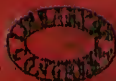


PR  
4918  
.A1  
1904









AI  
1004

# Richelieu



Adapted for performance  
by Male Characters by  
C. J. BIRBECK

Drama in Five Acts

by

Sir E. Lytton Bulwer

EPH F. WAGNER, NEW YORK

# CLASSICAL DRAMAS

## Arranged for Performance

### By Male Characters Only

and supplied with minute stage directions, diagrams, costume property plots, etc.

By **Prof. C. J. BIRBECK**

Teacher of Elocution at ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S COLLEGE, New York;  
ALL COLLEGE, South Orange, etc.; Director of Dramatic Production  
by ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S and other prominent institutions

---

OF THIS SERIES HAVE BEEN ISSUED

- No. I. **RICHARD III**, adapted from the original of Shakes  
No. II. **RICHELIEU**, adapted from the original of Lytton B  
No. III. **THE BELLS**, adapted from Sir Henry Irving's v

Price EACH 50 Cents

The series will be continued

---

For high class productions in Male Colleges, Young Clubs, etc., no better or more successful material could be than these **CLASSICAL PLAYS**, arranged by such an expert stage craft as Prof. Birbeck. His explicit directions for managing these dramas will insure and facilitate a worthy, and successful performance of the same. Prof. Birbeck's series be cordially welcomed by all those in need of really good material for male performers, material which has so far been extremely scarce.

---

JOSEPH F. WAGNER, 9 BARCLAY STREET, NEW

# RICHELIEU

OR

## THE CONSPIRACY

DRAMA

IN FIVE ACTS

BY

SIR E. LYTTON BULWER

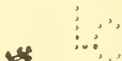
ADAPTED

For performance by Male Characters and supplied with  
minute directions for stage management

BY

C. J. BIRBECK

Professor of Elocution and English Literature



NEW YORK

JOSEPH F. WAGNER

PR 4918  
.A1  
1904

LIBRARY of CONGRESS  
Two Copies Received  
DEC 22 1904  
Copyright Entry  
*Dec. 22, 1904*  
CLASS *10* X.C. No:  
*5954*  
COPY B. 7

Copyright, 1904, by JOSEPH F. WAGNER, New York

12-30767





# RICHELIEU.

## A WORD TO THE READER.

This play has been arranged for those who wish to give a performance without the aid of female characters.

It is impracticable, as can be readily understood, that the feminine rôles of the original could be personated in colleges and institutions of learning devoted to the education of young men.

As the study of classical plays is of much value to the student and as the spirit of the author, likewise his literary excellencies are more deeply imprinted on the mind by exact memorization and further by the delineation of the various characters, we feel there is some apology for the several liberties we have taken with text of our great author in our adaptation.

We have been quite careful to adhere as closely to the plot and lines of the author as was consistent with the changes necessary to be made.

Some omissions and a few interpolations on account of the transposition of characters have been made, in order that the work may harmonize.

The various entrances and exits have been given. The relative position of the characters as well as the grouping of crowds and placing of soldiers and others are to be found in the diagrams numerously interspersed through the book. The stage settings, properties, costumes and abbreviated stage directions are adequately explained.

All lines or words, which might be judged *offensive*, have been *omitted*.

The most fastidious and the youngest pupil can use the book with entire confidence.

C. J. BIRBECK.

## EXTRACT FROM THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

The administration of Cardinal Richelieu, whom history justly considers the true architect of the French monarchy, and the great parent of French civilization, is characterized by features alike tragic and comic. A weak king—an ambitious favorite; a despicable conspiracy against the minister, nearly always associated with a dangerous treason against the State—these, with little variety of names and dates, constitute the eventful cycle through which, with a dazzling ease, and an arrogant confidence, the great luminary fulfilled its destinies.

It has been fairly remarked, by the most impartial historians, that he was no less generous to merit than severe to crime—that, in the various departments of the State, the Army, and the Church, he selected and distinguished the ablest aspirants—that the wars which he conducted were, for the most part, essential to the preservation of France, and Europe itself, from the formidable encroachments of the Austrian House—that, in spite of those wars, the people were not oppressed with exorbitant imposts—and that he left the kingdom he had governed in a more flourishing and vigorous state than at any former period of the French history, or at the decease of Louis XIV.

The cabals formed against this great statesman were not carried on by the patriotism of public virtue, or the emulation of equal talent: they were but court struggles, in which the most worthless agents had recourse to the most desperate means. In each, as I have before observed, we see combined the twofold attempt to murder the minister and to betray the country. Such, then, are the agents, and such the designs with which truth, in the Drama as in History, requires us to contrast the celebrated Cardinal;—not disguising his foibles or his vices, but not unjust to the grander qualities (especially the love of country), by which they were often dignified, and, at times, redeemed.

## COSTUMES.

(Best authorities on the subject have been consulted.)

LOUIS. Handsome black doublet, trunks and cloak—lace collar—lace at knee. Black silk stockings—shoes with rosettes. Black hat with plumes. The cross of St. Louis is on the front part of the cloak—Sword belt and rapier—Hair long—moustache.

ORLEANS. Dark red doublet, trunks and cloak. Lace collar—Silk tights—Hat with plumes. Buff leather boots to be worn in Act I. An order hanging from neck—sword. Long brown wig—moustache.

CLERMONT

DE BERINGHEN

DE LORME

COURTIERS

} Styles similar to those above, but differing in color—swords.

BARADAS. Handsome green satin suit, with white and gold trimmings—Order of St. Louis on cloak—Buff boots in Act I. Sword. Dark wig and makeup.

RICHELIEU. *1st dress.* Black cassock, red buttons down the front, red skull cap, deep white collar, white cuffs over the sleeves, red stockings and shoes, red sash. Pectoral cross and ring.

*2nd dress.* Long dark colored fur-trimmed dressing gown worn over 1st dress.

*3rd dress.* Scarlet cassock—white lace rochet—very long scarlet cappa magna trimmed with ermine—scarlet barretta. Long wavy gray wig—moustache and imperial.

JOSEPH. A monk's brown habit; white rope girdle—flesh-colored stockings, sandals. Bald gray wig, hair short—smooth face.

ROLAND. A dress similar to that of Orleans, but very light and brilliant in color. Blond wig—hair long and wavy.

DE MAUPRAT. *1st dress.* Plain dark velvet doublet, trunks and cloak, lace ruffles and collar, buff boots, hat and plumes—belt and sword.

*2nd dress.* Rich blue brocade suit, white and gold trimmings—lace—silk stockings, shoes with rosettes.

*3rd dress.* Complete suit of steel armor.

*4th dress.* Use the second dress. Long reddish brown wig—moustache.

FRANÇOIS. *1st dress.* Black cassock, white collar, black stockings—shoes.

*2nd dress.* Buff-colored jerkin and breeches, steel back and breast plates—hat, cross belt, sword, boots—Wig, long and wavy.

HUGUET. Buff-colored jerkin, slashed breeches, buff boots, gauntlets, a gorget, a hat with red plumes; a bandoleer thrown over the right shoulder. Long black wig—moustache.

CAPT. OF ARCHERS. Green jerkin and breeches; waist belt, buff gloves, and boots; hat and feather.

SECRETARIES OF STATE. Black velvet doublets, cloaks, and breeches; lace collars and cuffs; shoes and roses.

GUARDS. Doublets with loose sleeves; breeches, stockings, and high shoes with rosettes; the letter "L" and a crown embroidered on the breast; hat and feathers.

GUARDS OF THE CARDINAL slightly different.

PAGES. Scarlet and purple doublets, cloaks, and breeches, slightly trimmed with gold; shoes and rosettes.

CONSPIRATORS. Complete suits of armor of the time.

## CHARACTERS OF THE PLAY.

LOUIS XIII, King of France.

GASTON, DUKE OF ORLEANS, Brother to the King.

COUNT DE BARADAS, the King's Favorite.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU, Minister of France.

THE CHEVALIER DE MAUPRAT.

ROLAND DE MORTEMAR, Ward to RICHELIEU.

THE SIEUR DE BERINGHEN, one of the conspirators.

CLERMONT (a courtier).

JOSEPH, a Capuchin Monk. (RICHELIEU's confidant.)

FRANÇOIS, a page to RICHELIEU.

HUGUET—(An officer in RICHELIEU's household—a spy.)

DE LORME—a spy.

FIRST, SECOND AND THIRD SECRETARIES OF STATE.

CAPTAIN OF THE ARCHERS.

COURTIERS, PAGES, CONSPIRATOR, SOLDIERS.

*Time of Representation.*—*Two Hours and a Half.*

TIME—1642.

PLACE—Paris and vicinity.

## PROPERTIES.

### *ACT I.*

SCENE I.—Carpet down. Two small gilded tables, six chairs; wine, goblets, dice, diceboxes, metal money. Swords for characters, guns for soldiers; parchment for Baradas.

SCENE II.—Two tables, R and L, antique high-back chairs, footstool, screen, panoply, a long and short sword, documents, bell on table, ink, paper, quills, busts, statues, banners, large clock, fire in fireplace, gun for Huguet, books, desk.

### *ACT II.*

SCENE I.—Documents and parchment scroll for Baradas—napkin for De Beringhen.

SCENE II.—Same as Act I, Scene II—purse and money on table L.

### *ACT III.*

Antique furniture—lamp and candelabrum on tables. Money for François—Portieres on center opening—completely arranged bed behind center opening.

### *ACT IV.*

Guns for the soldiers—documents.

### *ACT V.*

Watch for Baradas—documents and portfolios for the three secretaries. Throne chair on platform R. Large sofa with cushions L. Parchment and sealed packet.

## DIAGRAM OF STAGE POSITIONS.

(ACTOR IS FACING THE AUDIENCE.)

R. 5 E.— <i>Right 5th entrance.</i>		L. 5 E.	
R. 4 E.		L. 4 E.	
R. 3 E.		L. 3 E.	
R. 2 E.		L. 2 E.	
R. 1 E.— <i>Right 1st entrance.</i>	<i>Left 1st entrance.</i> —	L. 1 E.	

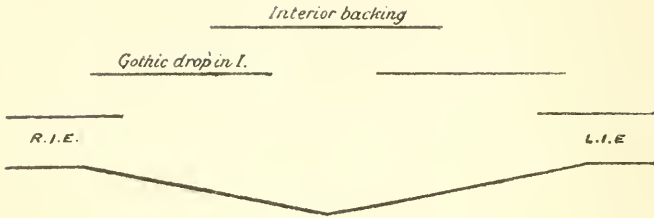
(Front of stage.)

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>L. 3 D.—<i>Door at left, third entrance.</i></p> <p>R. 2 D.—<i>Door at right, second entrance, etc.</i></p> <p>D. R. F.—<i>Door in right flat.</i></p> <p>D. L. F.—<i>Door in left flat, etc.</i></p> <p>C. —<i>Center of the stage.</i></p> | <p>R. C. —<i>To the right of center.</i></p> <p>L. C. —<i>To the left of center.</i></p> <p>X. —<i>To cross the stage.</i></p> <p>X's. R.—<i>To cross to the right of stage.</i></p> <p>X's. L.—<i>To cross to the left of stage.</i></p> |
|---|---|

SCENERY.

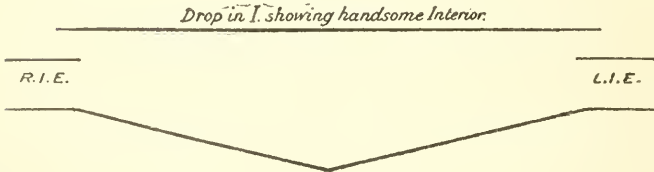
ACT I.

SCENE I.  
SCENE II.



ACT II.

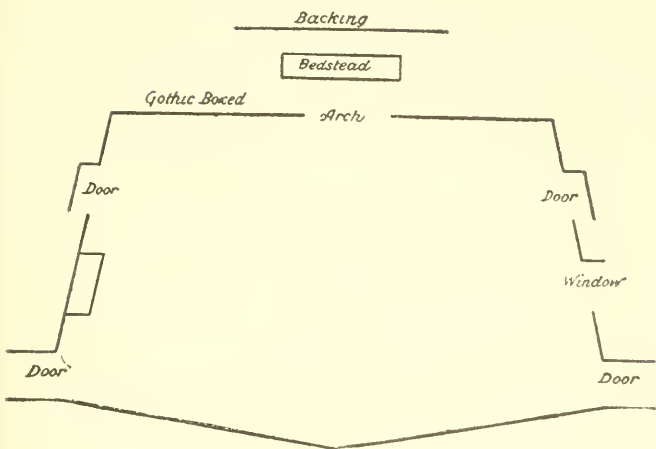
SCENE I.



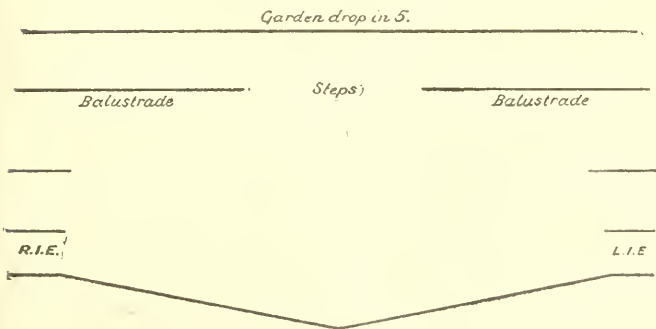
SCENE II.  
Same set as Act I, Scene II.



ACT III.

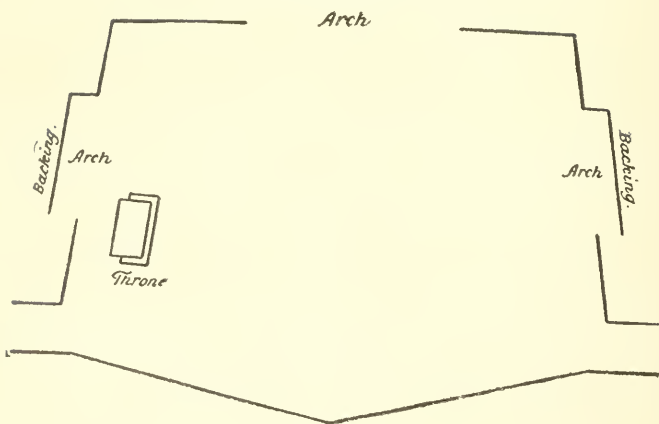


ACT IV.



ACT V.

*Interior backing.*



# RICHELIEU;

OR,

## THE CONSPIRACY.

ACT I.

FIRST DAY.

SCENE I.—*A room in the house of De Lorme. Handsome interior gothic drop in I; i. e., a front scene. Two small, round gilt tables R. and L. Four gilt chairs. Wine, glasses, dice boxes and dice, also coins on each table. Lights up. Portieres on center arch—Carpet.*

*Interior Backing*

*Arch*

R. & E.

h I h  
Chair Table Chair

h I h  
Chair Table Chair

L. & E.

*Duke of Orleans seated R. of R. table. Baradas L. of R. table. De Lorme behind R. table. De Mauprat seated R. of L. table. De Beringhen R. of L. table—Clermont behind L. table. Courtiers looking at game at each table. Characters are drinking and throwing dice at rise of curtain. Orchestra plays "Amaryllis" at rise.*

ORLEANS. (*drinking—laughter of COURTIERS subdued.*)

Here's to our enterprise!—

BARAD. Hush, sir!

ORLEANS. (*aside, having looked round as unconscious of cause of alarm*) Nay, count,

No house so safe as De Lorme's.

BARAD. Still, we have a secret,

ORLEANS. Well, De Lorme, see

How the play prospers yonder.

(*De L. goes to the next table L., looks on for a few moments then exit behind arch C.*)

BARAD. (*producing a parchment*) I have now

All the conditions drawn; it only needs

Our signatures: upon receipt of this

Bouillon will join his army with the Spaniard,

March on to Paris,—there, dethrone the king;

You will be regent; I, and ye, my lords,

Form the new council. So much for the core

Of our great scheme.

ORLEANS. (*rises and comes down disturbed, all at table follow him*) But Richelieu is an Argus;

One of his hundred eyes will light upon us,

And then—good-bye to life.

