
Man of Honor

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1873

Man of Honor Act 2

Dion Boucicault

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2.

2. Man of
Oct. 2. 1802

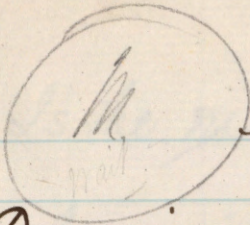
M M M
M M M

A Man of Honor

M M M
M M M

M

Renel
Jacques
Gervais (2)



Act 2nd

A Drawing Room in the Country House of
Danderville. ~~Later~~

Renée is watching at the window she goes
quickly to the table picks up a book and sits and
reads for a moment - then rising goes to the
door and listens - then runs to the mirror and
smooths her hair - then hurries to the piano, and plays.

Enter Jacques. R.H.R.

He takes gloves on Table L.B.
He pauses and then goes and leans over her. R

Jacq. What are you doing?

Renée I am playing on the piano - when I saw you
coming, I tried to do several things - at last I sat
down to the piano - to give myself the air of being
unconcerned

Enter Germain with wood for the fire

I_g

I, R

Jacq. Is the marquis at home?

Renée. Gervais - is my grand uncle in the library?

Gervais. He is engaged with his notary, Mamzelle.

(A pause - Gervais sweeps the hearth and arranges

Jacques, hums the air ^{that goes to} the room. While Renée plays - Jacques ^{sings him Lullaby - he returns} taking up book impatiently - Renée ^{looks} looking round.)

Renée. That will do - my good Gervais - you will roast us all with your great furnace.

Gervais. Mamzelle forgets that the Countess is expected this morning - and the old lady is fond of a good fire - Exit ^{with Pource & D.} While Renée plays - Jacques hums the air.

Jacques. You know that melody?

Renée. Very well.

Jacq. ^{ts} Looking over her shoulder, You are not playing it from the music, before you.

Renée. No: I suppose I heard it somewhere --

Jacques. You may have heard me humming it.

Renée. That may be how I know it by heart.

Jacques, ^{Believe in me} Is there no melody associated with your childhood that lives at home here - no foolish common tune that by magic touch changes the scene of your mind, and your infancy returns and becomes present.

Renée. Oh yes - there is one - a stupid thing
I confess, but it always brings the tears
to my eyes (She plays another air) It
recalls my grandmamma who used
to sing it to herself. not grandmamma.
the countess who is coming here to day -
she never sings anything - I mean mama's
mother who died ten years ago - I
remember her so well - with her silver hair
and her dear old face where every wrinkle
was a smile. I used to nestle at her feet
on a cushion after dinner - while papa
and the grand persons talked politics -

she murmured her little song all the while
 in my ear until I went to sleep on her lap -
 then she would take me up in her arms
 and put me to bed - bending over me to
 listen to my sleepy prayer - and take my
 sleepy Kiss. I suppose the family group
 composing the picture of childhood is the
 same in every mind.

Jacq- No - the picture of mine is a single portrait
 my mother - that lonely figure presents itself
 to my ~~mind~~ memory - sad - gentle - and
 devoted as a saint - Ah! I forgot - there is
 a second figure in the picture - Jacquotte



Water Creek
to army

June 1864

poor Jaquotte.

Renée - What's that? a parrot? or a dog?

Jacques - No, but quite as attached and faithful
as either - Jaquotte is our servant.

Renée - Your nurse?

Jacques - No. Simply a maid of all work - who
refused a dozen husbands because she
was in love with my mother.

Renée - I am sure I shall fall under the same
influence. *X to Table with Basil & parents*

Jacques - Everybody does.

Renée - How old is she?

Jacques - You would think she were my sister.

she is not 17 years older than I am. 86

Renée. Is she not very proud of you? I heard
my grand uncle the Marquis speaking
of you to the Duke de Brissac the other
day - they were speaking of some work
you have written on - oh! something -
I forget the name -

Jacques - Cooperative associations and
Banks of Labour.

Renée - No!

Jacques. Our foreign Credit?

Renée - No it was something about iron and sticks.

Jacques - Oh. The Statistics of our Iron Trade.

