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*Dragon Knight*

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*T. F. Jones fecit*

## The Dragon Knight.

*HENRI* From our hands receive the honor of Knighthood. In the name of our Lord and patron Saint Denis, we create thee, James Crichton, Knight Commander of the Holy and Honorable Order of the Saint Esprit.  
*(Crichton kneels)*

*Act 1. Scene last.*

Trumpets up

4 Papers as Citizens to  
Change to Guards  
THE DRAGON KNIGHT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Exterior of the Ancient College of Navarre in the City of Paris. Gothic Gateway, guarded by Archers.*

Students of Paris, Artizans, Mob, &c. discovered clamouring for admittance. Music as the Curtain rises. Murmurs of Populace.

1st Scholar. Down with the gates!

2nd. Scholar. We will have our privileges!

Mob. Down with the Rector! Place for the schools! [*The Gates are thrown open, and CAPTAIN LAECHANT and Guard appear at the entrance.*]

Lar. Back! back, messieurs scholars! Free passage for the Rector and his train! Archers, advance, and make clear the way! [*The Archers force the Scholars back.*]

Trumpets sound. A ~~band~~ of Guards enter, followed by the Doctors of Canon and Civil Law, ~~Theology and Medicine~~ ~~Bachelors~~—the VISCOMTE DE JOYEUSE, D'EPERON. Picture. Then appears the Rector and CRICHTON OF CLUNIE followed by Divines, Students, &c. Flourish. Shouts. Crichton bows.

Rector. Messieurs Scholars of the University of Paris, You have already learned, I doubt not, that your most erudite doctors have this day sustained a defeat. A defeat which while it reflects no disgrace on the conquered, enhances the glory of the victor. In the whole circle of science and learning the noble Crichton hath approved his supremacy, and we willingly surrender to him our laurels. I would tender for his acceptance, as a mark of our esteem this ring, as a trophy of the conquest he has this day achieved. [*Offering ring.*—Shouts.]

Cri. When the phoenix of his age was proffered the honours of the Romans' hood, he declined them, saying that he felt his

own unworthiness. In imitation of his illustrious conduct, I would say, Fortune has already favoured me beyond my deserts. Grant, however, that I have triumphed—you have bestowed upon me your applause—I am fully requited.

*Scholars. (Shouting.)* Live, Crichton!

*Rec.* The gifts of the University of Paris are not wont to be slighted [*Takes ring from his finger, and places it on that of Crichton.*] Let this token bespeak our love of modesty and merit. Live, admirable Crichton! [*Removes his purse from sash.*] This purse is also yours—do with it what you think proper. [*Presents purse.*]

*Cri.* I may not decline your offer further, though I feel how little I merit it. The ring I shall prize, but as to the contents of the purse, you must suffer me to dispose of it as I shall see fitting [*Scatters gold coins among Mob and Scholars. They shout. CHITCOT, the Jester, enters from U. F. L. H. He pushes the Mob aside, and hastily picks up part of the money.*]

*Chi.* By your leave, my masters. This is good—I like a fine sight as well as my neighbours. One fool makes many.

*D'Eper.* Stand aside, Sir Fool! Your folly is mistimed.

*Chi.* Why should you stop me! Folly was ever current in the University of Paris. Besides, on this occasion, all my wisdom is needed. Wisdom and Folly are nearer akin than you suppose. gossip! [*Takes his arm—Mob laughs.*]

*GENEVRA, disguised as a Page, advances through the crowd, and kneeling, places a wreath of bay leaves at Crichton's feet.*

*Gen.* Disdain not my offering, signor Crichton, simple though it be

*Cri.* The compliment is too flattering to be declined, and too graceful to be unwelcome. Are you one of these colleges.

*Ch.* He is one of the Gelosi, signor Crichton—be not deceived by his honest look.

*Cri.* One of the Gelosi! Ha! now I remember thy features. 'Tis the youth I have seen so oft. Tell me, what may mean that masked figure, whom I have seen for ever hovering nigh in thy walks? [*Gonzago, the Mask appears at the back*] Is it a device of thine own to attract curiosity, young sir?

*Chi.* Ah, is it, young sir?

*Gen.* Have you remarked that mask, signor? I have often thought it was a trick of my own imagination that conjured up this phantom [*Turns and sees the Mask near her.*] See—see! 'Tis there again! [*Covers her eyes. The Mask disappears*







among the crowd—at the same moment Cravanga, an Assassin, dar's forward from the Crowd on the opposite side and strikes at Crichton with his dagger—Genevra throws herself forward and receives the blow on her arm, then staggers into Crichton's arms—Cravanga escapes rapidly.] *112 R.*

*Mob.* (Shouting and following Cravanga) Arrest the murderer! Down with the assassin! Crichton is slain!

*Joy.* By my halidame, the murderer shall not escape! Forward, archers! [Archers, headed by Joyeuse, exit rapidly, leaving Crichton, Genevra, and Chicot on the Stage. Shouts. Crichton binds Genevra's arm with his scarf.]

*Cri.* (Looking off, &c.) They approach the assassin—they seize him! Mort di u! they will tear him to pieces! This must be prevented. We must not stand by, and see murder like this committed. Look to my precious charge, sir Jester. [Draws his sword.] On, Crichton, to the rescue! [Crichton exits rapidly, U. E. L. H.]

*Chi.* I will—I will, gossip; and, by this good sword, I mean—[Draws sword which is of wood.]—to defend—defend myself as long as I can—with my heels—not with my blade, lest it play me false and break—seeing it is of wood! [Shouts, and clashing of swords without.] Wisdom runs in a danger—Folly, runs out! [Chicot exits hastily behind the gateway R.]

*Gen.* (Recovering.) His voice whispered words of kindness on mine ears—his looks breathed tenderness, as his eyes bent towards my features. I dare not trust myself to encounter those loved eyes again, lest I betray my sex. Wretched Genevra! Whither shall I bend my steps? Where can the outcast Geloso find refuge? [The Mask has re-entered during this Speech, and approaches her.]

*Mask.* In my arms! [Seizing her hand.]

*Gen.* (Screaming.) That voice! It is—it must be he!—[Breaks from him] Save me, Crichton—save me? [Rushes off, I E. R. H.]

*Mask.* Again eluded me! Curses on my uncertain grasp! [Mask exits hastily after Genevra—a scream heard without.]

*Gen.* (Without.) Save me! save me!

CRICHTON enters hastily, U. E. L. H. with his sword drawn—he gazes hurriedly round the Stage.

*Cri.* Gone! where is the Geloso? By my hopes, I would give all the laurels I have this day won to have effected that poor youth's deliverance from his foes. 'Tis plain from his cries, and his sudden disappearance that he is placed in fear-

ful jeopardy. [*Shouts without*, "Long live the King!" "Honour to Crichton?"] Curses upon those howling scholars! 'Twere vain to pursue the quest amidst a scene of such confusion! [*Music. Re-enter Scholars, Citizens, Females with Flowers, Archers of the Guards, Cross-bow Men, Doctors of Law, &c. D'EPERON, JOYEUSE, CAPTAIN LARCHANT, Artizans, &c. from all the entrances.*]

*Mob.* The honoured Crichton! [*Flourish*]

*Lar.* Noble Crichton—our king, the good Henri—

*Chi.* (*Peeping his head through the crowd.*) Good for nothing! [*Mob laugh*]

*D'Eper.* Who spoke? varlets!

