tableau.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE.—The Bastile. The stage is divided by an horizontal partition into two parts. The upper portion is sub-divided into two rooms; the one r., forming a room, well lighted, and furnished with a certain degree of luxury; at the back of this chamber, l., a toilet table with a glass; at back, r., directly opposite the toilet table, a window with hangings; in the middle, a small table with an arm chair on each side; a door leading to the Chevalier's sleeping apartment, r.; another door, l., leading to a staircase, which forms the left-hand portion of the stage. This staircase, which is of stone, is supposed to conduct to the story above. At the foot of this staircase is a flagstone which can be raised up, and which is the only entrance to the lower division of the scene, which is also in two parts; on the r., under the Chevalier's room, is Fabian's dungeon. The stair which leads from the flagstone to the dungeon is not seen by the public, but is supposed to be concealed in the thickness of the wall. To l. a small door, and three steps leading into the dungeon; to r. in the dungeon, opposite the small door, a large pillar, behind which is some straw. At the back a stone bench, and above it a small opening, protected by iron bars, and looking on to a subterranean corridor. Before the pillars is a lighted lamp placed upon a stone; opposite it, to l., another stone—the left part of the upper portion is lighted by loop-holes. The Chevalier's room is lighted by a large window, r.—the dungeon is lighted by the lamp alone.

BRIQUET is discovered alone in the Chevalier's room—he is seated and reading a paper.

BRIQ. The fourteenth of July! Why, then, I have been an inhabitant of the Royal Chateau of the Bastile for two months and six days! (rousing himself from his reverie) And why?—I asked of my master, the Chevalier de Sainte Luce, "why?" "Briquet," said he, "you are my valet, to whom I give twelve hundred francs a year, to follow me, shave me, dress me, and powder me, in whatever part of France I may happen to be. The king sends me to the Bastile, therefore, it is your duty to come and shave me, dress me, and powder me in the Bastile." (rises) And so here we are, both of us; pent up in the tower of the chapel, three stories beneath the ground floor, just on a level with the moat. (looking about him) The suite of apartments is tolerably well arranged—this is the drawing room, and yonder, (r.) the Chevalier's sleeping apartment: the furniture, too, is elegant and tasty—in a word, it is the prison of a gentleman—but still, it is a prison. (the drums are heard outside beating to arms) Holloa! what's that? The drums beating to arms! it is the first time I have heard them since I have been here. Can His Majesty be coming to visit us and throw open our prison doors? (the sound of the drums die gradually away—the CHEVALIER ST. LUCE is heard calling from the room, r., "Briquet!")

BRIQ. Ah! my master has got up. He can sleep, and eat, and sing. He is as merry as a lark, (sighing) in a cage.

Enter CHEVALIER in a dressing gown, R. D.

ST. LUCE. Hollo ! Briquet, you rascal, did you not hear me ?

BRIQ. (*with alacrity*) Yes, sir, I was coming. Do you wish me to order your carriage, sir ?

ST. LUCE. What ?

BRIQ. Ah ! I am always forgetting that we groan under the weight of our fetters.

ST. LUCE. (*laughing*) You will have to accustom yourself to it, I can promise you, my good Briquet. (*seating himself*) But come, arrange my toilet.

BRIQ. (*goes up to the table and takes everything necessary for dressing his master's hair*) And so, sir, might I ask whether it is not your intention to make some attempt to deliver us from this place ?

ST. LUCE. (*with a small glass in his hand*) What, ask pardon ? I ? Never ! I acted like a loyal servant of the king ;—His Majesty chose to punish me, all the worse for him.

BRIQ. (*aside, and arranging CHEVALIER'S hair*) For him, and for me ! (*aloud*) I beg pardon, sir, but it seems that you——

ST. LUCE. (*with rage*) Did my duty ! (*laughingly*) I was breakfasting at the Café de Foy ; at a table opposite me were seated three worthy individuals whom you might know for members of the third estate at a mile's distance. (*to BRIQUET*) Take care what you are doing. And as it turned out, they were members of the new assembly which Necker, the minister, had the idea of convoking. Deputies of the Estates General, who were talking about public affairs (*looking in the small glass which he is holding in his hand*) A little powder on this side. (*continuing*) They ventured to advance some atrociously popular sentiment or other ; when I rose from my seat and told them in plain terms, that in my eyes the nobility was everything, the clergy was not much, and the third estate nothing at all ! You are dressing my hair most horribly to-day.

BRIQ. Oh ! in prison——

ST. LUCE. The quarrel gradually became warmer, until at last I offered one of them the honour of running him through the body. He accepts “I am called the Chevalier de Saint Luce, sir.” “And I, sir, am named Barnave.” “Barnave ! never heard the word—what is it ?” The crowd now interfered and separated us, but the news of the adventure reached the ears of the Court the same evening. “Ah, ah !” thought I to myself, “Monsieur Barnave will be arrested.” Not a bit of it, he was not—but I was.

