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A DAUGHTER  
OF  
THE COMMUNE

A DRAMA

IN THREE ACTS

By S. M. B.

THE AVE-MARIA

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, U. S. A.



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# CASTE

LOUIS XVI., King of France.  
 MARQUIS DE ST. HUAL, Captain of the Queen's  
 Guards.  
 ROBERT, Soldier of the Commune.  
 RAYMOND, The Lost Son.  
 ANTONINE, Friend of Raymond.  
 GREBAULT, Jailer in the Bastille.  
 OFFICER, Of the Republican Army.  
 GUARD, Of the Queen's Guards.  
 RECORDER, Of the Bastille.  
 MARIE ANTOINETTE, Queen of France.  
 MARIANNA, Protégée of the Queen.  
 MADAME DE TOURZEL, Governess of the Princess.  
 MADAME DE BRUNNEY } Maids of Honor to the  
 MADAME LEDOS } Princess.  
 PRINCESS ROYAL, Daughter of the King and Queen.  
 DAUPHIN  
 JULIETTE, Housekeeper for Marianna.  
 LADIES OF HONOR, GUARDS, CITIZENS, RABBLE,  
 SOLDIERS, etc.  
 Time of action, Period of Louis XVI., and French  
 Revolution.

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# A DAUGHTER OF THE COMMUNE

## ACT FIRST

### SCENE I.

Versailles. A room in the Palace. GOVERNESS discovered at window in rear. Servants arrange room. LEDOS and attendants engaged about the room. Enter PRINCESS ROYAL and MARIANNA from a walk in the garden. Servants bow to PRINCESS and turn their backs on MARIANNA, who notices the snub.

PRINCESS ROYAL (*arranging flowers in glasses*).

There now! Are they not more beautiful than yours are? But come, sister mine! We won't quarrel. (*Puts her arm around MARIANNA. Both come up to C.*) I am worn to death with this idle life in the sunshine that seems to exist forever in France. Marianna, would that we two could while away our time as does some poor peasant on the Seine. (*Both sit, MARIANNA on a stool at her feet.*)

MARIANNA. The low-born are often more wearied than those of royal blood, my lady; and the unkempt head, bound only with its bright kerchief, knows a sleepless pillow as often as one that is pressed with a crown.

PRINCESS (*laughing and drawing MARIANNA to her.*)  
You are ever talking riddles of late, and they are all so melancholy! I declare you have allowed the cruel glances of those ungallant courtiers to affect your pride; did you, sister dear? And the rude servants—

MARIANNA (*interrupting*). They acted but too justly: the peasant of the Seine and the lady of the Castle—

PRINCESS (*clapping her hands nervously*). Stop this riddling at once, Marianna! What do you know of those low-born things?

MARIANNA (*softly*). You and I, my lady; you of the Castle and I—

PRINCESS. What are you saying, sister? (*Rising.*) I declare you are beside yourself.

MARIANNA (*gazing intently on the floor*). I thought you knew what others know, and take no pains to hide.

PRINCESS (*sitting down again*). And am I to believe all their wild tales? (*MARIANNA nods her head.*) That you were not born here; that the Queen, my royal mother, saved your life and brought you here to live?

MARIANNA. It is all too true, my lady. I owe all to the Queen, your gracious mother. When she found me I was a lowly peasant, deserted by father and brother, and, I may say, totally friendless. And now my father, though still alive, cares little for me; and I have not heard of him personally since my mother's death, when he took my brother, and abandoned home and friends.

PRINCESS (*eagerly*). And your brother too—

MARIANNA (*sadly*). Yes, he too leads the same mysterious life as my father. (*Rising.*) But enough of this! Your lessons will be neglected if I go on with the story of my life.

PRINCESS. Oh, I care little for lessons! I do not see why a princess should trouble herself with

them. I will drive to St. Denis to see Aunt Louise.

MARIANNA. Your Governess. (*Points to her.*)

PRINCESS. Oh, I forgot! (*Turning to Madame de Tourzel.*) Madame de Tourzel, may I go? (*The GOVERNESS nods her head and begins to work.*)

PRINCESS (*to MARIANNA.*) Marianna, go quickly. (*Exit MARIANNA. PRINCESS arranges her hair.*)

GOVERNESS (*after sadly watching the PRINCESS.*) Certainly, Madame, your orders might be given in a more affable manner. I fear that you will not always find servants willing to obey such authoritative commands.

PRINCESS (*tossing her head*). Indeed! Well, I think there are many persons in France who would be glad to have the honor of serving me.

GOVERNESS (*unconsciously*). God grant you may never see your mistake!

PRINCESS. And do you doubt it?

GOVERNESS. No, Madame. I was only thinking that kings do not always find such devoted servants as your Highness seems to suppose.

PRINCESS. What mean you, Madame de Tourzel? You are as unintelligible as Marianna of late.

GOVERNESS. I know of a queen whom no one would serve, and of a princess wanting food and clothing; yet that queen was queen of a great kindgom, and the princess a king's daughter like yourself.

PRINCESS. Impossible! A queen and a princess can never be poor.

GOVERNESS (*slowly*). My words are untrue, eh?

I—

PRINCESS (*in a subdued tone*). I did not say they were untrue, Madame. I meant—

GOVERNESS. It amounts to the same. Saying you did not believe it is equivalent to saying it is false.

PRINCESS. Pardon me, my dear Madame de Tourzel! I am as heedless of my tongue as ever.

MADAME. Now, now, my child! But you must have a care; for that manner of yours, of late becoming so habitual, will surely turn your servants from you and excite the hatred of the people.

PRINCESS. There you are again, Madame de Tourzel, admonishing as usual. (*Haughtily.*) Do you know how little I care for the friendship of the people? I wouldn't have to depend on a single one of them, and—

MADAME. Will you ever learn, my child, that the dignity of royalty is not in haughty pride? When God placed you on the footsteps of the throne, He strengthened your delicate hand for the protection of the people; and, Madame, if you shun your duty, let me assure you that the people will not be the greater sufferers. (*Both remain silent for a time.*)

PRINCESS (*earnestly*). What princess was that of whom you spoke a while ago?

