

A PLAY FOR YOUNG ACTORS

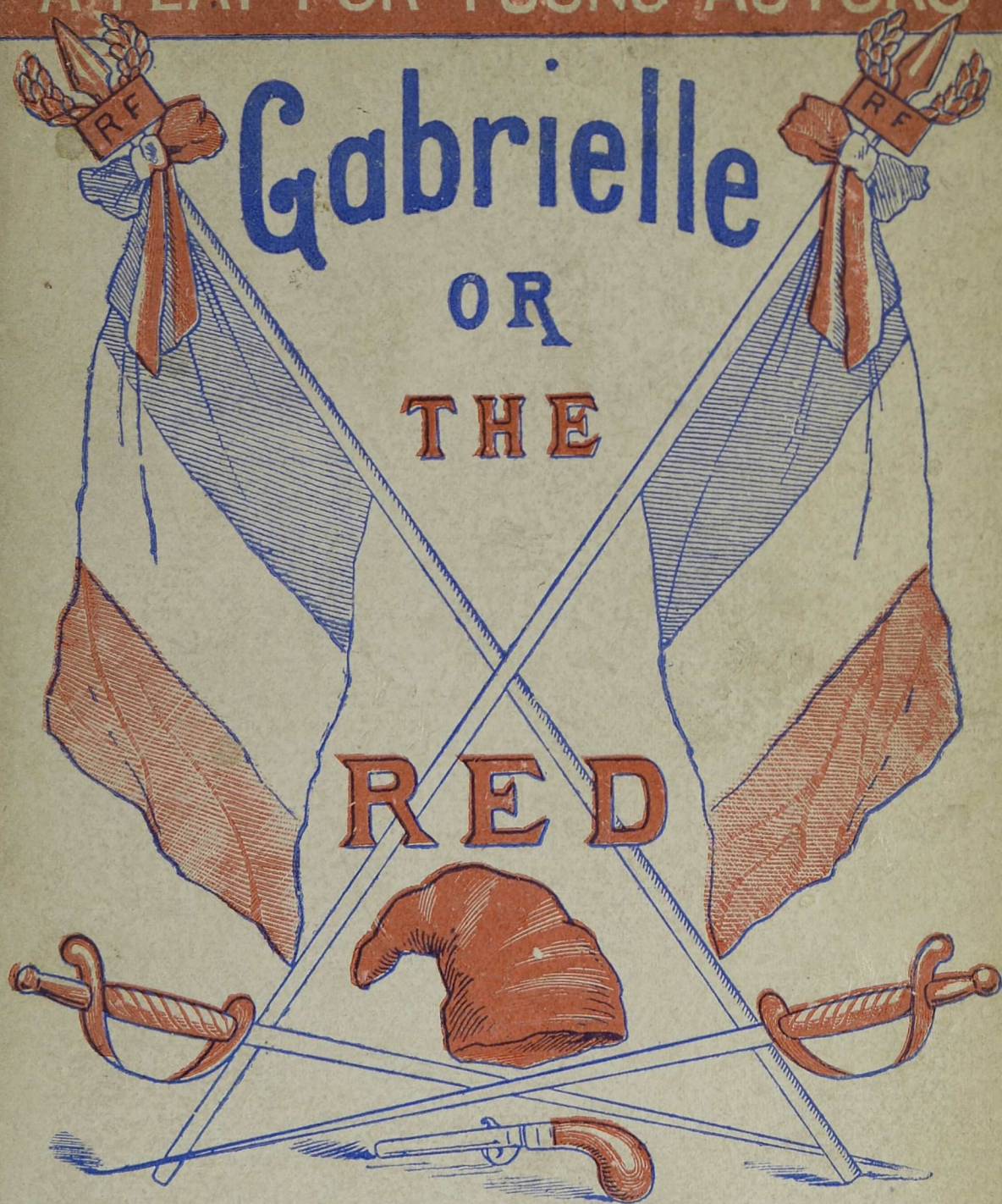
Gabrielle

OR
THE

RED

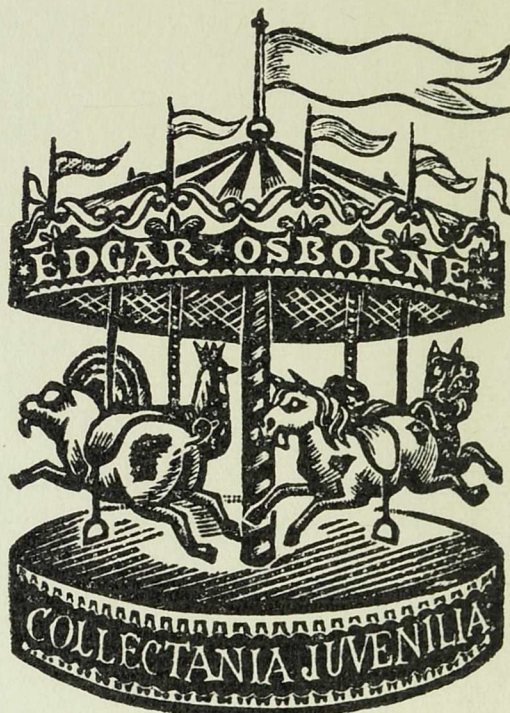
OF LIBERTY

BY AMY WHINYATES.



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WHINYATES

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FRONTISPIECE.



ACT II, SCENE I.—Marquise, Leonie.
Brutus.—Insult to me.

GABRIELLE;

OR,

THE RED CAP OF LIBERTY.

Play in Two Acts.
FOR YOUNG PERFORMERS.

By AMY WHINYATES.

Author of "Prince Bulbo," and "Aladdin."

LONDON: DEAN & SON, 160A, FLEET STREET, E.C.

Office of "The Little-One's Own Coloured Picture Paper."

Characters.

HERAULT DE BERTRAND	{	<i>Delegate of the Committee of Public Safety, and formerly Tutor to the Marquis de Vaucourt.</i>
MARQUIS DE VAUCOURT	.	<i>A Noble of La Vendée.</i>
ST. JUST	{	<i>Delegates of the Committee of Public Safety.</i>
ROBESPIERRE	{	
DANTON	{	
MARAT	{	
BRUTUS	<i>A Sansculotte.</i>
MARQUISE DE VAUCOURT.		<i>Mother to Marquis.</i>
LEONIE	<i>Her daughter.</i>
GABRIELLE	<i>Sister to Bertrand.</i>

Costumes.