BRIQ. (*stopping in what he is doing*) I can understand that, sir—I can understand that. But I never challenged Barnave, and I should wish some one to ask him—namely Barnave——(*he puts back on the toilet table the various articles he has taken thence*)

ST. LUCE. What do you say ? I am sure you have no cause for complaint: the situation is agreeable—the living excellent—the wine first-rate—and the air of confinement gives one a deuce of an appetite ; ring the bell for my dinner.

BRIQ. (*taking the little mirror from him*) Aye, true sir ; but then

you did not leave your heart at the gates of the Bastile ; while I—for perhaps I have not informed you that I had resolved on marrying my first wife the day that you were arrested—with me included—

ST. LUCE. (*laughing*) Oh, yes ! you told me all that—it is funny !

BRIQ. That very day, I had made an assignation with Reinette, my betrothed, at the Cours-la-Reine, near the third tree on the left-hand side. It is now two months and six days that Reinette has been waiting for me, near the third tree on the left-hand side ; and I should think she must be rather tired of waiting, should not you, sir ?

ST. LUCE. Oh, you can be perfectly easy ; a great many French Guards pass the Cours-la-Reine. Reinette consoles herself for your absence, you may be sure !

BRIQ. (*exasperated*) Oh, sir ! oh, sir ! do not say that ; you will make me set fire to the Bastile !

ST. LUCE. Well, I really will not prevent your doing so—it would be just the thing for both of us. But come, look after my dinner.

BRIQ. Yes, sir, I will lay the cloth directly. Poor Reinette ! she positively will be tired of waiting.

Exit, R.

ST. LUCE. (*rising*) Poor fellow ! he too is jealous. Yes, there can be no doubt my suspicions were correct—Pauline loved Fabian, and must have confessed everything to her mother ; for when I presented myself at the hotel, I was informed that Fabian had left for the Isle of Bourbon, never to return to France. The Marchioness had quitted Paris with Pauline, and wrote to say, that her daughter was about to take the veil. By all that is damnable ! the idea of being deceived, jilted, and sacrificed for a mulatto is enough to drive one mad ! I should not have known where to hide my shame, if (*smiling*) His Majesty had not graciously provided me with a retreat ! (*the drums are heard beating to arms more loudly and nearer than before*) But what is that ? What can be the matter to-day ? (*calling*) Briquet !

BRIQUET. (*outside*) Yes, sir. (*enters, R.*) Here, sir.

ST. LUCE. They are beating to arms in the Bastile, as if it were menaced with an attack.

BRIQ. Perhaps it is some fête to-day, sir. (*the tolling of a large bell is heard*) Hark ! they are ringing the bell in the church of Saint Paul. (*they look through the window*)

While they are gazing through the window-grating, the JAILOR is seen in the left-hand portion of the scene coming down the stairs, and followed by a SCULLION carrying a covered basket—on reaching the door of the Chevalier's room, the JAILOR takes the basket, and the SCULLION re-ascends the stairs—the JAILOR then unlocks and opens the door and enters the Chevalier's room, shutting the door after him.

ST. LUCE. (*hearing the noise of the keys, and turning round*) Ah, there is my dinner. What have you brought me ?

JAILOR. (*giving the basket to BRIQUET, who takes off the cover*) The very best we could get, sir; and, as usual, some wine from the cellars of His Excellency the Governor.

ST. LUCE. Really, you are a model jailor: you are full of the most delicate attentions. (*looking into the basket*) What, no ice? I must have ice, or I shall complain to His Majesty.

BRIQ. What, do you expect we can dine without ice?

JAILOR. It is not our fault, I can assure you. We sent a special messenger this morning on purpose to fetch some, but he has not returned. It is said that the public walks and the Boulevards are covered with people, and that it is impossible for any one to walk in the streets.

ST. LUCE. What has that to do with me?

BRIQ. (*in a piteous tone*) It has a good deal to do with me: I cannot walk in the streets.

He goes into the room, r., carrying the basket with him.

ST. LUCE. There ought to be an ice-well in the Bastile itself. This is really not treating prisoners of state with proper respect. By the way, I have sent a remonstrance to Monsieur de Launay, asking him for a more airy room. I never heard of such a thing—putting me here, on a level with the moat, in the lowest story of the tower; for it is the lowest, is it not? There is nothing beneath us?

JAILOR. No, sir—nothing.

ST. LUCE. (*going to the window—drums heard in the distance, beating to arms*) By heavens! I must be right: they are beating to arms in the Faubourg. Oh, if I were only free! All I should want would be a company of musketeers to clear the streets of all this rabble. Why, those are pieces of artillery that they are pointing against the Bastile yonder, to the left.

