

The White Wolf, or the Lous of Brittainy: A Drama in Five Acts by Kate Lucy Edwards Swayze

Section 1, Pages 1 - 30

This is a play titled "The White Wolf, or the Lous of Brittainy: A Drama in Five Acts" written by Kate Lucy Edwards Swayze. The play includes some stage directions and is part of a collection that consists of four handwritten play scripts.

Creator: Swayze, J. C., Mrs

Date: March 16, 1859

Callnumber: Kate Lucy Edwards Swayze Papers

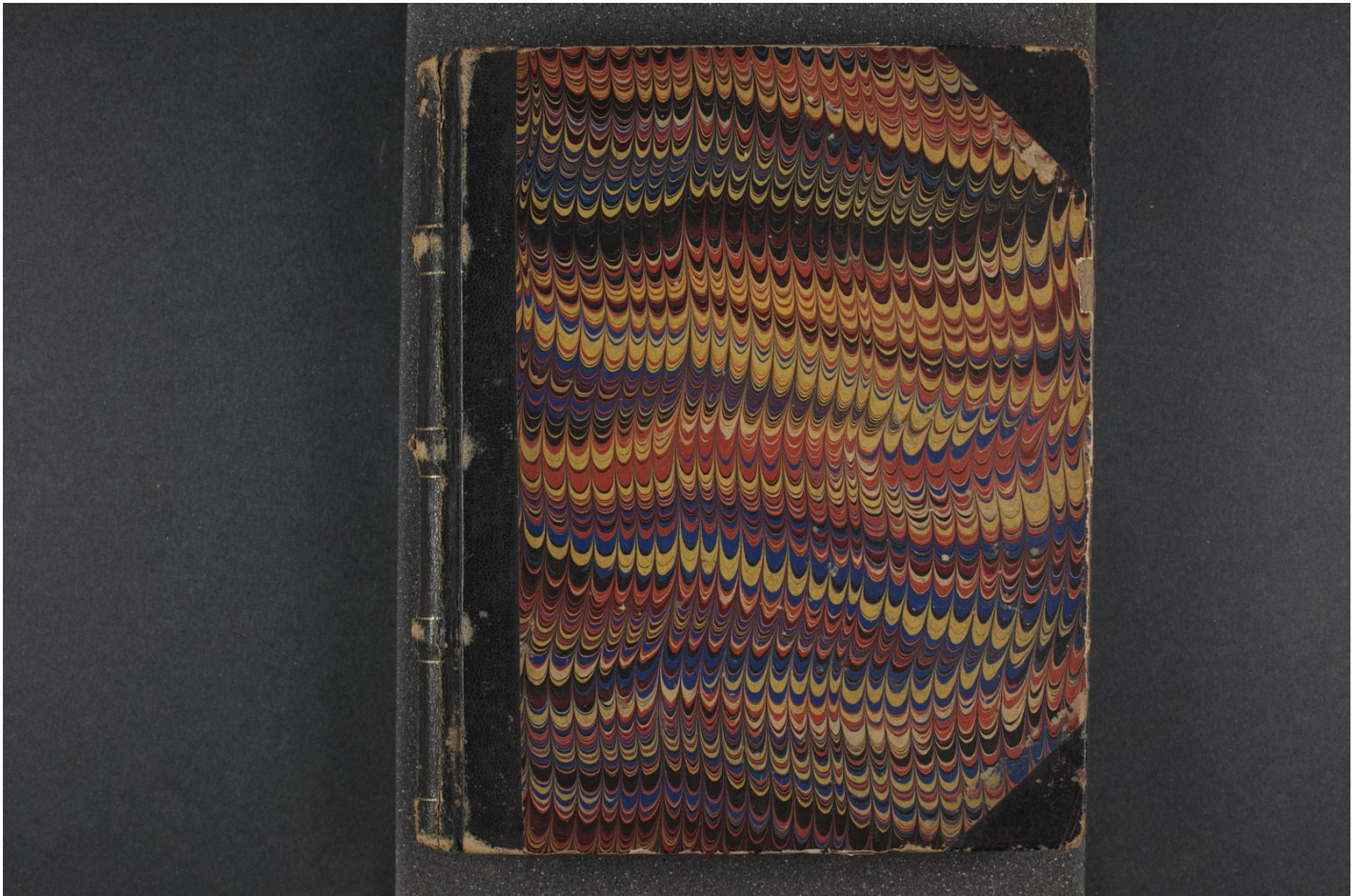
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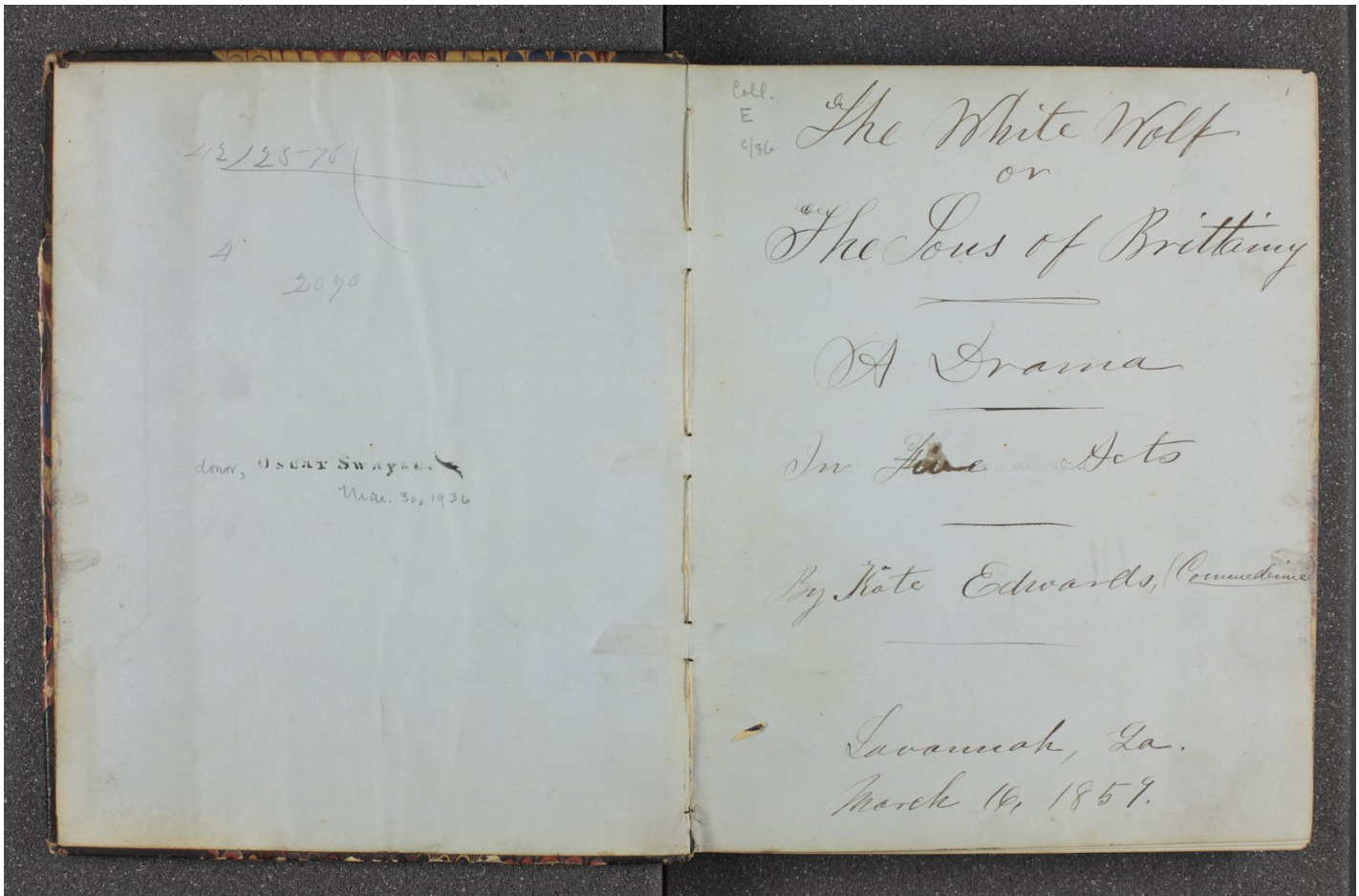
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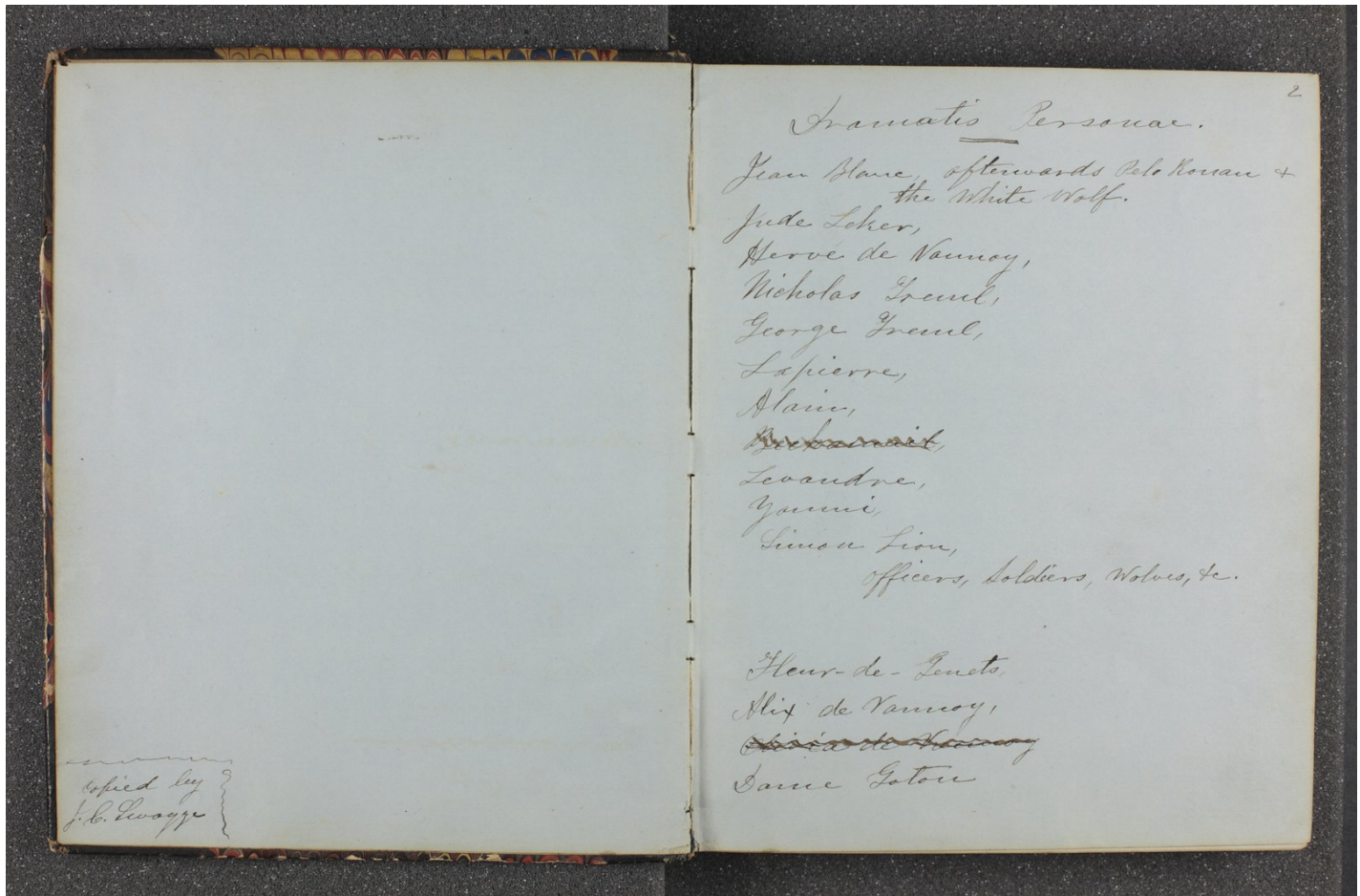
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The Lous of Brittainy. ³

Act = I.

