

THE GODDESS OF REASON

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649137428

The goddess of reason by Mary Johnston

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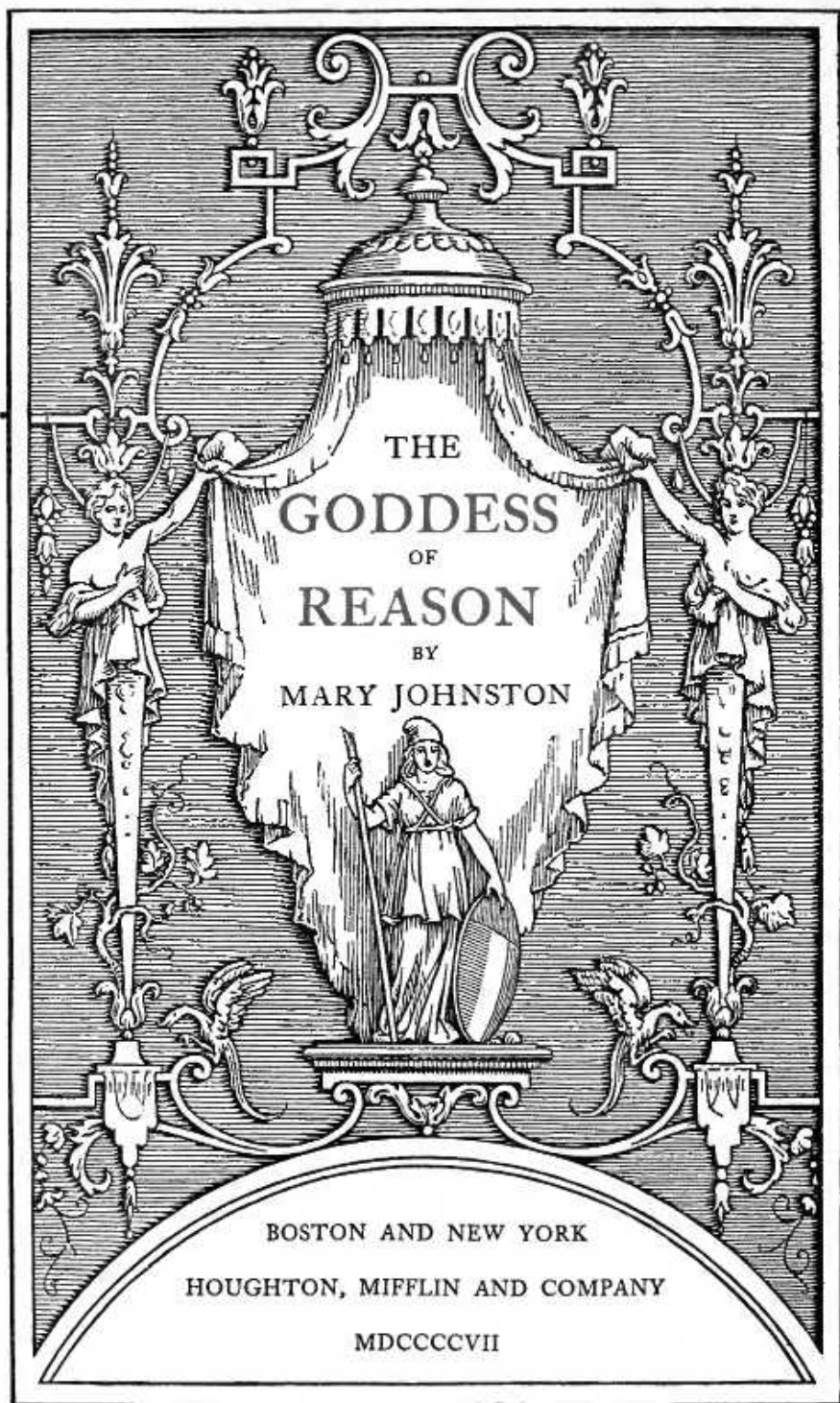
Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

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MARY JOHNSTON

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OF REASON**



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BY
MARY JOHNSTON

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY

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Published May 1907

TO
THE HOUSEHOLD AT WOODLEY
THIS DRAMA
IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