JAILOR. It is quite possible—

BRIQUET. (*at door to l.*) Sir, the dinner is ready. (*retires*)

ST. LUCE. Bravo! Well, if the king will only give these worthy Parisians a good lesson, and Monsieur de Launay send them a pill or two in the shape of grape-shot, I will forgive both for having made me dine without ice, like a vulgar tradesman.

He goes off, r. d. The JAILOR goes out, locking the door, and as he does so, an ASSISTANT JAILOR appears on the stairs, l.

ASSISTANT. Things are not looking very bright above stairs. The people are only waiting for the cannons from the Hospital of the Invalides to attack the Bastile. The governor is afraid that the insurgents are in secret communication with the prisoners. He wants to speak to you instantly. Come! follow me—quickly.

They run up stairs, l.

The straw behind the pillar in the lower portion of the stage is seen to move, and shortly afterwards, FABIAN, pale and haggard, raises himself into a sitting posture; he passes his hand over his brow, and then with great exertion stands up. He goes and takes the lamp, approaches the opening at back, raises himself on tiptoe, places the light against the grating, looks, listens, and then goes away discouraged, replacing the lamp upon a stone to l.

FABIAN. (*shaking his head mournfully*) Nothing! nothing! (*shivering with cold*) The dampness of the earth has penetrated to my very bones. I asked for a little fresh straw in the place of this, and they told me that it cost too much. Straw cost too much! Your ladyship's hatred and revenge are well served: it would have been better to have killed me at once than bury me here in a living tomb. I thought to purchase Pauline's pardon by my exile, and they threw me into a sepulchre! Ah! why do I complain? Death will reach me speedily enough in this place. But Pauline—what has become of her? (*warming his hands at the lamp*) My limbs are frozen: all my blood has ascended here into my brain, which seems on fire! Merciful powers! do not let my reason sink beneath my load of suffering before André returns. But have I a right to expect him? May not what I take for a recollection be simply a dream? I have begun to doubt of everything—my memory—my thoughts—my very existence! And yet—No: I recollect distinctly that yesterday I was seated there—there, on that spot—when a voice struck my ear—it was the voice of André—of André! who was at work in that gloomy gallery. (*points to opening*) I called to him—I shouted my name. He could not understand at first how a man's voice could issue from the bowels of the earth. Poor fellow! he cried—cried like a child. (*listening*) Still nothing—nothing! (*sinking down in despair*) André will not return. (*a stone is thrown through the opening at back, c., to which is fastened a paper*) What is that? (*he picks up the stone, and detaches the paper from it*) A letter from him. Yes, it is. Oh, thanks, André—thanks!

He opens the letter with a trembling hand; at this moment the JAILOR comes down the stairs in the upper section of the scene to L.; he has got a loaf and a pitcher of water; he raises the flagstone and disappears through the opening concealed by it.

FABIAN. (*reading near the lamp, while the JAILOR is descending the staircase concealed in the thickness of the wall*) "My dear benefactor, I know not whether I shall be able to reach you: all Paris is in arms. The soldiers fire at any one who approaches the moat; but in spite of them, this letter shall reach you or I will perish." Good André! (*continuing*) "I have done what you ordered me to do. I went to the Hotel de la Reynerie: the street was blocked up by a number of persons in mourning; the doorway was hung with black cloth. (*in a more agitated voice*) A priest was praying near a coffin covered with velvet and decorated with armorial bearings. I asked who was dead, and was told—"

The door, L., is opened quickly, and the JAILOR enters; FABIAN has but just time to hide his letter.

JAILOR. (*placing the loaf and pitcher on the stone bench*) There.

FABIAN. I thank you.

JAILOR. (*in a severe tone*) Yesterday, while a labourer was at work in that gallery—(*points to the opening, c.*)—you approached that

opening, for the sentinel perceived the light of your lamp, which you used as a signal. (*seizing the lamp*) You will not do so again.

FABIAN. (*terror stricken*) What would you do?

JAILOR. Take away the lamp: it is the Governor's command.

FABIAN. (*falling on his knees*) Oh! no—no—not now! Have pity—have compassion!

JAILOR. In this place we do not pity—we only obey.

He puts out the lamp and exit; the dungeon is completely dark.

FABIAN. (*still kneeling*) Oh! heaven! it is impossible for me to see—and this letter—(*he goes to the opening and then to the place where the lamp was, endeavouring to read*) All my efforts are in vain; darkness—night reigns supreme! But these funeral hangings—the coffin—the corpse! Who—who—(*with a cry of despair*) Ah! Pauline is dead! (*he falls senseless upon the straw; at this moment the roar of artillery begins, and is followed by discharges of musketry.*)

The JAILOR re-appears above the trap, in l. upper division, holding the lamp.