Scene - 1. - Hall of Representations,
Courtiers, and Nobles assembled.

Nicholas Greuil. - Down, down
I lay, with this accursed scourge!
The encroachments of the house of
Bourbon have been borne long
enough! Let us now have laws
that will make us freemen, -

such as our God designed us for!
1st Courtier. - Ha, ha, ha; now -
Sieur de la Greulays has decidedly
lost his mind.

Greuil. - (Walking to L. F. C.) I
thank God that I have only lost
my mind, while Messieurs the
peers have lost their hearts!

(Courtiers all spring to their feet
and draw their swords.)

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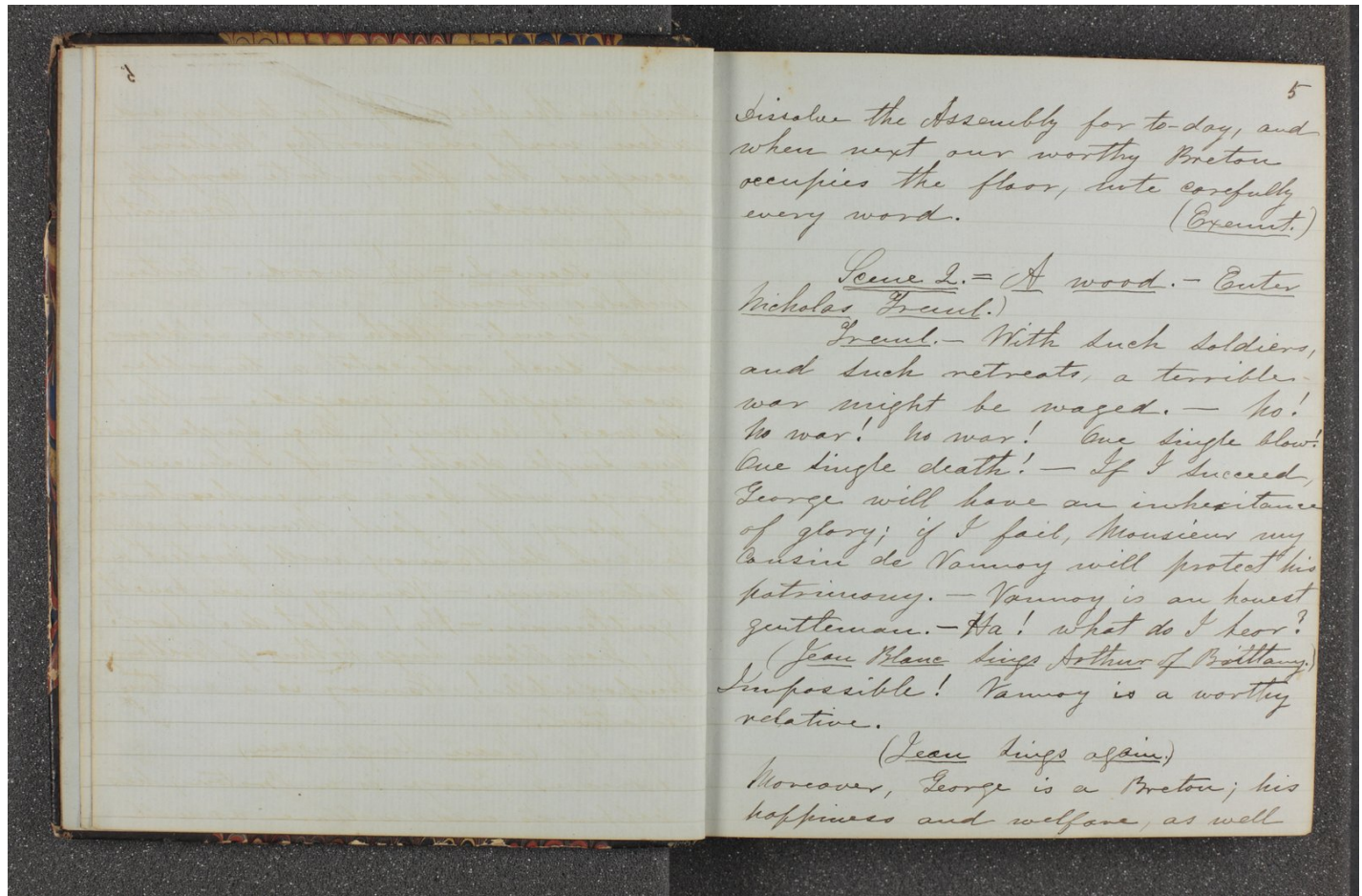
Put up your swords - I too, have
been insulted, and yet I ~~withstand~~^{forgive}.
It is not the blood of a Breton that
will appease my anger. - Farewell
gentlemen! I pray God that your
children may forget their fathers
and remember their grandfathers.
I leave and disown you. You
have laid poor Brittainy in her
tomb - I will stain that tomb
with blood. - When it is too late to
combat, it often happens that there
is time enough left for vengeance!
(Exit.)

1st Countess - Think you, my
lords there's danger in his threats?

2d Countess - Danger! you jest.
'Tis but a childish burst, and from
one of his years, naught else should
be expected.

1st Countess - However, 'tis as
sail to keep a wary eye. - But
come, it is time we had adjourned.

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as his blood, belong to Brittainy. 6

Enter Jean Blanc minutely & seats himself on the ground in front of Lreul.

Lreul. - How is thy father, Jean Blanc?

Jean. - How is thy grand-son, Nicholas Lreul? (Springing to his feet.)

Lreul. - Thou'rt growing insolent, boy - I am too kind to these villains, and it makes them bold. - Out of my way, and never let me catch thee at fault again.

Jean. - Thou'rt in error Mousigneur, thou'rt not too kind towards the poor people, but thou'rt too kind towards others whom thou lovest, and who hate thee.

Lreul. - Peace! Madman!

Jean. - Jean Blanc's father is well. Jean Blanc watched by

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his side yesterday - by his side will
he watch to-morrow. Yesterday
thou didst watch beside George
Grenul - wilt thou watch over
him to-morrow, Mousigneur?

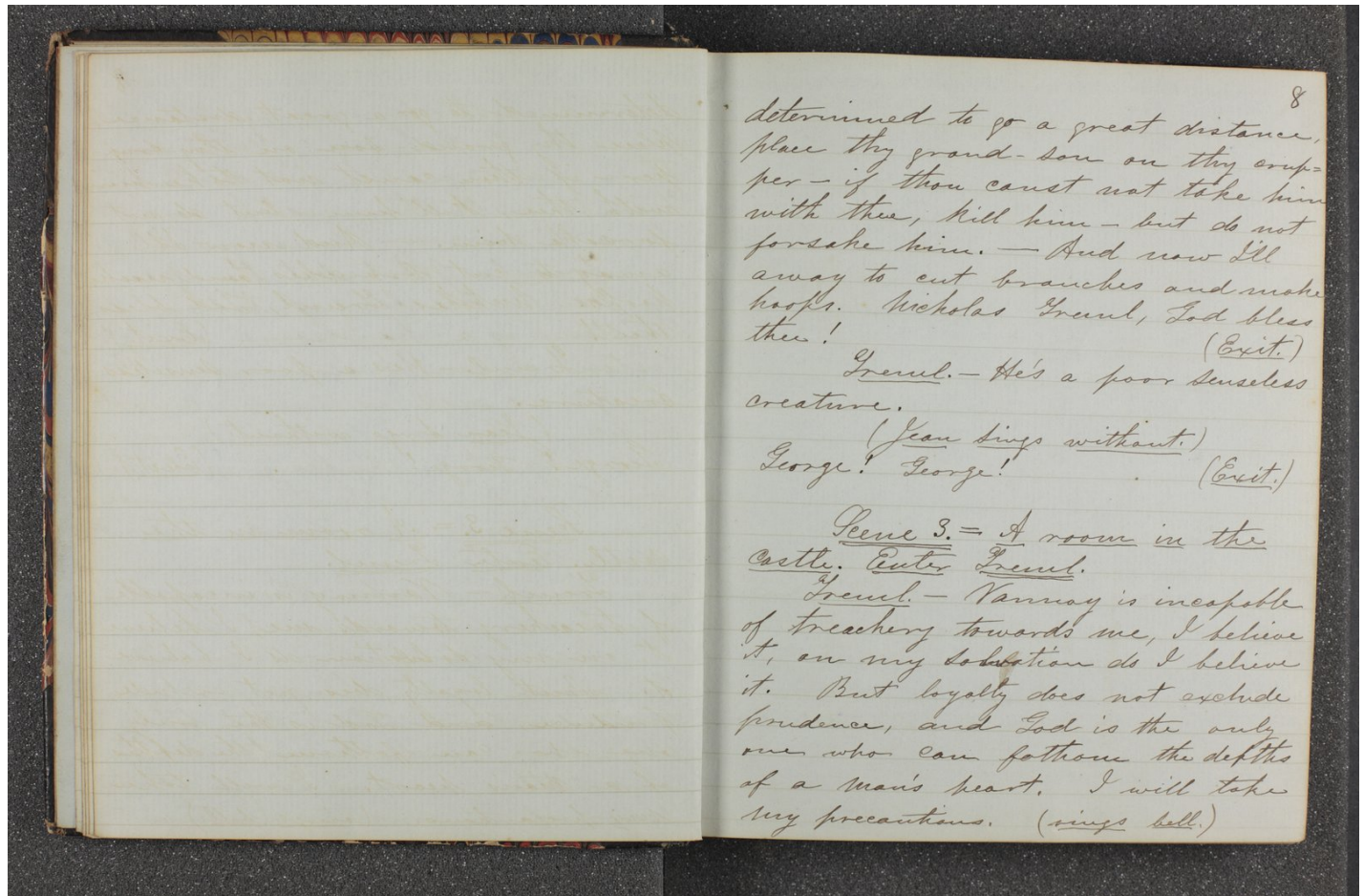
Grenul. - What dost thou mean?

Jean. - The song of Arthur of
Brittany is a handsome song!
Listen! I can crawl under the
fuzgs as well as climb chestnut-
trees. I have followed thee a
long way through the forest; thou
wast talking with thy conscience;
I understood, and sang the song
of Arthur!