Time 1793.

HERAULT DE BERTRAND—First dress. Sculptor.—Long stockings and knee breeches; shoes and buckles: loose white shirt open at neck, sleeves rolled above elbow; crimson scarf round waist; short blue cloak or mantle falling from shoulder; white bag wig; black velvet cap, square corners. Second dress—knee breeches; stockings; shoes and buckles; long brocade waistcoat; long square tailed coat with lappets, embroidered, cambric frill at throat and wrists.

ST. JUST and DELEGATES—Long coats and high boots, brown leather tops; three cornered hats, tri-coloured cockades; white bag wigs; long black cloak over shoulder.

THE MARQUIS DE VAUCOURT—Crimson or sky blue coat embroidered; long brocade waistcoat; white silk stockings; shoes and diamond buckles; knee breeches with blue rosettes; lace jabot and ruffles at wrists; velvet hat with plume and jewel; sword and gauntlet gloves.

BRUTUS—Blue blouse sleeves rolled above elbow; coarse stockings; knee breeches; red scarf round waist; pistol and poniard; red handkerchief round throat; black wig of lank hair; red cap of Liberty.

MARQUISE DE VAUCOURT—Costume à la Marie Antoinette, front of old brocade, pointed stomacher, edged with jewels; black velvet bodice and train; lace ruffles; powdered hair.

LEONIE—Blue or amber train looped over white satin; pearl stomacher; powdered hair, dressed with pearls, ruffles; pearls round throat.

GABRIELLE—First dress. Flowing muslin drapery, to imitate statue, arms bare to the shoulder; three silver bands across hair which is drawn in a knot at the back of the head, she should be raised on a stool covered with red; a screen draped with red arranged behind her, where she poses herself for the delegate scene, it must be at the *back* of the stage. This scene should be a little darkened. Second dress—Red quilted petticoat; chintz upper skirt, looped back; red stomacher; red cap of Liberty: coral necklace.

NOTE.—Handsome materials are named but inexpensive ones can be substituted.

GABRIELLE;

OR,

THE RED CAP OF LIBERTY.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*A room in Bertrand's House, Rue St. Martin. In the foreground on the right GABRIELLE is posed as a model, a little below is placed a statue of Liberty, on a table near the Red Cap of Liberty. BERTRAND chisel in hand gazes at the statue.*

BERTRAND, 'Tis well! 'tis done! the marble all but breathes,
Another touch upon the upper lip.
A little lightening of the eyelid there,
And all's complete. Hail, sacred Liberty,
Goddess! henceforth of France; by France beloved!
And by the people worshipped evermore.

Gazing at the statue.

How beautiful! how soul inspiring!
Yet needs it one more stroke, my Gabrielle,
My patient little model—stand thou thus

Placing her afresh.

I need thine aid. So! 'Tis like, 'tis very like,
And yet it needs the chisel as I said.

Gabrielle sighs.

Art tired child? come, we will rest awhile,
And thou shalt tell me all thy news to-day.

GABRIELLE (*leaping from the chair*). Farewell to Goddesses and caps
of Liberty

I care not for them.

BERTRAND (*reproachfully*). How Gabrielle?

GABRIELLE. My brother yes! it wearies me such talk,
Liberty! Equality! Fraternity!
Those ugly words, I know what they mean.

BERTRAND. How? Thou knowest not? Stay, I will tell thee.

The Republic *one and indivisible*,

Makes these its watchwords.

They mean, the Rights of Man, the peoples freedom,

The downfall of the King. The Nobles ruin,

The fall of the Bastille, that dungeon drear,

Destruction to the torture rack and wheel,

They mean, they mean all this and yet much more,

Far off I see as in a vision (*action to word*),

An angry nation, keen for vengeance rise,

Who stung by burning wrongs for justice call,

And ere the right be won, rivers and rivers

Of noble blood shall flow. (*Speaks in much agitation.*)

GABRIELLE (*soothingly*). My brother, my beloved! calm thyself,

See thy hand burns, to see thee thus

Afrights poor Gabrielle.

Leads him to a chair and kneels beside him.

Nay sit thee down, and let me speak to thee.

Oh! wouldst thou fulfil

The dear wish of my heart; let us return

Back to thy Chateau, in our fair Provence.

Ah! now bethink thee of those happy times,

When every day brought joy, each evening peace.

Recall in thought those lovely woodland scenes,

The tinkling herds, the chant of songsters sweet,

The village dances for the boys and girls,

The moon-lit vale where we together sat,

And I to please thee gently touched my lute,

Or conned the task thou gavest, Oh!

Let us return to peace, and flee this strife

And violence, it frights me as I said.

BERTRAND. Ah! Gabrielle, you speak you know not what.

What! would'st thou have me flinch, and coward turn,

When duty calls, to help the oppress'd to rise,

And Liberty to soar, on angel's wing?

But I must leave thee now.

See little one. Should the young Marquis come,

Tell him to-morrow I will speak with him,

And that the Delegates meet here to-night.

GABRIELLE.

