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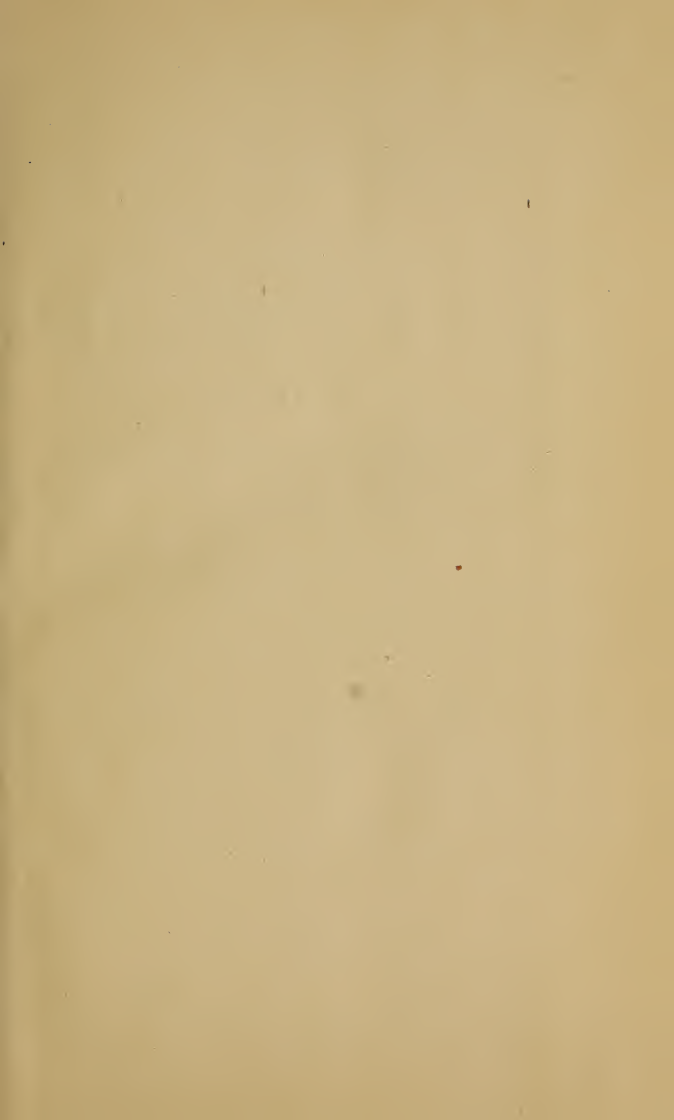
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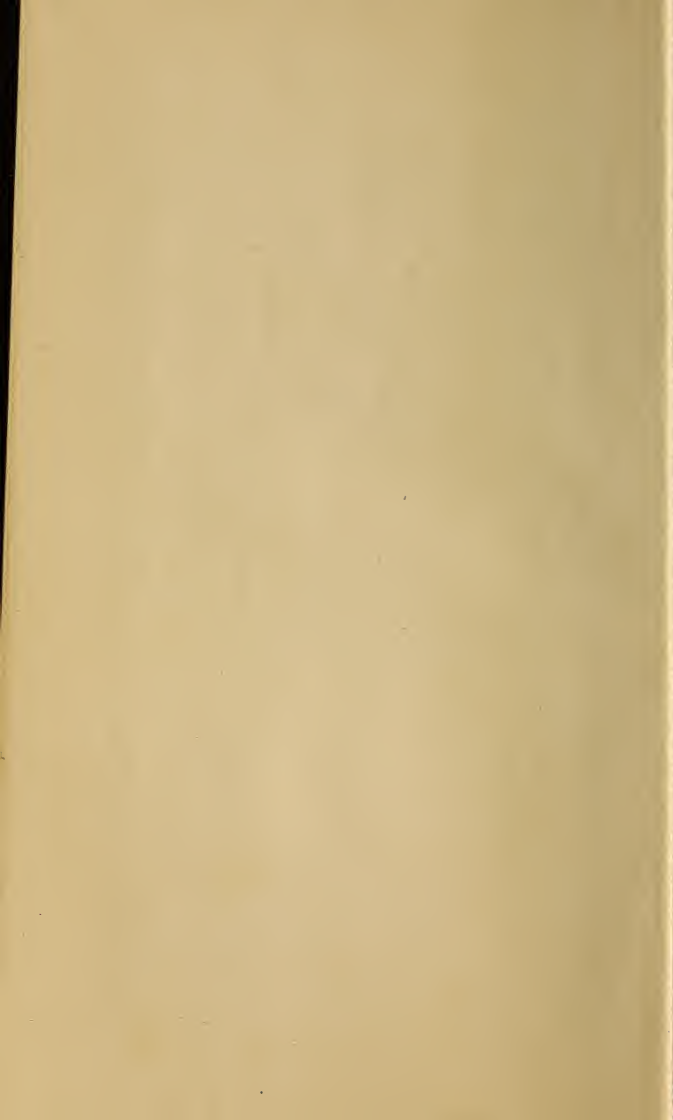
Book A1

1875

YUDIN COLLECTION







ACTING EDITION OF
LORD LYTTON'S DRAMAS

RICHELIEU

OR

THE CONSPIRACY

A Play in Five Acts

BY

LORD LYTTON

The only Acting Edition accurately marked, as produced by
W. C. Macready.

LONDON AND NEW YORK
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS

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LONDON:
PRINTED BY WOODFALL AND KINDEE,
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TO
THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE, K.G.,
&c., &c.
This Drama
IS INSCRIBED.
IN TRIBUTE TO THE TALENTS WHICH COMMAND,
AND
THE QUALITIES WHICH ENDEAR,
RESPECT.

London, March 5, 1839.

[This play is accurately marked as produced under the management
of W. C. Macready.]



Persons of the Drama.

THEATRE ROYAL COVENT GARDEN, 1839.



MALES.

LOUIS THE THIRTEENTH	Mr. Elton.
GASTON, DUKE OF ORLEANS (brother to Louis the Thirteenth)	Mr. Diddear.
BARADAS (favourite of the King, First Gentleman of the Chamber, Premier Ecuyer, &c.)	Mr. Warde.
CARDINAL RICHELIEU	Mr. Macready.
THE CHEVALIER DE MAUPRAT	Mr. Anderson.
THE SIEUR DE BERINGHEN (in attendance on the King, one of the Conspirators)	Mr. F. Vining.
JOSEPH (a Capuchin, Richelieu's confidant)	Mr. Phelps.
HUGUET (an officer of Richelieu's household guard—a Spy)	Mr. G. Bennett.
FRANÇOIS (First Page to Richelieu)	Mr. Howe.
FIRST COURTIER	Mr. Roberts.
CAPTAIN OF THE ARCHERS	{ Mr. Matthews.
FIRST, SECOND, THIRD SECRETARIES OF STATE	{ Mr. Tilbury.
	{ Mr. Yarnold.
GOVERNOR OF THE BASTILE	Mr. Waldron.
GAOLER	Mr. Ayliffe.
Courtiers, Pages, Conspirators, Officers, Soldiers, &c.	

FEMALES.

JULIE DE MORTEMAR (an Orphan, Ward to Richelieu)	Miss H. Faucit
MARION DE LORME (Mistress to Orleans, but in Riche- lieu's pay)	Miss Charles.

PREFACE.

THE administration of Cardinal Richelieu, whom (despite all his darker qualities) Voltaire and History justly consider the true architect of the French monarchy, and the great parent of French civilisation, is characterized by features alike tragic and comic. A weak king—an ambitious favourite; 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. Blent together, in startling contrast, we see the grandest achievements and the pettiest agents;—the spy—the mistress—the capuchin;—the destruction of feudalism;—the humiliation of Austria;—the dismemberment of Spain.

Richelieu himself is still what he was in his own day—a man of two characters. If, on the one hand, he is justly represented as inflexible and vindictive, crafty and unscrupulous; so, on the other, it cannot be denied that he was placed in times in which the long impunity of every license required stern examples—that he was

beset by perils and intrigues, which gave a certain excuse to the subtlest inventions of self-defence—that his ambition was inseparably connected with a passionate love for the glory of his country—and that, if he was her dictator, he was not less her benefactor. 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.

The historical drama is the concentration of historical events. In the attempt to place upon the stage the picture of an era, that license with dates and details, which Poetry permits, and which the highest authorities in the Drama of France herself have sanctioned, has been, though not unsparingly, indulged. The conspiracy of the Duc de Bouillon is, for instance, amalgamated with the *dénouement* of *The Day of Dupes*; and circumstances connected with the treason of Cinq Mars (whose brilliant youth and gloomy catastrophe tend to subvert poetic and historic justice, by seducing us to forget his base ingratitude and his perfidious apostasy) are identified with the fate of the earlier favourite Baradas, whose sudden rise and as sudden fall passed into a proverb. I ought to add, that the noble romance of "Cinq Mars" suggested one of the scenes in the fifth act; and that for the conception of some portion of the intrigue connected with De Mauprat and Julie, I am, with great alterations of incident, and considerable if not entire reconstruction of character, indebted to an early and admirable novel by the author of "Picciola."

London, March, 1839.

COSTUMES.

- KING.**—A complete suit of black, shoes, roses, and a black plume. The Cross of St. Louis on his cloak, and suspended round his neck.
- CARDINAL.**—Scarlet cassock, tippet of white fur lined with scarlet, red stockings, shoes, and skull-cap. A rich robe for the first dress.
- BARADAS.**—Green velvet doublet, cloak and breeches slashed with yellow satin trimmed with gold, shoes and roses. The Star of St. Louis on cloak, Order round the neck.
- ORLEANS, DE BERINGHEN, CLERMONT AND COURT.**—All handsome dresses of the period, shoes, roses, and plumes in their hats. The Cross of St. Louis upon some of the cloaks, and the Order suspended from the neck.
- JOSEPH.**—A monk's brown frock, girdle, flesh-coloured stockings, and plain sandals.
- HUGUET.**—Buff jerkin, large red breeches, heavy boots and gauntlets, a gorget and morion. A bandoleer across the shoulder.
- ARBUSIERS.**—After the style of Huguet.
- PAGES, ROYAL GUARD.**—Handsome civil and military dresses of the time.
- FRANÇOIS.**—First dress. White and red doublet, cloak and breeches slightly trimmed with gold, shoes. Second, a half-military disguise, boots. Third, plain jerkin, &c.
- JULIE.**—White satin, trimmed with blue and silver. A handsome travelling wrapper for the Third Act.
- MARION DE LORME.**—Amber and gold, very rich in jewels and ornaments. A veil for the Third Scene.

RICHHELIEU ;

OR,

THE CONSPIRACY.

ACT I.

FIRST DAY.

SCENE I.

A room in the house of MARION DE LORME ; a table R. (with wine, fruits, &c.), at which are seated BARADAS, L. of table, Four Courtiers, splendidly dressed in the costume of 1641-2 ;—the DUKE OF ORLEANS seated R. ;—MARION DE LORME standing at the back of his chair, offers him a goblet, and then retires. At another table, L., DE BERINGHEN, DE MAUPRAT, playing at dice ;—CLERMONT and other Courtiers looking on.

Orleans (R. of table, drinking). Here's to our enterprise!—

Bar. (L. of table, glancing at MARION). Hush, Sir!—

Orleans (aside). Nay, Count,

You may trust her ; she doats on me ; no house,
So safe as Marion's.

Bar. Still, we have a secret.
And oil and water—woman and a secret—
Are hostile properties.

[*Noise of playing at L. table.*

Orleans. Well—Marion, see
How the play prospers yonder.