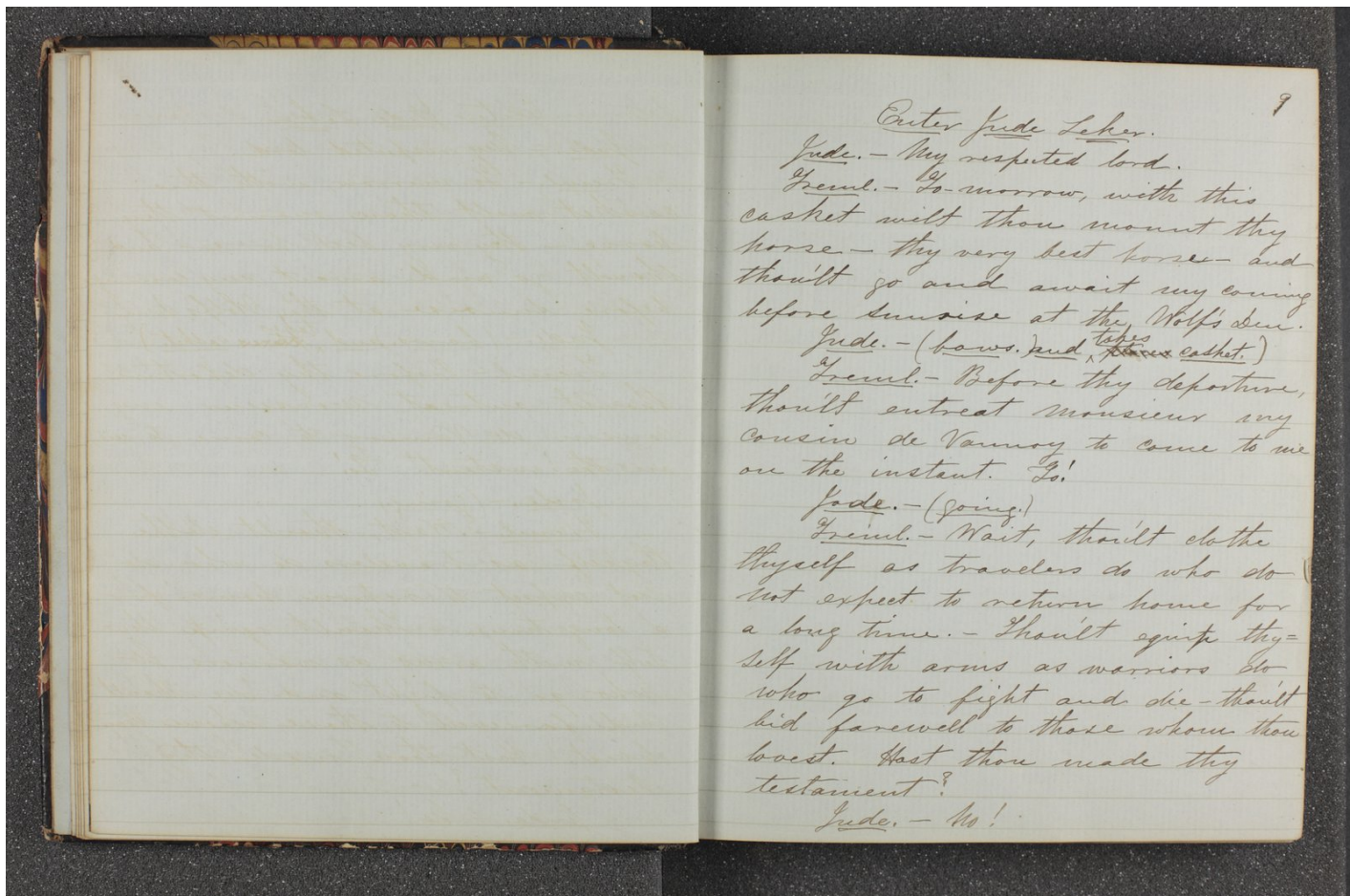
Grenul. - What! thou hast
overheard and knowest all?

Jean. - No, not all - thou saidst
too ~~much~~ many things for me
to understand all. - But take
my advice, and do not leave
our little Mousieur George at the
mercy of a cousin. If thou'nt

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* Enter Vannoy

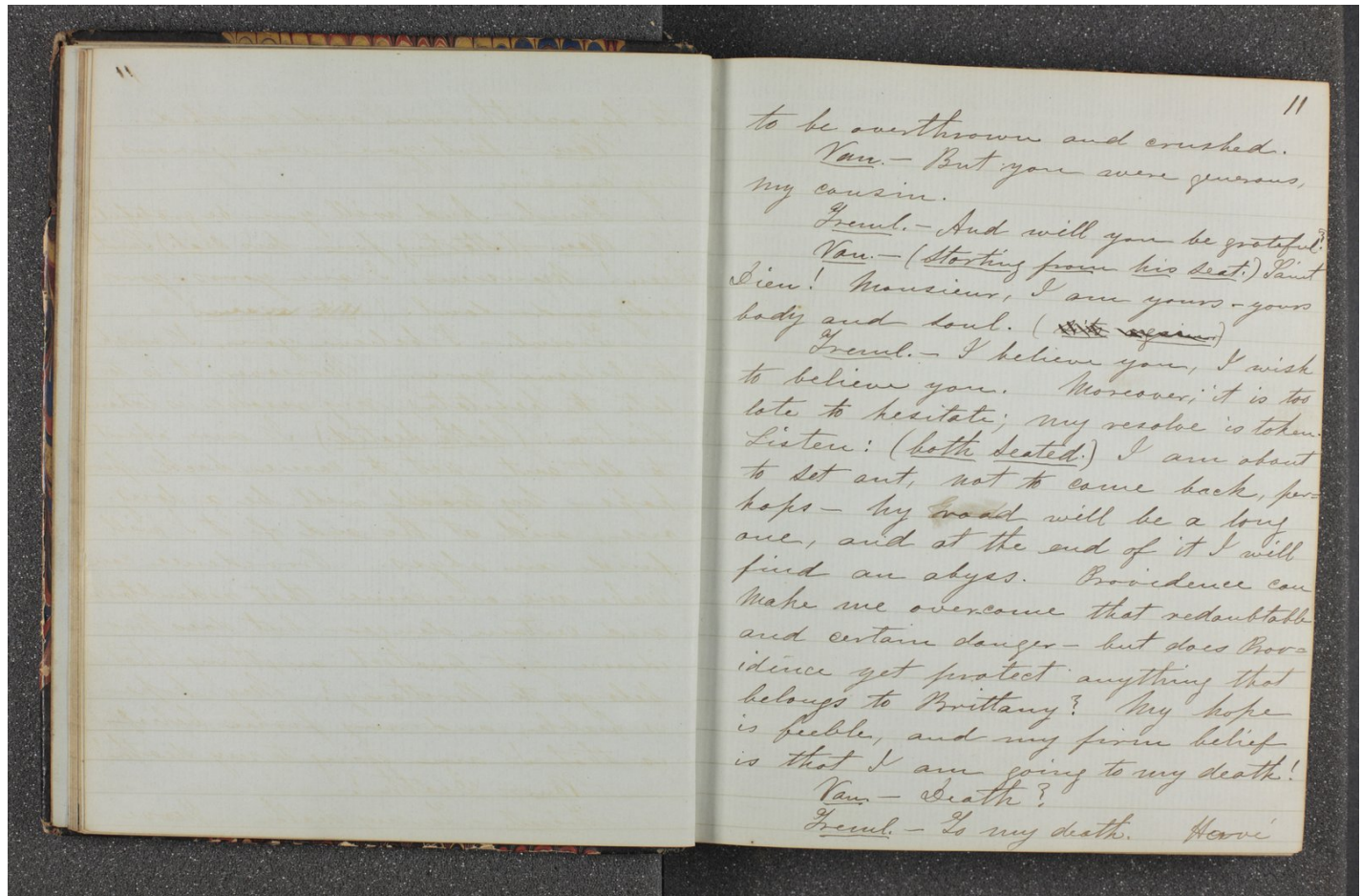
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Lucul. - I shoult make it.
Jude. - (bows and Exit.)
Lucul. - Arthur of Brittainy!
 Should the last scion of my race
 be sacrificed! But, no! That man
 is crazy, and my cousin de
 Vannoy in no way resembles
 Jean-Lous-Lorre the Englishman.
 Ah! my cousin! *

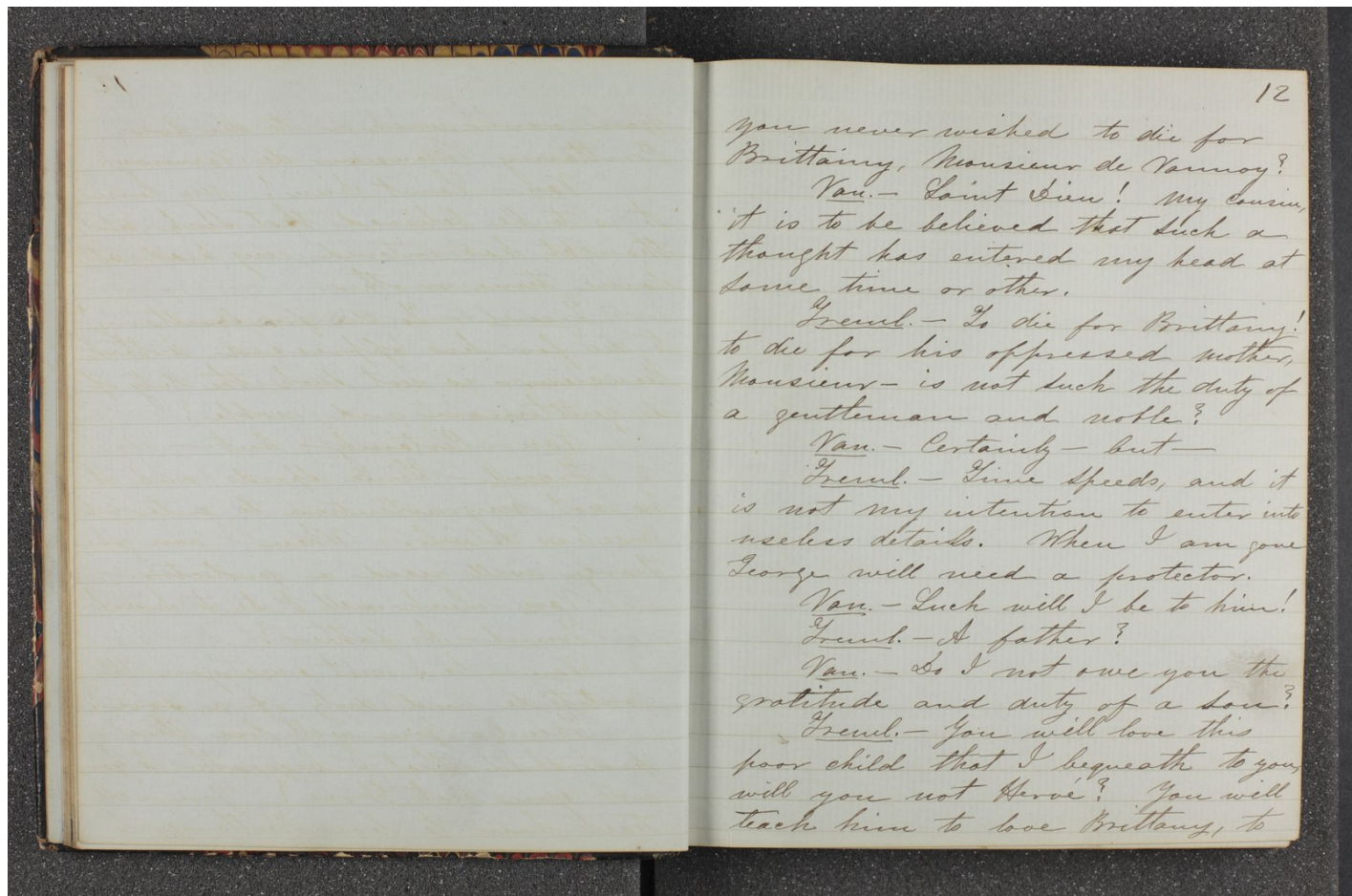
Vannoy. - Saint Dieu! you are
 an early riser, Monsieur, my
 very dear cousin. I was get on=
 joring my first nap - (sees the
 stern look of *Lucul.*) What has
 happened?