JAILOR. They have begun the attack—luckily, the Bastile is impregnable. (*he re-ascends the stairs very calmly—the cannonade now becomes incessant*)

BRIQ. (*coming from the room, r.*) Cannon! Merciful powers! Sir—sir—they are firing cannon!

ST. LUCE. (*coming out of the room and going to the window*) Yes, it is the cannon of the fortress playing upon the Place St. Antoine—but, confound it, the Place St. Antoine is answering in the same kind of language.

BRIQ. Goodness gracious! is it possible? (*confused shouts outside*)

ST. LUCE. The affair is becoming serious. Listen—do you hear those confused cries—that immense clamour?

BRIQ. (*at the window*) And yonder—on the ramparts—what a crowd! Oh, sir, it is no longer the soldiers; but the people at the cannons—(*shouts outside, "Victory! victory!"*)

ST. LUCE. Impossible! The Bastile is not to be taken like a wretched guard-house. (*shouts outside, nearer, "Victory! victory!"*)

(*a last discharge of musketry. The doors are heard giving way with loud crashes, from the blows from without—that at the top of the stairs is thrown down. A crowd of PERSONS of the lower classes, and a few FRENCH GUARDS hurry down the staircase, l.—several carry torches—continued cries of "Victory! victory!"*)

ST. LUCE. (*advancing at the noise to the door of the room, and listening*) They are coming this way.

The door of the r. division is burst open with hatchets and the butt-ends of muskets. Several MEN rush into the Chevalier's room. A FRENCH GUARD is at their head.

ST. LUCE. What do I see?

ALL. Liberty! liberty!

ST. LUCE. And how long is it since persons have entered the Bastile in this manner?

FRENCH GUARD. The Bastile exists no more! It is taken to-day, and will be razed to the ground to-morrow. Citizen, you are free.

ST. LUCE. (*astonished*) You do not mean it.

BRIQ. (*quickly*) Free! And I as well? The people have been fighting to set us free. Long live the people!

SOLDIER. Citizen, you can leave the place. Liberty! liberty!

ALL. Liberty! liberty!

They leave the Chevalier's room, and remain in the part of the scene to L.

ST. LUCE. I certainly shall avail myself of the opportunity, but not in this condition. Briquet! quick—my coat and hat. (*takes off his dressing gown*)

BRIQ. (*who has entered the adjoining room, returns with the CHEVALIER'S dress—the CHEVALIER puts it on*) Here, sir. (*assists the CHEVALIER*)

ANDRE is seen descending the stairs, L.

ANDRE. (*looking around him*) Yes, it must be situated in this tower.

SOLDIER. (*to ANDRE*) Whom are you seeking?

ANDRE. A poor prisoner.

SOLDIER. There is no one else here; and there is nothing below this. Let us go up again.

ALL. Aye, let us go up again.

ANDRE. No, no—stop. I am sure I am not wrong: I am certain that underneath our feet there languishes in captivity a poor man, for whom, but a few minutes since, I risked my life.

SOLDIER. Well, convince yourself. There is nothing but the ground.

ANDRE. (*pointing to the flagstone*) Ah, that stone!—perhaps it lifts up. Let us try.

ALL. Aye—let us try! (*they endeavour to raise it, some with sabres, others with hatchets*)

ANDRE. Yes—yes! It yields! (*the stone is raised*) Come, follow me!

SOLDIER. Do you mean to say that a human being is confined there?

ANDRE. Aye, a human being—the man who saved my mother's life! (*he rushes down the staircase followed by the SOLDIER and several others, one of them carries a torch*)

ST. LUCE. (*dressed*) Ah! my gloves—my hat. (*BRIQUET hands them to him*) My sword—I forgot, I have not one. I hasten to Versailles.

Goes out of room, c.

BRIQUET. (*following him*) And I to the third tree on the left-hand side of the Cours-la-Reine.

They ascend the staircase, BRIQUET shouting "Long live the people!—long live the people!" At the same instant the door of the dungeon is opened — ANDRE rushes in, followed by

SOLDIER and the others. *By the light of the torch, Andre raises Fabian who is still insensible.*

ANDRE. (*holding him up*) Fabian, Fabian, it is I—Andre!

FABIAN. (*recovering and looking at him*) Andre, you here! What, a prisoner like myself?

ANDRE. Here with you, Fabian!—to tell you you are free to quit your dungeon! Do you hear me, Fabian?

FABIAN. (*with joy*) Quit it, quit it! (*he rises and is about to rush out, when he suddenly comes back to Andre and says in a voice of the deepest sorrow*) Unhappy wretch that I am. If they set me free, it is because Pauline is dead. Say, is it not so?

ANDRE. No, no; it was her mother who died!

FABIAN. (*with a great burst of feeling*) She lives! And I am free!

ALL. Yes, free!