BARAD. To gain the prize

We must destroy the Argus:—ay, my lords,

The scroll the core, but Richelieu's blood the veins

Of our design;—while this despatched to Bouillon,

Richelieu despatched to Heaven!—The last *my* charge

Meet here to-morrow night. *You*, sir, as first

In honor and in hope, meanwhile select

Some trusty knave to bear the scroll to Bouillon;

'Midst Richelieu's foes *I'll* find some desperate hand

To strike for vengeance, while we stride to power.

ORLEANS. So be it;—to-morrow, midnight. Come, my lords.

(*ORLEANS crosses to right corner opposite entrance and previous to his exit R. I., with his followers, he receives the salutations of the gentlemen at the table L, who rise, step forward, doff their hats and bow profoundly. After ORLEANS' exit, the others resume their seats and play.*)

DE BERIN. Double the stakes.

DE MAU. Done.

DE BERIN. Bravo; faith, it shames me

To bleed a purse at the last gasp already.

DE MAU. Nay, as you've had the patient to yourself

So long, no other doctor should despatch it.

(*DE MAUPRAT throws and loses*)

CLERM }  
*and* } Lost! Ha, ha,—poor De Mauprat!  
 OMNES. }

DE BERIN. One throw more?

DE MAU. No, I am bankrupt (*pushing gold*) There goes  
 all—except

My honor and my sword (*they rise, MAUPRAT comes c.*)

Bar.                      De Mau.                      De Ber.                      Cler.                      Gent.

○                              ○                              ○                              ○                              ○

CLERM. Ay, take the sword

To Cardinal Richelieu—he gives gold for steel:  
 When worn by brave men.

DE MAU. Richelieu! (*x's to R. corner*)

DE BERIN. (*to BARADAS*) At that name  
 He changes color, bites his nether lip.

Ev'n in his brightest moments whisper "Richelieu,"  
 And you cloud all his sunshine.

BARAD. I have mark'd it,  
 And I will learn the wherefore.

DE MAU. (*going to table, R.*) The Egyptian  
 Dissolved her richest jewel in a draught;  
 Would I could so melt Time and all its treasures,  
 And drain it thus (*drinking*)

DE BERIN. (*taking his cloak and hat*) Come, gentlemen,  
 what say ye,

A walk on the Parade?

CLERM. (*L. c.*) Ay; come, De Mauprat.

DE MAU. Pardon me; we shall meet again ere night-fall.

DE BERIN. }  
*and* } Come, Baradas.

OMNES.

BARAD. I'll stay and comfort Mauprat.

DE BERIN. Comfort!—when  
 We gallant fellows have run out a friend  
 Here's nothing left—except to run him through!  
 Here's the last act of friendship.

DE MAU. Let me keep  
 That favor in reserve; in all beside  
 Your most obedient servant.

(*Bowing low with head uncovered together with gentlemen  
 who exeunt L. I.*)

BARAD. (L.) You have lost—  
 Yet are not sad.

DE MAU. (R.) Sad!—Life and gold have wings  
 And must fly one day;—open, then, their cages  
 And wish them merry.

BARAD. You're a strange enigma:—  
 Fiery in war,—and yet to glory lukewarm;—  
 All mirth in action—in repose all gloom—  
 Confide in me, we have known each other long.  
 Fortune of late has serv'd us, and led  
 Me to the rank of Courtier, Count, and Favorite—  
 You to the titles of the wildest gallant  
 And bravest knight in France;—are you content?  
 No;—trust in me—some gloomy secret—

DE MAU. (*throws himself into chair R.*) Ay:—  
 A secret that doth haunt me, as, of old,  
 Men were possess'd of fiends! (*rises*) Where'er I turn,  
 The grave yawns dark before me! (*x's L.*) I *will* trust you;—  
 Hating the Cardinal, and beguiled by Orleans,  
 You know I join'd the Languedoc revolt—  
 Was captured,—sent to the Bastille—

BARAD. But shared  
 The general pardon which the Duke of Orleans  
 Won for himself and all in the revolt,  
 Who but obey'd his orders.

DE MAU. Note the phrase,  
 "Obey'd his orders!" Well, when on my way  
 To join the duke in Languedoc, I (then  
 The down upon my lip—less man than boy)  
 Leading young valors—reckless as myself,  
 Seized on the town of Faviaux, and displaced

The royal banners for the rebel. Orleans,  
 (Never too daring,) when I reach'd the camp,  
 Blamed me for acting,—mark,—*without his orders*:  
 Upon this quibble Richelieu razed my name  
 Out of the general pardon.

BARAD. Yet released you  
 From the Bastille—

DE MAU. To call me to his presence,  
 And thus address me:—"You have seized a town  
 Of France without the orders of your leader,  
 And for this treason, but one sentence—DEATH."

BARAD. Death!

DE MAU. "I have pity on your youth and birth,  
 Nor wish to glut the headsman;—join your troop,  
 Now on the march against the Spaniards;—change  
 The traitor's scaffold for the soldier's grave:—  
 Your memory's stainless—they who shared your crime  
 Exil'd or dead,—your king shall never learn it."

BARAD. O tender pity!  
 Well?

DE MAU. You have heard if I fought bravely.  
 When the Cardinal  
 Review'd the troops—his eyes met mine;—he frown'd,  
 Summon'd me forth—"How's this?" quoth he; "you have shunn'd  
 The sword—beware the axe!—'twill fall one day!"  
 He left me thus—we were recall'd to Paris,  
 And—you know all!

BARAD. And, knowing this, why halt you,  
 Spell'd by the rattle-snake—while in the breasts  
 Of your firm friends beat hearts, that vow the death  
 Of your grim tyrant?—Wake!—Be one of us,  
 The time invites—the king detests the Cardinal,  
 Dares not disgrace,—but groans to be deliver'd  
 Of that too great a subject—join your friends,  
 Free France, and save yourself.

DE MAU. Hush! Richelieu bears  
 A charmed life:—to all, who have braved his power,  
 One common end—the block.  
 Better the victim, count,  
 Than the assassin—France requires a Richelieu

But does not need a Mauprat. Truce to this;—  
All time one midnight, where my thoughts are spectres.  
What to me fame?—What love?—(x's R.)

BARAD. Yet dost thou love *not*?

(*Advances near DE MAU. and speaks in his ear.*)

DE MAU. Love?—I am young—

BARAD. And Julie fair. Ha! (*aside*) It is so.

Upon the margin of the grave—his hand  
Would pluck the rose that *I* would win and wear!

DE MAU. Since you have one secret keep the other.

Never unbury either!—Come, while yet we may

We'll bask us in the noon of rosy life:—

Lounge through the gardens,—flaunt it in the taverns,—

Laugh—game—drink—feast:—If so confined my days,

Faith, I'll enclose the nights.—Pshaw! not so grave;

I'm a true Frenchman!—Vive la bagatelle!

(*Crosses back to center and hold picture. Enter Huguet and three arquebusiers from L. 1.*)

---

*De Mau.*

○

*Hug.*

○

*Sol.*

○

*Sol.*

○

*Sol.*

○

*Bar.*

○

---

HUGUET. Messire De Mauprat—I arrest you!—Follow  
To the Lord Cardinal.

DE MAU. You see, my friend,

I'm out of my suspense.—The tiger's play'd

Long enough with his prey. (*MAUPRAT gives his sword*)

Farewell!—Hereafter

Say, when men name me, "Adrien de Mauprat

Lived without hope, and perished without fear!"

(*Exeunt DE MAUPRAT, HUGUET, &c., through L. 1.*)

(*BARADAS crosses and looks off L. after them.*)

BARAD. Farewell!—I trust for ever! I design'd thee

For Richelieu's murderer—but, as well his martyr!

In childhood you the stronger, and—I cursed you;



In youth the fairer—and I cursed you still;  
 And you would rival me with Julie!—Loved  
 So wildly, that my love has grown the bone  
 And nerve of my ambition!

(crosses to R. I. entrance.)

By the king's  
 Aid I will marry Julie, in despite  
 Of my Lord Cardinal.—By the king's aid  
 I will be minister of France—in spite  
 Of my Lord Cardinal;—and then—what then?  
 The king loves Julie—feeble prince—false master—

(producing and gazing on the parchment.

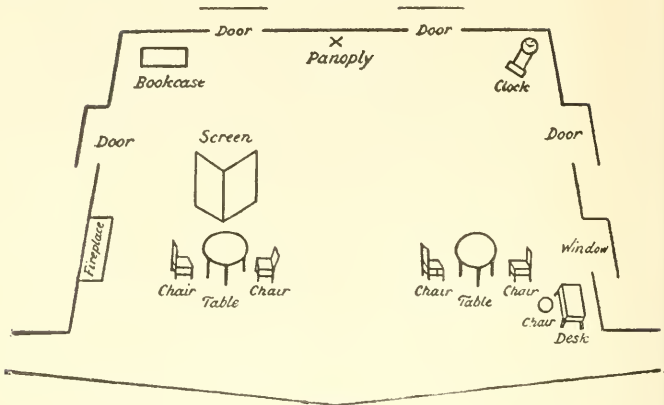
Then, by the aid of Bouillon and the Spaniard,  
 I will dethrone the king, and all—ha!—ha!—  
 All, in despite of my Lord Cardinal.

Exit R. I.

(Lights out. Dark change—clear the  
 stage \*Plaintive music for change.)

## SCENE II.

SCENE II.—A handsome room in the Cardinal's palace, boxed back of 1st entrance. Doors in flat R. & L. Door opening into R. 4th entrance, also door opening into L. 4. Large window to floor, practicable, opening on L. 2. Large fireplace with fire, fender, etc., at R. 2. Pictures and busts arranged artistically around the room—Crossed swords and guns hanging on flats. Two covered tables R. & L. containing bell, books, manuscript, ink and quills. Six antique high-backed chairs, two at each table, the others up stage. Large clock standing up in left corner.—Bookcase in right corner. A panoply, a small sword and a large two-handed sword arranged up center near flat. Several banners. A velvet footstool. Rugs or skins on floor. High folding screen back of table R. Antique lamp and candelabrum on tables. Desk and chair down left as in diagram.



*Enter Richelieu leaning upon Joseph L. door in flat. They slowly come down center. Joseph remains standing L. center, Richelieu seats himself in chair L. of R. table. The music which began at the change of scene stops when the Cardinal is seated.*

RICHE. And so you think this new conspiracy  
The craftiest trap yet laid for the old fox?—  
Fox!—Well, I like the nickname! What did Plutarch  
Say of the Greek Lysander?

JOSEPH. I forget.

RICHE. That where the lion's skin fell short, he eked it  
Out with the fox's. A great statesman, Joseph,  
That same Lysander.

JOSEPH. Orleans heads the traitors.

RICHE. A very wooden head, then! Well?

JOSEPH. The favorite,  
Count Baradas—

RICHE. A weed of hasty growth;  
First gentleman of the chamber—titles, lands,  
And the king's ear!—It cost me six long winters  
To mount as high, as in six little moons  
This painted lizard—But I hold the ladder,  
'And when I shake—he falls! What more?

JOSEPH. A scheme

To make your orphan-ward an instrument  
To aid your foes. Your ward has charm'd the king.

RICHE. Out on you!

Have I not, one by one, from such fair shoots  
Pluck'd the insidious ivy of his love?  
And shall it creep around my blossoming tree  
Where innocent thoughts, like happy birds, make music  
That spirits in Heaven might hear? The king must have  
No mistress but the State:—the State—that's Richelieu!

JOSEPH. This is not the worst;—Louis, in all decorous,  
And deeming you her least compliant guardian,  
Would veil his suit by marriage with his minion  
Your prosperous foe, Count Baradas.

RICHE. Ha! ha!

I have another bride for Baradas!

JOSEPH. You, my lord?

RICHE. Ay—more faithful than the love  
Of fickle woman:—when the head lies lowliest,  
Clasping him fondest;—sorrow never knew  
So sure a soother.

(*Enter FRANÇOIS, L.*)

FRANÇ. Roland de Mortemar.

RICHE. Most opportune—admit him.

(*Exit FRANÇOIS, L. U. E.*)

In my closet

You'll find a rosary, Joseph; ere you tell  
Three hundred beads, I'll summon you. Stay, Joseph,  
I did omit an Ave in my matins—  
A grievous fault;—atone it for me, Joseph:  
There is a scourge within; I am weak, you strong,  
It were but charity to take my sin  
On such broad shoulders.

JOSEPH. (*going up R. c.*) I! guilty of such criminal pre-  
sumption

As to mistake myself for you.—No, never!

Think it not.—(*aside*) Troth, a pleasant invitation!

(*Exit JOSEPH at door R. U. E.*)

(*Enter ROLAND DE MORTEMAR L. U. E.*)

RICHE. That's my young Roland!

ROL. (*kneeling at his feet*) Cardinal, are you gracious,  
May I say "Father?"

RICHE. Now and ever!

ROL. (*sits on footstool R. of CARDINAL*) Father!  
A sweet word to an orphan.

RICHE. No; not an orphan  
While Richelieu lives; thy father loved me well;  
My friend, ere I had flatterers (now, I am great,  
In other phrase, I'm friendless)—he died young  
In years, not service, and bequeath'd thee to me;  
Drooping?—sighs?—  
Art thou not happy at the court?

ROL. Not often.

RICHE. Thou art admired—art young;  
Does not his majesty commend thy talents—  
Ask thee to sing to him?

ROL. He's very tiresome,  
Our worthy king.

RICHE. Fie; kings are never tiresome,  
Save to their ministers. What courtly gallants  
Honor thee the most? Cinq Mars, De Sourdiac, or  
The favorite Baradas?

ROL. A smileless man  
I fear and shun him.

RICHE. Yet he seeks thee for thy sister.

ROL. Then  
He is more tiresome than his majesty.

RICHE. Right, boy, shun Baradas.

(*Enter HUGUET L. U. E.*)

HUGUET. The Chevalier  
De Mauprat waits below.

ROL. (*starting up*) De Mauprat!

RICHE. Hem!

He has been tiresome, too.—Anon.

(*Exit HUGUET, L. U. E.*)

ROL. (L.) Know you Messire de Mauprat?

RICHE. Well!—and you—  
Has he address'd you often?

ROL. Often! No,—

The Court sees him rarely.

RICHE. A bold and forward royster?

ROL. *He?*—nay, modest,

Gentle, and sad methinks.

RICHE. Wears gold and azure?

ROL. No; sable.

RICHE. So you note his colors, Roland?

Shame on you, child, look loftier. By the mass

I have business with this modest gentleman.

ROL. You're angry with poor Roland. There's no cause.

RICHE. No cause—you hate my foes?

ROL. I do!

RICHE. Hate Mauprat!

ROL. Not Mauprat. No, not Adrien, father?

RICHE. Adieu! But listen.

Go summon my ward, your sister Julie,

And bid her wait for me in yonder

*Tapestry chamber.* Do not forget

And bid her there at once.

ROL. Come, (*kneels*)

Smile on me—one smile more; there, now I'm happy.

Do not rank De Mauprat with your foes; he is not,

I know he is not, he loves France too well.

RICHE. Not rank De Mauprat with my foes? So be it.

I'll blot him from that list.

ROL. (*kisses his hand.*) That's my own father.

(*Exit ROLAND R. I. E.*)

RICHE. (*rings a small bell on the table*) Huguet!

(*Enter HUGUET, L. U. E.*)

De Mauprat struggled not, nor murmur'd?

HUGUET. No; proud and passive.

RICHE. Bid him enter.—Hold:

Look that he hide no weapon. Humph, despair

Makes victims sometimes victors. When he has enter'd

Glide round unseen;—place thyself yonder (*points to the screen*)

watch him,

If he shows violence—let me see thy carbine;

(*Hand Richelieu the carbine holding it horizontally. Be quick and sure to catch it when he throws it.*)

So, a good weapon;)—if he play the lion,

Why—the dog's death.

HUGUET. I never miss my mark.

(*Exit HUGUET, L. U. E.,*

*and returns immediately preceding De Mauprat. Huguet quietly retires behind screen. De Mauprat proceeds down center—Richelieu arranging his papers.*)

RICHE. Approach, sir.—Can you call to mind the hour,  
Now three years since, when in this room, methinks,  
Your presence honor'd me?

DE MAU. It is, my lord.