Lucul. - (Points to a chair.) There
 when God took back the son
 whom he had given to me, and
 left his shield to my care, you
 were a poor man - although weak,
 you were maintaining an unequal
 contest against one who was strong -
 a contest in which you were about

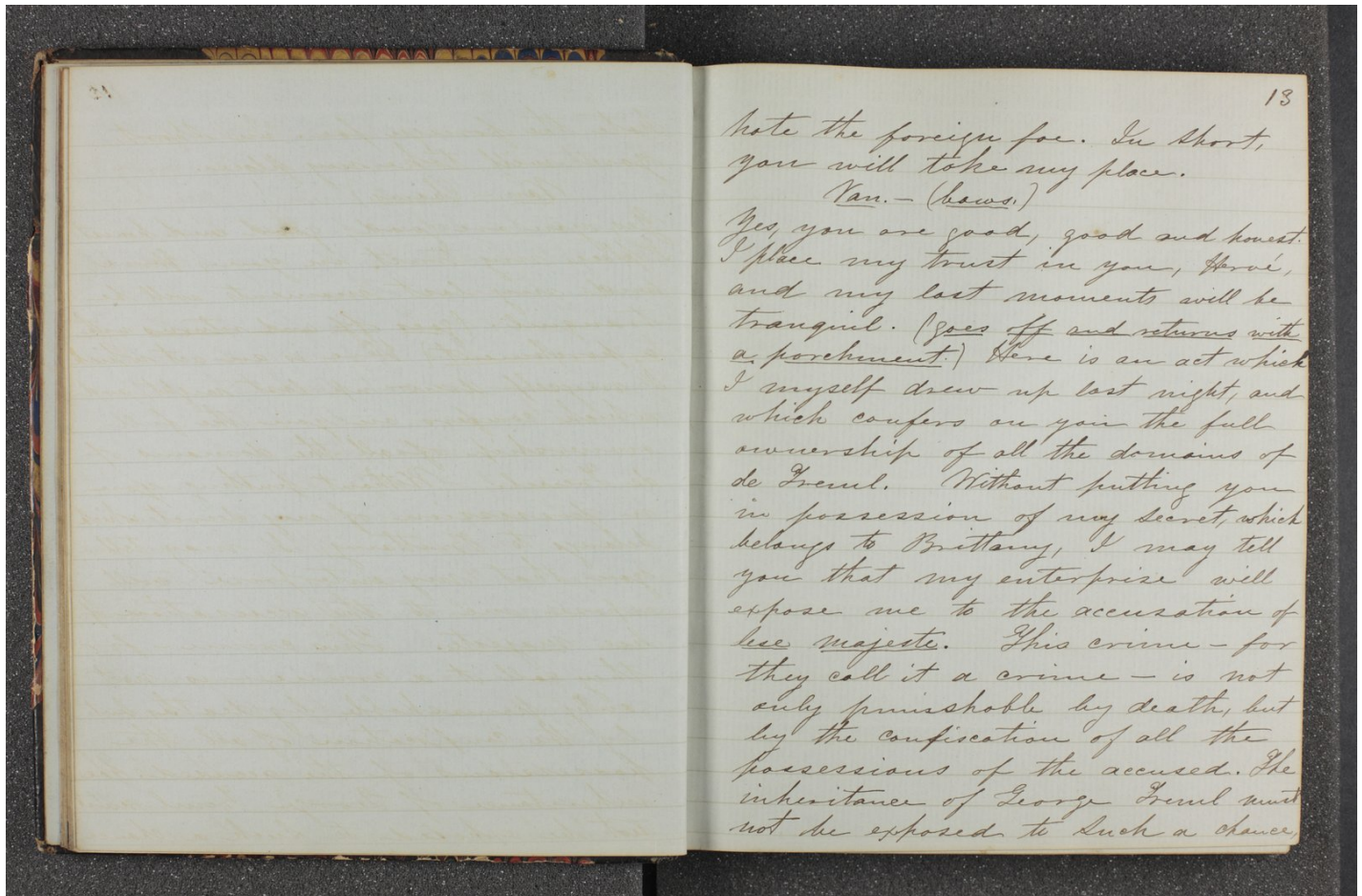
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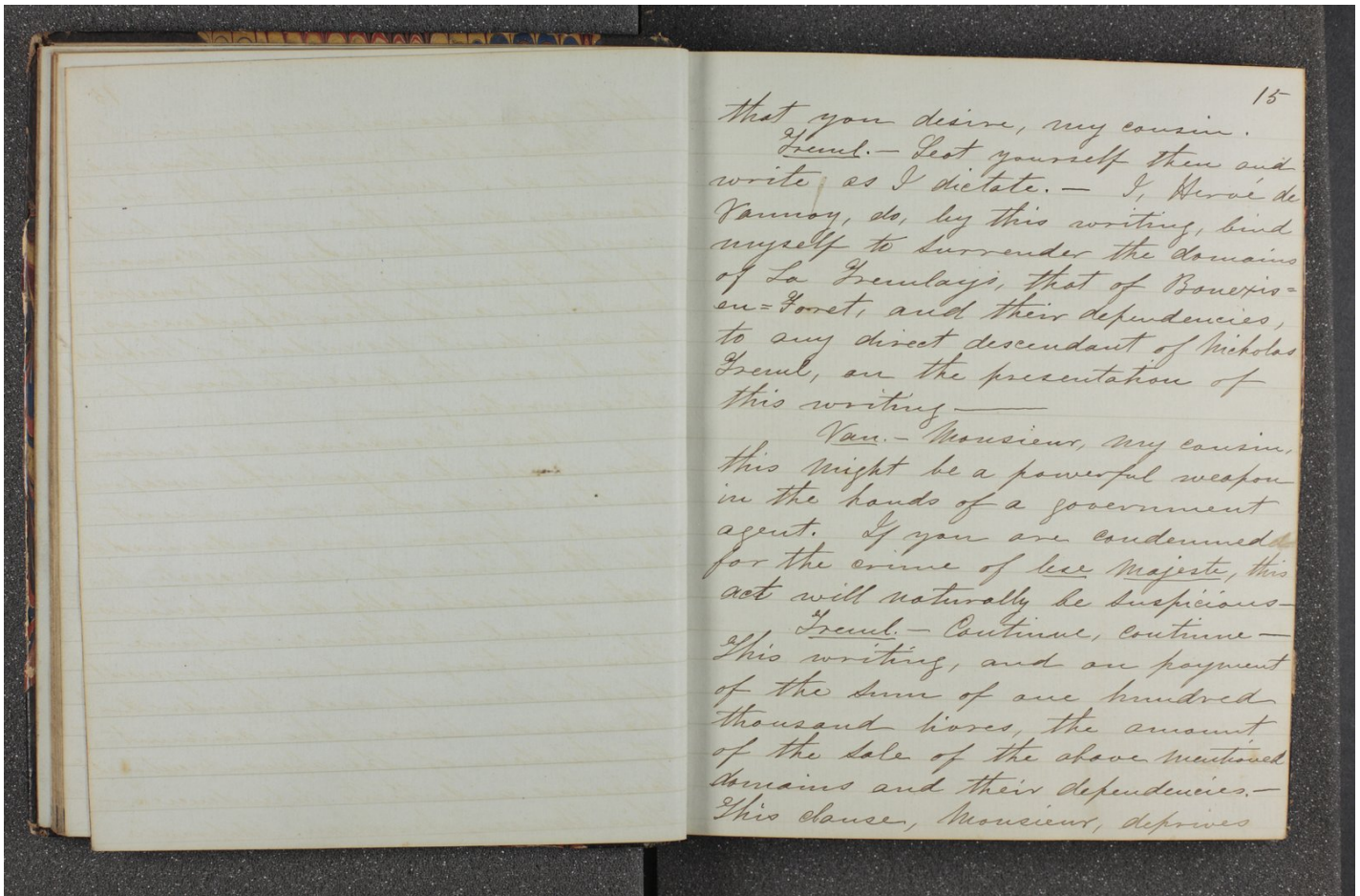
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and I have chosen you to be
the depository of my grandson's
fortune. Do you accept the
trust?

Van. - Accept it! Ah, my
noble cousin - Accept it! Saint
Sieu! Can you ask such a ques-
tion?

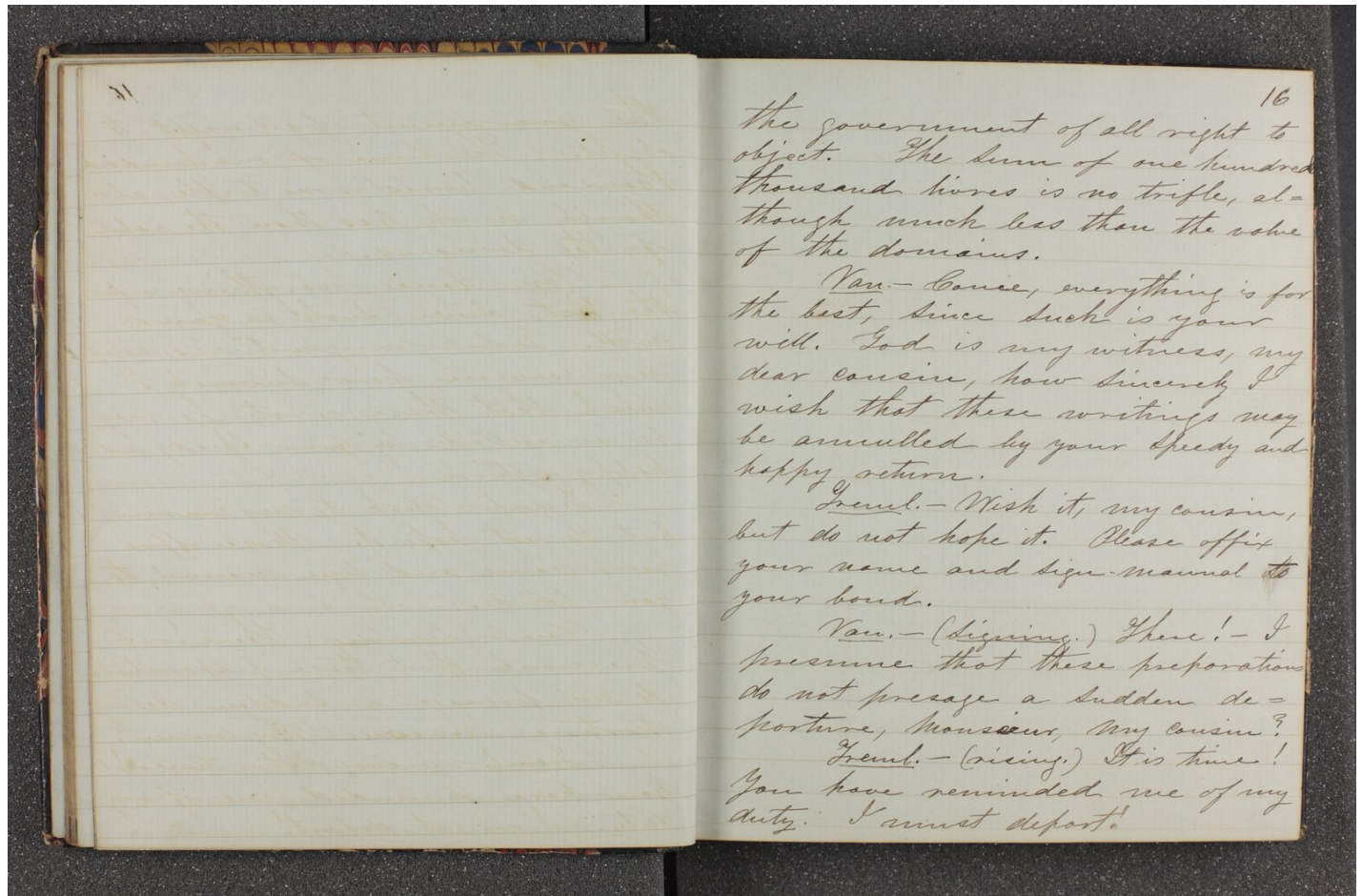
Freud. - (places the parchment
in Vannoy's hand.) The Almighty
God who punishes traitors, knows
your ~~in~~ most secret thoughts,
Herac. This makes you the sover-
eign master of the destinies
of de Freulays. And now,
Monsieur de Vannoy - not be-
cause I mistrust you, but
because you are mortal, and
may be summoned from this
world ere you have had time
to make any preparation, do I
ask for a security.

