

A

CHAIN OF EVENTS

A

DRAMATIC STORY,

In Eight Acts,

BY MESSRS.

S L I N G S B Y L A W R E N C E
AND
C H A R L E S M A T H E W S.

Correctly Printed from the Prompt Book, with Exits,
Entrances, &c.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Gaspard L'Avisé,	-	Mr CHARLES MATHEWS
Père Bonneau,	-	Mr FRANK MATTHEWS
Alcide Le Fort,	-	Mr ROBERT ROXBY
Georges Michel,	-	Mr BELTON
The Marquis de Melcy,	-	Mr H. HORNCastle
Baptiste,	-	Mr BASIL BAKER
Brididi,	-	Mr SUTER
Victor,	-	Mr ROSIERE
Cabri,	-	Mr H. BUTLER
Gobinard,	-	Mr HONNER
Philippe,	-	Mr DE BURT
Edouard,	-	Miss FOOTE
Running Footman,	-	Mr VERNON
Antoine,	-	Mr MORRIS
Sergeant,	-	Mr HOULDEN
Dubois,	-	Mr DE COURCY
Marie Bonneau.	-	Madame VESTRIS
Thérèse,	-	Miss LAURA KEENE
Madeleine Richard,	-	Mrs FRANK MATTHEWS
Javotte,	-	Miss JULIA ST. GEORGE
Madame de St. Prie,	-	Mrs HORN
The Countess de Melcy,	-	Mrs MACNAMARA
Louison,	-	Miss M. OLIVER
Fanchette,	-	Miss MARTINDALE
Margot,	-	Miss ELLIS
Lolotte,	-	Miss GROVE
Manon,	-	Mrs FOOTE
Dame de Comptoir,	-	Mrs FIRTH
Market Women, Water Carriers, Millers, Soldiers, Peasants Firemen, Populace, Bailiffs, Link Boys, Chairmen, Tradesmen, Masqueraders, Waiters, Children.		

PROGRAMME OF THE SCENERY
BY
M R. W. BEVERLY.

ACT I.

A STREET IN PARIS.

ACT II.

A STORM AT SEA.

ACT III.

THÉRÈSE'S SHOP.

ACT IV.

BONNEAU'S HOUSE.

ACT V.

APARTMENT at the MARQUIS DE MELCY's.

ACT VI.

ROOM AT THÉRÈSE'S.

ACT VII.

MARKET OF THE INNOCENTS.
WITH THE FOUNTAIN BY MOONLIGHT.

HOLIDAY FETE.

Procession of Market Girls, Miniature Millers and Poissardes.

BALLET.

LA FRICASSEE

By Mesdames Mars, Wadham, Hodson, Watson, Wiltshire,
Barnett, Edwards, Ford, C. Ford, Firth, Hunt, Webber,
Cutmore, Graham, Smith, Barnes and 16 Children.

PAS DE POISSARDE,

By - - - Miss ROSINA WRIGHT

ACT VIII.

THE FLEUR DE LYS,
ILLUMINATED SALOON,
Looking into the Court-yard the Palais Royal.

A CHAIN OF EVENTS.

ACT I.

SCENE.—A Street in Paris, Rue de l'Echelle.

L. H. a *Shed*, the interior of which faces the audience, it opens into the second room. R.H. a *Nobleman's House*, in the centre, at the back, is the *Fountain*. Streets branching from it right and left.

[As the curtain rises, Cabri and several Water Carriers are grouped around the *Fountain*, one after the other filling their pails. Javotte apart from them, seated on the wooden frame, which she rests upon her pails. She sings.]

A lonely maid I've wander'd far,
And gaily met each weary day ;
For every night love's trembling star
Lighted the morrow with its ray.
The day is long, but toil is light,
And all around me happy seems ;
For when I seek repose at night,
My heart beats softly through my dreams.
I dream that he who has my heart,
Doth call me his own little wife ;
And if I wake up with a start,
I wake up to new hope, new life !
A lonely maid, &c., &c.

As Javotte finishes her song, she is going to take her place at the fountain, but Cabri places himself before her.

Cabri. Back ! back ! Savoyard ! It's not your turn yet.

Javotte. Not my turn ? why, all the girls are gone but me, and you wouldn't be so rude towards the sex, as to refuse me my share.

Cabri. Pooh ! Stuff ! As if a Savoyard had a right to share ! go and fill your pails at the river —you don't belong to us.

[he is about to throw her pails aside.

Javotte. [puts herself before him with her arms a-kimbo.] Touch them at your peril! Bully that you are! Oh! if I were only a man!

Cabri. And what then, my little water wagtail? Be off at once—away with you!

Omnes. Ay! ay! be off!—away with you!

Javotte. [resisting] I won't stir a step, if I die for it! Cowards! Oh! if Brididi were but here!

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha! Brididi!—there's a name! Who's your Brididi? Where's your Brididi?

Enter Brididi, l. h. who rushes in between them.

Brididi. Here's her Brididi!—this is her Brididi! Touch her, if you dare! Don't be frightened, Javotte; we two are a match for ten such water melons as these!

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha! Let's duck him in the fountain—eh, lads, what do you say?

[They advance towards him, and try to seize him, he resists, during which Madeleine enters r. h. u. e.]

Madeleine. Heyday! heyday! what's all this?

Cabri. Madame Madeleine!

[they all rush round her, and tell their story as fast as they can.]

Brididi. Ah! ha! now we shall see! Look here, madame Madeleine.

Javotte. I'll tell you all about it, aunt—I came here with my pails—

Cabri. You see, madame Madeleine, the whole story lies in two words—this little Savoyard—

Omnes. I'll tell you how it begun—you see, madame Madeleine, just as we were—

Madeleine. Silence! chattering magpies that you are,—one at a time! Javotte, my child; what's the matter?

Brididi. Why you see, madame Madeleine—

Madeleine. Holloa! young man—are you the child? Is your name Javotte?

Brididi. No, madame Madeleine, only—

Madeleine. Hold your tongue, then! Now child.

Javotte. It's the old story, aunt—these rude fellows want to drive me away from the fountain.

Madeleine. So much the better—I'm glad of it—I wish they'd succeed! You ought to have more pride than to carry those nasty water pails about, and disgrace your family; Haven't I offered you a stall in the market? Haven't I promised to get you received amongst us, and find you a husband into the bargain?

Brididi. Find her a husband, I like that!

Javotte. But I don't!

Brididi. As if she could'nt find one for herself.

Madeleine. Be quiet, Saucebox! [to Javotte] Have'nt I one in my eye for you?

Brididi. Well, and have'nt I one in my eye for her, if you come to that.

Javotte. And have'nt I one in my own eye too, if that's all.

Madeleine. Ah! but not such a one as Alcide Le Fort, the Syndic of the Market, there's a husband, if you like.

Javotte. But I don't like!

Brididi. No, she don't like, do you Javotte?

Madeleine. Young! stout! six foot high! shoulders like a wall! hands like grappling irons! there's a man to fight your battles, when such wishy washy fellows as these attempt to insult you.

Brididi. Well, and can't I fight her battles too? what's shoulders to do with it? what's six foot high to do with it? The heart within's the thing, isn't it Javotte? It's the pluck, Ma'amé Madeleine, the pluck! [Looks fiercely at Cabri] A rat fights fiercer than an elephant I tell you, so don't you go deceiving the girl, don't you be deceived Javotte.

Javotte. [very demurely] Nay, dear Aunt Madeleine, I'm sure whatever you advise must be for my good, and if you wish me to enter the Market, I'm willing to obey your orders. I'm meekness itself about things I don't care for, so that I'm not thwarted in what I do care for! [getting warmer] But as to the husband part of the matter, I'm all for pleasing myself I tell you, and I think I ought too, as I'm the person most concerned in the choice, after all—and I don't see how it's anybody's *but* mine, [in a fury] only just at this moment its got nothing to do with the question, for if I don't get the better of these rude, rough, ignorant, cowardly fellows, I feel I shall never be a wife, nor a Market Woman neither, for I shall die if downright spite and vexation, so I shall. [Bursting out crying.]

Cabri. [and others] Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Brididi. Don't ye cry, Javotte!

Javotte. I will have justice if I die for it!

Cabri. Justice, will you, where will you get it?

[Père Bonneau heard without crying "Water ho!"]

Madeleine. Here it comes, in the person of Père Bonneau, he shall be our justice, he's the foreman of their district, and will explain the rules.

Enter Père Bonneau, carrying his water pails, R. H.

Bonneau. Now boys, whats the matter? is the river run

dry, that you quarrel at the fountain? Good day, Madeleine Richard, what brings you among us?

Cabri. We won't have a Savoyard encroaching on the privilege of Auvergnats.

Javotte. A fine privilege, forsooth! the privilege of a pail of water! I've as much right to it as you, the water belongs to us all—water was invented before Auvergnats were thought of!

Bonneau. No, no, wench, there you are wrong, when water was invented, there was also a provision made for Auvergnats to sell it, every one knows that! We can't alter the rules.

Cabri. [and the rest] No! we can't alter the rules!

Bonneau. No we can't do that, and therefore one of them being that I, as foreman of this district, have the right of helping myself first, come when I may.

Cabri. [and the rest] Right, that's the rule!

Bonneau. I intend for once to use it, and so—I give up my turn to you, there help yourself, Savoyard, and Heaven bless you!

Brididi. [throwing up his cap] Hurra! long live Père Bonneau.

Javotte. Oh! thank you, thank you a thousand times.

Bonneau. Not at all, not at all, the gifts of the earth should be for all its children.

Madeleine. Bravo! Père Bonneau, I love you for that.

Cabri. Ay, ay, we all know the old boy's weakness, if a pretty girl only shews her face, there's an end of him.

Bonneau. True, Cabri, I don't deny it, there's nothing in that, for any man to be ashamed of I fancy, especially when, like me, he thinks of his own darling child, left with her mother far away.

Cabri. The beautiful Thérèse, as you call her.

Madeleine. As our whole Village calls her, I can testify! you won't see such another in the longest day of the year.

Bonneau. That you won't, though I say it, young, gay, active, loving, beautiful, virtuous, the courage of a lion, and the heart of a child. Ah! boys, it is not because she is mine that I say it, and perhaps I shouldn't say it, but say it I will, when she was born, her mother and I presented the world with a paragon!

Cabri. Egad! master Bonneau, I've half a mind to ask the girl of you, for a wife at once!

Bonneau. Too late, my boy; too late. She has been married next to a twelvemonth, to an excellent lad, whom she doats upon—Georges Michel, a hard working fellow, they tell me, for I never set eyes on him myself.

Madeleine. No, no, Marie and I managed that business for you; we flatter ourselves Michel! a treasure—handsome to begin with and there's no harm in that, you know.

Brididi. [pluming himself.] None, whatever.

Madeline. Moreover, a scholar, educated at the College of Beauvais, !—well mannered, sober and steady. Thérèse loved him,—he loved Thérèse—what more would you have? smack they were married at once—there was an end of that.

[Javotte goes up to fountain.]

Cabri. What, and didn't they even invite you to the wedding?

Bonneau. Oh! yes, but the journey would have cost too much, so I gave it up, and sent the price of it to the young couple instead. It pleased them less, but was of more use, I know; besides, for the matter of that, I had my share of the fun. I shut myself up in my house, there, [points to shcd] with a neighbour or two, and quietly drank a bottle to their health; that sent my brain capering, as if I had been dancing in our village: By the bye talking of our village, I have just received a letter, from home and away from my wife I can't say—is there any one of you learned enough to read it for me?

Cabri. Not I!

Omnes. Nor I!

Madeleine. [looking at Brididi] Eh?

Brididi. [shakes his head] Ugh!

Madeleine. Now, if Michel were but here; he'd shew you the way!

Javotte. [coming forward.] Service for service, Père Bonneau—if you like, I will read it for you,

Bonneau. Lor! do you mean to say, that a little thing like you, can read writing all by yourself?

Javotte. Read it? like a schoolmaster!

Brididi. [nudges Madeleine.] Eh! what do you think of that?

Madeleine. True! I forgot, my Javotte. Read it lass,

Bonneau. [to Cabri.] There, you clown! do you hear that? [gives letter to Javotte.] Now, read, my little wench. Oh, you may all hear—there are no secrets in Bonneau's family! It's signed "Thérèse," I suppose: isn't it?

Javotte. No! it's signed "Michel."

Bonneau. It's the same thing—wife or husband, you know

Madeleine. Is it? how much he knows about it!

Javotte. [reading.] "Père Bonneau! when you get this, I shall have left home, and my dearly loved Thérèse"—

Madeleine. Left home?

Javotte. [reads] "In the village, here, there is no work to be got—I am ambitious, and I have the prospect of fortune for myself, for dear Thérèse, beyond the seas. She tells me, "there is at Paris, a rich and powerful nobleman, who will, if "you ask him, get me a free passage from Bordeaux; I wait "your reply, there. If you can't procure me the passage, I "shall work my way out before the mast. Pray for my good

"fortune and speedy return to dear, dear Thérèse—for I shall
"return rich, or not at all!"

"Your Son,"

"Michel."

Bonneau. Poor lad! Poor Thérèse!

Madeleine. Don't be down hearted, Père Bonneau—Michel is a brave lad—I like his spirit, and he'll succeed, I'll answer for him!

Javotte. [shouldering her pails.] Ay, ay, that's all very well—but meantime, Thérèse will be all but a widow. She shouldn't have let her husband go—eh, Brididi?

Brididi. Certainly not!

Javotte. Wait till I get one—I won't let him go again in a hurry, I promise you;—eh, Brididi? [Exit L. U. E. singing.]

Brididi. Certainly not! [Exit after her.]

[During what follows, the water carriers are filling their pails, and one by one going off down the streets, R. and L.]

Madeleine. And who is the rich nobleman, whose protection you rely upon.

Bonneau. The Marquis de Melcy, my neighbour; [points to house, R] but he wants protection himself, just now, poor fellow, and would be glad of a free passage anywhere. Three weeks ago, he was arrested, thrown into the Bastile, and seals placed upon every room in his house.

Cabri. So I've heard.

Madeleine. But what has he done?

Bonneau. Written something or other—I don't know what—but you may suppose it wasn't very right, since they threw him into prison for it.

Cabri. I say, madame Madeleine, reading and writing isn't all profit after all!

Bonneau. And everybody cries out against him except me.

Madeleine. Why except you?

Bonneau. Madeline Richard, I am not scholar enough to understand the harm he has written, but I have heart enough to comprehend the good he has done!

Madeleine. Père Bonneau—kiss me! [Bonneau kisses her] That's done me good! You're one of those sort of men, look you, that—no matter—I must be off to market!

[Exit, U. E. L. H.]

A sedan chair, in which is Madame St. Prie, appears in the street. L. H. U. E. On passing Bonneau she coughs, he looks up, recognises her and bows. Cabri goes to fountain, fills his pails and those of Bonneau. Madame St. Prie returning Bonneau's salute with her hand, drops her handkerchief.

Mad. St. Prie. Stop! Stop! [the sedan chair stops.]
Bonneau, will you be kind enough—

Bonneau. [picking it up and presenting the handkerchief.] Certainly! have I the honor to be remembered, madam?

Mad. St. Prie. Oh! yes you are Père Bonneau—[mysteriously] an honest, grateful man! Is it not so?

Bonneau. [confused] Madame! [aside.] What the deuce does she say that for?

Mad. St. Prie. You live in this street, I believe?

Bonneau. There's my mansion, madam, [pointing to shed] at your service.

Mad. St. Prie. And you live there alone—quite alone?

Bonneau. Quite alone.

Mad. St. Prie. [in under tone.] Come nearer. [he is astonished.] Fear nothing,—come close!

Bonneau. There I am.

Mad. St. Prie. [confidentially.] Bonneau, I came here to seek you.

Bonneau. To seek me?

Mad. St. Prie. Yes—to tell you to be at home at sunset—at home, and alone.

Bonneau. For what?

Mad. St. Prie. A precious life depends on it.

Bonneau. That's enough, I'll be here.

Mad. St. Prie. [to Porters] Home!

[She is carried away by the small street, R. H. U. R.

Bonneau. Hum!—a precious life depends on it! of course, I shall be here at sunset. I've time enough to serve a customer or two and be back. [takes up his pails.] Hollo! why my pails are full!

Cabri. Of course, they are! while you were chattering with the fine lady, I was doing your work for you, old boy.

Bonneau. Good lad! good lad!

[Voices heard from the Marquis's House, R. H.

Cabri. I say—they seem turning everything topsy-turvy inside.

Philippe. [inside.] I tell you, those are my orders!

Baptiste. I tell you, they don't apply to me!

Bonneau. Oh! it's Baptiste, the marquis's coachman, who came for his things, and Philippe, the porter, won't let him have them, I suppose.

Cabri. Serve him right—the drunken dog! If they'd clapped the seals upon him, it would have been better for all the neighbours.

Bonneau. All except the wine merchants, Cabri! Come, let's go, or they'll mix us up in the quarrel. [shoulders his

pails.] Water! any water, oh! [Exit with Cabri, U.E.L.H.
 [The noise increases. Baptiste appears, as if ejected from
 the gate, with a bundle under his arm.]

Baptiste. Was there ever such a chap? Wouldn't even let me take away my own clothes. That's a good idea! they don't belong to the marquis's wardrobe—they are not political articles!—government may seize everything belonging to him, and welcome—I could sit down calmly under that—but for government to touch the coachman's livery—it's enough to make any patriot's blood boil! It's Despotism! I think it's quite enough to lose so good a place—Oh! what a place it was! Nothing to do, but receive one's wages, and ride about on a comfortable coach-box—corn in abundance—a first rate kitchen, and a cellar—oh! what a cellar!

Enter Gaspard at the back, in a travelling dress, looks about him;—he examines the House, R.H., then notices Baptiste.

Gaspard. [asiae] Common looking fellow!—sottish face!—tipsy legs!—bundle under his arm!—and in the melancholy attitude of a coachman out of place. The very man I was looking after!

Baptiste. Ah! that was a cellar! Poor marquis! who will drink his wine for him, now, that I am not there?

[sighs and opens his snuff box]

Gaspard. [advancing, takes a pinch.] Snuff, too! Another bad habit! The scamp has nothing to learn. [enjoying the pinch.] Upon my word! Exquisite! Where did you steal that?

Baptiste. Where did I buy it?