One of my most—

RICHE. (*drily*) Delightful recollections.

DE MAU. (*aside*) St. Denis! doth he make a jest of axe  
And headsman?

RICHE. (*sternly*) I did then accord you  
A mercy ill requited—you still live?

DE MAU. To meet death face to face at last.

RICHE. Adrien de Mauprat.

Doom'd to sure death, how hast thou since consumed  
The time allotted thee for serious thought  
And solemn penitence?

DE MAU. (*embarrassed*) The time, my lord?

RICHE. Is not the question plain? I'll answer for thee.  
Thou hast sought nor priest nor shrine; no sackcloth chafed  
Thy delicate flesh. The rosary and the death's head  
Have not, with pious meditation, purged  
Earth from the carnal gaze. What thou hast *not* done  
Brief told; what done, a volume! Wild debauch,  
Turbulent riot:—for the morn the dice-box—  
Noon claim'd the duel—and the night the wassail;  
These, your most holy, pure preparatives  
For death and judgment. Do I wrong you, sir?

(*De Mauprat holds the center of the stage, slightly back of Richelieu.*)

DE MAU. My lord, I was not always thus:—if chang'd  
my nature.

Blame that which chang'd my fate.  
 Were you accursed with that which you inflicted—night and day  
 By bed and board, dogg'd by one ghastly spectre—  
 The while within you youth beat high, and life  
 Grew lovelier from the neighboring frown of death—  
 Were this your fate, perchance,  
 You would have err'd like me!

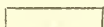
RICHE. I might, like you,  
 Have been a brawler and a reveller;—not,  
 Like you, a trickster and a thief.—

*(De Mauprat advances quickly down and threateningly to left of Richelieu, at the same moment Huguet coming quickly from behind the screen—levels gun at him across the table.—)*

DE MAU. Lord Cardinal!—  
 Unsay those words!

*(Hold the picture for a few seconds.)*

Hug.



Riche.



I

De Mau



*(Richelieu strikes the gun upward gently with his pen. De Mauprat passes to L. center, down stage.)*

RICHE. Not quite so quick, friend Huguet;  
 Messire de Mauprat is a patient man,  
 And he can wait!—

*(HUGUET retires again)*

You have outrun your fortune;—  
 I blame you not, that you would be a beggar—  
 Each to his taste!—But I do charge you, sir,  
 That, being beggar'd, you would coin false monies  
 Out of that crucible, called DEBT.—To live  
 On means not yours—be brave in silks and laces,  
 Gallant in steeds—splendid in banquets;—all  
 Not *yours*—ungiven—unherited—unpaid for;—  
 This is to be a trickster; and to filch

Men's art and laõor, which to them is wealth,  
 Life, daily bread—quitting all scores with—"Friend,  
 You're troublesome!"—Why this, forgive me,  
 Is what, when done with a less dainty grace,  
 Plain folks call "*Theft!*" You owe eight thousand pistoles,  
 Minus one crown, two liards.—

DE MAU. (*aside*) The old conjuror!—

RICHE. This is scandalous,  
 Shaming your birth and blood.—I tell you, sir,  
 That you must pay your debts.—

(*Striking table three times with fingers.*)

DE MAU. With all my heart,  
 My lord.—Where shall I borrow, then, the money?

RICHE. (*aside, and laughing*) A humorous dare-devil!

—The very man

To suit my purpose—ready, frank, and bold! (*earnestly*)

(*Rises and goes R.—stands in front of fireplace, warming hands.*)

Adrien de Mauprat, men have called me cruel;—  
 I am not;—I am *just!*—I found France rent asunder—  
 The rich men despots, and the poor banditti;—  
 Sloth in the mart, and schism within the temple,  
 Brawls festering to rebellion; and weak laws  
 Rotting away with rust in antique sheaths—  
 I have re-created France; and, from the ashes  
 Of the old feudal and decrepit carcass,  
 Civilization on her luminous wings  
 Soars, Phœnix-like, to Jove!—What was my art?  
 Genius, some say—some Fortune—Witchcraft some.  
 Not so;—my art was JUSTICE! Force and Fraud  
 Misname it cruelty—you shall confute them!

(*Walk slowly toward center offering hand to DE MAUPRAT.*)

My champion you! You met me as your foe,  
 Depart my friend. (MAUPRAT *takes his proffered hand*)

You shall not die.—France needs you.

You shall wipe off all stains—be rich, be honor'd,  
 Be great— (DE MAUPRAT *falls on his knee.*)

I ask, sir, in return this hand,

To gift it with a bride (MAUPRAT *rises*) whose dower shall match  
 Yet not exceed, her beauty.



DE MAU. (*hesitating*) I, my lord,  
have no wish to marry—

RICHE. Surely, sir,  
to die were worse?

DE MAU. Scarcely; the poorest coward  
must die,—but knowingly to march to marriage—  
my lord, it asks the courage of a lion!

RICHE. Traitor, thou triflest with me!—I know *all!*  
thou hast dared to love my ward—my charge.

(*RICHE walks up to chair L. of table R.*)

DE MAU. As rivers  
may love the sunlight—basking in the beams,  
and hurrying on!—

RICHE. Thou hast told her of thy love?

DE MAU. My lord, if I had dared to love a maid,  
the lowliest in France, I would not so have wrong'd her  
as bid her link rich life and virgin hope  
with one, the deathman's gripe might, from her side  
pluck at the nuptial altar.

RICHE. (*sits*) I do believe thee;  
yet since she knows not of thy love, renounce her;—  
make life and fortune with another!—Silent?

DE MAU. Your fate has been one triumph.—You know not  
how bless'd a thing it was in my dark hour  
to nurse the one sweet thought you bid me banish.  
Love hath no need of words;—nor less within  
that holiest temple—the heaven-built soul—  
breathes the recorded vow.—Base knight—false lover  
were he, who barter'd all, that soothed in grief  
his sanctified despair, for life and gold.  
I invoke your mercy;—I prefer the fate  
I look'd for!

(*DE MAUPRAT takes four or five steps toward the left corner,  
maintaining a haughty carriage.*)

RICHE. Huguet

(*HUGUET comes down R. of table R. and stands facing front  
firing gun.*)

To the *tapestry chamber*

conduct your prisoner. (*to MAUPRAT*) You will there behold  
the executioner:—your doom be private—

And Heaven have mercy on you.—

DE MAU. (x's R.) When I'm dead,  
Tell her, I loved her.

RICHE. Keep such follies, sir,  
For fitter ears;—Go——

DE MAU. Does he mock me?

(*Exeunt HUGUET and DE MAUPRAT, R. I. E.*)

(*Richelieu at their departure bursts into a laugh—immediately Huguet returns, standing R. of table as if to communicate something—Richelieu quickly and angrily strikes the table and Huguet hastily leaves R. I.*)

RICHE. Joseph,  
Come forth.

(*Enter JOSEPH, R. U. E.—he comes down L. having crossed behind.*)

Methinks your cheek hath lost its rubies;  
I fear you have been too lavish of the flesh:  
The scourge is heavy.

JOSEPH. Pray you, change the subject.

RICHE. You good men are so modest!—Well, to business!  
Go instantly—deeds—notaries!—Bid my stewards  
Arrange my house by the Luxembourg—my house  
No more!—a bridal present to my ward, Roland's sister  
Who weds to-morrow.

JOSEPH. Weds, with whom?

RICHE. De Mauprat.

JOSEPH. Penniless husband!

RICHE. Bah! the mate for beauty  
Should be a man, and not a money chest!  
When her brave sire lay on his bed of death,  
I vow'd to be a father to his Julie;—  
And so he died—the smile upon his lips!—(*rises*)  
Look you, in all the court—who else so well,  
Brave, or suppliant the favorite;—balk the king—  
Baffle their schemes?—I have tried him:—He has honor  
And courage;—qualities that eagle-plume  
Men's souls—and fit them for the fiercest sun,  
That ever melted the weak waxen minds  
That flutter in the beams of gaudy Power!  
Besides, he has taste, this Mauprat:—When my play  
Was acted to dull tiers of lifeless gapers.

who had no soul for poetry, I saw him  
 applaud in the proper places: trust me, Joseph,  
 he is a man of an uncommon promise!

JOSEPH. And yet your foe.

RICHE. Have I not foes enow?—

Great men gain doubly when they make foes friends.  
 Remember my grand maxims:—First employ  
 all methods to conciliate.

JOSEPH. Failing these?

RICHE. (*fiercely*) All means to crush: as with the opening, and  
 the clenching of this little hand, I will  
 push the small venom of these stinging courtiers.

JOSEPH. And when  
 check the conspiracy?

RICHE. Check, check? Full way to it.  
 Let it bud, ripen, flaunt it the day, and burst  
 its fruit,—the Dead Sea's fruit, of ashes; ashes  
 which I will scatter to the winds. (*sits*) Go, Joseph;  
 when you return, I have a feast for you;  
 the great act of my great play.

(*Takes manuscript and quill from table—Appears to scan the  
 verses by touching his finger tips.*)

The verses,

he thinks, are fine,—ah, very fine.\*

JOSEPH. (*aside*) Worse than the scourge! Strange that so  
 great a statesman  
 should be so bad a poet.

RICHE. What dost thou say?

JOSEPH. That it is strange so great a statesman should  
 be so sublime a poet.

(*When speaking the word "Sublime" Joseph bows very low  
 to the Cardinal.*)

RICHE. Ah, you rogue;  
 words die, Books never. Of my ministry  
 I am not vain! but of my muse, I own it.  
 Remember me, you shall hear the verses now.

(*Takes up a MS.*)

JOSEPH. My lord,  
 the deeds, the notaries!

\*(*Plaintive music begins and continues till curtain.*)

RICHE. True, I pity you;  
But business first, then pleasure.

(Exit JOSEPH, R. D. F.)

RICHE. (*seats himself and reading*) Ah, sublime!

(Enter R. I. De Mauprat and Roland hand in hand, Roland being on the outside. They kneel before Richelieu, who is seated.)

DE MAU. Oh, speak my lord—I dare not think you mock me,  
And yet—

ROL. Are we not both your children?

RICHE. Eh!

How now! Oh, sir—you live!

DE MAU. Why, no, methinks,  
Elysium is not life!

ROL. He smiles!—you smile,  
My father! From my heart for ever, now,  
I'll blot the name of orphan.

RICHE. Rise, my children.

(All rise—RICHE. lays down manuscript and takes the center of the stage.)

Riche.  
○

De Mau.  
○

Rol.  
○

DE MAU. I'll seek  
Temple and priest henceforward;—were it but  
To learn Heaven's choicest blessings.

RICHE. Thou shalt seek  
Temple and priest right soon; the morrow's sun  
Shall see across these barren thresholds pass  
The fairest bride in Paris.—Go, my children;

(Takes De Mauprat a few steps down stage and strikes him gently on breast whilst speaking the two following lines.)

How is it with you, sir? You bear it bravely;  
You know, it asks the courage of a lion.

(*Excunt DE MAUPRAT and ROLAND laughing.*)

(*Hold the center on the following speech till curtain—Speak very impressively.*)

Oh! godlike Power! woe, rapture, penury, wealth,—  
Marriage and death, for one infirm old man  
Through a great empire to dispense—withhold—  
As the will whispers! And shall things—like motes  
That live in my daylight—lackies of court wages,  
Dwarf'd starvelings—mannikins, upon whose shoulders  
The burthen of a province were a load  
More heavy than the globe on Atlas—cast  
Lots for my robes and sceptre? France! I love thee!  
All earth shall never pluck thee from my heart!  
My mistress France—my wedded wife,—sweet France,  
Who shall proclaim divorce for thee and me!

END OF ACT FIRST.

## ACT II.

## SECOND DAY.

*\* Music at rise. Lights up full.*

SCENE I.—*Interior drop or flat in 1. representing a handsome room in De Mauprat's new home. Doors R. and L. The first entrances only are to be used.*

*(Enter BARADAS, L. 1.)*

BARAD. Mauprat's new home; What tho'  
Thou hast 'scaped the fierce caprice of Richelieu;  
Yet art thou farther from the headsman, fool?  
Thy secret I have whisper'd to the king;—  
Thy marriage makes the king thy foe.—Thou stand'st  
On the abyss—and in the pool below  
I see a ghastly, headless phantom mirror'd;—  
Thy likeness ere the marriage moon hath waned.  
Meanwhile—meanwhile—ha—ha, though thou art wedded  
Thou art not wived.

*(Enter DE MAUPRAT, in wedding costume, R. 1.,—hurriedly crosses to left, then back to R. C.—Speaking during the crosses.)*

DE MAU. Was ever fate like mine?  
So blest, and yet so wretched.

BARAD. Joy, de Mauprat!—  
*(Advancing toward De Mauprat.)*

Why, what a brow, man, for your wedding day!

DE MAU. You know what chanced between  
The Cardinal and myself?

BARAD. This morning brought  
Your letter—faith, a strange account! I laugh'd  
And wept at once for gladness.

DE MAU. We were wed  
At noon; the rite perform'd, came hither—scarce  
Arrived, when—

BARAD. Well?

DE MAU. Wide flew the doors, and lo,  
Messire de Beringhen, and this epistle!

*(Hands document to BARADAS.)*

BARAD. 'Tis the king's hand!—The royal seal!

DE MAU. Read—read!

BARAD. (*reading*) "Whereas Adrien de Mauprat, colonel and chevalier in our armies, being already guilty of high treason, has presumed, without our knowledge or consent, to connect himself by marriage with Julie de Mortemar, a wealthy orphan attached to the person of Her Majesty, we do hereby proclaim and declare the said marriage contrary to law. On penalty of death, Adrien de Mauprat will not communicate with the said Julie de Mortemar by word or letter—Given under our hand and seal at the Louvre.—LOUIS."

BARAD. Amazement!—Did not Richelieu say the king knew not your crime?

DE MAU. He said so.

BARAD. Poor de Mauprat!—

See you the snare, the vengeance worse than death  
Of which you are the victim?

DE MAU. Ha!

BARAD. (*aside*) It works!

DE MAU. Snares! Vengeance! Man,

Be plainer.

BARAD. What so clear?

Richelieu has but two passions——

DE MAU. Richelieu!

BARAD. Yes!

Ambition and revenge, in you both blended.

First for ambition,—Julie is his ward,

Innocent—docile—pliant to his will—

He placed her at the court—foresaw the rest—

The king loves Julie!

DE MAU. Merciful Heaven! The king!

BARAD. Such Cupids lend new plumes to Richelieu's wings:

DE MAU. I see it all! Mock pardon—hurried nuptials—

False bounty—all!—the serpent of that smile!

Oh! it stings home. (*x's to L.*)

BARAD. You yet shall crush his malice;

Our plans are sure:—Orleans is at our head,

We meet *to-night*; join us, and with us triumph.

DE MAU. *To-night?*—Oh, Heaven!

But the king? but Julie?

BARAD. The king, infirm in health, in mind more feeble,  
Is but the plaything of a Minister's will.

Were Richelieu dead—his power were mine; and Louis  
Soon shall forget his passion and your crime.

(MAUPRAT *is going* L. I.)

But whither now?

DE MAU. I know not; I scarce hear thee;  
A little while for thought: anon I'll join thee;  
But now, all air seems tainted, and I loathe  
The face of man.

(*Exit* DE MAUPRAT, L. I.)

BARAD. Go where thou wilt, the hell hounds of revenge  
Pant in thy track and dog thee down.

(*Enter* DE BERINGHEN, R. door, *his mouth full,*  
*a napkin in his hand.*)

DE BERIN. O chevalier  
Your cook's a miracle—what, my host gone?  
Faith, count, my office is a post of danger—  
A fiery fellow, Mauprat!—touch and go—  
Match and saltpetre,—pr—r—r—r—!

BARAD. You  
Will be released ere long. The king resolves  
To call the bride to court this day,  
And even now the royal carriage waits.

DE BERIN. Poor Mauprat!  
Is Louis still so chafed against the fox,  
For snatching yon fair dainty from the lion.

BARAD. So chafed, that Richelieu totters. Yes, the king.  
Is half conspirator against the Cardinal.  
Enough of this. I've found the man we wanted,—  
The man to head the hands that murder Richelieu—  
The man, whose name the synonym for daring.