2

✓ Margins
Countess
Fortune

x Recy. Men the Duke said
what did the Duke
Duke say (Bis Chien)

Recy. How can I tell
you what the Duke said
if you keep forgetting me
that Chawo - Recy bits

() Recy
How
back to and

Renée. That's the one! - well. The Duke said that young man is a profound and honest thinker - a speaker full of grace and passion - an invaluable ally or a dangerous foe - the government has its eye upon him".

Georg. Oh, Renée are you sure he said all that?

Renée. Quite sure - because I remember wondering if government had only one eye - or if they had two - whether they kept the other one habitually closed. "The government has its eye upon him" said the Duke. His name will find a place in the future history of France! "Why

did you not tell us you were a great man
If I had suspected who and what you were
do you think I would have dared to approach
you disrespectfully enough to fall in love with
you as I did. But you made our acquaintance
like a common person - you crouched to our
level. you acted like that great steam hammer
you explained to my grand uncle that can
flatten an iron rivet or condescend to tap in
a tin tack. If you are a great man you should
behave as such

Acq: Before we met - that passionate nature which now
is filled with you, had not found its object. M

Energy, ambition, glory, is only love in another shape.

I embraced the great world with an ardent-loving heart. I yearned to be worthy of its affection and aspired to its noble embrace. I felt within me the soul of a Caesar - a Byron - a Demosthenes I knew not which. Oh ye grand pure foolish visions of youth! One fine morning, wandering with my thoughts - a young girl overtook me on the road - she turned her eyes upon me - and away went all my aspiring dreams with the mist that flew upwards to the laughing skies.

The soul of the Caesar became a child -
I felt that fame - glory - ambition were
only the consolation of those who could not
love - and now all my science is devoted
to discover the secret of your heart - and
all my logic is unable to prove to you the
depth of mine - *drops on forehead & embraces her*

Re Enter Gervais LHB

Gerv: Mamzelle! (Jacques is going to rise)

Renée: Do not stir - well?

Gerv: The Marquis bid me tell you that the
carriage of the Countess is entering the
drive. Renée rises

Renée. Thank you - Gervais - I'll go and meet
her Exit Gervais

Jaeg - Do you feel nervous? *Jaeg takes table & same
up. Renée chair*

Renée - No! do you?

Jaeg - Very - The Countess inspires me with terror.

Renée - You have been in battle -

Jaeg. With men - but one is so defenceless against
an old woman. *(puts on gloves)*

Renée - What are you going to do?

Jaeg - I think I am going to run away.

Renée - But she is coming to receive your proposition
of marriage.

Jaeg. The notary of your granduncle, is my

oldest
dearest friend.

Renée. M. Brisebarre!

Jacq. He has undertaken to make my formal demand for your hand.

Renée. He has been closeted with the Marquis all the morning. If it depended on my dear old grand uncle - we need not fear - he adores you.

Enter the Marquis. &c

Marquis. Ah - sweet rogue - you are abusing me behind my back (to Jacques who has taken up his hat) you are going M de Saulieu - a wise retreat. Let Renée and

me receive the brunt of my sister's salvo -
 she always salutes with shotted guns -
 we are accustomed to it. Go! my dear boy -
 you know you have allies here that will not
 desert your cause -

Jacq. I cannot express -

Marg. Here she comes

Jacq. Ah! Exit hastily R.D. Rince & H.R.

Marg. Here she comes - what a noble presence -

How grandly she sweeps through the files
 of servants - her mind concentrated on her
 own ^{proper person} ~~person~~ herself. Louis the 14th in petticoats - She
 looks as if she were presenting arms to herself

Raymond

Where is your uncle - she is sure to ask for her son.

Renée. ~~My~~ uncle Raymond is in Normandy, at Havre, I believe, he has not been in Paris for two ~~weeks~~ months - you forget grandmama has refused to see him lately.

Marg: True - ever since his name appeared as Chairman of a Steamship Company.

Renée. Yes.

Marg. She is splendid.

Enter Gervais ^{following} ~~by~~ ^{his} two footmen

Gervais. The most noble the Countess of Rosny Latour

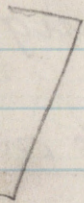
Enter the Countess.

