

**THE KING'S FRIEND,
A PLAY IN
FIVE ACTS**

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The king's friend, a play in five acts by Robert Sullivan

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ROBERT SULLIVAN

**THE KING'S FRIEND,
A PLAY IN
FIVE ACTS**

THE
KING'S FRIEND.

A Play,

IN FIVE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED, FOR THE FIRST TIME, AT THE THEATRE
ROYAL, SADLER'S WELLS, ON THE 21ST OF MAY, 1845.

By ROBERT SULLIVAN, Esq.

LONDON:
SAUNDERS AND OTTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.

1845.

LONDON:
ALFRED BOEING, PRINTER, 7, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND.

TO S. PHELPS, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR,

I DEDICATE this Play to you; not under the idea that it has merit to make a dedication of any value, but because your ready acceptance of it, your many important hints for adapting it to the Stage, and the truly kind manner in which you recommended it to Mrs. Warner—your greatly gifted managerial partner—render it, such as it is, peculiarly your own. To your joint unremitting care, and liberal disregard of expenditure, in its production, as well as to your respective performance of two most inadequate parts, your audience and the press have already paid a tribute which leaves me no comment to offer. I can only say, that to them and to you, and to every performer concerned, I feel a debt which I am proud to acknowledge, and not likely to forget.

With the certain assurance that many a better writer will have to address you in the same spirit, believe me, my dear Sir,

Very faithfully your's,

ROBERT SULIVAN.

York Terrace, Regent's Park.

MAY 27TH, 1845.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Henry IV.	MR. PHELPS.
Marquis de Rosny	MR. H. MARSTON.
Le Seigneur de Fresne	MR. G. BENNETT.
Victor	MR. S. BUCKINGHAM.
Du Front	MR. MORTON.
La Plume	MR. H. MELLON.
Maignan	MR. SCHARFE.
A Page	MISS STEPHENS.
A Lackey	
Vauteur	}	Bravos	.	.	}	MR. KNIGHT.
Bravache						MR. GRAHAM.
Poignard						MR. C. FENTON.
Attendants of de Fresne, Soldiers, Servants, Bravos.						
Katherine de Villequier	MISS COOPER.
Madame Chateaupers	MRS. WARNER.

Scene—FRANCE. In the Town of Mante.

THE KING'S FRIEND.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The apartment of the MARQUIS DE ROSNY, in the town of Mante.—The MARQUIS pacing to and fro, apparently suffering from recent wounds.—MAIGNAN at a table, with writing materials, waiting for the MARQUIS to dictate.*

Marq. Where was I, Maignan? Why do you not remind me?

Maig. I beg pardon, my lord—I repeated that last sentence so often that, to say the truth, it made me a little drowsy.

Marq. I would I could impress thee with a due sense of thy distinction! Dost thou remember from what I promoted thee?

Maig. Aye, sir—I was a busy nondescript, something between your lackey and your squire, and ought now to be enjoying a comfortable sinecure, for you have scarce a whole bone, or a half shirt, to need me in either capacity.

Marq. The wars have been hard upon us, I grant; but I wish I could elevate thee above the use of such

undignified expressions as whole bones and half shirts! What signifies a wardrobe when we are clad in glory? Remember thou art now my secretary! The amanuensis of Maximilian de Bethune, Marquis de Rosny, and prime minister to his majesty, King Henry of France and Navarre - I tell thee, Maignan, posterity will consider thee a great man.

Maig. It is hard to consider *ourselves* so, when we have nothing but our title to greatness. It is only for such as you and our noble King Henry to entertain a true value for the sublimity of naked glory, and I confess that—though we have a hundred times beaten our enemies—our exploits are written upon our backs in characters which make one ashamed to walk the streets.

Marq. Would'st thou lose thy patience just where our trials end? This last battle—the glorious day of Ivry, has removed the last obstacle to our success, and for once, I regret my wounds. The king will win his capital without me.

Maig. He'll never reach it, sir.

Marq. Never reach Paris?

Maig. No, my lord, I think not.

Marq. Thou hast a rare conceit! And now thy reason?

Maig. There is one terrible foe that stares him in the face still.

Marq. And that foe?

Maig. Is famine!—

Marq. Has famine played the traitor with us? At Ivry, it fought on our side. It whispered to our soldiers that victory would feed them, and they rushed to blood like famished wolves in winter. Poor tatterdemalions of