DE BERIN. He must mean me!  
You mean—

BARAD. Whom can I mean  
But Mauprat?—Mark, to-night we meet at De Lorme's,  
There shall we sign:—thence send this scroll (*showing it*)  
to Bouillon.  
You're in that secret (*affectionately*) one of our new Council.

DE BERIN. Ah! ah! But to admit the Spaniard—  
France's foe—  
Into the heart of France—dethrone the king—



t looks like treason, and I smell the headsman.

BARAD. Too late to falter. Of this despatch Mauprat must nothing learn. He only bites at vengeance, and he would start from treason.—We must post him without the door at De Lorme's—as a sentry  
(*aside*) So, when his head is on the block—his tongue—cannot betray our more august designs!

DE BERIN. I'll meet you, if the king can spare me.

(*aside*) No!

I am too old a goose to play with foxes,  
I'll roost at home. Meanwhile, in the next room there's a delicious pâté, let's discuss it.

BARAD. Pshaw! a man filled with a sublime ambition has no time to discuss your pâtés.

DE BERIN. Pshaw!

And a man fill'd with as sublime a pâté has no time to discuss ambition.—Gad, have the best of it.

(*Enter CLERMONT, R.*)

CLERM. (*to DE BERINGHEN*) Messire, the royal carriage waits below

DE BERIN. (*hesitating*) One moment, just to—

CLERM. Come, sir.

DE BERIN. I shall not

discuss the pâté after all.

*Exeunt CLERMONT and DE BERINGHEN, R. I.,*

*BARADAS holds the center of the stage.)*

BARAD. Now will this fire his fever into madness!

All is made clear: Mauprat *must* murder Richelieu—die for that crime;—I shall console his Julie—

This will reach Bouillon!—from the wrecks of France shall carve out,—who knows,—perchance a throne!

All in despite of my lord Cardinal.—

DE MAUPRAT *hastily enters from L. I., taking position*

*at L. C., whilst BARADAS moves to R. C.)*

DE MAU. Speak! can it be?—Methought, that from the terrace saw the carriage of the king—and Julie!

No,—no,—my frenzy peoples the void air  
With its own phantoms!

BARAD. (R.) Nay, too true. Alas,

Was ever lightning swifter or more blasting  
Than Richelieu's forkèd guile?

DE MAU. I'll to the Louvre——

BARAD. And lose all hope!—The Louvre!—the sure gate  
To the Bastille!

DE MAU. The king——

BARAD. Is but the wax,  
Which Richelieu stamps! Break the malignant *seal*  
And I will rase the print.

DE MAU. Ghastly vengeance!

*(Draw sword from scabbard and holds it up in front of face.)*  
To thee and thine august and solemn sister  
The unrelenting Death, I dedicate  
The blood of Armand Richelieu. When dishonor  
Reaches our hearths law dies, and Murder takes  
The angel shape of justice.

*(Take the R. corner and sheathe sword.)*

BARAD. Bravely said!

At midnight—De Lorme—Nay, I cannot leave thee  
To thoughts that——

DE MAU. Speak not to me!—I am yours!—  
But speak not. There's a voice within my soul  
Whose cry could drown the thunder!—Oh, if men  
Will play dark sorcery with the heart of man,  
Let them, who raise the spell, beware the fiend!

*(Exeunt R. L.)*

*(Dark change—\*music to continue until lights are up on Scene II.)*

## SCENE II.

SCENE II.—*This set is the same used in Act I, Scene II. Richelieu is discovered seated L. of table R.—Joseph standing center down stage—François seated writing at desk down L. Lights well up.*

JOSEPH. Yes,—Huguet taking his accustom'd round,—  
Disguised as some plain craftsman, heard these rufflers  
Quoting your name:—he listen'd.—“Pshaw!” said one,  
“We are to seize the Cardinal in his palace  
To-morrow!”—“How?” the other ask'd.—“You'll hear  
The whole design to-night; the Duke of Orleans

And Baradas have got the map of action  
At their fingers' end."—"So be it," quoth the other,  
'I will be there, at midnight, de Lorme's."

RICHE. I have them, man, I have them!

JOSEPH. So they say

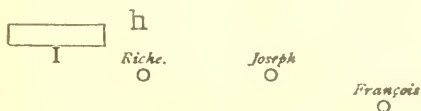
Of you, my lord:—believe me, that their plans  
Are mightier than you deem. You must employ  
Means no less vast to meet them.

RICHE. Bah! in policy

We foil gigantic danger, not by giants,  
But dwarfs.—The statues of our stately fortune  
Are sculptured by the chisel—not the axe!—

(RICHE. rises and comes forward about two steps—

FRANÇOIS takes L. corner.)



ah! were I younger—by the knightly heart  
That beats beneath these priestly robes, I would  
Have pastime with these cut-throats!—Yea,—as when,  
Lured to the ambush of the expecting foe,—  
I clove my pathway through the plumed sea!  
Teach me yon falchion, François,—

(FRANÇOIS goes up to panoply and fetches a rapier.)

Not that bauble

For carpet-warriors,—yonder—such a blade  
As old Charles Martel might have wielded when  
He drove the Saracen from France.

(FRANÇOIS drags down the large two-handed sword which

RICHE. takes from him with both hands.)

Riche.  
○

François  
○

Joseph  
○

Ah, boy, with this  
I, at Rochelle, did hand to hand engage  
The stalwart Englisher,—no mongrels, boy,  
Those island mastiffs—mark the notch—a deep one,  
His casque made here,—I shored him to the waist!

*(tries to wield, and lets the blade fall.)*

*He sinks back into chair entirely exhausted—coughs violently for some seconds—JOSEPH and FRANÇOIS bend forward toward him, being very solicitous about his condition. RICHE. speaks the following two lines quite feebly.)*

A toy—a feather—then!

You see a child could slay Richelieu now.

*(FRANÇOIS picks up the sword.)*

FRANÇ. *(his hand on his hilt)* But now, at your command  
Are other weapons, my good lord.

RICHE. *(as if about to write, lifts the pen)* True, THIS  
Beneath the rule of men entirely great

THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD. Behold

The arch-enchanter's wand!—itself a nothing,—

But taking sorcery from the master-hand

To paralyse the Cæsars—and to strike

The loud earth breathless!—Take away the sword,

States can be saved without it! *(FRANÇOIS puts back the sword)*

*R. 2 E., and returns to his place. Looking on the clock)*

FRANÇ. 'Tis the hour!

RICHE. Retire, sir.

*(Exit FRANÇOIS, L. I. door.)*

*(Three distinct knocks are heard off L. 3, RICHELIEU repeats them. Enter DE LORME L. 3, crosses down to R. C. RICHELIEU rises and goes to center.)*

JOSEPH. *(amazed)* De Lorme!

RICHE. Hist!—Joseph,

Keep guard.

(JOSEPH *retires* L. I E.)

My faithful De Lorme

DE L. (R. of RICHELIEU) Good, my lord,  
They meet to-night in my poor house. The duke  
Of Orleans heads them.

RICHE. Yes—go on.

DE L. His highness  
Much question'd if I knew some brave, discreet,  
And vigilant man, whose tongue could keep a secret,  
And who had those twin qualities for service,  
The love of gold, the hate of Richelieu.—

RICHE. You?—

DE L. Made answer, "Yes, my brother——"

RICHE. Your brother,

DE L. "Bold and trusty,"

"Whose faith, my faith could pledge."—The duke then bade me  
Have him equipp'd and arm'd, well mounted, ready  
This night to post for Italy.

RICHE. Aha!

Has Bouillon too turn'd traitor?—So, methought!—  
What part of Italy?

DE L. The Piedmont frontier,  
Where Bouillon lies encamp'd.

RICHE. Now there is danger,  
Great danger!—If he tamper with the Spaniard,  
And Louis list not to my counsel, as,  
Without sure proof he will not,—France is lost.  
What more?

DE L. (R.) Dark hints of some design to seize  
Your person in your palace. Nothing clear—  
His highness trembled while he spoke, his words  
Did choke each other!

RICHE. So!—Who is the brother  
You recommended to the duke?

DE L. Whoever  
Your eminence, may father!

RICHE. (*goes to the table and returns with a bag of gold.*)  
There—pshaw—a trifle.  
You will engage to give the duke's despatch

To whom I send?

DE L. Aye, sir!

RICHE. (*aside*) Huguet? No,

He will be wanted elsewhere.—Joseph?—zealous,

But too well known—too much the *elder* brother.

Mauprat!—alas, it is his wedding day!

François?—the man of men!—unnoted—young,

Ambitious! (*goes to the door*) François!

(*Enter FRANÇOIS L. I. E., DE LORME R., RICHELIEU C., FRANÇOIS L.*)

RICHE. Follow this gentleman

(Find him suiting garments, De Lorme), take

My fleetest steed—arm thyself to the teeth;

A packet will be given you—with orders,

No matter what!—The instant that your hand

Closes upon it,—clutch *it*, like your honor,

Which death alone can steal, or ravish,—set

Spurs to your steed—be breathless, till you stand

Again before me.

(*FRANÇOIS turns up stage.*)

Stay, sir!—You will find me

Two short leagues hence, yes, at my castle near

Ruelle.

(*FRANÇOIS kneels.*)

Do you note me,—from the hour

I grasp that packet,—think your guardian star

Rains fortune on you!

FRANÇ. If I fail—

RICHE. Fail—fail?

In the lexicon of youth, which Fate reserves

For a bright manhood, there is no such word

As *fail!* (You will instruct him further.

(*DE LORME crosses to door L. 3.*)

Follow him—but at a distance; speak not to him,

Till you are housed. Farewell, boy! Never say

*Fail* again.

FRANÇ. I will not!

RICHE. (*patting his locks*) There's my young hero.

(*Exeunt FRANÇOIS and DE LORME L. 3.*)

RICHE. Joseph! So they would seize my person in this palace

—Joseph?

[ cannot guess their scheme:—but my retinue  
Is here too large!

(Enter JOSEPH, L. I. E.)

A single traitor could  
Strike impotent the faith of thousands;—Joseph,  
Art sure of Huguet?—Think—we hang'd his father?

(Sits L. of table R.)

JOSEPH. But you have bought the son;—heap'd favors on  
him!

RICHE. Trash!—favors past—that's nothing.—In his hours  
Of confidence with you, has he named the favors  
To come—he counts on?

JOSEPH. Yes:—a colonel's rank,  
And letters of nobility.

(Here HUGUET enters L. as if to address the Cardinal  
who does not perceive him.)

RICHE. Colonel and nobleman!  
My bashful Huguet!—that can never be!—  
We have him not the less—we'll *promise* it!  
And see the king withholds!—Ah, kings are oft  
A great convenience to a minister!  
Yes—we'll count on Huguet.

HUGUET. (*aside*) To thy cost, deceiver.

(Exit HUGUET, L. U. door.)

RICHE. You are right, this treason  
Assumes a fearful aspect;—but once crush'd,  
Its very ashes shall manure the soil  
Of power! and ripen such full sheaves of greatness,  
That all the summer of my fate shall seem  
Fruitless beside the autumn!

(Re-enter HUGUET and goes down center. He stands  
facing RICHELIEU.)

□ Riche.  
○

Hug.  
○

Joseph  
○

HUGUET. My lord Cardinal,  
Your eminence bade me seek you at this hour.

RICHE. Did I?—True, Huguet.—So, you overheard  
Strange talk amongst these gallants? Snares and traps  
For Richelieu?—Well, we'll balk them; let me think,—  
The men-at-arms you head—how many?

HUGUET. Twenty,  
My lord.

RICHE. All trusty?

HUGUET. Yes, for ordinary  
Occasions—if for great ones, I would change  
Three-fourths at least.

RICHE. Ay, what are great occasions?

HUGUET. Great bribes!

RICHE. (*to JOSEPH*) Good lack, he knows some paragons  
Superior to great bribes! Well?

HUGUET. True gentlemen  
Who have transgress'd the laws—and value life  
And lack not gold; your eminence alone  
Can grant them pardon. Ergo, you can trust them.

RICHE. Logic!—So be it—let this honest twenty  
Be arm'd and mounted. So they meet at midnight,  
The attempt on me to-morrow. Ere the dawn be grey  
All could be arm'd, assembled, and at Ruelle  
In my own hall?

HUGUET. By one hour after midnight.

RICHE. The castle's strong.  
They do not strike till morning,  
Yet I will shift the quarter.—Bid the grooms  
Prepare the litter—I will to Ruelle  
While daylight lasts—and one hour after midnight  
You and your twenty saints shall seek me there.  
You're made to rise!—you are, sir;—Eyes of lynx,  
Ears of the stag, a footfall like the snow;  
You are a valiant fellow;—yea, a trusty,  
Religious, exemplary, incorrupt,  
And precious jewel of a fellow, Huguet!  
If I live long eno'—ay, mark my words—  
If I live long eno', you'll be a colonel,—

(HUGUET bows.)



Noble, perhaps!—(*bows very low.*)

One hour, sir, after midnight.

HUGUET. You leave me dumb with gratitude, my lord;  
I'll pick the trustiest (*aside*) De Lorme's house can furnish?

(HUGUET again bows very low and exits L. U. door.)

RICHE. Good! All favors.

If François be but bold, and Huguet honest;

Huguet—I half suspect—he bow'd too low—

'Tis not his way.

JOSEPH. This is the curse, my lord,  
Of your high state;—suspicion of all men.

RICHE. (*sadly*)\* True;—true;—my leeches bribed to  
poisoners;—pages

To strangle me in sleep.—My very king

(This brain the unresting loom, from which was woven

The purple of his greatness) leagued against me.

Old—childless—friendless—broken—all forsake—

All—all—but—

JOSEPH. What?

RICHE. The indomitable heart  
Of Armand Richelieu!

JOSEPH. And Joseph—

RICHE. (*after a pause*) You—

Yes, I believe you—yes—for all men fear you—

And the world loves you not.—And I, friend Joseph,

I am the only man who could, my Joseph,

Make you a Bishop.—Come, we'll go to dinner,

And talk the while of methods to advance

Our Mother Church.—Ah, Joseph,—*Bishop Joseph!*

(JOSEPH kisses the extended hand of the Cardinal. They walk slowly toward the right as curtain descends.—\*Music.)

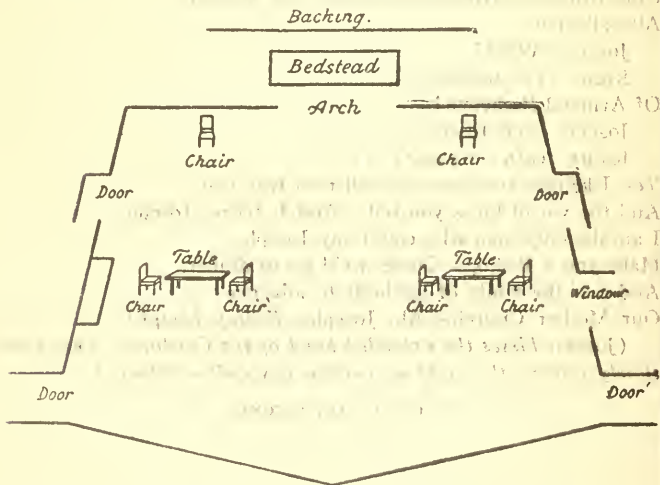
END OF ACT SECOND.

## ACT III.

## SECOND DAY.—MIDNIGHT.

*Richelieu's Castle at Ruelle.*

At rise, lights down—\*Music p. p. Moonlight effect through window L. 2. Gothic room in 4-boxed—large center arch closed by portieres.—Window opening to floor L. 2. Doors—R. 1. and R. 3.—L. 1. and L. 3. High mantelpiece and fireplace R. 2. Carpet down—Rugs—Pictures of the period on the walls.—Branched candlesticks on each table—one or two candles lighted—Ancient lamp, lighted. Books, manuscripts, writing materials and bell on table R. Antique furniture. Behind center arch concealed by portieres is a large bedstead, furnished with bedding, pillows, etc., a bunch light or calcium to be thrown on it from L. U. E. at the end of act.



(RICHELIEU is discovered seated L. of table R. reading a book.)

RICHE. "In silence, and at night, the conscience feels  
That life should soar to nobler ends than power."  
So sayest thou, sage and sober moralist!