GOVERNESS. The queen was the daughter of King Henry IV., and the wife of Charles I. of England. The princess was their daughter, Princess Henrietta, who at the age of six saw her father mount the scaffold, and in her girlhood found herself without a solitary attendant, without garments to protect her from the chilly



blasts of winter. (*Enter QUEEN, MARIANNA and ATTENDANTS from the rear.*) Nay, she had not even a place whereon to rest her head.

QUEEN (*coming forward*). Alas! the bitter history I have just heard is too true. May God protect us from a similar fate! You know not, my child, that even now the throne of France trembles to its centre.

PRINCESS (*embracing her*). Dearest Mother, what fear you? Are not the people of France devoted to my royal father?

QUEEN. My daughter, the people of France *were* loyal, but they are so no longer.

PRINCESS. Your face, dearest mamma, betrays sad forebodings! Tell me—ah, tell me—shall mine be the destiny of the princess just mentioned?

QUEEN. No, my child. We will trust in God. And should we suffer a similar fate (*enter MADAME DE BRUNNEY and bows to the QUEEN*), we must bow to His holy will.

MADAME DE BRUNNEY (*to PRINCESS*). Madame, the carriage is in waiting.

PRINCESS. I will not go now. (*Embraces her mother.*) Dearest mother, let not phantoms frighten you! I am sure that if ever you stand in need of a trusty friend, you will find a thousand at hand.

QUEEN. I hope, my child, that your bright expectations will never be overshadowed by the clouds that already lower on our horizon. Retire, my child, and God bless you! (*Turning to MARIANNA.*) I would speak with you a moment. (*Exeunt all but MARIANNA, whom the QUEEN leads to a seat.*)

QUEEN (*both seated*). Marianna, if it be true that the storms of revolution are about to break and crush to atoms the throne of France, if the enemies of Louis shall do their worst, what will you do? Answer me.

MARIANNA. My life is at the service of my Queen.

QUEEN. Watch over my daughter, the princess, and ward off what danger you can, as I know not what will happen.

MARIANNA. Yes, the rumors are shocking. It is said in Versailles that thousands of armed men are this very night preparing to attack the palace.

QUEEN (*anxiously*). Are you sure of this? Lafayette has answered for the fidelity of his men.

MARIANNA. That may be, Madame; but not even Lafayette can answer for that bloody fiend whom the townspeople call "Robert, the Wild Boar." Nor could Lafayette himself stay the mad rebellion this man and his son are stirring up among the people. The whole rabble, my Queen, is ravenous for the blood of the King and his gracious consort.

QUEEN. But I will have the guards redoubled.

MARIANNA. O Madame, they will still be victorious! You must fly without delay.

QUEEN. Fly? How in Heaven's name? There is not a man in court on whom I can depend.

MARIANNA. Say not so, my Queen. There *are* some true hearts; one, perchance, you little dreamed of; one nobleman at your gates devoted to your interests, if any man can be said to be.

QUEEN. And who is it, pray?

MARIANNA. The Marquis de St. Hual, the captain of the Life Guards.

QUEEN (*hurriedly*). Then if you think I can confide in him, I will send for him to come here at once.

MARIANNA. As your Majesty is not in the habit of sending for the Life Guards on business, it might awake suspicion. But if you will inform the King of what I have revealed and prepare him for the flight, I will manage to see the Marquis.

QUEEN. I will go without delay. (*Taking MARIANNA'S hands.*) Marianna, you are good and loyal and true. Help me to save my children. Oh, if I had found your brother and father when I found you, I should now have three stays to the throne of France that all the rebellion could not break down; and with three such guardians I would not care how many wicked subjects surrounded me. But, oh, if misfortune overtake me, let me remember your heart was true to the last! (*They turn to go. MARIANNA pauses and falls into the chair, crying.*)

CURTAIN.

## SCENE II.

The Castle Gate. Night. Squadron of soldiers passes across stage and out the gate. Shouting is heard in the far distance. Shots at great intervals. Enter MARIANNA cautiously. Pauses and looks earnestly around through the gate.

MARIANNA (*anxiously, as shouting is heard in the distance*). What can delay the noble Marquis so long when the fate of kings is decided in that rabble shout? (*Pause—shouts heard.*) Truly the days of chivalry are long dead, when France, the land of virtuous heroes, would force its queen to fly, a stranger in an unsheltering land. (*Sits on the bench.*) It seems only yesterday she was welcomed to this sunny land (*shouts heard*); and now the soft music of welcome is changed into that frenzied cry for her inoffensive life. (*Enter MARQUIS hurriedly. MARIANNA rises.*)

MARIANNA. My noble Marquis!

MARQUIS. Stay! Hold!

MARIANNA. Fear not, my lord! It is I, who have come, at the Queen's request, to confer with you on matters of vital interest to France's crown. (*Shouting heard. MARIANNA turns excitedly towards sound, then draws the MARQUIS to the bench.*) You hear that infuriated mob which is to attack the palace to-night, my lord? And your lordship is not ignorant of the hatred in which the French people hold their Queen. Should they reach her, they will kill her; and you, my lord, must be her saviour. (*He starts up, with sword in hand. She catches his arm.*) Among all the nobles of her court she can find no one on whom she can rely, save you, my lord (*plead-*

*ing, as he hesitates*); and will you too desert your Queen, a weak woman, in her hour of need? Must I return and tell her that she was mistaken?

MARQUIS (*proudly*). No, Madame, not while *my* steel is true. I was surprised that her Majesty has discovered at the end of ten years that I am a devoted servant.

MARIANNA. You speak bitterly. I hope you do not think the Queen unjust.

MARQUIS. I, Madame? No!

MARIANNA. Then, my lord, lay your plans speedily. We start for Rambouillet at once. Prepare a closed carriage for us, and have it at the garden gate in an hour. Send some of your guardsmen to protect us on the way, that the safety of their Majesties—

MARQUIS (*scornfully*). And does his Majesty, a man, also seek his safety *in flight*?

MARIANNA. Yes: we start at midnight; have all things ready.

MARQUIS. Madame, assure the Queen of my entire devotion. But may I have your name, my royal lady, to send—

MARIANNA. I am no royal lady, my lord, but only a very obscure person,—a poor orphan brought up as the King's daughter. Ask for Marianna at the Queen's chamber.