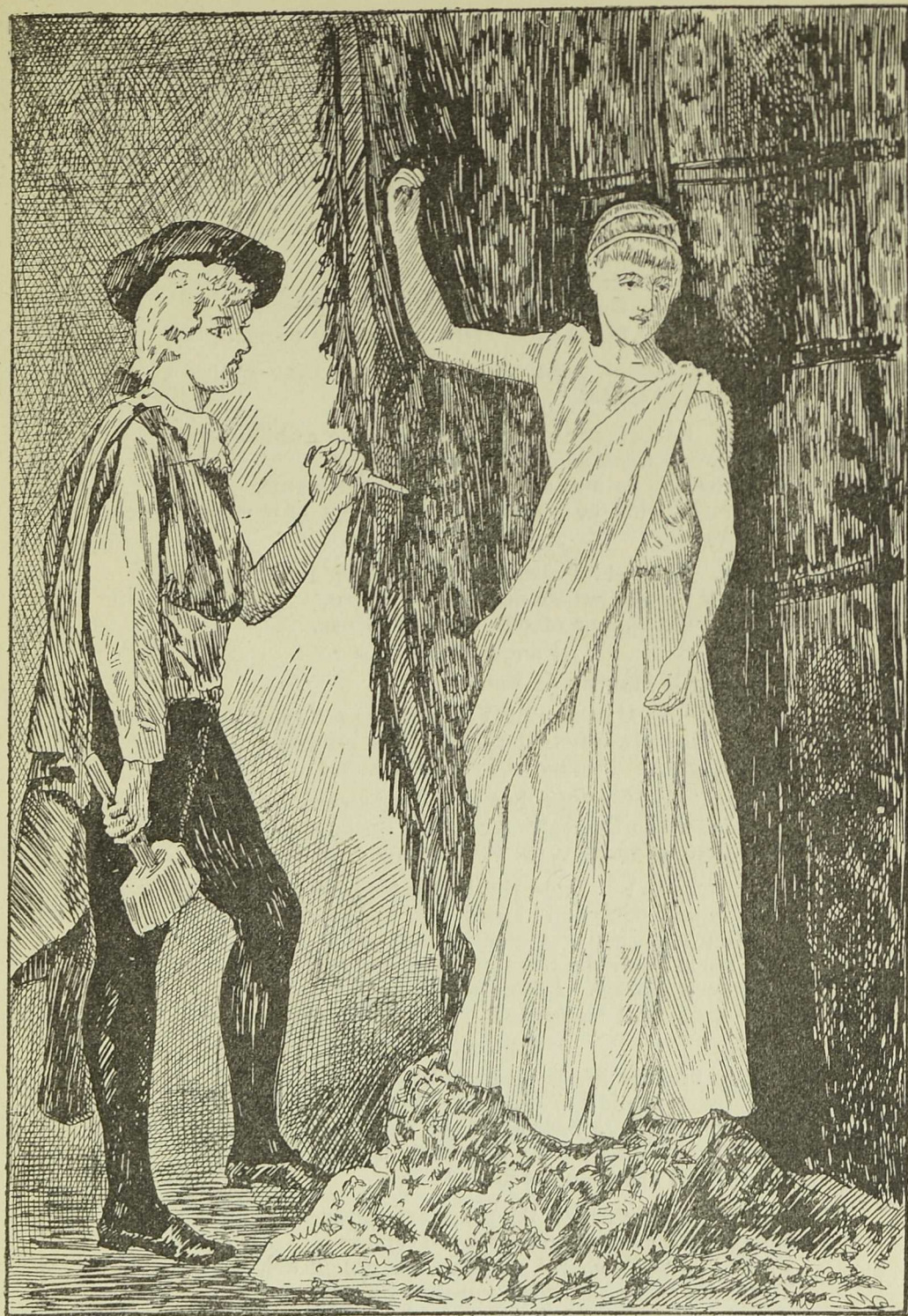
The Delegates.

Willingly brother.

But these Delegates, these dark-browed men

Why come they here? They call me Citoyenne (*pouting*).

I like it not. Who are they, brother? these?



ACT I., SCENE 1—Gabrielle.
Bertrand.—My Gabrielle, my patient little model.

BERTRAND. Patriots my child, good Citizens of France,
Danton, 'The Terrible.'
Robespierre, 'The Infallible.'
Marat, 'The Implacable.'
St. Just, 'The Immovable.'
Respect them, Gabrielle, good Citizens of France,
The Republic needs these stern unbending minds.

GABRIELLE (*pouting*). St. Just, that's he that smiles a cruel,
cunning smile.

BERTRAND. Enough my sister, I must leave awhile.
These worthy patriots meet here to-night.
See thou this room prepared, undrape the statue,
Let fresh lights be placed. The goddess at our counsels shall
preside. [*Exit.*]

GABRIELLE. St Just! I always shudder when I see that man,
Oh, how I wish that we might soon return,
Back to the shelter of our Country house.

A servant announces

Monsieur le Marquis de Vaucourt.

[*Enter the MARQUIS DE VAUCOURT in full court dress.*]

MARQUIS. Ah! Mademoiselle, pardon this interruption,
Monsieur your brother is he now within?

GABRIELLE. No Monsieur, but he left this word for you,
He said, "The Delegates meet here to-night,
And that to-morrow he would speak with you.

MARQUIS. How, the Delegates? Well,
With your permission, I will wait awhile.
But Gabrielle thou weepest, thou art sad?
Oh! might I dry the tears in those blue eyes,
Each drop a pearl. (*Takes her hand*).
Why weep thus Gabrielle?

GABRIELLE. Why do I weep?
I weep because life is so terrible.
The streets are full of cruel and savage men,
The tocsin sounds instead of the church bell,
And then our noble King and noble Queen,
Who would not weep for them?

MARQUIS. Ah! Gabrielle, the times are sad enough,
But still the gentlemen of France remain.
From England's shores we hope for timely aid,
Think not these Regicides wilt thus for ever

OR, THE RED CAP OF LIBERTY.

- Sit aloft. No! the justice of our cause
The altar and the throne, will triumph yet.
- GABRIELLE. Would that my brother shared these feelings too,
But he consorts with fearful dark-browed men
And they will meet in conclave, here to-night.
- MARQUIS. The Committee of Public Safety, can it be?
Knowest thou their names?
- GABRIELLE (*whispering fearfully*). Danton he said 'The Terrible.'
- MARQUIS. Terrible? *Scoundrel.*
- GABRIELLE. Robespierre, 'The Inflexible.'
- MARQUIS. 'Inflexible'? Wretch.
- GABRIELLE. Marat, 'The Implacable.'
- MARQUIS. 'Implacable'? Fiend.
- GABRIELLE. St. Just, 'The Immovable.'
- MARQUIS (*greatly excited*). Villain.
Oh! doubly, trebly vile,
St. Just said'st thou? Traitor,
Though born a Peer of France.
He has betrayed his order and his king.
(*Paces up and down*) St. Just, St Just.
St. Just enters behind him.
- ST. JUST. Who calls St. Just? who speaks of kings?
The monarchy is dead. The king is dust.
Ha! the ci-devant Marquis de Vaucourt.
- MARQUIS. Traitor, recall that word, no ci-devant.
A Marquis I, and loyal Peer of France,
I serve the king.
- ST. JUST. The king! perish the word, is Capet king?
Kings are no more, and Marquises no more.
- MARQUIS. Just Heaven, grant me patience,
Thus I avenge insult to royalty.
Throws his glove in St. Just's face, and draws his sword.
On guard, Monsieur,
Draw, if thou hast one spark of honour left.
- ST. JUST. Ha! aristocrat!
Learn; the Delegates of the Nation
Fight not with swords but axes,
The axe's edge is keen. Marquis beware
The axe will fall. Beware, beware.
Presents a letter to Gabrielle.