[*MARION goes to the L. table, looks on for a few moments, then exit, L. C.*

Bar. (*producing a parchment*). I have now
All the conditions drawn ; it only needs
Our signatures : upon receipt of this,
(Where to is joined the schedule of our treaty
With the Count-Duke, the Richelieu of the Escorial,)
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.

[*Noise at L. table.*

Orleans. But Richelieu is an Argus ;
One of his hundred eyes will light upon us,
And then—good-bye to life.

Bar. To gain the prize
We must destroy the Argus :—ay, my Lords,
The scroll the core, but blood must fill the veins,
Of our design ;—while this despatch'd to Bouillon,
Richelieu despatch'd to Heaven !—The last *my* charge.
Meet here to-morrow night. *You*, Sir, as first
In honour 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.

[*Exeunt ORLEANS, and the Courtiers in his train*
L. C. *Those at the L. table rise, salute ORLEANS,*
and re-seat themselves.

De Ber. Double the stakes.

De Mau. Done.—(*Throws*).

De Ber. Bravo ; faith, it shames me
To bleed a purse already at its last gasp.

De Mau. Nay, as you've had the patient to yourself
So long, no other doctor shall despatch it.

[*DE MAUPRAT throws.*

Omnes. Lost ! Ha, ha !—poor De Mauprat !

De Ber. One throw more ?

De Mau. No ; I am bankrupt (*pushing gold*). There
goes all—except

My honour and my sword. (*They rise, he crosses R.*)

Cler. Ay, take the sword
To Cardinal Richelieu : he gives gold for steel,
When worn by brave men.

De Mau. Richelieu !

De Ber. (*to BAR.*). At that name
He changes colour, bites his nether lip.
Even in his brightest moments whisper “ Richelieu,”
And you cloud all his sunshine.

Bar. 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 Ber. Come, gentlemen, what say ye,
A walk on the parade?

Cler. Ay; come, De Mauprat.

De Mau. Pardon me; we shall meet again ere night-fall.

De Ber. Come, Baradas.

Bar. I'll stay and comfort Mauprat.

De Ber. Comfort!—when

We gallant fellows have run out a friend,
There's nothing left—except to run him through!
There's the last act of friendship.

De Mau. Let me keep

That favour in reserve; in all besides
Your most obedient servant.

[*Exeunt* DE BERINGHEN, &c., L. C.

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

De Mau. Sad!—Life and gold hath wings,
And must fly one day:—open, then, their cages
And wish them merry.

Bar. You're a strange enigma:—
Fiery in war—and yet to glory lukewarm;
All mirth in action—in repose all gloom—
Fortune of late has sever'd us—and led
Me to the rank of Courtier, Count and Favourite,
You to the titles of the wildest gallant
And bravest knight in France; are you content?

[*MAUPRAT goes up and sits L. of B. table.*

No;—trust in me—some glomy secret—

De Mau. 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! (*crosses L.*)—I will trust you ;—

Hating the Cardinal, and beguiled by Orleans,
You know I joined the Languedoc revolt—
Was captured—sent to the Bastile——

Bar.

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 valours—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.

Bar.

Yet released you

From the Bastile——

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.”

Bar. 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 stainless—~~they~~ they who shared your crime
Exiled or dead—your king shall never learn it.”

Bar.

Well ?

De Mau. You have heard if I fought bravely,—
 When the Cardinal
 Review'd the troops—his eye 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!

Bar. 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 charm'd life;—to all, who have braved his power,
 One common end—the block.

Bar. Nay, if he live,
 The block your doom;—

De Mau. 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?—

[*Crosses gloomily to R.*

Bar. Yet dost thou love *not*?

De Mau. Love?—I am young——

Bar. And Julie fair! (*Mauprat sinks into a
 chair, R.*) (*Aside*). It is so,
 Upon the margin of the grave—his hand
 Would pluck the rose that I would win and wear!

De Mau. (*starting up gaily*). Since you have one secret, take the other;—Never Unbury either!—Come (*crosses L, and takes his hat from table*) 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. (*goes to BARADAS, who is R.*) Pshaw! not so grave; I'm a true Frenchman!—*Vive la bagatelle!*

[*As they are going out, enter HUGUET and four Arquebusiers L. C.; they range at the back of the entrance. HUGUET enters the chamber.*

Huguet (L. C.). Messire de Mauprat,—I arrest you!
—Follow

To the Lord Cardinal.

De Mau. (R. C.). You see, my friend, I'm out of my suspense!—the tiger's play'd Long enough with his prey.—(*Gives his sword to HUGUET.*)—Farewell!—Hereafter Say, when men name me, “Adrien de Mauprat Lived without hope, and perish'd without fear!”

[*Exeunt DE MAUPRAT, HUGUET, &c., L. C.*

Bar. 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 now my rival!—While the name of Julie Hung on thy lips—I smiled—for then I saw, In my mind's eye, the cold and grinning Death Hang o'er thy head the pall!—By the King's aid

I will be Julie's husband—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, L.*

SCENE II.

A room in the Palais Cardinal, the walls hung with arras. A large screen R. U. E. A table covered with books, papers, &c., C. A rude clock in a recess. Busts, statues, book-cases, weapons of different periods, and banners suspended over RICHELIEU'S chair. A panoply, a small and a two-handed sword, R.

RICHELIEU and JOSEPH, R. D.

Rich. 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.

Rich. 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.

Rich. A very wooden head then! Well?

Joseph. The favourite,
Count Baradas——

Rich. 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. Your ward has charmed the King——

Rich. 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 goddess but the State:—the State—That's Richelieu!

[*Crosses and sits R. of table.*]

Joseph (L.). This 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!

Rich. Ha! ha!
I have another bride for Baradas.

Joseph. You, my Lord?

Rich. Ay—more faithful than the love
Of fickle woman:—when the head lies lowliest,
Clasping him fondest;—Sorrow never knew
So sure a soother,—and her bed is stainless!

Enter FRANÇOIS, L. D.

Fran. Mademoiselle de Mortemar.

Rich. Most opportune—admit her.

[*Exit FRANÇOIS, L. D.*]

In my closet

You'll find a rosary, Joseph ; ere you tell
Three hundred beads, I'll summon you. (JOSEPH *going c.*)

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 (aside). Troth, a pleasant invitation !

[*Exit* JOSEPH, R. C.]

Enter JULIE DE MORTEMAR, L. D.

(*She goes to RICHELIEU and sits at his feet, R.*)

Rich. That's my sweet Julie !

Julie. Are you gracious ?—

May I say " Father ? "

Rich. Now and ever !

Julie. Father !

A sweet word to an orphan.

Rich. No ; not orphan

While Richelieu lives ; thy father loved me well ;
My friend, ere I had flatterers (now, I'm great,
In other phrase, I'm friendless)—he died young
In years, not service, and bequeath'd thee to me ;
And thou shalt have a dowry, girl, to buy
Thy mate amidst the mightiest. Drooping ?—sighs ?
Art thou not happy at the court ?

Julie. Not often.

Rich. (aside). Can she love Baradas ?—

Thou art admired—art young ;
Does not his Majesty commend thy beauty—
Ask thee to sing to him ?—and swear such sounds
Had smooth'd the brows of Saul ?—

Julie. He's very tiresome,
Our worthy King.

[*RICHELIEU, during this dialogue is writing.*]

Rich. Fie! kings are never tiresome,
Save to their ministers. What courtly gallants
Charm ladies most?—De Sourdiac, Cinq Mars, or
The favourite Baradas?

Julie. A smileless man—
I fear and shun him.

Rich. Yet he courts thee?

Julie. Then
He is more tiresome than his Majesty.

Rich. Right, girl, shun Baradas.—Yet of these flowers
Of France, not one, in whose more honied breath
Thy heart hears Summer whisper?

Enter HUGUET, L. D.

Huguet. The Chevalier
De Mauprat waits below.

Julie (starting up). De Mauprat!

Rich. Hem!

He has been tiresome too!—Anon. [*Exit HUGUET, L. D.*]

Julie. What doth he?—

I mean—I—Does your Eminence—that is—
Know you Messire de Mauprat?

Rich. (writing). Well!—and you—
Has he address'd you often?

Julie. Often!—No—
Nine times;—nay, ten;—the last time, by the lattice
Of the great staircase.—(*In a melancholy tone.*) The
Court sees him rarely.

Rich. (writing). A bold and forward royster?

Julie. He?—nay, modest,
Gentle, and sad, methinks.

Rich. (*writing*). Wears gold and azure ?

Julie. No; sable.

Rich. So you note his colours, Julie ?
Shame on you, child; look loftier. By the mass,
I have business with this modest gentleman.

Julie. You're angry with poor Julie. There's no cause.

Rich. No cause—you hate my foes ?

Julie. I do!

Rich. Hate Mauprat ?

Julie. Not Mauprat. No, not Adrien, father.

Rich. Adrien !
Familiar!—Go, child (*JULIE crosses to L.*); no,—not
that way;—wait
In the tapestry chamber; I will join you,—go.

Julie (*crosses to R., then pauses*). His brows are knit;
—I dare not call him father!

But I *must* speak—Your Eminence—(*approaches him
timidly*).

Rich. (*sternly*). Well, girl!

Julie (*kneels*). Nay,

Smile on me—one smile more; there, now I'm happy.
Do not rank Mauprat with your foes; he is not,
I know he *is* not; he loves France too well.

Rich. Not rank De Mauprat with my foes? So be it.
I'll blot him from that list.

Julie. That's my own father. [*Exit JULIE, R. D.*]

Rich. (*ringing a small bell on the table*). Huguet!

Enter HUGUET, L. D.

De Mauprat struggled not, nor murmur'd ?

Huguet. No; proud and passive.

Rich. 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 (*pointing
to the screen*); watch him;

If he show violence—(let me see thy carbine (*HUGUET
gives it to him*);

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

Why—the dog's death (*returning the carbine*).

Huguet.

I never miss my mark.

[*Exit HUGUET L. D.*; *RICHELIEU resumes his pen,
and slowly arranges the papers before him.
Enter DE MAUPRAT, preceded by HUGUET,
who then retires behind the screen, R. U. E.*

Rich. Approach, Sir (*MAUPRAT advances*).—Can you
call to mind the hour,

Now three years since, when in this room, methinks,
Your presence honour'd me?

De Mau. (L. C.).

It is, my Lord,

One of my most——

Rich. (*drily*). Delightful recollections.

De Mau. (*aside*). St. Denis! doth he make a jest of
axe

And headsman?

Rich. (*sternly*). I did then accord you

A mercy ill requited—you still live?

De Mau. To meet death face to face at last.

Rich. Messire 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?

Rich. 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 Mau. I was not always thus:—if changed my
nature,

Blame that which changed my fate.

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

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

De Mau. (*advancing threat'ningly*). Lord Cardinal!
Unsay those words!—

[HUGUET *deliberately raises the carbine.*

Rich. (*waving his hand*). Not quite so quick, friend
Huguet;

Messire de Mauprat is a patient man,
And he can wait!—

[HUGUET *recovers, and withdraws behind the screen.*

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 moneys
 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*—given—uninherited—unpaid for ;
This is to be a trickster ; and to filch
 Men's art and labour, 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 conjurer !

Rich.

This is scandalous,

Shaming your birth and blood.—I tell you, Sir,
 That you must pay your debts.—

De Mau. (*advancing boldly to the table*). With all my
 heart,

My Lord.—Where shall I borrow, then, the money ?

Rich. (*aside and laughing*). A humorous dare-devil !—

The very man

To suit my purpose—ready, frank, and bold !

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 carcase,

Civilisation, 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!—(*rises*)—Force and
Fraud

Misname it cruelty—you shall confute them!