Van. - You shall have all

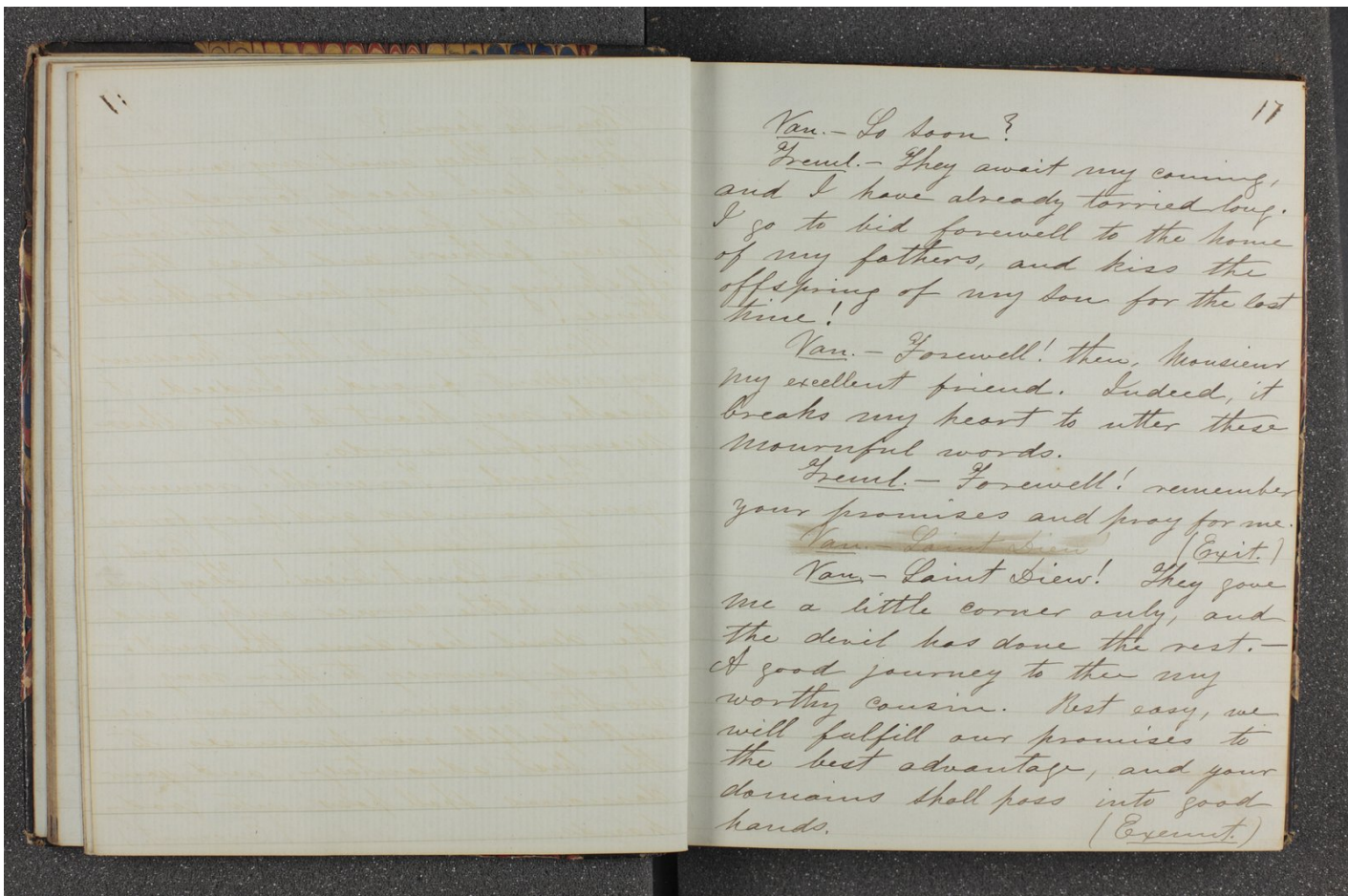
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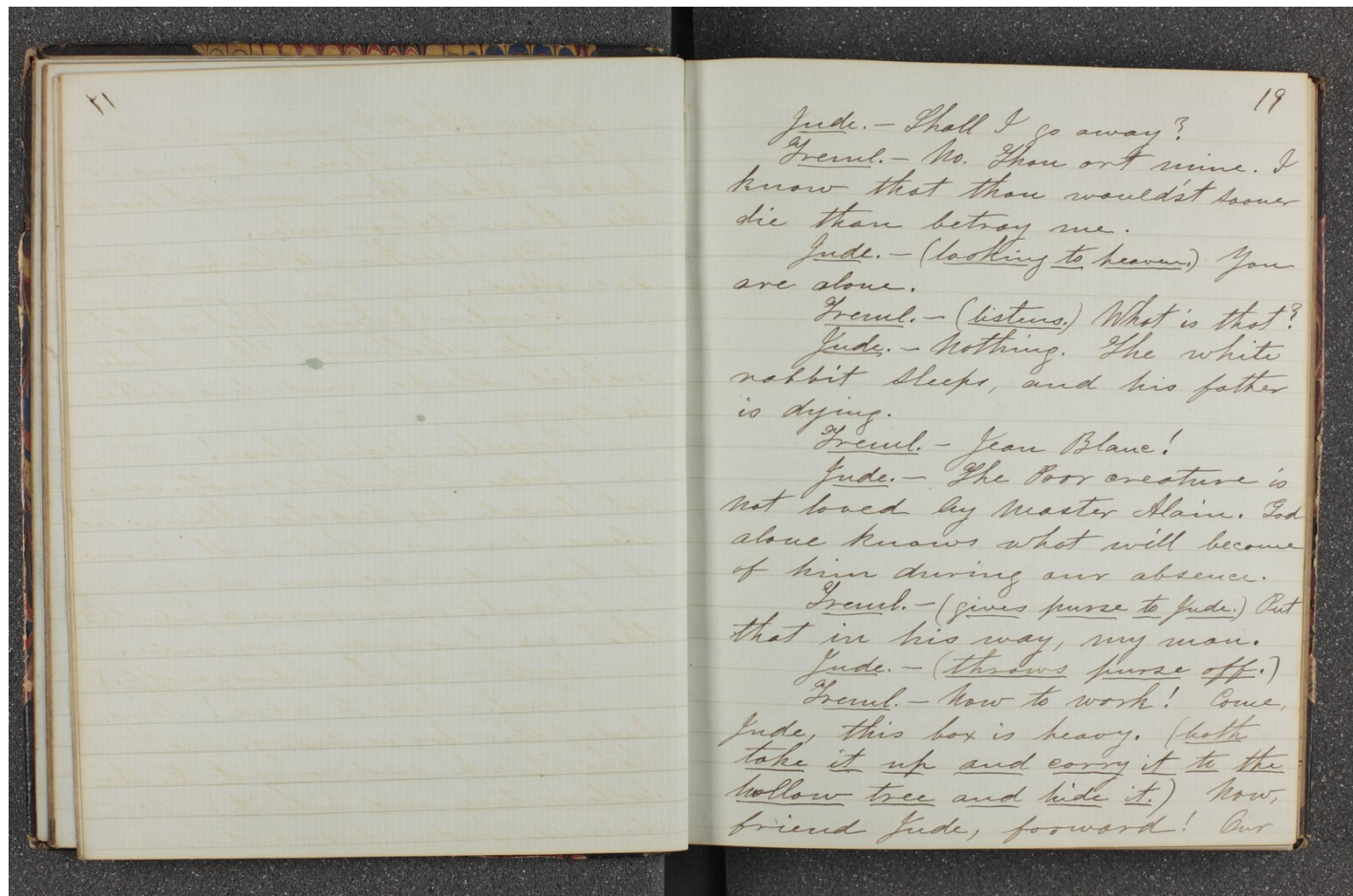
Scene 4. - A wood, a hollow
oak in centre. Jude Leher and
Casket discovered. Jude pointing to
Casket as Greul Enters.

Greul. - 'Tis well! (kneels by
it, unlocks and places a parchment
in it.) Thus! whether poor or
rich, the descendants of de Greul
will be able to reclaim their in-
heritance, and treason will be
vanquished - if treason there
is. Are we alone? Quite alone?

Jude. - (looking about.) We are
alone.

Greul. - Because the life and
fortune of de Greul are in this
little iron coffer, my man - be-
cause this is the secret, the hope
of my race, the reward of my
sacrifice. My dearest friend
would be in danger of death were
he to surprise me here at this
moment.

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Jude. - Shall I go away?

Freml. - No. Thou art mine. I know that thou wouldst sooner die than betray me.

Jude. - (looking to heaven) You are alone.

Freml. - (listens) What is that?

Jude. - Nothing. The white rabbit sleeps, and his father is dying.

Freml. - Jean Blane!