Gaspard. Steal it.

Baptiste. [exasperated] Sir, do you know the man you are talking to?

Gaspard. Perfectly, I can send him to the galleys in five minutes.

Baptiste. [mild'y] Oh! to whom have I the pleasure of speaking?

Gaspard. To a friend or a foe, as the case may be M. Baptiste.

Baptiste. You know my name

Gaspard. And your occupation, you are Baptiste by name, a coachman by nature, a sloth and a sot by profession, mixed up in a certain awkward affair of corn and hay, born with the brass to commit, without the wit to conceal. In short, a fool turned up with a knave.

Baptiste. [laughing] Ah! you wag, I see you know me! In the same line perhaps

Gaspard. I, Gaspard L'Avisé, who have represented in my own person the Majesty of the Law, as an Attorney's Clerk, the Grace of Literature as a Writing master, and the Dignity of

Commerce, as a Smuggler! I who can carry on a dozen affairs at once, without confusion, I in the same line with a clumsy fellow who can't even drive a pair of horses, without bumping against the posts! Learn to appreciate better the barrier which nature has set up between us!

Baptiste. Beg pardon, but as you alluded to that little matter of corn and hay—

Gaspard. Which passed through my master's office—

Baptiste. Oh! I understand, but you won't betray me—I'm looking out for another place, and if that matter were raked up, you know—people have such queer prejudices, I might never get into service again.

Gaspard. Pooh! I'll take you into mine.

Baptiste. You! why, you don't mean to say you have a house in Paris?

Gaspard. I mean to say nothing of the kind, I have but this moment jumped off the Diligence, and the street is my only home. One of the airiest apartments in all Paris.

Baptiste. But, to morrow!

Gaspard. To morrow I am off to St. Domingo.

Baptiste. And I'm to follow you?

Gaspard. No, I want you here.

Baptiste. What wages am I to have?

Gaspard. Twenty Louis.

Baptiste. A year?

Gaspard. A day—there are two to begin with, [*gives money*] you are a coachman, I take you by the hour.

Baptiste. [*taking off his hat*] Where shall I drive you, Sir?

Gaspard. Into that house silently! [*pointing to house R. H.*] Shew me where to find the Marquis's will, and tell me all you know about his son.

Baptiste. In the first place, there's no getting into the house—in the second, I know nothing of any will—in the third, they have clapped seals every where—in the fourth, I never heard of a son.

Gaspard. [*looking at him with intense pity*] Numscull! to have lived with the Marquis, worn his livery, and never learned his secrets.

Baptiste. Don't care about his secrets, my inclination does not lead me that way, but I can give you *every* information about the cellar.

Gaspard. I hoped to have discovered something from man, who had had every opportunity of knowing all, and yet here am I, a stranger but just landed, obliged to inform *him* that there *is* a will hidden within these walls, and that there *is* a son, though brought up in secret somewhere in the country, though where, and under what name, I have yet to find out.

Baptiste. And how the devil did you come to find out all this?

Gaspard. I'll tell you. From my master—Monseigneur, the Duke de Melcy.

Baptiste. The Marquis's father!—your master—why, then you are nothing but a servant, after all? [puts on his hat.]

Gaspard. During the last six months I have been the Duke's confidant and factotum; he took an immense and immediate fancy to me—a man of great discernment, the Duke! Appointed governor of St. Domingo, he received at the moment of his departure, a letter from the Marquis, announcing his arrest; and the fact that he had left a will among his papers, revealing the existence of a son, whom he had brought up in secret, because the child's mother had proved herself unworthy to bear the name of de Melcy. This son he commended to the protection of the Duke.

Baptiste. Oh! the Duke then is afraid lest the will should be mislaid, and he has commissioned you to secure it, and bring him his grandson with the title; I understand all

Gaspard. You understand nothing. The Duke is too proud of his family to allow of the introduction of one whose birth—

Baptiste. Is he illegitimate then?

Gaspard. No—but the son of a woman of no family—a woman by whom the Marquis was fascinated, and whom he married secretly; fortunately before the marriage was avowed, he learnt that his wife was worthless, as well as birthless, and so discarded her. Now, I am at all hazards, to secure the will and carry it to St. Domingo, for which service I am to receive ten thousand francs. So to work—where did the marquis keep his papers?

Baptiste. All I know is, that in that room—[pointing to the window.] The Marquis's study—there is a cabinet, where he used to write, and lock up important letters.

Gaspard. That will do—to-morrow its contents are mine.

Baptiste. To-morrow? But the seals are to be removed to-day!

Gaspard. The devil they are? To-day!—then there's no time to lose—it will be sharp work!

Baptiste. By Jupiter it will, for here comes old Gobinard, the Commissary of Police, for the very purpose, so there's an end of you at once.

Gaspard. So, it is old Gobinard himself, sure enough.

Baptiste. Do you know him?

Gaspard. Is there a Commissary of Police in Europe I don't know? step this way. [Retires L. H.]

Enter Gobinard and his Boy with papers, Gobinard is going towards the house R. H., when he stops suddenly.

Gobinard. On second thoughts I shall not want you—go

back to Madame Gobinard, and tell her she can go at once to her uncle's to supper without waiting for me—and when I've done, I'll go and fetch her home, stop—stop giddy pate, don't carry away my papers !

[Goes up towards the Fountain, gives his Boy directions.

Exit Boy, u. e r. h., s'age begins to darken slowly.

Gaspard. Poor Madame Gobinard, a pretty little woman, young enough to bury three such old Mummies as that,

Baptiste. Do you know her ?

Gaspard. Of course, she's the cousin of one of my old fellow clerks, Isidore Patrat.

Baptiste. There he comes again, he's going to the Marquis's.

Gaspard. No, he isn't—do you run for a hackney coach, make the coachman drunk, you know how to do that, take his seat, be on the watch, and when I beckon to you, draw up.

[Pushes him off, l. h.]

Gobinard. [sorting his papers, and coming down] I believe I've got all the papers I want.

[As he is about to knock at the house r. h., Gaspard places his hand upon his arm.

Gaspard. Stop, you're my prisoner !

Gobinard. I, your prisoner ?

Gaspard. Yes, I arrest you !

Gobinard. What, you arrest me ! Why, I am the Commissary of Police my friend, it is I who arrest others, take care what you're about.

Gaspard. It is for your good I arrest you.

Gobinard. That's another affair, but quick, be brief, I have work to do in that house.

Gaspard. You needn't hurry yourself there, there's more pressing business for you than that elsewhere.

Gobinard. On the contrary, I have received positive orders to remove the seals, and forward all the Marquis's papers at once to the Judge—no business can be more pressing.

Gaspard. Well, it's all a matter of taste certainly. So then, if some one were to bring you word that your house was on fire, or your wife run away with, you would remain quietly where you are, and consider the public affairs before you own ?

Gobinard. Not at all. Remain here indeed, and quietly ! what an idea ! luckily, however, my house is not on fire, and as to my wife—

Gaspard. You fancy she is safe at home, I suppose !

Gobinard. Of course I do —nay I don't fancy it, I know it ; where should she be ?

Gaspard. Why, where she should'n't be, of course. Confiding individual ! Candid Commissary ! Innocent husband ! no sooner had you turned upon your heel, than she was off—

Gobinard. To sup with her uncle.

Gaspard. To sup with her cousin.

Gobinard. Isidore!

Gaspard. Patrat, Clerk in the Customs, a dissipated young dog, fond of wine and women, and doating upon his cousin, with whom he has a rendezvous this evening. Why, he was boasting of it, not half an hour ago, in my presence, the scapegrace! boasting of his treason, and laughing at your shame! I had not the honour of knowing you, respectable M. Gobinard, of personally knowing you, but said I to myself, "Dubois," said I, "you are a married man, and one who has suffered bitterly, from the conduct of Mrs D—, it is your duty to enlighten the respectable and respected Gobinard." It was my duty—and as in Russia strangers charitably stop you with a warning that your nose is freezing, so do I stop you with a warning that your forehead is on fire. There, now you are warned. Be deceived, duped, laughed at, if you like—but don't say you are not warned. At any rate, I have done my duty, and I wash my hands of the matter—Sir, I have the honour of wishing you good evening.

Gobinard. [stay'ing him] But my dear sir, it is impossible!

Gaspard. And therefore true.

Gobinard. But my wife can't bear her cousin Isidore, she is always speaking ill of him.

Gaspard. A sure sign, that she thinks well of him.

Gobinard. She has made me forbid him my house!

Gaspard. That she may visit him at his.

Gobinard. She thinks him hideous!

Gaspard. And you know he's handsome.

Gobinard. That's what she says I am.

Gaspard. And you are as ugly as sin. Excuse my frankness but you must confess you are damnable ugly.

Gobinard. You think so?

Gaspard. Unmistakeably!

Gobinard. To think of my wife! To tell you the truth, I always suspected as much.

Gaspard. Look you there now! oh! a man of your sagacity could not do otherwise.

Gobinard. Perfidious woman, but I will surprise her. [Going.

Gaspard. Burst upon her.

Gobinard. I fly, but it's such a deuce of a distance.

Gaspard. And you havn't a minute to lose! Mercy on us! a minute did I say? a minute and you may be too late! I'd take a coach, if I were you! By the bye, I have one here, I just engaged by the hour—I'll lend it to you. Between husbands there should be community of interests—you shall have my coach.

[Beckons to Baptiste.]

Gobinard. How can I return your civility?

Gaspard. Don't think of returning at all, I beg you won't.

Enter Baptiste, with a whip in his hand, L. H.

Baptiste. Now, sir.

Gaspard. You must drive this gentleman where he wishes

Gobinard. And gallop like a race horse, d'ye hear?

Gaspard. [aside] Gallop like a tortoise, d'ye hear?

Gobinard Like lightning!

Gaspard. Like a snail—remember you're by the hour.

Baptiste. Ay, ay, I haven't forgotten that, nor the price
you're to pay for it.

Gobinard. Come! Come! Oh! sir, how shall I ever!

come along!

[*Drags off Baptiste, L. U. E.*]

Gaspard. That's all right! Now if Baptiste only keeps
him off for one hour, the trick's complete! I thought his
wife would be a safe lure. How devilish ready men are to
believe any ill of their wives! Now for my part of the farce!
There's not an instant to lose. [*runs off up street, R. U. E.*]

Enter Père Bonneau, L. U. E.

Bonneau. Evening draws in, and I am here at my post.
[*He opens the door of his shed, ranges his buckets, and strikes a
light with flint and steel, lights a candle, &c., &c.*] So there's
somebody's life depending on me, is there? Well, if I can save
him, saved he is!

Enter Madame St. Prie—she is dressed plainly.

Mad. St. Prie. Bonneau!

Bonneau. Is that you, Madame, and in such a dress?

Mad. St. Prie. I must not be recognised I come to ask
your assistance—your protection!

Bonneau. For yourself?

Mad. St. Prie. For the Marquis de Melcy.

Bonneau. The Marquis de Melcy!—my assistance!—he
shall have my life! Oh! could I but get him out of the
Bastile!

Mad. St. Prie That's done already.

Bonneau. Already? The marquis has been liberated!

Mad. St. Prie. By my means—he will be here directly, but
must remain no longer than the time sufficient to exchange his
dress for a suit of yours.

Bonneau. He shall have it—I've a new suit of clothes all
ready made for Thérèse's wedding, and never put on; he shall
have the hanselling of them.

Mad. St. Prie. By favor of that disguise, he may reach the
Quai de Chaillot, where a post chaise awaits him.

Bonneau. You have thought of everything, I see.

Enter the Marquis, stealthily and hesitatingly at back,

Mad. St. Prie. But the time is past when he should be here.

What can delay him? Good heavens! should he have been discovered—or should the jailor have played me false!

Bonneau. Stay! There's a man there, surely; yonder, in the dark—he's coming towards us

Mad. St. Prie. It is the Marquis!

Bonneau. You may venture this way, sir—there's nothing to fear from us.

Marquis. [advances, looks at Madame St. Prie, but without recognising her] Bonneau, my good friend! And is it to you I owe my deliverance?

Bonneau. To me? unhappily, no!—I wish it were! Here is your deliverer.

Marquis. [recognizing her.] Coralie! [taking her by the hand.]

Mad. St. Prie. Did not your heart tell you?

Marquis. I did not know you were in Paris. And have you flown to me in the hour of danger?

Bonneau. While you are chatting, I will get out the suit of clothes we were talking of for you. [enters his house, 2 E. L. H.]

Mad. St. Prie. Marquis! I ask not for a husband's love—he has long withdrawn it from me, with his name; which he refuses to let me bear: and his child, whom he refuses to let me see. I ask not for his love, my own heart is dead to it; but I ask for that justice which no honorable man can now withhold. I ask for his recognition of my innocence!

Marquis. Coralie! it is yours, and with it my repentance.

Mad. St. Prie. And with it your son?—you hesitate! For years you have made me suffer the penalty of your unjust suspicions—for years you have refused to see me, to acknowledge me as your wife; to let me behold my child, and all because you believed an idle calumny, rather than the mother of your boy:—and now—now that the calumny has been at last avowed, now that you know you had no cause to blush for your wife, except for her humble birth; now when I demand the reparation I have a right to claim, you hesitate.

Marquis. Your son shall be restored to you, our marriage shall be avowed—I have already avowed it in my will. If I hesitated, it was—

Enter Bonneau.

Bonneau. All's ready—we'd better not loiter.

Mad. St. Prie. Quick! in at once—the travelling carriage is waiting at the Quai de Chaillot,—I'll go forward, and meet you there.

Marquis. And as we fly from Paris, we will talk of our dear boy, and the pleasure of meeting him again.

Mad. St. Prie. Shall I indeed see him? Shall I call him mine, and press him to this heart? Oh, happiness! But there

is not a second to lose--haste ! haste and rejoin me without delay.

[*Exit R. H. U. E.*

Bonneau. Now, to equip you. It's not a very smart suit for a marquis, but you'll be one of the best dressed water carriers in all Paris, I promise you.

Marquis. Bonneau, I have another service to beg of you. In a few days my son will be in Paris, he will ask for you—

Bonneau Your son !—is it possible ?—

Marquis [continues without hearing him] He will require money to enable him to follow us. There is in my house a sum of two hundred Louis d'ors.

Bonneau. But you dare not venture into it.

Marquis. Venture I must—ay, even at the risk of being discovered. Who is there now ?

Bonneau. Philippe, the Porter. They've left him there to guard the seals.

Marquis. Philippe will not betray his master.

Bonneau. You must not trust him, indeed, you must not—the risk is too terrible to think of.

Marquis. But my son's welfare requires it.

[*He is about to go towards the house, R. H. when Bonneau, who has gone up the stage rapidly descends.*]

Bonneau. Quick ! quick ! into my house !

Marquis. Wherefore ?

Bonneau. The Commissary of Police is here.

[*He drags in the Marquis, and keeps the door ajar, to watch what goes on.*]

Enter Gaspard, disguised as a Commissary, with spectacles, wig, &c. A boy precedes him with a lantern.

Gaspard. Now then, you young rascal ; where are you leading me to ? Did I not tell you the Hotel de Melcy ?

Marquis [to Bonneau.] They are passing on, are they not ?

Bonneau. No, they are going to examine your house. You see, if you had been one minute there, you would have been lost !

Gaspard. Knock at the gate, and say who's here

[*Boy knocks.*]

Bonneau. Look !—you can see them yourself.

[*Marquis locks through the door.*]

Philippe. Who's there ?

Gaspard. The Commissary of Police ! In the name of the law, I am come to break the seals, and take possession of every scrap of writing to be found in the place.

Philippe. Well, but I thought it was Gobinard had that to do.

Gaspard. You were right, but my friend Gobinard has been forced to delegate his office to me, in consequence of a domestic

calamity, an accident, a conjugal accident; Come, sir—come take the light, and lead on! open every door, light every candle, and remember that you have now the honor of illuminating a Public Functionary.

[Exeunt into the house, R. H.]

Bonneau and the Marquis come out of Shed, L. H.

Bonneau. You see, you see, what an escape you have had.

Marquis. What is to be done? my son will be left without resources.

Bonneau. Tell me where the money is to be found, and I'll manage it. I serve the house with water, and Philippe expects me presently, so that I have a good excuse for getting in.

[While he speaks, he gets his buckets, and goes to fill them at the Fountain.]

Marquis. Once there, if you can but manage to get into the boudoir, behind the sofa is a small panel in the woodwork, which conceals a recess, there you will find the money in a bag.

Bonneau. And where am I to send it?

Marquis. I'll write to him minute instructions, while you are gone. At present he does not even know the name of his father—he has been brought up in the country, far away from me—I have a long and painful history to tell him.

Bonneau. Meantime go in—out on the things I have prepared for you.

[Takes up his buckets, and is going off R. H.]

Marquis. But where are you going?

Bonneau. Round the back way—men of my sort are not good enough to enter houses by the front gate. *[Exit R. H.]*

Marquis. Now for my disguise.

[He enters the shed, shu's the door after him, takes the lighted candle, and disappears into the room at back, at the same time enter Gobinard, preceded by a Bov with a lantern, and followed by two bailiffs.]

Gobinard. Perfidious woman, it was too true! tête-à-tête with her cousin sure enough. Lucky I was in time! But now she is safely under lock and key, and shall remain so. Knock at the door, sirrah—in the name of the law, knock.

[Bov knocks, Philippe opens.]

Philippe. Who's there now?

Gobinard. It's I, my good friend, Gobinard! come at last to break the seals.

Philippe. They're almost all broken already, your deputy has made quick work of it, I can tell you!

Gobinard. My deputy?

Philippe. Yes, and a sharp fellow he is, his nose is everywhere.

Gobinard. There's some mistake! my deputy!

Philippe. What ! didnt you send him ?

Gobinard. Fool, you have been the dupe of some thief, follow me quick ! [to *Bailiffs*] and we'll unmask the rascal who has dared to usurp my office. [Exeunt into house, R. H.]

The Marquis appears in the shed, dressed as a Water Carrier.

Marquis. All seems quiet, I may venture now, a few lines to my son, and then away ! but hark ! what noise is that ?

[*Distant noise, gradually getting more distinct, till the words "Fire ! Fire!" are clamourously heard. People rush in from R. U. E., water carriers, soldiers, firemen, market men and women, crying "Fire!" bells ring, the firemen cross the stage with the engine, the glare of the distant fire is visible, the water carriers form a line, and hand the buckets from one to the other, the people knock at the house doors, and the inhabitants come out—great confusion.*]

1st Man. What's the matter ?