St. Just defied by the Marquis.

ACT I., SCENE I.—“The axe will fall, Marquis, beware, beware.”

Citoyenne, this packet for your brother.

[*Exit shaking his fist at Marquis.*]

GABRIELLE (*to Marquis, pouting*). "Citoyenne," indeed.
Oh! how he hates thee. Say what hast thou done
That he should hate thee thus?

MARQUIS. His own most evil conscience, Gabrielle,
Pricks him to this
He has betrayed his order and his King,
And doubly hates those who would faithful be;
He may denounce me straight, see Gabrielle,
Warn me of danger, if thou hearest aught.

GABRIELLE. Danger to you, and in my brother's house,
Never, my Lord, he loves you far too well.

MARQUIS. Gabrielle!
Those whom your brother makes his bosom friends.
Are ruthless wolves, and quite as bloodthirsty.
His noble nature comprehends not theirs.
He dreams of amity and brotherhood.
Their watch-word is 'The Guillotine,'
Their aim is Death—so give me warning.

GABRIELLE. Trust thou to me; I will.

MARQUIS. Good.

Then I'll no longer here, adieu.

[*Exit.*]

GABRIELLE. Danger to him, and from my brother's hand,
This cannot be, too noble is Bertrand;
And yet, those dark-browed men meet here to-night,
Oh, how can I find out if all be right.

Pauses and looks around.

I'll watch, I'll hide, but where?
Should I be seen behind the statue there?
Behind the statue? (*Looking at it*).
A brilliant thought. I'll take the statue's place.
I was the model, and in this desp'rate case
I must o'er hear their secrets, to discover
What dangers o'er the Marquis, hover
So let me place the lights, the room prepare,
Then mount my pedestal.

[*Poses herself, then after several trials, jumps down and places a table, and lights the candles, and finally adjusts herself as the clock strikes, and the Commissioners file in, one by one.*]

CURTAIN may or may not GO DOWN.

SCENE 2.

[Enter the Commissioners of Public Safety in single file. They are dressed in long black cloaks. They pass before the statue of Liberty and each salute it. They sit round the table. ST. JUST rises.]

ST. JUST. Welfare and Fraternity Citizens! Are all met here?
Let the name roll be called. (*He calls them*).

Citizen Danton. Here.

Citizen Marat. Here.

Citizen Bertrand. Here.

Citizen Robespierre. Here.

CITIZEN ROBESPIERRE. Patriots I move the Citizen St. Just to the chair.

ST. JUST. Patriots and Citizens, I move the business of the section be postponed.

The moment is critical. Citizens, France is in danger.

Treason is in our midst, the people are betrayed.

CRIES FROM ALL. To the point Citizen, to the point, explain, explain, explain,

ST. JUST. There are those among us who for mercy call,
Those who would close the lists of the condemned,
And end the guillotine's most noble work.
These would spare Royalist and Emigré,
Bid bloodshed cease, pardon to all proclaim.
Citizens, say! shall this mercy be?

ROBESPIERRE. No mercy.

Mercy is a fault.

MARAT. Mercy is a crime.

DANTON. Mercy betrays the nation

ALL. No mercy, no amnesty, no pardon,
To the guillotine, to the guillotine.

BERTRAND (*rises*). Stay Citizens, terrible duties indeed exist,
But Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity,
These should be dogmas of peace and harmony,
In all our language, no word so fair as mercy.

ST. JUST (*angrily*). What! you oppose us?

BERTRAUD. No bloodshed, I propose an amnesty.
Strike off the crowns, but spare the noble heads.

ST. JUSTE. What! you would spare the poisonous brood?
And our wrongs unavenged! our wrongs
For justice call.

BERTRAND. Justice? justice is royal, but mercy is divine.

ST. JUST. Ha! Traitor would'st thou betray the Nation!

[*He aims his dagger against BERTRAND'S breast. TABLEAU.*]

ST. JUST. Patriots *your* verdict, justice or mercy?

ALL (*great confusion*). No mercy.

Down with the Aristocrats, down with the Royalists,
Down with the tyrants, and their upholders,
Live the Republic, live the guillotine.

ST. JUST. Citizens, the Republic, one and indivisible

Must be maintained. I put it to the vote.

"Be it decreed" *Death* and instant death

To save a Royalist, when once condemned!

Citizens, your votes.

[*All hold up their hands except BERTRAND.*]

Let it be death.

(ALL) Let it be death.

All sign in turns except BERTRAND.

ST. JUST. Sign each of you.

Citizen Bertrand, do you give your vote?

Hesitate, and you know what has been said

'That you desert us.' Be you warned and sign.

BERTRAND. Sign! never. (*Dashes down the pen.*)

ST. JUST. So be it, you are warned. Proceed we now

To read the list of the condemned.

Reads a list of names, till he pronounces that of DE VAUCOURT cidevant Marquis. Reads—

Arnold de Boufflers, ex-Vicomte.

Arnaud de Clisson, ex-Priest.

Jacques Desmoulins, ex-Judge.

For defaming the Republic.

'Marie de Montmorrenci,' aged eighteen,

Daughter of ci-devant Marquis.

'Lucile Duval,' ex-Baroness,

For calling Robespierre, tyrant.

'Victor de Custine,' ex-Marquis.

'Henri de Vaucourt,' ex-Marquis,

For plotting with the chiefs in 'La Vendée.'

BERTRAND. 'La Vendée,'

Henri de Vaucourt! stop Citizen

I know *this* man is noble.

Bear with me now—and

If ever I have truly served the state,
 Grant me this life? Say that he errs.
 An evil heritage is to blame for this,
 A faulty training, present ignorance.
 Why should a life like his gallant and brave
 Be lost to France? who may yet become
 Noblest and truest of her Patriot sons.
 Grant me then this life. I know him noble,
 I'll his surety be.

