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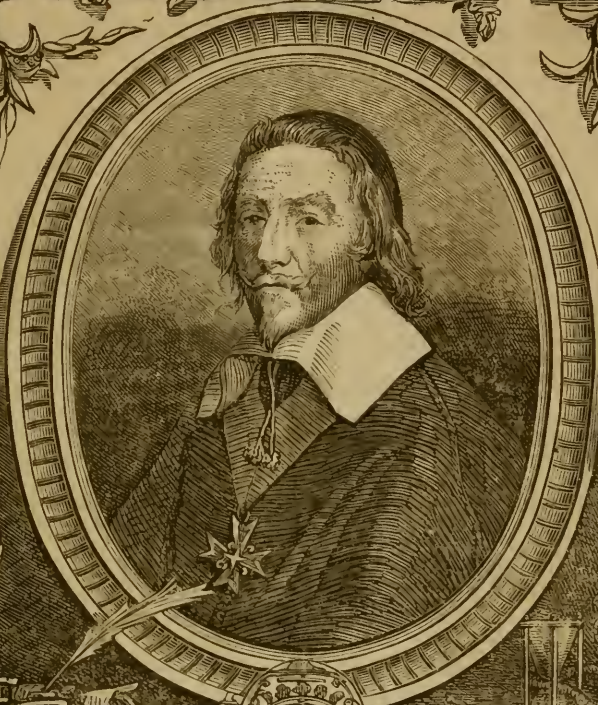
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1866



1868

RICHHELIEU



Armand Jean
Cardinal Duc



du Plessis
de Richelieu

Lytton
AS PERFORMED BY

Ernie Booth
" "

JL

J.P. DAVIS-SPEER, SC.

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1866

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AUTHOR'S 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 civilization, 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-defense—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 the great statesman, were not carried on by the patriotism of public virtue, nor the emulation of equal talent; they were but court strugglers 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 denouncement 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 apostacy), 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.

The COUNT DE SOISSONS, and the DUKE DE BOUILLON had a good army, and they knew how to use it : and for the greater certainty, resolved that whilst this army should advance, they would assassinate the Cardinal, and stir up Paris to revolt.

The conspirators made a treaty with Spain to introduce her troops into France, and to throw everything into confusion by a Regency, which they thought would follow, and by which each one hoped to profit.

Richelieu had lost all his favor, and retained only the advantage of being necessary. His good fortune ordained at the last that the plot should be discovered, and that a copy of the treaty should fall into his hands.—VOLTAIRE.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.



ORIGINAL CASTE—*Covent Garden, 1839.*

LOUIS THE THIRTEENTH,	<i>Mr. Elton.</i>
GASTON, Duke of Orleans (brother to Louis XIII.),	<i>Mr. Diddegr.</i>
BARADAS, (Favourite of the King, first gentleman of the Chamber, Premier, Ecuyer, &c.),	<i>Mr. Warde.</i>
CARDINAL RICHELIEU,	<i>Mr. Macready.</i>
THE CHEVALIER DE MAUPRAT,	<i>Mr. Anderson.</i>
THE SIEUR DE BERINGHEN, (in attendance on the King,* one of the conspirators),	<i>Mr. Vining.</i>
JOSEPH, (a Capuchin, Richelieu's confidant),	<i>Mr. Phelps.</i>
HUGUET, (an officer of Richelieu's household-guard—a Spy),	<i>Mr. G. Bennett.</i>
FRANCOIS,	<i>Mr. Howe.</i>
First Courtier,	
Captain of the Archers,	
First,)	
Second,) Secretaries of State.	
Third,)	
Governor of the Bastile,	<i>Mr. Waldron.</i>
Gaoler,	<i>Mr. Aylyffe.</i>
Courtiers, Pages, Conspirators, Officers, Soldiers, &c.	
JULIE DE MORTEMAR, (an Orphan Ward to Richelieu),	<i>Miss Helen Faucit.</i>
MARION DE LORME, (Mistress to Orleans, but in Richelieu's pay),	<i>Miss Charles.</i>

* Properly speaking, the King's First Valet de Chambre, a post of great importance at that time.

WINTER GARDEN,

NEW YORK.

LESSEE AND MANAGER, W. STUART.
 STAGE MANAGER, J. G. HANLEY.
 TREASURER, H. J. JACKSON.

MR. EDWIN BOOTH

AS

ARMAND JEAN DU PLESSIS,

Cardinal Duc de Richelieu.

DE MAUPRAT,	<i>Mr. Charles Barron.</i>
BARADAS,	<i>Mr. J. H. Taylor.</i>
LOUIS XIII.,	<i>Mr. W. A. Donaldson.</i>
GASTON, Duke of Orleans (brother to Louis XIII.),	<i>Mr. J. Duell.</i>
SIEUR DE BERINGHEN, in attendance on the King, a conspirator,	<i>Mr. W. S. Andrews.</i>
JOSEPH, a Capuchin, Richelieu's confidant,	<i>Mr. John Dyott.</i>
HUGUET, an Officer of Richelieu's household guard—a Spy,	<i>Mr. C. Kemble Mason.</i>
FRANCOIS, Private Secretary to Richelieu,	<i>Mr. W. F. Burroughs.</i>
DE CLERMONT,	<i>Mr. C. Blenau.</i>
DE SOURDIAC,	<i>Mr. D. Newton.</i>
LONGUEVILLE,	<i>Mr. E. Jerome.</i>
DE GRAMONT,	<i>Mr. T. K. Williams.</i>
MONTMORENCI,	<i>Mr. H. Henry.</i>
GOVERNOR OF THE BASTILE,	<i>Mr. H. Bland.</i>
GAOLER OF THE BASTILE,	<i>Mr. J. Easton.</i>
FIRST SECRETARY,	<i>Mr. N. Decker.</i>
SECOND SECRETARY,	<i>Mr. E. Johnston.</i>
THIRD SECRETARY,	<i>Mr. W. H. King.</i>
CAPTAIN OF ARQUEBUSSIERS,	<i>Mr. H. Hogan.</i>
PAGE TO DE BARADAS,	<i>Miss Moore.</i>
KING'S PAGES.	<i>Misses Howard, Connel, Duell, and Bennett.</i>
CARDINAL'S PAGES,	<i>Misses Glover, Jennie and Susie Morton.</i>
JULIE DE MORTEMAR,	<i>Miss Johnson.</i>
MARION DE LORME, Mistress to Orleans but in Richelieu's pay,	<i>Mrs. M. Wilkins.</i>
Courtiers, Musqueteers, Arquebussiers, Monks, Cardinal's Guards, King's Guards, Heralds, Pages, Servants, etc.	

Scenery by WITHAM. Music by STOEPEL.

RICHÉLIEU:

OR,

THE CONSPIRACY.

ACT I.

FIRST DAY.

SCENE I.—A room in the house of MARION DE LORME; BARADAS, Courtiers, the DUKE OF ORLEANS, MARION DE LORME, DE BERINGHEN, DE MAUPRAT, playing at dice; other Courtiers looking on.

Orleans (drinking). Here's to our enterprize! Baradas (glancing at Marion). Hush, Sir!

Orleans (aside). Nay, Count.

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

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

Orleans. Well—Marion, see How the play prospers yonder. [MARION goes to the next table, looks on for a few moments, then exit.

Bar. (producing a parchment). I have now All the conditions drawn; it only needs Our signatres; Bouillon will join his army with the Spaniard, March on to Paris,—there, dethrone the King; You will be Regent; I, and ye, my Lords Form the new Council. So much for the core Of our great scheme.

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

Bar. To gain the prize We must destroy the Argus:—Ay, my lord, The scroll the core, but blood must fill the veins Of our design; while this dispatched to Bouillon, Richelieu despatched 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. Orl. So be it:—to-morrow, midnight.—Come, my Lords.

[Exit ORLEANS, and the Courtiers in his train. Those at the other table rise, salute ORLEANS, and reseal themselves.

De Beringhen. Double the stakes.

De Maup. Done.

De Ber. Bravo; faith, it shames me To bleed a purse already in extremis.

De Maup. Nay, as you've had the patient to yourself So long, no other doctor should dispatch it.

[DE MAUPRAT throws and loses.

Omnes. Lost! Ha, ha—poor De Mauprat!

De Ber. One throw more?

De Maup. No; I am bankrupt (pushing gold).

There goes all except My honour and my sword.

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

De Maup. Richelieu!

De Ber. (to Baradas). At that name He changes color, bites his nether lip. Ev'n in his brightest moments whisper "Richelieu,"

And you cloud all his sunshine.

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

De Maup. 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?

Omnes. Ay, come, De Mauprat.

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

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

[Exit all but DE MAUPRAT and BARADAS.

Bar. You have lost— Yet are not sad.

De Maup. Sad!—Life and gold have wings,

* Epistemon speaks of Cleopatra as a crier of onions in the other world. "Her kingdom produced exceeding good ones in the opinion of the Israelites. Besides, of the two pearls of inestimable price which that queen was owner of, she having caused her lover Anthony to swallow one dissolved in vinegar, was going to regale him with the second, if she had not been hindered. Perhaps it was by way of punishment for this prodigality that she is reduced to sell onions—that is, such fruit as the Latins call *unions*, a sort of onions, as well as pearls."—RABELAIS.