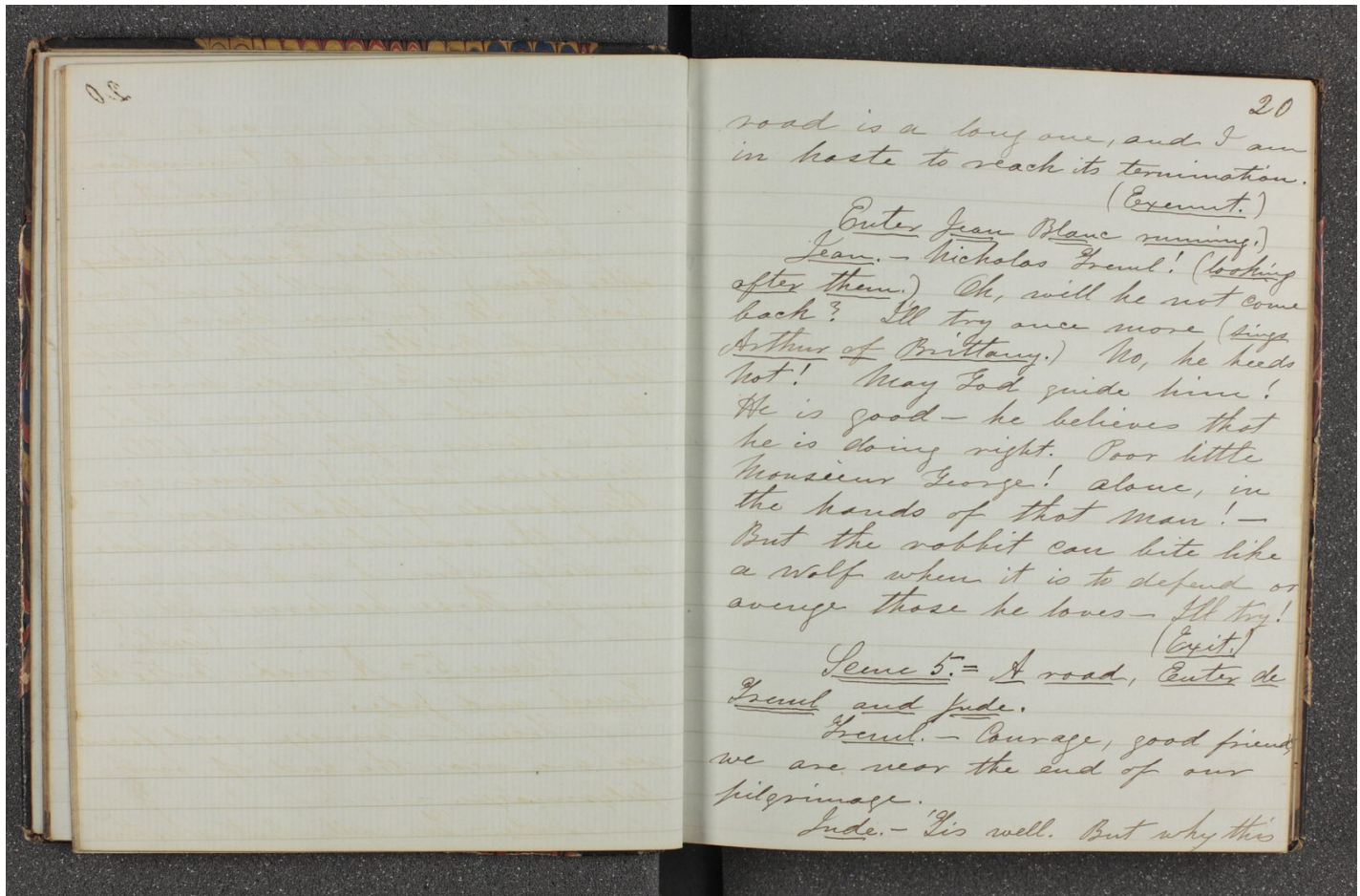
Jude. - The poor creature is not loved by Master Alain. God alone knows what will become of him during our absence.

Freml. - (gives purse to Jude) Put that in his way, my man.

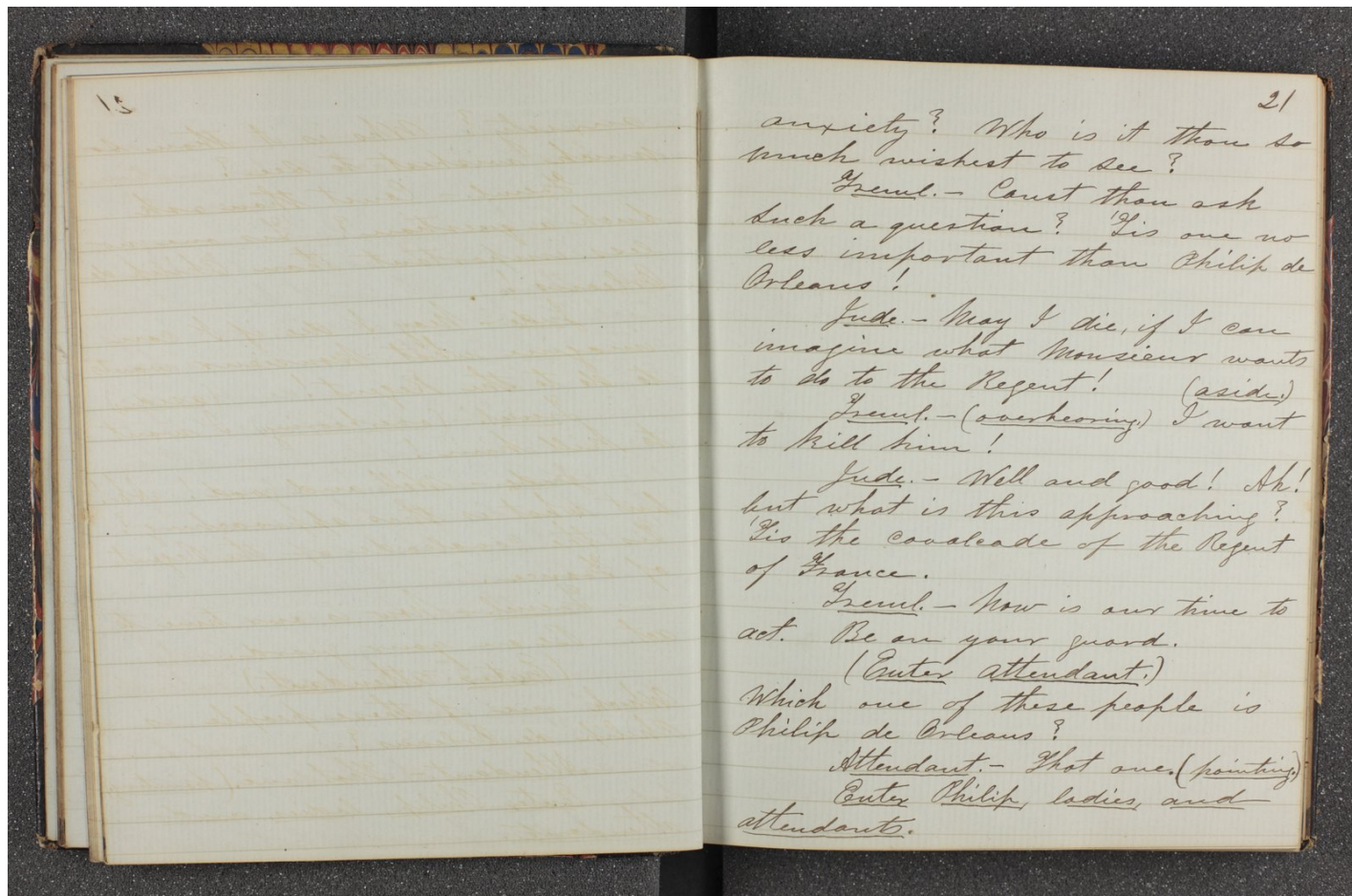
Jude. - (throws purse off.)

Freml. - Now to work! Come, Jude, this box is heavy. (both take it up and carry it to the hollow tree and hide it.) Now, friend Jude, forward! Our

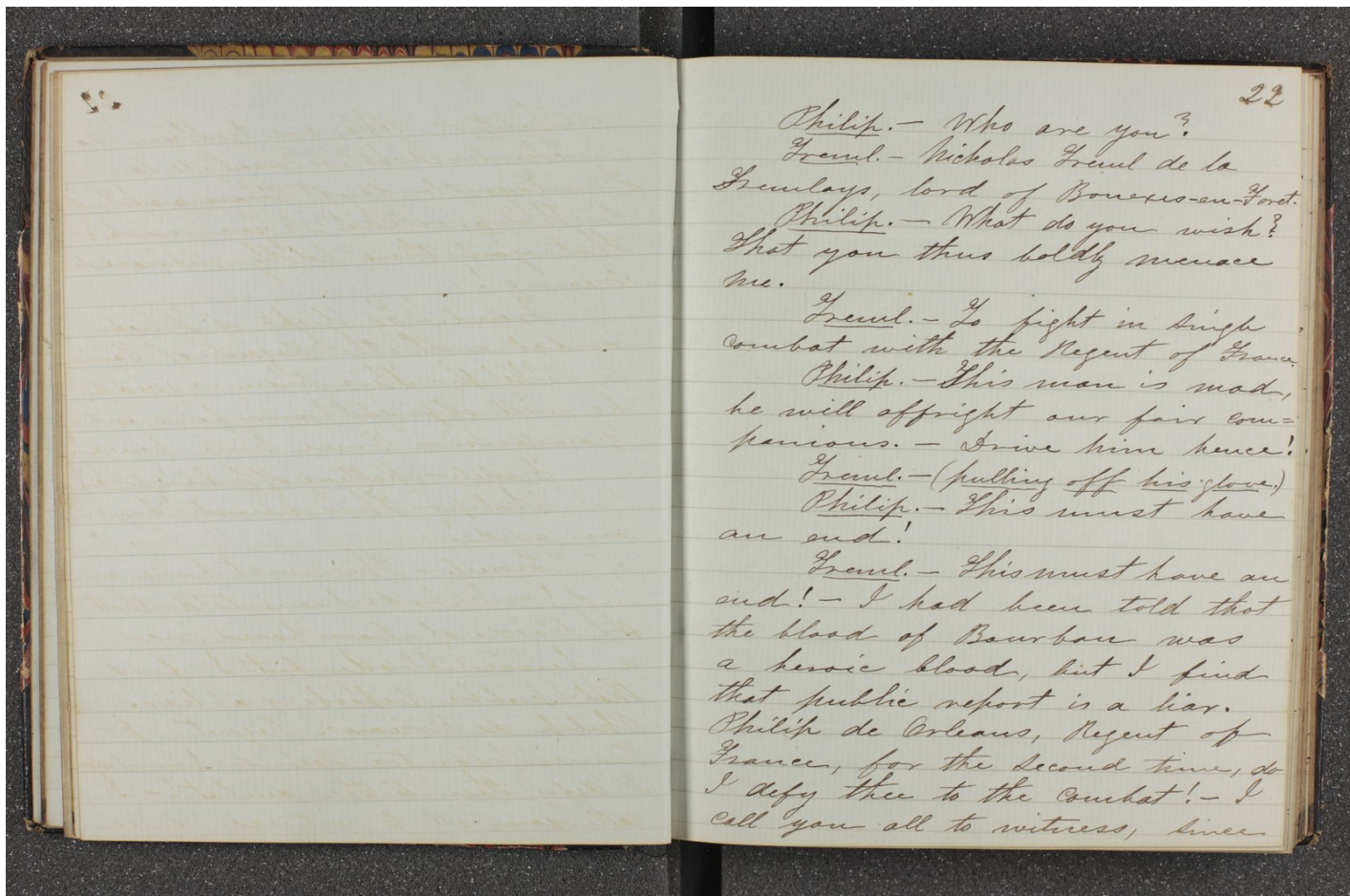
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Philip. — Who are you?

Freul. — Nicholas Freul de la
Freulays, lord of Bonexes-au-Forêt.

Philip. — What do you wish?
That you thus boldly menace
me.

Freul. — To fight in single
combat with the Regent of France.

Philip. — This man is mad,
he will affright our fair com-
panions. — Drive him hence!