ST. JUST.

Noble.

All nobles are traitors, and so art thou.
 If thou uphold him. No, this enemy of France
 This Vendean Marquis your charge shall be,
 His life is forfeited unto the nation.
 Arrest him then here in this very house;
 Fail, and you know the penalty.

ALL.

'Tis death.

ST. JUST. Patriots, this meeting is dissolved.

*All rise and file out of the room. BERTRAND as he passes the statue
 exclaims in sorrow,—*

Oh, star of Liberty
 How is the glory of thy rising dimmed,

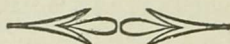
[*Exeunt all.*]

GABRIELLE *who during the meeting has shown by signs her terror and
 suspense, now leaps from her pedestal.*

GABRIELLE. Oh, wicked, wicked men, woe, woe, is me,
 What shall I do? no moment must be lost,
 I'll fly to warn him, yet not in this garb,
 'Twould rouse suspicion. This red cap I'll wear
 Then none will question me.

Takes up the cap of Liberty and Exit.

CURTAIN FALLS.



ACT II.

SCENE 1. *The Place de la Bastille*

During the festival of the Jacobins. Sounds, shouting, and dancing mingled with bells and confused sounds of music. Enter the MARQUISE DE VAUCOURT leaning on the arm of LEONIE her daughter.

LEONIE. 'Tis weary work to look adown the Street
From early dawn The Citizens have passed,
Passed and repassed, wearing those hateful caps,
Singing those hateful songs.
When will bright days return? *our* happy days,
And beauteous Paris be itself again.

MARQUISE. Alas! Leonie one short year ago,
This very day, the Tuileries were stormed,
Oh! fatal, fatal day.

LEONIE. This bright blue sky, this burning August sun
Mocks with its beauty, now my heart is sad (*looking round*)
Stay dearest mother, this must be the place
Where Henri said, we might in safety meet.

MARQUISE. We will wait here, this corner of the Square
Will shelter us from gaze of passers by.
Loud shouts of 'Ca Ira' from the people.
'Ca ira, Ca ira,' let us dance the Carmagnole.

LEONIE (*looking off*). Hearest thou mother, how the people shriek?
A frantic crowd is dancing over there
And like so many demons; women too!
Ah! (*Shuddering hides her face.*)

MARQUISE. Women!
"Or what were once those gracious things,"
For mine own sex I blush, and I could weep;
But burning scorn has dried my fount of tears,
Alas! alas! that ever I should live,
To see the degradation of fair France,
And yet for me, what matters? My hair is grey,
My course is nearly run. But thou, Leonie
Wert thou but safe, my child, then would I gladly
Close my weeping eyes, on this my country's shame.

LEONIE. Sweet mother let us trust to Henri's care.

MARQUISE. Henri! he too, but hark the hour strikes
He should be here.

Enter MARQUIS in travelling dress.

MARQUIS (*bows over her hand*). Thrice welcome madame to our
trysting place,

The hour has struck, my mother, bless thy son. (*Kneels*),

MARQUISE. May heaven bless and keep thee evermore;

What news my son, what hear'st thou from our friends?

MARQUIS. News from La Vendée, madame, glorious news,

There, half a million combat for the King,

Henri Lescure, and La Rochejaquelin

Advance towards the Loire.

There must I join them, mother, speedily,

And so I come to bid you now farewell,

Thou and Leonie, both my heart's beloved.

MARQUISE. Victory attend thine arms, and save our King,

Now must we say farewell;

Farewell, that word which hides a broken heart.

MARQUIS. Nay! if we meet again, then shall we smile,

Mother, I have no fears but for you both.

MARQUISE. Fear not for us my son. Fear is a word

My heart pronounces not, nor understands.

Fear! a Marchioness of France

Quails not at danger, from no duty shrinks,

The interests of the King demand your care

In fair La Vendée on the coast elsewhere.

Go then my son, once more my blessing take,

And had I twenty sons instead of one,

All, all must go, for France would need them all.

Your sister and myself will refuge take

With thine old tutor Herault de Bertrand

Although Republican, yet will he keep us safe.

LEONIE. Herault de Bertrand, dare we trust to him

He has become the friend of Robespierre.

MARQUIS. It is a risk, but still we have no choice

So be it madame, I will to him straight

And warn him of your coming, ere I start.

LEONIE *advances with a scarf which she offers to tie on his arm.*

LEONIE. And brother ere you go, this token take,

Blue is its tint, the Citizens wear such

So 'twill ensure your safety, wear it thus.

Tries to tie it on his arm.

MARQUIS. Not so sweet sister, never Peer of France



Group of Performers.

May stoop to wear the colours of the foe.
Not on my arm but so, close to my heart
There shall thy blue scarf as a keepsake rest,

Places the scarf on his breast.

Exit.

MARQUISE. Gone, is he gone? oh! let me rest awhile
Until my heart recovers from the shock.

LEONIE. We lull suspicion too by staying here,
'Twere dangerous were we here with Henri seen.
For mother, while you talked, a Sansculotte
Has passed and passed, and eyed us curiously.

MARQUISE (*rising*). A Sansculotte, said'st thou, let us begone?

Enter GABRIELLE running and out of breath. She throws herself at the feet of the MARQUISE.

GABRIELLE. Oh, madame, madame, have I found you?
Heaven be praised. The Marquis, warn him,
His name is on the list of the condemned,
Already enemies are on his track.

MARQUISE. Oh, fatal news.

LEONIE supports her mother to a rustic seat, throws herself on her knees beside her. *Enter BRUTUS dressed as a Sansculotte with red cap, singing the 'Ca Ira.'*

GABRIELLE (*seeing him*). Evil on evil, madame, calm yourself,
Here is an enemy. Leave me to speaak.

Places herself before MARQUISE and LEONIE.

BRUTUS. Ha the Citoyenne Bertrand, welfare and fraternity.
Let us exchange tokens of friendship, Citoyenne.

GABRIELLE. Welfare and fraternity, Citizen.

BRUTUS. What, you are coming to the festival.
Oh! 'tis a glorious sight down there below,
They dance around the tree of liberty.
"Citizens wearing their red caps like crowns,"
Crowns. Ah! bah! we have changed all that,
We the people, the sovereign people.