*Chi.* Folly—n o v r heed it. Merely a word to the wise.

*Joy.* Silence, knave! Your idle jesting pleases not me.

*Chi.* I wonder what does. An a dish of new milk came within reach of your wise face, your very looks would turn it sour! [*Chicot disappears L. II.*]

*Lar.* His gracious majesty doth command your presence this night in the halls of the Louvre—there, midst the nobles of the land, and high born demoiselles, to do all honour to the most renowned scholar and valiant knight, Admirable Crichton.

[*Mob shout. Procession is formed. Girls strew flowers in Crichton's path. Renewed shouts. Music. The Scene is closed in, the Mob crying out, "Long live the King, and honour to Crichton!"*]

## Shouts —

SCENE II—*A Street in Paris. House, I E. L. II. Distant shouts. Enter COSMO RUGGERIS, the Astrologer, hastily, I E. R. II.*

*Rug.* Spirit of Samhelte! can this be? Cravanga's dagger hath failed him; my rival in the paths of honour, lives.— [*Shouts.*] Those unwelcome sounds proclaim his triumph.— Can I have been so long in error? Can the heavenly influences have so deceived their votary? The planets menace me with ill This day—this hour, is pregnant with calamity—within my path stands Crichton; he is the foe by whom I am threatened. One of us must perish! A thick curtain hangs between me and the event. Curses on my own imperfect skill which will enable me to see so far, and no farther; but I may yet ward off the stroke

*Musi.* Enter GENEVRA violently agitated, her hair dishevelled —she runs towards Ruggeris.

*Gen.* Save me, father, from my destroyer! [*Clings to him.*]





*Rug.* What mean you, boy ?

*Gen.* I have no time to give utterance to my story—he is on my track. Protect me from his snares !

*Ru :* Poor youth ! calm your fears I will—I will ! my dwelling shall shield you from present danger—take sanctuary there. [*Points to House, L. H.*]

*Gen.* The saints bless you, father ! [*Kisses his hand, and exits hurriedly into house—her cap falls off*]

*Rug.* (*Starting.*) A woman !

*The MASK enters rapidly, 1 E. R. P.*

*Mask.* (*Aside.*) The bird is snared ! Be not alarmed—I am a friend.

*Rug.* What assurance have I of that ? Your speech, I own, is fair—but your guise and deportment are not calculated to inspire confidence Give me to behold your features, and I will tell you whether or not you are what you represent yourself.

*Mask.* You wrong me by your doubts, father. I repeat I am a friend. That I am well-known to you, you shall have ample assurance presently : before we proceed, I pray you accept this purse as an earnest of my sincerity—it will give you a clearer insight into my character than even the display of my physiognomy. [*Placing a purse in Ruggeris's hand.*]

*Rug.* You have said well, my son ; this is a medium through which I clearly distinguish the false from the true friend. How can I assist you ?

*Mask.* In a word. I love !

*Rug.* Ah ! I understand. You love without requital ?

*Mask.* You have said it.

*Rug.* And would subdue the heart of her for whom you sigh. She shall be your's—I will accomplish it.

*Mask.* Swear to me, father you will do this.

*Rug.* By Orimanis ! Give me the damsel's name—her dwelling.

*Mask.* She is here—in your house.

*Rug.* What ! the youth—the ———

*Mask.* Nay, I know all—plead not ignorance I witnessed the discovery you made.

*Rug.* And—and you love her ?

*Mask.* Love her ! Hear me. You, who are of that fiery land, need not be told with what fierceness we Italians love—With all the ardour of overwhelming passion I pursued this damsel—she was deaf to my prayers, my vows, my intreaties. In vain I used every blandishment, every artifice—all my efforts

were ineffectual. For me she had no heart, no smile, no love she hated me - fled my sight - her disappearance added to my torture—I was frantic! While plunged in despair, I received intelligence that she had flown to Paris - thither I repaired, traced her—saw through her disguise of the vagrant Gelose—haunted her like a shadow in the hope that chance would in the end befriend me. It has befriended me—the moment has arrived—she has fallen into your power: no further obstacle exists.—She is mine!

*Rug.* Take back your purse, signor. I cannot aid you in this matter.

*Mark.* How! have I not your oath?

*Rug.* I knew not what I swore.

*Mask.* 'Tis binding nevertheless; that is, if aught be binding on a conscience supple as your own. What interest can you have in this maiden?

*Rug.* The maiden is nought to me beyond the accidental discovery of her sex, and what you yourself have told me, I am wholly ignorant in all relating to her—but fate has given her my protection; and to violence like your's, I will never betray her. Shame to the grey hairs that deck my brows did I act otherwise! Take back your purse, signor, and trouble me no longer. [*Casts the purse at his feet.*]

*Mask.* Hoary hypocrite! think not to impose upon one who knows thee well as I do, by thy vile pretences. Why should I stoop to solicit when I can command? A word from me—a look—a signal, and thou art plunged within a dungeon, stretched upon a wheel, whence not even Catherine's mighty arm can accomplish thy deliverance!

*Rug.* What if I still refuse compliance?

*Mask.* I denounce you of treasonable practices against the monarch 'neath whose rule you live

*Rug.* (*Starting.*) There lives but one who could thus accuse me, and he——

*Mask.* Stands by your side! [*Raises his mask.*]

*Rug.* The Duke of Mantua! [*Bows low.*] Command me—my life is at your disposal.

*Mask.* I need not the sacrifice. Deliver up the maiden!—yet, stay. I am unattended here. Convey her to a place of refuge. The tower nigh the Hotel de Soissons, whither alone her majesty Catherine de Medicis, and yourself, have access.—There shall she remain concealed.

*Rug.* Noble signor, I will do your bidding.

*Mask.* See that you fail me not. Of all men living, Ruggeris,







thou hast most cause of dread from *me*; and of all agents of iniquity, I have most need of *thee*; therefore art thou safe—but tremble if thou disobeyest me. [*Music. The Mask, exits. Ruggeris bows low and enters House*]

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SCENE III.—*The spacious Saloons of the Louvre. A Magnificent suite of Apartments decorated for a Night Festival and Bal Masque. Music for opening of Scene. Groups of Dancers and Maskers cross from R. H. to L. H., and L. H. to R. H. at the upper part of the Stage. E-CLAIRMONDE crosses, masked.*

Enter KING HENRI, JOYEUSE, D'EPERON and CHICOT, R. H.

*Henri.* (Regarding Esclairmonde.) Joyeuse, can't thou inform me whose lovely face lurks beneath yon violet mask—there, with the train of her majesty, my mother: thou see'st whom I mean?

*Joy.* I do, sire. I own I am puzzled by this fair incognita. I will ascertain the point. [*Esclairmonde disappears at back.*]

*D'Ep.* You appear elevated, sire. Are we to infer that the damsel may plume herself upon a royal conquest?