MARQUIS. My poor child, have you no protection in this wild state? Well, I am a father who has lost his son,—dead perhaps; perhaps, too, he is on the streets, covered with rags, while I dress in velvet and gold. It is an awful punishment, but truly I deserve it. I have made so

many suffer that it is only just that none should have compassion on me. But I have been humbled, my child; and this heart, that was once as hard as iron, has been bowed to the dust. I have prostrated myself on the cold flags of our churches and besought the Most High to restore my boy; but it seems He will never hear my voice. (*Covers his face with his hands.*)

MARIANNA (*consolingly*). Do not despair, my lord. It may be at the unexpected moment that God will hear you.

MARQUIS (*rising*). Thank you, Madame, for that gleam of hope! Tell the Queen that I shall be prepared for her flight at any cost.

CURTAIN.

### SCENE III.

Same as Scene I. Lights and curtains drawn. Shouting of rabble is heard. MARIANNA, alone, weeping. Enter PRINCESS and DAUPHIN.

PRINCESS. Marianna, I am so frightened! Something dreadful is going to happen.

DAUPHIN. I heard shouting of furious women outside of the palace. Whom do they want? If they wish the life of the King, let them take mine. Why not spare my father?

MARIANNA. Be consoled, my children. All will be well soon. God will protect us. (*Enter QUEEN.*)

QUEEN. Has St. Hual come yet?

MARIANNA. No, Madame; and it is more than an hour since he left here— (*Enter an OFFICER.*)

OFFICER (*to MARIANNA*). Madame, there is a guardsman at the door who wishes to speak with you.

MARIANNA. Let him enter. (*Enter GUARD, bowing.*)

GUARD. Do you expect the Marquis de St. Hual?

MARIANNA. Yes. Come you from him?

GUARD. Not exactly, Madame, but I come to tell you what would be well for you to know.

MARIANNA (*turning to the QUEEN.*) Madame, here is a man who has news for us concerning St. Hual.

QUEEN. Speak! Oh, tell us quickly!

GUARD. Madame, the Marquis ordered me to have a carriage ready for some persons who were going to Rambouillet, and wait at the gate of the Park. I obeyed. He came to see if all were ready, telling me at the same time he feared he could not rescue those who looked to him for protection. However, he said: "If I am not here in an hour, go directly to Mademoiselle Marianna, and tell her I am dead or a prisoner." The time expired, I hastened in search of him and found no clue to him; therefore am I here, Madame, to inform you that the Marquis de St. Hual is dead or a prisoner. (*Salutes her.*)

QUEEN. Poor St. Hual! He has paid dearly for his devotion to us.

PRINCESS. Mamma, do we not leave to-night?  
(*Enter KING.*)

KING. No, my child. We will not leave for the present. My generals assure me of safety.

QUEEN. The will of God be done! (*To GUARD.*)  
Friend, we thank you for what you have done.



(GUARD *kneels, kisses hand of the KING, exit.*)

KING. The people desire we should go to Paris.  
To satisfy them, let us go there.

QUEEN. All France is against us. We are in the  
power of the people. Let us retire for the present  
and await the issue. (*Exeunt all save MARIANNA.*  
*Enter a waiting woman.*)

LEDOS. It was a false alarm. The people will be  
satisfied if the King goes to Paris. I hope he  
will consent to go.

MARIANNA. He has consented.

LEDOS. I am very glad; for the poor Queen feels  
greatly alarmed. I wish this night was, at an  
end. The streets are one mass of human wretches,  
howling like ravenous wolves. (*Great excitement*  
*outside. LEDOS prepares for flight.*)

MARIANNA. Let us not leave here: our guards  
are faithful. No one can reach the Queen save  
through here; and the sword that reaches  
Antoinette must first pass through me.

A VOICE. Save the Queen! O ladies, save the  
Queen,—save the Queen! (*The ladies rush out,*  
*and return leading the QUEEN across the stage,*  
*as they disappear. Enter the rabble as if in*  
*pursuit.*)

1ST SOLDIER. The bird has flown.

2D SOLDIER. The Queen, the Queen! Search  
diligently; let nothing escape. (*Enter a man,*  
*leading MARIANNA.*)

ROBERT (*shaking MARIANNA*). Come, tell us  
instantly where the Queen is.

MARIANNA. I will not.

ROBERT. And dare you to refuse! Look yonder at  
the heads of Antoinette's guardsmen! Are you



willing to share their fate? (*To the SOLDIERS.*) Go search for the Queen, and leave this lady to me. (*Exeunt SOLDIERS.*) So you will not lead us to the Queen? You do not know whom you are refusing.

MARIANNA. Nor do I care. You may be that wild fiend who is exciting the people against their Queen. But I fear you not, nor otherwise do I know you.

ROBERT. But I know you. Your name is Marianna, is it not? Do you remember your father, whom you abandoned for wealth and position?

MARIANNA (*drawing back from him*). Sir, since you are so well acquainted with my affairs, know that I did not abandon my father; the circumstances\* that have brought me here were purely accidental. I love the Queen as my benefactress; while, instead of being rich, I am still a poor orphan girl, envied by the little and despised by the great.

ROBERT. Well spoken, my child! But tell me, if your father wishes it, would you be resigned to leave this splendid palace and live with him in his lonely home?

MARIANNA. I would be more than resigned: I would be happy to do so.

ROBERT. Even though he had stained his hands with the blood of royalty and brought the cry of pain to many a lip,—even though he had plotted against the life of the Queen, your benefactress?

MARIANNA (*hanging her head*). He would still be my father.

ROBERT (*exultingly*). Look on me, then, my child!

I am he, your father, whom unpatriotic men have accused of bloodshed and ruin.

MARIANNA (*astonished*). My father, an enemy to—oh! (*fainting*.)

ROBERT (*catching her*). Be not too severe with me, my child. It was all for France and you; and the glory of France is above the title of royalty. The peace of the home can never brook a tyrant's sceptre. Come, let us depart to our home, humble though it be. (*Enter RAYMOND*.)

RAYMOND. The Queen is secure. They have taken her to prison.

MARIANNA (*startled*). And do I meet my brother, too, and an enemy of the Queen?

ROBERT, Raymond, this is your sister. (*RAYMOND advances to meet her. She coldly extends her hand.*)

MARIANNA. This is our first meeting since we were children, happy together. Look you to the circumstances now.

RAYMOND. We might have met under happier circumstances, but we can not control the Fates. We are acting for the good of France.