Sounds of revelry. Pointing back.

The Mother Redcap sees't thou Citoyenne
And those; those others dance the Carmagnole.
The wine flows fast, the Republic pays for that.
Come Citoyenne, drink to the nation,
'France One and Indivisible!'

GABRIELLE. No, no, pray let me pass, excuse me, Citizen.

BRUTUS (*eyeing the Marquise*). Not till you have introduced me to your friends.

Who are they Citoyenne?

GABRIELLE. Friends who join me for the festival.

BRUTUS (*aside*). Ha! I should know that face. Aristocrats, By the very pose of their heads.

I must look into this. (*aloud*), The festival.

How comes it that they are not dressed for it,

I do not see their caps of liberty.

Oh! I'll teach them better manners soon,

I'll exchange tokens of fraternity.

GABRIELLE (*distressed*). No! no! no! no! Citizen Brutus, pray.

BRUTUS (*pushing past her approaches Leonie*). I will, I say.

Welfare and fraternity fair Citoyenne.

LEONIE (*shrinking back*). Monsieur!

BRUTUS (*aside*). Monsieur? ha! the true aristocrat tongue, The Citoyenne takes me for a Marquis.

Bah! do I look like an aristocrat? (*Shrugging his shoulders.*)

To LEONIE taking off his bonnet rouge.

You are not décoré fair Citoyenne,

Oblige me, wear this pretty little cap.

Places it on her head, she shrinks back in terror.

How? the Citoyenne shrinks, she fears me then?

Takes her hand—raises her.

Come, come, cheer up, we'll dance the Carmagnole.

Dancing in front of her.

Nay, nay, you shall, in spite of scornful airs.

Dancing and singing.

Dance, my sister, dance, attention; see thou

This is the step Is't graceful?

Does it please? we call it the Carmagnole.

LEONIE *tears her hand from BRUTUS and pulling off the red cap from her head throws it at his feet. The MARQUISE rises.*

LEONIE. Fellow forbear! (*Tableau.*)

BRUTUS. Fellow! how fellow!

Insult to me, one of the people.

To me the Citizen Brutus, me
 A member of the Mountain,
 Jacobin of the Jacobins.
 The friend of Robespierre and Marat,
 The disciple of Rousseau and Voltaire,
 Shoemaker of the sovereign people.
 Oh! I'll avenge myself. Fellow indeed!
 Did I not say they were aristocrats?
 Tyrants, and oppressors of the people,
 I'll arrest them, I'll denounce them.

GABRIELLE (*preventing him*). Now! now! now! now! Citizen Brutus,
 Cannot you see they are weary, ill,
 They meant no insult to you Citizen.

BRUTUS. Well then, they must drink to the Republic,
 'To France one and Indivisible'
 'To Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality.'
 I'll take them to the Tree of Liberty.

GABRIELLE. Of course,
 Of course they'll drink, I promise you they shall;
 But I've a better thought, fetch thou the cup
 We'll drink together here, there, go at once. (*Pushing him off.*)

BRUTUS. Citoyenne, I go
 (*Aside.*) I'll fetch those here who will arrest them straight,
 Aristocrats, Royalists, Emigrés!
 I'll be revenged, oh! how I hate the race.
 Bah! (*Exit towards the Tree of Liberty.*)

GABRIELLE. Fly madame, fly, quick to my brother's house,
 There only can I hope to shelter you,
 Another instant and he will return. Your coach is near.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Citizen BRUTUS and the Deputy ST. JUST running.

ST. JUST. Now then, Citizen! these emigrés, these?
 What no one here? they have out witted you.
 The birds are flown. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

BRUTUS (*sulkily*). They can't fly far, I'll track them easily,
 The Citoyenne Bertrand was with them too.

ST. JUST. How, Bertrand's sister, knowest thou his house?

BRUTUS. Assuredly, 'tis close to the Pont Neuf.

ST. JUST. So, so, 'tis well, and knowest thou the man?

BRUTUS. Assuredly, he's a Philosopher (*contemptuously*).
 Counts every star, and gazes at the moon,

'Twere well to send him on a journey there,
Eh, Citizen?

ST. JUST. He is a Moderate, a Girondist.
The Republic has no need for such as he,
Listen, my friend,
Gain entry to his house, and dog his step,
Find but *one* Royalist within his doors,
And (*makes a significant gesture with his hand*).

BRUTUS. I understand.
An inch or two of steel, a pistol shot;
The Citizen shall have his choice. Ha! ha!
(*Stopping short*)! But *halte-la* Citizen,
Is not this a case for Louisette?

ST. JUST. The guillotine? No! *Death* and instant death.
Give him no time, but shoot him on the spot.

BRUTUS. Oh! I'll make very sure, he'll not escape;
His porter is an old convive of mine,
I'll volunteer to do his work for him,
So at all hours I can play the spy.

ST. JUST. Good, a worthy patriot this good Citizen.

[*Exeunt arm in arm.*]

—CURTAIN.—

SCENE 2. *A Room in Bertrand's house.*

The MARQUIS DE VAUCOURT discovered sitting dejectedly in a chair.
In the background centre three steps lead off.

MARQUIS. Arrested!
Arrested in the name of the Convention,
And by the hand of him I thought my friend,
Oh! irony of fate!
We are indeed betrayed and by Bertrand.

Enter BERTRAND. Behold him here; of what am I accused?

MARQUIS (*starts up*). Accused.

Let your own conscience answer you, Monsieur,
'Tis by your orders I am here detained?

BERTRAND.

Yes ?

You are about to join the Vendean,
And aid with England to conquer France,
A crime the Republic never can permit.

MARQUIS. No crime, we serve our King, and so serve France.

BERTRAND. And I the Republic serve, and so serve France.
What would you have ?

MARQUIS, For myself nothing, but for others much.
Listen, Bertrand, thou wast my father's friend,
My youth's preceptor; by those holy years,
Protect and save my mother when she comes.

BERTRAND. How ! comes she here ?

MARQUIS. Yes, with my sister straight,
Oh ! save thom both, I will endure my fate.

BERTRAND. The Marchioness comes here, then she shall have
All due protection, should it cost my life.

MARQUIS (*taking his hand*). My thanks for this.

BERTRAND. Retire now, for I must be alone,
But ere you go, deliver up your sword.