*Chi.* The damsel hath already made another conquest upon which she has more reason to plume herself.

*Henri.* Ha! thou art in the secret I perceive. Who is the damsel? and which of my gentlemen is her admirer?

*Chi.* All I know may be told in a breath.

*Hen.* Her name?

*Chi.* Esclairmonde, a Huguenot! [*Henri shudders*] the favoured attendant of the Queen Mother.

*Henri.* Our mother hath not used us well in neglecting to present the damsel to us. I have yet another question—have a care that thou answerest it not lightly. My rival's name?— [*Advancing to Chicot.*]

*Chi.* (In a loud whisper.) Crichton!

*Henri.* Crichton! the peerless—the admirable! he were indeed a rival to be feared. Joyeuse, say to the Queen, our mother, that we would confer an instant with her, and add our request that her majesty will at the same time take an opportunity of presenting the damoiselle Esclairmonde. [*Joyeuse bows, and exits, C.*] In affairs of gallantry we shall see whether even Crichton can cope with Henri de Valois.

*Chi.* The king's resolved to change places with me, and make a fool of himself! [*Aside.*]

*Re-enter JOYEUSE, C.*

*Joy.* Her Majesty Catherine de Medicis, and the damoi elle Esclairmonde!

*Music* Enter CATHERINE, ESCLAIRMONDE, and Ladies of the Court. *The King bows to Catherine, and approaches Esclairmonde—Catherine joins the Courtiers, who are slowly retiring.*

*Henri.* By Cupidon! belle Esclairmonde, [*Taking her hand.*] we are half disposed to charge our mother with *lege mojesté*, in having so long denied us the gratification we now experience in welcoming to our court the loveliest of our guests.

*Es.* Your majesty attaches more importance to the circumstance than it merits.

*Henri.* In faith, not so, fair damoiselle; beauty ever has a claim upon our attention. You will not refuse me your hand at the banquet?

*Es.* Sire, my hand is at your disposal.

*Henri.* But not your heart?

*Chi.* (*Aside.*) I hope not, poor maid! [*Retires to back.*]

*Es.* My heart is not my own—it is devoted to another.

*Henri.* Mort dieu! you avow it—you love?

*Es.* I said not so, sire. My destiny is a cloister!

*Henri.* (*Smiling*) Is that all? A cloister! no, no—this must never be.

*Es.* Your majesty will not oppose heaven's inclinations.

*Henri.* I will not oppose my own. No monastery shall controul so fair a saint as thou while I can hinder it. When your path is strewn with flowers, and when all the chivalry of France with their monarch at their head, are eager to contend for your smiles.

*Es.* My life, my destiny, is at your disposal: but seek not my heart, sire, which is neither mine to bestow nor your's to solicit.

*Henri.* If not your own, to whose keeping have you entrusted the precious prize—nay, you need not answer—I will reply for you. Crichton! Are we wrong?

*Es.* Sire! [*Trembling.*]

*Henri.* Nay, tremble not, child—I betray no confidence; but beware our lady sister—she loves Crichton. Marguerite de Valois will never brook a rival; and can you suffer him you love to be the slave, the minion of another?

*Es.* I knew it not—And does he—does the Seigneur Crichton aspire to her affections?

*Henri.* He has deceived you! revenge is in your power—





the game is in your hands : play off a king against his queen.  
Love me !

*Esc.* Your majesty will excuse my answering that question.

*Henri.* (*Haughtily*) As you please. This is neither time nor place to enforce a reply. Now, mark me—as yet I have approached you as a humble suitor, desirous, in that capacity, to win your regard. I now resume the king, and will remind you that you are my subject—that your life, your liberty, your person are at my disposal. If my measures appear harsh, you must thank your own perversity. Obedience is all I require. On the one hand you will weigh my favour, my protection, my love—on the other, Crichton, infidelity, a cloister, perchance a darker doom. Make your own election. After the banquet I shall expect your answer. Resume your mask, and maintain your composure. Not a word of our converse to Crichton, when he appears at our revels. [*Esclairmonde resumes her mask. Chicot re-enters, approaches the King and whispers to him.*]

*Chi.* News—rare news, gossip!

*Henri.* What brings thee hither, sirrah!

*Chi.* That which you own little of—honesty, and a love of truth. News—rare news!

*Henri.* Good or bad?

*Chi.* Bad to you—good to your partner.

*Henri.* Bah! This jesting is ill-timed.

*C.* Then it is in keeping with your majesty's love making——

*Henri.* Be silent, sirrah! or say what brings you hither?

*Chi.* The Scot has arrived—Crichton the Admirable. I took the precaution to warn your majesty of his approach, as I would a friend of a jealous husband's return.

*Esc.* (*Aside*) He here! May I crave your permission to retire, sir?

*Henri.* By no means. We would not deprive you of the pleasure of witnessing our interview with this phoenix of school men. Admit him to our presence. [*Exit Chicot.*] *Messeigneurs*, approach! [*All the Courtiers advance—Catherine and Ladies come forward.*] The victor of the school's is at hand. Joyeuse bid her Majesty of Navarre attend upon us. [*Exit Joyeuse.*] We would welcome the Admirable Crichton as a king should welcome him! [*Sits himself on throne.*]

*Flourish*

*Flourish.* CRICHTON appears at the back—Chicot following—  
Marguerite appears immediately after—Crichton bows lowly to the King.]

*Trumpets*

*Henri.* Welcome, seigneur Crichton, to the halls of the Louvre! It is not often it falls to a king's lot to number a scholar amongst his courtiers. By our lady! we are envious of your high merit, and must dub thee our own true knight.

*Cri.* Sire, your favour overwhelms——

*Hen.* Tut! Our conduct after all may not be so disinterested as at first sight it would appear. We may require a service at your hands

*Cri.* You have but to name it, sire, and I swear by St. Andrew, it is yours!

*Henri.* We may ask too much.

*Cri.* Ask my life—'tis your's, sire!

*Henri.* We may ask more.

*Chi.* That's modest!

*Cri.* Your majesty can ask nothing that I will not attempt.

*Henri.* Nothing you will refuse?

*Cri.* Nothing, by my sword!

*Chi.* Bid him swallow it, sire—ha, ha!

*Henri.* Enough—we are content. We will no longer detain our guests. This audience must be dull work to them. [*Music. Maskers, Lords, Ladies, Henri, Crichton, Esclairmonde, and all promenade, and then exit at different entrances, except Chicot. Catherine, with Ruggeris, enters at the back, and comes forward.*]

*Chi.* (*Perceiving their approach*) There's mischief hatching—a woman and a conjuror—they only want the devil to make the thing complete. I'll play the eaves-dropper—Folly ever loves mischief. [*Conceals himself to listen.*]

*Cath.* And this Venetian beggar-girl—this Gelose, is in your custody—close prisoner in the tower of our hotel? 'Tis well—keep her there; her captivity may serve us with the haughty Mantua, and bind him more firmly to us. Knows the Scot aught of her concealment?

*Rug.* No, your majesty.

*Chi.* (*Aside, and peeping.*) But he soon shall your majesty.