Omnes. The Opera is in flames.

Sergeant. Everybody fall in rank.

Marquis. [listening] The Opera on fire !

Sergeant. [Knocking at door of Shed] Open ! open I say !

Marquis. [puts out candle] I dare't refuse, they will burst open the door ! [opens door] What do you want, what is the matter ?

Sergeant. You, a water carrier, and in doors still !—for shame ! out with you, and fall into the rank !

[*Sergeant drags the Marquis to the fountain—the line is formed—buckets are passed on.*]

Cabri. Mercy on us !—there is no more water—no more water !

Javotte. And none either at the Traversine Fountain !

Cabri. Friends, we must haste to the Chateau d'Eau ! We shall get plenty there.

[*The crowd rushes off. The Marquis is hurried along with them. The lare of the fire becomes more and more intense.*]

Enter Bonneau, R. U. E.

Bonneau. Here they are—I've got the precious Louis d'ors—safe in my bucket. But what's this, eh ; a fire ? I thought I heard the shouts of fire ! and Père Bonneau not at it ! I'll just put away the money, and be with them in an instant.

[*Goes into his shed, and disappears. The window of the House R. H., which faces the audience, is thrown open, Gaspard appears*

Gaspard. Ha ! ha ! hunt away my fine fellows—I've got the

will, and the door's barricaded. They can't get in for some minutes yet !

[*He climbs down from the window, meanwhile a crowd of people tumultuously rush in, bearing the Marquis insensible.*

Cabri. The roof has fallen in !

Brididi, I'm afraid this man is badly hurt.

Cabri. I recognize him through his disguise—it is the Marquis de Melcy !

Brididi. And dead !

Cabri. Quite dead !

Bonneau [coming from his shed.] The money is safe, and the Marquis's son may come when he likes.

Gaspard. [who meanwhile has reached the ground, and come forward, looks at Marquis] The Marquis dead !—and the will in my hands ! The ten thousand francs are in my pocket !

[*Exit, R. H. U. E.*

TABLEAU.—END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

A STORM AT SEA.

The Scene represents the open Sea in the midst of a Hurricane. A large dismasted Vessel tossed on the tempest is seen rolling heavily among the billows. Four or five only of the crew are left on the wreck, and are clinging to the spars and broken mast. At intervals between the roar of the ocean and the peals of thunder, broken sentences are caught from those on board; the following being more distinctly heard :

Gaspard. Michel! Michel! rouse man! Come nearer and hold on by the mast.

Michel. I have no strength left! I am cold—exhausted!

Gaspard. We are in sight of land I tell you, and if the wreck will but float a short time longer, we shall be on the rocks of St. Domingo.

[A terrific peal of Thunder is heard—the lightning runs along the sky, and the vessel goes down bodily. amidst a shriek from those on board. The waves wash over her, and nothing is seen but the open sea. In a few seconds two men are visible buffeting with the waves, and Gaspard crawls on to a small rock on the foreground.]

Michel. [amidst the breakers.] Gaspard, save me! save me!

Gaspard. In a minute—hold on but a minute. [Opens a wallet which hangs round his neck, and takes out the will] The will is safe, and scarcely even wet! Now, lad, for you.

[Drags Michel on shore.]

Michel. [dropping senseless on the rock.] Farewell Thérèse! dear Thérèse!

TABLEAU.—END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

Interior of Therese's Shop.

An Orange Merchant's. Open at the backs looking upon the Market shewing the various stalls and seats under large umbrellas, and with a view of the Fountain of the Innocents, in the distance. At the commencement of the scene, Madeleine Richard is seated on a chair in the centre as President, and on stools on each side of her Fanchette, Louison, Margot, Manon, Lolotte, and other Market Women, in council.

Opening Chorus.—Air, "La Fricassée."

Now girls in council we are met,
To decide upon the merits of this pretty little Pet;
Javotte's all right and needn't fret,
She'll be sure to be received into our set.
We shall see what she can do,
And shall hear her notions too,
Though its clear and plain,
By her Aunt Madeleine,
She's been taught as much as any of us knew.

Now, Girls, &c., &c.

Margot. Now, Madeleine, where's this girl of yours? we can't stay here dilly dallying all day!

Lolotte. No sharp's the word, we must get to work!

Madeleine. All in good time, ladies, she is only putting on her cap and her best jacket, to do you honor.

Manon. What's the cap for? Best take it off, I say, and let's see what's under it.

Louison. Ha! ha! well said, Manon, and the jacket, too! We can tell a walnut best, with the shell off.

Lolotte. And an orange when it's peeled.

Margot. She's not butter, I suppose! she can bear the sun.

Madeleine. No, nor eggs neither, to be cheapened by any one, I promise you.

Margot. Well, it's time we got some fresh hands into the Market, for I think the deuce is in the girls now-a-days—there's no keeping them here at all.

Manon. Why, there's Françoise gone now too—the fat old

Egg Merchant's daughter, gone off with an English Milord they say.

Madeleine. Married!

Fanchette. Next to it, her mother says if she isn't she will, be, and that's all the same thing in the end you know.

Louison. Well, so it is. At any rate, it's better than Georgette's stupidity. You remember her? the handsome blonde, who used to keep the Flower Stall over the way, and attract so many customers to the Market.

Margot. Well, what's *she* been and done?

Louison. Married in earnest an old miser, with a face like a medley, and legs like sugar tongs.

Madeleine. Ta! ta! ta! what's the use of raking up all this rubbish? Javotte's none of these—where she's planted, there she grows—and if she marries at all, it shall be within the precincts of the Market.

All. That's right Madeleine!

Madeleine. Right, I believe you! isn't she my niece, and brought up with my principles? I'm not like our neighbour, Nannette Soufflé, who married her daughter to a Shoemaker, who looked down upon her as if she'd been an old slipper! none of that for me! the best way to make one's children respect one's calling, is to marry them into it, and keep up the race.

All. Bravo, well spoken, Madeleine! that's something like!

Madeleine. And here she comes to pass her examination, attention!

Enter Javotte, c. curtseying on all sides.

Margot. So, young woman, you want to be admitted into the Market do you?

Javotte. [curtseying] If you please Ma'am, if you've no objection.

Lolotte. Well answered.

Madeleine. I believe you too.

Manon. But do you know the duties of the situation?

Javotte. Ma'am!

Louison. Do you know what you'll have to do? [Curtseying.]

Javotte. [Curtseying] Saving your presence, a great many things.

Fanchette. Let's hear some of them.

Javotte. First, there's to be up at daybreak, to get the first chance, then to try and get served before one's turn, to fight for one's place, when somebody else has taken it—to be good friends with the Market Women, and coax the Inspectors.

All. Very well, very well, not bad.

Madeleine. Isn't she a lamb?

Maron. What's the first rule of selling?

Javotte. To set off the worst things to the greatest advantage that they may get bought before the good ones.

Manon. What must you do when masters and mistresses come to market themselves ?

Javotte. Charge them double, to sicken them from coming again.

Louison. And when the servants come ?

Javotte. Charge them only fifty per cent more than the worth, and share the difference

Madeleine. You see how she has been brought up eh ! she'll be an ornament to the Market.

Lolotte. But they'll find you out at last, what then ?

Javotte. Why then they'll beat me down, and be happy.

All. Very well, she'll do, she'll do !

Margot. And if one of us were to try and get away your customers ?

Javotte. [curtseys] I should have too much respect to remonstrate.

Margot. Hollo, that won't do ?

Louison. And if a buyer were to abuse you ?

Javotte. I should be all sweetness in return—you can't catch flies with vinegar.

All. Oh, that won't do, that won't do at all !

Fanchette. And if, on the other hand, he were to try and coax you over ?

Javotte. I'd let him coax me, and thank him for the honor of his custom.

[*The women all look at each other, and shake their heads.*

Lolotte. So, then your notion of a Market Woman is—

Javotte. That she should be civil with everybody, sharp with nobody, and by not frightening her customers away, never have her goods left on her hands.

Margot. Well, ladies, what do you say ?

[*They all rise, and consult together for a moment, Madeleine makes faces at Javotte, and threatens her*

Madeleine. You stupid little donkey.

Manon. [with solemnity] Young woman, on mature deliberation, we have come to the opinion that you are not yet sufficiently advanced in the profession, to be admitted amongst us, and you are therefore adjourned accordingly

Javotte. [crying] Adjourned!

Madeleine. I knew you would overdo it, with your sugar mouthed nonsense.

Javotte. [crying] Well, it wasn't my fault—I thought a Market Woman ought to be civil and obliging—I didn't mean any harm.

Madeleine. There, now she's snivelling ! she only wants that to settle her in the eyes of the Market.

.... [*in a rage*] The Market, the Market, — — —
the name of the Market ! what do I care for the Market ? Did
I want to come into it ? Wasn't I happy with my water pails and
my Brididi ? and a fool I was I'm sure to leave 'em, to mix
with a set of tawdry tits—

Madeleine. Javotte !

Javotte. And so they are, a set of oyster wenches, fish fags—

Madeleine. Javotte, Javotte, you'll make them angry.

Javotte. I don't care, so they are, milk maids, apple women,
cabbage sellers, let 'em come on ! I'm not afraid of the whole
market !

All. Bravo ! bravo ! there's spirit, there's spirit !

Chorus.—(Same air.)

All. Come, come, she'll do !

Now what say you ?

She may safely be admitted here,

I see you think so, too.

Javotte. What care I, Ma'am for such as you ?

To your anger I say nothing but pooh ! pooh !

As for you, proud Madame Frail,

And for you Ma'am Draggetail ;

I don't care a fig !

For your looks so big,

Nor for you, you mopstick stuck upon a pail.

All. Come, come, she'll do !

Now, what say you ?

She may safely be admitted here—

I see you think so too.

Javotte. Come on—let's see what you can do—

I don't want to be admitted among such a set as yo

Come on—let's see what you can do—

To your anger I say nothing but pooh ! pooh !

All. Bravo ! bravo ! Received by acclamation !

Javotte. Received ! you don't mean that ?

[embraces them all, ending with Madeleine.]

Madeleine Ah ! I told you what an angel she was. She'll hold
her own with the best among us.

Javotte. Oh ! how happy I am—and how I wish Brididi had
been here !

Madeleine. Brididi ! Fiddle-de-dee ! I've something in my
eye better than Brididi for you !

Javotte. Something in your eye again ? oh, dear ! aunt—
you've always got something in your eye.

Marie heard singing without, c. l. h.

All. Here comes Marie—here's Marie Bonneau—and little
Edouard.

Enter Marie singing, leading Edouard by the hand.

All. Good day, Marie—good day—good day Edouard !

Marie. Good day, girls—good day, Madeleine ! why how pleased you all look ! what's the matter ?

Madeleine. Javotte's just passed the scrutiny, and has been received into the Market

Marie. That's right wench ! Give me a kiss. Thérèse shall give you a lift, when she comes in. Now, Edouard, darling ; quick ! run and get your new sash—and let's make you smart—and you, girls ; run away and each bring me a bouquet here in ten minntes time.

All. A bouquet ?

Madeleine. Why, what's the matter with you, Marie ? you've got on your Sunday gown, too ; and look so full of joy—what's it all about ?

All. Ay, what's it all about ?

Marie. All in good time. Run along, and do as I bid you ; and when you come back I'll let you into the secret—but mum ! not a word, till I tell you !

[*Exeunt Market Women, all but Madeleine and Javotte.*

Now, stand still ; there's a dear !

Edouard. I won't have my hair curled !

Marie. Nonsense, dear—you'll never be a man, and ride on donkey, if you don't !

Edouard. Oh ! then I will, if Grandpa Bonneau'll give me another ride.

Marie. Yes, yes ; I'll take care of that !

Cabri. [*Letting fall the sign which he has been removing from over the door.*] Heads below !

Madeleine. Heyday ! why, Marie, what's he about ?

Marie. Hollo, sir !—what are you doing there ?

Cabri. Hush ! ma'am Bonneau—not a word.

Marie. But what business have you here ?

Cabri. Never mind me—I'm only carrying off the sign-board.

Marie. Well, you're a cool fellow !—to morrow I shall find you busy at the *till*, and then I suppose you'll say, “never mind me, I'm only carrying off the money !” And prav who gave you permission to touch that sign ?

Cabri. No one gave me permission—I was ordered by Alcide Le Fort, the Syndic of the Millers.

Marie. Oh ! if Alcide ordered you, that's another thing

Ay, ay ; Alcide has a certain readiness with his arms, which makes his logic very striking.

Cabri. What a fist he has to be sure.

Javotte. [*aside to Madeleine*] Do you hear that, I don't like such fists.

Cabri. I should know it among a thousand!

[*Alcide Le Fort, who has entered during the last few sentences, places his hand suddenly on Cabri's head.*

Cabri. That's it, I'll swear to it, oh !

Marie. Let him alone Alcide, you'll crack him like a filbert.

Alcide. Off with you, chatterbox ! [Kicks him off.

Javotte. [aside to Madeleine] Did you see that ?

Madeleine. [shrugs her shoulders] He's so playful ! But here's another dressed out in his Sunday clothes, why what—

Marie. Have patience, and you shall see, what you shall see.

Madeleine. Very well, but you'll own such a coat as that's enough to—

Alcide. Enough to drive one mad ! I only wish I had the rascal who made it, under my thumb, I'd make him remember it—the seams crack as I walk, and I daren't lift my arms, for fear the sleeves should drop off.

Brididi puts in his head, c.

Brididi. Ma'am Bonneau—

Javotte. [Runs to him] There's Brididi, give me joy
Brididi, I'm received, I'm received.

Brididi. Javotte for ever !

Edouard. Ah ! there's Brididi ! ah Brididi ! [Runs to him.

Brididi. You have'nt seen Thérèse's lodger, Monsieur Victor, have you ?

Marie. Monsieur Victor ! no, lad, he has not been here since I came in.

Madeleine. Yes, Monsieur Alcide, my niece Javotte, now belongs to the Market, and though I say it, is a wife for an Emperor. Curtsey Javotte. What do you think of her ?

Alcide. Um, she's a little one !

Brididi. A nice little one !

[During the whole of this scene, Madeleine nudges Javotte, to make her notice Alcide, and leave Brididi, and to make Alcide notice her.

Alcide. Isn't that Brididi ?

Brididi. [timidly] At your service, Syndic !

Alcide. Ain't you ashamed of yourself, you young rascal, ashamed to shew your face among those who work for their bread, and you who only beg for your's ! to think of a fellow with shoulders like his, passing his day at the church door, with his hands held out.

Brididi. You're right, it is a shame, sure enough—it's a bad trade, but it's the only one I was brought up to.

Marie. Ay, it's not the lad's fault. One fine morning he was found in a shawl, under the church portico by old Brigitte, who begs there She took possession of him on account of his

beauty—you wouldn't think it to look at him, but he was lovely in long clothes.

Brididi. And old Brigitte brought me up as a child of her own—she was a mother to me, bless her—and the Parish adopted me.

Marie. Yes, but she made a beggar of you!

Brididi. Poor old soul, she knew no better. But though I beg in public for Brigitte, I work in private for myself. Yes and to-morrow my apprenticeship expires, to-morrow I reach the dignity of a tailor! Yesterday I turned out my first coat! A coat of which an artist might be proud, and to-morrow I begin to receive wages.

Alcide. Your hand, young'un, ah! there goes another seam.

Madeleine. And so you are a tailor, after all, [aside, contemptuously to Javotte] A tailor!

Javotte. And a very good thing too, a tailor!

Brididi. You'd say so, I flatter myself, if you could see the coat I made! oh, such a coat! it made one's mouth water to look at it! my master Rigobert himself, was in ecstacy!

Alcide. Rigobert, why that's *my* Tailor!

Brididi. [looking at him] Eh! blue coat, white buttons, why that's *it*, there *is* my master-piece!

Alcide. Oh, this is your master-piece, is it? *you're* the perpetrator after all! I can't move, but it cracks—the back is gasping at this moment, I feel it!

[Turns round, the centre seam is open.]

Brididi. [admiringly.] What a fit, eh? Wax!

Alcide. Cracks, you mean; dolt!—don't you see my back's laid open!

Madeleine. [aside to Javotte.] Not even a tailor—a botcher!

Brididi. Oh! that's nothing! I've my needle and thread in my pocket—give me the coat, and I'll make it all right in a minute! It's not the fault of the sewing—that's strong enough for anything, the fault's your own—you're too strong for the sewing.

[Père Bonneau heard without—"Water, oh!"]

[Brididi sits on the counter, L. H. and stitches..]

Marie. Ah! there's my good man, at last! Alcide—mum!

Enter Bonneau at the back, with his water barrel drawn by a donkey.

Bonneau. Ah! Neddy knows the door, and won't pass without stopping.

Edouard. There's Grandpa! now for a ride! now for a ride!

[Runs up to the donkey.]

Bonneau. There, now you've kissed the donkey; I suppose my turn will come. How d'ye do, everybody? Thérèse not come back yet?

Marie. Not yet—I expect her every moment.

Bonneau. What can she be doing at the palace?

Marie. She couldn't tell herself! Yesterday she got a great letter, with a seal as big as a cardinal's hat; and all it said was, that Thérèse Michel was to present herself at the Palace, at Versailles, and ask for the Maitre d'Hotel

Bonneau. Some wedding order, I suppose.

Marie. Ay, that's it, I dare say,—or something else—

Alcide. Ay—it's that, or something else! [mysteriously.]

Marie. Come, Alcide; don't you screw up your nose, as if you smelt mystery!—you know nothing about it, so you needn't look so wise [aside to him.] nor be so stupid.

Bonneau What does he mean?

Marie. He means what he knows—nothing.

Bonneau Well, well; we shall hear the good news by and bye—we shall all make our fortunes in good time, and retire from business! You see I've set up my carriage already, and she'll do the same, I hope, some day.

Alcide. She's beautiful enough to ride in one, at any rate! Ma'am Bonneau, by the side of your girl, Venus would have been but a fish fag! [sighs.]

Marie. There's a bit of sentiment, for a Syndic.

Madeleine. Couldn't you lay it on a leetle stronger?

Brididi. Poor man! poor Syndic! People think he's made of rock—I know he's as soft as butter!

Alcide. Hold your chatter!