My champion YOU!—You met me as your foe,

Depart my friend—you shall not die.—France needs
you.

You shall wipe off all stains,—be rich, be honour'd,

Be great.—

[DE MAUPRAT *falls on his knee.*

I ask, Sir, in return, this hand,
To gift it with a bride, whose dower shall match,
Yet not exceed, her beauty.

[RICHELIEU *raises him.*

De Mau.
I have no wish to marry.

I, my Lord,—(*hesitating*)—

Rich.
To die were worse.

Surely, Sir,

De Mau. Scarcely; the poorest coward
Must die,—but knowingly to march to marriage—
My Lord, it asks the courage of a lion!

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

De Mau. As rivers
May love the sunlight—basking in the beams,
And hurrying on!—

Rich. Thou hast told her of thy love?

De Mau. My Lord, if I had dared to love a maid,
Lowliest in France, I would not so have wronged 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.

Rich. I believe thee; (*sits*)

Yet since she knows not of thy love, renounce her;—
Take 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 sooth in grief,
Or sanctified despair, for life and gold.
Revoke your mercy;—I prefer the fate
I look'd for!

Rich. Huguet! (*HUGUET comes forward, R.*) 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 MAUPRAT crosses slowly to R.; pauses; then goes to
RICHELIEU.*

De Mau. When I am dead,
Tell her, I loved her.

Rich. Keep such follies, Sir,
For fitter ears;—go——

De Mau. Does he mock me?

[*Exeunt DE MAUPRAT, and HUGUET, R. D.*

Rich. Joseph,
Come forth.

Enter JOSEPH, R. C., down L.

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.

Rich. 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,
Who weds to-morrow.

Joseph. Weds, with whom?

Rich. De Mauprat.

Joseph. Penniless husband!

Rich. Bah! the mate for beauty
Should be a man, and not a money-chest! [*Rises.*
Who else,

Look you, in all the court—who else so well,
Brave, or supplant the favourite;—balk the King—
Baffle their schemes;—I have tried him:—He has
honour

And courage;—qualities that eagle-plume
Men's souls,—and fit them for the fiercest sun,
Which 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:—(*crosses L.*)—trust me,
Joseph,

He is a man of an uncommon promise!

Joseph. And yet your foe.

Rich. 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 ?

Rich. (fiercely). All means to crush : as with the opening, and
The clenching of this little hand, I will
Crush the small venom of these stinging courtiers.
So, so, we've baffled Baradas.

Joseph. And when
Check the conspiracy ?

Rich. Check, check ? Full way to it.
Let it bud, ripen, flaunt i' the day, and burst
To fruit,—the Dead Sea's fruit of ashes ; ashes
Which I will scatter to the winds.

[*Crosses and sits R. of table.*

Go, Joseph.

[*Exit JOSEPH, L. D.*

Enter DE MAUPRAT and JULIE, R. D. ; they kneel.

De Mau. Oh, speak, my Lord—I dare not think you
mock me.

And yet——

Rich. How now ! Oh ! Sir—you live !

De Mau. Why, no, methinks,
Elysium is not life !

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

Rich. Rise, my children,
For ye are mine—mine both ;—and in your sweet
And young delight—your love—(life's first-born glory)
My own lost youth breathes musical ! [*They rise.*

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

Rich. 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 ;
 Even *I* loved once !—(*they cross L.*)—Be lovers while
 ye may !

*As they are going RICHELIEU touches MAUPRAT on the R.
 shoulder and beckons him forward.*

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

[*Exeunt JULIE and DE MAUPRAT, L. D.*

Rich. 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—lackeys of court wages,
 Dwarf'd starvelings—manikins, 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 !

[*Exit RICHELIEU, R. D.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SECOND DAY.

SCENE I.

A splendid Apartment in MAUPRAT'S new House. Casements opening to the Gardens, beyond which the domes of the Luxembourg Palace.

Enter BARADAS.

Bar. Mauprat's new home:—too splendid for a soldier!

But o'er his floors—the while I stalk—methinks
My shadow spreads gigantic to the gloom
The old rude towers of the Bastile cast far
Along the smoothness of the jocund day.—
Well, thou hast 'scaped the fierce caprice of Richelieu;
But 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 saw a ghastly, headless phantom mirror'd;—
Thy likeness ere the marriage moon hath waned.
Meanwhile—meanwhile—ha—ha, if thou art wedded,
Thou art not wived.

[*Retires L.*

Enter MAUPRAT (splendidly dressed) R., crosses to L., and back to R.

De Mau. Was ever fate like mine ?

So blest, and yet so wretched !

Bar. (comes forward L.) Joy, De Mauprat !—

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

De Mau. You know what chanced between

The Cardinal and myself.

Bar. 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——

Bar. Well ?

De Mau. Wide flew the doors, and lo,

Messire de Beringhen, and this epistle !

Bar. 'Tis the King's hand !—the royal seal !

De Mau. Read—read—

Bar. (reading). “Whereas Adrien de Mauprat, Colonel and Chevalier in our armies, being already guilty of High Treason, by the seizure of our town of Faviaux, has presumed, without our knowledge, consent, or sanction, to connect himself by marriage with Julie de Mortemar, a wealthy orphan attached to the person of Her Majesty, without our knowledge or consent—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, save in the presence of our faithful servant the Sieur de Beringhen, and then with such respect and decorum as are due to a Demoiselle attached to the Court of France, until such time as it may suit our royal pleasure to confer with

the Holy Church on the formal annulment of the marriage, and with our Council on the punishment to be awarded to Messire de Mauprat, who is cautioned for his own sake to preserve silence as to our injunction, more especially to Mademoiselle de Mortemar.

“ Given under our hand and seal at the Louvre.

“ LOUIS.”

Bar. (*returning the letter*). Amazement!—Did not Richelieu say, the King

Knew not your crime?

De Mau. He said so.

Bar. Poor de Mauprat!

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

De Mau. Ha

Bar. (*aside*). It works!

What so clear?

Richelieu has but two passions——

De Mau. Richelieu!

Bar. 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!

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

But the court etiquette must give such Cupids

The veil of Hymen—(Hymen but in name).

He looked abroad—found you his foe:—*thus served*

Ambition—by the grandeur of his ward,

And vengeance—by dishonour to his foe!

De Mau. Prove this.

Bar. You have the proof—the royal Letter :—
Your strange exemption from the general pardon,
Known but to me and Richelieu ; can you doubt
Your friend to acquit your foe ?

De Mau. I see it all !—Mock pardon—hurried nup-
tials—

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

Oh ! it stings home ! [*Crosses L.*

Bar. 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 ? But the King ?—but Jalie ?

Bar. 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 should forget his passion and your crime.

[*MAUPRAT goes to L.*

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.*

Bar. Start from the chase, my prey,
But as thou speed'st the hell-hounds of Revenge
Pant in thy track and dog thee down.

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

De Ber. 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— !

Bar. You
Will be released ere long. The King resolves
To call the bride to court this day.

De Ber. Poor Mauprat!
Yet, since *you* love the lady, why so careless
Of the King's suit?
Is Louis still so chafed against the Fox
For snatching yon fair dainty from the Lion?

Bar. 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 Ber. He must mean me!—No, Count, I am—
I own,
A valiant dog—but still——

Bar. Whom can I mean
But Mauprat?—Mark, to-night we meet at Marion'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 Ber. But to admit the Spaniard—France's foe—
Into the heart of France,—dethrone the King,—
It looks like treason, and I smell the headsman.

Bar. Oh, Sir, too late to falter: when we meet
We must arrange the separate—coarser scheme,
For Richelieu's death. Of this despatch De Mauprat
Must nothing learn. He only bites at vengeance,
And he would start from treason.—We must post him
Without the door at Marion's—as a sentry.
(*Aside*)—So, when his head is on the block—his tongue
Cannot betray our more august designs!

De Ber. 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.

Bar. Pshaw! a man filled with a sublime ambition
Has no time to discuss your pâtés.

De Ber. Pshaw!
And a man filled with as sublime a pâté
Has no time to discuss ambition.—Gad,
I have the best of it! [*Exit R.*

Bar. 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
I shall carve out—who knows—perchance a throne!
All in despite of my Lord Cardinal.

Enter DE MAUPRAT, L.

De Mau. Speak! can it be?—Methought', that from
the terrace
I saw the carriage of the King—and Julie!
No!—no!—my frenzy peoples the void air
With its own phantoms!

Bar. Nay, too true.—Alas!
Was ever lightning swifter, or more blasting,
Than Richelieu's forked guile?

De Mau. I'll to the Louvre—

Bar. And lose all hope!—The Louvre!—the sure
gate
To the Bastile!

De Mau. The King—

Bar. Is but the wax,

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

De Mau.

Ghastly Vengeance!

To thee, and thine august and solemn sister,

The unrelenting Death, I dedicate

The blood of Armand Richelieu! When Dishonour

Reaches our hearths Law dies, and Murther takes

The angel shape of Justice!

[*Crosses*, R.]

Bar.

Bravely said!

At midnight,—Marion's!—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 they, who raise the spell, beware the Fiend!

[*Exeunt*, R.]

SCENE II.

A room in the Palais Cardinal (as in the First Act).

RICHELIEU and JOSEPH, L. D.

FRANÇOIS discovered arranging the footstool.

Joseph. (L.). Yes;—Huguet, taking his accustom'd
round,—

Disguised as some plain burgher,—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,—Marion de Lorme's—at midnight!"

Rich. 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!

Rich.

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!
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!
Reach me yon falchion, François,—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 brings him one of the long two-handed
swords worn in the middle ages.

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!
A toy—a feather—then!

[Tries to wield, and lets it fall.

You see, a child could

Slay Richelieu now.

[Retires to the table and sits R.

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

Rich (*who has seated himself as 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! [*Looking on the clock.*

[FRANÇOIS replaces the sword.

'Tis the hour,—

Retire, Sir.

[FRANÇOIS crosses behind and exit by R. D. Three
knocks are heard, L. U. E. RICHELIEU repeats
them. A door concealed in the arras opens cau-
tiously. Enter MARION DE LORME, L. U. E.

Joseph (*amazed*). Marion de Lorme!

[*She passes behind to the R. of RICHELIEU.*

Rich.

Hist!—Joseph,

Keep guard.

[JOSEPH retires, D. R.

My faithful Marion!

Mar. (*kneeling*).

Good, my Lord,

They meet to-night in my poor house. The Duke
Of Orleans heads them.

Rich.

Yes—go on.

Mar.

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.—

Rich. You?—

Mar. Made answer, “Yes—my brother;—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 'part for Italy.

Rich. Aha!—

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

Mar. The Piedmont frontier,
Where Bouillon lies encamp'd.

Rich. 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 ?

Marion. Dark hints of some design to seize
Your person in your palace. Nothing clear—
His Highness trembled while he spoke—the words
Did choke each other.

Rich. So!—who is the brother
You recommended to the Duke ?

Marion. Whoever
Your Eminence may father!

Rich. Darling Marion !

[*Rises and goes to the table and returns with a
large purse of gold.*]

There—pshaw—a trifle!—(*Gives the purse to MARION.*)
You are sure they meet?—the hour ?

Marion. At midnight.

Rich. And
You will engage to give the Duke's despatch
To whom I send?

Marion. Ay, marry!

Rich. (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. D.

Rich. Follow this fair lady ;
(Find him the suiting garments, Marion,) 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 honour,
Which Death alone can steal, or ravish—set
Spurs to your steed—be breathless, till you stand
Again before me.—(*FRANÇOIS is going.*)—Stay, Sir!—

You will find me

Two short leagues hence—at Ruelle, in my castle.
Young man, be blithe!—for—note me—from the hour
I grasp that packet—think your guardian Star
Rain's fortune on you!—

Fran. If I fail—

Rich. 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, Marion.)