ROBERT. Come, let us leave here. The trial of separation has been long and severe,—it now ends.

MARIANNA. What! I leave here? Abandon my benefactress? Never! (*To RAYMOND*.) Lead me to the prison of the Queen. There let me stay.

ROBERT. Give up your foolish ideas, child! It is impossible to save the crown or him who wears it: he must die, the throne must fall. You have done enough to show your gratitude. You have perilled your life to save her. Then I assume my

parental authority and say you *must* go,—peacefully, if you will; if not, then by force.

MARIANNA (*aside*). What shall I do? If I refuse, they will imprison me also, and all hope of saving my Queen will be at an end. If I quietly yield, I may exercise some influence that may bring about the safety of my dear lady. (*To ROBERT.*) Father, hearts are not so easily shaken as thrones. You may rightfully command, but the body alone obeys. I will go with you to your home, but my soul remains here with my Queen; and while you war on her you war on me. By her I stand in spirit; and when your guard shall pierce her, your daughter, too, shall fall. To you I will be obedient, but faithful to her also—and unto death. (*To RAYMOND.*) Tell the Queen of this, and say that, though the father and brother are against her, the daughter still is loyal, and will be to the end. (*ROBERT and RAYMOND show surprise.*)

CURTAIN.

## ACT SECOND

## SCENE I.

A Prison. Lights low till JAILER enters with lantern. Table, benches, and stools discovered, and a rope hanging from the ceiling at the rear connects with the alarm bell. Grated window high on back wall, and barred door center flat. Enter JAILER with lantern. Two gold crowns in his hand. Chuckling to himself.

JAILER. Well, this is certainly the crowning month of my life. (*Jingles the coins.*) I do not know of any king who has been crowned more than I have,—ha! ha! ha! (*Consumptive laugh.*) And the month is only ten days old as yet. When an *honest* man is in such an influential position, there is always some one to crown him for little favors. (*Puts hand in pocket and draws out a note.*) Oho! I had almost forgotten this promissory note. (*Reads it by lantern light.*) “If you wish to gain a hundred crowns, open the shutters for the person who knocks at the quay,—eleven o’clock sharp.” (*Musing.*) A hundred crowns for opening a shutter, when most persons receive only a broken one for the same offence. Well! well! I know of no one given to such owlish prowling since Robert “le Sanguinaire” has taken his gentle daughter home with him. (*Looking about anxiously.*) There is certainly more than dust on the carpet. (*Goes to the lantern and rereads the note.*) A hundred! Well, maybe it is to get some one out. But, then, I do not know of any important

person here besides myself, and they can't steal me. (*Laughs until the clock, striking, stops him. He counts the strokes. Eleven. A hundred crowns at eleven. (Knocking. He pauses. Knocking again. Takes lantern and exit. Chains heard as unbarring door, and then re-enter JAILER and two men.)*)

ROBERT (*roughly*). Why so slow, Citizen Grebault? Did you receive my letter?

JAILER. The Republic's greatest guardian must act cautiously, Citizen Robert.

ROBERT. Good! Can you give this man the protection suited to his royal state?

JAILER (*shaking his keys.*) If he were a bird he could not fly away to harm.

ROBERT. Good again, Grebault! (*Slyly.*) But you will need money? (*JAILER nods and holds out his hand.*) I have a hundred crowns that will be yours if you serve me faithfully.

JAILER. What do you want me to do?

ROBERT. Find me the darkest dungeon in this prison for one who is my enemy.

JAILER (*shaking his head negatively.*) Were you to ask me to let a prisoner out, I might do it and pinch myself out with him; but to throw a man into a dungeon without orders would be no more nor less than putting my neck in the halter.

ROBERT. Who will know you had no orders to imprison him?

JAILER. Why, the Recorders; and then I'd be rolled on the mill, to get a trial on the machine invented by M. Guillotine.

ROBERT. I will double the sum if you get me the dungeon I desire. I've known men who have

been shut up for years without even the governor of the prison knowing anything about it. In such times who will bring you to account. This man (*pointing to St. HUAL*) is a trouble to me, and I want him in a place of safety. Answer me at once: will you take the money?

JAILER (*does not answer, but shuts his eyes and puts out his hand*).

ROBERT. Go, then; and make haste: there is no time to lose. (*Exit JAILER. ROBERT turns to St. HUAL.*) I have been making arrangements for your board and lodging; am I not generous, Sir Marquis? You will not answer me! So like all cowards: chapfallen in adversity, proud and overbearing in prosperity.

MARQUIS (*rising*). I am no coward. It is you who deserve that title for insulting a defenceless man. You have been dragging me from prison to prison, and no doubt have a cruel death in store for me. I will meet it with courage. But go! Leave me to myself. Rid me of your presence.

ROBERT. No, Sir Marquis: my presence shall haunt you like an evil genius. You reproach me with insulting you; but, pray, who began this cruelty? Twenty years ago you saw me on my knees before you, asking help for my dying mother, and you drove me away. You left a sumptuous banquet to view the burning of my poor hut. That I persecute you now is true. I insult you! That, too, is true. But you wounded me in what I held most dear—my mother. I will avenge myself in what is most dear to your heart: can you tell me where your son is, my Lord Marquis?

MARQUIS. My son,—my son! Know you aught of my son? In mercy tell me where he is! I know you ought to hate me, for I did you grievous wrong; but since then grief and remorse have blanched my locks. I treated you cruelly; but for that and other faults I have wept and prayed full twenty years, and humbly bowed my head to the chastening hand of the God of justice and mercy to forgive and restore to me my child.

ROBERT. Thy son! Twenty years ago I carried away your boy. All the gold you so lavishly spent could not find me out, poor and powerless though I was. I brought up your son a man of the people, a republican, an enemy to the King and an enemy to his own father, my Lord Marquis. The man who prevents your escape and threatens you with death is your son. (MARQUIS rises and throws himself into a chair, a picture of anguish and despair.) Marquis, this will be your home for the present. It is not as well furnished as your Castle at St. Hual, but the State shall provide for your wants. You will have no more use for demesnes, lands or castles. Make them over to me by signing this deed drawn out according to law. (Takes a parchment from his pocket.)

MARQUIS. I will never sign it (starting from his seat). The King shall one day know how you've wronged me: he will do me justice.