MARQUIS *unbuckles his sword, kisses and gives it up.*

BERTRAND (*alone*). Oh, web to tangle round the wariest feet,
For who can now discern where duty lies ?
The boy I loved, whose youthful mind I led,
Fights against France, his life is forfeited,
Yet would I save him with my own heart's blood,
But conscience coldly stern, the act condemns. (*rises*)
And yet he loved me, yet he trusted me.
Oh ! this unmans me quite.

Throws himself on chair, and remains with his face buried in his hands
'Tis over now, I've crushed this weakness down.
(*Rises*) My life, my all are to my country due.
Spare him ? I'll spare no enemy of France.
Live the Republic, he must meet his fate.

BERTRAND *turns and meets GABRIELLE, the MARCHIONESS and LEONIE,*
who enter hastily. Gabrielle and Leonie support the Marchioness.

MARQUISE.

Herault de Bertrand,

You once found shelter in our princely house.
Two helpless women, crushed by sorrow's weight,
Appeal to you for shelter, shall it be in vain ?

BERTRAND. Madame, my house is ever as your own,
And the protection that this arm can give.
But you are pale, your dress deranged by flight,
Say what hath chanced?

MARQUISE. We were detected, but for instant flight
Had been arrested in the very street,
Arrested, and with jeers and insults too.

BERTRAND. How insult?

MARQUISE. Yes, your Republic thrusts into the street,
Then jeers and flouts the victims she has made,
Let her go on, go on, and do her work,
Kill Kings, kill Nobles, cast Religion down,
They cannot change our ancient princely blood,
A heritage that teaches to suffer and be strong.
We still are great.

BERTRAND. Nay, madame nay, the Tree of Liberty
Shall yet bear glorious fruit,
The lurid torch becomes a lamp serene.

But madame
Arrested say you, detected in the street?
This house I fear me is no longer safe,
I will make preparations for your flight.

GABRIELLE (*to Marchioness*). Madame be welcome, rest yourself
I pray,
With your permission I will take this cloak. (*Action to word*).
Places chair.

LEONIE. See mother see, *here* is my brother's sword.

MARQUISE (*to Bertrand*). His sword? in truth why then he should
be here,
Speak, speak, and say what hast thou done with him.

Silently BERTRAND *folds his arms.*

Oh! now I read your face, he is betrayed.

BERTRAND. Madame, his life is forfeit to the state,
Those who support La Vendée merit death.

MARQUISE. Death?

Oh! what a sea of sorrow is there here?
Hast thou no pity? save him I implore (*kneeling to him*).
See, I abase my grey hairs in the dust,
Cast not contempt upon a mother's tears,
Oh save my son, so young, so fair, so brave,
And it will bring a blessing on your head.

BERTRAND. "Madame,"
"My duty to my country ties my hands."

MARQUISE (*in an agony*). Oh, kneel Leonie, join your prayers to mine.

BERTRAND *crosses to left*; GABRIELLE *follows*.

GABRIELLE. Bertrand, my Brother, shall they plead in vain?
By all the nobleness of thy great heart,
Relent, and save them all.

BERTRAND (*aside*). Oh, light of conscience, shine and guide me now,
On either side conflicting duties lie,
(*Raising the Marquise and Leonie; after a struggle*),
Calm yourself, madame, you have conquered me,
Humanity is greater than the law,
Though ruin fall on me he shall not die;
But he must swear to bear no arms 'gainst France
Until a twelve month shall have passed away.
Nothing can save you all but instant flight.
So I myself the passports will prepare.

Goes to a table and fills in a paper which he gives to the Marquise.
With this the frontier you may safely pass.

MARQUISE. By prayers alone, not words can I repay.

BERTRAND *opens the door (left) and returns with the MARQUIS.*
Madame behold your son, he now knows all.

MARQUISE. Henri my son,
Behold the friend to whom we owe our lives.

The MARQUIS extends his hand to BERTRAND, BERTRAND wrings it.

BERTEAND. No thanks, speak not,
Your only safety lies in instant flight,
Quick, Gabrielle, go fetch a carriage here.
And you Marquis once more receive your sword,
But, as you are a man of honour, swear
For one year, you draw, it not 'gainst France.

MARQUIS. Never,
I cannot promise, rather would I die
Than sheathe my sword, in this my sovereign's need.

BERTRAND. I honour you! but for your mother's sake.

MARQUIS. No! no!

BERTRAND. 'Tis a condition I've a right to make,
My pupil hear me! often when a boy
You learnt your duty from these very lips,

Hear it once more, and for the sake of these
So dear to you ; consent and give your word,
For without *your* protection, they are lost.

MARQUIS (*extends his hand with an effort*). Bertrand, you're right, I
yield, I give my word,
These two dear lives, this promise buy from me
Else had'st thou not prevailed.

BERTRAUD. Haste, haste and swear it.

MARQUIS. I swear.

Receives his sword and kisses it.

GABRIELLE *appears in the doorway and beckons*. BERTRAND *presents
his hand to the MARQUISE*.

GABRIELLE. The coach awaits you. [Exeunt all.

—CURTAIN.—

SCENE 2.—*The same room darkened in BERTRAND'S house.*

BRUTUS *enters, pistol in hand and looks around*. *He balances himself on
the side of the table, and polishes his pistol, the light falling on him.*

BRUTUS. Welfare and fraternity, Citizen Bertrand. (*Seeing no one.*)

Ha ! the Citizen is absent, good. *ialte-la*

He's almost in the net, he won't escape,

So, little Pistol, there'll be work for thee. (*Polishing it*).

'Tis certain then, those Royalists are here,

The Marchioness de Vaucourt 'twas the same,

Her son and daughter, good ! I'll denounce them

They will become the tumbrils passing well.

Polishing all the time.

A family party, 'tis a touching sight.

A beauteous sight for the St. Guillotine,

Especially when— (*Action to word*.)

One ! two ! three ! the heads drop.

So !—A Ca ira, Ca ira, Ca ira.

The Revolution goes on merrily.

Ca ira, Ca ira, Ca ira.