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 favorite,
You to the titles of the wildest gallant
And bravest knight in France—are you content ?
No ;—trust in me—some gloom secret—

De Maup. Ay ;—
A secret that doth haunt me, as of old,
Men were possessed of fiends !—Where'er I turn,
The grave yawns dark before me—I will trust
you :

Hating the Cardinal, and beguiled by Orleans,
You know I join'd 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 Maup. Note the phrase :
“ Obedy'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 Maup. 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 Maup. “ 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 who shared your
crime

Exiled or dead—your king shall never learn it.”
Bar. O tender pity—oh most charming prospect !

Blown into atoms by a bomb, or drill'd
Into a cullendar by gunshot !—Well ?—
De Maup. You have heard if I fought bravely.
Death became

Desired as Daphne by the eager Daygod.*
Like him I chased the Nymph—to grasp the
laurel !

I could not die !
Bar. Poor fellow !

De Maup. When the Cardinal
Review'd the troops—his eyes met mine ;—he
frown'd,

Summoned 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 recalled to Paris,
And—you know all !

Bar. And, knowing this, why halt you,
Spell'd by the rattlesnake,—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 Maup. Hush ! Richelieu bears
A charm'd life : to all who have brav'd his power
One common end—the block !

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

De Maup. 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 ?—

Bar. Yet dost thou love *not* ?

De Maup. Love ?—I am young—

Bar. And Julie fair ! [*aside*] It is so.
Upon the margin of the grave—his hand
Would pluck the rose that I would wiu and
wear !

[*Alozd*] Thou lovest—

De Maup. [*gaily*] No more !—

I love !—Your breast holds both my secrets ;—
Never

Unbury either !—Come, while yet we may,
We'll bask us in the noon of rosy life ;—
Lounge through the gardens, flaunt in the tav-
erns,—

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

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

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

[*As they are going out enter HUGUET and
Arquebusiers.*]

Hug. Messire De Mauprat,—I arrest you !—
Follow

To the Lord Cardinal.

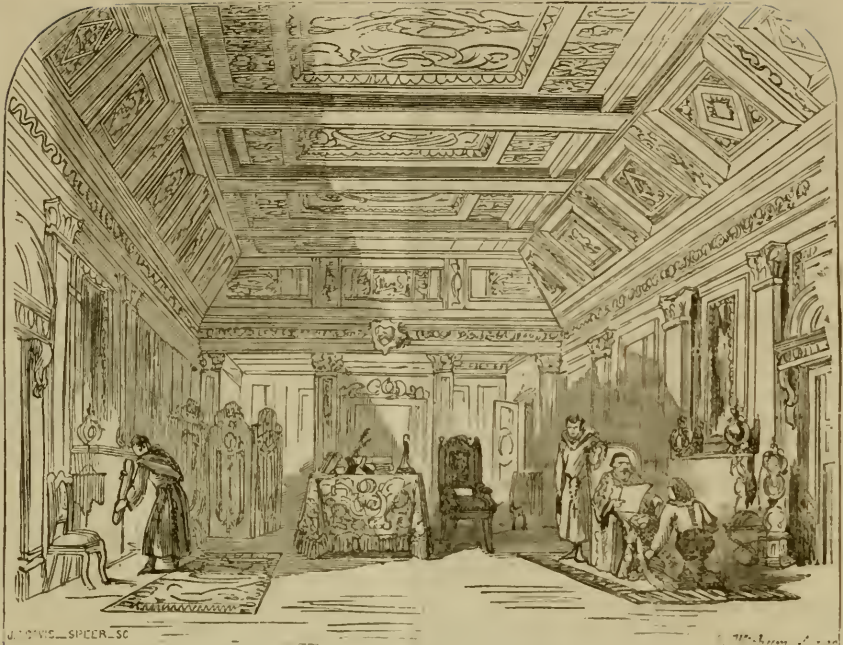
De Maup. You see, my friend,
I'm out of my suspense ; the tiger's play'd
Long enough with his prey. Farewell ! Here-
after

Say, when men name me, “ Adrien de Mauprat
Lived without hope, and perished without fear ! ”

[*EXEUNT DE MAUPRAT, HUGUET, &c.*
Bar. Farewell ! I trust forever ! I design'd thee
For Richelieu's murderer—but as well as 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 ! Ambition, love,
Ye twin-born stars of daring destinies,
Sit in my house of Life ! By the King's aid

* Daphne was loved and pursued by Apollo ; when on the point of being overtaken by him she prayed for aid, and was instantly metamorphosed into a laurel tree.



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 mas-
ter!

[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.

SCENE II.—A room in the Palais Cardinal.

RICHELIEU and JOSEPH.

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 win-
ters

To mount as high, as in six little moons*
This painted lizard—But I hold the ladder,
And when I shake he falls! What more?

Joseph. A scheme

To make your orphan-ward an instrument
To aid your foes.

Your ward has 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 is weak—whoever the King loves
Must rule the King; the lady loves another
The other rules the lady, thus we're balked
Of our own proper sway. The king must have
No goddess but the State:—the State! That's
Richelieu! †

* In six months the King made Baradas "First Esquire,"
"First Gentleman of the Chamber," "Captain of St. Ger-
main," and "Lieut. of the King in Champagne." In still
less time he was turned out of all, and the ruins of his
grandeur left him hardly enough to pay his debts.

His sudden rise and as sudden fall passed into a proverb,
so that we say, to signify a great fortune dissipated as soon
as acquired, in common parlance—"The fortune of Bar-
das."—ANQUETIL.

† Richelieu did, in fact, so thoroughly associate himself
with the State, that, in cases where the extreme penalty of
the law had been incurred, Le Clerc justly observes that he
was more inexorable to those he had favored—even to his
own connections—than to other and more indifferent offend-
ers. As in Venice (where the favorite aphorism was—
"Venice first, Christianity next,") so with Richelieu, the
primary consideration was, "what will be best for the
country?" On his death-bed he was asked if he forgave
his enemies? He replied: "I never had any but those of the

* Olivares, Minister of Spain.

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

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 FRANCOIS.

Fran. Mademoiselle De Mortemar!

Rich. Most opportune—admit her.

In my closet [*Exit Francois.*]
You'll find a rosary, Joseph; ere you tell
Three hundred beads, I'll summon you. Stay,
Joseph;

I did omit an Ave in my matins,—
A grievous fault; atone it for me, Joseph;
There is a scourge within; I am weak, you
strong;

It were but charity to take my sin
On such broad shoulders.

Joseph. I! guilty of such criminal presumption

As to mistake myself for you—No, never!

Think it not! [*Aside*] Troth, a pleasant invitation!
[*Exit Joseph.*]

Enter JULIE DE MORTEMAR.

Rich. That's my sweet Julie!

Julie. [*placing herself at his feet*]. 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 bequeathed thee to
me;

And thou shalt have a dowry, girl, to buy
Thy mate amid the mightiest. Drooping?—
sighs?—

Art thou not happy at the court?

Julie. Not often.

Rich. [*aside*]. Can she love Baradas? Ah! at
thy heart
There's what can smile and sigh, blush and grow
pale,

All in a breath! Thou art admired—art young;
Does not his majesty commend thy beauty—
Ask thee to sing to him?

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

Rich. Fie! Kings are never tiresome
Save to their ministers. What courtly gal-
lants

Charm ladies most? De Sourdiac, Longueville, 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 honeyed
breath

Thy heart hears summer whisper?

Enter HUGUET.

Huguet. The Chevalier.

De Mauprat waits below.

Julie. [*starting up*]. De Mauprat!

Rich. Hem!

He has been tiresome too! Anon. [*Exit Huguet.*]

Julie. What doth he?

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

Rich. Well!—and you—

Has he addressed you often?

Julie. Often! No—

Nine times: nay, ten; the last time by the lat-
tice

Of the great staircase. [*In a melancholy tone.*]
The Court sees him rarely.

Rich. A bold and forward royster!

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

Rich. 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; no,—not *that* way; wait
In the tapestry chamber; I will join you,—go.

Julie. His brows are knit; I dare not call him
father!

But I *must* speak. Your Eminence—

Rich. [*sternly*]. Well, girl!

Julie. Nay,

Smile on me—one more smile; 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.*]

Rich. [*ringing a small bell on the table.*]
Huguet!

Enter HUGUET.

De Mauprat struggled not nor murmur'd?

Hug. No; proud and passive.

Rich. Bid him enter. Hold:

Look that he hide no weapon. Humph, despair

State." And this was true enough, for Richelieu and the State were one.

Makes victims sometimes victors. When he has enter'd,
Glide round unseen; place thyself yonder [*pointing to a book-case;*] watch him;
If he show violence—(let me see thy carbine;
So, a good weapon;) if he play the lion,
Why—the dog's death.

[*Exit HUGUET; RICHELIEU seats himself at the table, and slowly arranges the papers before him. Enter DE MAUPRAT preceded by Huguet, who then retires.*

Rich. Approach, sir. Can you call to mind the hour,
Now three years since, when in this room, methinks,
Your presence honoured me?

De Maup. It is, my lord,
One of my most—

Rich. [*dryly*] Delightful recollections.*
De Maup. [*aside.*] St. Denis! doth he make a jest of axe and headsman?