X Sonais motions to Servants
they move arm Chair down to Ladies

Countess: Ha! you are here - Marquis - I feared
 you were not at home (He advances) or you
 were suffering from indisposition - as you
 did not ~~meet~~ ^{receive} me at ~~the~~ ^{your} door - ha! - hum!
 you feared the draught perhaps / He
Kisses her hand /

Marq: Precisely. X But Chair

Countess: I suffer from rheumatism - but I never
 neglect such courtesies - ^{of high life} however that thing
 depends on one's sense of delicacy / She sits on
the chair advanced to her by Gervais - who
retires with the servants / I am no better
 than I was. Retires to her



D

main sub
at four in am
chow

D
K G

Marg. So I regret to perceive.

Countess. I give you news of my health though you do not ask 'em - but I'll take the question for granted / So Renée who is kneeling beside her Well little one - now tell me - who is this gentleman - what-d'ye call him?

Renée. What gentleman, grandma?

Count. This person you are all mad about.

This man that every body ^{here} wants to marry.

Marg. (Aside) This is a bad beginning.

Renée. There's no one wants to marry him except me grandma - and I am not mad in the least.

Count. Oh indeed! - ha! and what is he called?

Renée. What did you say?

Count. I said - what - is - he - called?

Renée. Oh! his name - his name is Monsieur
de Saulieu.

Count. Saulieu - Saulieu - what's that?

Brother!

Marg. Eh!

Count. Do you know that - Renée was

Marg. Yes. I know that - That is a young man
four or five and twenty - dark - and rides
I should say about eleven stone six -

Count. I do not ask you brother what his age

and complexion may be - nor what he rides -
I ask you if ~~there is~~ ^{we know} any family ~~known~~ of the
name of Saulien?

Marg. Countess - I am not acquainted with all
the families in France

Count. I am - at least with all those worth my
acquaintance - There is no such name
as Saulien. There was a Beaulieu
whose only daughter married a Keroel -
Sartiges whose mother was 1st lady of
the bedchamber to the late Queen - ^{This man} ~~He~~
is not a Beaulieu.

Marg. Evidently not. - Since ~~he is~~ a Saulien
Saulien

R.

②

Count. Some title of finance - or won it under
the Empire - perhaps his father gained
some battle or other -

Marg. ^{being back to you} I should not be surprised - a wretched
person -

Count. Well - and what does this Mr. what's
his name - it is no matter - want?

Renée. He loves me - and he wants to marry me.

Count. Oh! and you -

Renée. I love him and I want to marry him.

Count. Ah! then all that remains - is that I your
only relative and guardian - should also
give my consent - and the thing is settled.

Renée. That is all.

Count. Hah! precisely very good!

Marq. (aside) It does not sound so.

Count. How did you form this - person's acquaintance?

Renée - We met him.

Count. In whose house.

Renée - In no house at all.

Count. Where then?

Renée - On the road.

Count. The road. What-road?

Renée - See grandma - ^{the house} the little road that leads to
the water - if you will come to the window
you can see it quite plain

Mar

Rev Corant

Count. With whom was he when you met him?

Renée. He was alone. *(coming down)*

Count. And who introduced him?

Renée. He introduced himself.

Count. And your grand uncle received him?

Renée. Oh yes, ^{you see} the Marquis was lame with ^{his} ~~the~~ gout and he and I were out on the road for a morning walk - and his stick broke - and I was trying to

serve in its place - when M de Saulieu

offered my grand uncle his arm and so ^{together} we came home. That is how it all began.

Count. Brother!

Marg. Eh?

Count. Did you hear?

Marq. Distinctly

Count. And what remark have you to make.

Marg. You perceive I say nothing at all.

Count. And this appears to you an ordinary occurrence?

Marg. Ye-es-- a gentleman ^{walking a} ~~on the~~ road meets
two other people a lady and gentleman,
walking ^{the same} on ~~a~~ road at the same time -
in opposite directions - it naturally -
^{follows} ~~occurs~~ ahem - that these three should
meet. - on the road

Court: And that one of the gentlemen
should immediately promise the

hand of the lady to the other gentleman -
on the road.

Marg. ^{using I slanting back before} Chance presented M de Saulieu to
me. His worth and good breeding recommended
him to my consideration - and a further
Knowledge of his excellent nature proved
him to be a gentleman who must ennoble
any title the justice of society did itself
the honor to confer upon him.