FABIAN rushes towards the staircase, and then, suddenly stopping and looking at ANDRE and those around him, gives a wild laugh, and he falls senseless into the arms of ANDRE. Tremendous shouting—an explosion takes place—the back of the scene is broken away, and a grand tableau of the destruction of the Bastile, and the triumph of the people.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE.—A Gothic Chamber in the old Castle of Keradeuc in Brittany. At the back, a large and lofty fire-place; a large window opening on to a balcony, L. C. To R. of the fire-place, a gallery extending the whole depth of the stage, and lighted by windows of stained glass, from which stairs descend, R.; doors, R. U. E. and L. U. E.; near the doors, portraits of the Marquis and Marchioness de la Reynerie are conspicuous, that of the latter on R.—up stage; a small round table, with pens, ink, paper, &c., L.; close to it an arm chair; a sofa, R.; at the back, within the chimney, a stool.

BRIQUET is watching at the window, L. C., and ST. LUCE near the fire-place; AURELIA and PAULINE are seated before the fire.

ST. LUCE. (*to Briquet*) Do you see nothing strange or suspicious around the Chateau?

BRIQ. No, sir, nothing save ice and snow—if you will allow me, sir, I will shut this window. (*shuts it*) Oh! what a horrible place is this Brittany, and what a dreadful year, this year of 1793.

ST. LUCE. Run and bring hither the fisherman, who promised to let me have his skiff to go to Noirmontier. Once at sea, whether he be willing or not, he shall land us on the coast of England—it is there alone that Pauline and my sister will be safe. Make haste!

BRIQ. I run, sir—I run.

Exit door, L. 2 E.

AURE. (*coming forward*) Why do you wish us to leave this place, which the devoted attachment of your tenants has hitherto rendered inviolable?

ST. LUCE. (*in a low tone*) In spite of all the precautions I took on leaving Nantes, we have been followed.

AURE. Oh, heaven!

ST. LUCE. Pauline's retreat may be discovered ere another hour has elapsed, and the terrible revolutionary chieftain will endeavour to re-capture his prey, whom I have carried off.

AURE. Yes, yes, you are right! We must fly!

PAULINE. (*rising*) My kind friends, why did you expose yourselves for me? Wherefore did you not leave me to die?—in death I should have found forgetfulness.

AURE. Pauline, you might have awaited death with calmness and resignation in your lonely cell, at the foot of the holy cross; but to die on a scaffold, in the midst of the outrages of an infuriated populace, to die by the hands of the common executioner—oh! the thought is too horrible!

PAULINE. The torture you describe lasts but a single moment, and my whole life is one continuous torture! Can you not understand this, Aurelia? you can, you must, for you know that my dying mother refused to see me on her death-bed—you know, too, that when she immured me in a convent, she had not pardoned Fabian, who disappeared, and no one since that fatal day has ever been able to discover whether he still lives or has ceased to suffer.

ST. LUCE. When my sister entrusted me with your secret, madame, I used every means in my power to find poor Fabian, towards whom, in my ignorance and stupid jealousy, I had behaved so cruelly. The night preceding your departure for the convent, Fabian was conveyed in a carriage from the hotel. I wrote to Bourbon, but no one there had seen aught of him.

AURE. If my aunt could be restored to life, and once more see the sword of death thus suspended over her daughter's head, she would again have recourse to Fabian, who a second time, would preserve Pauline.

ST. LUCE. It is very certain, that if Pauline possessed the marriage certificate signed by the Abbe Landry, she would have nothing to fear, but it would require a miracle to find it.

Enter BRIQUET, door l. 2 e.

BRIQ. Monsieur, the fisherman was not in his hut, but I saw his brother, who knew all about the matter, and who is coming instead of him.

ST. LUCE. Until I am convinced of this person's discretion and fidelity, it would be an act of imprudence to let him see Pauline.

AURE. We will wait in the library. Come, Pauline.

ST. LUCE. Bring in the person you mentioned.

Exit BRIQUET, door l. 2 e.

PAULINE. (*recognizing her mother's portrait and weeping*) Mother,

mother! Ah! why separate us again? At the foot of that holy and terrible portrait there, there it is I would fain die!

AURELIA and PAULINE go off, door, R. 2 E.

Enter BRIQUET, conducting ANDRE, L. 2 E.

BRIQ. This is the person, sir.

Goes to back, arranges chairs, and exit to gallery, R.

ST. LUCE. (sits down at the little table and sorts some papers) Why did your brother not come?

ANDRE. Because he is one of the jury at Nantes and is in Court, but I know all about the matter. Since I returned to my native place I have re-learnt my old calling, and I will take you to Noirmontier quite as well as my brother would have done.

ST. LUCE. Can you manage the boat alone?