Rich. [*sternly.*] I did then accord you
A mercy ill requited.
Messire de Mauprat,
Doom'd to sure death, how hast thou since consumed

The time allotted thee for serious thought
And solemn penance?

De Maup. [*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 was-sail:

These, your most holy pure preparatives
For death and judgment! Do I wrong you, sir?

De Maup. I was not always thus:—if chang'd my nature,

Blame that which changed my fate. Alas, my lord,

Were you accused 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 neighboring frown of death—

The heart no bud, nor fruit—save in those seeds
Most worthless, which spring up, bloom, bear,
and wither

In the same hour. 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 Maup. [*advancing threateningly.*] Lord Cardinal!

Unsay those words!—
[*HUGUET deliberately raises his carbine.*]

Rich. [*waving his hand.*] Not quite so quick,
friend Huguet;

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

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—ungiven, uninherited—unpaid for;
This is to be a trickster; and to file
Men's art and labor, 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 ten thousand
pistoles,

Minus one crown, two liards!

De Maup. [*aside.*] The old conjurer!

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

De Maup. With all my heart,
My Lord. Where shall I borrow, then, the
money?

Rich. [*aside and laughing.*] A humourous 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 decrepid carcass,
Civilization on her luminous wings
Soars,—phoenix-like, to Jove!—what was my
art?

Genius, some say,—some Fortune,—Witchcraft,
some;

Not so; my art was JUSTICE! Force and fraud
Misname it cruelty;—you shall confute them!
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.

De Maup. I, my lord—

I have no wish to marry.

Rich. Surely, sir,
To die were worse.

De Maup. Scarcely; the poorest coward

* There are many anecdotes of the irony, often so terrible, in which Richelieu indulged. But he had a love for humour in its more hearty and genial shape. He would send for Boisrobert “to make him laugh.”—and grave ministers and magnates waited in the ante-room, while the great Cardinal listened and responded to the sallies of the lively wit.

[*Hesitating.*]

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 Maup. As rivers

May love the sunlight—basking in the beams,
And hurrying on!—

Rich. Thou hast told her of thy love!

De Maup. My lord, if I had dared to love a maid,

Lowliest in France, I would not so have wrong'd her,

As bid her link rich life and virgin hope

With one, the deathman's gripe might, from her side,

Pluck at the nuptial altar.

Rich. I believe thee;

Yet, since she knows not of thy love, renounce her;

Take life and fortune with another!—Silent?

De Maup. Your fate has been one triumph.

You know not

How bless'd a thing it was in my dark hour

To nurse 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 brighten'd grief,

Or sanctified despair, for life and gold.

Revoke your mercy; I prefer the fate

I look'd for!

Rich. Huguet, 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 Maup. When I'm dead,

Tell her I loved her.

Rich. Keep such follies, sir,

For fitter ears;—go—

De Maup. Does he mock me?

[*Exeunt De Mauprat and Huguet.*]

Rich. Joseph

Come forth.

Enter JOSEPH.

Methinks your cheek has 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 Luzembourg—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!

When her brave sire lay on his bed of death,

I vowed to be a father to his Julie;

And so he died—the smile upon his lips!—

And when I spared the life of her young lover,

Methought I saw that smile again! 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.

Besides, he has taste, this Mauprat: When my
play was

Acted to dull tiers of lifeless gapers,*

Who had no soul for poetry, I saw him

Applaud in the proper places; trust me, Joseph,

He is a man of 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

Clenching of the 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, flant i' the day, and burst

To fruit—the Dead Sea's fruit of ashes; ashes

Which I will scatter to the winds.

Go, Joseph;

When you return I have a feast for you—

The last great act of my great play; the
verses,

Methinks, are fine.

Come, you shall hear the verses now.

Joseph. [*aside.*] Worse than the scourge!
Strange that so great a statesman

Should be so bad a poet.

Rich. What dost say?

Joseph. That it is strange so great a statesman
should

Be so sublime a poet.‡

* The Abbé Arnaud tells us that the queen was a little avenged on the Cardinal by the ill-success of the tragic comedy of Mirame—more than suspected to be his own—though presented to the world under the foster name of Desmarts. Its representation (says Pelisson, cost him 300,000 crowns. He was so transported out of himself by the performance, that at one time he thrust his person half out of his box to show himself to the assembly; at another time he imposed silence on the audience that they might not lose the still more beautiful passages.

He said afterwards to Desmarts: "After all, the French will never have any taste—they were not pleased with Mirame!"

Arnaud says pithily: "We are not able, then, to have any other satisfaction for the offences of a man who was master of all, and formidable to the whole world." Nevertheless, his style in prose, though not devoid of the pedantic affectations of the time, often rises into very noble eloquence.

† This principle, as Valart notices, is a guide to Richelieu's conduct in many circumstances of his career. To those lords whose pretensions either their birth or merit permitted him to recognize, he had a system of according more than their rights justified, or their hopes anticipated. But this, once accorded, if instead of recognizing his services in return, they rose against him, he handled them without mercy.—ANQUETIL.

‡ So much a fanatic—so much a knave—founder of the 'Religieuses' of Cultray—a maker of verses." Thus

My lord,
The deeds, the notaries !
Rich. True, I pity you ;
But business first, then pleasure. [*Exit Joseph.*
Rich. [*Seating himself, and reading.*] Ah, sub-
lime !

Enter DE MAUPRAT and JULIE.

De Maup. Oh speak, my lord ! I dare not
think you mock me.
And yet—
Rich. Hush, hush—this line must be consid-
ered !
Julie. Are we not both your children ?
Rich. What a couplet !—
How now ! Oh, sir—you live !
De Maup. 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

speaks Voltaire of Father Joseph. His talents, and influence
with Richelieu, grossly exaggerated in his own day, are now
rightly estimated. He was, in fact, an indefatigable man ;
carrying with his enterprises the activity—the suppleness—the
stubbornness necessary to make them succeed.—AU-
QUESTIL.
He wrote a Latin poem, called "La Turclade," in which
he sought to excite the kingdoms of Christians against the
Turks. But the inspiration of Tyrtems was denied to Father
Joseph.
His hair was red, but for fear of displeasing the King, who
detested red hair, he used leaden combs which gave it a
dark color.

And young delight, your love—(life's first-born
glory,)
My own lost youth breathes musical !
De Maup. 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.* Be lovers while ye may.
How is it with you, sir ? You bear it bravely :
You know it asks the courage of a lion.
[*Exeunt De Mauprat and Julie.*
Oh, Godlike power ! Wo, 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*

* Richelieu was commonly supposed, though I cannot say
I find much evidence for it, to have been too presuming in
an interview with Anne of Austria (the Queen), and to have
bitterly resented the contempt she expressed for him.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SECOND DAY.

SCENE I.—*A Splendid Apartment in MAUPRAT'S
new House.*

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 see 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 !

Enter MAUPRAT (splendidly dressed).

De Maup. Was ever fate like mine ?—
So blessed, and yet so wretched !
Bar. Joy, De Mauprat !
Why, what a brow, man, for your wedding-day !
De Maup. Jest not. Distraction !
Bar. What ! your wife a shrew
Already ? Courage, man—the common lot !
De Maup. Oh, that she were less lovely, or
less loved !
Bar. Riddles again !
De Maup. 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 Maup. We were wed
At noon, the right performed, came hither—
scarce

Arrived, when——

Bar. Well!——

De Maup. Wide flew the doors, and lo!
Messire de Beringhen, and this epistle!

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

De Maup. Read—read!

Bar. [*reading.*] “Whereas Adrien de Mauprat, Colonel and Chevalier in our armies, being already guilty of high treason, by the seizure of the 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 Maup. He said so.

Bar. Poor de Mauprat!

See you the snare, the vengeance worse than
death

Of which you are the victim?

De Maup. Ha!

Snare—vengeance—

Worse than death—be plainer.

Bar. What so clear?

Richelieu has but two passions!

De Maup. 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 Maup. Merciful Heaven! The King!

Bar. Such Cupids lend new plumes to Riche-
lieu's wings:

But the court etiquette must give such Cupids

The veil of Hymen—Hymen but in name).

He looked abroad—found his foe—thus served

Ambition—by grandeur of his ward,

And vengeance—by dishonour to his foe?

De Maup. 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? The truth is
glaring—

Richelieu alone could tell the princely lover
The tale which sells your life,—or buys your
honour!

De Maup. I see it all!—Mock pardon—hurried
nuptials!

False bounty!—all!—the serpent of that smile:
Oh! it stings home!

Bar. You shall crush his malice:

Our plans are sure—Orleans is at our head;

We meet to-night; join us and with us triumph

De Maup. To-night!—Oh heaven!—my mar-
riage night!—Revenge!

But the King? but Julie?

Bar. The King? infirm in health, in mind
more feeble,

Is but the playing of a Minister's will.

Were Richelieu dead, his power were mine; and

Louis

Soon should forget his passion and your crime.

But wither now?

De Maup. 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 through the gardens.*]

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, a 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 saltpeter,—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!

Bar. Because the lady's virtuous,

And the king timid. Ere he win the suit

He'll lose the crown,—the bride will be a
widow—

And I—the Richelieu of the Regent Orleans.

De Ber. Is Louis still so chafed against the
Fox,

From snatching your fair dainty from the Lion?

Bar. So chafed that Richelieu totters. Yes,
the King,

Is half conspiring against the Cardinal.