Brididi. He's strong in the arm, but weak in the head—I know his tender place,—it's in the heart!

Alcide. I'll make a tender place in your back, if you're not quiet!

Brididi. [standing up.] Père Bonneau, I have the honor to solicit for Alcide Le Fort, bachelor; the hand of your daughter, Thérèse: who is married already!

Marie and Bonneau. What's that you say? what are you talking about?

Alcide. Phew! don't listen to his nonsense?

Madeleine. [to *Alcide.*] There's my niece,—Javotte—she's single!

Alcide. [shrugs his shoulders.] She's such a shrimp!

Marie Never mind, Alcide—when Thérèse is a widow, you may have a chance—there's plenty of time, lad.

Alcide. Oh, my chance is good now!

Marie. And Michel?

Alcide. Who knows—he's been gone long enough by this time to—

Marie. Alcide! how dare you talk in that way? I'd recommend you not to let Thérèse hear you, that's all. She, who adores her Michel, and lives but for the hour of his return!

Alcide. Why, she has never even had a letter.

Marie. What then? Remember where he is—at the end of the world; a man can't write when he's at such a distance as that. Besides, didn't we, three years ago, receive from him what was better than a letter—didn't we receive three thousand francs from St. Domingo, the sum with which Thérèse bought this fine business? No, no, Alcide, you mustn't deceive yourself.

Alcide. Well, I don't care, I say still, it's a sad thing to see such a lovely young woman pining for a husband, when there are so many to be had for the asking; but I suppose you are right; there being no proof she's a widow, there's but one thing left for me to do.

Madeleine. Exactly, [looking towards Javotte] to take another wife

Alcide. To take myself off

Marie. You, Alcide!

Alcide. I'm going to Marseilles, the place of all places for oranges, and oranges will remind me of Thérèse.

Javotte He's going away, Brididi, give him his coat: don't let him wait for us

Alcide. I'll just see the effect of our little surprise, and then—

Marie. Hem, hem.

Bonneau. Surprise, what surprise?

Brididi. There's your coat, Syndic.

Marie. Don't you see he doesn't know what he's talking about.

Bonneau. [aside] Poor fellow. [Aloud.] Well, good folks, I must go and fill my barrel again at the fountain.

Edouard. Oh, grandpa, take me with you, I was promised a ride.

Bonneau. Come along, my little man. [Takes him in his arms.

Marie. Now, Bonneau, take care of him.

Bonneau. Oh, let us alone, we know what we're about, don't we, boy? Besides, I'll answer for it, Neddy won't run away with us.]Puts Edouard on the Donkey.] Hold tight my little man. Gee up, and away we go. [Exit Bonneau, &c.

Madeleine. Come, Javotte, let's go and get our bouquets, or we shan't be back in time to hear Marie's secret. Good bye, Alcide, you'd better turn your eyes this way.

Javotte. Not at all—he'd rather look the other, wouldn't you Syndic? Good bye, Brididi; ah, there's nothing like a nice little tailor, after all. [Exeunt Madeleine and Javotte, l. z.

Alcide [putting on his coat, and looking around.] How comfortable we might have been here, to be sure, we two—she and I, and nobody by; and to think that perhaps for three years she has been a widow. Three years lost, and such a lovely creature.

[Sighs—Exit Alcide, pushing Brididi aside, who is going also

Marie. Psit, psit, Brididi, is there any one within hearing?

Brididi. Not a soul.

Marie. [mysteriously] Come here, Brididi. I dreamt a dream last night, and this morning I have been reading in the book of dreams, and that has given me again the numbers, twenty-three, forty-five, fifteen, and seventy.

Brididi. Your old lottery numbers, eh?

Marie. They must come up this time, and then we shall all be rich.

Brididi. [aside] That's always the cry of gamblers, especially women. [aloud] But, I say, if your husband should suspect—

Marie. I will tell him all

Brididi. That's the best way.

Marie. Yes, as soon as I have gained the prize.

Brididi. Oh, not till then. [Aside] I'm afraid the confession will wait a long time. [Aloud.] You've got four numbers to come up, and all in the right order you know; you have been running after them some years now, and never caught them yet. How much am I to put in for you this time?

Marie. [with an effort] A Louis d'or.

[Gives one.]

Brididi. Another yellow boy! I say, the Louis d'ors must grow in your house, that you have so many to put in the lottery.

Marie. Hush, there's some one; run along and bring me the ticket. [Brididi going] Stop, for fear of accidents, I have written the numbers down, and you've only to hand the paper to the clerk.

[Gives paper.]

Brididi. Oh, I know them well enough, without that—I think I ought, by this time.

Marie. Twenty-three, forty-five—

Brididi. Yes, Twenty-three—forty-five.

Marie. Fifteen and seventy.

Brididi. [mechanically] Fifteen and seventeen, all right! besides, they are written down. [In going out, he runs up against Baptiste, c. who enters dressed in a Coachman's Livery.] Where are you driving Mr. Coachman? Exit Brididi, c.

Baptiste. Keep on your own side. Good day, Ma'am Bonneau don't you remember me?

Marie. Oh! yes, perfectly—you are M. Baptiste, formerly coachman to the Marquis de Meley—

Baptiste. [sitting down] Ay, five years ago. Would I were now. My present place is quite unsuited to my genius and disposition. I wan't another, and I thought perhaps your daughter might hear of one.

Marie. With whom are you now?

Baptiste. With, Madame St. Prie, but she lives too quiet for me. I have been accustomed to a more bustling life. My horses have waited at the doors of concerts, balls, and theatres, while I regaled myself in style. Now I'm kept waiting outside.

ospitals and alms houses. It's dismal and depresses me—it is cold, and my nose gets red.

Marie. Well, I'll speak to Thérèse for you. Leave me your address. You will find pen and ink on the counter.

[*He goes to it and writes, meanwhile enter Gaspard at the back, picking his way with precaution, lest he should splash himself.*]

Gaspard. What a precious place! One ought never to venture here without stilts. Number nineteen, this must be it. But what a door! Hang me if I attempt to go in. Holloa there! my good woman!

Marie. [in the shop] Sir!

Gaspard. It's at number nineteen, I believe, that is to say, in this house that Monsieur Victor lodges, is it not?

Marie. Monsieur Victor, oh! yes, and a nice young gentleman he is. Poor fellow! he lives at the top of the house, up six pair of stairs.

Gaspard. You do know him then? [*Coming into the Shop.*]

Marie. Know him, of course I do—only by sight though, for he speaks to no one. He is always decently dressed, and you'd fancy, to look at him, that he wanted for nothing, but ah; sir! in this life appearances are like thin ice, very dangerous to trust to.

Gaspard. Is he within?

Baptiste. I know that voice!

[*Aside while writing.*]

Marie. No sir, I think not.

Gaspard. That's a pity! I came to answer a letter he addressed to my master, the Marquis de Melcy.

Baptiste. [aside] The Marquis de Melcy!

Marie. Is the late Marquis's son then found at last, and in Paris?

Gaspard. He has been a week and more in the mansion of his fathers.

Baptiste. [advancing] I do not mistake, it is Gaspard.

Gaspard. Baptiste! [aside] The devil take him! [*Crosses R. H.*]

Marie. Here's luck! you were looking out for a situation, and can now perhaps pop into your old one. I'll leave you to talk it over, and, in the meantime, Monsieur Victor may be in again! [aside] The Marquis de Melcy's son come back, oh! how happy my good man will be.

[*She goes out, and sits on the outside of the shop, Baptiste has been contemplating Gaspard with stupid surprise.*]

Gaspard. [aside.] This rogue knows too much—but luckily he's an ass, and does not know the price of a secret. [aloud.] Well, Baptiste, my fine fellow! what are you staring at me in that stupid way for? Did you think I was dead? Do you take me for my ghost? I am flesh and blood, you may rely upon it!

Baptiste. I am neither blind nor deaf, Master Gaspard. I heard you say that the young Marquis was installed in his father's mansion, and I see you wear his livery. You are in his service then?

Gaspard. Your sagacity has hit it.

Baptiste. You in the Marquis's service! why you came here five years ago, to rob him of his inheritance and his name!

Gaspard. I did.

Baptiste. To destroy the will!

Gaspard. I did—I see you've a good memory.

Baptiste. You didn't succeed then, in carrying it off?

Gaspard. I carried it off.

Baptiste. And yet, you couldn't effect your purpose after all!

Gaspard. Monsieur Baptiste, your sagacity this time is at fault. Know, sir, that I *can* do all that I *will* do. I left Paris with the document in my possession, and embarked with it for St Domingo.

Baptiste. Ah! ah! where the Marquis's father, the Duke, awaited you, and in exchange for that will, was to pay you ten thousand francs. You handed him the will, and he handed you the money. Nothing could be more simple, or more agreeable.

Gaspard. You think so? But it so happened, that on my arrival, I learned that the Duke was dead! What do you say to that? He left behind him only a daughter, the elder sister of the late Marquis—the aunt of the present.

Baptiste. The Countess de Melcy, I know her. Well! of course you claimed the recompence from *her*.

Gaspard. You would have been clever enough to do that now, wouldn't you?

Baptiste. I believe you! In half a minute.

Gaspard. Exactly—without knowing whether she shared the prejudices of her father, without previously ascertaining whether, instead of paying you the ten thousand francs, she would not have sent you to prison for the abstraction of the will!—as she would infallibly have done, for she found among her father's papers, a letter from the Marquis; revealing the existence of his son! towards whom she already felt her heart yearn.

Baptiste. And that yearning cost you ten thousand francs. I see it all.

Gaspard. You see nothing.

Baptiste. You didn't lose the ten thousand francs?

Gaspard. Quite the reverse—I gained a hundred thousand

Baptiste. Whew! And nibbled them?

Gaspard. I *shall* nibble.

Baptiste. But who are they to come from?

Gaspard. The young Marquis de Melcy.

Baptiste. Whom you wanted to disinherit?

Gaspard. When it answered my purpose, but I lost no time in putting him into possession of a great name, and a splendid fortune when I found it answer my purpose better. The hundred thousand francs will be paid to me on the day when the sequestration of his property is annulled, or on the day of his marriage with a rich young wife, which will take place in a week's time.

Baptiste. Really, you're a cleverer fellow than I took you for. I bow to my superior!

Gaspard. Sir you are too complimentary.

Baptiste. But, stop; how did you know where this young man was?

Gaspard. I didn't know. I *found* him!

Baptiste. Found him! but how?

Gaspard. Simply by wanting to find him.

Baptiste. Miraculous! But what put you on the trace?

Gaspard. Chance! that blind protector of the bold and skillful. The young man was in St. Domingo, and knew nothing of his noble birth; I enlightened him! I found him poor, ambitious, without a name! I made him rich, noble and contented!

Baptiste. And you count upon his gratitude?

Gaspard. Its stamped and in my pocket. I have him in my power.

Baptiste. You're a wonderful man! May I hope for your interest in getting me my old place of coachman to the Marquis?

Gaspard. It's yours already! The Marquis and his noble aunt have only just arrived in France, and the old house is scarcely mounted yet. In fact, I came here to look after a young man, who solicited the place of secretary.

Baptiste. You took that trouble? What a condescension!

Gaspard. I had a purpose in it—but I can't wait now—my hat. [Baptiste goes to the counter, R. H., where Gaspard put his hat—meanwhile Gaspard says aside.] The letter was signed "Victor!" and said that the writer had been educated at the College of Beauvais—that was the college where the Marquis de Melcy—I must speak with this young man.

Baptiste. [bringing his hat.] There it is, Monsieur Gaspard, I shall give my mistress warning at once. The Marquis's is the place for me, and Madame St. Prie may drive herself, if she likes.

Gaspard. Madame St. Prie, did you say? Baptiste, a word; you needn't mention to your mistress, that you are coming to live with the Marquis. I don't want her even to know of his being in Paris, just at present.

Baptiste. Mum!

Gaspard. [to Marie.] My good woman, I can't wait any

longer. Will you do me the favor to give Monsieur Victor this note. I have appointed him to come to me this evening—and be good enough to tell me the nearest coach-stand, for I cannot possibly wade through these sloppy streets again.

Marie. Certainly, sir. Here Baptiste—run for a coach, directly!

Baptiste. A coach! for Monsieur Gaspard!—not exactly—I'll have the honor of driving him myself! My mistress will be an hour longer, at the very least; and in the meantime, her coachman and her horses will be proud to be at his service.

Gaspard. Sir, your offer is too tempting to be refused—but I must be home in ten minutes.

Baptiste. In seven—I drive my horses, as you do your affairs. I smash now and then, to be sure, but I always arrive in time.

Gaspard. Monsieur Baptiste, I always arrive in time, and never smash. You're a numskull!

[Exit Gaspard and Baptiste, c.

Enter Alcide, Brididi and Cabri, followed by Madeleine, Javotte and the other Market Women and Millers, c., and lastly a small band of Musicians.

Alcide. At last, that fine gentleman's gone, and we may come in. Now, Marie; where shall we place ourselves?

Marie. Come in! come in, all of you! [to Musicians.] You stand opposite the door, and wait the signal. [to Cabri who carries a new sign-board, covered with a cloth.] You here! Thérèse will be home in a few minutias, and must find us all at our posts

Madeleine. Well, but Marie; let us into the secret now, ~~a~~ any rate.

Marie. Well then—but mum! I don't want my good man, Bonneau, to hear—the surprise is for him, as well as Thérèse—and he'll be back in a minute, so watch for him, and listen!

Song, MARIE and Chorus.

1st Verse.

Listen well to me, friends,
A secret I've to tell, 'tis true—
You'll be happy friends,
As though the good had come to you!
But before repeating
The joyful news I now withhold,
Pardon my entreating,
Silence until I'd have it told;
Not a word you'll say then,
A secret's gone when once its known,
Keep mine well to day then,
To morrow perchance you'll have your own.

No, not a word, no not a word,
 To-morrow perchance you'll have your own :
 No, not a word, no not a word,
 To-morrow perchance you'll have your own.

Chorus.

Not a word we'll say then,
 A secret's gone when once its known ;
 We'll keep yours to day then,
 To morrow perchance 'twill be our own !
 No, not a word, no not a word,
 The secret we'll keep as if our own.

2nd Verse.

Well, then you must know, friends,
 The glad surprise I've here prepared ;
 Will make your bosoms glow, friends,
 For pleasure's doubled when its shared.
 Yet I can't help shrinking—
 Temptation's great, resistance small,
 On second thoughts I'm thinking—
 I'd much better not divulge at all ;
 Not a word I'll say then,
 A secret's gone when once its known ;
 I'll keep mine to day then,
 To-morrow perchance 'twill be your own !
 No, not a word, no not a word,
 To morrow perchance 'twill be your own.

Chorus.

Not a word she'll say then.
 A secret's gone, when once its known ;
 She'll keep hers to day then,
 To morrow perchance 'twill be our own—
 No not a word, no not a word, &c &c. &c.

After Song, enter Bonneau, with Edouard in his arms, c.

Bonneau. Holloa ! holloa ! What's all this ? Is the Market
 in a state of siege ?

Marie. Its a little surprise, my dear Bonneau ! you'll know
 what it is as soon as Thérèse comes.

Alcide. [who has been looking out at the back] She is come !
 there she is, getting out of the Diligence, now ; Pére Bonneau,
 open your eyes, but stay ! you've no bouquet ! you must have
 a bouquet to present to your daughter.

Bonneau. Well, and what do you call this ? [points to
 Edouard] This is the sweetest bouquet for a mother.

Marie. Now Syndic ! off with the covering, and unveil the
 mystery.

Alcide takes off the covering from the sign, on which is seen the Arms of France in gold, and under them this inscription :—

"Thérèse Michel, Fruiterer to his Majesty."

Bonneau. What's that? Thérèse Michel, Fruiterer to His Majesty!

Marie. What do you say to that, old man? she has been for her diploma to Versailles, and here she comes. Strike up

[*Music—Enter Thérèse, she throws off her cloak, and music!*

appears in a gala dress of a Market Woman. She embraces Bonneau, Marie and Madeleine, the rest present their bouquets.

Omnès. Long live Thérèse, Fruiterer to the Court!

Edouard. Long live Mamma, Fruiterer to the Court.

[*Runs to Thérèse who kisses him.*

Thérèse. Father—mother—friends—you know all then!

Bonneau. We've only just heard it.

Marie. The secret was well kept, for a good reason—nobody knew it.

Thérèse. Except Alcide Le Fort, and his modesty no doubt prevented him from speaking; for you must know friends, that it is to him I owe this unexpected good fortune; it was he who begged this privilege for me.

Bonneau. Alcide!

Alcide. Which only proves that some people have credit at Court, and don't forget their friends on occasion. Up with the sign boys. [*They take the sign out and put it up.*

Madeleine. [to Javotte] What an angel of a man, eh!

Thérèse. And how am I to thank him, I owe him so much—

Marie. That you must pay him directly. Never run in debt my child, especially with the men; they so seldom do anything to merit gratitude, that women should be careful not to dishearten them.

Thérèse. You are right mother, and as I have kept out of debt so long, I won't begin now. Alcide, I pay cash down—[offering her cheek]—Give me a receipt?

Alcide. Eh! Thérèse what do you mean?

Marie. Pretty little innocent, doesn't understand when a pretty woman says—kiss me!

Alcide. What really?

[*Crosses to Thérèse.*

Thérèse. [laughing] Unless you object!

Alcide. Object! [kisses her] Soft as a peach! T'other side please! [kisses the other cheek] Hard as a rock! Play up music!

Thérèse. [sitting down] No no, that's quite noise enough; the journey, the excitement, the flowers, the music, confuse my head too much. [*Alcide motions the Musicians to withdraw.*

Madeleine. Well, well, we'll adjourn the fête till to night, and then we'll return to it with spirit. Come girls! one cheer and good bye!

All. Long live Thérèse! Fruiterer to the Court!

[*Exeunt Madeleine and the Market Women.*

Bonneau. My darling Thérèse, your happiness is now complete, indeed.

Thérèse. Oh! yes—as far as—[*sighs and looks at Edouard*]

Marie. Why that sigh, Thérèse? It's ungrateful at such a moment.

Thérèse. It is—it is—but it was involuntary. I ought to be happy, yet sadness fills my heart—a vague presentiment steals into my breast, I know not of what. [Enter Victor, c.] This morning in getting into the coach, I discovered I had lost the little silver heart, given me by dear, dear Michel, on our wedding day.