[*MARION crosses behind to L. U. E.*

Follow her—but at a distance;—speak not to her,
Till you are housed.—Farewell, boy! Never say
“*Fail*” again.

Fran. I will not !

Rich. (*patting his locks*). There's my young hero !—
[*Exeunt FRANÇOIS and MARION, L. U. E.*]

Rich. So, they would seize my person in this palace ?—
I cannot guess their scheme ;—but my retiree
Is here too large !—a single traitor could
Strike impotent the faith of thousands ;—Joseph,

Enter JOSEPH, L. D.

Art sure of Huguet ?—Think—we hang'd his Father !

Joseph. But you have bought the Son ;—heap'd
favours on him !

Rich. Trash !—favours past—that's nothing (*crosses L.*)
—In his hours

Of confidence with you, has he named the favours
To *come*—he counts on ?

Joseph. Yes :—a Colonel's rank,
And Letters of Nobility.

[*Here HUGUET enters, as to address the CARDINAL,
who does not perceive him.*]

Rich. What, Huguet !—

Huguet. My own name, soft (*retires and listens*).

Rich. 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 !

No wrong to Huguet either ;—Moralists

Say, Hope is sweeter than Possession !—Yes !

We'll count on Huguet !

Huguet. Ay, to thy cost, thou tyrant. [*Exit L. D.*]

Rich. 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!

Joseph.

The saints grant it!

Rich. (solemnly). Yes—for sweet France, Heaven
grant it!—O my country,
For thee—thee only—though men deem it not—
Are toil and terror my familiars!—I
Have made thee great and fair—upon thy brows
Wreath'd the old Roman laurel:—at thy feet
Bow'd nations down.—No pulse in my ambition
Whose beatings were not measured from thy heart!
And while I live—Richelieu and France are one.

[*Crosses to R.*

Enter HUGUET, L. D.

Huguet.

My Lord Cardinal,

Your Eminence bade me seek you at this hour.

Rich. (crossing, c.) 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.

Rich. All trusty?

Huguet.

Aye, my Lord.

Rich.

Ere the dawn be grey,

All could be arm'd, assembled, and at Ruelle
In my old hall?

Huguet.

By one hour after midnight.

Rich. The castle's strong. You know its outlets,
Huguet?

Would twenty men, well posted, keep such guard

Old—childless—friendless—broken—all forsake—
All—all—but——

Joseph. What?

Rich. The indomitable heart
Of Armand Richelieu! [*Crosses R.*

Joseph. And Joseph——

Rich. (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!*

[*Exeunt R.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SECOND DAY (MIDNIGHT).

SCENE I.

RICHELIEU'S Castle at Ruelle. *A Gothic Chamber.*
Moonlight at the window, occasionally obscured. Large
doors, C. ; small doors, B. and L.

Rich. (reading). "In silence, and at night, the Con-
 science feels

That life should soar to nobler ends than Power."

So sayest thou, sage and sober moralist !

O ! ye, whose hour-glass shifts its tranquil sands

In the unvex'd silence of a student's cell ;

Ye, whose untempted hearts have never toss'd

Upon the dark and stormy tides where life

Gives battle to the elements,—

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 !

Speak to me, moralist !—I'll heed thy counsel.

Were it not best——

Enter FRANÇOIS hastily, and in part disguised,

D. L. S. E.

Rich. (*flinging away the book*). Philosophy, thou liest!
Quick—the despatch! Power—Empire! Boy—the
packet!

Fran. (*kneeling*). Kill me, my Lord.

Rich. They knew thee—they suspected—
They gave it not——

Fran. He gave it—he—the Count
De Baradas—with his own hand he gave it!

Rich. Baradas! Joy! out with it!

Fran. Listen,
And then dismiss me to the headsman.

Rich. Ha!
Go on.

Fran. They led me to a chamber—There
Orleans and Baradas—and some half-score,
Whom I know not—were met——

Rich. Not more!

Fran. 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!”

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

Fran. Baradas
Question'd me close—demurr'd—until, at last,
O'erruled by Orleans,—gave the packet—told me
That life and death were in the scroll—this gold——

(*showing a purse*)

Rich. Gold is no proof——

Fran. 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, Marion 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."
 She said, and trembling fled within; when, lo!
 A hand of iron griped me; thro' the dark
 Glean'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.

Rich. Who spake of *life*?
 I bade thee grasp that treasure as thine *honour*—
 A jewel worth whole hecatombs of lives! (*rises*)
 Begone!—redeem thine honour—back to Marion—
 Or Baradas—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.—(*Crosses R.*) [*FRANÇOIS rises.*
 See me not till thou'st bought the right to seek me.—
 Away!—Nay, cheer thee, thou hast not fail'd yet,—
There's no such word as "fail!""]

Fran. Bless you, my Lord,
 For that one smile! [*Exit L. D.*]

Rich. He will win it yet.
 François!—He's gone. My murder! Marion's warning!
 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—

Huguet shall track—Joseph confess—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 unclose—steps nearer and nearer !

Enter JULIE, L. D. S. E.

Julie. Cardinal !
 My father ! *[Falls at his feet.*

Rich. Julie at this hour !—and tears !
 What ails thee ?

Julie. I am safe ; I am with thee !—

Rich. Safe !

Julie. That man—
 Why did I love him ?—clinging to a breast
 That knows no shelter ?

Listen—late at noon—
 The marriage-day—ev'n then no more a lover—
 He left me coldly,—well,—I sought my chamber
 To weep and wonder—but to hope and dream.
 Sudden a mandate from the King—to attend
 Forthwith his pleasure at the Louvre.

Rich. Ha !
 You did obey the summons ; and the King
 Reproach'd your hasty nuptials.

Julie. Were that all !
 He frown'd and chid ; proclaim'd the bond unlawful :
 Bade me not quit my chamber in the palace,
 And there at night—alone—this night—all still—
 He sought my presence—dared—thou read'st the heart,
 Read mine ! I cannot speak it !

Rich. He a King,—
 You—woman ; well,—you yielded !

Julie. Cardinal—
Dare you say “yielded?”—Humbled and abash’d,
He from the chamber crept—this mighty Louis ;
Crept like a baffled felon!—yielded? Ah!
More royalty in woman’s honest heart
Than dwells within the crowned majesty
And sceptred anger of a hundred kings!
Yielded!—Heavens!—yielded!

[Goes L.]

Rich. To my breast,—close —close!

[*They embrace.*]

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
Her sex’s tempters, Vanity and Power!—
He left you—well!

Julie. Then came a sharper trial!
At the King’s suit the Count de Baradas
Sought me to soothe, to fawn, to flatter, while
On his smooth lip insult appear’d more hateful.
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—my husband—knew
The King’s polluting suit, and deemed it *honour!*
Then all the terrible and loathsome truth
Glared on me;—coldness, waywardness, reserve—
Mystery of looks—words—all unravell’d,—and
I saw the impostor, where I had loved the god!

Rich. I think thou wrong’st thy husband—but proceed.

Julie. 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.

Rich. Let me know all.

Julie. 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 mid-
night:

Trembling I left my chamber—sought the queen—
Fell at her feet—reveal’d the unholy peril—
Implored her aid to flee our joint disgrace.
Moved, she embraced and soothed me—nay, preserved;
Her word sufficed to unlock the palace-gates:
I hasten’d home—but home was desolate,—
No Adrien there! 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——

Rich. ’Twas but my guards, fair trembler.
(So Huguet keeps his word, my omens wrong’d him.)

Julie. Oh, in one hour what years of anguish crowd!

Rich. Nay, there’s no danger now. Thou needest
rest. [*Takes a lamp from the table, c.*
Come, thou shalt lodge beside me. Tush! be cheer’d.
My rosiest Amazon—thou wrong’st thy Theseus.
All will be will—yes, yet all well.

[*Exeunt through a side door, R. S. E.*

*Enter HUGUET—DE MAUPRAT, L. D., in complete
armour, his vizor down. The moonlight obscured at the
casement.*

Huguet. Not here!

De Mau. Oh, I will find him, fear not. Hence and
 guard [Crosses, R.
 The galleries where the menials sleep—plant sentries
 At every outlet—Chance should throw no shadow
 Between the vengeance and the victim! Go!—

Huguet. Will you not want
 A second arm?

De Mau. To slay one weak old man?—
 Away! No lessor wrongs than mine can make
 This murder lawful. Hence!

Huguet. A short farewell!
 [Exit HUGUET, L. D.

DE MAUPRAT conceals himself, R.

Re-enter RICHELIEU (not perceiving DE MAUPRAT), R. D.

Rich. How heavy is the air!—

[Goes to the table and puts down the lamp.

The very darkness lends itself to fear—
 To treason—

De Mau. And to death!

Rich. My omens lied not!

What art thou, wretch?

De Mau. Thy doomsman!

Rich. (MAUPRAT seizes him.) Ho, my guards!
 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 the next—thy grave!

Rich. Thou liest, knave!
 I am old, infirm—most feeble—but thou liest!

[RICHELIEU throws him off.

Armand de Richelieu dies not by the hand
 Of man—the stars have said it—and the voice

Of my own prophet and oracular soul
 Confirms the shining Sibyls! Call them all
 Thy brother butchers! Earth has no such fiend—
 No! as one parricide of his fatherland,
 Who dares in Richelieu murder France! [Goes L.
De Mau. Thy stars

Deceive thee, Cardinal;
 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,
 Hover'd the axe.
 One day you summon'd—mock'd him with smooth
 pardon—

Bade an angel's face
 Turn Earth to Paradise——

Rich. 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; reserved to grow
 The scorn of living men—

A kind convenience—a Sir Pandarus
 To his own bride, and the august adulterer!
 Then did the first great law of human hearts,
 Which with the patriot's, not the rebel's, name,
 Crown'd the first Brutus, when the Tarquin fell,
 Make Misery royal—raise this desperate wretch
 Into thy destiny! Expect no mercy!
 Behold De Mauprat!

[Lifts his vizor.

Rich. 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 valour I forgave thy crime ;—
 It was, when thou—the rash and ready tool—
 Yea of that shame thou loath'st—didst leave thy hearth
 To the polluter—in these arms thy bride
 Found the protecting shelter thine withheld.

[*Goes to the side door, R.*

Julie de Mauprat—Julie !

[*MAUPRAT crosses to L.*

Enter JULIE.

Lo ! my witness !

De Mau. (L.). What marvel's this ?—I dream ! my
 Julie—*thou !*

Julie (R.). Henceforth all bond
 Between us twain is broken. Were it not
 For this old man, I might, in truth, have lost
 The right—now mine—to scorn thee !

Rich. (c.). So, you hear her ?

De Mau. Thou with some slander hast her sense
 infected !

Julie. No, Sir : he did excuse thee.

Thy *friend*—

Thy *confidant*—familiar—*Baradas*—
 Himself reveal'd thy baseness.

De Mau. Baseness !

Rich. Ay ;

That *thou* didst *court* dishonour.

De Mau. Baradas !

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

[*Sheaths his sword.*

Thou—thou couldst not believe him! Thou dost love me!

Julie (aside). Love him!—Ah!

Be still my heart! (*Aloud*). Love you I did:—how fondly,

Woman—if women were my listeners now—
Alone could tell!—For ever fled my dream:
Farewell—all's over!

Rich. Nay, my daughter, these
Are but the blinding mists of daybreak love
Sprung from its very light, and heralding
A noon of happy summer. Take her 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 Julie
That Adrien loved her not—except, indeed,
When he told Adrien, Julie could betray him.