Renée. Thank you grand uncle. ^{X's to Marg + kisses}

Count. You don't know what you are talking about. ^{him, waiting to be}

Marg. ^{thought she was known} Then you should not ask me what re-
marks I had to make

67. 100
Mans. Not boats. - Ships.

Common Ships - boats - in all the same way
~~mans~~ - he is a working man

Count. And my son - Raymond - M de Latour -
what does your uncle say to all this?

Renée. He has not seen M de Saulieu yet - but
he writes to say - he leaves it entirely to
you grandma.

Count. Of course - He is engaged on - what is
it - railroads - no! Docks or something.

Marg. ^{at window} Your son is engaged in grand industrial
pursuits - He employs ^{his} large capital in the
construction of ships.

Count. A boatbuilder - laugh!

Marg. ~~not personally~~ ^{in person} - He does not work at a
carpenter's bench - but finds the money

3

Berrais, (2, Salom + Cand)
Prisebanc.

to construct great vessels — ²⁶

Count. The size does not console his family!

Marg. ^{15 by R} Your husband built houses - I do not appreciate the distinction.

Count. My husband ^{was a person of pleasure in his life!} did nothing like a gentleman.

Marg. ^R ~~crossing~~! You are certainly the best judge of that, my dear sister — ²⁶ let us

^{Renee goes to Jean a Jette as a Pensioner} come to a clear understanding and once for all - you and I are the last of the family of Rosny - and we quarter the Royal arms of France - with a bar sinister as we derive from a Mademoiselle de Rosny whom King Henry the 4th was

pleased to distinguish.

Count. Go on - go on -

Marq. It is strange that the condescension of our ancestor should be ^{the} source of nobility of her descendants - but if society is content to consider it so - so am I - well during the troubles of France - while we were poor - you married M Lalouze a builder -

Count. Architect -

Marq. Boats, ships - it is the same thing - You had two sons one became Brigadier General and died ^{on the field of} battle - that was the father of Renée - the other is M.

Latour who is a banker and builds ships.

Count. Takes after his father

Marq. ^{when} After the political troubles had subsided
and society returned to its old channels
- you issued cards on which ^{you} ~~was~~ engraved
a coronet and beneath it Madame Latour
née Rosny - Your husband died - and then
you boldly reclaimed your maiden rank.
^{issued new cards}
and called ^{ing} yourself the Countess of Rosny
Latour. That was an error my dear sister
^{with} ~~more~~ it was absurd - Since ^{we} ~~you~~ are amongst
ourselves I may say so.

Count. Go on - oh go on.

Marg: You became a simple citizen when
 you married a citizen - such are all
 your children no more - I alone of the
 family, am noble - whatever that may be.
 I, alone, have the right to carry the name
 of Rosny, and ~~when the title~~ ^{still}, ~~which~~ as
 I have no children, ^{the title} will be extinguished
 when I consent to die - for nobles like ~~me~~ ^{us}
 only die when ~~they~~ ^{we} are graciously
 pleased to do so. My dear sister let us prove
 our high birth by noble qualities and not
 by vain assertions - Do not look down
 on your son who is engaged in an honorable

career because it happens to be useful,
 nor blame this M de Saulieu because he
 does not derive his name from a source as
 creditable as our own. It is the man who
 creates the title - It is ~~the man who creates~~
~~the title~~ not the title that makes the man.

There now I've done! - and I withdraw -
 having never delivered so long a speech
 in the House of Peers, of which I am a
 member - and you are not - What
 a pity! (Exit. R. &)

Countess: What is the feudal race coming to?
 Renée, what are you thinking of.

Renee. I was thinking grandma that my
 granduncle is the most perfect - the most ^{gentleman}
 beautiful - and noblest man in the ^{creature}
 world, and I suppose he never married
 because no woman in the world was ever
 good enough for him.

Count. Either I am mad or all the present
 generation are insane. ^{to fire}
Enter Gervais ^{Renee goes to her}

Ger: Madame - a gentleman below requests
 the honor of speaking with you.

Count: What is the name of this gentleman ^{below}
Ger: Here is his card.

Count. Ah! (Reads it with her gold glasses)

Anatole Brisebarre, notary, 16 Rue
Lafitte, Paris.