Ye safe and formal men,  
 Who write the deeds, and with unfeverish hand  
 Weigh in nice scales the motives of the great,  
 Ye cannot know what ye have never tried!  
 History preserves only the fleshless bones  
 Of what we are, and by the mocking skull  
 The would-be wise pretend to guess the features!  
 Still it were sweet.—

(FRANÇOIS enters hastily and somewhat disguised from L. 3 and goes down center. RICHELIEU immediately rises and flinging book away, confronts him.)

RICHE. Philosophy, thou liest!

Quick—the despatch!—Power—Empire! Boy—the packet!

FRANÇ. Kill me, my lord, (*kneels*)

RICHE. They knew thee—they suspected—

They gave it not—

FRANÇ. He gave it—he—the Count

Baradas—with his own hand he gave it!

RICHE. Baradas! Joy! out with it!

FRANÇ. Listen.

And then dismiss me to the headsman.

RICHE. Ha!

Go on.

FRANÇ. They led me to a chamber—there

Orleans and Baradas—and some half-score,

Whom I know not—were met—

RICHE. Not more!

FRANÇ. But from

The adjoining chamber broke the din of voices,

The clattering tread of armed men;—at times

A shriller cry, that yell'd out, "Death to Richelieu!"

RICHE. Speak not of *me*: thy *country* is in danger!

The adjoining room.—So, so—a separate treason!

The one thy ruin, France!—the meaner crime—

Left to their tools, my murder!—well—

FRANÇ. Baradas.

Questioned me close—demurr'd—until, at last,

Perjur'd by Orleans,—gave the packet—told me

That life and death were in the scroll—this gold—

(*showing it.*)

RICHE. Gold is no proof—

FRANÇ. And Orleans promised thousands,  
When Bouillon's trumpets in the streets of Paris  
Rang out shrill answer;—hastening from the house,  
My footstep in the stirrup, De Lorme stole  
Across the threshold, whispering "Lose no moment,  
Ere Richelieu have the packet: tell him too—  
Murder is in the winds of Night, and Orleans  
Swears, ere the dawn the Cardinal shall be clay."  
He said, and trembling fled within; when, lo!  
A hand of iron gripped me, thro' the dark  
Gleam'd the dim shadow of an armed man;  
Ere I could draw—the prize was wrested from me,  
And a hoarse voice gasp'd—"Spy, I spare thee, for  
This steel is virgin to thy Lord!"—with that  
He vanish'd. Scared and trembling for thy safety,  
I mounted, fled, and, kneeling at thy feet,  
Implore thee to acquit my faith—but not,  
Like him, to spare my life.—

RICHE. Who spake of life?

I bade thee grasp that treasure as thine honor—  
A jewel worth whole hecatombs of lives!  
Begone—redeem thine honor—back to De Lorme—  
Or Baradas (*FRANÇOIS rises*) or Orleans—track the robber—  
Regain the packet—or crawl on to Age—  
Age and grey hairs like mine—and know, thou hast lost  
That, which had made thee great and saved thy country.—  
See me not till thou'st bought the right to seek me.—  
Away!—(*FRANÇOIS is retiring slowly and drooping*—RICHELIEU  
*looks at him, appears to relent and pats him kindly on the  
shoulder and smiles*) Nay, cheer thee—thou hast not fail'd  
yet—

*There's no such word as "fail!"*

(*FRANÇOIS kneels and kisses the Cardinal's hand.*)

FRANÇ. Bless you, my lord,  
For that one smile!

(*Exit quickly, L. 3 E.*)

RICHE. He will win it yet.  
François!—He's gone. My murder!  
This bravo's threat! O for the morrow's dawn!—

I'll set my spies to work—I'll make all space  
 (As does the sun) an universal eye—ha! ha!—  
 Strange, while I laugh'd I shudder'd, and ev'n now  
 Thro' the chill air the beating of my heart  
 Sounds like a death-watch by a sick man's pillow.  
 If Huguet could deceive me—hoofs without—  
 The gates uncloset—steps nearer and nearer!

(Enter ROLAND, L. 3 E.—*He falls at the feet of the Cardinal.*)

ROL. Cardinal!

My father!

RICHE. Roland at this hour! and tears!

What ails thee, boy?

ROL. (Rising—stands L. c.) Listen—at noon DeMauprat,  
 His marriage day—with strange and moody brow  
 And muttering lips, left my sister, their home.  
 Sudden, a mandate from the king, to attend  
 Forthwith his pleasure at the Louvre,  
 Reached me.

RICHE. Ha!

You did obey the summons; and the king  
 Reproved you with your sister's hasty nuptials?

ROL. Were that all!

He frowned and chid; proclaimed the bond unlawful;  
 Bade me not quit my chamber in the palace.  
 Then boldly I denounced his wicked schemes,  
 Proclaimed the sanctity of marriage vows,  
 And prayed that God would take my sister  
 To his care and shield her in her need.  
 Then he left me.

RICHE. To my breast—close—close!

The world would never need a Richelieu, if  
 Men—bearded, mailed men—the Lords of Earth—  
 Resisted flattery, falsehood, avarice, pride,  
 As this poor child with the dove's innocent scorn  
 Vanity and Power!—  
 He left you—well!

ROL. Then came a sharper trial!

At the king's suit the Count de Baradas  
 Sought me to soothe, to fawn, to flatter, he let fall  
 Dark hints of treachery, and stung at last

By my disdain, the dim and glimmering sense  
 Of his cloak'd words broke into bolder light,  
 And THEN—ah, then my haughty spirit fail'd me!  
 Then I was weak—wept—oh! such bitter tears!  
 For (turn thy face aside, and let me whisper  
 The horror to thine ear) then did I learn  
 That he—that Adrien, that my friend—knew  
 The king's degrading suit, and deemed it *honor!*  
 Then glared upon me all the hideous truth,  
 Mystery of looks—words—all unravell'd—and  
 I saw the *impostor*, where I loved the *god!*

RICHE. I think thou wrong'st thy friend.

ROL. Did you say "wrong'd" him? Cardinal, my father,  
 Did you say "wrong'd?" Prove it, and life shall grow  
 One prayer for thy reward and his forgiveness.

RICHE. Let me know all.

ROL. To the despair he caused  
 The courtier left me; but amid the chaos  
 Darted one guiding ray—to 'scape—to fly—  
 Reach Adrien, learn the worst—'twas then near **midnight:**  
 Trembling I left my chamber—sought the queen—  
 Her word sufficed to unlock the palace gates:  
 I hasten'd home—but home was desolate—  
 Fearing the worst, I fled  
 To thee, directed hither. As my wheels  
 Paused at thy gates—the clang of arms behind—  
 The ring of hoofs—

RICHE. 'Twas but my guards.

(So Huguet keeps his word, my omens wrong'd him.)

(*Takes the lamp or taper.*)

Nay, there's no danger now. Thou needest rest.  
 Come, thou shalt lodge beside me. Tush! be cheer'd,  
 All will be well—yes, yet all well.

(*Exeunt R. 3. E.—Foot and border lights are turned still lower*)

(*Enter HUGUET followed by DE MAUPRAT in complete  
 armor—visor down—L. I. E.*)

HUGUET. Not here!

DE MAU. Oh, I will find him, fear not. Hence, and guard  
 The galleries where the menials sleep—plant sentries

At every outlet—Chance should throw no shadow  
between the vengeance and the victim! Go! (x's to R.)

HUGUET. Will you not  
A second arm? (*goes to L. corner.*)

DE MAU. To slay one weak old man?  
Away! No lesser wrongs than mine can make  
This murder lawful.—Hence! (*goes to R. corner front.*)

HUGUET. A short farewell! (*Exit HUGUET, L. I. E.*)  
(*Re-enter RICHELIEU, R. 3, carrying lamp—*  
*Does not see DE MAUPRAT. Lights half up.*)

RICHE. How heavy is the air!  
The very darkness lends itself to fear—(*puts lamp on table L.*)  
To treason—

DE MAU. And to death!—(*advances.*)

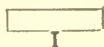
RICHE. (L.) My omens lied not!  
What art thou, wretch?

DE MAU. Thy doomsman!

RICHE. Ho, my guards!

*De Mau.*  
○

*Riche.*  
○



Huguet! Montbrassil! Vermont!

DE MAU. Ay, thy spirits  
Forsake thee, wizard; thy bold men of mail  
Are my *confederates*. Stir not! but one step,  
And know thy next—thy grave. (*seizes RICHELIEU'S arm*)

RICHE. (*shaking him off*) Thou liest, knave!  
I am old—most feeble—but thou liest!  
Armand de Richelieu dies not by the hand  
Of man—the stars have said it.

Call them all,—

Thy brother butchers! Earth has no such fiend—

No! as one parricide of his father-land,  
Who dares in Richelieu murder France!

*(Goes down L. leaving the center to DE MAUPRAT.)*

DE MAU. Thy stars deceive thee, Cardinal;  
Mark! In his hot youth, a soldier, urged to crime  
Against the State, placed in your hands his life;—  
You did not strike the blow—but, o'er his head,  
Upon the gossamer thread of your caprice,  
Hovered the axe.

One day you summoned—mocked him with smooth pardon—  
Showered wealth upon him—bade an angel's face  
Turn earth to paradise—

RICHE. Well!

DE MAU. Was this mercy?  
A Cæsar's generous vengeance?—Cardinal, no!  
Judas, not Cæsar, was the model! You  
Saved him from death for shame;  
Expect no mercy.  
Behold De Mauprat! *(lifts his vizor)*

*(RICHELIEU goes up and takes center.)*

*Riche.*

○

*De Mau.*

○

RICHE. To thy knees, and crawl  
For pardon; or, I tell thee, thou shalt live  
For such remorse, that, did I hate thee, I  
Would bid thee strike, that I might be avenged!—  
It was to save my Julie from the king,  
That in thy valor I forgave thy crime;—  
*(goes toward door R. 3, and calls:)*

Roland! Roland De Mortemar!

*(Enter ROLAND, R. 3, and comes down center.)*



Riche.  
○

Rol.  
○

De Mau.  
○

Lo, my witness!

DE MAU. What marvel's this? I dream. Roland, thou

ROL. Henceforth all bond

Between us twain is broken.

RICHE. So, you hear him.

DE MAU. Thou with some slander hast his sense infected!

ROL. No, sir, he did excuse thee; 'twas thy *friend*,

Thy *confidant*—familiar—*Baradas*—

Himself revealed thy baseness.

DE MAU. Baseness;

RICHE. Ay;

That *thou* didst *court* dishonor.

DE MAU. Baradas!

Where is thy thunder, heaven?—Duped!—snared!—undone!

Thou—thou could'st not believe him!

RICHE. Nay, take his hand

And speak the truth, with which your heart runs over

That this Count Judas—this Incarnate Falsehood—

Never lied more, than when he told thy sister

That Adrien loved her not—except, indeed,

When he told Adrien, Julie could betray him.

Ho, these schemes are glass—

The very sun shines through them.

DE MAU. O, my lord,

Can you forgive? (*kneels*)

RICHE. Ay, and save you!

DE MAU. Save!—

Terrible word!—O, save thyself; (*rises*) these halls

Swarm with thy foes; already for thy blood

Pants thirsty murder!

ROL. Murder!

RICHE. Hush! put by the boy.  
Hush; a shriek—a cry—a breath  
Too loud may stir the avalanche and whelm us all.  
Go to the door, and listen!—(ROLAND *listens at L. I. D.*)  
Now for escape!

DE MAU. None,—none! (x's to L.) Their blades shall pass  
This heart to thine.

RICHE. (*dryly*) An honorable outwork,  
(RICHE. *slaps twice the breastplate of DE MAUPRAT,*  
*touching his own breast.*)

But much too near the citadel  
I think that I can trust you now (*slowly, and gazing on him*)

Yes, I can trust you.  
How many of my troop league with you?

DE MAU. All!—  
We are your troop!

RICHE. And Huguet?—

DE MAU. Is our captain.

RICHE. A retribution Power!—This comes of spies!  
All? then the lion's skin too short to-night,  
Now for the fox's!—

ROL. (*Listening at L. I. E.*)  
A hoarse, gathering murmur!—(\**music*—"Hurry" till curtain.)  
Hurrying and heavy footsteps!—

RICHE. Ha, the posterns?

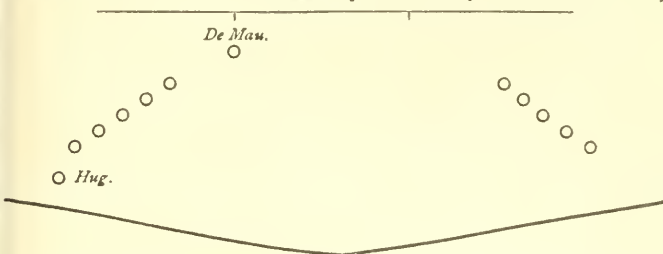
DE MAU. No egress where no sentry!

RICHE. Follow me—  
I have it!—to my chamber—quick! Come, Roland  
Hush! Mauprat, come!

(*Shouts heard off L. I. E., at first distant, then louder:*  
"Death to the Cardinal!")

(*Exeunt quickly, RICHE., ROL., and DE MAU., off R. 3. E.*)  
(*Outside Huguet and conspirators shout simultaneously:—*  
"This way"—"This way"—"Death to the Cardinal.")

(Enter HUGUET and conspirators, L. I. E. very noisily and take positions as below.)



HUGUET. De Mauprat's hand is never slow in battle;—  
Strange, if it falter now! Ha! gone!

1ST CONS. Perchance  
The fox had crept to rest! and to his lair  
Death, the dark hunter, tracks him.

(Enter DE MAUPRAT, R. 3. E.—Pulls aside the portieres, discovering RICHELIEU lying on the bed as in death—Calcium on bed.)

DE MAU. Live the king!  
Richelieu is dead. (coming down c.)

HUGUET. You have been long.  
DE MAU. I watch'd him till he slept.  
Heed me—No trace of blood reveals the deed;—  
Strangled in sleep. His health hath long been broken—  
Found breathless in his bed. So runs our tale,  
Remember! Back to Paris—Orleans gives  
Five thousand crowns, and Baradas a lordship,  
To him who first gluts vengeance with the news  
That Richelieu is in heaven! Quick, that all France  
May share your joy.

ALL. Away! away!  
HUGUET. And you?  
DE MAU. Will stay, to crush  
Eager Suspicion—prepare  
The rites, and place him on his bier—this *my* task.  
I leave to you, sirs, the more grateful lot  
Of wealth and honors. Hence! (the CONSPIRATORS on R. x to L.;  
those L. move towards L. D.)

HUGUET. I shall be noble! (x's L.)

DE MAU. Away!

1ST CONS. Five thousand crowns!

OMNES. To horse!—to horse!

(*Exeunt CONSPIRATORS and HUGUET, L. I. E.—DE MAUPRAT remains center.—Enter quickly RICHELIEU and ROLAND, R. 3. E.—All come down stage. The Cardinal has the hands of both—DE MAUPRAT on his right—ROLAND on his left.*)

De Mau.

Riche.

Rol.

(*Give these last lines with much intensity. Lights up full.*)

RICHE. Bloodhounds, I laugh at ye!—ha! ha!—we will  
Baffle them yet. Ha!—ha!—

(*RICHELIEU continues boisterous laughter till curtain.—\*Music forte at drop of curtain.*)

END OF ACT III.

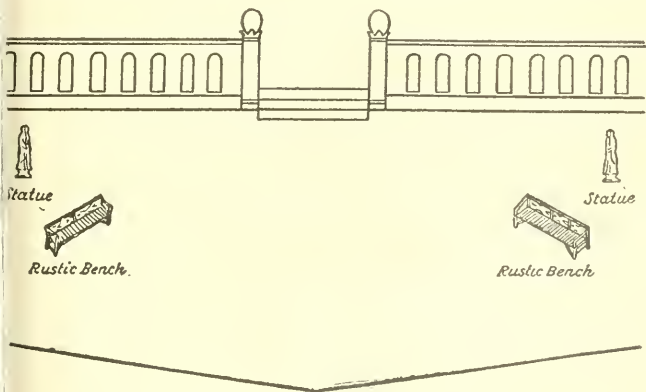
ACT IV.