*Rug.* Or of her true sex? He still believes his deliverer from the assassin's hand, a boy?

*Chi.* Does he? then he sha'n't think so long, Master Greybeard

*Cath.* Should he discover it, and seek by his presumption to thwart our measures, we must find means to remove him.

*Chi.* To the grave! a dagger, or a rope!

*Cath.* We will be prepared for every mischance. Give me the phial thou hast ever with thee.







*Chi.* (*Aside.*) Poison—ugh! [*Shudders.*]

*Rug.* This will speedily quiet him! [*Gives phial*]

*Chi.* I should think it would.

*Cath.* Now, give me the key of thy inner chamber in the Turret. I must see the mask to-night, and instruct him how to come hither unperceived by the subterranean passage from the Hotel de Soissons.

*Rug.* The key is here. [*Gives key.*] Your Highness's commands shall be obeyed. [*Catherine beckons Ruggeris, and they exit at back in conference*]

*Chi.* (*Advancing.*) And your devilish schemes circumvented! Now to apprize Crichton of his danger. And the boy's a girl. Oh, why didn't I find it out before? Fool! fool! [*Exit at the back*]

*Re-enter HENRI and ESCLAIRMONDE, hastily, 2 E. R. H.*

*Henri.* Nay, damoiselle—I will not have thee quit my sight. Crichton and Marguerite are approaching. You shall now be satisfied of your lover's perfidy! [*Leads her behind screen.*] Escape is now impossible. [*Conceals himself and Esclairmonde.*] *Enter CRICHTON and MARGUERITE at the back in converse: they come forward.*

*Mar.* (*L.*) Crichton! mon beau chevalier! why are you silent? amid the prying assemblage we have quitted it were well to observe such caution, but here alone—unheard—unseen—this reserve is needless.

*Cri* How can I repay this devotion? I am unworthy of this solicitude.

*Henri.* (*Aside to Esclairmonde.*) Do you note their looks?

*Es.* (*Aside.*) I do. I do!

*Mar.* You no longer love. Have I a rival, Crichton? Oh, if I have, let her avoid my presence.

*Cri* Calm yourself, my queen—banish these idle fancies.

*Mar.* Are they fancies—are they idle? Call to mind your attentions to the demoiselle Esclairmonde. She is at the fete to-night.

*Cri* I did not observe her.

*Mar.* She was at no great distance from you.

*Cri* With the Queen your mother?

*Mar.* No, with the King, my brother!

*Cri.* With *him*—the violet mask!

*Mar.* You have guessed shrewdly.

*Cri.* And she remained with the king when he quitted the Grand Saloon?

*Mar.* She did remain with him; since she tendered her hand

to the king, he has never quitted it. He has already made no inconsiderable progress in her affections. Henri loves her!

*Cri.* Marguerite, I implore of you to return to the banquet.

*Mar.* (*Anxiously.*) Crichton, you love this girl!

*Cri.* I would save her from dishonour—have pity on her youth, her innocence—she is unfriended—a'one! Be to her a preserver, my gracious queen! You know what Henri's love is—that he spares nought to gratify his desires. Save her—save her! [*Esclairmonde screams and rushes forward to Crichton, followed by Henri. Chord and Picture.*]

*Es.* To your protection I commit myself. I am your's for ever! I tremble no longer to avow my love.

*Cri.* And with my life will I defend you! [*Clasping her to his heart.*]

*Henri.* Chevalier Crichton, we thank you for your good opinion of ourselves. We thank you also for your kind intentions in respect to Esclairmonde, the which she holds entirely needless. Need we remind you of your voluntary proffer of obedience to our wishes. You've sworn upon your sword to refuse us nothing.

*Cri.* What, what do you demand, sire?

*Henri.* Possession of his damsel.

*Es.* No no—kill me rather than yield me to him.

*Henri.* (*Coldly.*) I have his word.

*Cri.* He has—he has? Take back your honours, sire, if they are to be bought by this sacrifice! Take my life, but do not extort the fulfilment of a rash promise.

*Es.* Your word is past—you cannot protect me.

*Cri.* My arm is paralyzed! [*Turns up.*]

*Henri.* (*Crosses to Esclairmonde, and goes up centre with her.*) Chevalier Crichton, we are really sorry for your disappointment—your situation is mortifying; but give yourself no further uneasiness. We will answer for the lady's safety!

*Cri.* (*L.*) Will you answer for her honour, sire?

*Henri.* (*Coughs.*) Hem! [*Turns away with Esclairmonde and Marguerite—he sits on throne—Esclairmonde and Marguerite sit on each side of him.*]

*Chicot.* (*Appears in flat.*) I see it has turned out precisely as I anticipated. No good ever comes of making love to two women at the same time. [*Approaches Crichton, and whispers.*] Listen—take a fool's advice. [*Chicot and Crichton whisper apart.*]

*Re-enter CATHERINE, RUGGERIS, and all the Courtiers.—*  
*Catherine and Ruggeris come forward.*

*Cath.* (*To Rug.*) See that all my plans are executed. [*To*





Marguerite.] Daughter, we have sought you throughout the Grand Saloon. Why do we find you here, and thus attended? [To Rug] You have our leave to depart. [Ruggeris bows, and is leaving, when Crichton stands forward.]

Cri. Hold! before you quit his Majesty's presence, I proclaim you traitor and base betrayer of female innocence!

Henri. What mean you?

Cri. I have certain information that he has cruelly betrayed a helpless maiden—who in boy's attire this day saved my life—into the power of her enemy. Nay, fiend not madame—she is now his prisoner in the Turret Tower. I demand her at his hands. [Touches his sword.]

Cath. (Crosses to L) Now, by our lady, this insolence passeth all endurance! Ruggeris is innocent of this charge.

Rug. Give me time, and I will satisfy your majesty.

Cri. Villain! you find I am too well acquainted with your crimes. Would I could confront you with the same mask—he that aided you in your treachery. Would he were here.

*The MASK at this moment enters at back.*

Mask. He is here! [Chord.]

Henri. As we live, our mask in person.

Chi (Aside.) Talk of the devil, and ——

Mask. The charge you have brought against Ruggeris is false, unfounded and malicious; and on avowing it to be such, I here defy you, [Casting down his gauntlet] King of France, [Kneeling.] I beseech you to grant me the right of combat as Ruggeris's voluntary champion against this Scot!

Cath. You cannot refuse the appeal.

Cri. I accept your challenge; and I counsel you, sir, not to throw aside your mask when you draw your blade in a cause so infamous and debasing! [Casts down his glove.]

Henri. Bravely spoken! Let the combat take place in two days from this, at noon, within the Hall of Arms, where ourselves and our immediate followers will attend. And now, seigneur, suffer me to say——[Turning to Mask] Mort dieu! vanished, [The Mask has disappeared.] Bend thy knee, chevalier—[To Crichton] You shall wear your spurs ere you enter the lists. From our hands receive the honour of knighthood. [Aside to him.] This will atone to thee for the loss of thy mistress. [Aloud.] In the name of our lord and patron Saint Denis, we create thee, James Crichton, Knight Commander of the Holy and Honourable Order of the Saint Esprit! [Crichton kneels—Henri places a collar of jewels on his neck, which he

removes from his own, and strikes him with his sword twice on the shoulder. *Grand Flourish.*]

*Henri.* And now to our revels. [*The Cotillon is performed by the Characters, at the end of which the Act D op descends.*]

*Flourish Act to Descend*  
END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Pavilion, richly ornamented and emblazoned. Armour scattered about Scene. Gilded Couch, and covered Table.*

CRICHTON discovered reclining on Couch—Pages attending preparing arms—Sentinel pacing at the back.