Good ! many's the brave sight I've seen in the Tumbrils

Which if I had been as I *once* was—well!
 Soft-hearted—that is to say young, in fact
 Young, and foolish, and soft-hearted; would have
 Would have made me *weep*. Why I've seen
 Whole families. The father with his silver hair,
 And his young daughter, all in white,
 Her arms around his neck, pointing to Heaven,
 And bidding him *adieu*!
 Mothers with golden haired little ones
 Like baby-angels
 And no fear among them, I can tell you.
 Peste! I can't conceive how they do it.
 Those aristocrats mount to the scaffold,
 As though it were to a silken couch,
 Head erect thus—arms folded so, (*action to word*).
 Bah! but they have courage these without doubt,
 Something in the blood—peste, what am I saying?
 Don't they all deserve it? Think of our wrongs,
 Wrongs of the sovereign people.
 Years of starvation and of misery,
 One law for the poor, another for the rich,
 Palaces for them, mud hovels for us!
 Bah! this thought makes my blood rage, *our turn now*.
 Well! grey hair, golden hair, age and youth,
 That little knife will take care of them all;
 Vive la Guillotine! Vive la Republique!
 Come, I must set myself to watch again.

[*Exit.*]

—CURTAIN FALLS.—

SCENE 4. *A room in Bertrand's house.*

Soft music which ceases when the curtain rises, and discovers GABRIELLE seated at BERTRAND's feet, her lute in her hand. BERTRAND reclines his head on his hand.

GABRIELLE.

Sleepest thou, brother?

BERTRAND. That strain had wrapped me near to Heaven's gate,
 Oh, Gabrielle! I feel a strange deep calm,
 Like the sweet peace of early childhood's days.
 Last night I dream't; stay, I will tell it thee.
 Methought I was again a little child,
 And in my dreams I saw my mother's face,

And through my dreams I heard my mother's voice,
 How like an angel's tongue, so silver sweet,
 Bidding me welcome to the Realms on high,
 To a Republic where the rule was Love,
 Naught that was ill could stain or sully there ;
 But free to follow truth, his passions stilled
 Man has uplifted to his noblest self.
 So strange, so beautiful my dream, with joy
 I woke.

GABRIELLE (*softly rising*). 'Twas Heaven's light within your eyes,
 Heaven's music in your heart.

BERTRAND (*wearily*). It may be, Gabrielle, would it were true,
 Sit thou, for I would ask thee somewhat else,
 Dost thou still long for thy Provençal home,
 And would it glad thy heart did we return ?

GABRIELLE. Oh, yes, to see once more those lovely hills
 And sunny skies, to hear our Southern tongue,
 Were almost like thy dreamland visions.
 You won't be weary there my brother,
 There you will smile again.

BERTRAND. Yes, I should smile to see thee joyous run,
 Brushing the dew from off the bending grass;
 To hear thy clear voice carol like the lark.
 Well then we *will* return—for ever leave
 Bloodshed and struggle, and these scenes of war.

GABRIELLE (*joyfully*). Yes, for ever leave. Oh! joy! leave them
 for ever.

BRUTUS (*behind but unseen*). No, never, never.

GABRIELLE (*startling*). Oh! hush!
 Methought I heard a voice that echoed 'never.'
 Oh, what is that? a shadow hiding there?

Points in terror back.

BERTRAND (*joins her and looks too*). A shadow, where?
 My Gabrielle you dream, you heard no voice.

BRUTUS (*behind*). Never!

GABRIELLE. I did indeed, *there, there*, it is again.

BERTRAND (*going back*). 'Twas but thy fancy child, see there is
 nought.

Approaches the direction of the voice. BRUTUS *rushes forward and holds
 his pistol to his head.*

BRUTUS. Die, Traitor die! The Republic One and Indivisible,
Is thus avenged.

Where are the Royalists you harboured here?

Speak, for it is your one last chance of life.

BERTRAND. Villain, they are beyond your fiendish toils.

BRUTUS. Escaped? Then die the death; take this, and this,
Live the Republic, perish the Gironde!

Wipes his pistol and retires, contemplating BERTRAND who falls heavily forward.

I've kept my word, St. Just,

He will not stir again.

So perish all the enemies of France!*

Places his hand on his heart stooping and exit. GABRIELLE utters a cry and flies to raise BERTRAND's head.

GABRIELLE. Perish!

No, he yet breaths. Speak, brother speak,

Oh! raise your head once more, and speak to me.

Your hand.

BERTRAND (*gasps*). My Gabrielle! oh! I am hurt to death,

My life ebbs fast, but *they* are saved,

My life for *theirs* is given, Gabrielle.

Regret me not. My Ideal, there, there! (*pointing upwards*),

My Republic! on high!

Farewell, farewell. *Dies.*

GABRIELLE (*letting fall her hands*). Alone! I am, alone! oh bitter word,

Oh, grief! oh! sorrow! cruel is thy face,

The very light from out the day has gone,

All joy is dead, and love alone is left,

Oh! love immortal, join our hearts above. (*Faints beside him.*)

—CURTAIN.—

* The following alternative ending is given for those who prefer a happy ending from (*)

GABRIELLE. Alone! I am alone, oh bitter word,

Oh! grief! oh! sorrow, cruel is thy face,

The very light from out the day has gone!

All joy is dead, and love alone is left.

BERTRAND. Gabrielle!

GABRIELLE. What joy! he speaks, he is not dead,
Oh! brother lift your head and speak once more.

BERTRAND. My Gabrielle, I am not hurt to death,
Although that dire villain did his worst;
So let me lean on you, support me to a chair,
See it was this that saved me.

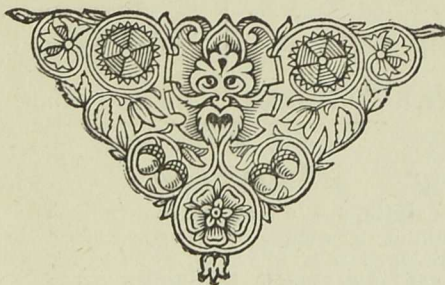
Draws a packet of papers from his breast.
His pistol missed its mark (*rising*)

GABRIELLE. But you are hurt, you bleed.

BERTRAND. Nay, a mere scratch, a trifle, nothing.
See, I will staunch it thus,
And a few days will heal me of this hurt;
Then we will go.

GABRIELLE. Saved, he is saved,
And love immortal joins our hearts again.

—CURTAIN.—



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