THIRD DAY.

*Gardens of the Louvre :*

*Lights up full. Use the ground cloth or imitation black and white marble squares. Handsome garden drop in 5. Balustrade across 4, open in center, masking a platform about two feet high—steps at center. Garden wings—borders. Statuary and rustic furniture.*

*\* Play "Amaryllis" at rise of curtain.*



*(Enter ORLEANS L., and BARADAS R. over platform, meeting and mingling down center, followed by several courtiers who remain stage grouped.)*

ORLEANS. How does my brother bear the Cardinal's death?

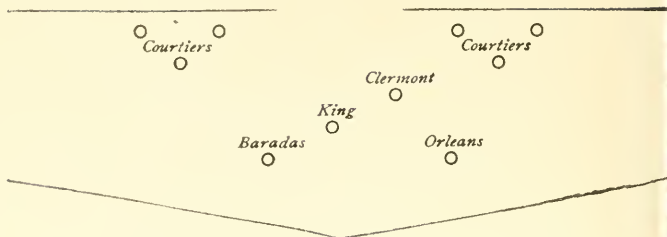
BARAD. With grief, when thinking of the toils of State;

with joy, when thinking on the eyes of Julie:—

at times he sighs, "Who now shall govern France?"

Baron exclaims—"Who now shall baffle Louis?"

*(Enter LOUIS, CLERMONT and COURTIER, R. 3. E.—All bow profoundly to the King, removing their hats.)*



ORLEANS. Now, my liege, now, I can embrace a brother.

LOUIS. Dear Gaston, yes. I do believe you love me;—  
Richelieu denied it—sever'd us too long.

A great man, Gaston! Who shall govern France?

BARAD. Yourself, my liege. That swart and potent star  
Eclipsed your royal orb. He serv'd the country,  
But did he serve, or seek to sway the King?

LOUIS. You're right. Then so disloyal in that marriage.  
He never loved me!

BARAD. Oh, most clear!—But now  
No bar between the lady and your will!  
This writ makes all secure: a week or two  
In the Bastille will sober Mauprat's love,  
And leave him eager to dissolve a Hymen  
That brings him such a home.

LOUIS. See to it, Count

(Exit BARADAS, R. I. E.)

I'll summon Julie back. Messires, a word with you.

(Takes aside first COURTIER and DE BERINGHEN, and passes, con-  
versing with them, through the gardens, L. I. E. ORLEANS and  
COURTIERS in the same direction, L. 2 E.)

(Enter FRANÇOIS, L. 3 E.)

FRANÇ. All search, as yet, in vain for Mauprat! Not  
At home since yesternoon—a soldier told me  
He saw him pass this way with hasty strides;  
Should he meet Baradas—they'd rend it from him—  
And then! Oh no, sweet Fortune smile upon me—  
I am thy son!—if thou desert'st me now. (*looking about L.*)  
Come death and shield me from disgrace.

(Enter DE MAUPRAT, over platform, goes down to R. center—  
He speaks whilst entering.)

DE MAU. Oh, let me—

let me but meet him foot to foot—I'll dig  
the Judas from his heart;—albeit the King  
should o'er him cast the purple!

FRANÇ. (L.) Mauprat! hold:—

Where is the —

DE MAU. (R.) Well! What wouldst thou?

FRANÇ. The despatch!

the packet.—*Look on me*—I serve the Cardinal—  
you know me.—Did you not keep guard last night  
by De Lorme's house?

DE MAU. I did:—no matter now!—

they told me, *he was here!*—(x's L.)

FRANÇ. O joy! quick—quick—

the packet thou didst wrest from me?

DE MAU. The packet?—

What art thou he, I deem'd the Cardinal's spy?—

FRANÇ. The same—restore it!—haste!

DE MAU. I have it not:—

FRANÇ. Not!

DE MAU. Methought it but reveal'd our scheme to Richelieu,  
and, as we mounted, gave it too —

(*Enter BARADAS, R. 3. E.—Comes quickly down R.*)

Stand back!

Now, villain! now—I have thee!

(*To FRANÇOIS*) Hence, sir!—Draw!

FRANÇ. Art mad?—the king's at hand! leave *him* to Richelieu!  
Speak—the despatch—to whom—

DE MAU. (*dashing him aside, x's to c., and rushing to*  
BARADAS.)

Thou triple slanderer!

Will set my heel upon thy crest! (*they fight round—*

MAUPRAT to R., BARADAS to L.)

FRANÇ. Fly—fly!—

the king!—

(*Enter LOUIS, DE BERINGHEN and COURTIERS, L. 2 E.—Six of*  
*king's guards from R. 3. The guards facing the audience, three on*  
*each side of the steps up stage.*)

(*Enter LOUIS, ORLEANS, DE BERINGHEN, COURTIERS, &c.,*  
*I. E.; the GUARDS hastily, R.*)

LOUIS. Swords drawn—before our very palace!—  
Have our laws died with Richelieu?

BARAD. Pardon, sire,—

My crime but self defence. (*aside to KING*) It is De Mauprat!

LOUIS. Dare he thus brave us?

(*BARADAS goes to the Guard and gives the writ, R.*)

DE MAU. Sire, in the Cardinal's name—

BARAD. Seize him—disarm—to the Bastille!

(*DE MAUPRAT seized, struggles with the Guard—FRANÇOIS restlessly endeavoring to pacify and speak to him.*)

(*Voice outside announces:—"His Eminence, the Cardinal Duc De Richelieu."* \* *A stately march is played, ten of the Cardinal's guards enter on platform and remain there facing the audience*

*Enter RICHELIEU leaning on JOSEPH'S arm, followed by two pages who carry his Magna Cappa.—He stops up stage.*)

ALL. The Cardinal!

BARAD. The dead

Return'd to life!

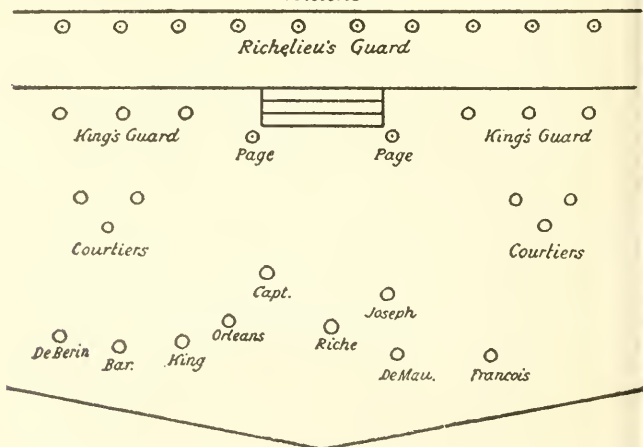
LOUIS. What a *mock* death; this tops

The Infinite of Insult.

DE MAU. (*breaking from Guards*) Priest and Hero!—

For you are both—protect the Truth!—

*Positions.*





RICHE. (*taking the writ from the guard*)

What's this?

DE BERIN. Fact in philosophy. Foxes have got  
Nine lives, as well as cats!—

BARAD. Be firm, my liege. (*on his R.*)

LOUIS. I have assumed the sceptre—I will wield it!

JOSEPH. (*R. up stage*) The tide runs counter—there'll be  
shipwreck somewhere.

(*BARADAS and ORLEANS keep close to the KING, whispering and  
prompting him when RICHELIEU speaks.*)

RICHE. High treason, Faviaux! still that stale pretence!  
My liege, bad men (ay, Count, most *knavish* men!)  
Abuse your royal goodness.—For this soldier,  
France hath none braver, and his youth's hot folly,  
Mised—(by whom your highness [*to ORLEANS*] may con-  
jecture!)—

Is long since cancell'd by a loyal manhood.

I, sire, have pardoned him.

LOUIS. And we do give  
Your pardon to the winds. (*ORLEANS, BARADAS, COURTIERS, all  
exult and gather about LOUIS.*) Sir, do your duty! (*to  
CAPTAIN*)

RICHE. What, sire? you do not know—Oh, pardon me  
You know not yet, that this brave, honest heart  
Stood between mine and murder!—Sire, for my sake—  
For your old servant's sake—undo this wrong.  
See, let me rend the sentence.

LOUIS. At your peril!  
(*takes writ from him and gives it to the CAPTAIN.*)

This is too much:—Again, sir, do your duty!  
(*COURTIERS delighted gather round LOUIS as congratulating with  
eager joy. OFFICER and four ARCHERS x to L. U. E.*)

RICHE. Speak not, but go:—I would not see young Valor  
So humbled as grey Service!

DE MAU. Fare you well:  
Save Julie, and console her.

FRANÇ. (*aside to MAUPRAT*) The despatch!  
Your fate, foes, life, hang on a word!—to whom?

DE MAU. To Huguet.

FRANÇ. Hush!

(*Exeunt MAUPRAT, CAPTAIN and GUARD at L. 3 E.*)

FRANÇOIS *goes up stage and is met by BARADAS.*

BARAD. Has he the packet?

FRANÇ. He will not reveal. (*Exit FRANÇOIS, L. 3 E.*)

(*All the COURTIERS have closed round the KING, shutting RICHELIEU out.*)

RICHE. (*fiercely*) Room, my Lords, room! The Minister of France can need no intercession with the King. (*they fall back.*)

LOUIS. What means this false report of death, Lord Cardinal?

RICHE. Are you then anger'd, sire, that I live still?

LOUIS. No; but such artifice—

RICHE. Not mine—look elsewhere!

Louis—my castle swarm'd with the assassins.

BARAD. (*advancing, R.*) We have punished them already. Huguet now in the Bastille. Oh, my lord, *we were prompt* To avenge you—*we were*—

RICHE. We? Ha! ha! you hear, My liege! What page, man, in the last Court grammar Made you a plural? Count, you have seized the *hireling*;— Sire, shall I name the *master*?

LOUIS. Hush! my lord, The old contrivance—ever does your wit Invent assassins—that ambition may Slay rivals—(*BARADAS crosses behind to the KING.*)

RICHE. Rivals, sire, in what? Service to France? *I have none!* Lives the man Whom Europe, paled before your glory, deems Rival to Armand Richelieu?

LOUIS. What, so haughty! Remember he who made can unmake.

RICHE. Never! Never! Your anger can recall your trust, Annul my office, spoil me of my lands, Rifle my coffers—but my name—my deeds, Are royal in a land beyond your sceptre! Pass sentence on me, if you will; from Kings, Lo! I appeal to Time!

LOUIS. (*turns haughtily to the CARDINAL*) Enough! Your Eminence must excuse a longer audience.

To your own palace. For our conference, this  
Nor place—nor season.

RICHE. Good, my liege, for *Justice*  
All place a temple, and all season, summer!  
Do you deny me justice? Saints of Heaven!  
He turns from me! *Do you deny me justice?*  
For fifteen years, while in these hands dwelt Empire,  
The humblest craftsman—the obscurest vassal—  
The very leper shrinking from the sun,  
Tho' loathed by charity, might ask for justice!  
Not with the fawning tone and crawling mien  
Of some I see around you—Counts and Princes—  
Kneeling for *favors*; but, erect and loud,  
As men who ask man's rights!—my liege, my Louis,  
Do you refuse me justice—audience even—  
In the pale presence of the baffled Murder?

LOUIS. Lord Cardinal—one by one you have sever'd from me  
The bonds of human love.

You find me now amidst my trustiest friends,  
My closest kindred;—you would tear them from me;  
They murder *you* forsooth, since me they love.  
Eno' of plots and treasons for one reign!  
Home! Home! And sleep away these phantoms!

(*King crosses in front to L. corner—COURTIERS with ORLEANS and  
BARADAS cross to L. behind the CARDINAL.*)

RICHE. Sire!

I—patience, Heaven!—sweet Heaven!—Sire, from the foot  
Of that Great Throne, these hands have raised aloft  
On an Olympus, looking down on mortals  
And worshipp'd by their awe—before the foot  
Of that high Throne, spurn you the grey-hair'd man,  
Who gave you empire—and now sues for safety?

LOUIS. No:—when we see your Eminence in truth  
At the *foot* of the Throne—we'll listen to you.

(*Exit L. I. E.—KING GUARDS exeunt L. 3.*)

ORLEANS. Saved!

BARAD. For this deep thanks to Julie and to Mauprat!

(*Exit BARADAS and ORLEANS, L. I. E.*)

RICHE. Joseph—Did you hear the king?

JOSEPH. (R. C.) I did,—there's danger!

RICHE. I will accuse these traitors!  
 François shall witness that De Baradas  
 Gave him the secret missive for De Bouillon,  
 And told him life and death were in the scroll.  
 I will—I will —

JOSEPH. Tush! François is your creature;  
 So they will say, and laugh at you!—*your witness*  
*Must* be that same *despatch*.

RICHE. Away to De Lorme!

JOSEPH. I have been there—he is seized—removed—  
 imprisoned—  
 By the Count's orders.

(Enter ROLAND DE MORTEMAR, L. 3. E.)

*Richa.*  
 ○  
*Joseph*                      *Roland*  
 ○                                      ○

ROL. Heaven! I thank thee!  
 It cannot be, or this all-powerful man  
 Would not stand idly thus.

RICHE. What dost *thou* here?  
 Home.

ROL. Home!—*is Adrien there?*—you're dumb—yet strive  
 For words; I see them trembling on your lip,  
 But choked by pity. It was truth—all truth!  
 Seized—the Bastille, and in your presence too!  
 Cardinal, where is Adrien? Think—he saved  
 Your life:—your name is infamy, if wrong  
 Should come to his!

RICHE. Be soothed child.

ROL. Child no more;  
 Answer me one word—where is Adrien?

RICHE. You ask me for Adrien  
*There*, where the clouds of heaven look darkest, o'er  
 The domes of the Bastille!

ROL. O, mercy! mercy!  
 Save him, restore him, father! Art thou not  
 The Cardinal-King?—the Lord of life and death—  
 Art thou not Richelieu?

RICHE. Yesterday I was!—  
 To-day, a very weak old man!—To-morrow,  
 I know not what! (x's L.)

ROL. (to JOSEPH) Do you conceive his meaning?  
 Alas! I cannot.

JOSEPH. The king is chafed  
 Against his servant. Roland, while we speak,  
 The lackey of the ante-room is not  
 More powerless than the minister of France.

(Enter CLERMONT, R. I. E.)

CLER. Pardon, your Eminence—even now I seek  
 This youth at home, commanded by the king  
 To bid his presence.

ROL. (*clinging to RICHELIEU*) Think of my dead father!—  
 Think, how, an infant, clinging to your knees,  
 And looking to your eyes, the wrinkled care  
 Fled from your brow before the smile of childhood,  
 Fresh from the dews of heaven! Think of this,  
 And take me to your breast.

RICHE. To those who sent you!—  
 Begone!

CLER. My lord, I am your friend and servant—  
 Misjudge me not; but never yet was Louis  
 So roused against you:—shall I take this answer?—  
 It were to be your foe.

RICHE. All time my foe,  
 If I, a priest could cast this holy sorrow  
 Forth from his last asylum!

CLER. He is lost!

(Exit CLERMONT, R. I. E.)

RICHE. God help thee child!  
 (JOSEPH comes down L., and takes ROLAND from the CARDINAL.)  
 The storm that rends the oak, uproots the flower.

His father loved me so! and in that age  
 When friends are brothers! He has been to me  
 Soother, son, plaything. Ah, what! are these tears?  
 Oh! shame, shame!—dotage!

JOSEPH. (L.) Tears are not for eyes  
 That rather need the lightning. The despatch!  
 Set every spy to work; the morrow's sun  
 Must see that written treason in your hands,  
 Or rise upon your ruin.

RICHE. Ay—and close  
 Upon my corpse!—I am not made to live—  
 Friends, glory, France, all reft from me;—my star,  
 Like some vain holiday mimicry of fire,  
 Piercing imperial heaven, and falling down  
 Rayless and blacken'd, to the dust—a thing  
 For all men's feet to trample! Yea!—to-morrow  
 Triumph or death! Look up, child!—Lead us, Joseph.  
 (*As they are going up center BARADAS and DE BERINGHEN enter.*

R I. E.)