Enough of this. I've found the man we wanted,—

The man to head the hands that murder Riche-
lieu,—

The man, whose name the synonym for daring.

De Bar. 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 most 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 Bar. Pshaw.

And a man filled with a sublime pâté. Has no time to discuss ambition.—Gad, have the best of it!

Bar. All is made clear; *Mauprat* must murder Richelieu—

Die for that crime:—I shall console his Julie— This will reach Bouillon!—from the wrecks of France

shall carve out—who knows—perchance a throne!

All in despite of my Lord Cardinal.

Enter DE MAUPRAT.

De Mauprat. Speak! can it be?—Methought that from the terrace

saw the carriage of the King—and Julie!

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

Bar. Nay, too true.—Alas!

Was ever lightning swifter, or more blasting,

Than Richelieu's forked guile?

De Maup. I'll to the Louvre—

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

To the Bastile!

De Maup. The King.

Bar. Is but the wax,

Which Richelieu stamps? Break the malignant seal,

And I will raze the print. Come, man, take heart!

Her virtue well could brave a sterner trial Than a few hours of cold imperious courtship.

Were Richelieu *dust*—no danger!

De Maup. Ghastly Vengeance!

To thee and thine august and solemn sister,

The unrelenting Death! I dedicate

The blood of Armand Richelieu! When Dishonor

Reaches our hearths, Law dies and Murder takes The angel shape of Justice!

Bar. Bravely said!

At midnight, Marion's!—Nay, I cannot leave thee

To thoughts that—

De Maup. Speak not to me!—I am yours!

But speak not! There's a voice within my soul,

Whose cry could drown the thunder. Oh! if men

Will play dark sorcery with the heart of man,

Let them, who raise the spell, beware the fiend!

Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*A room in the Palais Cardinal (as the first Act.)*

RICHELIEU and JOSEPH.

FRANÇOIS, writing at a table.

Joseph. Yes;—Huguet, taking his accustomed 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!

Jos. 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 dangers, 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 between 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 your 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.

* Richelieu not only employed the lowest, but would often consult men commonly esteemed the dullest. "He said that in matters of the greatest importance, he had found by experiments, that the least wise often suggested the best expedients."—*Le Clerc.*

† Both Richelieu and Joseph were originally intended for the profession of arms. Joseph had served before he obeyed the spiritual inspiration to become a capuchin. The death of his brother opened to Richelieu the Bishopric of Luçon; but his military propensities were as strong as his priestly ambition. I need scarcely add that the Cardinal, during his brilliant campaign in Italy, marched at the head of his troops in complete armour. It was under his administration that occurs the last example of proclaiming war by the chivalric defiance of herald and cartel.

(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 it.)

You see a child could

Slay Richelieu now.

Fran. But now, at your command
Are other weapons good my 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—itsself a nothing!
But taking sorcery from the master hand
To paralyze the Cæsars, and to strike
The loud earth breathless! Take away the
sword—

States can be saved without it!

(Looking on the clock.)

'Tis the hour—

Retire, sir.

(Exit FRANÇOIS.)

A knock, JOSEPH opens the door.

Enter MARION DE LORME.

Joseph (amazed). Marion de Lorme!

Rich. Hsst! Joseph
Keep guard.

(Joseph retires.)

My faithful Marion!

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

Rich. Yes; go on.

Marion. 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—

Marion. Made answer, "Yes, my brother;—
bold and trusty:
Whose faith, my faith could pledge;" the Duke
then bade me

Have him equip'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?

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

* Richelieu valued himself much on his personal activity, for his vanity was as universal as his ambition. A nobleman at the house of Grammont one day found him employed in *jumping*, and, with all the *savoir vivre* of a Frenchman and a courtier, offered to jump against him. He suffered the Cardinal to jump higher, and soon after found himself rewarded by an appointment. Yet, strangely enough, this vanity did not lead to a patronage injurious to the state; for never before in France was ability made so essential a requisite in promotion. He was lucky in finding the cleverest fellows among his adrotest flatterers.

Rich. Now there is danger!
Great danger! If he tamper with the Spaniard,
And Louis list not to my council, 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!*

[Goes to the table, and returns with a purse.
There—pshaw—trifle! What an eye you have!
And what a smile, child!—Ah you fair perdition—

'Tis well I'm old!

Marion (aside and seriously). What a great
man he is!

Rich. 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! his wedding day!

Francois?—the Man of Men!—unnoted—young:
Ambitious—(goes to the door)—Francois!

Enter FRANÇOIS.

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. Stay, sir! You will find me
Two short leagues hence—at Rouelle, in my
castle.

Young man, be blithe! for—note me—from the
hour

I grasp that packet, think your guardiar star
Rains fortune on you!

Fran. If I fail—

Rich. Fail—

* Voltaire openly charges Richelieu with being the love of Marion de Lorme, whom the great poet of France, Victor Hugo, has sacrificed History to adorn with qualities which were certainly not added to her personal charms.—She was not less perfidious than beautiful. Le Clerc properly refute the accusation of Voltaire, against the discretion of Richelieu; and says, very justly, that if the great minister had the frailties of human nature, he learnt how to veil them—at least when he obtained the scarlet. In earlier life he had been prone to gallantries which a little prepossessed the King) who was formal and decorous, and threw a singular coldness into the few attachments he permitted to himself against the aspiring intriguer: But these graver occupations died away in the engagement of higher pursuits or of darker passions.

In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves
For a bright manhood, there is no such word
As—*fail!*—You will instruct him further, Ma-
rion.

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

Fran. I will not!

Rich. That’s my young hero!

[*Exeunt François and Marion.*]

Rich. So, they would seize my person in this
place?

I cannot guess their scheme:—but my retinue
Is here too large!—a single traitor could
Strike impotent the faith of thousands;—Joseph
Art sure of Huguet?—Think—we hang’d his
father!

Joseph. But you have bought his son;—heap’d
favours on him!

Rich. Trash!—favours past—that’s nothing!
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.

Rich. What, Huguet?

Here HUGUET enters as to address the Cardinal,
who does not perceive him.)

Huguet. My own name soft! [*Hides himself.*]

Rich. My bashful Huguet—that can never be!

We have him not the less—we’ll promise it!

And see the king withholds!—Yes—

We’ll count on Huguet!

Huguet. To thy cost, deceiver!

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 great-
ness,

That all the summer of my fate shall seem
Fruitless beside the autumn!

(HUGUET advances.)

Huguet. My Lord Cardinal,

Your eminence bade me seek you at this hour.

Rich. Did I?—True, Huguet.—So—You over-
heard

Strange talk amongst these gallants. Snares and
traps

For Richelieu?—Well—we’ll balk them; let me
think—

The men at arms your head—how many?

Huguet. Twenty,*

My Lord.

Rich. All trusty?

Huguet. Yes, for ordinary

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

Rich. Ay, what are great occasions?

* The guard attached to Richelieu’s person was, in the first instance, fifty arquebussiers, afterward increased to two companies of cavalry and two hundred musqueteers. Huguet is, therefore, to be considered merely as the lieutenant of a small detachment of this little army. In point of fact, the subdivisions of the guard took it in turn to serve

Huguet. Great bribes!

Rich. (To *Joseph.*) Good lack, he knows some
paragons

Superior to great bribes!

Huguet. True gentlemen,

Who have transgress’d the laws—and value life.
And lack not gold; your eminence alone
Can grant them pardon. Ergo you can trust
them!

Rich. Logic. So be it—let this honest twenty
Be armed and mounted.

Rich. They do not strike till morning,
Yet I will shift the quarter—bid the grooms
Prepare the litter—I will hence to Ruelle
While daylight last—and one hour after midnight
You and your twenty *saints* shall seek me thither!
You’re made to rise! You are, sir;—eyes of lynx
Ears of the stag, a footfall like the snow;
You are a valiant fellow;—yea, a trusty,
Religious, exemplary, incorrupt,
And precious jewel of a fellow, Huguet!
If I live long enough,—ay, mark my words—
If I live long enough, you’ll be a Colonel—
Noble, perhaps!—One hour, Sir, after midnight.

Huguet. You leave me dumb with gratitude,
my lord;

I’ll pick the trustiest (*aside*) Marion’s house can
furnish. [*Exit Huguet.*]

Rich. Good—all favours,

If François be but bold, and Huguet honest.

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

’Tis not his way.

Jos. This is the curse, my lord

Of your high state; suspicion of all men.

Rich. [*sadly.*] True; true; my leeches bribed
to poison, pages

To strangle me in sleep—my very King
(This brain the unresting loom, from which was
woven

The purple of his greatness) leagu’d against me—
Old—childless—friendless—broken—all forsake—
All—all—but—

Jos. What?

Rich. The indomitable heart

Of Armand Richelieu!

Jos. 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,

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.*]

* Joseph’s ambition was not, however, so moderate; he refused a bishoprick, and desired the Cardinal’s hat for which favour Richelieu openly supplicated the king, but contrived, somehow or other, never to effect it, though two ambassadors applied for it at Rome.

† The peculiar religion of Père Joseph may be illustrated by the following anecdote:—An officer, whom he had dismissed upon an expedition into Germany, moved by conscience at the orders he had received, returned for farther explanations, and found the Capuchin *désant sa masse*. He approached and whispered: “But, my father, if these people defend themselves—” “Kill all,” (Qu’on tue tout,) answered the good father, continuing his devotion.