[MAUPRAT crosses to JULIE.]

Julie (embracing DE MAUPRAT). You love me, then!
—you love me!—and they wrong'd you!

De Mau. Ah! couldst thou doubt it?

Rich. Why, the very mole
Less blind than thou! Baradas loves thy wife;—
Had hoped her hand—aspired to be that cloak
To the King's will, which to thy bluntness seems
The Centaur's poisonous robe—hopes even now
To make thy corpse his footstool to thy bed!
Where was thy wit, man?—Ho! these schemes are
glass!

The very sun shines through them.

De Mau. O, my Lord,
Can you forgive me?

Rich. Ay, and save you !

De Mau. Save !—

Terrible word !—O, save *thyself* :—these halls

Swarm with thy foes : already for thy blood

Pants thirsty Murder ! [*Draws his sword.*]

Julie. Murder !

Rich. Hush ! put by

The woman. Hush ! a shriek—a cry—a breath

Too loud, would startle from its horrent pause

The swooping Death ! Go to the door, and listen !

Now for escape !

[*Crosses to R. Julie kneels at the door listening.*]

De Mau. None—none ! Their blades shall pass
This heart to thine.

Rich. (drily). An honourable outwork,
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 !

Rich. And Huguet ?

De Mau. Is our captain.

[*Watches the door and stands prepared for defence.*]

Rich. A retributive Power !—This comes of spies !

All ? then the lion's skin's too short to-night,—

Now for the fox's !— [*Murmurs without.*]

Julie. A hoarse, gathering murmur !—

Hurrying and heavy footsteps !

Rich. Ha !—the posterns ?

De Mau. No egress where no sentry !

Rich. Follow me—

I have it!—to my chamber—quick! Come, Julie!
Hush! Mauprat, come!

[*Exeunt* JULIE, MAUPRAT, and RICHELIEU, C. D.

(*Murmurs at a distance*)—Death to the Cardinal!

Rich. Bloodhounds, I laugh at ye!—ha! ha!—we
will

Baffle them yet.—Ha!—ha!

Huguet (*without*). This way—this way!

Enter HUGUET and the CONSPIRATORS, L. U. E.

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

First Con.

Perchance

The fox had crept to rest; and to his lair
Death, the dark hunter, tracks him.

[*Enter* MAUPRAT, *throwing open the doors of the
recess, c., in which there is a bed, whereon RICHELIEU
lies extended.*

De Mau.

Live the King;

Richelieu is dead!

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
Ten 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!

Huguet.

And you?

De Mau. Will stay, to crush
 Eager suspicion—to forbid sharp eyes
 To dwell too closely on the clay ; prepare
 The rites, and place him on his bier—this *my* task.
 I leave to you, sirs, the more grateful lot
 Of wealth and honours. Hence !

Huguet. I shall be noble !

De Mau. Away !

First Con. Five thousand crowns !

Omnes. To horse !—to horse !

[*Exeunt* Conspirators, L. S. E.]

MAUPRAT *stands on guard.*

SCENE II.

Still night.—*A room in the house of* COUNT DE BARADAS.
 ORLEANS and DE BERINGHEN, R.

De Ber. I understand. Mauprat kept guard without :

Knows nought of the despatch—but heads the troop
 Whom the poor Cardinal fancies his protectors.
 Save us from such protection !

Enter BARADAS, R.

Bar. Julie is fled :—the King, whom now I left
 To a most thorny pillow, vows revenge
 On her—on Mauprat—and on Richelieu ! Well ;
 We loyal men anticipate his wish
 Upon the last—and as for Mauprat,— (*showing a writ*)

De Ber.

Hum !

They say the devil invented printing! Faith!
He has some hand in writing parchment—eh, Count?
What mischief now?

Bar. The King, at Julie's flight
Enraged, will brook no rival in a subject—
So on this old offence—the affair of Faviaux—
Ere Mauprat can tell tales of *us*, we build
His bridge between the dungeon and the grave.
Oh! by the way—I had forgot your highness,
Friend Huguet whispered me, “Beware of Marion:
I've seen her lurking near the Cardinal's palace.”
Upon that hint, I've found her lodgings elsewhere.

Orleans. You wrong her, Count. Poor Marion!—
she adores me.

Bar. (*apologetically*). Forgive me, but——

Enter Page, R.

Page. My Lord, a rude, strange soldier,
Breathless with haste, demands an audience.

Bar. So!—
The archers?

Page. In the ante-room, my Lord,
As you desired.

Bar. 'Tis well—admit the soldier. [*Exit Page, R.*
Huguet!—I bade him seek me here.

Enter HUGUET, R.

Huguet. My Lords,
The deed is done. Now, Count, fulfil your word,
And make me noble!

Bar. Richelieu dead?—art sure?
How died he?

Huguet. Strangled in his sleep:—no blood,
No tell-tale violence.

Bar. Strangled?—monstrous villain!
Reward for murder! Ho, there! [*Stamping.*]

Enter Captain with five Archers, R.

Huguet. No, thou durst not!

Bar. Seize on the ruffian—bind him—gag him! (*they seize him.*) Off

To the Bastile!

Huguet. Your word—your plighted faith!

Bar. Insolent liar!—ho, away!

Huguet. Nay, Count;

I have that about me, which—

Bar. Away with him!

[*Exeunt HUGUET and Archers, R.*]

Now, then, all's safe; Huguet must die in prison,
So Mauprat:—coax or force the meaner crew
To fly the country. Ha, ha! thus, your highness
Great men make use of little men.

De Ber. My Lords,

Since our suspense is ended—you'll excuse me;

'Tis late—and, *entre nous*, I have not supp'd yet!

I'm one of the new Council now, remember;

I feel the public stirring here already;

A very craving monster. *Au revoir!*

[*Exit DE BERINGHEN, R.*]

Orleans. No fear, now Richelieu's dead.

Bar. And could he come

To life again, he could not keep life's life—

His power,—nor save De Mauprat from the scaffold,—

Nor Julie from these arms—nor Paris from

The Spaniard—nor your highness from the throne!

All ours! all ours! in spite of my Lord Cardinal!

Enter Page, R.

Page. A gentleman, my Lord, of better mien
Than he who last——

Bar. Well, he may enter. [*Exit* Page, R.]

Orleans. Who

Can this be?

Bar. One of the conspirators :
Mauprat himself, perhaps.

Enter FRANÇOIS, R.

Fran. My Lord——

Bar. Ha, traitor ;

In Paris still ?

Fran. The packet—the despatch—
Some knave play'd spy without and reft it from me,
Ere I could draw my sword.

Bar. Played spy *without* !
Did he wear armour ?

Fran. Ay, from head to heel.

Orleans. One of our band. Oh, heavens !

Bar. Could it be Mauprat ?
Kept guard at the *door*—knew *nought of the despatch*—
How HE ?—and yet, who other ?

Fran. Ha, De Mauprat !
The night was dark—his vizor closed.

Bar. 'Twas he !
How could he guess ?—'sdeath ! if he should betray us.
His hate to Richelieu dies with Richelieu—and
He was not great enough for treason.—Hence !
Find Mauprat—beg, steal, filch, or force it back,
Or, as I live, the halter——

Fran. By the morrow
I will regain it (*aside*), and redeem my honour !

[*Exit* FRANÇOIS, R.]

Orleans. Oh, we are lost——

Bar. Not so! But cause on cause
For Mauprat's seizure—silence—death! Take courage.

Orleans. Should it once reach the King, the Cardinal's
arm

Could smite us from the grave.

Bar. Sir, think it not!
I hold De Mauprat in my grasp. To-morrow,
And France is ours!

[*Exeunt, L.*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

THIRD DAY.

SCENE I.

The Gardens of the Louvre.—ORLEANS, BARADAS, DE BERINGHEN, Courtiers, &c., R. S. E.

Orleans (L. C.). How does my brother bear the Cardinal's death?

Bar. (R. C.). 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?"

Anon exclaims—"Who shall baffle Louis?"

Enter LOUIS and other Courtiers, R. S. E. (They uncover.)

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?

[*Crosses L. and back to C.*

Bar. Yourself, my liege. That swart and potent star Eclipsed your royal orb. He served the country, But did he *serve*, or seek to *sway* the King?

Louis. You're right—he was an able politician—
Dear Count, this silliest Julie,
I know not why, she takes my fancy. Many
As fair, and certainly more kind ; but yet
It is so.

Bar. Richelieu was most disloyal in that marriage.

Louis (*querulously*). He knew that Julie pleased
me :—a clear proof
He never loved me !

Bar. Oh, most clear !—But now
No bar between your 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'll summon Julie back. A word with you.

[*Takes aside* First Courtier and DE BERINGHEN,
and *exeunt* L. S. E.]

Enter FRANÇOIS, R. U. E.]

Fran. 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 sweet Fortune, smile upon me—
I am thy son !—if thou desert'st me now,
Come, Death, and snatch me from disgrace. [*Exit*, L.]

Enter MAUPRAT, R. U. E.]

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 !

Re-enter FRANÇOIS, L. U. E.

Fran. Mauprat ! hold :—
Where is the——

De Mau. Well ! What would'st thou ?

Fran. The despatch !
The packet.—LOOK ON ME—I serve the Cardinal—
You know me.—Did you not keep guard last night
By Marion's house ?

De Mau. I did ;—no matter now !—
They told me, *he* was *here* !—

[*Crosses to L. and up the stage.*]

Fran. O joy ! quick—quick—
The packet thou didst wrest from me ?

De Mau. The packet ?—
What, art thou he I deemed the Cardinal's spy
(Dupe that I was)—and overhearing Marion——

Fran. The same—restore it !—haste !

De Mau. I have it not :—
Methought it but reveal'd our scheme to Richelieu,
And, as we mounted, gave it to——

Enter BARADAS, R.

Stand back !

Now, villain ! now—I have thee !

(*To FRANÇOIS.*)—Hence, Sir !—*Draw !*

Fran. Art mad ?—the King's at hand ! leave *him* to
Richelieu !

Speak—the despatch—to whom——

De Mau. (*dashing him aside, and rushing to BARADAS*)

Thou triple slanderer !

I'll set my heel upon thy crest !

[*A few passes.*

Fran.

Fly—fly !

The King !—

Enter, l. s. e., LOUIS, ORLEANS, DE BERINGHEN, Courtiers, &c.; Captain and Guards hastily, l. u. e. The Captain and Guards range r., Courtiers l., King l. c., BARADAS l. c., MAUPRAT r.

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

Bar. (r. of the King).

Pardon, Sire,—

*My crime but self-defence. (Aside to King). It is
De Mauprat !*

Louis. Dare he thus brave us ?

[*BARADAS goes to the Captain, and gives the writ.*

De Mau.

Sire, in the Cardinal's name—

Bar. Seize him—disarm—to the Bastile !

[*DE MAUPRAT resigns his sword. Enter RICHELIEU
and JOSEPH, followed by Arquebusiers, l. u. e.*

Bar. (c.).

The Dead

Returned to life !

Louis (l. c.). What a *mock* death ! this tops
The Infinite of Insult.

De Mau. (r.).

Priest and Hero !—

For you are both—protect the truth !—

*Rich. (taking the writ from the Captain).—*What's
this ?

De Ber. (l.). Fact in Philosophy. Foxes have got
Nine lives, as well as cats !

Bar.

Be, firm my liege.

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

Joseph (*down R.*). The tide runs counter—there'll be shipwreck somewhere.

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

Rich. 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 folly,

Misled (*To ORLEANS*)—(by whom *your Highness* may conjecture!)—

Is long since cancell'd by a loyal manhood.—

I, Sire, have pardon'd him.

Louis. And we do give

Your pardon to the winds.—Sir, do your duty!