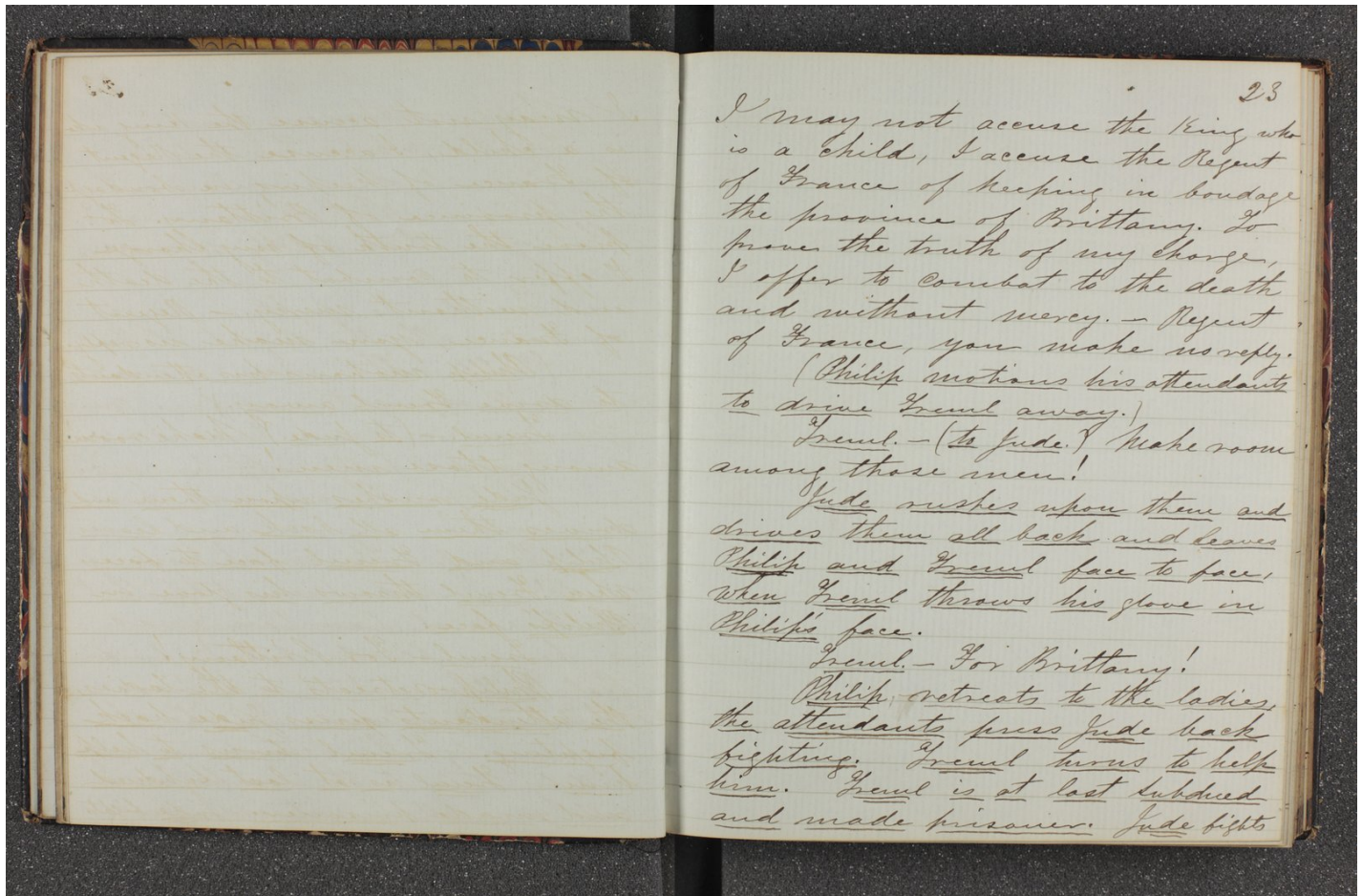
Freul. — (pulling off his glove.)

Philip. — This must have
an end!

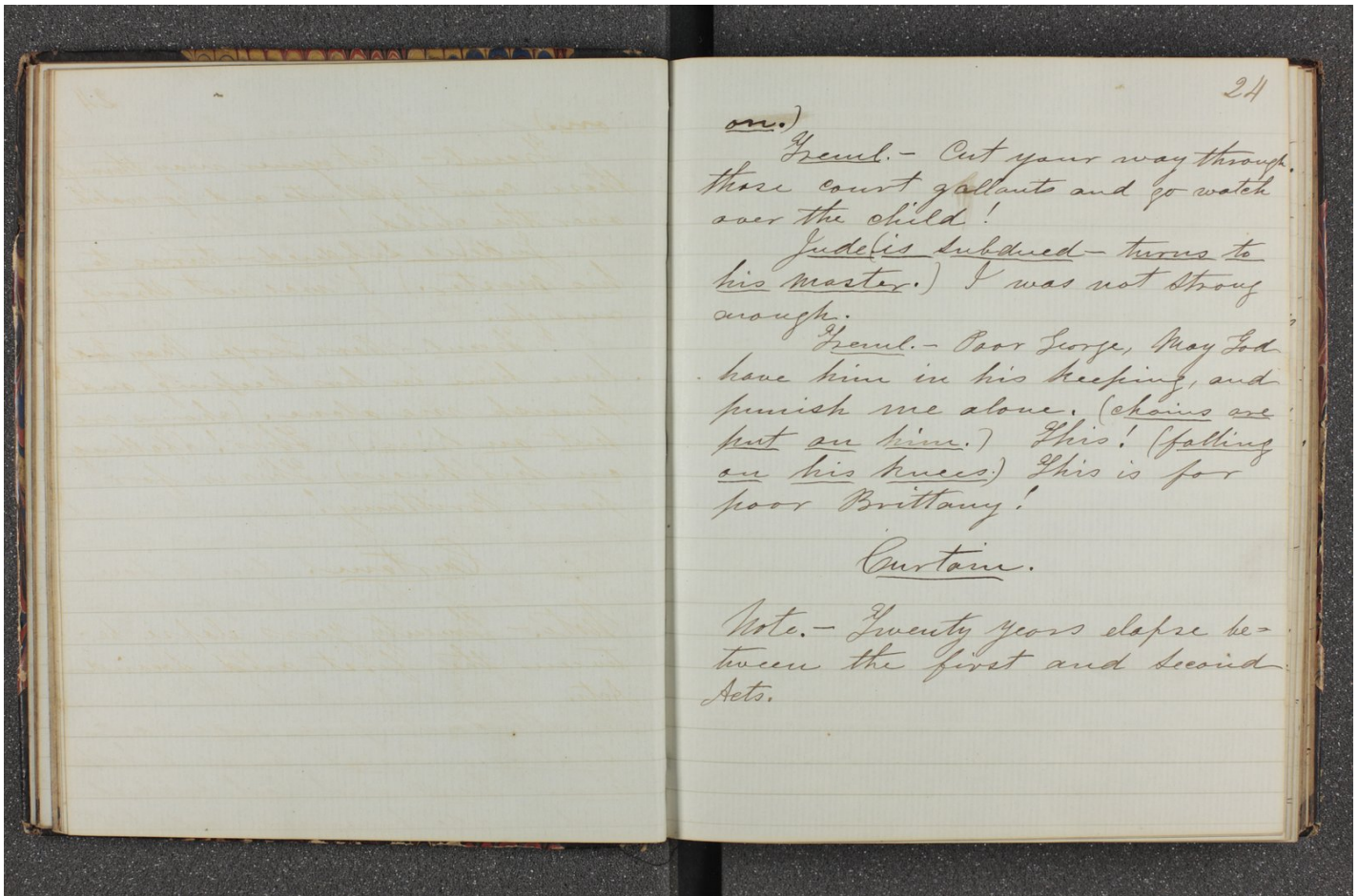
Freul. — This must have an
end! — I had been told that
the blood of Bourbon was
a heroic blood, but I find
that public report is a liar.

Philip de Orleans, Regent of
France, for the second time, do
I defy thee to the combat! — I
call you all to witness, since