*Cri.* Let my arms be well furnished for the field. By the Cross of Saint Andrew, this felon-mask shall bite the dust! the wrongs of Genevra will nerve my arm to the deed. [*A trumpet sounds.*] See who waits. [*A Page exits.*] Beloved Esclairmonde, why does my rash vow keep me from you?

*Re-enter Page. Rtt*

*Page.* Her Majesty the Queen Mother.

*Flourish.* ~~Enter a body of Guards and Ladies, then~~ CATHERINE DE MEDICIS.

*Cath.* (*Waving her hand to Attendants.*) Leave us! [*They retire.*] Our presence occasions you surprise, we perceive—nor will it be diminished when you learn the motive that has brought us hither. You have nothing to apprehend from us: we pledge our royal word that we come hither to confer in amity. [*Crichton bows.*] We understand each other.

*Cri.* We do, madame!

*Cath.* Why should we not act in unison when our interests require it? Valour, it seems, is your inheritance. We rejoice to learn that you are of regal blood—a descendant of bold John of Buchan. Why should you not tread in his steps? Why should not your hand grasp the marshal's baton? Why should not the hand of a princess—why should not the lovely Esclairmonde, Princess of Conde, be your's?

*Cri.* No more, I pray you, madam—tempt me not. Even in my wildest dreams my aspirations never soared so high. A Marshal of France!

*Cath.* Her leader—her legions beneath your command

*Cri.* Her legions? Ha! by Saint Andrew, I see them rise round me. I see her fierce and fiery bands pour like a tide







upon the plain. I see her chivalry which Bayard led—Mont-joyce ! Saint Denis ! I hear their battle cry.

*Cath.* The baton of France, the hand of Esclairmonde, Princess of Conde, for such she really is, are your's on certain conditions.

*Cri.* Name them—name them !

*Cath.* Pledge me your knightly word, that whether or not you accept the terms we are about to propose, your lips shall reveal no syllable we may utter. Have we your word ?

*Cri.* You have. Your conditions are——

*Cath.* The dethronement of Henri, and the placing his crown on my youngest son's, the Duc de Anjou's head.

*Cri.* Great heaven !

*Cath.* Anjou is now in Paris—all goes well for us. We have the gold of Spain, the swords of Switzerland and Scotland, for the guards are our's, and but await the signal to declare themselves—that signal will be given to-night.

*Cri.* And Henri ? What of the king, your son——

*Cath.* He must die ! our safety requires it. He refuses to follow our councils, to acknowledge our supremacy. We reign through our son's—if not through Henri, we must through Anjou !

*Cri.* Can a mother say this ?

*Cath.* Hear me. By midnight all will be in readiness ; ere that hour arrives the leaders of Anjou's faction will be in the Louvre, they will deal with Joyeuse, D'Eperon, and Saint Luc—the Duc de Nevres is our's already. Henri alone remains, and he——

*Cri.* Well, madam !

*Cath.* Is reserved for your hand.

*Cri.* (*Starting.*) For mine !

*Cath.* We have prevailed upon him to defer the chivalrous tournament, in which he takes part, till midnight. Amid the conflict, his hand will seek your's—couch, then, your sharpened spear. Cry—"live Francois, the Third !" and strike. We know too well the force of your arm to doubt the fatal issue of the blow. That cry—that deadly stroke, will be the signal to Anjou and our party—Henri's adherents will be exterminated, and his crown will be his brother's.

*Cri.* Think you I am an assassin, that you propose to me a deed from which even the ruthless bravo of your native Italy would shrink aghast !

*Cath.* If we propose a dark deed, we offer proportionate reward. [*Drawing from her escabelle a small roll of parchment.*] Here is your appointment.

*Cri.* It bears no date.

*Cath.* It will be ratified to-night. [*Placing it on table.*] Behold the royal signet! behold your title as Marshal of France. Your answer?

*Cri.* Is this. [*Cutting it in pieces with his poignard.*] Thus I trample on the price of my dishonour!

*Cath.* Braggart! you shall learn anon whose wrath you have provoked!

*Cri.* Threat for threat, madame: in me you may find a formidable enemy.

*Cath.* You dare not betray our confidence.—Your knightly word is passed.

*Cri.* It is: my lips are sealed.

*Cath.* See that you keep your word. Remember I am an inexorable enemy, and as unalterable a friend. It is for you now to determine in which light we must henceforth be considered. A word ere we part. In Henri you have a rival—he loves the Princess Esclairmonde.

*Cri.* 'Tis well known to me.

*Cath.* To-night she is his, or your's.

*Cri.* His she shall never be!

*Cath.* Then you must accept our terms. Once more. Your answer.

*Cri.* It shall be delivered at the Jousts.

*Cath.* Our confidence in the mean time is——

*Cri.* Sacred! I swear it.

*Cath.* Farewell, Sir Scot! after the tournament we shall expect you within the Royal Gallery to hail Anjou as King! Be resolute. Glory and the Queen of Beauty is the prize!

*Cri.* What a scheme of villainy has this wily Italian revealed. Murder her own child! Cruel, unfeeling woman! How shall I counteract her vile plot? my lips are sworn to secrecy. Ha! Ruggeris, the Astrologer, he is deeply in her confidence—I will carry him before the king—to save his own accursed life gladly will he reveal all. Not a moment is to be lost in idle conjecture. I'll to the Hotel de Soissons, and drag the rascal forth. What ho! my lance—[*Page re-enters.*] my steed! [*Placing on his helmet—the Page gives lance.*] My gorget—my gauntlets! By Saint Andrew, I'll save the brave Henri, and win his favour or perish! To horse! to horse! [*Crichton exits rapidly followed by Page—Chicot, the Jester slowly raises the cloth on table, and peeps from beneath.*]

*Chi.* I'm almost tired of listening. [*Rises.*] Pretty revela-





tions I have heard. A conspiracy. Kill the king will they? Not while I wear a sword [*Draws a wooden one.*] It would be a praiseworthy act to put Madame Catherine out of the way. What is to be done? I have made no vow to betray her majesty's confidence; and if I had, on an occasion like the present I should not scruple to break it. What is to be done? I ask myself a second time. I am sorely perplexed. If I tell my story who will believe my tale? I shall be laughed at, scoffed and cuffed; and perhaps for getting in the way, be put out of the way myself—the common fate of meddlers. I have it. Instead of doing, I'll do nothing but abide the issue of the tournament, then confer with the Scot, whom heaven send scot free from this she-wolf of France. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Handsome Apartment in the King's Closet in the Louvre. Door in Flat. A candelabra behind the Door.*

*Music. Enter DE JOYEUSE and D'EPERON, I E. R. H. laughing.*

*Joy* Ha, ha! by our halidame, the king is more deeply smitten than ever! He is most constant in his pursuit of the fair Esclairmonde; whilst the poor damsel shrinks from his royal gaze like the stricken deer from the hunter's barb.