Rich. 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 (*taking the paper from him*). At your peril!

This is too much:—Again, Sir, do your duty!

[*MAUPRAT is about to expostulate.*

Rich. Speak not, but go:—I would not see young
Valour

So humbled as grey Service.

De Mau.

Fare you well!

[*Kisses RICHELIEU's hand.*

Save Julie, and console her.

Fran. (*aside to MAUPRAT, as he is being led off*)—
The despatch !

Your fate, foes, life, hang upon a word !—to whom ?

De Mau. To Huguet.

[*Exeunt MAUPRAT and Guard, L. U. E.*

Bar. (*aside to FRANÇOIS*). Has he the packet ?

Fran. He will not reveal—

(*Aside.*) Work, brain !—beat, heart !—“*There’s no such word as fail !*”

[*Exit FRANÇOIS, R. U. E.*

All the Courtiers have closed round the King, shutting RICHELIEU out.

Rich. (*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 ?

Rich. Are you then anger’d, Sire, that I live still ?

Louis. No ; but such artifice——

Rich. Not mine : — look elsewhere !

Louis—my castle swarm’d with the assassins.

Bar. (*advancing, R.*). We have punished them already. Huguet now

In the Bastile.—Oh ! my Lord, *we* were prompt To avenge you—*we* were——

Rich. 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. Tush ! my Lord,

The old contrivance:—ever does your wit
 Invent assassins,—that ambition may
 Slay rivals—— [BARADAS *crosses behind to the King.*

Rich. 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.

Rich. 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.

Rich. 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 *favours*;—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 Murderer?

Louis. Lord Cardinal—one by one you have sever'd
from me

The bonds of human love. All near and dear
Mark'd out for vengeance—exile or the scaffold.
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!

[*The King and all the Court cross to R.*

Rich.

Sire!

I—patience, Heaven!—sweet Heaven!—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 LOUIS, R., followed by Courtiers.*

Orleans.

Saved!

Bar. For this, deep thanks to Julie and to Mauprat!

[*Exeunt BARADAS and ORLEANS, R.*

Rich.

Joseph—Did you hear the King?

Joseph (down L.). I did—there's danger! Had you
been less haughty—

Rich. And suffered slaves to chuckle—“See the
Cardinal—

How meek his Eminence is to-day”—I tell thee

This is a strife in which the loftiest look
Is the most subtle armour——

Joseph.

But——

Rich.

No time

For ifs and buts. 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——

[*Crosses, R.*

Joseph.

Tush! François is your creature;

So they will say, and laugh at you!—*your witness*

Must be that same Despatch.

Rich.

Away to Marion!

Joseph. I have been there—she is seized—removed—
imprison'd—

By the Count's orders.

Rich.

Goddess of bright dreams,

My country—shalt thou lose me now, when most

Thou need'st thy worshipper? My native land!

Let me but ward this dagger from thy heart,

And die—but on thy bosom!

[*Enter JULIE, L. S. E.*

Julie.

Heaven! I thank thee!

It cannot be, or this all-powerful man

Would not stand idly thus.

Rich.

What dost *thou* here?

Home!

Julie. 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 Bastile—and in your presence, too!

Cardinal, where is *Adrien?*—Think—he saved

Your life:—your name is infamy, if wrong
Should come to his !

Rich. Be sooth'd, child.

Julie. Child no more

I love, and I am woman !

Where is Adrien ?

Let thine eyes meet mine ;

Answer me but one word—I am a wife—

I ask thee for my *home*—my FATE—my ALL !

Where is my *husband* ?

Rich. You are Richelieu's ward,
A soldier's bride: they who insist on truth
Must out-face fear ;—you ask me for your husband ?
There—where the clouds of heaven look darkest, o'er
The domes of the Bastile !

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

Rich. Yesterday I was !—
To-day, a very weak old man !—To-morrow,
I know not what ! [*Crosses, L.*

Julie. Do you conceive his meaning ?

Alas ! I cannot.

Joseph (R.). The King is chafed
Against his servant. Lady, while we speak,
The lackey of the ante-room is not
More powerless than the Minister of France.

Enter CLERMONT, R.

Cler. Madame de Mauprat !
Pardon, your Eminence—even now I seek
This lady's home—commanded by the King
To pray her presence.

Julie (*clinging to RICHELIEU*). Think of my dead father!—

And take me to your breast.

Rich. To those who sent you!—

And say you found the virtue they would slay

Here—couch'd upon this heart, as at an altar,

And shelter'd by the wings of sacred Rome!

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.

Rich. All time my foe,

If I, a Priest, could cast this holy Sorrow

Forth from her last asylum!

Cler. He is lost!

[*Exit CLERMONT, R.*

Rich. God help thee, child!—she hears not! Look upon her!

The storm, that rends the oak, uproots the flower.

Her father loved me so! and in that age

When friends are brothers! She has been to me

Soother, nurse, plaything, daughter. Are these tears?

Oh! shame, shame!—dotage!

[*Places her in the arms of JOSEPH.*

Joseph. Tears are not for eyes

That rather need the lightning! which can pierce

Through barred gates and triple walls, to smite

Crime, where it cowers in secret!—The Despatch!

Set every spy to work;—the morrow's sun

Must see that written treason in your hands,

Or rise upon your ruin.

Rich. 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 c., enter BARADAS and DE
 BERINGHEN, R.*]

Bar. (R. C.). My Lord, the King cannot believe your
 Eminence

So far forgets your duty, and his greatness,
 As to resist his mandate! Pray you, Madam,
 Obey the King!—no cause for fear!

Julie (L.). My father!

Rich. (C.). She shall not stir!

Bar. You are not of her kindred—
 An orphan—

Rich. And her country is her mother!

Bar. The country is the King.

Rich. Ay, it is so?—

Then wakes the power which in the age of iron
 Burst forth to curb the great, and raise the low.
 Mark, where she stands!—around her 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!

Bar. I dare not brave you!
 I do but speak the orders of my King,
 The church, your rank, power, very word, my Lord,

Suffice you for resistance:—blame yourself,
If it should cost you power!

Rich. 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!

Bar. (*aside to DE BERINGHEN*). He cannot
Have the Despatch?

Joseph (*aside on RICHELIEU'S R.*). Patience is your
game:

Reflect, You have not the Despatch!

Rich.

O! monk!

Leave patience to the saints—for *I* am human!
Did not thy father die for France, poor orphan?
And now they say thou hast *no* father!—Fie!
Art thou not pure and good?—if so, thou art
A part of that—the Beautiful, the Sacred—
Which, in all climes, men that have hearts adore,
By the great title of their mother country!

Bar. (*aside*). He wanders!

Rich.

So cling close unto my breast,
Here where thou droop'st lies France! I am very
feeble—

Of little use it seems to either now.

Well, well—we will go home. (*They go up the stage.*)

Bar.

In sooth, my Lord,

You do need rest—the burthens of the State
O'ertask your health!

Rich. (*to JOSEPH, pauses*). I'm patient, see!

Bar. (*aside*).

His mind

And life are breaking fast!

Rich. (*overhearing him*). Irreverent ribald!

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 ! Heaven save my country !

[*Falls back in JOSEPH's arms.*

[*JULIE kneels by his side, BARADAS and BERINGHEN
stand R.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

FOURTH DAY.

SCENE I.

The Bastile—a Corridor ; in the background the door of one of the condemned cells.

Enter JOSEPH, and Gaoler with a lamp, R. D. F.

Gaoler. Stay, father, I will call the governor.

[Exit Gaoler, L.

Joseph. He has it then—this Huguet ;—so we learn
From François ;—Humph ! Now if I can but gain
One moment's access, all is ours ! The Cardinal
Trembles 'tween life and death. His life is power ;
Smite one—slay both ! No Æsculapian drugs,
By learned quacks baptized with Latin jargon,
E'er bore the healing which that scrap of parchment
Will medicine to Ambition's flagging heart.
France shall be saved—and Joseph be a bishop.

Enter Governor and Gaoler, L.

Gov. Father, you wish to see the prisoners Huguet
And the young knight De Mauprat ?

Joseph. So my office,
And the Lord Cardinal's order, warrant, son !

Gov. Father, it cannot be: Count Baradas
Has summon'd to the Louvre Sieur de Mauprat.

Joseph. Well, well! But Huguet—

Gov. Dies at noon.

Joseph. At noon!

No moment to delay the pious rites
Which fit the soul for death. Quick—quick—admit
me !

Gov. You cannot enter, monk! Such are my orders!

Joseph. Orders, vain man!—the Cardinal still is
minister.

His orders crush all others !

Gov. (*lifting his hat*). Save his King's !

See, monk, the royal sign and seal affix'd
To the Count's mandate. None may have access
To either prisoner, Huguet or De Mauprat,
Not even a priest, without the special passport
Of Count de Baradas. I'll hear no more !

Joseph. Just Heaven! and are we baffled thus?
Despair !!

Think on the Cardinal's power—beware his anger.

Gov. I'll not be menaced, Priest! Besides, the
Cardinal

Is dying and disgraced—all Paris knows it.

You hear the prisoner's knell ! [*Bell tolls, L.*]

Joseph. I do beseech you—

The Cardinal is *not* dying. But one moment,
And—hist!—five thousand pistoles!—

Gov. How! a bribe—

And to a soldier, grey with years of honour!

Begone!—

Joseph Ten thousand—twenty!—

Gov.

Gaoler—put

This monk without our walls.

Joseph.

By those grey hairs—

Yea, by this badge (*touching the cross of St. Louis worn
by the Governor*)—

The guerdon of your valour—

By all your toils—hard days and sleepless nights—

Borne in your country's service, noble son—

Let me but see the prisoner!—

Gov.

No!

Joseph.

He hath

Secrets of state—papers in which——

Gov. (*interrupting*).

I know—

Such was his message to Count Baradas :

Doubtless the Count will see to it!

Joseph (*aside*).

The Count!

Then not a hope!—You shall——

Gov.

Betray my trust!

Never—not one word more.—You heard me, gaoler!

Joseph. What can be done?—Distraction!

Dare you refuse the Church her holiest rights?

Gov. I refuse nothing—I obey my orders.

Joseph. And sell your country to her parricides!

Oh, tremble yet!—Richelieu——

Gov.

Begone!

Joseph.

Undone!

[*Exit* JOSEPH, R. D. F.]

Gov. A most audacious shaveling—interdicted
Above all others by the Count.

Gaoler. Oh, by the way, that troublesome young
fellow,

Who calls himself the prisoner Huguet's son,
Is here again—implores, weeps, raves to see him.

Gov. Poor youth, I pity him !

Enter DE BERINGHEN, followed by FRANÇOIS, R. D. F.

De Ber. (to Fran.). Now, prithee, friend,
Let go my cloak ; you really discompose me.

Fran. (R.). No, they will drive me hence : my father!
Oh !

Let me but see him once—but once—one moment !

De Ber. (to Gov.). Your servant, Messire ; this poor
rascal, Huguet,
Has sent to see the Count de Baradas
Upon state secrets, that afflict his conscience.
The Count can't leave his Majesty an instant :
I am his proxy.

Gov. (L. c.). The Count's word is law !

[*Beckons Gaoler to unlock L. D. F.*

Again, young scapegrace ! How com'st thou admitted ?

De Ber. (R. c.). Oh ! a most filial fellow : Huguet's
son !

I found him whimpering in the court below.
I pray his leave to say good-bye to father,
Before that very long, unpleasant journey,
Father's about to take.

Gov. The Count's
Commands are strict. No one must visit Huguet
Without his passport.

De Ber. Here it is!—(*shows a paper*)—
Pshaw ! nonsense !