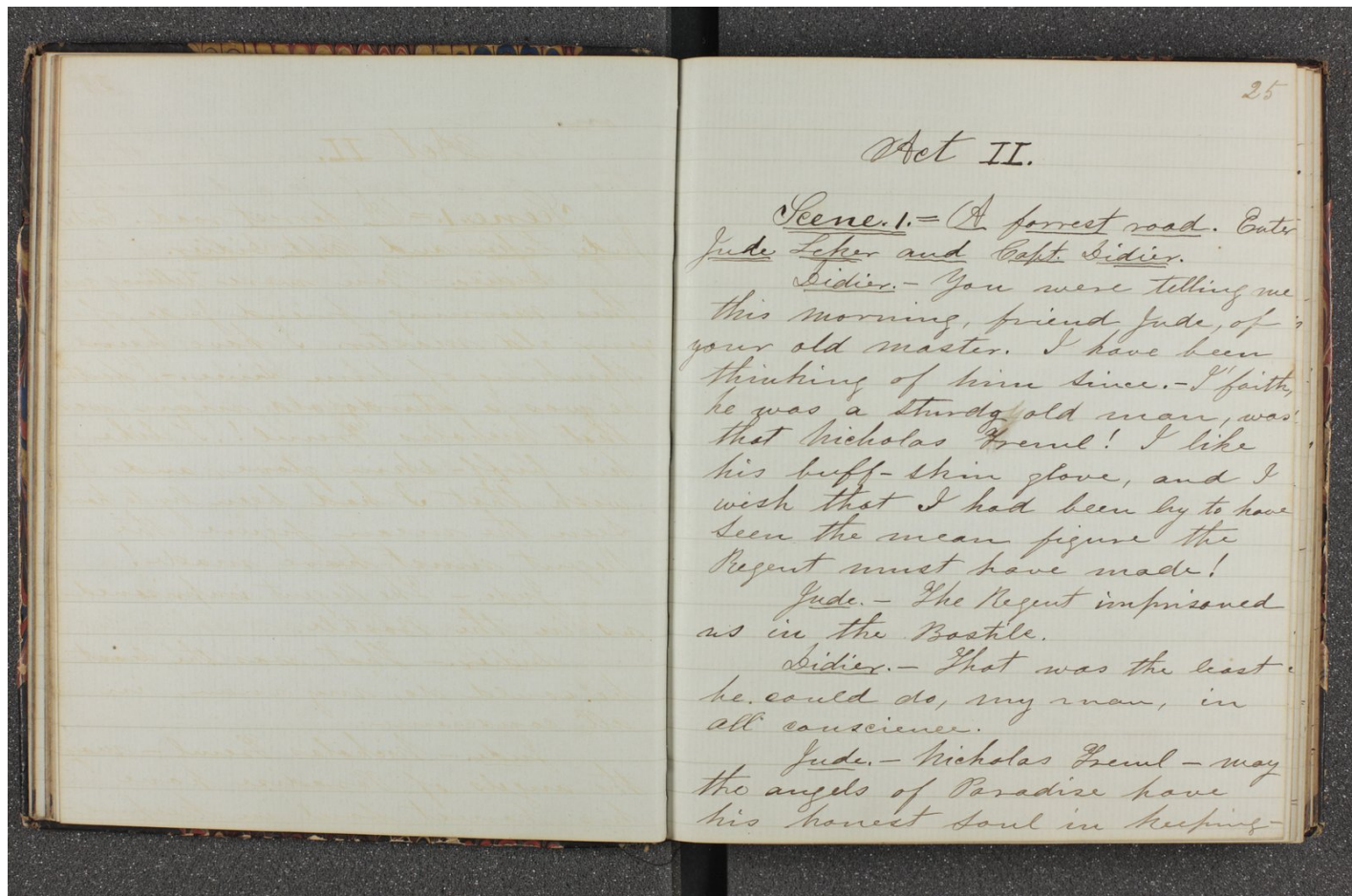
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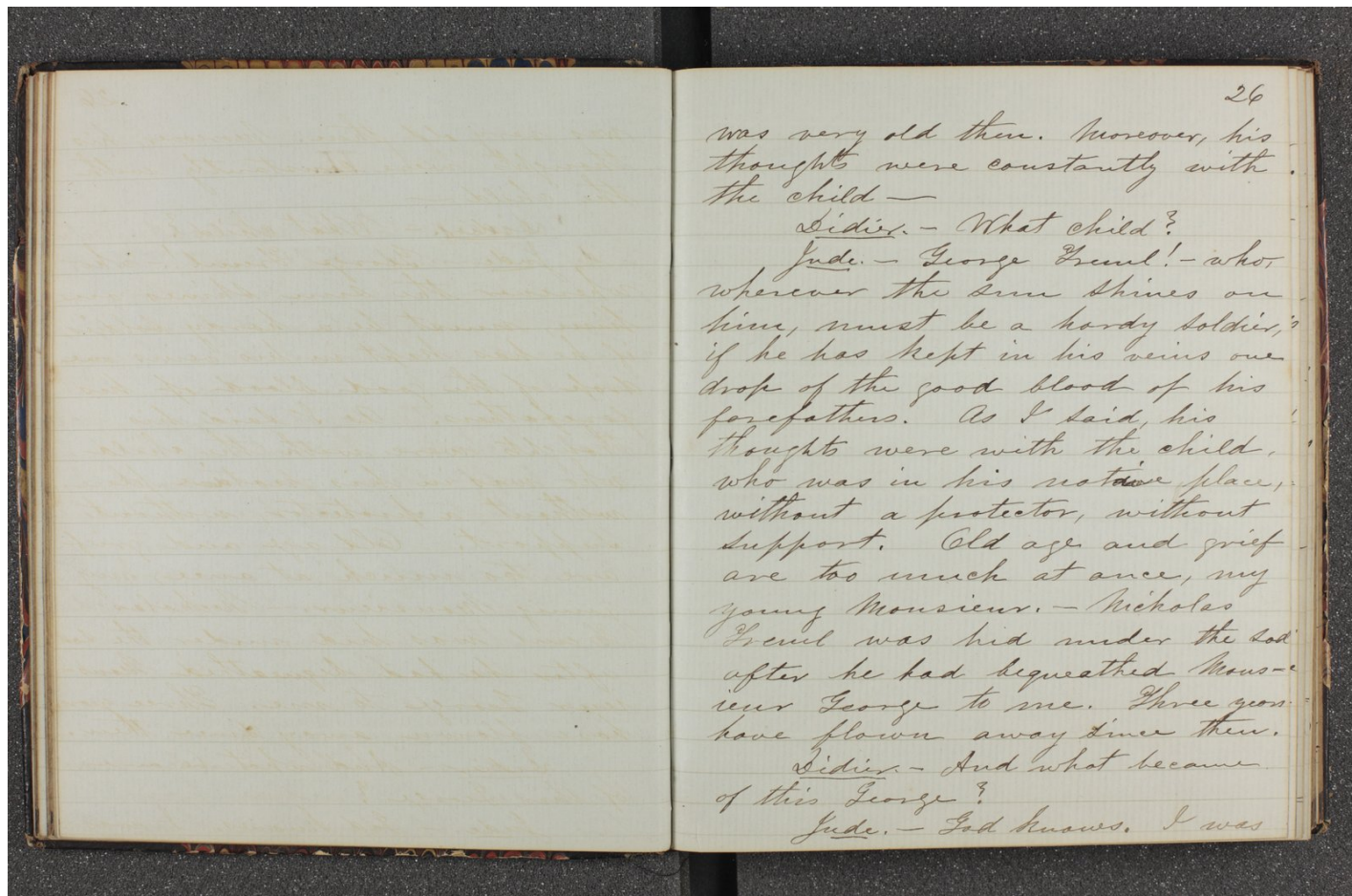
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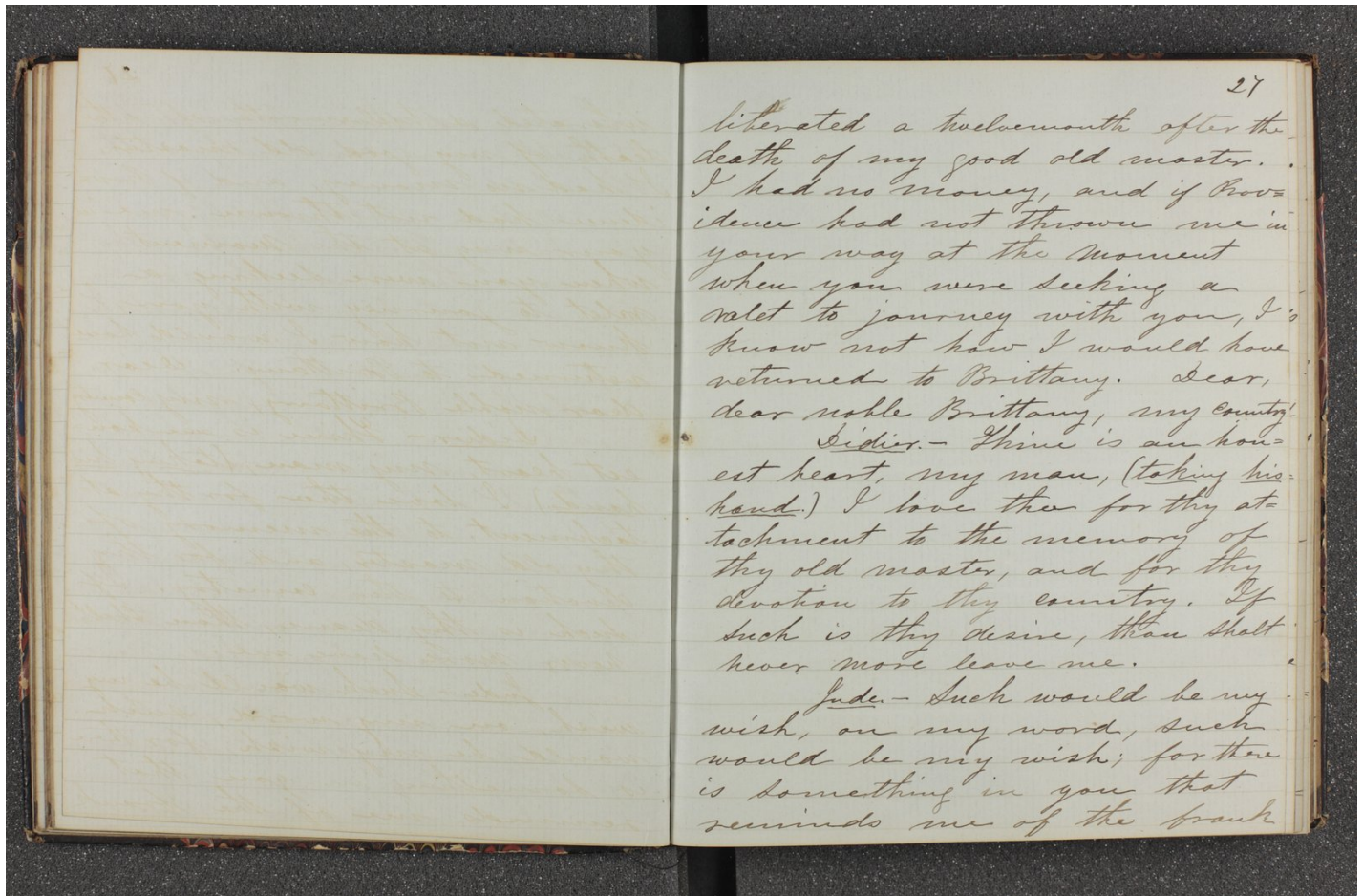
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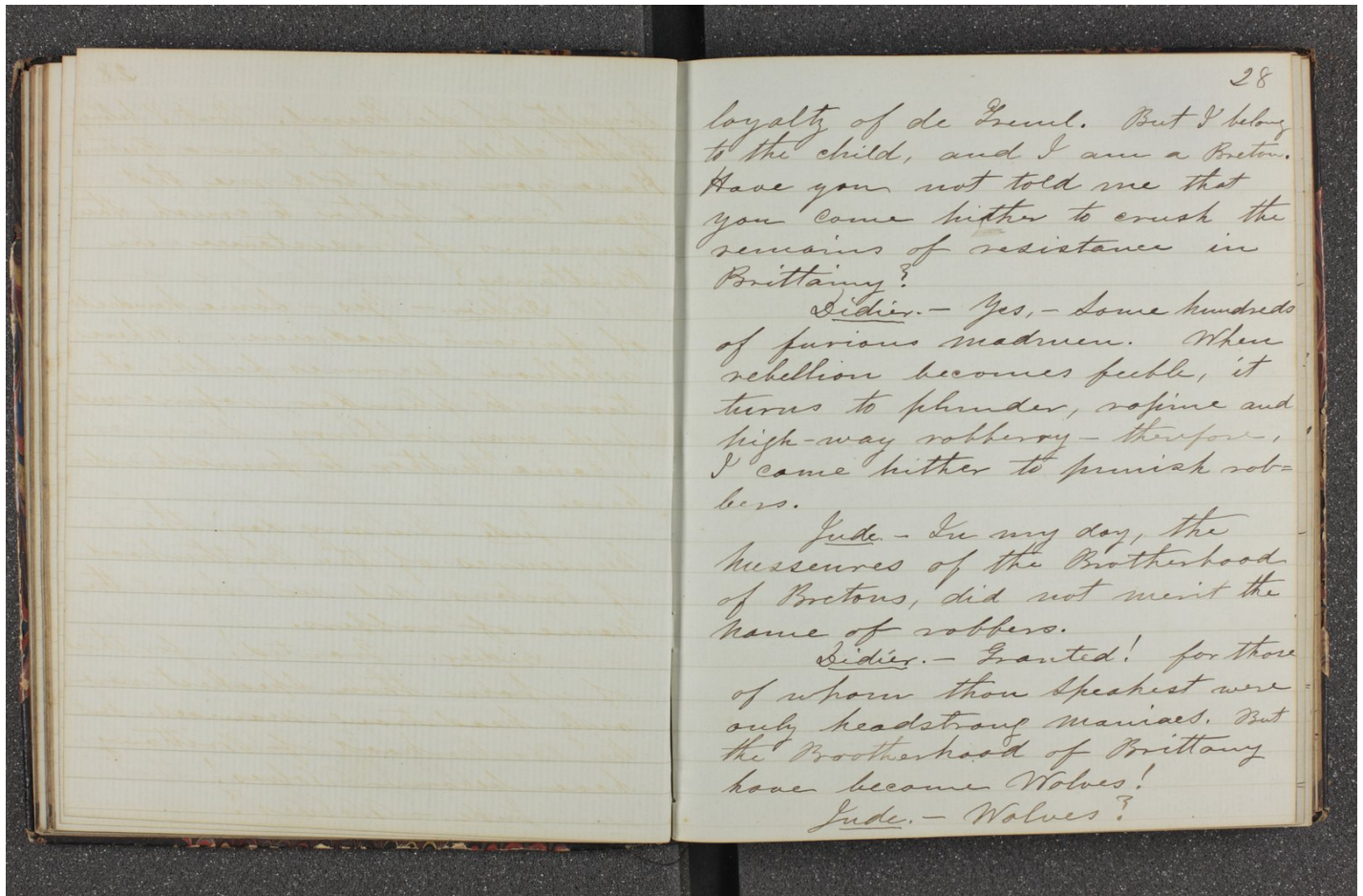
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