BARAD. My lord, the king cannot believe your Eminence  
 So far forgets your duty, and his greatness,  
 As to resist his mandate! Pray you, young sir,  
 Obey the king—no cause for fear.

ROL. (*stand L. of RICHELIEU*) My father!

RICHE. (*center*) He shall not stir!

BARAD. (*down R.*) You are not of his kindred—  
 An orphan—

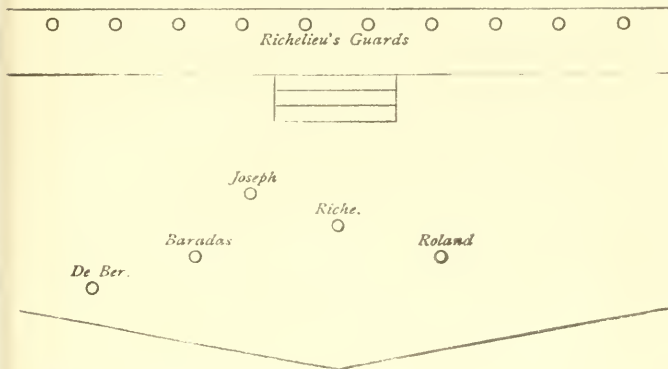
RICHE. And his country is his mother!

BARAD. The country is the king!

RICHE. Ay, is it so?

Then wakes the power which in the age of iron  
 Burst forth to curb the great, and raise the low.  
 Mark, where he stands!—around his form I draw  
 The awful circle of our solemn church!  
 Set but a foot within that holy ground,  
 And on thy head—yea, though it wore a crown—  
 I launch the curse of Rome!

(*The characters and soldiers kneel, excepting RICHELIEU and  
 ROLAND—wait a moment for the effect, then resume former  
 positions.*)



BARAD. I dare not brave you!  
 I do but speak the orders of my king.  
 The church, your rank, your very word, my lord,  
 Suffice you for resistance:—blame yourself,  
 If it should cost you power!

RICHE. That *my* stake.—Ah!  
 Dark gamester! *what is thine?* Look to it well!—  
 Lose not a trick.—By this same hour to-morrow  
 Thou shalt have France, or I thy head!

BARAD. (*aside to DE BERINGHEN*) He cannot  
 Have the despatch?

DE BERIN. No: were it so, your stake  
 Were lost already.

JOSEPH. (*aside, behind on his R.*) Patience is your game:  
 Reflect you have not the despatch!

RICHE. Monk! monk!  
 Leave patience to the saints—for *I* am human!

BARAD. (*aside*) He wanders!

RICHE. So cling close unto my breast;  
 Did not thy father die for France, poor orphan.  
 I am very feeble—Of little use it seems to any now.  
 Well, well—we will go home.

(*They turn up center.*)

BARAD. In sooth, my lord,  
 You do need rest—the burthens of the state  
 O'ertask your health!

RICHE. (*to JOSEPH*) See I'm patient.

BARAD. (*aside*) His mind

And life are breaking fast!

(*The CARDINAL turns fiercely upon him, comes down stage, followed by JOSEPH and ROLAND.*)

RICHE. Irreverent ribbald!

If so, beware the falling ruins! Hark!

I tell thee, scorner of these whitening hairs,

When this snow melteth there shall come a flood!

Avaunt! my name is Richelieu—I defy thee!

Walk blindfold on; behind thee stalks the headsman.

Ha! ha!—how pale he is! (*Falls back in JOSEPH'S arms Tableaux.*  
(*Music for curtain.*)

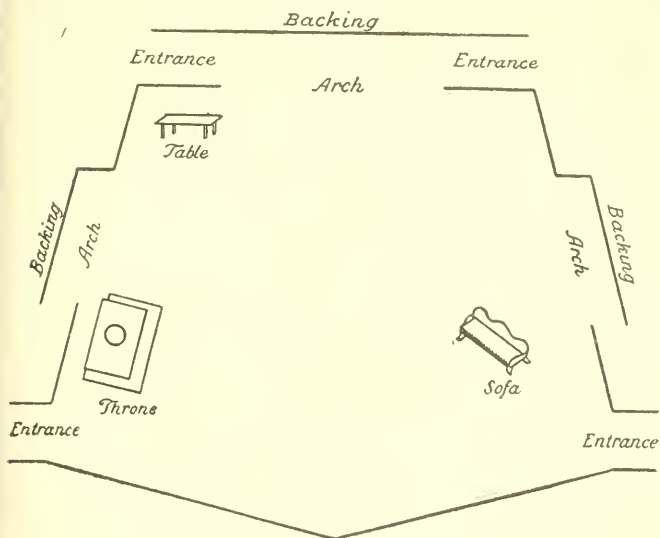
END OF ACT IV.



ACT V.

FOURTH DAY.

*A room of state in the palace of the Louvre. A splendid palace arch set. Three arches—center—right and left—interior backing. Lively music at the rise of curtain.—Lights full up.*



*(Enter ORLEANS and BARADAS through center arch from R.—They go well down stage. BARADAS R. C.—ORLEANS L. C.)*

BARAD. All smiles! the Cardinal's swoon of yesterday  
Heralds his death to-day;  
All smiles! and yet, should this accurs'd De Mauprat  
Have given our packet to another.—'Sdeath!  
I dare not think of it!

ORLEANS. You've sent to search him?

BARAD. Sent, sir, to search?—that hireling hands may find  
Upon him, naked, with its broken seal,  
That scroll, whose every word is death! No—no—



BARAD. May I deserve  
Your trust (*aside*) until you sign your abdication!  
My liege, but one way left to daunt De Mauprat,  
And Julie to divorce.—We must prepare  
The death-writ; what, tho' sign'd and seal'd? we can  
Withhold the enforcement.

LOUIS. Ah, you may prepare it;  
We need not urge it to effect.

BARAD. Exactly!  
No haste, may liege. (*going to table R., aside*) He may  
live one hour longer.

(*Enter CLERMONT through c.*)

CLER. Sire, Roland de Mortemar, brother of  
The Lady Julie, implores an audience.

LOUIS. Aha!—We'll admit him.

BARAD. Sire, he comes for Mauprat's pardon.

LOUIS. You are minister,  
We leave to you our answer.

(*Enter ROLAND, C.—at the same time the Captain of the Guards  
enters R. I. E. and whispers to BARADAS.*)

CAPT. The Chevalier  
De Mauprat waits below.

BARAD. (*aside*) Now the despatch!

(*Exit with OFFICER, R. I. E.*)

ROL. My liege, you sent for me. I come where Grief  
*Should* come when guiltless, while the name of King  
Is holy on the earth!—Here, at the feet (*kneels*)  
Of Power, I kneel for mercy.

LOUIS. (c.) Mercy,  
Is an affair of state. The Cardinal should  
In this be your interpreter.

ROL. Alas!

I know not if that mighty spirit now  
Stoops to the things of earth. Nay, while I speak,  
Perchance he hears the orphan by the throne  
Where Kings themselves need pardon. O, my liege,  
Be father to the fatherless; in you  
Dwells my last hope!

(*rises.*)

(*Enter BARADAS, R. I. E.*)

BARAD. (*aside*) He has not the despatch;  
Smiled, while we search'd, and braves me.—Oh!

LOUIS. (*gently*) What would'st thou?

ROL. A single life.—You reign o'er millions.—What  
Is *one man's* life to you?—and yet to me  
'Tis France, 'tis earth, 'tis everything!—a life,—  
A human life—my friend's.

LOUIS. (*to BARADAS*) Speak to him.

I am not marble—give him hope—or—

(*LOUIS goes up and joins the COURTIERs.*)

BARAD. Vex not your King, whose heart, too soft for justice,  
Leaves to his ministers that solemn charge.

ROL. You *were* his friend.

BARAD. I was before I loved thy sister.

ROL. Loved my sister Julie!

BARAD. I am young,  
Well-born and brave as Mauprat:—for her sake  
I would peril what he has not—fortune—power;  
All to great souls most dazzling. I alone  
Can save you from yon tyrant, now my puppet.

ROL. Thou durst not speak  
Thus is *his* ear. (*pointing to LOUIS*) Thou double traitor!—  
tremble.

I will unmask thee.

BARAD. I will say thou ravest,  
And see this scroll! its letters shall be blood!  
Go to the King, count with me word for word;  
And while you pray the life—I write the sentence!

(*BARADAS goes to table and signs the warrant.*)

ROL. Stay, stay. (*rushing to the KING, who comes from the  
circle*) You have a kind, a princely heart,  
Tho' sometimes it is silent: you were born  
To power—it has not flush'd you into madness,  
As it doth meaner men. Banish my friend  
My sister's spouse.—

But spare this life, thus lonely, scathed, and bloomless,  
And when thou stand'st for judgment on thine own,  
The deed shall shine beside thee as an angel.

LOUIS. (*much affected*) Go, go, to Baradas:

(*Exit R. 3., with courtiers.*)

ROL. O, thou sea of shame,  
And not one star.

(*goes down R. C.*)

BARAD. (L. C.) Well, thy election, Roland;  
Thy sister's hand—his grave.

ROL. His grave! and I —

BARAD. Can save him.

ROL. That were a bitterer death!

Avaunt, thou tempter! I did ask his life

A boom, and not the barter of dishonor.

BARAD. Hast thou decided? (*stamping his foot, DE MAU-  
PRAT enters R. 3. E., guarded by two soldiers.*)

Behold thy friend! Shall he pass to death?

ROL. Adrien, speak!

DE MAU. Oh, think, my Roland,

Life, at the best, is short, but friendship immortal!

BARAD. (*to DE MAUPRAT*) Now, say to whom

Thou gavest the packet, and thou yet shalt live.

DE MAU. I'll tell thee nothing!

BARAD. Hark,—the rack!

DE MAU. Thy penance

For ever, wretch! What rack is like the conscience?

BARAD. (*giving the writ to the officer*) Hence, to the  
headsman.

(*A voice outside announces:—"His Eminence, the Cardinal  
Duc de Richelieu."*)

(*Enter RICHELIEU through center, accompanied by JOSEPH,  
two pages and three Secretaries of State carrying their port-  
folios.—\*Music till on.*)

ROL. (*rushing to RICHELIEU*) You live—you live—and Adrien  
shall not die!

RICHE. Not if an old man's prayers, himself near death,

Can aught avail thee! Count, you now

(*BARADAS goes to table and signs the warrant.*)

Hold what I held on earth:—one boon, my lord,

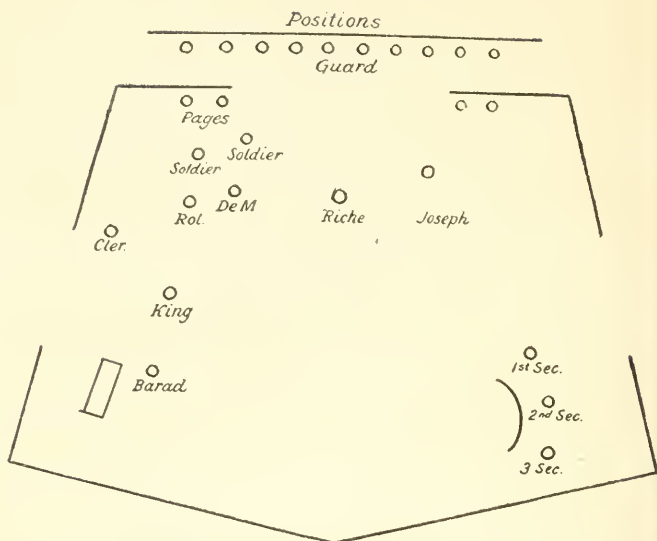
This soldier's life.

BARAD. The stake—my head!—you said it.

I cannot lose one trick. Remove your prisoner.

ROL. No!—No!—

(*Enter LOUIS, COURTIERS and PAGES, from the rooms, R. 3.*)



RICHE. (to OFFICER) Stay, sir, one moment. My good liege, Your worn-out servant, willing, sire, to spare you Some pain of conscience, would forestall your wishes. I do resign my office. (*all start*)

DE MAU. You?

All's over!

RICHE. My end draws near. These sad ones, sire, I love them,

I do not ask his life; but suffer Justice  
To halt, until I can dismiss his soul,  
Charged with an old man's blessing.

LOUIS. Surely!

BARAD. Sire —

LOUIS. Silence—small favor to a dying servant.

RICHE. You would consign your armies to the baton  
Of your most honor'd brother. Sire, so be it!  
Your minister, the Count de Baradas;  
A most sagacious choice!—Your secretaries  
Of state attend me, sire, to render up

The ledgers of a realm.—I do beseech you,  
Suffer these noble gentlemen to learn  
The nature of the glorious task that waits them,  
Here, in my presence.

LOUIS. You say well, my lord.

RICHE. I—I—faint!—air—air—

(RICHELIEU is assisted to sofa L. on which he reclines—  
Pillows for the head. Head up stage—feet toward the audience.)

I thank you—Draw near, my children. Approach sirs!

BARAD. He's too weak to question,  
Nay, scarce to speak; all's safe.

(ROLAND and DE MAUPRAT kneel R. of sofa—JOSEPH back of  
sofa.—The KING seats himself on the throne—BARADAS stands R.  
of throne. The SECRETARIES in turn advance and kneel on the  
lowest step of the throne.)

FIRST SEC. (kneeling) The affairs of Portugal,  
Most urgent, sire. (gives a paper) One short month since the  
Duke

Braganza was a rebel.

LOUIS. And is still!

FIRST SEC. No, sire, *he has succeeded!* He is now  
Crown'd King of Portugal—craves instant succour  
Against the arms of Spain.

LOUIS. We will not grant it  
Against his lawful king. Eh, Count?

BARAD. No, sire.

FIRST SEC. But Spain's your deadliest foe; whatever  
Can weaken Spain must strengthen France. The Cardinal  
Would send the succours—(solemnly)—balance, sire, of Europe!  
(gives another paper)

LOUIS. The Cardinal!—balance! We'll consider—  
Eh, Count?

BARAD. Yes, sire. (to FIRST SECRETARY) Fall back.

FIRST SEC. (rises) But—

BARAD. Oh, fall back, sir!

(FIRST SECRETARY bows and retires.)

JOSEPH. Humph!

SECOND SEC. (advances and kneels) The affairs of England,  
sire, most urgent. (gives paper) Charles  
The First has lost a battle that decides

One half his realm—craves money, sire, and succour.

LOUIS. He shall have both. Eh, Baradas?

BARAD. Yes, sire.

(Oh, that despatch! my veins are fire.)

RICHE. (*feebly, but with great distinctness*) My liege—  
Forgive me?—Charles's cause is lost. A man,  
Named Cromwell, risen, a great man!—your succour  
Would fail—your loans be squander'd! Pause—reflect.

LOUIS. Reflect—eh, Baradas?

BARAD. Reflect, sire.

JOSEPH. Humph!

LOUIS. (*aside*) I half repent! No successor to Richelieu!  
Round me thrones totter!—dynasties dissolve—  
The soil he guards alone escapes the earthquake.

JOSEPH. Our star not yet eclipsed!—you mark the King?  
Oh, had we the despatch!

(*Enter a PAGE, L. U. E.*)

RICHE. Ah!—Joseph!—Child!  
Would I could help thee!

(*PAGE whispers to JOSEPH, who exits hastily, L. U. E.*)

BARAD. (*to SECRETARY*) Sir, fall back!

SECOND SEC. (*rises*) But—

BARAD. Pshaw, sir!

(*SECOND SECRETARY bows and retires, L. C.*)

THIRD SEC. (*mysteriously; kneels*) *The secret  
Correspondence, sire, most urgent—  
Accounts of spies—deserters—heretics—  
Assassins—poisoners—schemers against yourself!*

(*gives paper; SECRETARY rises.*)

LOUIS. Myself!—most urgent! (*the KING seizes that paper  
and drops the others.*)

(*Re-enter JOSEPH with FRANÇOIS, whose pourpoint is streaked  
with blood. FRANÇOIS passes behind the CARDINAL'S ATTEND-  
ANTS, and, sheltered by them from the sight of BARADAS, &c.,  
falls at RICHELIEU'S feet.*) (*Music*)

FRANÇ. (*L. of RICHELIEU*) My Lord!