I'll be your surety. See, my Cerberus,
He is no Hercules !

Gov. Well, you're responsible.
Stand there, friend. If, when you come out, my Lord,

The youth slip in, 'tis *your* fault.

De Ber.

So it is!

[*Exit* L. D. F., followed by the Gaoler.

Gov. Be calm, my lad. Don't fret so. I had once
A father, too! I'll not be hard upon you,
And so stand close. I must not *see* you enter.
You understand!

Re-enter Gaoler, L. D. F.

Come, we'll go our rounds;
I'll give you just one quarter of an hour;
And if my lord leave first, make my excuse.
Yet stay, the gallery's long and dark: no sentry
Until he reach the grate below. He'd best
Wait till I come. If he should lose the way,
We may not be in call.

Fran.

I'll tell him, Sir.

[*Exeunt* Governor and Gaoler, R.

He's a wise son that knoweth his own father.
I've forged a precious one! So far, so well!
Alas! what then? this wretch hath sent to Baradas—
Will sell the scroll to ransom life. Oh, Heaven!
On what a thread hangs hope! [*Listens at the door*, L.
Loud words—a cry!

[*Looks through the key-hole.*

They struggle! Ho!—the packet!!!

[*Tries to open the door.*

Lost! He has it—

The courtier has it—Huguet, spite his chains,
Grapples!—well done! Now—now! [*Draws back.*

The gallery's long—

And this is left us !

[*Drawing his dagger, and standing behind R. door.*

Re-enter DE BERINGHEN, with the packet.

Victory !

[*Passes off at R. D. F.*

Yield it, robber—

[*Following him.*

Yield it—or die—

[*A short struggle, without.*

De Ber. Off! ho!—there!—(*without*).

SCENE II.

The King's closet at the Louvre. A suite of rooms in perspective at one side.

Enter BARADAS and ORLEANS, R. C.

Bar. (R.). All smiles! the Cardinal's swoon of yesterday

Heralds his death to-day.

And yet, should this accurs'd De Mauprat

Have given our packet to another—'Sdeath!

I dare not think of it!

Orleans (L.). You've sent to search him?

Bar. 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—
 These hands alone must clutch that awful secret.
 I dare not leave the palace, night or day,
 While Richelieu lives—his minions—creatures—spies—
 Not one must reach the King!

Orleans. What hast thou done?

Bar. Summon'd De Mauprat hither.

Orleans. Could this Huguet,
 Who pray'd thy presence with so fierce a fervour,
 Have thieved the scroll?

Bar. Huguet was housed with us,
 The very moment we dismiss'd the courier.
 It cannot be! a stale trick for reprieve.
 But, to make sure, I've sent our trustiest friend
 To see and sift him.—Hist!—here comes the King—
 How fare you, Sire?

Enter LOUIS, followed by Pages, and Court, L. C.

Louis. In the same mind. I have
 Decided!—Yes, he would forbid your presence,
 My brother—yours, my friend,—then Julie, too!
 Thwarts—braves—defies—(*suddenly turning to BARADAS*)
 We make you minister.

Gaston, for you—the baton of our armies.
 You love me, do you not?

Orleans. Oh, love you, Sire?
 (*Aside.*) Never so much as now.

[*Retires L. U. E., Courtiers surround him.*]

Bar. 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.

Bar. Exactly !
No haste, my liege. (*Looking at his watch, and aside*).
He may live one hour longer.

Enter Page, L. U. E.

Page. The Lady Julie, Sire, implores an audience.

Louis. Aha ! repentant of her folly !—Well,
Admit her. [*Exit Page, L. U. E.*]

Bar. Sire, she comes for Mauprat's pardon,
And the conditions——

Louis. You are minister—
We leave to you our answer.

[*As JULIE enters L. U. E. the Captain of the Archers
enters R. door, and whispers BARADAS.*]

Cap. The Chevalier
De Mauprat waits below.

Bar. (aside). Now the Despatch ;
[*Exit with Officer, R.*]

Julie (L. C.). 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
Of Power, I kneel for mercy.

Louis (R. C.). Mercy, Julie,
Is an affair of state. The Cardinal should
In this be your interpreter.

Julie. Alas !
I know not if that mighty spirit now

Stoop 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!

Enter BARADAS, R.

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

Louis (gently). What would'st thou?

Julie. 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 husband's!

Louis (aside). Speak to her,
 I am not marble,—Give her hope—or——

[*Retires; speaks to ORLEANS and Courtiers.*]

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

Julie. You *were* his friend.

Bar. I *was* before I loved thee.

Julie. Loved me!

Bar. Hush, Julie: could'st thou mis-
 interpret

My acts, thoughts, motives, nay, my very words,
 Here—in this palace?

Julie. Now I know I'm mad;
 Even that memory fail'd me.

Bar. I am young,
 Well-born and brave as Mauprat:—for thy sake

I peril what he has not—fortune—power ;
 All to great souls most dazzling. I alone
 Can save thee from yon tyrant, now my puppet !
 Be mine ; annul the mockery of this marriage,
 And on the day I clasp thee to my breast
 De Mauprat shall be free.

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

I will unmask thee.

Bar. 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 !

Julie. Stay, stay (*rushing to the King*). You have a
 kind and 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 husband—
 Dissolve our marriage—cast me to that grave
 Of human ties, where hearts congeal to ice,
 In the dark convent's everlasting winter—
 (Surely eno' for justice—hate—revenge)—
 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 : annul thy
 marriage,

And——

Julie (*anxiously, and watching his countenance*).
 Be his bride !

Louis. Yes !

Julie. O thou sea of shame,
 And not one star !

[*The King goes up the stage, and passes through the suite of rooms at the side, in evident emotion. Exeunt King and Court, R. U. E.*

Bar. Well, thy election, Julie ;
This hand—his grave!

Julie. His grave! and I—

Bar. Can save him.—
Swear to be mine.

Julie. That were a bitterer death!
Avaunt, thou tempter! I did ask his life
A boon, and not the barter of dishonour.
The heart can break, and scorn you: wreak your malice;
Adrien and I will leave you this sad earth,
And pass together hand in hand to Heaven!

Bar. You have decided.

[*Beckons in Captain, who enters R; BARADAS whispers to him and he goes off quickly R.*

Listen to me, Lady ;
I am no base intriguer. I adored thee
From the first glance of those inspiring eyes ;
With thee entwined ambition, hope, the future.
I will not lose thee! I can place thee nearest—
Ay, to the throne—nay, on the throne, perchance ;
My star is at its zenith. Look upon me ;
Hast thou decided ?

Julie. No, no ; you can see
How weak I am : be human, Sir—one moment. ?

Bar. (*stamping his foot, DE MAUPRAT is brought on guarded R.; guards range R.*). Behold thy husband!
—Shall he pass to death,

And know thou could'st have saved him ?

Julie (L.).

Adrien, speak

But say you wish to *live*!—if not, your wife,

Your slave,—do with me as you will.

[*Crosses to him.*]

De Mau. (R.). Oh, think, my Julie,
Life, at the best, is short,—but love immortal !

Bar. (*taking JULIE'S hand*). Ah, loveliest—

Julie.

Go, that touch has made me iron.

We have decided (*embracing MAUPRAT*)—death !

Bar. (*to DE MAUPRAT*).

Now say to whom

Thou gavest the packet, and thou yet shalt live.

De Mau. I'll tell thee nothing !

Bar.

Hark,—the rack !

De Mau.

Thy penance

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

Bar. (*giving the writ to the Officer, who is R. C.*).

Hence, to the headsman !

[*The doors are thrown open. The Huissier announces "His Eminence the Cardinal Duke de Richelieu."*]

Enter RICHELIEU (L. U. E.), *attended by Pages, &c., pale, feeble, and leaning on JOSEPH, followed by three Secretaries of State, attended by Sub-Secretaries with papers, &c.*

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

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

Can aught avail thee, daughter ! Count, you now
Hold what I held on earth :—one boon, my Lord,
This soldier's life.

Bar. The stake—my head!—you said it.
I cannot lose one trick.—Remove your prisoner.

Julie (R. of RICHELIEU). No!—No!

Enter LOUIS from R. U. E., attended by Court.

Rich. (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.

Omnes. You!

Julie. All's over!

Rich. 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 (R. C.). Surely!

[De MAUPRAT goes behind, to the L. of RICHELIEU.]

Bar. (on the R. of the King). Sire——

Louis. Silence—small favour to a dying servant.

Rich. You would consign your armies to the bâton
Of your most honoured 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
Approach Sirs. [*To Secretaries, as he seats himself.*]

[*Pages place a chair for the King, R. C.*]

Rich. I—I—faint !—air—air !

[*JOSEPH and a Gentleman assist him to a chair, placed by Pages, L. C.*]

I thank you—

Draw near, my children.

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

JULIE kneeling beside the Cardinal ; the Officer of the Guard behind MAUPRAT. JOSEPH near RICHELIEU, watching the King. LOUIS seated R. C. BARADAS at the back of the King's chair, anxious and disturbed. ORLEANS at a greater distance, careless and triumphant. As each Secretary advances in his turn, he takes the portfolios from the Sub-Secretaries.

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 ?

Bar. 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?

Bar. Yes, Sire;—fall back.

First Sec. (*rises*). But——

Bar. Oh! fall back, Sir.

[*Sec. bows and retires.*]

Joseph. Humph!

Second Sec. (*advances and kneels*). The affairs of Eng-
land, Sire, most urgent: (*gives paper*) Charles
The First has lost a battle that decides
One half his realm,—craves moneys, Sire, and succour.

Louis. He shall have both.—Eh, Baradas?

Bar. Yes, Sire.

(Oh that Despatch!—my veins are fire!)

Rich. (*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?

Bar. 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.

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

[*Page whispers JOSEPH, who exit hastily, L. U. E.*

Bar. (to Sec.). Sir, fall back.

Second Sec. (rises.) But——

Bar. Pshaw, Sir!

[*Second Sec. bows and retires, L. C.*

Third Sec. (mysteriously), kneels. The secret correspondence, Sire, most urgent,—
Accounts of spies—deserters—heretics—
Assassins—poisoners—schemes against yourself!——

[*Gives paper. Sec. 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 Attendants, and, sheltered by them from the sight of BARADAS, &c., falls at RICHELIEU's feet.

Fran. (L. of RICHELIEU). My Lord!
I have not fail'd——

[*Gives the packet.*

Rich. Hush!—

[*Looking at the contents.*

Third Sec. (to King). Sire, the Spaniards
Have reinforced their army on the frontiers.
The Duc de Bouillon——

Rich. Hold!—In this department—
A paper—here, Sire,—read yourself—then take
The Count's advice in't.

[*The King takes the paper and goes L.*

*Enter DE BERINGHEN L. U. E. hastily, and draws aside
BARADAS, and whispers.*

Bar. (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 loved!

[*RICHELIEU falls back.*

Joseph. See to the Cardinal!

Bar. (R. c.). 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 chair). Alas! too late!—he faints!

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

Rich. (feebly). With absolute power?—

Louis. Most absolute!—Oh! live
If not for me—for France!

Rich. FRANCE!

Louis. Oh! this treason!—
The army — Orleans — Bouillon — Heavens! — the
Spaniard!—
Where will they be next week?—

*Rich. (starting up, seizing the paper and throwing it on
the ground).* There,—at my feet!

[To First and Second Secretary.

Ere the clock strike!—the Envoys have their answer!

[Exit Secretary, L. U. 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!

[As the Guards open, BARADAS passes through the
line.

[Exeunt B.

Ha!—ha!—

[Snatching DE MAUPRAT'S death-warrant from the
Officer as he passes.