Alcide. What nonsense! you are rich enough now to replace it by two of gold, if you like.

Thérèse. No gold can replace that, for it contained a lock of his hair—the only thing I had belonging to him!

Alcide. [aside.] What stuff, about a lock of hair! [aloud.] Well, don't fidget about it, and I will send the Town Crier after it, but it shall be found.

[Victor now advances to Thérèse, and presents a silver heart.
He is dressed like a gentleman, but very simply.

Victor. It was you then, madam, to whom this heart belonged! I am delighted to be able to restore it to you.

Marie. Monsieur Victor!

Thérèse. Oh, thanks, Monsieur Victor, thanks. I don't know how to thank you sufficiently. [Kisses it.]

Alcide. She wouldn't do all that for a lock of my hair! How she loves that confounded Michel! I can't stand by patiently and see it. [Strikes a chair, which falls in pieces.]

Marie. Holloa, holloa! Take care of the property, young man.

Bonneau. He's going into the upholstery line, I suppose.

Thérèse. Monsieur Victor, you have made me as happy as a Queen.

Marie. [to Victor.] And I have good news for you neighbour—some one has been inquiring for you, and left this little note. You are to be at the Marquis de Melcy's this very day.

[Gives him the note.]

Bonneau. What's that you say, Marie?

Marie. I say that which will make you jump for joy, too, old man. The young Marquis, whom you have so long been expecting, is arrived at last, and is now in the house of his father.

Bonneau. Impossible!

Marie. I tell you, he has just arrived from St. Domingo.

Thérèse. St. Domingo! Where my Michel is!

Alcide. [aside.] Michel again, nothing but Michel. I can't stand it, I'll go home and smash all the crockery.

Bonneau. Where are you off too in such a hurry, Syndic?

Alcide. To pack up.

Bonneau. Nonsense, don't be a noodle!

Alcide. I shall be, if I stop here. Look there.

Bonneau. What, at the young man?

Alcide. No, at your daughter. I'll pack up and be off. [Going, he runs against Brididi, who enters c. Seizes him a d throws him into the air] Stand out of the way.

[Exit c. and L. H.

Brididi. Heyday, what's the matter with the Syndic? Père Bonneau, I've been looking for you; here's a man brought a letter from your old village; you weren't at home, and so I brought him along with me.

Bonneau. From the village, let's have a look at him.

[Exit with Brididi c. and off L. H.

Marie. [who with Thérèse has been talking to Victor.] Mind you're punctual, Monsieur Victor.

[Goes to Counter L. H. and arranges flowers.

Thérèse. And pray let us know your success.

Victor. Oh! how gladly shall I return to announce it. The poverty I have struggled to conceal, is not the consequence of a fault, nor of idleness. I have sought work everywhere, but it not easy for a gentleman to find work that may not disgrace him.

Thérèse. You are then, of gentle birth?

Victor. Not so; but I am a gentleman by education. A worthy man, whose name I never knew, placed me at the College of Beauvais, and furnished me with the means of pursuing my studies there, when suddenly my pension ceased, and I never heard of my benefactor more. Thrown thus upon the world without resources, without family, I resolved to profit by the education I received—I had became Secretary to the Count de Cremancé.

Thérèse. And how did you lose the place?

Victor. By having a heart that forgot my humble state—by daring to love the daughter of the Count, who loved me in return. Driven from the house like a valet, who has robbed his master, I have since vainly sought employment, until today, when the chance of the Marquis de Melcy's accepting my services seem like a gleam of sunshine.

Thérèse. May it prove so, and repay you for the happiness you have given me.

[Bonneau, pale and agitated, appears at back, and beckons

Marie, unseen by Thérèse, who continues talking to Victor

Marie. Mercy on me! what's the matter with Bonneau?

Can he have discovered! What has happened?

Bonneau. You'll know soon enough.

Marie. You frighten me to death.

Bonneau. Come, quick.

Marie. He knows all, and I'm lost. [Exit with Bonneau c.

Thérèse. Our prayers will go with you, Monsieur Victor.

Victor. They cannot fail to bring me good fortune.

Thérèse. And should your hopes not be realized, come back to us, and you shall always find a home.

Victor. [kissing her hand.] Bless you, and farewell. [Exit R.C.

[Exit Thérèse with Edouard into her room L.H. Marie returns, c. with a letter.

Marie. [aside.] Bonneau has discovered nothing! But how are we to bear this sad calamity?

Re-enter Thérèse L.H.

Marie. Therèse, I have something to say to you.

Thérèse. What can it be? How agitated you seem mother!

Marie. No, only just now you were speaking of a presentiment—

Thérèse. [gaily looking at the silver heart.] Which is gone, quite gone, and I'm as gay as a lark again. It seems as if with this had come back the certainty of Michel's speedy return.

Marie. [aside.] Poor child, poor child! How shall I break it to her! So happy about a moment ago, and now—[Aloud.] Thérèse, I—I too have a presentiment, which—

Thérèse. Nay, my dear Mother, not on my account. I am in high spirits now, and this evening intend to dance with our merry neighbours at the Carnival, join their procession to the Porcherons, sup with them, sing with them, Edouard shall go with us, and we'll drink to the health of Michel, and to his speedy return.

Marie. His return!

Thérèse. Yes, we shall see him soon now—I feel we shall.

Marie. Thérèse, you're in too high spirits—don't! You make me feel I don't know how, for—

Thérèse. [looking earnestly at her.] My dear mother, you tremble!—there's something on your mind! has anything happened to you?

Marie. To me! No; that is yes, for all that concerns you is— You know how dearly I love you. [Kisses her on the forehead] What was I saying?

Thérèse. That you had a presentiment—

Marie. Exactly. Yours came from the loss of this trinket, mine from—from—

Thérèse. A dream, perhaps?

Marie. A dream, yes, that's it. I've had a dream

Thérèse. Poor mother, always dreaming.

[Aside]

Marie. Yes I dreamt something last night, that I want to relate to you; come, sit down by me. [Both sit.]

Thérèse. [taking Marie by the hand.] Oh, mother, you terrify me.

Marie. Listen, my darling, and leave your hand in mine, while I am speaking, it will help me, it will give me courage. Well, last night I dreamt of—him—

Thérèse. Michel!

Marie. Michel. I saw the poor fellow, there, far away, across the seas, where he went to seek his fortune, I saw him plainly, and he smiled at me from his bed of sickness.

Thérèse. [trembling] He was ill?

Marie. Very ill, the doctor was at his bedside.

Thérèse. Michel ill! dying! but what folly, it was only a dream, after all.

Marie. That's all. Only just now, while I stood here calm, happy, suspecting nothing, your father beckoned me to see a stranger, who brought a letter addressed to you at our village, and coming from—

Thérèse. [with exclamation] Saint Domingo! from Michel!

Marie. Not from Michel.

Thérèse. A letter from Saint Domingo, and not from him, and you are weeping! it was not a dream then! Support me Heaven! Michel is dead!

Marie. I dared not conceal it from you, longer!

Thérèse. Dead! Michel dead!

Marie. It is a terrible blow, Thérèse, but think of your boy, he will give courage. I do not speak of your father, of myself, of all the friends who love you. Thérèse! Thérèse! why don't you cry? it will relieve you. [Thérèse is like one in a stupor.]

Thérèse. Michel, dead!

At this moment, Edouard runs in, in great glee, L. H.

Edouard. Mamma, Mamma, come and look! here's such a grand carriage, just driving into the Market! Oh, do come!

[Thérèse's grief is loosened by the voice of her child—she looks at it a moment, then wildly clasping it to her breast exclaims :

Thérèse. My child! my boy! oh! I have still my boy!

Edouard. Oh, mamma, don't cry so! what's the matter?

Thérèse. Edouard—you will never, never see your—

Marie. Thérèse, Edouard is too young to feel his loss yet Don't sadden his dear little heart!

Edouard. Lost!—what's lost mamma?

Thérèse. You are right, mother—I will not awaken such early sorrow in his breast. Edouard, you are now my life—for

you, for you alone, I have to live. [sobbing.] Oh! Michel! Michel!

[At this moment the crowd is seen pressing at the back, with the cries of "Take care!"—"Take care!" A carriage, obstructed by the crowd, enters at a walk. Michel elegantly dressed, looks out of the carriage window.

Michel. What is all this? Cannot a carriage pass along this abominable place?

Thérèse. [at the sound of his voice. raises her head.] Gracious Heaven! that voice! that voice! It's he! It's Michel!

[A running Footman advances, and calls to the people.]

Footman. Make room there! Room for the carriage of the Marquis de Melcy!

Thérèse. The Marquis de Melcy!

Bonneau. The Marquis de Melcy!

Thérèse. The Marquis de Melcy! Oh! then I am mad! [she falls on her knees in despair, and hides her face in her hands.]

Edouard. [kneeling.] Mamma, mamma.

TABLEAU.—END OF ACT III

ACT IV.

interior of Bonneau's House on the ground floor
modestly furnished, like that of an Artizan.

*In the flat an opening into a small Court Yard with rustic stables
Doors right and left. Music as the curtain rises.*

Marie. [entering and speaking to some one without, R. C.] Thank you, neighbour; thank you. I only want them to amuse my little Edouard with, this evening, I'll bring you them back to-morrow. [enters and shuts the door.] Another fib! but I didn't like to own before her husband, that I was borrowing a pack of cards, to tell my fortune with. Bonneau won't be in for some time, and I will see what the cards have in store for me; I'm determined! [goes toward the table, R. H.] In crossing the stage, she stumbles against one of the stones in the floor, which is a little out of its place.] Good gracious! here's this stone still out of its place; I had forgotten it. If my husband had come home, he must have discovered it! [places the cards upon the tab'e—returns and kneels near the displaced stone, and before fixing it, looks into the void space, for a moment.] Nothing left! no, not a sou!—and three years ago there were [shudders] oh! I tremble to think of it! But to morrow it will be all right again To-day the lottery is drawn, and I shall gain my prize to a certainty: and then I shall replace it. [she hears the door, L. H., opening, and rapidly replaces the stone—starts up and puts her foot upon it, in terror.] Who's that?

Brididi. Ma'am Bonneau! Ma'am Bonneau! [at door, L. H.]

Enter Brididi, hiding one eye under his hand

Brididi. Don't be alarmed. Ma'am Bonneau, its only me! I've just dropped in as I was passing by, to beg a drop of spring water, to bathe my eye.

Marie. [recovering herself.] Oh! is that all! what's the matter with it?

Brididi. Well, to be frank with you, I can't see clearly what is the matter—perhaps you can tell me. [takes away his hand and shews his eye, red and inflamed.]

Marie. Ah! my poor lad, what's this?

Brididi. It's a left hander—a left hander I gave to—
Marie. To yourself!

Brididi. To myself, not such a fool as that—no, to somebody else, of course. I sent this left hand of mine at him, and he replied with a right hander upon my left eye, you see the consequence.

Marie. But how comes it, Brididi, you whom I thought so quiet and so peaceable, are you a fighter then?

Brididi. Oh! I can strike a blow now and then, as well as my betters, and you're welcome to one, Ma'am Bonneau.

Marie. I'm much obliged to you.

Brididi. No, no, you do not understand me. I mean, it was in your service that I invested one, just now on the nose of my adversary as a small proof of my esteem, and which he has so lovingly returned on my eye. It was Cabri, who was bringing his water buckets into the Lottery Office, while I was getting your ticket, he asked me who I was buying for—

Marie. [anxiously] You did not tell him?

Brididi. Not I, trust me for that! what, to a comrade of your husband's? no, no, no, I replied boldly, that I was buying for myself.

Marie. Good lad, that was right!

Brididi. Yes, but he had seen me give the Louis d'or to the clerk, and he had the impertinence to say I deserved to be taken before a Justice, as it was quite clear that such a sum of money laid out on a Lottery Ticket by one like me, could only have been stolen.

Marie. Stolen!

Brididi. Now, as I knew that was false on the very face of it, I thought I'd prove it so on the face of him who had asserted it. I did so, I asked him telegraphically with my left hand, what he meant by that insinuation, and here's his reply. If you get nothing by the Lottery, Ma'am Bonneau, at all events I've got something

Marie. Oh! don't say if, the very thought of such a possibility, would drive me crazy!

Brididi. Well, its not pleasant, certainly. But after all, you've a right to do as you please with your own money.

Marie. No, Brididi, there's the misery of it—it was not mine.

Brididi. Eh! not yours! What, all those Louis d'ors that I have—

Marie. [trembling.] Hush! there's somebody in the Court-yard.

Bonneau appears in the Court-yard without, with his Donkey and Barrel.

Bonneau. Marie.

Marie. [aside with terror.] My husband!

Bonneau. Give me the key of the stables.

Marie. Take it, Brididi, you will find it in my work basket; my legs refuse to carry me.

Brididi. [taking the key to Bonneau.] There it is, Père Bonneau

Bonneau. [unharnesses the Donkey.] Thank you, my fine fellow [To Marie.] You're surprised to see me so soon, eh? and my days work done already!

Marie. [recovering from her agitation.] True, you are much earlier than usual.

Bonneau. The fact is, I have got some important business to transact; I'll tell you all about it presently.

[Exit into stable, R. H.

Brididi. Now, Ma'am Bonneau, you'll explain, I hope, what this little affair is that I have been mixed up with; I feel rather uncomfortable, and have certain misgivings that I gave Cabri a tap on the nose that he was not entitled to.

Marie. Oh, Brididi, I have been to blame, greatly to blame, but still not so much as you suppose.

Brididi. As I suppose! Oh, I had no particular suppositions; at any rate, no dishonourable ones. It is not very likely that you've been stopping the Diligence at your time of life, and robbing the passengers—you are not a highwayman, I know.

Marie. When I said the gold was not mine, I didn't exactly mean that—I had a right to a share of it after all, for what belongs to my husband belongs to me.

Brididi. Oh, its only a little domestic matter, is it! Oh, then, Cabri may keep his tap on the nose; but I forgot—he returned it to me.

Marie. I can't think why my husband should have made a mystery of his little fortune to me; I had no suspicion of anything of the kind till three years ago, when we moved into this house to be near Thérèse. Late one night, Bonneau believing me to be asleep, rose gently from the bed, and through my half closed eyes I saw him take out of one of the water buckets a small canvas bag, which seemed very heavy, and with it he passed out of the next room into this. I followed him; saw him lift up one of these squares, and after digging in the ground underneath with his knife, he hid the bag carefully away, and closed the square over it. When he returned, I still feigned to be asleep, but I lay awake, torturing myself with all sorts of absurd suspicions. In the morning, while Bonneau was gone to work, I raised the stone, opened the bag, and found it full of gold.

Brididi. How terrible! No, I mean how pleasant!

Marie. You see, Brididi, I had always from a girl a presentiment that I should gain a fortune in the lottery; but, in my miserable existence, the chance had never occurred of my being

able to buy a ticket. But now that chance was ready to my hand. I struggled against it for weeks, but alas! I struggled in vain, for I fell at last.

Brididi. That's where you got wrong.

Marie. I took one Louis d'or—having lost that, you may easily suppose I risked another, in the hope of getting it back, and so I have gone on, losing and losing, until the last Louis d'or that the bag contained is now gone, and if the prize does not come up this time, all is over. If despair and shame do not kill me, my husband will.

Brididi. Nay, nay! don't talk in that way, Ma'am Bonneau. You must win, you shall win; you've got excellent numbers—the clerk told me so, and he ought to know.

Marie. But you haven't given me my ticket.

Brididi. That's true. [Taking ticket from his pocket.] There are your numbers—there are the respectable old gentlemen.

Marie. [reading] Yes, that's right—twenty-three, forty five,

Brididi. Twenty-three, forty-five

Marie. Fifteen and seventy

Brididi. Yes, fifteen and seventeen, that's it. I'll run to the office, and bring you the list of prizes as they come up. Oh, here's Thérèse.

[Going to door L. H. meets Thérèse, who puts her cloak upon the back of a chair. As Therese enters, Brididi exits.

Marie. That's right, child, you have done well to come and see us. It's not good to be alone, when one's sad.

Thérèse. Yes, I came to—What did I come for?

Marie. You have something perhaps to tell me?

Thérèse. No, no! I left home without motive, without object, simply because I could not rest quiet. I walked on listlessly, till I found myself opposite the little shed where my father lived when we first came to join him in Paris.

Marie. Ah! in that happy Rue de l'Echelle; where we were living when Michel sent you the three thousand francs.

Thérèse. The last token we had of his existence. I wished to see that house again, and still more, the house which faced it, and which used to be sad and silent as a tomb, but which is now open to all the world; full of life and movement. As I gazed on it I forgot my grief—for I had a hope, a strong and fervent hope—but I waited a long time, and he did not return.

Marie. Return! why who on earth did you expect?

Thérèse. No one, no one at all, mother—I have no one to expect, now! and yet were I to tell you the idea which pursues me—an idea which, though I cannot believe in it, nevertheless incessantly comes back upon me—

Marie. What idea, Therese? what is it?

Thérèse. That Michel is not dead!

Marie. Poor child! poor child!

Thérèse. Tell me, mother! Michel never spoke of his family to us, did he?

Marie. His family! you know that he had none; he has told us a hundred times, that he was a foundling.

Thérèse. Yes! educated by charity in a college where he served as an example to the other pupils, because he was more diligent, because he had more talent, 'Twas that very superiority which gave him his ambitious notions.

Marie. Yes! he had always an idea in his head that he was born for some higher condition.

Thérèse. And why should he not be?

Marie. Thérèse, I do not understand you! This very day you receive the certificate of your husband's death, and yet you speak of him as if he were still alive.

Thérèse. Mother, I have already told you that the announcement of his death, was no proof to me.

Marie. No proof!

Thérèse. No. You assert that I have lost him, I answer, that I have seen him.

Marie. Seen him!

Thérèse. See him still.

[*Sits by the table, L. R.*

Marie. [aside] Her poor head is wandering!

[*Sits at table at work, L. R.*

Thérèse. [*taking up the cards mechanically.*] There are those who pretend that our destiny is written in the cards! Who read them like a book, read there the mysteries of the future, the secrets of the past. Should it be true! [*arranges the cards*] I wonder how they place them.

Marie. What is she about? [*rises the better to see, then going towards Thérèse*] Oh! that's not the way, child!