ROBERT. The King! Ah, I see you are not informed! Louis will be executed to-morrow, and the Queen is in safe-keeping. What power, then, is able to draw you from here? Remember, your son, too, is in my hands; and his life or death depends on me.



MARQUIS. If I refuse you, sir, you threaten to kill my son, who of course is innocent in your regard—this is not your plan of vengeance.

ROBERT. Make over your property to my daughter Marianna, on condition that she wed your son, then he shall live and inherit your fortune.

MARQUIS (*reflecting some time*). I agree. (*Paper, pen and ink are given him; he signs. Aside.*) So her name is Marianna! Would that she were anything like the Marianna that I knew at Versailles. (*To ROBERT.*) Tell me, are you human? (*Knocking at gate.*)

ROBERT. No: I am your evil genius, and the end is not yet. (*Takes paper and folds it, and puts it in his pocket. Enter JAILER.*) Take this prisoner, and woe betide you if you let him escape! (*Exeunt all, oppositedirections. JAILER returns with lantern and keys, as before. Enter again ROBERT, RAYMOND, QUEEN, SOLDIERS and RECORDER.*)

ROBERT (*to JAILER*). We do a pretty fair business here. We have brought you another prisoner, but you must make ready a chamber of state for this one. (*JAILER raises lantern to face of Queen: recognizes her.*)

JAILER. The Austrian!—the wife of Capet! We can easily find her a dungeon.

ROBERT. Come, now: let us proceed to take the registry of the prisoner. (*RECORDER takes the registry. RAYMOND offers chair to the Queen.*)

RECORDER (*to QUEEN*). Your name.

QUEEN (*rising proudly*). Mary Antoinette of France.

RECORDER (*startled, throws down the pen*). The Queen—our Queen! Never!



ROBERT (*taking the pen, proceeds to register. To JAILER*). The number of the dungeon?

JAILER. Number 32.

ROBERT (*writes it*). Number 32, Marie Antoinette, wife of Capet.

JAILOR. That's right! Now let me coop this bird. (*Enter hurriedly MARIANNA and throws herself at the feet of the QUEEN. SOLDIERS oppose her entrance, but she breaks through and rushes to the QUEEN. ROBERT roughly pulls her away, and recognizes her.*)

ROBERT (*with fire*). Woman! What means this treachery?

MARIANNA (*defiantly*). Sir, it is not treachery to seek the one we love. I have come to meet my Queen. (*Tears herself from ROBERT'S grasp and rushes to the arms of the QUEEN. ROBERT tries to clutch her but is stopped by RAYMOND.*)

QUEEN. Thank God, Marianna, that I see you again before these cruel men have destroyed my life! What can have brought you to this vile hole, my dear child?

MARIANNA (*hanging her head*). I have come to take a last farewell, and to beseech you to forgive my father and my brother. (*Points to them.*)

QUEEN (*with great surprise*). Your father and your brother? What mean you, Marianna? MARIANNA *sobs.*) Well, from my heart I forgive them. Marie Antoinette forgives all her enemies; for vengeance belongs to God alone. (*RAYMOND throws himself at the feet of the QUEEN and kisses her hand. ROBERT draws to strike RAYMOND; and MARIANNA steps between, to avert the blow.*)

CURTAIN.

## ACT THIRD.

## SCENE I.

A room in ROBERT'S home. MARIANNA discovered, in the garb of the people, caring for the house as any other peasant would be doing. JULIETTE, with a pan of dough, passes in from the garden in the rear and goes into a side room. RAYMOND passes window in a hurry and enters door.

MARIANNA. God be praised, you have come at last! Did you get the passports?

RAYMOND (*coming up center*). Yes: but I had great difficulties to overcome, and they took time. But no' one, I am sure, will suspect me now of favoring the Queen and bring her more speedily to the tribunal.

MARIANNA, Little danger of that as yet.

RAYMOND. Nay, nay, sister! Be not so sure. They have already called her before the Republican board, and her trial is begun.

MARIANNA. And are we too late? I fear if we venture to see her now we shall be suspected as accomplices, and will save neither the Queen nor the Marquis St. Hual.

RAYMOND (*rising angrily*). Why are you forever planning for that miserable Royalist? What interests have you in that prisoner St. Hual?

MARIANNA. What interest have I in that man? Hear me now and judge for yourself. You know you are not my natural brother.

RAYMOND (*humbly*). Yes, I know I am an orphan. I know that I have no claims here. I confess that I had only a vague idea of my misfortune.

Still, I thought that my adoption and my long life with your father gave me the right to correct you as a brother.

MARIANNA (*starting at the misinterpreted meaning*).

Raymond, I did not reproach you with being an orphan, nor rebuke you for your criticism; I meant only to tell you that, as you had lost your father, your fortune and your name, I, a poor girl, have found them. I am going to give you back what you lost.

RAYMOND (*still vexed*). But how can that bear on the Royalist in the Bastille?

MARIANNA. Hear me a moment and you will see.

You were born the son of a great lord and the heir to a vast fortune. Your father acted harshly towards one of his vassals, and that man in revenge carried you off, brought you up a man of the people, and then imprisoned your father where he has pined for three long years.

RAYMOND (*startled*). And is that prisoner my father?

MARIANNA. This Marquis de St. Hual, humbled and subdued, blighted in heart and broken in spirit, is no other than your father. (RAYMOND *paces the stage in silence.*)

RAYMOND (*turning to MARIANNA in despair*).

And where is the man who carried me off, and immured my father in prison? Where is he, I say? For I must have my vengeance at once.

MARIANNA (*laying her hand on his shoulder*).

Raymond, vengeance belongeth to God alone; and he who undertakes to punish the guilty lays up for himself a life of remorse, misery, and anxiety, that will end only with the grave.

RAYMOND (*drawing out the passports*). Then this night shall I join my father in freedom, and then (*falling at the table in despair*)—oh, and I came so near killing him with my own hand! (*Enter ANTONINE.*)

ANTONINE. Citizen, your orders are obeyed.

RAYMOND. The Recorder,—where is he?

ANTONINE. Gone half an hour ago with his two aides.

RAYMOND. And what of Grebault?

ANTONINE (*laughingly*). Sleeping like a top.

RAYMOND (*catching him by the lapel*). And what is the matter with you. Why, you are more like a ghost than a man? What has happened?