ACT III.

SECOND DAY.—MIDNIGHT.

SCENE I.—*Richelieu's Castle at Ruelle—A Gothic Chamber—Moonlight at the Window occasionally obscured.*

Rich. [reading]. "In silence and at night the Conscience feels
That life should soar to nobler ends than Power."
So sayest thou, sage and sober moralist!
But wert thou tried?
Ye safe and formal men,
Who write the deeds with unfeverish hand
Weigh in nice scales the motives of the great,
Ye cannot know what ye have never tried!
Alas, I am not happy—blanch'd and sear'd
Before my time—breathing an air of hate,
And seeing daggers in the eyes of men,
Bearding kings,
And braved by lackies†—murder at my bed;
And lone amidst the multitudinous web,

† Voltaire has a striking passage on the singular fate of Richelieu, recalled every hour from his gigantic schemes to frustrate some miserable cabal of the ante-room. Richelieu would often exclaim, that "Six pieds de terre (as he called the king's cabinet) lui donnaient plus de peine que tout le reste de l'Europe." The death of Wallenstein, sacrificed by the Emperor Ferdinand, produced a most lively impression upon Richelieu. He found many traits of comparison between Ferdinand and Louis—Wallenstein and himself. In the Memoirs—now regarded by the best authorities as written by his sanction, and in great part by himself—the great Frenchman bursts (when alluding to Wallenstein's murder) into a touching and pathetic anathema on the *misere de cette vie* of dependence on jealous and timid royalty, which he himself, while he wrote, sustained. It is worthy of remark, that it was precisely at the period of Wallenstein's death that Richelieu obtained from the king an augmentation of his guard.

With the dread Three—that are the fates who hold
The woof and shears—the Monk, the Spy, the
Headsman:
And this is Power! Alas! I am not happy.
[After a pause.]
Ah!—here!—that spasm—again! How life and
Death
Do wrestle for me momentarily!
[Taking up the book.]
Speak to me, moralist! I'll heed thy counsel.
Were it not best—

Enter FRANCOIS hastily and in part disguised.

Rich. [flinging away the book]. Philosophy,
thou liest!
Quick—the despatch!—Power—Empire! Boy
—the packet!

Fran. 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 knew not—were met—

Rich. Not more!

Fran. But from

Th' adjoining chamber broke the din of voices,

The clattering tread of armed men;—at times
A shriller cry, that yelled out, "Death to Richelieu!"

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

Fran. Baradas

Questioned 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—

Rich. Gold is no proof—

Fran. And Orleans promised thousands,
When Bouillon's trumpets in the streets of Paris
Rang out the 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,
Gleam'd the dim shadow of an armed man:
Ere I could draw, the prize was wrested from me,

And A hoarse voice gasp'd—"Spy, I spare thee, for

This steel is virgin to thy lord!"—with that
He vanish'd.—Scared and trembling for thy safety,

I mounted, fled, and kneeling at thy feet,
Implore thee to acquit my faith—but not,
Like him, to spare my life.

Rich. Who spake of life?

I bade thee grasp that packet as thine honour—
A jewel worth whole hecatombs of lives!
Begone! redeem thine honor! Back to Marion—
Or Baradas—or Orleans—track the robber—
Regain the packet—on eyelids to Age—

Age and gray hairs like mine—and know, thou hast lost
That which hath made thee great and saved thy country.

See me not till thou'st bought the right to see 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! I'll wear it on my heart
To light me back to triumph.* *[Exit.]*

Rich. The poor youth!

An elder had ask'd life! I love the young:
For as great men live not in their own time
But in the age to come,—so in the young my soul
Makes many Richelieus. 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 the death-watch by a sick man's pillow;

If Huguet could deceive me—hoofs without—
The gates unclose—steps, near and nearer!

Enter JULIE.

Julie. Cardinal!

My father! *[falls at his feet].*

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

Julie. I am, I am safe with thee!

Rich. Safe! why in all the storms of this wide world

What wind would mar the violet?

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
Reproached 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 sceptor'd anger of a hundred kings!

Yielded! Heavens!—yielded!

Rich. To my breast,—close—close!

The world would never need the 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

For the false mask of pity: letting fall

Dark hints of treachery, with a world of sighs

That heaven had granted to so base a lord

The heart whose coldest friendship were to him

What Mexico to misers! Stung at last

* The fear and hatred which Richelieu generally inspired were not shared by his dependants and those about his person, who are said "to have adored him." His servants looked upon him as the best of masters.—LE CLERC.

In fact, although he was proud and choleric, he was at the same time no less affable and generous to those who served than severe to those who opposed him.

By my disdain, the dim and glimmering sense
Of his cloak'd words broke into bolder light,
And THEN—ah! then, my haughty spirit failed
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 I did learn
That he—that—Adrien, that my husband—knew
The King's polluting suit and deemed it
honor!

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 lov'd the God!

Rich. I think thou wrongest thy husband—
but proceed.

Julie. Did you say "wrong'd" him? Cardinal,
my father,
Did you say "wrong'd?" Prove it! and life
shall glow

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
midnight;

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 words sufficed to unlock the palace gates;
I hastened home—but home was desolate—
No Adrien there! Fearing the worst, I fled
To the dree, 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
need'st rest.

Come, thou shalt lodge beside me. Tush! be
cheer'd,

My rosiest Amazon—thou wrong'st thy Theseus.
All will be well—yet, yet all well, [Exeunt.

*Enter HUGUET—DE MAUPRAT in complete armour,
his visor down.*

Hug. Not here!

De Maup. Oh, I will find him, fear not. Hence
and guard

The galleries where the menials sleep—plant
sentries

At every outlet. Chance should throw no shadow
Between the vengeance and the victim! Go!
Ere yon brief vapor that obscures the moon,
As doth our deed pale conscience, pass away,
The mighty shall be ashes.

Hug. Will you not

A second arm?

De Maup. To slay one weak old man?

Away! No lesser wrongs than mine can make
This murder lawful. Hence!

Hug. A short farewell!

[Exit.

Re-enter RICHELIEU, not perceiving DE MAUPRAT

Rich. How heavy is the air! the vestal lamp
Of the sad moon, weary with vigil, dies
In the still temple of the solemn heaven!
The very darkness lends itself to fear—
To treason—

De Maup. And to death!

Rich. Ha!

What art thou, wretch?

De Maup. Thy doomsman!

Rich. Ho, my guards!

Huguet! Monthbrassial! Vermont!

De Maup. Ay, thy spirits

Forsake thee, wizzard; 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!
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 Sybils! Call them all—
Thy brother butchers! Earth hath no such
fiend—

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

De Maup. Thy stars

Deceive thee, Cardinal! thy soul of wiles

May against kings and armaments avail,

And mock the embattled world; but powerless
now

Against the sword of one resolved man,
Upon whose forehead thou hast written shame!
Listen:

In his hot youth, a soldier urged to crime
Against the State, placed in your hands his life;
You did not strike the blow—but o'er his head,
Upon the gossamer thread of your caprice,
Hovered the axe. His the brave spirit's hell,
The twilight terror of suspense;—your death
Had set him free;—he purposed not nor prayed it.
One day you summoned—mocked him with
smooth pardon

Showered wealth upon him—bade an angel's face
Turn earth to paradise—

Rich. Well!

De Maup. 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—to his dead sires
Leprous reproach—scoff of the age to come—
A kind of 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,
Crowned 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 visor.

Rich. To thy knees, and crawl
For pardon; or, I tell thee, thou shalt live
For such remorse, that did I hate thee, I

* In common with his contemporaries, Richelieu was credulous in astrology's less lawful arts. He was too fortunate a man not to be superstitious.

Would bid thee strike, that I might be avenged!
It was to save my Julie from the king,
That in thy valor I forgave thy crime;—
It was, when thou—the rash and ready tool—
Yea, of that shame thou loath'st—did'st leave
thy hearth

To the polluter—in these arms thy bride
Found the protecting shelter thine withheld.

[*Goes to the door.*]

Julie de Mauprat—Julie!

Enter JULIE.

Lo! my witness, sir!

De Maup. What marvel's this?—I dream!
My Julie—*thou!*

Julie. 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. So you hear her!

De Maup. Thou, with some slander, hast her
sense infected!

Julie. No, sir; he did excuse thee in despite
Of all that wears the face of truth. Thy friend—
Thy confidant—familiar Baradas—
Himself reveal'd thy baseness.

De Maup. Baseness!

Rich. Ay;

That thou didst court dishonour!

De Maup. Baradas!

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

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

Julie. [*aside.*] Love him! Ah!
Be still, my heart! 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 day-break love
Sprung from its very heat, 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.

Julie. [*embracing De Maup.*] You love me,
then! you love me! and they wrong'd
you!

De Maup. Ah, could'st thou doubt?

Rich. Why, man, the very mole
Less blind than thou! Baradas loves thy wife:—
Had hoped her hand—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 Maup. O, my lord,

Can you forgive me?

Rich. Ay, and save you!

De Maup. Save!—

Terrible word! O, save *thyself*; these halls
Swarm with thy foes: already for thy blood
Pants thirsty murder!

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!

De Maup. None—none! Their blades shall
pass

This heart to thine.