RENÉ-AMAURY DE VARDES, *Baron of Morbec*

RÉMOND LALAIN, *Deputy from Vannes*

THE ABBÉ JEAN DE BARBASAN

COUNT LOUIS DE CHÂTEAU-GUI

CAPTAIN FAUQUEMONT DE BUC

MELIFARS DE L'ORIENT

ENGUERRAND LA FÔRET

THE VIDAME DE SAINT-AMOUR

THE ENGLISHMAN

GRÉGOIRE

RAÔUL THE HUNTSMAN

A SERGEANT OF HUSSARS

YVETTE

THE MARQUISE DE BLANCHEFÔRET

Mlle. DE CHÂTEAU-GUI

MME. DE VAUCOURT

MME. DE MALESTROIT

MME. DE PONT À L'ARCHE

viii *DRAMATIS PERSONÆ*

SISTER FIDELIS	CÉLESTE
SISTER SIMPLICIA	ANGÉLIQUE
SISTER BENEDICTA	SÉRAPHINE
NANON	AN ACTRESS

Guests of De Vardes; Peasants; Lackeys; Soldiers; Nuns; Young Girls; The Mob at Nantes; Participants in the Fête of the Goddess of Reason; Republican Commissioners; National Soldiers; Women of the Revolution; Royalist Prisoners; Gaolers; Judges; Executioners; etc., etc.

TIME 1791-1794

- ACT I. The Château of Morbec in Brittany.
ACT II. The Garden of the Convent of the Visitation in Nantes.
ACT III. A Square in Nantes.
ACT IV. A Church in Nantes used as a Prison.
ACT V. *Scene I.* A Judgment Hall in Nantes.
Scene II. The Banks of the Loire.



THE
GODDESS OF REASON

ACT I

The Château of Morbec in Brittany. A formal garden and a wide terrace with stone balustrade. In the background the château, white and peak-roofed, with great arched doors. Beyond it a distant prospect of a Breton village and of the sea beating against a dangerous coast. To the left a thick wood, to the right a perspective of garden alleys, fountains, and flowering trees. On the terrace a small table set with bread, fruit, and wine. In the angle formed by the level of the terrace and the wide stone steps leading into the garden the statue of a nymph, its high and broad pedestal draped with ivy. Scattered on the terrace and steps a litter of stones, broken cudgels, rusty and uncouth weapons. The sun shines, the trees wave in the wind, the birds sing, the flowers bloom. It is a summer morning in the year 1791.

Enter from one of the garden paths a lackey and RÉMOND LALAIN. LALAIN wears a riding dress with a tricolour cockade.

LALAIN

SAY to Monsieur the Baron of Morbec,
Rémond Lalain, the Deputy from Vannes,
In haste is riding north, but hath drawn rein —

Hearing to-day of Baron Henri's death —
 And audience craves that he may homage pay
 To Morbec's latest lord!

THE LACKEY

I go, monsieur!

[Exit the lackey.]

LALAIN

These gloomy towers!

[He muses as he paces the garden walk before the terrace.]

Mirabeau is dead!

Gabriel Riquetti, dead, I salute thee,
 Great gladiator! Who treads now the sand
 That yesterday was trod by Mirabeau?
 Barnave, Lameth, ye are too slight of frame!
 There's Lafayette. No, no, *mon général!*
 Robespierre? Go to, thou little man!
 Jean Paul Marat, dog leech and People's Friend?
 Wild beast to fight with beast! Faugh! Down, Marat!
 Who stands this course, why, that man's emperor!
 Now how would purple look upon Marat?
 Jacques Danton? — Danton! Hot Cordelier!
 Dark Titan forging to a Titan's end!
 Shake not thy black locks from the tribune there,
 Nor rend the heavens with thy mighty voice!
 'T is not for thee, the victor's golden crown,
 The voice of France —

[The doors of the château open. Enter three lackeys bearing a great gilt chair, which they place with ceremony at the head of the steps which lead from the terrace into the garden.]