ANTONINE. You have not heard it, then?

RAYMOND. I have heard nothing. What has happened?

ANTONINE. Ah, sir!

RAYMOND. Speak! You will kill me with this suspense.

ANTONINE. Well, you thought of taking two prisoners away to-night, did you not?

RAYMOND. Yes! What then?

ANTONINE. You can take only one, for the man is dead.

RAYMOND. Dead! Dead? Have they killed my father at last?

ANTONINE. Yes, they have taken our father the King to the scaffold this morning.

RAYMOND. It was the King, then,—King Louis, you mean?

ANTONINE (*surprised at the question*). Of course. He was so suddenly executed this morning that I could not let you know.

RAYMOND (*breathing a sigh of relief*). Oh, hapless fate of kings!

MARIANNA (*coming forward*). And the Queen,— what of her?

ANTONINE. She is soon to follow, and ere long her blood will cry for vengeance on the land of France. But come at once. We have no time to lose, if we are to see the prisoners to-night. (*He prepares to go. RAYMOND and MARIANNA follow.*)

CURTAIN.

SCENE II.

A Prison. (Same as in Act II., Scene I.) Lights low. ST. HUAL asleep, with his head on his arms, supported by a small table, on which a lighted taper has all but burned out. Enter MARIANNA quietly, followed by RAYMOND, who carries a lantern. MARIANNA places her hand on ST. HUAL'S shoulder and rouses him. He seems stupefied, and is startled on seeing MARIANNA.

MARIANNA (*softly*). My Lord Marquis.

MARQUIS (*rubbing his eyes*). It seems I ought to know that voice.

MARIANNA (*laughing softly*). Do you forget your friends so soon, My Lord?

MARQUIS (*rising*). What! Marianna!

MARIANNA. The same, my lord. I have come to speak to you on an important subject. Why did you deed all your estates to me, may I ask?

MARQUIS. Young lady, I was forced to do it without knowing to whom they were going. But, since it is to you, I am satisfied; for my tide of life is nearly run. I must soon mingle with my native dust. O Marianna, I have been sorely tried, and I thank God that I have

been able to reward you in some way for your kindness! I now resign myself into the arms of my God, who, I hope, has forgiven me.

MARIANNA. I have a message of joy for you, my lord. Will you hear it?

MARQUIS. I will hear anything now. Speak on!

MARIANNA. I have come to tell you that I have found your son.

MARQUIS (*starting*). My son? Ah, Marianna, spare these gray hairs! Mock me not. He who had no pity on me would not spare the child of my heart. Gladly would I end my days in this dungeon if I knew that my boy was yet alive.

MARIANNA. He does live, my lord; and I have brought him to you. He is here in this dungeon. There stands your son. (MARQUIS *looks at RAYMOND, and then rushes into his arms.*)

MARQUIS. My boy!—my boy! This moment repays all the years of suffering I have undergone. Let me look into your face! Yes, there are your mother's features!

RAYMOND (*anxiously*). My mother! Does she still live?

MARQUIS. Thank God, my son, your mother is beyond the grief of this world!

RAYMOND. Come, father! There is no time to lose. I have the passports for our escape in my pocket. Let us haste away.

MARQUIS. What! Risk your life now, my boy? No! I am repaid, now that my son lives. Leave me to my fate in peace. Marianna, be assured that now more than ever you have the heartfelt gratitude of the Marquis of St. Hual. May God bless and reward you!



MARIANNA (*coming from the back of the stage*).  
Come, my lord! All is ready for our escape.  
You need not fear: all will be safe. I have a  
passport to the dungeon of the Queen. She, too,  
is to come with us.

MARQUIS (*startled*). No, no, my child! The Queen  
must die. You can render her no service; and  
your father may kill you if he hears of your  
devotion.

MARIANNA. I would willingly share her imprison-  
ment or her fate—but, my lord, we have no time  
for parley.

RAYMOND (*taking off his military cloak*). Father,  
you will soon be free and happy. Wrap this cloak  
around you. Lead on, Antonine. (ANTONINE  
*starts.*) Lead on to the boat. (A voice: "Back,  
cowards,—back!") Lead on, I say,—lead on  
at any cost. (ROBERT *advances with poniard to  
strike ANTONINE. RAYMOND rushes at him, and  
beats him down with a blow of his fist. ANTONINE  
hastens out followed by RAYMOND and the MAR-  
QUIS. MARIANNA follows, but stops and recog-  
nizes her father.*)

MARIANNA (*raising her father's head into her lap*).  
Oh, it is my father that you have slain! (*Dur-  
ing this, GREBAULT enters cautiously and sees  
MARIANNA. He comes down to the body and  
at once shrieks a maddened cry.*)

MARIANNA. Man, if you are a man, help me with  
this body! Help me,—help me!

GREBAULT (*wildly*). Ay, help you I will, you  
enemy of man, you bloody Royalist! I'll help  
you to shadow your dastardly crime! I'll help  
you! (*Laughs like a madman.*) I'll help you!

(*He rushes to the back of the stage and swings on the rope. The alarm bell begins to toll. MARIANNA tries to stop him. He hurls her into the corner, just as the door is pushed in by several peasants and a few armed guards. From time to time during the excitement more people come in to swell the crowd. MARIANNA cowers in the corner and GREBAULT stands threateningly over her.*)

RABBLE AND SOLDIERS (*with much confusion and noise*). What now, Grebault? What now?

GREBAULT (*pointing to the dead body of ROBERT*). There now,—there now! Read there the deed that has been done by this daughter of the Queen. This Royalist has stained her hands with the blood of our leader.

RABBLE. Death to her! To the guillotine,—to the guillotine! (*They rush at her just as RAYMOND enters the door.*)

RAYMOND. Stand, you bloodthirsty sons of the gutter!

RABBLE (*standing at his command*). Aye, stand when royalty has killed the leader of our cause! Death to her,—death to her! (*They again attempt to get at MARIANNA, who draws closer to RAYMOND.*)

RAYMOND. Back,—back, I command you in the name of the Republic! Back!

GREBAULT (*rushing on*). He, too, is a Royalist. At them, in the name of the Republic! (*The mob rushes at the two. RAYMOND wrenches a gun from the guard and defends MARIANNA, fighting his way to the door.*)

RAYMOND (*forcing back the crowd*). If any man touches that woman, he dies. Make way, before



I cut my way out! Stand back! Stand back! (*He guards MARIANNA out of the door; and then, standing with his face to the crowd and his back to the door, he holds the mob off with his bayonet while MARIANNA escapes.*)

CURTAIN.