*D'Ep.* This new amour usurps even the glories of the coming tourney in Henri's thoughts. Every moment is devoted to this demoiselle.

*Joy* A new toy, my lord baron—a new toy! Once possessed, it soon becomes wortbless. The Valois ever loves change. The Queen Mother awaits us. We must attend her pleasure in the oratory. [*Exit R. H.*]

*CHICOT peeps on, D. F.*

*Chi.* Nobody here? or nothing? [*Advances on Stage*] No! [*Gazes round Apartment.*]—for I'm nobody, and nobody's nothing. What a guardian of public morals I am—the protector of female virtue! I came here to serve the king, but now, by my cap and bells, I'll serve him out, for his wicked pursuit of the fair Esclairmonde. I saw her endeavouring to escape from his attentions as I came hither. She fled towards this closet, which I reached first, by a secret staircase. Pretty ladybird! the fowler shall not snare you. I'll catch the kingfisher in his own net! I know Henri's superstitious mind. He is credulous as brave, and lives in constant terrors of the powers of darkness. To save the damsel I'll conjure up the spirits of

the deep—and to save him *from*, I'll play the Devil with him !  
 [Conceals himself at Wing, L. H.]

*Music.* ESCLAIRMONDE enters hurriedly, R. H.

*Es.* I have at length eluded the persecuting attentions of the king ! Crichton, why does your rash promise leave me thus unprotected ? I cannot endure it ! I will quit this palace—this city, on the morrow. One tie alone can detain me, if I am free from this hateful bondage, and that is——

*Enter HENRI, R. H.*

*Henri.* Henri de Valois ! Why do you ever seek to avoid our presence, *ma belle* ? We ourselves intend to break a lance in your behalf at the tournament, and here appoint you Queen of the Lists—the peerless Queen of Beauty ! Yes, we ourselves will enter the barriers, which we will have appointed with more than usual magnificence.

*Es.* Permit me to rejoin the suite of her majesty, the queen———[*Going.*]

*Henri.* Nay, fair demoiselle, by our crown, we are peremptory ! You must give ear to our humble suit for a time. We take no refusal. We have a feeling of such unwonted exhilaration in our hearts, our respirations are all for Esclairmonde. The hour wears. I love you—you must remain with me. [*He struggles with her—she endeavours to gain the doors—as she approaches them, Chicot appears and extinguishes the light—the Stage becomes quite dark—she escapes through D. F. Chicot comes out, and comes to L. corner.*] Diable ! the lights extinguish'd ! She may elude me after all !

*Chi.* She shall, and I have any wisdom. When kings play the fool, 'tis time for fools to play the king :

*Henri.* (*Feeling for the door.*) The doors are closed !

*Chi.* (*In a gruff, solemn voice.*) Henri de Valois !

*Henri.* (*Trembling vio'ently.*) Those are not the tones of Esclairmonde !

*Chi.* You must reform—you are a sinner !

*Henri.* I was born in sin———

*Chi.* I know it—or the memory of Fernelius hath been scandalously calumniated. I am his spirit, sent to torment you. Oh—oh—oh !

*Henri.* Fernelius ! Unhappy being ! I will have masses said for thee, so thou wilt no more perplex me.

*Chi.* Thou must do more.

*Henri.* I will do anything.

*Chi.* Cherish thy jester, Chicot.

*Henri.* I will—as my brother !







*Chi.* No, not as thy brother, but as thyself—or, [*Groans*]—  
I'll —

*Henri.* I will.

*Chi.* Deny him nothing—let him have everything he asks for.

*Henri.* I will!

*Chi.* And more, if he wants it. Give up the virtuous  
Esclairmonde, or—[*Groans.*]

*Henri.* Never! Sooner than that, I will incur——[*Chicot coughs and laughs.*] Ha? Diable! a ghost indulge in merriment? This is some trick!

*Chi.* (*Aside*) I know it! [*Crouches in corner of Stage, covering himself over with cloak—one leg left exposed.*]

*Henri.* Who is't? Speak, I charge you! Ha—have we traitors here? This is no ghost—no Fernelius! What ho—lights—lights! [*Applies a small silver whistle to his mouth.*]

JOYEUSE, D'EPERON, and Attendants rush on I. E. R. H., with  
lights.

*Joy.* Your majesty——

*Henri.* We have been duped—deceived! Some cozening knave hath dared to affright our ears, and put our courage in grievous jeopardy.

*D'Ep.* No one could have passed the closet—the doors were fast.

*Joy.* (*Dragging forth Chicot by the leg*) Here, sire—here he is.

*Chi.* Doctor Fernelius—pardon—pardon!

*Henri.* Thou, Fernelius?

*Chi.* The same. You promised the worthy doctor to c e e ish me as yourself.

*Henri.* We are half disposed to send thee to keep Fernelius company. D'Eperon, bid the Chevalier Crichton attend our pleasure in the royal cabinet. [*Aside.*] He shall have no opportunity of encountering Esclairmonde, We would confer of the coming tourney.

*Chi.* Crichton, gossip, hath quitted his pavilion and is by this time studying the stars with that professor of the black art, Ruggeris. There'll be rare work, an he be not interrupted.

*Henri.* Joyeuse, go with thy followers to the Hotel de Soissons, and if thou encounterest this wayward Crichton, or his antagonist, our sable mask, within its walls place both under arrest till after the tourney. Should they meet, this mad brained Scot will spoil all by his impetuosity.

*Chi.* True—and there'll be throat cutting before the time.

*Henri.* To horse! Lose not a moment on the way. [*Music. All exit 1 E. R. H. but Henri and Chicot, who are following.*]

*Chi.* Your gracious majesty —

*Henri.* Well, coquin?

*Chi.* Don't forget—[*In a grave tone*]—the doctor! [*Exit after Henri, L. H. laughing.*]

SCENE III.—*The Hotel de Soisons. Door piece in R, and L. H. entrances.*

*Enter the DUKE, GONZAGO, and ANDREANI, R. H. D.*

*Gon.* See that my armour [*Pacing the Stage rapidly.*] be prepared for the lists—my Milan corslet and casque, and bring me a bowl of wine. Would that this Scot, this Crichton's life, was at my disposal—I would stab him to the heart, for 'tis too evident Genevra loves him. Where is the girl?

*And.* In the Turret chamber, my lord,—she sleeps soundly. I took this poignard from her bosom: the bee is now without its sting [*Shews a small poignard.*]

*Gon.* Await my return within this chamber, and on your life let none approach, more especially this Ruggieris, whom I am now expecting. [*Exit, D. 2 E. L. H. Andreani bars the door on Stage.*]

*And.* (*Coming forward.*) I have done good service to the noble, and may count on rich reward. Love is ever the key to the rich man's purse. [*A knock at D. 2 E. R. H.*]

*Ruggieris.* (*Without.*) I would see the Prince Gonzago!