Thérèse. Do you know how, then?

Marie. Yes, just a little.

Thérèse. And you believe in the cards, do you not?

Marie. Of course I do. They often shew us what we wish for.

Thérèse. Then let us see if they will not shew me—

Marie. Hush! your father's there, and he can't bear cards. He says that consulting them is flying in the face of Providence.

Thérèse. No matter,—at any price I must discover—Sit down, dear mother; you won't be a moment—I intreat you!

Marie. No, no; stay where you are, and I'll shew you. If your father comes he won't scold you. Now, shuffle the cards.

Thérèse. Must I choose one?

Marie. No, never do that! you must take them as they come.

Thérèse. [*shuffling the cards*] Ay, that's better—it leaves it to chance.

Marie. Of course! chance is everything. Now, place them

in a half circle. [aside] I shall find out so, whether I am to get the prize.

Thérèse. What next?

Marie. Count the cards one by one, till I stop you. [Thérèse counts—each time placing her finger on the card—Marie stops her] That will do! Its a young man.

Thérèse. Yes, the Knave of Hearts! [aside] That's Michel!

Marie. [aside] That's Brididi! [aloud] Go on—very well—there! a letter!

Thérèse. [aside] To contradict the one I received to-day!

Marie. [aside] That letter contains the list of prizes. [aloud] Go on again—stop! A great piece of news!

Thérèse. Joyful news, mother?

Marie. [counting with her] Go on—go on—Ah! [stopping her and uttering a cry of joy.]

Thérèse. Well!

Marie. Do you see that my child?

Thérèse. How you tremble!

Marie. With joy, dear! with joy! Do you see that card—the Nine of Clubs! The Nine!

Thérèse. And that means—

Marie. Money—heaps of money—a fortune!

Thérèse. [rising] Oh!—mother! you talk to me of money, when I am thinking only of my husband!

Marie. Not a word—here's some one! [hiding the cards.]

Enter Alcide—Madeleine following, L. H.

Alcide. May I come in?

Marie. You are in!

Alcide. Shall I go out again, and knock first?

Marie. No—our door is always open to friends, and the Syndic is one of them.

Alcide. I should think so, and Madeleine is another—come in, Madeleine. [aside.] I hope soon to be something more, now that the lovely Thérèse is a widow! I needn't pack up.

Marie. What brings you here?

Madeleine. Well, I can't say that we absolutely came to see you, Marie; old friend as you are. Our visit was to Thérèse—not having found her at her own house, we thought she might be here.

Alcide. Yes, our visit was to Thérèse.

Thérèse. To me, Alcide; for what?

Madeleine. To spare you, if possible the annoyance of receiving the whole market. As soon as the girls heard of your misfortune, they were all coming down in a body, to—to—

Alcide. To congratulate you.

Marie. [shocked] To congratulate her!

Madeleine. What are you saying?

Alcide. No, no ; I don't mean that—I mean to condole. Did I say "congratulate ? That's because I'm an ass—I only meant that all the girls were—and so am I—I'm sure—I needn't—

Madeleine. That'll do—you'll only make it worse. The fact is, Thérèse, we had another object ; we come commissioned from the market—

Thérèse. Not now, kind friends—another time.

Madeleine. Unfortunately no other time will do. Its a mere form—we know it is impossible for you to accept the honour at such a time, but it is our duty to offer you the privilege of presenting the bouquet !

Marie. Bouquet ! what bouquet ?

Madeleine. You know our custom in the market—on all public occasions—births,—marriages,—fêtes, we have the right by patent, to present ourselves in our holyday clothes, at all the great houses, with our eloquence and our flowers ! His Majesty himself has listened to our harangues before now—and so as the son of a grand Marquis has been restored to the house of his fathers, and come into possession of his property ; we have decided that it would be a pretty little compliment to offer him the bouquet of congratulation !

Alcide. And as Syndic of the Market, I head the procession !

Marie. But my dear friends, you know Thérèse has always refused to join in such ceremonies.

Alcide. What did I say Madeleine ? why, even when we went to the King himself you know she wouldnt go with us ! It's a likely joke, that after that, she would give the preference to the Marquis de Melcy.

Thérèse. To the Marquis de Melcy, did you say ? is it to *him* you are going to present the bouquet ?

Madeleine. Yes, to shew our delight at his return.

Alcide. Exactly, our frantic delight. No one ever heard of him before, but that doesnt matter—our delight's just as great, and the compliment costs us nothing.

Thérèse. [to herself] To the Marquis de Melcy !

Madeleine. You refuse, of course ?

Thérèse. I accept !

Alcide. What ?

Marie. Impossible !

Thérèse. Wait for me a moment, and I'll go with you.

[Getting her Cloak.]

Marie. But my child—

Thérèse. [resolutely] It is my duty, it is my right ! Am I not now at the head of the Market ? Alcide, come and help me prepare the bouquet ! [to Madeleine] In ten minutes I will meet you here. Come Alcide.

Alcide. [offering his arm] Always at your service !

Marie. [to Thérèse, who is putting on her cloak] Thérèse, do you know where you are going?

Thérèse. Yes, to the Marquis de Melcy's! [to herself] I wished to see him once more—I will see him!

[Exit with Alcide. door L. H.]

Madeleine. She's a girl after my own heart! I'll run for Javotte meantime, and be back to meet her in five minutes.

[Exit door, L. H.]

Marie. I can't make it out! Thérèse accept on such a day! the first day of her mourning! Oh, her grief must have turned her head!

Enter Bonneau, from Stable c.

Bonneau. Marie, wasn't that Thérèse I saw just now, tripping along with Alcide, the Syndic?

Marie. It was indeed!

Bonneau. Going where?

Marie. To present a bouquet to the new Marquis de Melcy.

Bonneau. To the son of my old protector! for he is so!—I have made every inquiry, and there's no doubt as to the fact. Ah, ah! they are going to carry him a bouquet, are they? I flatter myself I have one for him that will beat theirs into fits, and be twice as well received. Marie, go and get my Sunday coat, [she goes to chest of drawers, L. H.] I've been and got shaved in honor of the occasion. Kiss me Marie, and you'll ascertain the fact.

[Offers his cheek.]

Marie. Why Bonneau, what has put you in such tip-top spirits to-day?

Bonneau. Do you want to know? then I'll tell you.—I've had a two hundred pound weight upon my breast for years, and now its removed. That's my state. For five years I have been labouring under the oppression, and now I breathe again.—If it wasn't for the sorrow of our darling daughter, I'm so happy, I could sing songs, and cut capers like a child.

Marie. But what's it all about? one would think you had gained a prize in the Lottery?

[Takes his coat off and puts it on chair.]

Bonneau. Lottery indeed! I gain a prize every time it's drawn.

Marie. You do? How, how

Bonneau. By never putting into it. That's the way all honest folks should win. Lottery indeed! Ah, Marie! when I pass by the office, and see the crowd of women there, carrying to that Gambling House the hard earnings of their husband's toil, the sweat of their brows, the price of their children's bread, and all to satisfy their wretched passion for unholy gain, I say to myself, shame be upon their heads! they are bad wives, and worse mothers! Heaven can never smile upon their works.

Marie. [with emotion] Bonneau, tell me, tell me, what was it made you so happy, when you came in?

Bonneau. First give me my holiday clothes! I'm going to court! In state! my white cravat, my new waistcoat!

Marie. What for? what for? The man will drive me crazy!

Bonneau. Get me my cravat, and I'll tell you.

Marie. I'll not budge an inch, till I hear!

Bonneau. Well, then—[sits down.]—while you put on my cravat you shall hear—You must know, that on the very day of his death, the old Marquis de Melcy deposited with me a large sum of money; all in gold.

Marie. In gold!

Bonneau. What's the matter with you? Its as true as I sit here! That gold I was to place into the hands of his son—but his son never came! Nevertheless, my duty was simple—I had to keep the money till the young Marquis appeared to claim it—ay, and I'd have kept the two hundred Lonis d'ors till doomsday, if—

Marie. Were there so many? Two hundred Louis! here!

Bonneau. Oh! don't be alarmed—not only *were* here, but *are* here still, untouched! Two hundred Louis d'ors within a yard of our feet! That's the weight I've had upon my breast so long. I have never dared mention it to a living soul—not even to you, *Marie*—my wife—never had the courage to look into the hiding-place, where I concealed it. But, heyday! *Marie*!—how's this? you turn pale!—what's the matter with you, are you ill? [rising]

Marie. [with a choking voice] No—not ill—and yet I feel somewhat—

Bonneau. I understand—the mere thought of such a sum of money concealed in our poor dwelling, and we responsible, has upset your nerves; but compose yourself—the danger is over now—for this very day, this very hour, I am going to restore it, intact. Oh! for that matter, rather than have used a sou of it, we would all have starved!—eh, *Marie*? Money that does not belong to us, is sacred. We have no right to touch it; not even to buy a loaf of bread!

Marie. [aside and supporting herself with difficulty] My heart dies within me!

Bonneau. [gaily] *Marie*, dear; you never saw two hundred Louis d'ors all in gold, I know; wait a bit, and I'll make your eyes start out of your head with pleasure.

[takes a knife from his pocket and kneels at the stone.]

Marie. [with an effort] Bonneau!

Bonneau. There it is under that square.

Marie. [aside] Would that I were dead!

Bonneau. [stopping in front of stone] Eh! how very odd—one would fancy that the stone had been moved—I'll

hanged if I don't begin to tremble myself! [wiping his forehead]
Whew! oh! I must, I must know my fate a once!

He is about to raise the stone, when Brididi enters briskly, L. H.

Brididi. Victory! ma'am Bonneau, victory! we've won!

Marie. [who has followed with intense anxiety all the movements of her husband, utters a cry of joy] Ah! won d'ye say?

Bonneau. [rising but remaining in the same place.] Won What?

Brididi. Oh! yes, I may tell all now! I've just come from the drawing.

Bonneau. [trying to understand]. What is it he's talking about?

Brididi. I've just come from the drawing of the lottery. Embrace me, Ma'am Bonneau. Embrace me, Père Bonneau. The numbers have come up right, and have brought seventy thousand times the amount of the stake.

Bonneau. [doubting still, and looking by turns at the floor and at his wife.] What! can it be possible! No, no, she never could have been capable—

Marie. [mastering her joy.] But are you sure—quite sure?

Brididi. Of course, I am, here's the list. [Kneeling to Marie. Twelve was the first number—but that's not yours. Here are the others; look yourself. Twenty-three.

Marie. [takes the ticket from her pocket, and compares each number, as he reads it, with increased agitation.] Twenty-three.

Brididi. Forty-five!

Marie. Forty-five!

Brididi. Fifteen!

Marie. Fifteen!

Brididi. And seventeen!

Marie [utters a cry of despair.] Ah!

Brididi. What's the matter? Seventeen, I say.

Marie. It should be seventy. Lost! all's lost!

Bonneau. [becoming aware of the whole truth.] Ah! I see it now; I understand—the money for the lottery has been stolen from me.

[*He hastily tears up the stone, during which time Madeleine enters with Javotte R. H.*

Madeleine. Here we are, ready to start! Where's Thérèse?

Bonneau. [stands terrified before the vacant space.] Gone! all gone! Robbed, basely robbed! Accursed lottery!

Madeleine. Lottery!

Bonneau. That has brought this disgrace upon me. My treasure stolen, and the thief—

Madeleine. [seizing Brididi.] Is here!

All. Brididi!

Brididi Me!

Bonneau. Wretch! [Lifts a chair, as if to strike him.

Marie. Brididi! Oh, no!

Madeleine. Père Bonneau, look in his face, and read deceit and treachery there. But I've found him out—Cabri told me all; Cabri saw him put down the Louis d'or for the ticket, with his own hand. Cabri made him acknowledge on the spot, that the gold was his own, and the clerk said it was not the first, by dozens, he had bought. He has robbed you for years, Père Bonneau, and deserves the Galleys.

Brididi. And Marie is silent!

Javotte. [goes to Brididi.] Brididi, I have done with you for ever! I did love, now I detest you. The viper who would sting the hand of his benefactor, should be spurned beneath one's feet, Brididi, you've broken my heart.

[Bursts into tears.

Bonneau. The hand of justice shall at once— [Going.

Marie. Hold! hold, for mercy's sake, Bonneau! I cannot bear this. He is not the culprit.

Bonneau. [in a fury.] Then who—who?

Marie. [falling on her knees.] Your wretched wife!

TABLEAU.—END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

A Splendid Saloon in the Style of Louis XV.,
Magnificently Furnished.

Three centre doors opening into another apartment, but closed
commencement of the Act. Doors on each side.

Dubois, Lacqueys and Tradesmen, discovered waiting.

Enter Gaspard, R. H. in Full Livery.

Gaspard. [insolently] So gentlemen, you have come to hear how we are satisfied with your goods, Monsieur Durand the furniture you have had the execrable taste to send in, for the lower rooms belongs to the past century, you must take it all away, and send us something more in the Spirit of the Age we live in. [Durand *Bows*] Monsieur Birman, your carriage is not bad, but it might be more elegant. Let us have one, fit for a Royal Duke. [Birman *Bows*] Monsieur Rigaud, your State Liveries are fair, very fair; but the goldlace is too skimping—they should be basted, literally basted with bullion. As for you u Lambert, I think you must have been mad, to send us Norman horses! We must have nothing but English, and thorough bred. Remember we bear one of the great names of France, and must not be treated like a parvenus. You will send in your

bills to me, and I shall pay them *only* when I am satisfied, quite satisfied with you. [Tradesmen *bow and exeunt*, L. H. And now lacqueys, lend me your ears. Yesterday you waited at table with a carelessness that horrified me. If we had been in St. Domingo, I should have had you all whipped like Negroes, But as, unfortunately we are denied those luxuries here, and have only the right of kicking such fellows out of doors, rely on it I shall exercise that right, and effectually, if it occurs again. Now, Chocolate! [Dubois brings Chocolate on a handsome salver] Chair! [Another lacquey wheels forward a chair. Gaspard seats himself, and begins to take the Chocolate] Letters! Cards! [Dubois presents them in his hand] Salver, Dolt! [Dubois places them on a salver, Gaspard takes the letters, aside] What have we here? perfumed paper, armorial seals, aristocratic illegibility. There's nothing here to make one anxious—mere invitations, I dare say; for my young Marquis is progressing rapidly. It is astonishing how well he asserts his dignity! [aloud] You may present these letters to the Marquis! [places them back on the salver, a visiting card falls] Pick it up! [Dubois picks it up, and offers it with his hand] Salver! [Dubois puts it on the Salver, Gaspard looks carelessly on the card, and then starts up] Madame St. Prie, the unacknowledged wife of the late Marquis, and the mother of—she may derange my plans! [aloud] What does Madame St. Prie want?

Dubois. To see the Marquis, she said she would call later in the day.

Gaspard. If I am absent when she calls, you will beg her to call again—if I am at home, shew her into me—but to me alone, you understand. I hear a carriage—it's the Marquis take these away.

[Dubois removes the Chocolate. *Exeunt* R. H.]

Enter Michel, door L. H.

Michel. [impatiently] Where's the Countess? in her room?

Gaspard. Not at this moment, her ladyship is not in the house; she ordered her carriage to the Count de Cremancé.

Michel. To the Count de Cremancé, I thought as much!

Gaspard. Your lordship seems annoyed! Has the Minister raised any difficulties in the way of removing the sequestration from your property?

Michel. Oh! all difficulties disappear before the influence of the Count de Cremancé, and I have just learned that he looks upon me already as his son-in law. The Countess, my noble aunt, has I find arranged a marriage between his daughter and myself, and that too, without doing me the honor to consult me.

Gaspard. Ay, ay, that's something like an aunt! She's an invaluable lady.

Michel. As if I were to be disposed of in that manner. Not even my consent asked.

Gaspard. Why should it be? Isn't it better as it is? Your aunt is a woman of the world, and fearing some difficulty in getting your consent, does without it. Mademoiselle de Cremancé is a charming person—I remarked her at Versailles. She has a dowry of a million, and an influential family. Where could you find a better match?

Michel. Gaspard, you are mad. That my aunt should contemplate such a marriage, I can understand; but you! You know perfectly well that I cannot accept the hand of Mademoiselle de Cremancé. You know that I cannot marry.

Gaspard. [after a pause, slowly takes out a paper, which he presents.] Will the Marquis de Melcy be good enough to pay me this small account of one hundred thousand francs?

Michel. You are joking!

Gaspard. I am serious.

Michel. Serious!

Gaspard. As death.

Michel. You pledged your word never to demand that sum until I came into possession of my father's property.

Gaspard. Decidedly. And you pledged yours to abstain from saying or doing anything that could interfere with this payment. If, therefore, you refuse the splendid alliance now offered you, it must be because you have some other still more splendid resource; in that case, you can pay me—pay me!

Michel. Marry Mademoiselle de Cremancé! I! Why, madman, have you forgotten the history I gave you of my past life?

Gaspard. Your past life ended, when your present began. It was washed away in the waves from which I rescued you; you, the last scion of an ancient family—but for me, engulfed in the depths of the ocean. I found you poor, friendless, helpless. I made you rich, noble, powerful. [Aside.] The mere turn of a pen effected the miracle. [Aloud.] In consideration thereof, and in the gratitude of your heart, you signed this little agreement. I have waited patiently, because you had nothing to give. Even yesterday, your possessions were doubtful; but now that it rests but with yourself to remove the sequestration—now that a handsome wife, with a million of money, is offered to you—I cannot permit this little debt of a hundred thousand francs to stand over—it would be my ruin. Marquis, I hate to name unpleasant alternatives, but you must either marry or pay.

Michel. Gaspard, you know it cannot be—you know that I am married to another.

Gaspard. Not at all. Michel, the poor devil who battled in vain with the waves was married, but he is dead, drowned,

gone for ever—at the bottom of the sea. Forget him, and cry, “Long live the young Marquis de Melcy [Long live the future husband of Mademoiselle de Cremancé!]

Michel. Gaspard, hear me. Thérèse is still my wife, and no earthly power can separate us.

Gaspard. But if you should be free!

Michel. Free! Heavens, can it be? Thérèse dead!

Gaspard. Or married—its the same thing.

Michel. Married! What do you mean?

Gaspard. I mean that Thérèse is a widow, and she knows it.

Michel. Knows it!