### SCENE III.

A cottage in the outskirts of Versailles. MARIANNA in mourning. JULIETTE working about the room at anything in accordance with her position of housekeeper. MARIANNA sitting before the fire. Door and window open center flat on small plot of ground.

JULIETTE. If I have to stay locked up here another month without seeing anybody, I shall die.

MARIANNA. Trust on, Juliette! Perhaps we may not have to hide here much longer. The state is rapidly becoming more settled.

JULIETTE. But what care we for that, with the price on our heads? What good would that do you if the military should find you?

MARIANNA. But by this time they must certainly know of their mistake. Who could accuse me of murdering my own father?

JULIETTE. Who indeed? As if a gentle being like my mistress could stoop to so base a deed! Your father? Surely it's hard to believe that a man like "Robert, the Wild Boar," could be the father of yourself. Mademoiselle,—saving your presence! I know you are too noble to speak a word against him, but I say again it's hard to believe such a man could be the father of such a daughter.

MARIANNA. He is dead, Juliette. Let us say naught against him. God, I trust, judged mercifully of his crime. I bitterly regret the manner of his death, though I never could have loved him as a father. Ah, me! my heart is heavy, Juliette! Have you heard aught of him who was called his son—Mons. Raymond?

JULIETTE (*aside*). Ah, that way the land lies! I suspect the absence of Raymond has something to do with her grief. (*To MARIANNA.*) I learned by accident, from the farmer who served us milk this morning, that Mons. Raymond has risen to a position of great trust in the army: that he commands the forces of Versailles—but what noise is that? (*Noise heard at the gate. JULIETTE starts to the door, and meets an OFFICER entering. A squad of soldiers draw up outside in the open.*) Fly, Marianna,—fly by the hedge to the river! Stop at the door, you ungentlemanly son of a low-lived government! Stop at that door, and don't be intruding your unwelcome self on two private ladies that have no protector. (*Turning to MARIANNA, who has made no effort to escape.*) What! Have you not gone yet? Go at once by that door!

OFFICER. Stay, Madame! We mean no intrusion. In the name of the government, I am ordered to arrest the lady of the house. (*Starts to enter.*)

JULIETTE. What can I have been doing to turn the government on my tracks?

MARIANNA. Juliette, stand aside! Enter, sir, I am the lady whom you seek.

JULIETTE (*startled*). Marianna.

OFFICER. "Marianna." Yes, that's the name. (*Looking at the paper he has taken from his breast.*) I am warranted by this writ to deliver you to the courts with as little delay as possible. May I beg you to prepare at once to accompany us?

JULIETTE (*coming forward*). But what has the poor child been accused of? It can not be an offence to brave men to have a woman stay at home for weeks without seeing a soul.

OFFICER (*with a sneer*). Staying at home to avoid the law, eh? Enough of this! Our search has been already too long. By order of this writ I am warranted to arrest "one Marianna, daughter or adopted child of the Queen, for maliciously killing the captain of the people in the dungeon of the Bastille. Said girl—"

MARIANNA (*aroused at the charge*). I did not kill him. It was the purest accident. Would that I had died in his place on that night! He was my—

OFFICER (*interrupting*). Silence! Self-confessed is surest proof. (*To the squad*). Advance! There is your prisoner. (*They enter and form around MARIANNA, and turn to go, when RAYMOND hurries to the door, dressed in the full regimentals of a high officer.*)

JULIETTE (*rushing to him*). Raymond! Raymond! Save her,—save her!

RAYMOND (*meeting squad as it comes out*). Halt! (*They salute him*). Release that prisoner. (*Coming down C.*) Officer, what means this intrusion?

OFFICER (*stubbornly*). We take our orders from the Tribunal in this case. (*To the soldiers.*) Citizens, advance with the prisoner.

RAYMOND (*drawing his sword*). Halt! Who commands here? You or I? Stand where your are, men. (*Turning to the officer.*) Cite your authority by which you arrest this innocent girl.

OFFICER. I arrest her by the authority of a writ from the Tribunal.

RAYMOND (*crossing to him*). Produce it. (*To MARIANNA.*) Please be seated, Marianna.

OFFICER (*drawing his sword as if to attack RAYMOND*). I'll not stand for this!

RAYMOND (*carelessly pricks the officer's hand with his sword, and forces him to drop his sword on the floor. Turning to the soldiers*). Sergeant, arrest this man for insubordination. (*Pointing to the officer. Two soldiers advance and stand on either side of the officer.*) Now give me that paper, like a gentleman. (*He reads it.*) All right now! Release him. (*He walks over to the officer's sword on the floor and kicks it to him. OFFICER picks it up.*) This is a false charge. The accused is innocent. Depart, and leave her here.

OFFICER. But the writ is witnessed.

RAYMOND. Those witnesses lie.

OFFICER. But I am bound by those orders and must execute them.

RAYMOND (*turning on him angrily and pointing to the door*). Go! In the name of the Army, I command. Go!

OFFICER (*hesitating*). But if I return without the prisoner, my head—

RAYMOND. Tell them I would not let you take her. She is not the guilty person.

OFFICER. By the writ she is. And the witnesses swear to it.

RAYMOND. And I swear she is not.

OFFICER. The Tribunal will not take words for oaths. I must have some affidavit to prove her innocence. (RAYMOND *snatches the writ which the OFFICER has been flourishing before his face, and cuts it in two with his sword. On the back of one-half he writes, and then returns it to the OFFICER.*)

RAYMOND (*handing it to him*). There is your proof, Go!

OFFICER (*looking at the paper, and then at RAYMOND in astonishment*). You yourself did this murderous deed? It can not be. You accuse yourself? (RAYMOND *merely nods and points to the door.*) Sign your title, sir, to give weight to my claim.

RAYMOND (*turning away*). Sign it yourself. Sign it, "Commanding the forces of Versailles." (OFFICER *signs it, salutes him, turns to the squad, and exit.*)

RAYMOND (*crossing to MARIANNA, laughing*). Well, Marianna, that was almost as exciting as our meeting at the palace long ago. 'Twas good I hurried on ahead when I saw the troops turn in here.