I have not fail'd. (*gives the packet*)

RICHE. Hush! (*looking at the contents*)

THIRD SEC. (*to KING*) Sire, the Spaniards  
Have reinforced their army on the frontiers.



The Duc de Bouillon—

RICHE. Hold! In this department!

A paper—here, sire—read yourself, then take

The Count's advice on't.

(*The KING takes the document and goes center. DE BERINGHEN enters R. I. E. hastily and whispers to BARADAS.*)

BARAD. (*bursting from DE BERINGHEN*) What! and reft it from thee!

Ha! hold! (*going towards the KING*)

JOSEPH. (L. C.) Fall back, son, it is your turn now!

LOUIS. (*reading, pacing the stage from L. to R.*) To

Bouillon—and sign'd Orleans!

Baradas, too!—league with our foes of Spain!

Lead our Italian armies—what! to Paris!

Capture the King—my health require repose—

Make me subscribe my proper abdication—

Orleans, my brother, Regent! Saints of Heaven!

These are the men I love! (*RICHELIEU falls back on sofa.*)

JOSEPH. See to the Cardinal.

(*BARADAS is still in the R. corner.*)

BARAD. He's dying!—and I shall yet dupe the King.

LOUIS. (*rushing to RICHELIEU*) Richelieu!—Lord Cardinal!  
—'tis I resign!

Reign thou!

JOSEPH. (*behind the sofa*) Alas! too late!—he faints!

LOUIS. (R. of RICHELIEU) Reign, Richelieu!

RICHE. (*feebly*) With absolute power?

LOUIS. Most absolute! Oh, live,

If not for me—for France!

RICHE. France!

LOUIS. Oh, this treason!

The army—Orleans—Bouillon! Heavens!—the Spaniard!

Where will they be next week?

RICHE. (*starts up, seizes paper from the KING's hand—throws it upon the ground and stamps upon it. There, at my feet! The FIRST and SECOND SECRETARIES come down, kneel before the CARDINAL.*) Ere the clock strike the Envoys have their answer.

(*They pass in front of the CARDINAL and exeunt quickly L. I. E.*)  
(*to THIRD SECRETARY, with a ring*)

This to De Chavigny—he knows the rest.

No need of parchment here. He must not halt  
For sleep—for food. In *my* name—MINE—he will  
Arrest the Duc de Bouillon at the head

Of his army! (*exit* THIRD SECRETARY, L. U. E.) Ho, there! Count  
de Baradas,

Thou hast lost the stake. Away with him!

(*Two* GUARDS *come down and take* BARADAS *off*, R. I. E.)

Ha, ha!

(*snatching* DE MAUPRAT'S *death-warrant from the* OFFICER *as he*  
*passes*)

See here, De Mauprat's death-writ, Roland!

Parchment for battledores! Embrace your friend!

At last the old man blesses you!

ROL. (*grasping the hand of* DE MAUPRAT) Oh, joy!  
You are saved—you live!

LOUIS. (*peevishly*, R. C.) One moment makes a startling cure,  
Lord Cardinal.

RICHE. Ay, sire; for in one moment there did pass  
Into this wither'd frame the might of France!

My own dear France, I have thee yet—I have saved thee!

I clasp thee still!—it was thy voice that called me

Back from the tomb! What mistress like our country?

LOUIS. For Mauprat's pardon—well, but Julie, Richelieu;  
Leave me one thing to love.

RICHE. A subject's luxury!

Yet, if you must love something, sire—*love me!*

LOUIS. (*smiling in spite of himself*) Fair proxy for a fresh  
young demoiselle!

RICHE. Your heart speaks for my clients. Kneel, my  
children—

Thank your King.

(*They kneel before the throne—ROLAND on the outside.*)

ROL. Ah, tears like these, my liege,  
Are dews that mount to Heaven.

LOUIS. Rise—rise—be happy.

RICHE. (*comes forward and beckons to* DE BERINGHEN)  
De Beringhen!

DE BERIN. (*falteringly*, R.) My Lord—you are—most happily  
—recover'd.

RICHE. But you are pale, dear Beringhen—this air  
Suits not your delicate frame—I long have thought so.  
Sleep not another night in Paris—Go!  
Or else your precious life may be in danger.  
Leave France, dear Beringhen!

DE BERIN. St. Denis traveled without his head;  
I'm luckier than St. Denis. (Exit R. I. E.)

RICHE. (to ORLEANS) For you, repentance—absence— and  
confession! (Exit ORLEANS. R. I. E.)  
(to FRANÇOIS, R.) Never say *fail* again.—Brave boy!

(to JOSEPH, L.) He'll be—A bishop first.

JOSEPH. Ah, Cardinal —

RICHE. Ah, Joseph —

(to LOUIS)

See, my liege—see thro' plots and counterplots—  
Thro' gain and loss—thro' glory and disgrace—  
Along the plains, where passionate Discord rears  
Eternal Babel—still the holy stream  
Of human happiness glides on!

LOUIS. And must we  
Thank for that also—our prime minister?

RICHE. No—let us own it—there is ONE above who  
Sways the harmonious mystery of the world  
Ev'n better than prime ministers!

*Courtiars*
*King*
*Franç.*
*Riche.*
*Joseph*
*De Mau.*

○
○
○
○
○
○

*Roland*

○

\* Music.

CURTAIN.

L. of C.



This Book has just been adopted as Text-Book for Elocution by  
ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S COLLEGE, NEW YORK CITY

---

*Select Recitations, Orations and  
Dramatic Scenes  
with Actions and Emphasis*

---

AN ELOCUTIONARY MANUAL

Containing 100 Selections from the Leading Poets, Orators and Dramatists, supplied  
with copious and minute directions for their CORRECT,  
GRACEFUL and IMPRESSIVE DELIVERY.

---

By C. J. BIRBECK

*Professor of Elocution and English Literature*

---

PRICE, bound in cloth, 1.00

---

This volume, which contains the Movements and Gestures suitable to the  
recitations, the Emphatic Words properly marked, and directions relative to  
Time, Pitch, and Force in marginal notes, will be found very useful not only  
to the Student but also to the Class Teacher. The selections found in this  
book are strictly moral in tone, choice in literary merits, evenly diversified in  
sentiment and graded to the capabilities of all students.

---

From a number of flattering testimonials, the following one may suffice:  
The REV. J. H. MCGEAN, P.R., St. Peter's Church, New York City,  
in adopting this volume for the elocution class of his school, writes:  
"The selections, both dramatic and oratorical, will commend the volume  
to the students of elocution, and will be welcomed by all who cultivate the art  
of speaking and reading by their pupils. The full directions for the  
elocution (a new feature in such a work) will aid both teacher and pupil."  
A copy of the book is mailed free upon receipt of \$1.00.

Correspondence with a view to introduction is respectfully  
solicited by the publisher.

---

SEPH F. WAGNER, 9 BARCLAY STREET

With an Appendix of Prose Compositions,  
Salutatory Addresses and Valedictory Orations for School Festivals.

PRICE, Bound in Cloth, - - - - - 75 Cents

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

**New Year's Wishes :**

For the Parents,	12 NOS.
"  Father,	2
"  Mother,	2
Grandparents,	2
the Grandfather,	2
"  Grandmother,	2
Uncle or Aunt,	2
Brother or Sister,	4
Teachers,	5
Clergymen,	1
a Friend.	3

**Birthday Wishes :**

For the Father,	9
"  Mother,	10
"  Grandfather,	5
"  Grandmother,	3
Uncle or Aunt,	2
Teachers,	5
Clergymen,	1

**Christmas Wishes :**

For Parents,	4
--------------	---

**Verses for Engagements  
and Marriages :**

For an Engaged Couple,	3
Bridegroom,	1

To Bride,  
On the Wedding Day,  
Home Coming of a Young  
Couple,  
With Flowers,

**Verses for Jubilees :**  
On Presentation of a Silver  
Wreath.  
For a Silver Wedding.  
  "  Golden Wedding.  
Grandparents' Golden  
Wedding.  
Anniversary of an Employee  
Anniversary of a Clergyman  
A Teacher's Anniversary.

**Poems for various Cele-  
brations :**  
Reception of a New Teacher.  
School Children's Welcome  
to a Clergyman,  
Installation of a Clergyman.  
Anniversary of a Society.

**Verses of Farewell :**  
To a Friend.  
  "  Teacher.

**Epitaphs and Inscriptions  
for Tombstones :**  
General Inscriptions.

**Special Inscriptions :**  
For a Child.  
  "  Youth.  
  "  Young Girl.  
  "  Father.  
  "  Mother.  
For Parents.  
For a Husband.  
  "  Wife.  
  "  Clergyman.  
  "  Religious.  
  "  Teacher.

**Elegies for Deaths and  
Burials :**  
At the Grave of a Clergyman  
At the Grave of a Teacher.

**Prose Compositions :**  
Expressions of Faith, Grat-  
itude, and Good Wishes  
suitable for ADDRESSES,  
LETTERS, MEMORIAL  
RESOLUTIONS, TESTI-  
MONIALS, etc., to Teachers,  
Clergymen, etc., etc.

**Salutatory Addresses :**  
For School Festivals, 5

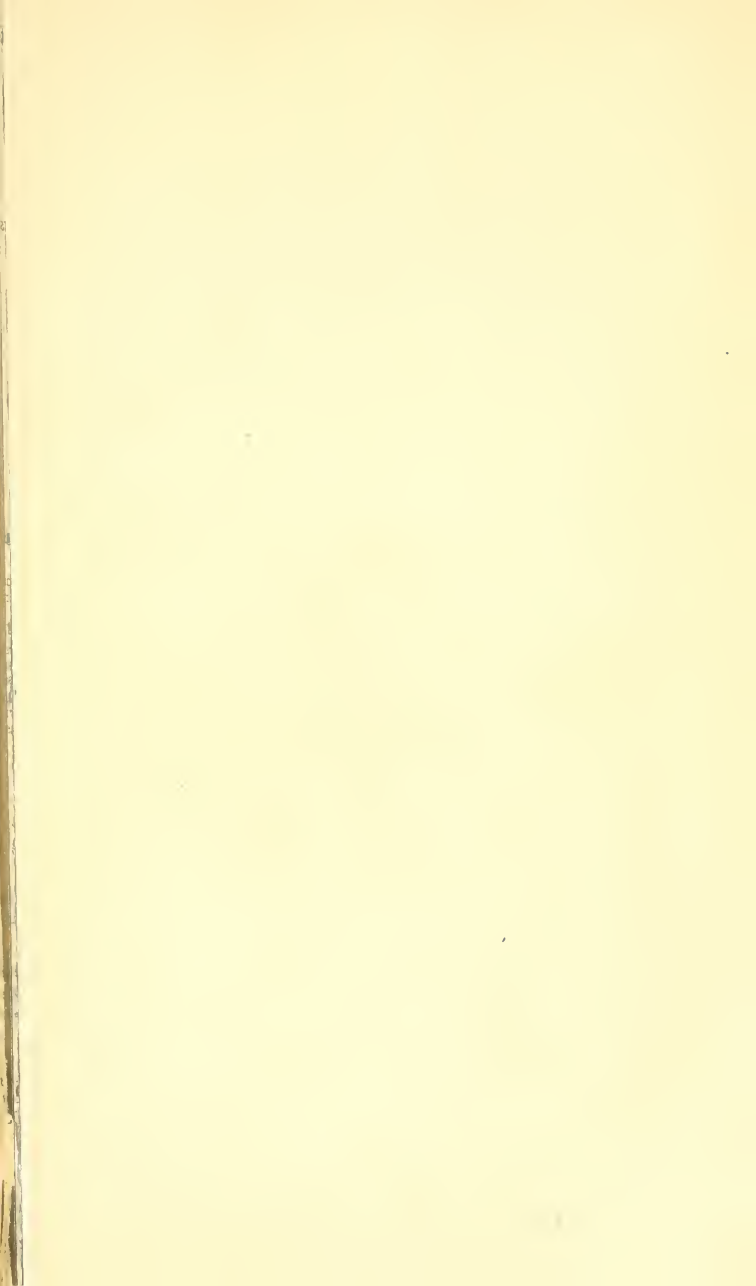
**Valedictory Orations :**  
For School Festivals, 5

From the above description, and contents and specimens of GOD-SPEED found on ne-  
ge, the great usefulness and opportuneness of this entirely new and original book will  
parent.

Every piece in this book has been especially composed and written for it by compe-  
tently gifted writers, and, while exaggerated and bombastic style has been scrupulously avoid-  
ed, has been taken to render the pieces, in thought and expression, worthy of the name Poet  
of like character and scope has not existed, in our language, previous to this.

THE BOOK supplies appropriate sentiment, clothed in beautiful language,  
for the most important and pathetic events in human life, and there is hardly anybody to whom the book  
is so eminently serviceable on many occasions.

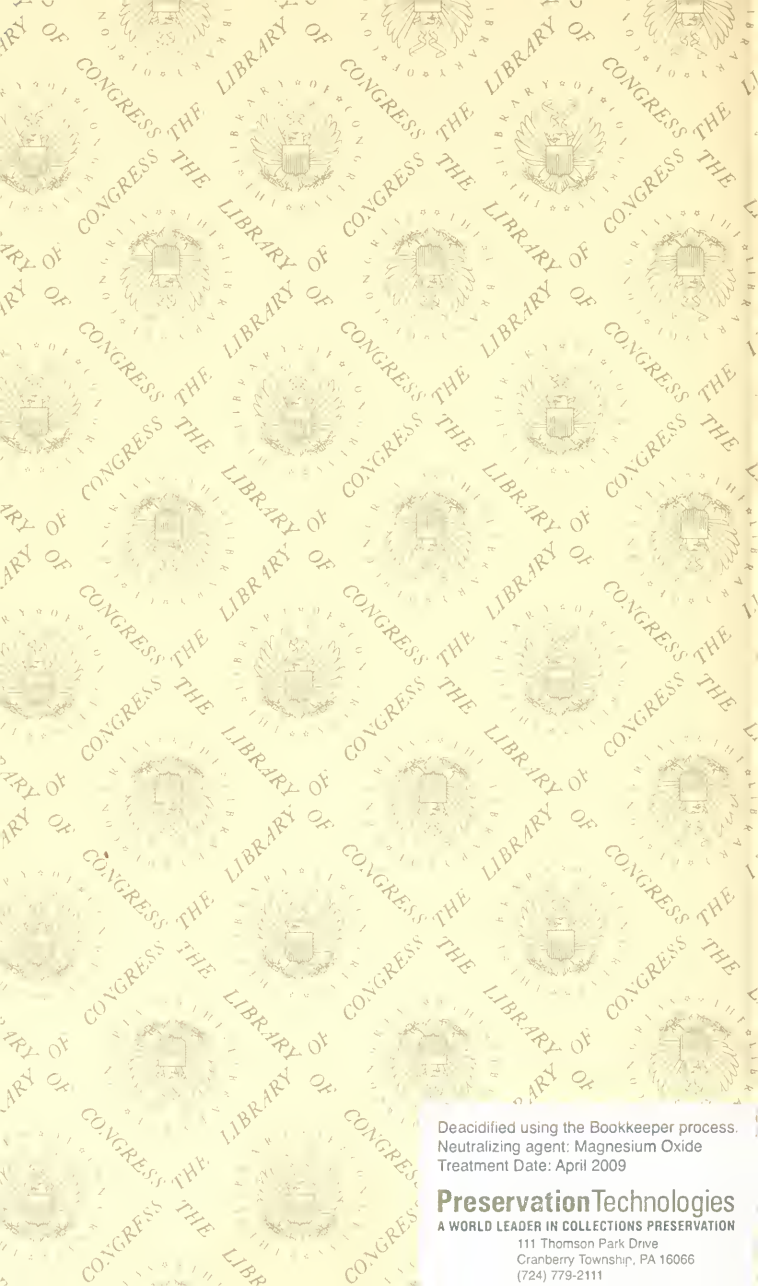
For Schools and Educational Institutions this book is altogether indispensable.  
SALUTATORY ADDRESSES and VALEDICTORY ORATIONS for  
all occasions of special service.











Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.  
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide  
Treatment Date: April 2009

## **PreservationTechnologies**

**A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION**

111 Thomson Park Drive  
Cranberry Township, PA 16066  
(724) 779-2111



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 152 493 8