Renée. He is the friend of Jacques.

Count. Jacques - what's that?

Renée. M. de Saulieu ^{Grandma} - he comes to
propose for me.

Count. Ah! - I will receive this person.

Exit Gervais

Renée. Shall I retire ~~grandma~~?

Count. Yes - my dear - you may be nervous.
don't be alarmed.

Renée. I am not at all nervous - and I am

never alarmed at anything (Exit Renée R)

Enter Gervais preceding Brisebarre R

Gerv. M. Brisebarre (Exit Gervais L.D.)

Briss. Madame the Countess of Romy Latour

Count. ^{not times} Well sir - what's your business? _{puts hat on Table L}

Bris L (Looking round) Pardon me - did you address me?

Count. ^{not times} Yes. and I said - what is your business?

Brise. I regret to find that something has disturbed your good temper.

Count. ^{the turn} What do you mean, sir?

Bris : I mean madame, that you address me in a tone that is strange in a lady of your

76.
X Brisolane place Chairs

Count. Bris

she
 rank who ^{she} receives for the 1st time a person
 who has not the honor of her acquaintance
 and who presents himself in a most respectful
 manner.

Count (Rising) Pardon me.

Brise (Bowing) I accept your courteous excuses.

Count. I beg you to be seated.

Brise. I thank you. ^{also} allow me to be concise.

Count: If you please. ~~It~~

Brise: My client M de Saulieu has paid his
 addresses to your granddaughter
 Mademoiselle de Rozay - he has requested
 we to wait upon you to explain the nature

of his fortune and social position.

Count R I shall be glad to find they justify his pretensions -

Brise & There arises the only difficulty.

Count. Ah! there is a difficulty on that point?

Brise. You appear to seize the presumption with pleasure.

Count. Be good enough to ^{come to the point} ~~be precise~~, sir!

Brise. ^{I will} M de Saulieu - is not M de Saulieu!

Count: Ah. I thought there was some screw loose.

Brise. He is the adopted son of Charles de Saulieu, a Belgian gentleman, who bequeathed to him his estate and his name.

Count. What might he have ^{been} called ~~himself~~ before
he clothed himself with the legacy of this
liberal gentleman?

Brise: Jacques Colas!- He is not, as he imagines
himself to be - the son of a widow - He is
simply the child of a person who was never
legally married to his father.

Count. You jest!

Brise. It is the simple fact madam - why do
you doubt it?

Count. ^{Excuse my smiling sir - but all this -}
~~It~~ is too good to be true.

Brise: You see how charming I am to bring
you good news, and how wrong you were

to receive me so unfavourably.

Count. Am I to understand That he has charged you with These explanations?

Brise: He is not aware of my proceedings, for he is ignorant of the secret of his birth.

Count. Impossible!

Brise - I assure you -

Count. Come, I can't believe it!

Brise On my honour -

Count. Is this all you have to tell me? I hope there is more.

Brise: There is more

Count: I am delighted.

88
RMB

Q

H.

Acques

x puts on Specs

Brise: His history seems to amuse you.

Count: I am deeply interested.

Brise: The most exciting part of it is yet to be revealed.

Count: I am all suspense.

Brise: Allow me to proceed methodically. After what I have thought it my duty to explain do you consent to the marriage of your granddaughter Mademoiselle de Rosny with M de Saulieu - or rather with Jacques Colas since that is his real name?

Count: ^{ha! ha!} No, sir. ^{ha! ha!} I do not consent.

Brise: Good! The name of Colas does not seem to strike you.

Count. Colas - Colas -

Brise : Catherine Colas -

Count. No such person has crossed the path of
my life. That I am aware of

Brise. How little we know of ourselves! My
client Mr. Jacques Colas is the cousin of
Mademoiselle de Latour - and consequently
is your grandson.

Count. My grandson - this person?
allons m. l'expliquer

Brise : Perfectly - is not Mademoiselle Renée
the only daughter of one of your sons, the
General - who is dead?

Count. Yes.

Brise: Then ^{Jacques} M^r de Saulieu is the only son of
the other Raymond Latour who is alive.

Count. The son of Raymond -

Brise. By Catherine Colas - whom he deceived
and deserted -

Count. Ah - oh ^{ah yes} ~~ah yes~~ I understand - so - well - sir
I have no desire ^{early} to enter into any
details in the ^{early} life of a foolish and
improvident
~~unfortunate~~ young man.