See here De Mauprat's death-writ, Julie!—
Parchment for battledores!—Embrace your husband!—
At last the old man blesses you!

Julie. (L. C.). O joy!

You are saved; you live—I hold you in these arms.

Mau. Never to part—

Julie. No—never, Adrien—never!

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

Rich. 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 call'd 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!

Rich. A subject's luxury!
Yet if you must love something, Sire,—*love me!*

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

Rich. Your heart speaks for my clients:—Kneel, my
children,
Thank your King.—

[RICHELIEU *passes up the stage, all the Court bow.*

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

Louis. Rise—rise—be happy (*retires*).

[RICHELIEU *comes forward and beckons to* DE
BERINGHEN.

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

Rich. 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 Ber. St. Denis travelled without his head.
I'm luckier than St. Denis.

[*Exit DE BERINGHEN, R.*]

Rich. (to Orleans). For you repentance—absence—
and confession !

[*Exit ORLEANS, R.*]

To FRANÇOIS, who is R. C.

Never say *fail* again.—Brave boy !

(*To JOSEPH, crossing to c.*)

He'll be—

A Bishop first.

Joseph (R. C.). Ah, Cardinal——

Rich. (C.).

Ah, Joseph !

[*The King advances, L. C.*]

[*To LOUIS, as DE MAUPRAT and JULIE converse apart.*]

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 ?

Rich. No—let us own it :—there is ONE above
Sways the harmonious mystery of the world,
Even better than prime ministers ;—
Thus ends it.

POSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF
THE CURTAIN.

PAGES.

COURTIERS.

COURTIERS.

LOUIS. RICHELIEU.

C.

FRANÇOIS.

JULIE.

R.C.

L.C.

JOSEPH.

MAUPRAT.

R.

L.

The Characters are supposed to face the Audience.

Curtain.

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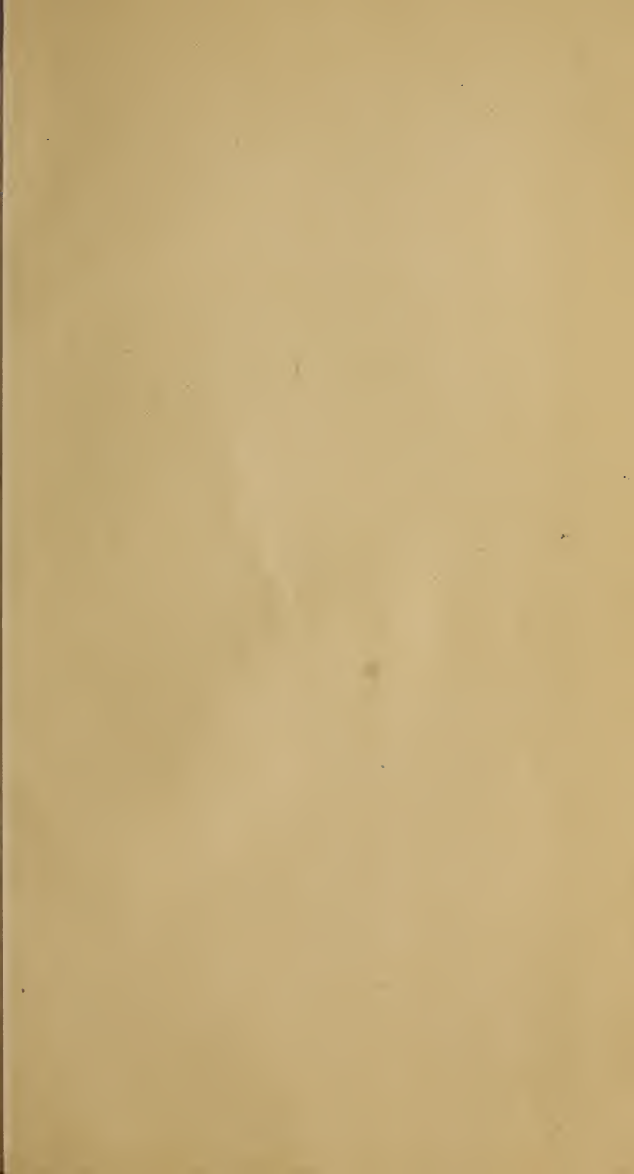
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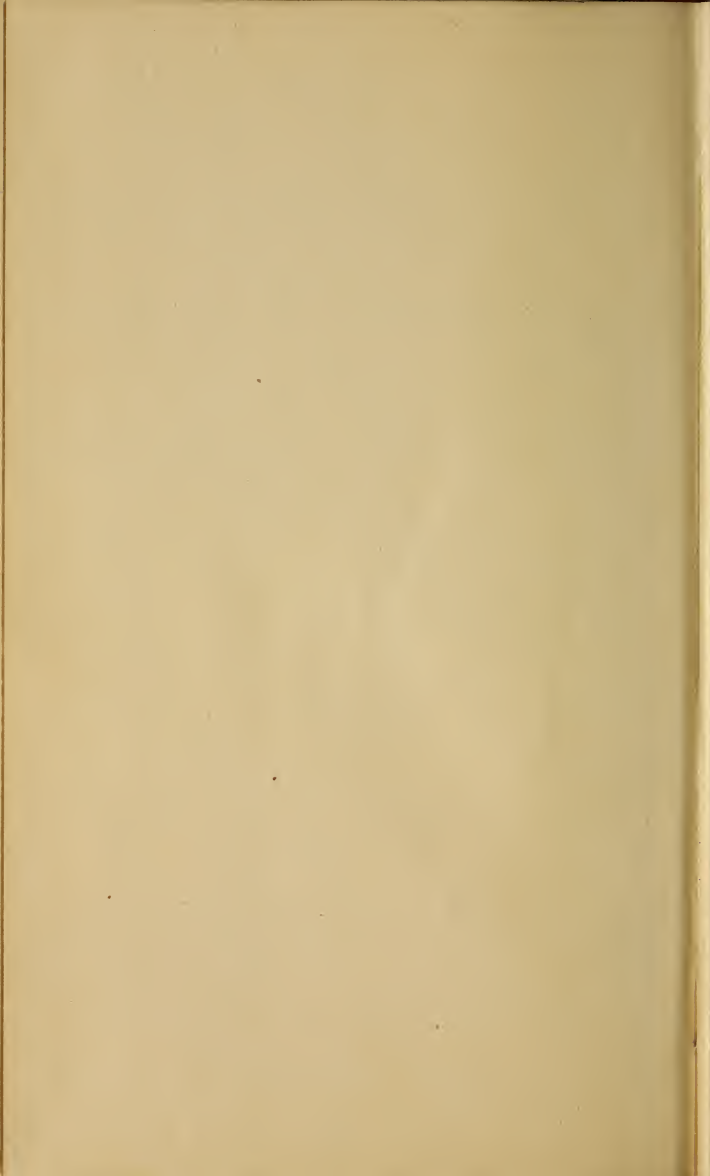
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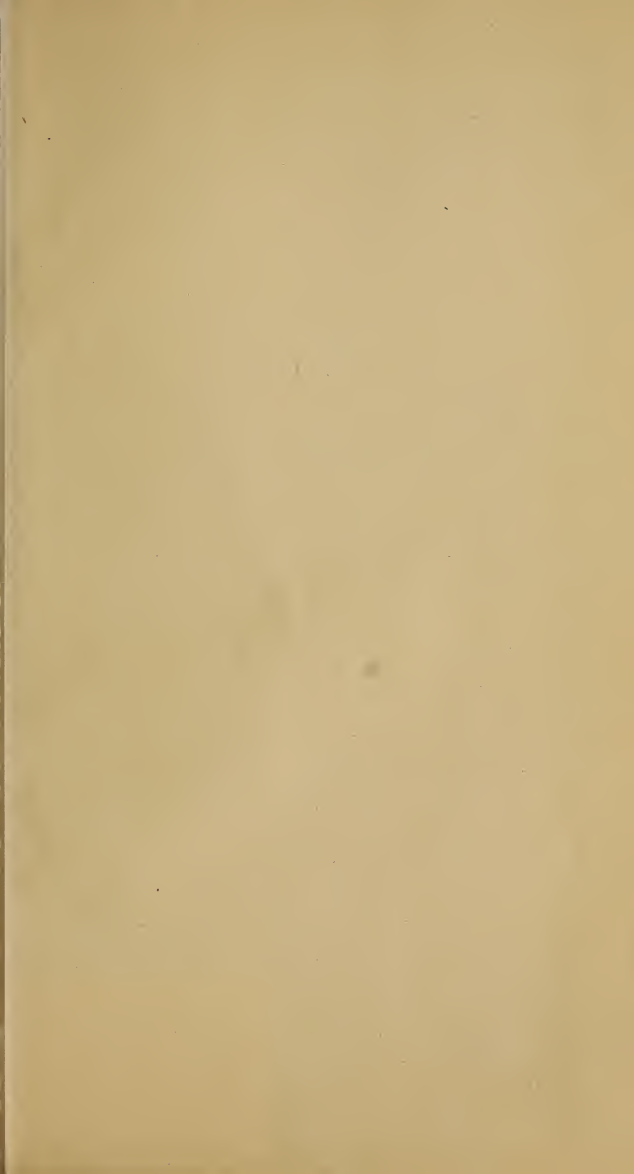
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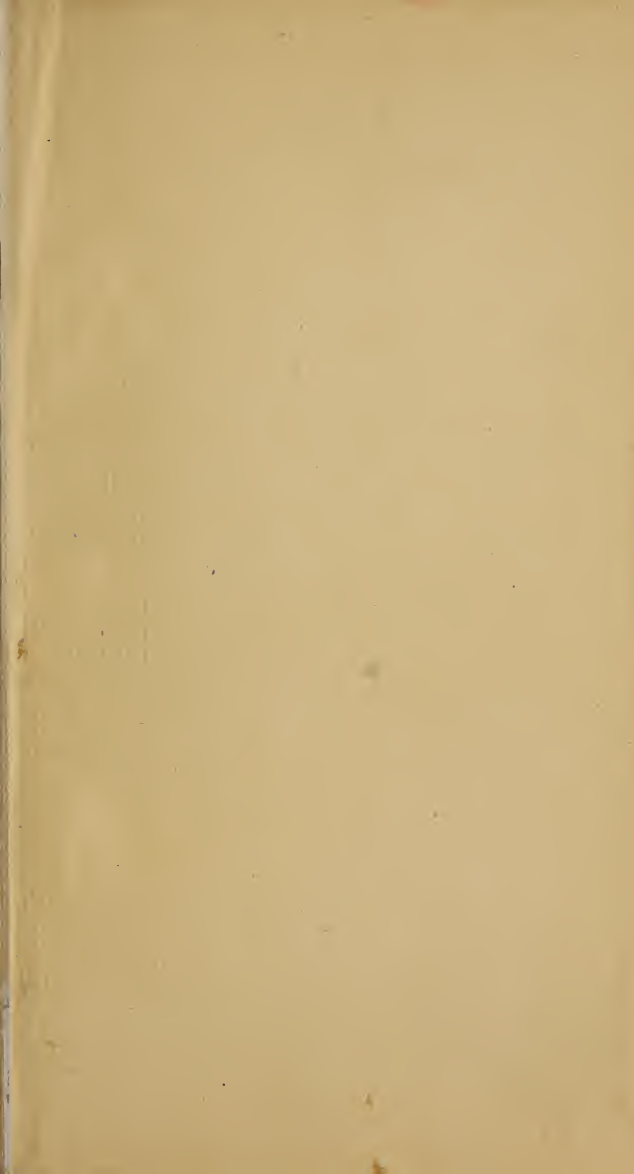




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