ANDRE. I shall take with me a comrade—hardworking—

ST. LUCE. (arranging the papers) And discreet?

ANDRE. The poor fellow speaks to no one—knows no one. All his malady is in his head and heart, so the doctor says—but his arms are strong, and besides, the sea does him good. He passes whole days in the skiff; he likes to be rocked by the waves in the warm sunshine, it reminds him of his native land. At first I used to conceal myself to watch over him, for I love him, aye, like a brother, he was once so good to me, and is now so wretched! Then I used to hear him pronounce in accents of rage the name of the family that caused all his misfortunes, and then he would weep as he looked at an old yellow piece of paper, which he conceals and preserves as if it were a relic.

ST. LUCE. (rising) Then you can answer for him?

ANDRE. As I would for myself.

ST. LUCE. (putting the papers in his pocket) Good! Have you brought him?

ANDRE. Oh, yes, he was so pleased when he saw me getting the skiff ready, and when I told him that we were going to put out to sea, as soon as the tide allowed us to leave the port.

ST. LUCE. Where is he?

ANDRE. Seated outside yonder, under the large outhouse.

ST. LUCE. I will give you the sum that I agreed on with your brother.

ANDRE. I am at your orders, sir.

ST. LUCE. Follow me, then.

Exeunt, L. 2 E.—FABIAN appears from R. U. E., he comes quickly down the stairs from the gallery, R., and looks about him on all sides.

FABIAN. André, André—the tide is rising—we must set out—the tide is rising and higher. (thinking himself surrounded by the waves) Oh, save her, merciful powers—save her! Leon, leave me here alone, for I must die alone! (he sits down exhausted, L., after a short pause his mind follows a new course of ideas) The Abbe Landry. (he looks at his hand, and advancing slowly, kneels down in front of the stage) The poor mulatto will love you dearly, fondly—but it will be as the mariner loves the blessed virgin. (he sees the

portrait and thinks it is the Marchioness—in a deep hollow voice) Oh, the Marchioness—the Marchioness! (with fervour, and in a supplicating tone) Do not curse her—do not curse her—do not curse her! I will leave her—I will leave—(he drags himself along the ground, holding out his arms) There—there are my arms! A dungeon—the Bastile! (he falls completely prostrate, and then adds in an accent of sorrow) Ah! the Bastile! (a pause—he then suddenly raises his head and listens) The cannon! (he rises altogether, and speaks in a loud strong voice) Free! (he puts his hands to his head, as if completely overcome) Free! (buttoning his jacket) I tremble—I am cold. (seeing the fire—with an accent of delight) Ah! a fire! a fire! (he goes and sits on a stool inside the fireplace)

Enter ST. LUCE and ANDRE by door, L. 2 E.

ST. LUCE. Then we are agreed on all points.—I will go and fetch the ladies.

ANDRE. And I will go and tell my comrade. Ah, he is there! poor fellow! he is warming himself. (in a gentle voice) We are going to embark! Well, Fabian, do you not hear me? Gracious heavens! is it possible that he no longer recognizes me? It is I, André!

AURELIA enters with PAULINE, followed by ST. LUCE, door, R. 2 E.

AURE. Courage, Pauline, courage!

ST. LUCE. Come—come!

Enter BRIQUET greatly agitated, on gallery, R. 2 E.

BRIQ. Oh, sir!—oh, madam! we are lost!

ALL. What is the matter!

BRIQ. (quickly) I was looking out, as the Chevalier ordered me to do, when suddenly I perceived a large crowd of armed men coming along the road from Nantes,—

ALL. From Nantes!

BRIQ. Headed by two ill-looking men, who pointed to the Château, and said to the others, "It is there that she is concealed!—It is there that you will find the *ci-devant* Marchioness de la Reynerie."

ANDRE. (who was attending to FABIAN, raises his head on hearing this name) La Reynerie!

ST. LUCE. They cannot yet have surrounded the Château; the side towards the sea must still be free. Come—let us fly! (they prepare to leave)

ANDRE. (comes down, c.) Was it, then, the Marchioness de la Reynerie I was about to save? Take back your money, for I retract my promise.

ST. LUCE. What do you say?

ANDRE. (throwing down the purse) I say that millions should not induce me to aid the flight of Mademoiselle de la Reynerie. I say that I will not save her I have denounced!

ST. LUCE. You! Villain!

ANDRE. Justice upon the rich as well as the poor!

PAULINE. What harm have I ever done you?

ANDRE. Me, madame? None. Had you been *my* enemy I might, perhaps, have forgiven you; but you have doomed the best of men, my benefactor, to die in a dungeon—you have deprived him of his reason—and that, that is a thing for which I will never forgive you.

ST. LUCE. (*with rage*) You dare accuse her?