Gaspard. Unless she is again a wife. I sent her the certificate of your death myself, drawn up in due form, so there can be no mistake. She has had time to shed a tear over your memory, and make your successor a happy man.

Michel. You dared to do this?

Gaspard. I dare do anything that answers my purpose—that answered it. Besides, it was for her good! Think of her situation—neither wife nor widow! It was cruel! and I consider I was doing a good action, in relieving her from it.

Michel. [in an under tone.] Wretched man, do you know what you have done? You have committed a forgery!

Gaspard. Exactly. And do you suppose I mean to do it gratis?

Michel. Russian!

Gaspard. Silence!—some one comes.

Enter Dubois, L. H.

Dubois. There is a person wishes to speak with his Lordship—he says he comes with a message from the late Marquis de Melcy.

Gaspard. What does this mean?—I will see the man myself first.

Michel. Gaspard, remain where you are! Dubois, let him come in!

Gaspard. But I had better—

Michel. I will have it so!

Dubois shows in Bonneau, L. H.

Bonneau. Marquis—I—I—that is, my commission—forgive me—I wish to speak, and can't—for you see, when a man wishes to weep, and swallows his tears—it stifles him somewhat—but it will be over directly

Michel. [seating himself.] Take your time, my good man! you would speak to me of my father, and I honor your emotion.

Bonneau. Oh! Marquis, I have indeed reason enough to be agitated. The last time I was in this room, your honored fathe sat in that very chair where you now sit—my heart then was

light —to-day it is heavy with sorrow ! Then I brought him back his pocket book, which I had found, with an immense sum of money in it.

Michel. An act which did you honor.

Bonneau. It was my duty, as it is now my duty to speak to you of the deposit of two hundred Louis d'ors, which, as you doubtless know, your noble father placed in my charge

Gaspard. And which you now bring with you. [aside.] That man is the incarnation of stupidity !—he lives a life of restitution !

Bonneau. Alas ! no—I have it no longer—and yet I had concealed it carefully under the floor of my house. I had told no one, not even my wife, of its existence ! every morning as I went to my work, I said to myself—"the young Marquis may return when he likes, his money is there!"—and to-day I was so happy to think that he *was* come back, and that, in spite of all the days of pinching poverty we had passed through, while that gold was in the house ; yet that the treasure had been held sacred—when—just now—on going to remove it, to bring to you with pride and joy, 'twas gone—gone—there was nothing left !

[covers his face with his hands.]

Michel. You have been robbed !

Bonneau. No, Marquis, I dare not let you suppose that—it might cast a slur upon my neighbours. 'Twas no robbery, 'twas an error.

Gaspard. [aside.] An error ! A mild form of the disease.

Bonneau Yes, an error ; and the culprit was my wife—my own wife—whom I have left at home almost out of her mind, because the money which she thought was ours, proves to have belonged to another. 'Twas my fault, it was indeed ! I ought not to have concealed the sacred deposit from her. This, Marquis, is my story—I can scarcely ask you to believe it.

Gaspard. [aside.] I should think not !

Bonneau. Though were your father living, who knew me well, he would at once have taken the word of Père Bonneau, for ten times that amount.

Michel. [startled] Père Bonneau ! of Clermont Ferrand ?

Bonneau. Yes, I am well known in the neighbourhood. But you look kindly at me—you believe in me ! Oh, Marquis ! my heart thanks you, my tongue cannot. And mind, I came here to tell you of my debt To tell you it shall be paid—every sou of it—but you must wait some time—for two hundred Louis d'ors is a debt which will take a deal of water to wash out.

Michel. [has seized a pen, and rapidly written a few words on a paper, which he presents in agitation to Bonneau.] There ! there—take that.

Bonneau. I beg pardon, I can't read, but if this is an agreement you wish me to sign, give me the pen, and I will make my mark.

Michel. No, Père Bonneau; it is not an agreement, it is a receipt.

Bonneau. No, no, it can't be done so. It's all very well for you to say you are no longer my creditor, but that does not make me less your debtor—my conscience won't suffer that. You shall be paid. All my family will work for me. Oh! if my son-in-law were alive, he would help me, for he was a fine hearted fellow they tell me. But my daughter, Thérèse, his widow, will come to my assistance. She will sell everything, rather than suffer dishonour to fall upon her father.

[carriage heard at the back.]

Michel. Thérèse,—your daughter—is—here—in Paris!

Bonneau. Yes Marquis, she's the Fruiterer to the Court.

Gaspard. [aside] I must put an end to this! [aloud] The Countess, your lordship's aunt, is returned, you wished to speak with her?

Bonneau. I'm gone—Marquis, I shall never forget your generosity—though I don't accept it, I am not the less grateful. But we all have our little notions you know, and my pride revolts! [kisses his hand] But I shall never forget it! If I've tears in my eyes now, they are tears of joy.

[Exit door, l. h.]

Michel. You heard what he said?

[Joyfully.]

Gaspard. Distinctly. Your father-in-law is as honest as he is ignorant. Luckily he does not know you—if he had ever seen you before, your unguarded manner must have led to your discovery, to a certainty.

Michel. And Thérèse, whom you supposed dead, or married, is alive! Thérèse is here! near me, in Paris!

Gaspard. [aside] Where she'll not be long! [aloud] And what then? how can that interest you! There can be now nothing in common between you! You can give her your custom, if you like, but that's all. They're a very interesting family, and I'll see that they make a good thing of it.

Michel. Gaspard! do you take me for a villain? Do you think that I will sully my lips with perjury, my life with infamy? No! I will not disown the woman whom, in the face of Heaven, I have named my wife! I will not repose in the luxury of wealth, while she is weeping desolate in poverty! I will not check the yearnings of my heart, nor thrust my love from out of it!

[Crosses to R.]

Gaspard. Very well, then, avow all to your aristocratic aunt. The Countess will be flattered to see the blood of the de Melcy's flowing in a water carriers bucket.

Michel. Flattered or not, she must hear the truth! Even family pride must bend before necessity!

Gaspard. Your brains are wandering, Marquis! This is downright folly! Don't you perceive, that no sooner does your proud aunt hear of this degrading marriage, than she

declares it null, in the sight of the law? for you contracted it as a foundling, and under age! Such an act is not binding upon the Marquis de Melcy.

Michel. But it *is* binding upon Georges Michel, who bears the title, and can only be annulled with his consent!

Gaspard. His consent! Poor fellow, he's in a dream!—but I must wake him. Oppose the Countess she will renounce you! This house is hers—it has been yours only by her courtesy—the sequestration of your property will be confirmed, and you will sink again into that misery from which I dragged you: rendered deeper, blacker, by the remembrance of the brilliant position you have lost.

Michel. I care not—poverty, with all its terrors, is not so terrible as infamy!

Gaspard. Um! you think not? Well that's a matter of opinion, after all. But at any rate, you will agree with me in this—that a fortune and a title are better than the Galleys.

Michel. The Galleys!

Gaspard. Don't you see that your fastidious scruples send you there headlong. You thwart the Countess—good! A law-suit follows,—an endless suit. Lawyers are damnable ferrets—they poke their noses everywhere—and they will soon discover the forged certificate of your death, inscribed in the parish books.

Michel. That forgery was yours!

Gaspard. It was, I admit; and you were my accomplice!

Michel. I!

Gaspard. Where is the Judge who will believe otherwise? Have I not the agreement to shew, signed by yourself; giving me one hundred thousand francs, if, by my means, you obtained possession of your name and fortune? One hundred thousand francs!—the sum's enormous! But forgery is not bought for a trifle—and when a man pays so handsomely, he generally knows the value of what he is paying for. You will of course deny, but your verbal denial will not stand against your written accusal. [holds up the agreement.]

Michel. And you will dare to assert—

Gaspard. That we were accomplices? Certainly. I told you I dared do anything that suited my purpose. And since you force me to it, I will speak out plainly. It is better we should understand each other at once. From this moment we change places—you are no longer what you were. I am the master here, not you; so think well before you act. Henceforth you neither know Père Bonneau nor Thérèse, his daughter. You will never see them again. Enrich them as you please, with all my heart, but nothing more. In short, remain a Marquis, or be branded as a felon. Take your choice

Enter Dubois, R. H.

Dubois. Her ladyship has returned, my lord, and begs your lordship's presence in her apartment.

Gaspard. Her ladyship has doubtless to announce to you the consent of the Count de Cremancé to your marriage with his daughter. [*In under tone.*] Marquis and Millionaire! What can you want more? Ah! my lord, don't forget that you owe all this to chance—and me!

Michel. You are a fiend incarnate! [*Exit hastily door R. H.*

Gaspard. [*aside.*] The devil himself in person, if you like—for your compact is signed, and in my keeping. I have a mortgage on this fine heiress's dowry; therefore, Michel, marry her you shall. [*Perceiving Dubois.*] What are you doing there, sir? Your place is in the ante room.

Dubois. You told me to inform you when Madame de St. Prie arrived.

Gaspard. Is she there? Show her in at once. [*Exit Dubois L. H.*] I guess the object of her visit. She has heard of our return, and wishes to embrace her son. A pathetic scene of melo-dramatic recognition—"Mother!" "My Child!" No, I've quite difficulty enough, without that. It won't suit me at all. It's very touching on the stage, but I can't allow it.

Enter Madame de St. Prie, L. H.

Mad. St. Prie. Are you the Marquis's Valet de Chambre?

Gaspard. Yes, Madam.

Mad. St. Prie. Will you inform him that Madame de St. Prie would speak with him.

Gaspard. [*respectfully*] No, Madam.

Mad. St. Prie. What?

Gaspard. Her own interest, no less than that of my master, forbids Madame de St. Prie from seeing her son.

Mad. St. Prie. Her son, you know then—

Gaspard. I know everything. It was with me that the late Marquis left all his instructions. I am, so to speak the guardian of his son. Now, although it would gladden me to allow the mother to embrace her long lost child, she must restrain her impatience till that son is married. I know the young Marquis well. He would never consent to see his mother as a stranger—he would avow you at once, and publicly.

Mad. St. Prie. Well?

Gaspard. Do you not see Madam, that such an avowal would inevitably break off his pending marriage with one of the highest families in France? You are supposed to be dead, living, they would have to acknowledge you. The prejudices of the class are so strong, that rather than receive one of your humble birth, they would decline the alliance; remain in the

background till the marriage is over, and I shall be the first to bring your son to your arms.

Mad. St. Prie. It is a cruel necessity, but I must submit, give him this portrait of his father, from—

Gaspard. A friend of his mother.

Mad. St. Prie. So be it, a friend of his mother—I will write to him. [Goes to table and writes, L. H.]

Gaspard. I will fetch you a taper! [Exit door, R. H.]

Victor enters, as if seeking some one, L. H.

Victor. Where is this Gaspard, whom I was to meet? they told me he was here—a lady!

Mad. St. Prie. Monsieur Victor!

Victor. Madame de St. Prie! you remember me, Madam?

Mad. St. Prie. Oh! yes. Your story interested me. I have also learnt your attachment to Mademoiselle de Cremance, and its unhappy results—but I may serve you possibly more than you imagine, in that quarter.

Victor. You, Madam!

Mad. St. Prie. Hush!—not a word here. Come to me this evening. Silence!

Enter Gaspard with taper.

Gaspard. Madam, if I may be allowed—Who is this?

Mad. St. Prie. [taking the taper and sealing the letter.] Thank you!

Victor. Is your name Gaspard?

Gaspard. At your service.

Victor. My name is Victor, and I am here by appointment!

[gives note.]

Gaspard. Victor! [aside.] The devil! [aloud.] I have business with you, sir. [aside.] Egad! I was just back in time—a moment more, and all might have been discovered—I hope they have met by accident.

Mad. St. Prie. You will give the Marquis this note, with the miniature.

Gaspard. Certainly, Madam.

Mad. St. Prie. Good day, Monsieur Victor. I shall expect you this evening.

Victor. Without fail, Madam.

Gaspard. [aside.] Eh! they are acquainted, then!

[Exit Madame de St. Prie L. H.—Gaspard watching her, is not aware that in putting down the miniature, it has fallen on the ground. Victor perceives it there, and picks it up.]

Victor. You have dropped the miniature. [As he is about to give it, his eye rests on it.] How strange!

Gaspard. [hastily taking it from him.] What's strange?

Victor. That portrait is the image of—a person—yes, it must be my generous protector; to whom I was indebted for

my education at the College of Beauvais.

Gaspard. [aside] I thought as much—and now it's beyond all doubt! [aloud] And yet I presume your protector could not very well have been the Marquis de Melcy.

Victor. This the Marquis de Melcy? oh no, then I am of course mistaken.

Gaspard. But to business, you have applied for the place of Secretary? [aside] Which I must take good care you don't get—this is a young man who must travel.

Victor. Your note led me to hope—

Gaspard. Employment certainly. The place of Secretary is already disposed of, but from all I hear of you, I feel so much interest in your welfare, that you may rely upon my doing my utmost—[aside]—to get you out of the way. [aloud] Are you fond of travelling?

Victor. My most ardent desire is to be able to quit France for ever.

Gaspard. Indeed, how lucky! I have it in my power to promote you to a most important post—the superintendance of one of the Marquis's estates in St. Domingo. But there is a difficulty, I fear an insurmountable one—you must leave Paris this very night, in order to reach Bordeaux in time for the next vessel; in three days you must embark.

Victor. Nay, I am ready to depart at once!

Gaspard. But have you not an appointment for this evening with Madame de St. Prie?

Victor. Oh! that is of no consequence, Madame de St. Prie is a stranger to me—

Gaspard. [aside] So much the better

Victor. She has a kind desire to serve me, but alas! her hope of doing so, I know to be a fallacy. I must not give up the substance for the shadow.

Gaspard. Indeed then your fortune lies before you! Be at the Fleur de Ly's, in the Palais Royal in an hour's time, I will send you there your letter of instructions, and the money for the voyage. Energy and speed are required, and you're the man we want. [aside] The very man, and I wish he were on the sea, with all my heart, at this moment

Victor. In an hour I will be there. [Aside.] Yes, absence will be best. For her 'twill be oblivion—for me, death.

[Exit L. H. D.

Gaspard. Come, there's one plague out of the way, and without much trouble either.

Enter Dubois L. H.

Dubois. Sir, a man who calls himself Alcide, wishes to—

Gaspard. Alcide what?

Dubois. He merely said Alcide.

Gaspard. But Alcide is no name !

Enter Alcide L. H.

Alcide. [entering.] Excuse me, it is the name of an honest man ; a little rare, enough to make the bearers of it a little aristocracy of themselves. I am the Syndic of the Millers.

Gaspard. Syndic!

Alcide. [putting on his hat.] Nothing less, footman.

Gaspard. And what do you want with me, Syndic ?

Alcide. Nothing, footman ! I never deal with valets and lacqueys. Where is your master ? I come to him as ambassador from the ladies

Gaspard. Ladies ! What ladies ?

Alcide. The ladies of the market, who are come to offer a bouquet of welcome to the Marquis de Melcy.

Gaspard. Very well, I will receive them directly.

Alcide. You receive them ! No, will you though ? Well, that is condescension ! Why, young man, when we go to Court, the King leaves his council to receive us. If he were to send his Prime Minister, we should be affronted. No, we must have the young Marquis, not his lacquey. Go and fetch him—carry him here if necessary, but be quick about it, for the Majesty of the Market, is terribly impatient ; and our ladies are apt not to measure their language when irritated.

Enter the Countess and Michel R. H.

Countess. Who are all these people I see in the Court-yard ?

Alcide. [taking off his hat.] The great lady !

Gaspard. The ladies of the Market solicit the honor of presenting a bouquet to the Marquis de Melcy.

Countess. A deputation from the Market ! They must be received. It is a privilege recognised even by the Court itself.

Alcide. One sees that your ladyship is a woman of the world ; a lady of the highest breeding.

Countess. Who is that ?

Gaspard. The Syndic of the Market, whom they have appointed their ambassador !

Countess. They could not have made a better choice.

Alcide. Your ladyship is too flattering. [Aside.] She is a woman of enormous breeding !

Countess. Marquis, this visit will amuse you, and serve to shake off awhile the sudden melancholy which has seized upon you. While you receive the bouquet, I will see that a collation be prepared, worthy of these good people's merit.

Alcide. [aside.] She is a woman in a thousand ! I never met with such high breeding ! [Aloud.] This is the way we are received at Court ; no sooner do we appear, than the scullions fly about like mad.

Countess. Follow me, Gaspard

Gaspard. Good day, Ambassador! [Exit with Countess, L. c.

Alcide. [Looking after Gaspard] If ever that ape falls into my hands, I'll dust his laced jacket for him, I promise him!

Michel. [aside.] My courage has failed me. Gaspard, the infamous Gaspard, can destroy me with a breath. There is no help for it now. Though innocent at heart, appearances are against me, and not a voice but would condemn me!

Alcide. Humph! the Marquis is not as well bred as his aunt.

[He goes to the door L. R. which he flings open, Madeleine, Javotte, and the Market Women enter followed by Thérèse, who carries the bouquet.

Alcide. Allow me to present to your Lordship the Mother of the Market. If not the oldest, she is the most respected among the middle aged, and the most eloquent among all. Oratory is her special gift. Oh, such a tongue! such epithets! especially when aggravated. Don't blush Madeleine, the Marquis is all attention. Present—fire!

Thérèse. [aside] The Marquis! [approaches and looks at him who cannot see her] It's he!

Madeleine. I give you my word my Lord, that I have dished up nothing expressly for the occasion. Impromptu speeches with me always want a good deal of preparation. But Javotte here, my niece, makes her first attempt to day, and she shall address you with the speech I made his Majesty on his recent return to Paris. It has only been served once, and is as fresh as ever.

Alcide. It's as good as new!

Madeleine. Now Javotte, clear you voice, and don't be frightened! [aside] And don't forget to say Marquis, instead of Majesty.

Javotte. "Marquis! you have long been away from us, you are now come back—and France possesses one good man the more."

Madeleine. That's all. And then the King kissed me!

Javotte. And then the King kissed me. [Madeleine checks her.

Michel. Well Madam, such being the custom—if you will allow me—

Thérèse. [aside] It is his voice!

Madeleine. No Monseigneur, that honor is for the bearer of the bouquet.

Alcide. And without any ill compliment to Madeleine, Marquis you'll be no loser by the exchange.

Gaspard appears, L. c.