*And.* Diavolo! the old astrologer. [*Opens door, 2 E. R. H. RUGGERIS enters, hastily.*]

*Rug.* Where is the prince? is he not here? Conduct me to him—my errand is of life and death, and will not brook delay!

*And.* His highness cannot be spoken with this moment.

*Rug.* And wherefore not?

*And.* Because he is———[*Genevra screams without, L. H.*]

*Rug.* That cry!

*And.* (*Smiling*) Is the Gelose.

*Rug.* Death! dishonour! Why conceal this from me?—I might have lent her aid.

*And.* You?

*Rug.* Yes, I—her father. She is my long lost child—this precious token, [*Shews a small miniature.*] left in my dwelling, reveals the secret of her birth. I treat you, lead me to her.





*And.* It is too late.

*Rug.* Not to avenge her! [*Rushing to door, L. II.*] My child! my child! I am near thee. I will help—avenge thee! [*Endeavours to reach door.*]

*And.* [*Placing himself before the door, and drawing his sword.*] Back—back, old man! you must not enter here.

*Rug.* Can you, will you keep a father from his child, and that child in a libertine's power? Let me pass.

*And.* Never! I must perform my duty.

*Rug.* Man, man, what is your duty to heaven? I will have my child! [*Music—He rushes towards Andreani, who throws him off, and raises his sword to strike him as he falls—CRICHTON rushes on 2 E. R. H. and receives the blade on his sword. Picture.*]

*Cri.* Shame! shame! would you strike grey hairs?— [*Andreani rushes off, 1 E. L. H.*] By St. Andrew this is fortunate I came to seek for you. Up and attend me to the Louvre.

*Rug.* I will readily attend you, even to the stake, if you will first aid me to deliver the hapless maiden who saved your life, from worse than death: dishonour!

*Cri.* Geneva—what of her? Wretch, hast thou betrayed her to infamy? Where is she?

*Rug.* In that chamber.

*Cri.* Ha! follow me. [*Rushes to D. 2 E. L. H.*]

*Rug.* The doors are firmly barred!

*Cri.* Each moment is fraught with danger! [*A scream heard without, L. II.*] Assist me! [*Batters at door.*] I cannot burst it, the door is of iron strength. Give me thy poignard—quick, quick! [*Music—Crichton wrenches the door open with the poignard—Genevra rushes out—her dress disordered—hair dishevelled.*]

*Gen.* Save me! save me! [*Rushes to Crichton, and falls on his neck.*]

*Cri.* Fear nothing, Geneva, I am by your side.

*Rug.* You are in safety, my child—no further ill can befall you. [*Genevra shudders, and looks wildly round.*] Speak to me! Alas! her senses are gone.

*Gen.* No, no, I am not mad—would I were so: misery like mine finds no refuge in madness. I know thee well, you promised to protect me, and cruelly gave me up to the ruthless Mantua.

*Rug.* I am thy father, Geneva!

*Gen.* Thou? Then have you brought me to shame. No no, you are not my father—it cannot be!

*Rug.* My child ! my child !

*Gen.* If you are my father, set me free. Stab me, Crichton—I loved thee without hope—now, 'tis bliss to die in thy arms !

*Cri.* Sweet girl, in me you shall ever find a brother,

*Gen.* (*Wildly.*) Let us go—let us quit this place.

*Rug.* Whither would'st thou go ? thou hast no friend on earth save thy father.

*Gen.* (*Faintly.*) 'Tis false ! I have one here, here—he will not abandon me. You are leagued with that remorseless prince. [*To Crichton.*] Do not abandon me again.

*Cri.* Genevra, the duke shall bitterly atone to me for your injuries—his blood shall wash out the wrong he hath done you : this good sword shall redress you.

*Rug.* And I will to the Louvre—to the king ! I will reveal all to him, and make such revelations as shall ensure the downfall of Catherine, and this accursed wretch ! Doubt me not, seigneur. I have my child to avenge. I will terribly avenge her !

ANDREANI *rushes on, R. H. with Guards.*

*And.* Ha ! chevalier advance. I demand the restitution of that maiden.

*Cri.* Ha ! Saint Andrew ! I charge you, men, in the king's name, to lay down your arms.

*And.* In the Queen's name, stand firm ! [*Music—momentary scuffle—Genevra is stabbed accidentally by Andreani, and falls—instantaneous pause.*]

*Gen.* Crichton ! [*Dies while breathing his name.*]

*Cri.* She is dead ! Back, murderous dogs ! Aid me, old man ! [*Rushing towards Andreani.*]

*Rug.* It is in vain—I have lost my child, but I will help you to vengeance. To the Louvre ! to the Louvre ! [*As he is rushing off, the Scene closes on the picture* ]

#### SCENE IV.—*The Cabinet of the King.*

*Enter CATHARINE DE MEDICIS and the DUKE GONZAGO, [Armed for the Lists, in conversation, I E. L. H.]*

*Cath.* And dared he to to use threats towards us, my lord duke ?

*Gon.* Even so, your majesty. Ruggeris fled from the Hotel, seeking Henri's presence in the Louvre, and breathing vengeance. I came hither with lightning's speed to warn you.







*Cath* This meeting must be prevented, lest the fool's babbling spoil our plot. Difficulties already rise to stay its fulfilment, without this dog's interference. Anjou relents, and has quitted the palace without striking a blow. Apprehensive of discovery he fled.

*Gon* Then, is our plot defeated.

*Cath*. Not utterly. What Anjou dared not do, I will execute, alone.

*Gon*. You, madam?

*Cath*. Yes, failing in my attempts upon the honesty of our incorruptible Scot, I have found a hand as sure as his, and less reluctant: your Italian attendant, Andreani. Hold your partizans in readiness. Henri dies within this very hour.

*Gon*. And your majesty can fully rely upon this new instrument of your will?

*Cath*. Fully. He is an Italian, you have well accustomed him to the use of the stiletto. He is now in attendance, posted behind yonder arras; as the king passes he will strike the blow. You away to the lists, lest suspicion falls upon your absence.

*Gon*. And the signal?

*Cath*. When I quit this chamber, Andreani will strike. Henri approaches, we must separate—be vigilant.

[Gonzago exits, 1 E. R. H., as HENRI enters, 1 E. L. H.]

*Henri*. We cry your mercy, madam, for this intrusion, but why does our cousin of Mantua avoid our presence. We would speak to him of his captive, the Geloso.

*Cath* He is busied in preparation for the jousts. How is it, my son, you have withdrawn from the chivalrous spectacle to which you looked forward with so much pleasure.

*Henri*. Par la mort dieu, madam, [with raillery] the tilt-yard is not the theatre for our display. The lists are unlucky to our race; we remember our father's fate, and shall in future avoid the lance.

*Cath*, (Aside.) Has the Scot dared betray us. We will await your majesty's presence in the hall of arms. [As she exits, she exchanges signals with Andreani, who partially emerges from his concealment, muffled in a large mantle.]

*Henri*. We shall attend your majesty. Had we entertained doubts as to the origin of the fair princess of Conde, la belle Esclairmonde, the spirit she thus evinced in rejecting our advances would convince us of the Bourbon blood current in her veins. [During Henri's speech Andreina had slowly advanced towards him with his drawn dagger; he raises his arm to strike Henri.]