ANDRE. (*still addressing PAULINE*) Yes; because at the destruction of the Bastile, I obtained the list of prisoners, and tore out a page, upon which was written, after the name of my friend, "At the request of the Family de la Reynerie, let this man die forgotten." I kept this page, until I delivered it to the Tribunal at Nantes.

ST. LUCE. Wretch!

ANDRE. You may kill me, sir; (*crossing his arms*) but I repeat it—I will not conduct you hence.

AURE. (*to ANDRE*) There is a fatal mistake. I swear to you that she is innocent!—you will take pity on her!

ANDRE. Pity! and her victim there? (*points to FABIAN*)

ALL. There!

ANDRE. (L.) Yes; look at him—the martyred victim of the family de La Reynerie.

PAULINE. (C., with warmth) Let him accuse me himself—let him look me in the face! (*going up towards FABIAN, who has remained sitting in the chimney*) I am Pauline de la Reynerie, and in the face of heaven, I swear I never did you harm. (*FABIAN raises his head and looks at her*)

PAULINE. (*recognising him*) Ah!

ALL. (*recognising him*) Fabian!

ANDRE. What, do you all know him?

PAULINE. Fabian!

ANDRE. Yes, it is Fabian—see what the Bastile has made him.

ALL. The Bastile!

PAULINE. (*to the portrait*) Oh, mother! mother!

ANDRE. It was there that I had to seek him, but alas! I came too late; and when I exclaimed—"Fabian, you are free!" he understood me not—he was mad!

(*FABIAN rises and coming down the stage a little, seats himself at table, L. C.*)

ALL. (*with horror*) Mad!

PAULINE. Oh, it is impossible!—He will know me. Fabian, dear Fabian, heaven has had pity on us; if it is only for a day, an hour, it has at least re-united us. Oh! gracious heaven! not a spark of joy—not a look of affection in his glance!

AURE. He—Fabian in the Bastile!

ANDRE. When he was set free, they wanted to send him to the hospital, but that would only have been changing one prison for another; so I took him myself, and what I had I shared with him, as I gained it, day by day.

PAULINE. (*going to ANDRE and taking his hand*) You did—you did? Ah, may heaven bless you!—If I am still rich, everything

I have is yours ! If I live, you shall be my friend, my brother—if I am doomed to die, my last prayer on the scaffold shall couple your name with his. (*she returns to FABIAN*)

ANDRE. What did she say ? Then, Fabian was—

ST. LUCE. Her husband !

ANDRE. Her husband ?

AURE. When Fabian was in the Bastile, she too was a prisoner, condemned like him—and you have destroyed her !

ANDRE. You are not deceiving me ? Oh, no, falsehood does not speak in accents like those ! Sir, sir, when you choose, I will accompany you. (*distant tumult*)

BRIQ. (*at the window*) It is too late ! They have broken down the park gates.

ANDRE. (*who has run up to the window*) Calm your fears—my brother must be among them. (*to AURELIA*) Come with me, madame, you are loved and respected by every one here. Speak to them ; they will listen to you—they will believe you, and you may thus aid to repair the evil I have done.

AURE. Come, brother, come.

Exeunt AURELIA, CHEVALIER, and ANDRE, door, l. 2 e.

PAULINE. (*to FABIAN, who has remained all the time motionless upon the sofa*) Still insensible, still dumb ! Oh, heaven ! gracious heaven, cannot my prayers, my tears even reach his heart ! (*she falls on her knees before him*)

FABIAN. (*looking at her*) Poor Lia, you suffer—you weep.

PAULINE. You remember Lia, you cannot have forgotten Pauline ?

FABIAN. Pauline—aye—I remember—the Chevalier's betrothed. (*the clock strikes three—he rises*) Three o'clock—she is waiting for me !

PAULINE. Whither would you go ?

FABIAN. To the Avenue of Palms. I will not suffer and die alone, I will conduct her to the Mulatto's Grotto.

PAULINE. The Mulatto's Grotto !

FABIAN. It is high tide at five o'clock. (*noise outside*)

PAULINE. (*going to the window*) Ah, they are here, they will not believe André !

FABIAN. (*to himself*) I chose the best road.

PAULINE. They are approaching ! They will break down the doors. (*returning to FABIAN*) Fabian, on this moment hangs my fate, you recollect just now the Mulatto's Grotto—

FABIAN. (*to himself*) The tide kept rising—rising—

PAULINE. I was resigned—for I should have died with thee, and by thee.

FABIAN. (*still to himself*) The tide still rose—rose—

(*noise outside*)

PAULINE. They are approaching ! Fabian, do you hear those cries ? Now, as once before in the Island of Bourbon, the tempest is raging around us, but it is more terrible than the tempest of the sea, for this time it is an infuriated mob that threatens and menaces us. (*noise heard of windows broken*) To-day again, Fabian, I fear the storm—oh, save me, save me ! (*she returns to him with terror*)

FABIAN. (*motionless, but speaking with vehemence*) And still the tide rose higher and higher—

PAULINE. Oh, not a look—not a sign! May heaven's will be done! Fabian, when at Bourbon, I thought I was about to die, I said—"I love you." Death has now come indeed, and still my last words are "Fabian, *my* Fabian, I love you!"