Brise. Oh Countess your son is no fool - I have
been his lawyer for twenty five years
and in all his affairs, public and
private. I assure you he always gets the
best of everybody

Count. The ^{female} ~~person~~ you allude to was of course his inferior in rank.

Brise: When he condescended to deceive her - he placed himself on her level

Count. He had his family to consider - he was not master of his actions -

Brise: ^{no} He was only master of the bad ones - But it is not of the past I wish to speak but of the future - you refuse positively you ^{assent} to this alliance.

Count. ~~Need I repeat it~~ Can you doubt it

Brise: I never ~~doubted~~ for a moment. ~~what your answer would be~~ - It remains then for the

young people to take the matter into their own hands - as I wash mine of it: *yes*

Count. What do you mean?

Brise: If my client loves your grand daughter, as I am sure he does - if she loves him sincerely as he deserves - for he is just the man to inspire a profound sentiment - well - they will marry - that's all. *Along his day why*

Count. *yes* In spite of what you have told me - in spite of my opposition!

Brise: Yes Madam - in spite of both - for it is not just that the crime of the father and the obstinate pride of a grandmother.

should prevent ^{or} their future generation from being happy in their own way.

Count: ^{is not} Mademoiselle Latour is not of age.

Brise: ^{don't} In that case she will wait until she is.

Count: They will weary of one another before the wedding day can arrive.

Brise: In that case they will not weary of it, after it is past.

Count. You miscalculate the strength of my resolution, sir - ^{up}

Brise: I think, Madam, you miscalculate the strength of their love. ^{up}

Count. We shall see - ^{up} we have nothing more

to say? *come up*

Brise^{R.B.}: Nothing. I have the honor to take my leave.

Count: You have my leave sir, to take it. ~~to take it~~

Brise^{R.C.}: (Bowing) Madam -

Count: Sir! (She curtsies and Exit ~~L.B.~~)

Brise: Ah! That is over! - poor boy! - *down to L.B.*

Enter Jacques *R.H.D.*

Jacques -

Jacques: I have returned to tell Renée that my
mother has just arrived from Normandy.
has arrived

Brise: Your mother - you have seen her?

Jacques: Yes - she seems ill - she asked for you.

to come - her presence here was necessary

Brise: I sent for her. ~~But~~ but I did not expect

she would arrive so promptly. Where is she?

Jacq: At my lodging. What is the matter - Brisebarre
 you have concealed a misfortune from me.
^{My mother's} ^{when she met me}
 her face was troubled - and yours is confused.
^{now}

Brise: My dear boy - listen as patiently as you can
 - summon your courage - you will require
 all your manhood to bear the news it
 grieves me to convey - but you must
 have learned it some day.

Jacques. News - what news?

Brise: The Countess declines to bestow
 upon you the hand of her granddaughter.

Jacq. Did she assign any reason? ^{what}

Brise: Yes.

Jaeg: A good one?

Brise: ^{Very} Yes: she refused you because —

Jaeg: Because-? —

Brise: Because your father was a scoundrel

Jaeg: My father? who says that?

Brise: I say so.

Jaeg: You!

Brise: He deceived your mother by an illegal marriage - you have no right to the name you bear - De Saulieu was not your father -

Jaeg: My life then has been a lie - why has

this truth been withheld from me?

Brise: Because a mother did not know how
to bow down her face with shame before
her son - because she could not find
the words to teach you ^{how} to hate the
man she has never ceased to love.

Jaeg: ^{grows up Reg & Anne} Does he live still?

Brise: He lives - ~~xxx~~

Jaeg: And his name is -

Brise: Raymond Latour!

Jaeg: The uncle of Renée?

Brise: The uncle of Renée!

Jacques takes up his hat and goes to the

door / 2

Where are you going?

Jaeg: I am going to call upon my father.

Brise - what for?

Jaeg. To see him - since I have never seen him

Brise: Recollect he is your father. Ring.

Jaeg: I wish to see if he has
~~has he not~~ forgotten it? Exit - La

Brise: ~~What would you do?~~

Jaeg: Brise - Antes in Cham