Rich. [*dryly.*] An honorable outwork,
But much too near the citadel. I think
That I can trust you now [*slowly, and gazing on*
him]; yes,

I will trust you.

How many of my troop league with you?

De Maup. All!—

We are your troop!

Rich. And Huguet?—

De Maup. Is our captain.

Rich. This comes of spies.

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

Now for the fox's?

Julie. A hoarse gathering murmur!

Hurrying and heavy footsteps!

Rich. Ha! the posterns!

De Maup. No egress where no sentry!

Rich. I have it! to my chamber—quick! Come,
Julie!

Hush! Mauprat come!

[*Murmur at a distance*—“*Death to the CAR-*
DINAL!”]

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

Baffle them yet. Ha! ha!

[*Exeunt Julie, Mauprat, Richelieu.*]

Hug. [*without.*] This way—this way!

Enter HUGUET and the Conspirators.

Hug. De Mauprat's hand was never slow in
battle;

Strange, if it falter now! Ha! gone!

First Conspirator. Perchance

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

Enter MAUPRAT.

De Maup. Live the King!

Richelieu is dead!

Hug. You have been long.

De Maup. I watched him till he slept.

Heed me. No trace of blood reveals the deed;—
Strangled in sleep. His health had 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!

Hug. And you?

De Maup. 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!

Hug. I shall be noble!

De Maup. Away.

First Conspirator. Five thousand crowns!

Omnes. To horse! to horse!

[*Exeunt Conspirators.*]

SCENE II.—*Still night.*—A room in the house of
COUNT DE BARADAS

ORLEANS and DE BERINGHEN.

De Ber. I understand. Mauprat kept guard
without:

Knows naught of the despatch—but heads the
troop

Whom the poor Cardinal fancies his protectors.
Save us from such protection!

Orleans. Yet if Huguet,

By whose advice and proffer we renounced
Our earlier scheme, should still be Richelieu's
minion,

And play us false—

De Ber. The fox must then devour

The geese he gripes. I'm out of it, thank
Heaven!

And you must swear you smelt the trick, but
seem'd

To approve the deed to render up the doers.

Enter BARADAS.

Bar. Julie is fled:—The King, whom I now
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 at Faviaux—
Ere Mauprat can tell tales of us, we build
His bridge between the dungeon and the grave.

Orleans. Well; if our courier can but reach
the army,

The cards are ours! and yet, I own I tremble.
Our names are in the scroll—discovery, death!

Bar. Success! a crown!

De Ber. [*apart to Baradas.*] Our future re-
gent is

No hero.

Bar. [*to De Beringhen.*] But his rank makes
others valiant:

And on his cowardice I mount to power.

Were Orleans Regent—what were Baradas?

Oh! by the way—I had forgot your highness,
Friend Huguet whisper'd me, "Beware of Ma-
rion:

I've seen her lurking near the Cardinal's
palace."

Upon that hint—I've found her lodgings else-
where.

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

Bar. [*apologetically.*] Forgive me, but—

Enter PAGE.

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.*]

Huguet! I bade him seek here!

Enter HUGUET.

Hug. My lords,
The deed is done. Now, Count, fulfill your word,
And make me noble!

Bar. Richelieu dead?—art sure?

How died he?

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

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

Enter CAPTAIN with guard.

Hug. No, thou durst not!

Bar. Seize on the ruffian—bind him—gag
him! Off

To the Bastile!

Hug. Your word—your plighted faith!

Bar. Insolent liar:—ho, away!

Hug. Nay, Count;

I have that about me, which—

Bar. Away with him!

[*Exeunt Huguet and Guards.*]

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 high-
ness,

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.*]

Orleans. No fear, now Richelieu's dead.

Bar. And could he come

To life again, he could not keep his 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.

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

Bar. Well, he may enter.
Orleans. Who
 Can this be?
Bar. One of the conspirators:
 Mauprat himself, perhaps.
 Enter FRANCOIS.
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. Play'd spy without!
 Did he wear armour?
Fran. Aye, from head to heel.
Orleans. One of our band. Oh, heavens!
Bar. Could it be Mauprat?
 Kept guard at the door—knew naught of the de-
 spatch—
 How HE?—and yet, who other?

Fran. Ha, De Mauprat!
 The night was dark, his vizard closed.
Bar. 'Twas he!
 How could he guess?—'sdeath! if he should be-
 tray 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 honor!
 [*Exit Francois.*]
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
 Would smite us from the grave.
Bar. Sir, think it not!
 I hold De Mauprat in my grasp. To-morrow,
 And France is ours!
 [*Ezeunt.*]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

THIRD DAY.

SCENE I.—*The Gardens of the Louvre.*

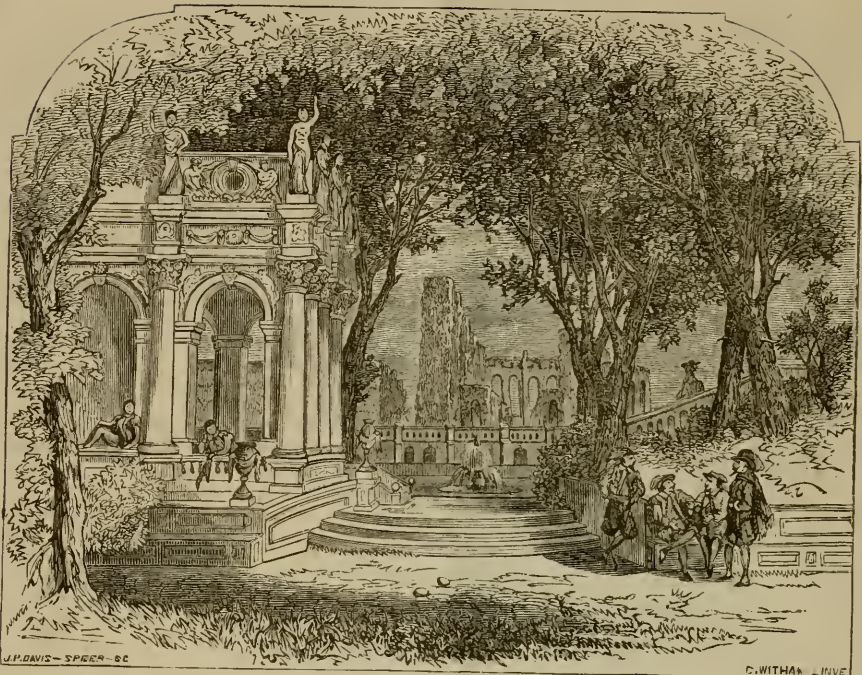
ORLEANS, BARADAS, DE BERINGHEN, Courtiers, &c.
Orleans. How does my brother bear the Car-
 dinal's death?
Bar. With grief when thinking of the toils of
 State;
 With joy when thinking on the eyes of Julie:—
 At times he sighs, "Who now shall govern
 France?"
 Anon exclaims—"Who now shall baffle Louis?"
 Enter LOUIS and other Courtiers. 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?
Bar. Yourself, my liege. That swart and po-
 tent 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 poli-
 tician*—

That's all:
 He was most disloyal in that marriage.
 [*Querulously.*] He knew that Julie pleased me:—
 a clear proof
 He never loved me!
Bar. Oh, most clear! But now
 No bar between the lady and your will!
 This writ makes all secure: a week or two
 In the Bastille will sober Mauprat's love,
 And leave him eager to dissolve a hymen
 That brings him such a home.
Louis. See to it, Count; [*Exit Baradas.*]
 I'll summon Julie back. A word with you,
 [*Takes aside First Courtier and DE BERINGHEN,*
and passes, conversing with them, through the
gardens.]

his maturer life. Personally brave, but morally timid, al-
 ways governed, whether by his mother or his minister, and
 always repining at the yoke. The only affection amount-
 ing to a passion that he betrayed was for the sports of the
 field. Yet it was his crowning weakness (and this throws a
 kind of false interest over his character) to wish to be
 loved. He himself loved no one. He suffered the only
 woman who seems to have been attached to him to wither
 in a convent—he gave up favorite after favorite to exile or
 the block. When Richelieu died he said, coldly; "There
 is a great politician dead!" And when the ill-fated, but
 unprincipled Cinq Mars, whom he called dear friend, was
 beheaded, he drew out his watch at the fatal hour, and
 said, with a smile: "I think at this moment the dear friend
 makes an ugly face." Nevertheless his conscience at times
 (for he was devout and superstitious), made him gentle,
 and his pride and his honor would often, when least ex-
 pected, rouse him into haughty but brief resistance to the
 despotism under which he lived.

* Louis XIII. is said to have possessed some natural talents, and in earlier youth to have exhibited the germs of noble qualities; but a blight seemed to have passed over



Enter FRANCOIS.

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 benign Fortune smile upon me—
I am thy son. If thou desert'st me now,
Come Death and snatch me from disgrace.

Enter DE MAUPRAT.

De Maup. 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!

Fran. Mauprat! hold:—
Where is the—

De Maup. 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 Maup. I did:—no matter now!
They told me he was here!

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

De Maup. 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 Maup. I have it not:
Methought it but revealed our scheme to Riche-
lieu.

Enter BARADAS.

Stand back!

Now, villain! now I have thee!

[*To Francois*].—Hence, sir! Draw!