*And.* This to thy heart, tyrant. [*Crichton rushes on at back, seizes Andreani's hand, and wrests the pignard from him. Henri draws his sword.*]

*Cri.* Help! help! The king's life's in danger! Dog, this shall reward your treason. [*Joyeuse, D'Epern on, Larchant, and Archers, enter rapidly at back, with drawn swords.*]

*All.* Slay him, cut him down. [*They rush towards Andreani.*]

*Henri.* Hold! I am unhurt Messieurs. We would question this knave. Speak, dog, who prompted you to seek my life?

*And.* The Prince Gonzago, and her majesty, your mother. [*Gloomily.*]

*Henri.* By St. Dennis, we owe our thanks to our loving mother, and will seek to repay her kindness. The rack shall speak our gratitude to the noble prince. Larchant, see that this varlet be securely guarded. We will examine him in council. Remove him from our sight [*Larchant and Archers remove Andreani. Trumpets sound without*]

*Enter CHICOT, 1 E. R. H.*

*Chi.* The Tournay waits your majesty. The lances are in rest, the swords sharpened, horses anxious, and knights eager for head-breakings and throat cuttings.

*Henri.* We come. [*To attendants.*] Not a word of this attempt, my lords. Crichton, we owe you much—the Queen of Beauty shall speak our thanks. On to the lists. [*Henri exits hastily, 1 E. L. H., with Crichton and the Nobles.*]

*Chi.* Huzza! For honour and glory! cracked heads and broken crowns. [*Exit, running after the king.*]

*Time to get on for discovery*

SCENE V.—*The Lists and Barriers of the Louvre, prepared for a grand passage of Arms and Tournament, richly decorated with Trophies, Armorial Bearings, Gilded Pavilions &c.; occupying the whole of the stage. Galleries for Spectators, Musicians, &c. A Flourish of Trumpets, shouts of the Populace.*

*The Procession enters from a raised platform, U. E. R. H. in the following order:—They march round the stage, and then form on each side. The Ladies of the Court after having gone round in Procession retire to the back and seat themselves in a gallery prepared for them. The Knights in Armour stand on the steps leading to the same.*

#### ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

Body of Royal Trumpeters, [*mounted.*]—Seigneur Larchant, Captain of body of Royal Halberdiers.—Scholars of





the University.—M<sup>seigneur</sup> Adrian Ambroise.—Rector of the University.—Armed Bowman, Guard Royale.—Maids of Honor to the Queen Mother.—The Queen Mother, Catherine de Medicis.—Pages to the Queen.—Cosmo Ruggieris, the Queen's Astrologer.—Body of Queen's Halberdiers.—Maids of Honor to the Queen Marguerite.—Marguerite de Valois, Consort of Henri Quatre.—Maids of Honor.—Body of Archers of the Royal Guard.—The Vicomte de Joyeuse.—Rene de Viliquier.—Body of Royal Woodsmen.—Abbe de Brantome. Scholars of the University.—Du Halde.—Demoiselle de la Torigni.—Page Attendant.—Demoiselle Francais de Montmorenci.—Page Attendant.—Demoiselle de la Fosseusse.—Page Attendant.—Demoiselle de la Rebriers.—Page Attendant.—Demoiselle Diane de Poitiers.—Page Attendant.—Demoiselle Feronniere.—Page Attendant.—Esclairmonde, the Queen of Beauty.—Maids of Honour.—Banner of the Knight of the Spur.—Man at Arms.—Knight of the Spur.—Banner of the Knight of the Crane.—Man at Arms.—Knight of the Crane.—Banner of the Knight of the Forest.—Man at Arms.—Knight of the Forest.—Banner of the Knight of the Lion's Paw.—Man at Arms.—Knight of the Lion's Paw.—Banner of the Knight of the Lion.—Man at Arms.—Knight of the Lion.—Banner of the Knight of the Stag.—Man at Arms.—Knight of the Stag.—Henri de Valois, King of the Tournament.—Body of Royal Attendants.—Chicot, the King's Jester.—Chicot's Attendants.—Body of Troops.—Grooms.—Townsmen, Citizens, &c.

[After the parties in procession have taken their situations, Henri seats himself on a throne at back, Catherine on his right, Marguerite and Escclairmonde, on his left. CRICHTON and GONZAGO enter the lists. Flourish. Crichton is attended by Pages bearing his shield. Device—a Dragon vert on a silver field. Motto—"Loyal au Mort." Gonzago, a white shield. Device—a Sable Mask. Montjoire, the Herald-at-Arms, gives the signal for the combat by casting down his gauntlets.]

Crich. By our lady, and Saint George! I will approve with my body against your body—the justice of my quarrel: the murdered Gelose cries to me vengeance.

Gon. Enough! By St. Paul, I charge you look to yourself. [They cross their swords—trumpets sound.]

Henri. Hold! Chevalier Crichton, we owe too much you to suffer your life thus rashly to be exposed. Count Joyeuse, arrest Gonzago, Duke of Mantua, our cousin of the

Crichton 101

90

2

Flourish

mask, whom we accuse of treason, and an attempt to subvert our throne. [*Joyeuse and Guards seize Mantua*] Madame, our royal mother, you will also answer to us on the same charge.

*Cath.* At once, and boldly, my son! [*Advancing.*] You are deceived. The sole traitor stands by your side. I will prove Crichton guilty of the crimes you have imputed to me.

*Henri* Shall we summon your Italian bravo, Andreina? support your words—we know you, madame. Let Cosmo Ruggeris stand forth. [*Ruggeris enters the lists, guarded.*]

*Cath.* (*Starting*) What hast thou to advance against me?

*Rug.* That you have conspired against the life of the king, your son, and against his crown; and that the Duke of Mantua is your accomplice. Regard this scroll, your majesty [*Gives scroll.*]

*Henri.* (*Reading scroll.*) This is thine own condemnation! Ruggeris, thou art deeply implicated in this conspiracy against us.

*Rug.* I deny it not: let equal justice be dealt upon all who have betrayed you.

*Henri.* Your doom will be the gallies. For you, madame, we give you leave of absence from France—never return more. Prince of Mantua, your head shall pay the forfeit of your crimes!

*Rug.* Be the task mine—the felon shall fall by my hands. [*Breaks suddenly from Guards, and stabs Gonzago, who falls.*] Geneva, my child, you are avenged! [*Guards seize Rug.*]

*Henri.* Away with him! [*Guards remove Ruggeris.*] Chevalier Crichton, [*Offering his hand to Crichton.*] you are my preserver, and henceforth my brother.

*Cri* Sire!—[*Kissing his hand.*]

*Henri.* I have played the tyrant and the libertine long enough. I will now endeavour to assume the part of a generous monarch. The hand of Esclairmonde, is yours—the lovely Queen of Beauty a besitting reward for Crichton the Admirable, the Mirror of Chivalry! [*Henri joins the hands of Esclairmonde and Crichton—grand flourish—Picture and Curtain.*]

*Flourish*

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