FABIAN. Ah, you would love me, and you would die, but I will not have it so!

PAULINE. You know me then?

FABIAN. (*half recovering his reason*) Yes, you are Pauline.

PAULINE. (*falling on her knees*) Ah! heaven would not have me die while he could save me! (*noise of footsteps in the adjoining rooms*)

Enter AURELIA and ST. LUCE, door l. 2 e.

AURE. They are here, Pauline! They are here!

ST. LUCE. They wish to see and hear Fabian.

PAULINE. (*joyfully*) He has recognized me! (ST. LUCE runs with delight towards FABIAN who starts back at his approach)

FABIAN. (*recognizing ST. LUCE*) That man always with her!

PAULINE. He will justify me to them.

FABIAN. (*perceiving for the first time the portrait of the MARCHIONESS*) Ah, the Marchioness! the Marchioness! (*his reason again deserts him*)

ST. LUCE. Ha! he believes that portrait to be the living Marchioness. Pauline, you will be lost!

PAULINE. Ah! at present, I have naught to fear!

Enter ANDRE followed by several MEN of the lowest classes, door l. 2 e.; they are all armed.

He has recognized me!

More MEN now appear on the balcony and in the gallery, from R.

ANDRE. (*to his BROTHER and the rest*) You see, brother, you all of you see, that I was not deceiving you!

FABIAN. (*wildly, c.*) What do these men want?

ANDRE. (*to FABIAN*) Speak to them, Fabian! Tell them that Madame de la Reynerie knew nothing of your captivity in the Bastile.

FABIAN. (*in a tone full of expression*) In the Bastile! (*general movement among the CROWD*)

ANDRE. Tell them that she is your wife!

FABIAN. (*to the portrait*) No, no, for you would kill her, madame! (*aloud, and with great earnestness*) This woman lied! I am not her husband! (*murmurs of indignation among the CROWD*)

PAULINE. (*R. c.*) Oh, heaven!

FABIAN. She is worthy of her race, for she was ashamed of my love.

PAULINE. (*to FABIAN*) You will make them kill me!

FABIAN. (*in a low voice to her*) No, I am saving you. (*points to the portrait*) Do you not see? Your mother! your mother!

PAULINE. (*in a sorrowful tone*) His sad, sad madness has again overcome him !

PIERRE. (*indignantly*) You hear him—he himself accuses her. To Nantes with the aristocrat !

ALL. Aye, to Nantes—to the guillotine !

ANDRE. (*endeavouring to restrain them*) Brother—

ONE OF THE CROWD. (*who is armed with a gun, and is perched upon the balcony at the back*) Why not despatch her at once ? (*he levels his gun at PAULINE and fires*)—**FABIAN** throws himself instinctively before her, and receives the shot ; he staggers back and falls)

ANDRE. (*running up to FABIAN*) Fabian, dear Fabian ! (*to the crowd*) Wretches, what have you done ?

PAULINE. (*falling on her knees*) Assassinated him ! they have assassinated him !

FABIAN is surrounded by the CHEVALIER, PAULINE, and AURELIA, and supported by ANDRE. The CROWD retire up the stage a little, and appear confused.

FABIAN. (*reviving and looking at PAULINE*) Pauline, is it you ? (*endeavouring to collect his thoughts*) Oh, my brain ! my brain !

ALL. (*advancing furiously on all sides*) Death to her—death to the aristocrat ! to this Mademoiselle de la Reynerie !

AURE. (*shrieks*) They will kill her !

FABIAN. (*rising*) Kill her ! (*recovering his reason*) Her—Pauline ! Away ! while one drop of blood remains within these veins, I will protect my wife !

ALL. His wife ?

ST. LUCE. Yes, his wife.

PIERRE. Where is the proof of this marriage ?

ALL. (*loudly*) Aye ; the proof—the proof !

FABIAN is supported by ANDRE ; he opens his jacket and takes out the marriage deed, which he gives to PIERRE, who shows it to the crowd. The latter go up the stage in the greatest silence.

FABIAN's breast is now first perceived to be covered with blood.

PAULINE. Blood—blood ! he dies, and for me.

FABIAN. (*in a weak voice*) Yes, the bullet that struck me was destined for you, Pauline ; I thank heaven for letting me die as I have lived—for you ! always, ever for you. (*expires in the arms of ANDRE*—**PAULINE**, who has remained kneeling, faints and falls upon the body.) *Solemn music and tableau*

Curtain.