Fran. Art mad? the king's at hand! leave
him to Richeliéu

Speak—the despatch to whom—

De Maup. [*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 LOUIS, ORLEANS, DE BERINGHEN, Courtiers,
and the guards.

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

Bar. Pardon, Sire,—

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

Louis. Dare he thus brave us?

[BARADAS goes to the guard and gives the writ.]

* One of Richeliéu's severest and least politic laws was that which made dueling a capital crime. Never was the punishment against the offence more relentlessly enforced; and never were duels so desperate and so numerous. The punishment of death must be evidently ineffectual so long as to refuse a duel is to be dishonoured, and so long as men hold the doctrine, however wrong, that it is better to part with the life that Heaven gave than with the honour that man makes. In fact the greater the danger he incurred, the greater was the punctilio of that cavalier of the time in braving it.

De Mauv. Sire, in the Cardinal's name—

Bar. Seize him—disarm—to the Bastile!

(*DE MAUPRAT seized—FRANCOIS endeavoring to speak to him—when—*)

Enter RICHELIEU, and JOSEPH, followed by arquebusiers.

All. The Cardinal!

Bar. The dead

Return'd to life!

Louis. What! A mock death! this tops

The infinite of insult.

Mauv. Priest and Hero!

For you are both—protect the truth!

Rich. What's this?

(*Taking the writ from guard.*)

De Ber. 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. 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 hot
folly,

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

Is long since cancell'd by a loyal manhood.

I, sire, have pardoned 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. At your peril!

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

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

So humbled as grey Service!

De Mauv. Fare you well!

Save Julie, and console her.

Fran. (*aside to Mauprat.*) The Dispatch!

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

De Mauv. To Huguet.

(*Exeunt MAUPRAT and guard.*)

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

Fran. He will not reveal—

(*Aside.*) Work, brain! beat, heart! "*There's no
such word as fail!*" [*Exit Francois.*]

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 still
live?

Louis. No; but such artifice—

Rich. Not mine:—look elsewhere!

Louis.—my castle swarm'd with men of death.

Bar. (*advancing.*) We have punish'd 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 *hirching*:—

Sire, shall I name the *master*?

Louis [*motions to BARADAS and 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?*

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 truest friends,
My closest kindred;—you would tear them from
me;

They murder *you* forsooth, since *me* they love.

Enough of plots and treasons for one reign!

Home! home! and sleep away these phantoms!

Rich. Sire!

I—patience, Heaven! sweet Heaven! Sire,
from the foot

Of that Great Throne, these hands have raised
aloft

On an Olympus, looking down on mortals

* In his Memoirs Richelieu gives an amusing account of the insolence and arts of Baradas, and observes with indignant astonishment, that the favourite was never weary of repeating to the king that he (Baradas) would have made just as great a minister as Richelieu. It is on the attachment of Baradas to La Cressias, a maid of honour to the Queen Mother, of whom, according to Baradas, the King was enamored also, that his love for the Julie de Mortemar of the play has been founded. The secret of Baradas' sudden and extraordinary influence with the King seems to rest in the personal adoration which he professed for Louis, with whom he affected all the jealousy of a lover, but whom he flattered with the ardent chivalry of a knight. Even after his disgrace he placed upon his banner, "*Flat voluntas tua.*"

† Of the haughty and rebuking tone which Richelieu assumed in his expostulations with the King, Montesquieu says: "He degraded the King, but he made illustrious the reign." But however proud and choleric in his disputes with Louis, the Cardinal did not always disdain recourse to the arts of the courtier. Once, after an angry discussion with the King, in which, as usual, Richelieu got the better, Louis, as they quitted the palace together, said, rudely, "Go first—you are *indeed* the King of France." "If I pass out first," replied the minister, after a moment's hesitation, and with great adroitness, "it is only as the humblest of your servants;" and he took a *flambeau* from one of the pages to light the king as he walked before him.

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.*]

Orleans. Saved!

Bar For this, deep thanks to Julie and to
Mauprat! [*Exeunt.*]

Rich. I will accuse these traitors!

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

Joseph. Tush! François is your creature;
So they will say, and laugh at you! *Your witness*

Must be that same despatch!

Rich. Away to Marion!

Joseph. I have been there—she is seized—re-
moved—imprisoned—
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.

Julie. Heaven, I thank thee!
It cannot be, or this all-powerful
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 Bastille—and in your presence, too!
Cardinal, where is *Adrien*? Think! he saved
Your life: your name is infamy, if wrong
Should come to his!

Rich. Be sooth'd, child.

Julie. Child no more;
I love, and I am woman! Hope and suffer;
Love, suffering, hope,—what else doth make the
strength
And majesty of woman? 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 outface fear; you ask me for your *hus-
band*?

There—where the clouds of heaven look darkest,
o'er

The domes of the Bastille!*

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

* According to the custom of Louis XIII. to cause the
arrest of a person for a state crime and to have him put to
death was very nearly the same thing.—LE CLERC.

Beneath whose light, as deeps beneath the moon,
The solemn tides of Empire ebb and flow?—
Art thou not Richelieu?

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

Julie. Do you conceive his meaning?
Alas! I cannot. But, methinks my senses
Are duller than they were!

Joseph. 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 FIRST COURTIER.

F. Cour. 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!

Think, how, an infant, clinging to your knees,
And looking to your eyes, the wrinkled care
Fled from your brow before the smile of child-
hood,

Fresh from the dews of Heaven! Think of this,
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 sheltered by the wings of sacred Rome!
Begone!

F. Cour. 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!

F. Cour. He is lost.

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

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!

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!

Yes! to-morrow

* Like Cromwell and Rienzi, Richelieu appears to have
been easily moved to tears. The Queen mother, who put
the hardest interpretation on that humane weakness, which
is natural with very excitable temperaments, said: "He
weeps whenever he chooses." It is recorded of him that
when his affairs did not succeed, he was cast down and
frightened, and when he had obtained that which he desired
he was proud and insulting.

Triumph or death! Look up, child! Lead us,
Joseph. [As they are going out,

Enter BARADAS and DE BERINGHEN.

Bar. 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. My father!

Rich. She shall not stir!

Bar. You are not of her kindred—

An orphan—

Rich. The country is her mother!

Bar. The country is the king!

Rich. Ay, is it so;

Then wakes the power, which in the age of iron*
Burst forth to curb the great, and raise the low.
Mark where 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!

* This alludes to Hildebrand (Gregory the VI.) who carried his authority so far as to send legates into all the Kingdoms of Europe to support his rights.

† When Popilius Lenas was sent as ambassador to Antiochus, King of Syria, whom the Roman Senate wished to abstain from hostilities against Egypt, he gave the King the letter of the Senate, which he read and promised to take into consideration with his friends. As he was about marching upon Alexandria, Popilius described with his cane a circle in the sand round the King, and ordered him not to stir out of it until he had given a decisive answer, at the risk of Rome's displeasure. This boldness so frightened Antiochus, that he at once yielded to the demand.

Rich. That my stake. Ah!
Dark gamester! what is thine? Look at 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?

De Ber. No: were it so, your stake
Were lost already.

Joseph. [aside]. 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.

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

Rich. [to Joseph]. 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 head-
man.

Ha! ha!—how pale he is! Heaven save my
country!

[Falls back in Joseph's arms.

[Exit Baradas and De Beringhen, betraying exultation by their gestures.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

FOURTH DAY.

SCENE I.—The Bastile—a corridor—in the back
ground the door of one of the condemned cells.

Enter JOSEPH and GAOLER.

Gaoler. Stay, father, I will call the Governor.
[Exit Gaoler.

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 baptised with Latin jargon,
E'er bore the healing which that scrap of parch-
ment

Will medicine to Ambition's flagging heart.

France shall be saved—and Joseph be a bishop!

Enter GOVERNOR and GAOLER.

Gov. Father, you wish to see the prisoner
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 affixed 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! are we to be 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.*]

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 gray with years of honour! Begone!—

Joseph. Ten thousand—twenty!—

Gov. Gaoler—put this Monk without the walls.

Jos. By those gray hairs, Yea, by this badge [*touching the cross of St. Louis worn by the Governor*].—the guerdon of your valour—

By all our toils—hard days and sleepless nights— Borne in our 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. 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!— Richelieu yet

Must—what?—I know not—thought, nerve, strength forsake me.

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.*]

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

Gaoler. Sir, 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 FRANCOIS.

De Ber. [*to Francois*]. Now, prithee, friend, Let go my cloak; you really discompose me.

Fran. No, they will drive me hence; my father! Oh!

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

De Ber. [*to Governor*]. 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 for an instant; I am his proxy.

Gov. The Count's word is law! Again, young scapegrace! How com'st thou admitted?

De Ber. 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. Let him wait here Till I return.

Fran. No; take me with you.

De Ber. Nay;

After me, friend—the Public first!

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

De Ber. Here it is! 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 through the door of cell, 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. Between this innocent youth And that intriguing monk there is, in truth A wide distinction.

Re-enter GAOLER.

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 Gov. and GAOLER.*]

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 has sent to Baradas—

Will sell the scroll to ransom life. Oh, Heaven!
On what a thread hangs hope!

[*Listens at the door.*
Loud words—a cry! [*Looks through the grating.*
They struggle! Ho!!—the packet!!!
Lost! He has it—

The courtier has it—Huguet, spite his chains,
Grapples!—well done! Now—now!