MARIANNA (*admiring his regalia*). What have you been doing to win all these honors of late? I have seen so little of you.

RAYMOND (*carelessly*). Oh, nothing much! A soldier need not look for honors.

MARIANNA (*the old MARQUIS approaches the door with JULIETTE*). And the Marquis, how does he bear his freedom?

RAYMOND. He should be here by this time. I left him only a few paces behind when I rushed in on these soldiers of fortune. (*He turns to the door. MARIANNA sees the MARQUIS and hastens to greet him.*)

MARIANNA. My lord, you are more than welcome!

MARQUIS (*coming between them*). You did not expect to see us so soon, eh?

MARIANNA. No, my lord. I thought that, until peace was restored in our country, you had taken yourself off to some foreign clime.

MARQUIS. No, I could not leave my son, who has obtained a high commission in the Army, while I retain my right to my titles.

MARIANNA. Well, you are more than welcome. Be seated, my lord. (*He sits. She crosses to the side door and calls to JULIETTE.*) Dinner shall be set for three again, Juliette. We are again at home together. (*Returning to the group, she sits opposite the MARQUIS. RAYMOND stands at the back of her chair.*) I confess, my lord, I never expected to see you here. You must excuse my poor reception. But what could have made you leave the Castle of St. Hual and wander away out here?

MARQUIS. It was gratitude, my lady! We came, in the first place, to thank you; for I do not forget that I owe you my life, liberty, and, what is a thousand times better, the happiness of having found my son. We have come to assure you of our gratitude, which will end only with the grave.

MARIANNA (*confused*). I thank you, my lord!

MARQUIS (*solemnly*). And then, again, it was not an altogether social visit that we intended. There



was a certain paper that I would rather speak of,—a document that must be in your possession. (RAYMOND'S *turn to be confused.*)

MARIANNA (*innocently, to the delight of the MARQUIS*). I know, my lord, the document in question was a donation made by you under the pressure of force, and consequently of no value. I have destroyed it, my lord.

MARQUIS. Then, Madame, I shall have the trouble of making out another.

MARIANNA (*startled*). No, no, my lord, there is no need of making out another!

RAYMOND (*coming forward*). You are right, Marianna; it will not be necessary, if the conditions of the other are still binding.

MARIANNA. What conditions do you mean? I do not understand you.

MARQUIS (*laughing*). You ladies have the happy faculty of forgetting conditions that pertain to yourselves. The conditions, Madame, was the one pertaining to a certain bestowal of your hand. We have come with the especial desire of asking that that part of the contract be fulfilled. (MARIANNA *astonished.*) You remember that part now, don't you? Marianna, we would that you become my son's wife.

MARIANNA. What! I wed Louis de St. Hual, the heir of a house like yours? Oh, my lord, this is mockery!

RAYMOND (*anxiously*). Marianna, it is not mockery. To you I am the same as when we were children together. Titles can not change our relations. You were my equal then: come, be my equal now. Help me share the lot of

a soldier of the Republic as we shared our childhood treasures together.

MARIANNA (*softly*). Raymond, we were brother and sister then, But now—

RAYMOND. Well?

MARIANNA. Now we are changed. (*Rising.*)  
Now, Raymond, I can not.

MARQUIS (*eagerly*). Do I understand you to refuse? (MARIANNA *stands with her head hanging, and barely nods in assent.*)

RAYMOND. I knew you never loved me!

MARIANNA (*resenting the inference, slowly and significantly*). Forgive me, Raymond! I say that you are still the same brother to me; but were I to become your bride, the bloody shade of my father would rise in vengeance. Forgive me, Raymond! I can not.

MARQUIS. But, my child, we can not, will not, leave you here unprotected.

MARIANNA (*turning to him*). 'Twas you yourself, my lord, taught me to murmur not at the dispensation of Providence. You yourself once urged me to bow in silent submission to the mighty Hand that strikes. Go your way, my lord, and leave me to myself. We will be much happier then.

RAYMOND (*excitedly*). Your father's fate has naught to do here. His doom was from the chastening Hand of the Almighty.

MARIANNA (*turning to him sorrowfully*). I beg you, Raymond, not to say that. He was my father, and my resolution is taken. You have done well in the Army in the service of your country, and I rejoice to see the tricolor in your



hat. Return to your service, and in the excitement of the campaign you will soon forget a poor girl who by her birth and social position is far beneath you.

MARQUIS. Then, my child, you may set those scruples forever at rest. I had not intended to tell you at this time what it is now my joy to reveal. You are not the daughter of Robert who was called the "Wild Boar." On his person was found a letter addressed to my son. It was written just after he had forced me to sign that paper in the Bastille. In it he confessed that you were the daughter of a woman he had loved in early youth, but who had discarded him for a man of higher rank. That man died a political prisoner; and on her deathbed, widowed and in dire poverty, she sent for Robert and begged him to rear her little daughter as his own child. The marriage certificate of your parents and your own baptismal record are here with the letter, and assure all whom it may concern that you are of honorable and gentle birth. My child, not a drop of the Communist's blood flows in your veins; and you need think of him no more, save to pray for his wretched soul.

JULIETTE (*enters with things for the table, sets them down*). What did I tell you, Mademoiselle? (*With uplifted hands.*) Did I not say you were no daughter of "Robert, the Wild Boar"? (*Exit.*) (*The MARQUIS goes to the window and looks out.*)

RAYMOND (*advancing with arms outstretched*).

Marianna, can you not love me?

MARIANNA. Raymond, my brother!

RAYMOND. Nay, Marianna, it is not a brother's love I seek. Tell me, can you not love me enough to marry me?

MARIANNA (*softly*). Yes.

RAYMOND. My darling! (*Folds her in his arms. Enter JULIETTE, who stands in delighted surprise. The two separate as the MARQUIS comes down the stage.*)

RAYMOND (*turning to the MARQUIS*). Father, give me your blessing. I have won for my bride the fairest and noblest maid in France.

MARQUIS. Bless you, my children! A new light rises in my life, as a new light is rising over sorrowing France; and my closing days will grow brighter in the presence of my new-found son and his lovely bride. Let us praise God, who has been pleased to preserve us unharmed amid the dangers that have harassed our beloved land.

SLOW CURTAIN.

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