The gallery's long!
And this is left us!

[*Drawing his dagger, and standing behind the door.*]

Re-enter DE BERINGHEN, with the packet.

De Ber. Victory!

Fran. Yield it, robber—
Yield it—or die—

De Ber. Off! ho!—there!—

Fran. (*grappling with him.*) Death or honour!
[*Exeunt struggling.*]

SCENE II.—*The King's closet at the Louvre.*

BARADAS and ORLEANS.

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

Heralds his death to-day; could he survive,
It would not be as minister—so great
The King's resentment at the priest's defiance!
All smiles! and yet should this accurs'd De
Mauprat

Have given our packet to another—'Sdeath
I dare not think of it!

Orleans. You've sent to search him?

Bar. Sent, Sir, to search?—that hiring 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 fer-
vour,

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.

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.

Bar. May I deserve

Your trust (*aside*)—until you sign your abdicat-
tion!

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. (*Aside.*) He may live one
hour longer.

Enter COURTIER.

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

Louis. Aha! repentant of her folly!—Well,
Admit her.

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

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

(*As JULIE enters—the Captain of the Archers, by
another door—and whispers BARADAS.*)

Capt. The Chevalier

De Mauprat waits below.

Bar. (*aside.*) Now the despatch!

[*Exit with Officer.*]

Enter JULIE.

Julie. 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. 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
Stoops to the things of earth. Nay, while I
speak,

Perchance he hears the orphan by the throne
Where Kings themselves need pardon; O, my
liege,

Be father to the fatherless; in you
Dwells my last hope!

Enter BARADAS.

Bar. (*aside.*) He has not the despatch;
Smi'd 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.



W.P. DAVIS - SCULPTOR

G. WILKINSON - ENGRAVER

Louis. (*aside.*) Speak to her.
I am not marble,—give her hope—or—
Bar. Madam,
Vex not your king, whose heart, too soft for
justice,
Leaves to his ministers that solemn charge.

[*Louis walks up the stage.*]

Julie. You were his friend.
Bar. I was, before I loved thee.
Julie. Loved me!
Bar. Hush, Julie! could'st thou misinterpret
My acts, thoughts, motives, nay, my very words,
Herc—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 thy 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 dost 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 sen-
tence!

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 flushed 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 agitated.*) Go, go, to Braxades
and annul thy marriage,

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

Louis. A form, a mere decorum;
Thou know'st I love thee.

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.*)

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!
Avant, 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. 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, per-
chance;

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 appears
at the side of the stage, guarded.*)

Behold thy husband!—Shall he pass to death,
And know thou could'st have saved him?

Julie. Adrien, speak!
But say you wish to live!—if not your wife
Your slave,—do with me as you will?

De Maup. Once more!—
Why this is mercy, Count! 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.

And have decided—death!
Bar. (*to DE MAUPRAT.*) Now, say to whom
Thou gavest the packet, and thou yet shalt live.
De Maup. I'll tell thee nothing.

Bar. Hark,—the rack!
De Maup. Thy penance
For ever, wretch!—What rack is like the con-
science?

Bar. [*giving the writ to the Officer.*] Hence to
the headsman.

*The Huissier announces "His Eminence, the Car-
dinal Duke de Richelieu."*

*Enter RICHELIEU, attended by Gentlemen, Pages,
&c., pale, feeble, leaning on JOSEPH, followed
by three Secretaries of State, attended by Sub-
secretaries with papers, &c.*

Julie. [*rushing to Rich.*] 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. No!—No!—

Enter LOUIS and suite from the rooms beyond.

Rich. [*to officer.*] Hold, sir. 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.

De Maup. 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. Surely!

Bar. Sire—

Louis. Silence—small favour to a dying
servant.

Rich. You would consign your armies to the
baton

Of your most honour'd brother. Sire, so be it!
Your minister, the Count de Baradas;
A most sagacious choice!—Your Secretaries
Of State attend me, Sire, to tender 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.
[*To secretaries as he seats himself*] Approach, sirs.

Rich. I—I—faint!—air—air—
[*JOSEPH and a gentleman assist him to a sofa,
placed beneath a window.*]

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; BARADAS near
the KING'S chair anxious and disturbed; OR-
LEANS at a greater distance, careless and trium-
phant; as each Secretary advances in his
turn he takes the portfolios from the Sub-
secretaries.*]

F. Sec. [*Kneels*]. The affairs of Portugal.
Most urgent, Sire;—One short month since the
Duke

Braganza was a rebel.

Louis. And is still!

F. Sec. No, Sire; he has succeeded! He is
now

Crown'd King of Portugal—craves instant succor
Against the arms of Spain.

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

Bar. No, Sire.

F. Sec. But Spain's your deadliest foe; what-
ever

Can weaken Spain must strengthen France. The
Cardinal

Would send the succors;—balance, Sire, of Eu-
rope!

Louis. The Cardinal!—balance!—We'll con-
sider.—Eh, Count?

Bar. Yes, Sire; fall back.

F. Sec. But—

Bar. Oh! fall back, sir. [*Secretary rises.*]

Joseph. Humph!

Second Sec. [*advances and kneels*]. The affairs
of England, Sire, most urgent: 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. [*feeble 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!

Rich. Ah! Joseph!—Child—

Would I could help thee!

Bar. [to Secretary]. Sir, fall back.

Second Sec. But—

Bar. Pshaw, sir! [Secretary retires.

Third Sec. [advances and kneels]. The secret correspondence, Sire, most urgent—

Accounts of spies—deserters—heretics—

Poisoners—schemes against yourself!

Louis. Myself! most urgent!

[Looking on the documents.

Enter FRANCOIS, passes behind the Cardinal's attendants, and sheltered by them from the sight of BARADAS, &c.

Fran. O! my lord!

I have not fail'd! [Gives the packet.

Rich. Hush! [Looking at the contents.

Third Sec. [to the King]. Sire, the Spaniards have reinforced their army on the frontiers.

The Duc de Bouillon—

Rich. Hold! [Secretary retires.] In this department—

A paper—here, Sire,—read yourself—then take The Count's advice in't.

Enter DE BERINGHEN hastily, and draws aside BARADAS.

Bar. [bursting from DE BERINGHEN]. What! and reft it from thee?

Ha!—hold!

Joseph. Fall back, son, it is your turn now!

Bar. Death!—the Despatch!

Louis. [reading]. 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 requires 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. He's dying!—and I yet shall dupe the king!

Louis. [rushing to Richelieu]. Richelieu!—Lord Cardinal!—'tis I resign!

Reign thou!

Joseph. Alas! too late!—he faints!

Louis. 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]. There,—at my feet!

[To First and Second Secretaries]. Ere the clock strike!—The envoys have their answer!

[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!—Ho! there, Count de Baradas, Thou hast lost the stake!—Away with him!*

[Baradas draws—attempts to rush out—is arrested. Ha!—ha!—

[Snatching De Mauprat's death warrant from the Officer.

See here, De Mauprat's death-writ, Julie!—Parchment for battledores!—Embrace your husband!

At last the old man blesses you!

Julie. O joy!

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

De Maup. Never to part—

Julie. No—never. Adrien—never!

Louis. [peevishly]. One moment makes a startling cure, Lord Cardinal.†

Rich. Ay, Sire, for in that 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,

And thank your king—

Julie. Ah, tears like these, my liege,

Are dewdrops that mount to Heaven.

Louis. Rise—rise—be happy.

[Richelieu looks at De Beringhen.

De Ber. [falteringly]. My lord—you are most happily recover'd.

Rich. But you are pale, dear Beringhen:—this air

* The passion of the drama requires this catastrophe for Baradas. He, however, survived his disgrace, though stripped of all his rapidly-acquired fortunes—and the darling that belonged to his character won him distinction in foreign service. He returned to France after Richelieu's death, but never regained the same court influence. He had taken the vows of a Knight of Malta, and Louis made him a Prior.

† The sudden resuscitation of Richelieu (not to strain too much on the real passion which supports him in this scene) is in conformance with the more dissimulating part of his character. The extraordinary mobility of his countenance (latterly so deathlike, save when the mind spoke in the features), always lent itself to stage effect of this nature. The queen mother said of him, that she had seen him one moment so feeble, cast down, and "semi-mort," that he seemed on the point of giving up the ghost—and the next moment he would start up full of animation, energy, and life.

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. I shall have time,
More than I ask'd for, to discuss the pâté. [*Exit.*
Rich. [*to Orleans*]. For you, repentance—ab-
sence and confession!

[*To Francois*]. Never say *fail* again. Brave
boy!

[*To Joseph*]. He'll be—
A Bishop first.

Joseph. Ah, Cardinal—

Rich. Ah, Joseph.

[*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
Ev'n better than prime ministers.

Alas!

Our glories float between the earth and heaven
Like clouds that seem pavilions of the sun,
And are the playthings of the casual wind;
Still, like the cloud which drops on unseen crags
The dews the wild flower feeds on, our ambition
May from its airy height drop gladness down
On unsuspected virtue; and the flower
May bless the cloud when it hath pass'd away.*

* The image and the sentiment in the concluding lines
are borrowed from a passage in one of the writings attrib-
uted to the Cardinal.

THE END.





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