Gaspard. [aside] This folly not over yet!

Madeleine. But where is she? come forward child

[She takes Thérèse by the hand, and leads her face to face with Michel, who recognises her and is troubled.

Michel Thérèse ! [aside to Gaspard] My wife !

Gaspard. [who has come down, near him] His wife !

[*Thérèse after some hesitation presents the bouquet, without a word.* Michel *after a moment's hesitation, accepts it.*

Madeleine. Now for the kiss. On both cheeks, in the good old style. [*Michel kisses her, on the forehead.*

Alcide. [aside] There's a fellow for you ! call that a kiss ! his aunt would have done it better than that, I know.

[*Michel troubled by the scrutinizing gaze of Thérèse, lets fall the bouquet, which Gaspard hastily picks up.*

Gaspard. [aside to him] Take care !

Madeleine. And now, how about some refreshment ? the heat makes one thirsty. Besides, I was thirsty at starting !

Gaspard. [hastily] The refreshments are waiting.

[*He throws open the door, l. c. and discovers a table, sumptuously provided.*

Alcide. Now ladies to business !

[*All enter the room, except Thérèse, who remains immovable, with her eyes fixed on Michel.*

Alcide. [at the back] Thérèse ain't you coming ?

Thérèse. No, I have a word to say to the Marquis.

Gaspard. [aside] She has recognized him !

Alcide. She's going to ask him for his custom.

[*The doors close upon the Women and Alcide.*

Thérèse. Will the Marquis order his valet to leave us ?

[*Michel hesitates, and then makes a sign to Gaspard.*

Gaspard. [aside to Michel] Remember, Marquis—silence or the galleys. [*Exit Gaspard, l. c.*

Michel. [sinking into a chair] The Galleys !

Thérèse. [approaches him slow'y] Marquis, I am Thérèse, Thérèse Bonneau, of Clermont Ferrand, who there married, Michel the foundling. Did you never hear speak of me ?

Michel. [after a struggle] Never !

Thérèse. Never ?

Michel. No—I—I—do not know you.

Thérèse. It is not possible such a likeness can exist ! Features, expression, voice, all ! [*Michel is about to go, she stops him*] One moment, Marquis, but one. I came not here to offer you that bouquet. The thought of any rejoicing at such a moment, would have been revolting to me—I should have been at home, weeping the bitter tears of helpless desolation, had not a gleam of hope drawn me to your presence. Instead of these holiday clothes, I should have crouched beneath my widow's weeds—[*getting nearer*]—for I am a widow Marquis, a broken-hearted widow ! [*pauses for a moment, then aside*] It is not Michel—thus unmoved—it cannot be.

[*Bursts into tears*

Michel. [kindly] Pray, pray compose yourself

Thérèse. [aside] His voice! again his voice!

Michel. [aside] My resolution will not hold good against this! [aloud] Tell me—tell me—what can I do to serve you?

Thérèse. Michel, is it possible you can behold me thus, and yet your heart remain silent? Does not the memory of the past, speak within you?

Michel. I can only repeat—I—I never saw you till this moment.

Thérèse. [half stupified] Oh no! Michel could not have said that—my misery is complete, Michel is dead!

Michel. [aside] Her anguish is terrible, but the brand of infamy—never! [Sinks into chair.]

Thérèse. I humbly ask your pardon for what I have said, you must have thought me mad, and to be frank with you, I fear my poor brain is wandering, I have suffered so much! But you have just left Saint Domingo, 'twas there my dear husband died. He left me to seek his fortune, he cajoled me into letting him depart. It broke my heart to give consent, but he wished it, and his wish to me was law.

Michel. And have you never heard of him?

Thérèse. Yes, twice; the first time—two years after he left us, oh! it made me so happy—but since then, I have waited again, three long years, counting the days, the hours, and each night as I have rested my aching head upon my lonely pillow, I have said—"To morrow—I must hear to-morrow." Even yesterday, I said the same. To day all hope is gone—for they have brought me the certificate of his death!

Michel. [aside.] The forgery of that heartless villain! There lies my fate. And the certificate bears the name of Georges Michel?

Thérèse. Would that be a proof?

Michel Beyond all doubt! [agitated by her scrutiny—aside.] I have not the force left to battle longer!

Thérèse. It is no proof. No, none to me! While I look at you, while I listen to your voice, I cannot persuade myself that Michel is dead—that I shall never see my husband more—that our dear Edouard will never throw his little arms around his father's neck!

Michel. [softening.] Edouard!

Thérèse. [rapidly and in a lower tone] An angel boy! whom I taught to pray each night for his father, who dying, knew not that he left an orphan child!

Michel. My son! Have I then a son?

Thérèse. [aloud.] Ha! I knew that you were Michel! [rising.] [embraces him.]

Michel. [looking round.] Silence!

Thérèse. And you had the heart to say—you did not know me!

Michel. Thérèse, if you but knew what I suffered in saying that.

Thérèse. I believe it—your heart is still unchanged, Michel—for, at the name of our child, you could not smother the cry of nature. But why this silence still? why do you deny me? And how did you become the Marquis de Melcy?

Michel. You shall know all—but not now, not here.

Thérèse. You had always a presentiment of a noble origin—but why did you not write, and inform me of your good fortune?

Michel. Prudence commanded my silence.

Thérèse. Prudence!—I do not understand. Had you but said, I am well—I am happy—I think of you—I love you as of old—I should have asked no more. But living to send me a certificate of your death! Explain that—Michel, explain that!

Michel. I sent it not, Thérèse—I knew not of it—on my soul, I did not!

Thérèse. Who then prepared it?

Michel. Ask me no more. Let it suffice you for the present, to know that it is necessary for me to gain time to combat the haughty pride of my family, who would *annul our marriage* if they knew it.

Thérèse. Annul our marriage. They cannot!

Michel. They can, Thérèse, they can. Be ruled by me. My ambition was, to make you rich and happy—that end is on the point of being realised—but to attain it, the world must remain in ignorance that your husband lives. [Thérèse starts.] For a few days only perhaps—a few days on which all depends, you will keep my secret, will you not Thérèse? I entreat you for my sake, for your own sake, for the sake of our boy. You will keep it?

Thérèse. [giving him her hand] I will do all you ask,—I can refuse you nothing!

Michel. [tenderly.] Thérèse!

Enter Dubois, L. H.

Dubois. My lord, the Notary from the Count de Cremancé is in the Countess's apartment. He desires me to say the contract of marriage with Mademoiselle de Cremancé awaits your signature

Exit, L. H.

Thérèse. [with force.] Ha! 'twas for this then that I was to remain silent! Villain!

Michel. Thérèse!

Thérèse. The mask of hypocrisy and falsehood is torn from your face! In a few days you would marry with another! Not'while I live! I retract my promise!—Michel! avow me as your wife, [going] or I publicly declare myself? Which shall it be? Marquis! I give you four-and-twenty hours to decide!

[*Music—Throws open the centre doors violently. The Women and Alcide are discovered at the table—they rise, glass in hand, on seeing Therese, who stands at the centre door, looking indignantly at the Marquis. Gaspard is at one of the side doors watching them.*]

TABLEAU.—END OF ACT V.

ACT VI.

A Room at Therese's.

In the centre a large glass door with muslin curtains drawn over it, leading into a side street. Doors R. and L.H.

Marie discovered in a melancholy attitude, seated at a table L. H., with a lamp upon it.

Marie. I dare not go home, and yet I should do so. Poor Bonneau! how grieved he was at having given way to his passion; and how melancholy he seemed, when he started to go to the Marquis. What will be the result of this interview! I dread to think of it! Oh! I am well punished for my error.

Enter Bonneau. At the sight of him, Marie seems fixed to the spot with shame. He stops a moment, looks at her with tenderness, and opens his arms.

Bonneau. Marie! dear Marie! [She rushes to him.] You see you are forgiven!

Marie. Not by myself, Bonneau.

Bonneau. Nay, Marie, I was as much to blame as you—perhaps more so. I was the cause of all.

Marie. You!

Bonneau. Of course I was! I know your heart too well, Marie. If you had thought that the money did not belong to us, you never would have touched it.

Marie. Never! never! Oh! why Bonneau, why did you conceal it from me? Could you not trust me? The very mystery you made, aroused my curiosity, and the temptation was too great!

Bonneau. Well, the evil's done, and let it be forgotten. Besides, the Marquis has given me time.

Marie. You have seen him?

Bonneau. And told him everything. An honest man is always eager to face his creditor—it's only the shuffler who avoids him.

Marie. Oh! you were right to seek him.

Bonneau. And I was rewarded. If you had only seen the way I was received. The generous young Marquis wanted to give me a receipt at once—but that wouldn't do for me. No! no! the sacred deposit must be restored, and so I told him.

Thérèse enters at back, and places her cloak on the chair R. H., while Bonneau is speaking.

But I was proud at the confidence he placed in us, and left the house with a heart relieved. The Marquis de Melcy is worthy of his name.

Thérèse. The Marquis de Melcy is a villain !

Bonneau. Thérèse ! What do you say ?

Thérèse. I say the Marquis de Melcy is Michel ! My husband !

Marie. Your husband !

Bonneau. Impossible !

Thérèse. Oh ! I recognised him this morning, but thought that I was mad ! But when I confronted him face to face but now, in his own house—calmly and deliberately—all doubt disappeared. 'Twas in vain he refused to acknowledge me, I knew he was my husband !

Marie. Do you mean what you are saying ?

Thérèse. I swear it, in the face of Heaven ! And yet, when I was alone with him—when with a breaking heart and tearful eyes, I said to him—" Michel, I am your wife—Thérèse !" *He,* Michel—my husband—replied, " I do not know you ! "

[*Bursts into tears.*]

Bonneau. Then you see, my poor child, its clear you were—

Thérèse. Hold, father, and hear me out. Convinced that I was not mistaken, I spoke to him of Edouard—his child ! At that name he softened, and confessed everything at once.

Marie and Bonneau. Confessed !

Thérèse. Everything ! But entreated me—implored me, for my own sake—for his—for the sake of our child—to keep our marriage secret for a few days ! Fool that I was ! weak, credulous fool ! Deceived by his hypocritical tears, and my own yearning heart, I consented. And *why* ? Do you know *why* Michel implored this silence ? Do you know *why* our union was to be kept secret ? To deceive me again ! To marry another, whom he would have betrayed as he has me ! [*Sits R.H.*]

Bonneau. Michel alive ! But you received the official certificate of his death !

Marie. Of course, she did—I read it myself. And now I see his object plainly. He did not choose to make his wife a Marchioness, and so would have made her a widow. What infamy ! Thérèse, that man never loved you ! Forget him, and rejoice in the barrier he has raised between you. If he looks upon us in our humble, station with disdain, let us view him in his proud position with contempt.

Thérèse. [*rising.*] No, mother, not so. I envy not his title nor his love, but another woman shall never bear a name which, by right, belongs to me. I should myself become an accomplice in his crime, were I to promote it by my silence. My child shall not be an orphan while his father lives, and is Marquis de Melcy.

Bonneau. Thérèse, you are right ! It *si* a crime of which Michel would be guilty, and silence in the presence of crime, is not resignation, but infamy.

Thérèse. I have given him twenty-four hours to reflect—it is too much ! This very night I will seek him again—you will both accompany me. We'll take Edouard with us, and see if Georges Michel, Marquis de Melcy, will dare to have his wife and child spurned from his door !

Bonneau. Well said, Thérèse ! I'll go and fetch your marriage certificate ! We'll be armed with that, at any rate ; and if all else fail, we have a last resource—a Court of Justice. If Michel will not recognise you, the law will. There are no rich and poor there—the law is for the whole world ! [Exit, R. H.]

At this moment Gaspard enters c. with the Countess.

Gaspard. [introducing the Countess.] This is the place—pray walk in, Madam. That is Thérèse Bonneau !

Marie. Who have we here ?

Thérèse. [recognising Gaspard.] Gaspard ! My husband's valet !

Countess. I am the Aunt of the Marquis de Melcy !

Marie. [aside.] Michel's Aunt doesn't promise much !

Gaspard. Her ladyship wishes to speak with you.

Marie. Oh ! my daughter is quite ready to listen to any explanation !

Countess. Explanation !

Gaspard. Oh ! we have the honor of being addressed by her mother, then ?

Marie. You have. She will not deny her relationship, whatever other people may do.

Gaspard. [dusts a chair with his handkerchief, and presents it to the Countess.] Remember, Madam, that we have only four-and-twenty hours allowed us, to turn a Market Woman into the Marchioness de Melcy.

Countess. [in an under tone.] Absurd !

Gaspard. If we can obtain her voluntary renunciation of her husband, so much the better. If we fail, we must have recourse to the more violent measure.

Thérèse. Now, Madam, I await your commands.

Marie. Yes, we are ready to hear you. [Sits.]

Countess. I have but just learnt the tie that unites you to my noble nephew.

Marie. Its no fault of ours that you didn't know it sooner.

Thérèse. [with joy.] Ah ! and did Michel then himself, inform you ?

Gaspard. No ! it was I who revealed all to her ladyship, unknown to the Marquis, and at the risk of his anger. He may discharge me, but I have discharged my duty, and my conscience is at rest.

Marie. What an honest fellow !

Thérèse. [to Countess.] And you have come here at once to fetch me ?

Countess. [embarrassed.] To fetch you.

Gaspard. [smiling.] No—not exactly.

Marie. No—no—only to talk over the family affairs, I suppose.

Countess. [hurt.] The family affairs!

Marie. To talk business, in short.

Gaspard. [interrupting.] That's it—to talk business!

Thérèse. There can be no business to discuss between us—You are the Marquis's only relation, I am his wife. I would it were in my power to do you more honor, by my birth and education; but under your guidance, madam, I hope that I shall improve the one, and have the other forgiven.

Countess. If you will take the trouble to recollect, you will understand, that at the time my nephew married you, he did not suppose that there was any disparity between you.

Thérèse. Oh! pardon me, he knew it perfectly.

Gaspard. [aside.] Come, that's pretty strong!

Countess. What!

Thérèse. We peasants are as scrupulous of our honor, as you are of yours, madam; and we look upon it as derogatory, to ally ourselves to those who cannot avow their family. Michel was in that position—a foundling—but I loved him—I had confidence in his affection, and in his probity. In spite of all that could be said against him, I listened only to my heart; which said, no matter what his birth, an honest man cannot be unworthy of an honest woman!

Gaspard. Oh! what then, the condescension was on the side of the Bonneaus?

Marie. Of course it was!

Thérèse. Undoubtedly. Now perhaps you will say that it is the de Melcys' who have to blush for that alliance. If so, let, Michel remember the courage with which I braved the prejudices of my class—and imitate it, by renouncing the false pride of his.

Marie. Fairly put, Thérèse, and I am sure the Marquis—

Countess. We will end this useless discussion if you please, at once. [draws forth a paper, which Gaspard presents to Thérèse]. I have only one word to say,—sign this, and name in return, what sum you please, I pledge my word it shall be yours!

Marie. [rising.] What!

Thérèse I beg your pardon, Madam, but I do not understand you.

Gaspard. Its clear enough, too, I think. Her Ladyship generously places herself entirely at your discretion—she offers you a fortune!

Countess. In exchange for your departure from Paris.

Gaspard. And your promise never to return. In fact, your consent to annul your marriage

Thérèse. Are you aware, madam, that what you propose is neither more nor less than infamy? The very thought of it is an outrage.

Marie. Allow me to tell you, Madam, that you must be either very bold, or very imprudent to come here, here in the very heart of the market—

Thérèse. In my own house, to try and buy my honor!

Marie. You don't know where you are! You don't know the volcano you are standing upon! [Countess rises]

Thérèse. Or to whom you speak, madam. You forget, that she, whom you have just outraged, is a woman whose education has been neglected; who knows not how to restrain her language; whose indignation may cause her to forget the respect which she owes to herself and you.

Marie. In a word, madam, to the Queen of this Market! Ay, and who has as much pride as the King upon his throne. The Market Women suffer insult from no one, and fear not to assert their rights against the highest in the land.

Gaspard. Ladies! ladies! [aside.] we've got into the Market with a vengeance!

Thérèse. Oh! fear nothing. You Madam have forgotten who I am, but I shall not forget who you are. Tell Michel who doubtless sent you, that an honest woman does not sell her husband, nor deny her child!

Countess. Once more reflect—

Thérèse. I have reflected. When Michel was poor, and friendless, I said to him, "There is my hand; my house is your home." To-night before an hour has passed, the Marquis de Melcy shall receive me into his.

Countess. Enough Madam, we shall see. Come Gaspard!

Gaspard. [aside to her] There's not a moment to loose, we must at once to the Officer of Criminal Appeal.

[Exit with Countess, c.

Marie. It's lucky they're gone, I couldnt have kept off much longer.

Thérèse. Oh, I did not fear my anger, but my grief. I would not have wept before her, for worlds.

[Sits down and weeps.

Enter Victor, c.

Victor. May I speak to you Madam? oh! I willl not detain you long, but your daughter has been so kind to me, that I could not leave, without saying farewell.

Marie. Are you going to leave us then! to quit Paris?

Victor. France—and for ever.

Marie. Wherefore?

Victor. It must be so, I cannot stay to see Mademoiselle Cremancé the wife of another.

Thérèse. [recollecting] Mademoiselle de Cremancé! yes that was the name they uttered, and is it her you love?

Victor. It is.

Thérèse. Mademoiselle de Cremancé! who is to marry the Marquis de Melcy?

Victor. The same.

Thérèse. Then dismiss your fears good friend, that marriage will not take place.

Victor. What do you say?

Thérèse. I say that never will Mademoiselle de Cremancé be Marchioness de Melcy while I live. I cannot yet tell you more, but I swear to you that that marriage will not take place.

Victor. How strange! this is the second assurance I have had to day. Oh, dared I but hope!

Alcide enters at the door, c.

Alcide. May I come in?

Marie. Of course, I don't know why you ask, for you never wait for an answer.

Thérèse. Monsieur Victor, remain at all events, for a few days.

Victor. I will. I will see you and Madame de St. Prie once more, before I decide [Going c.]

Alcide. That's right, stay and pass the carnival with us; we're all preparing for jollity to-night. It's the affiancing of Brididi and Javotte, too. There'll be dancing and music in front of the fountain, and a grand supper at the Fleur de Ly'.

Victor. Thank you, Alcide; but such joyous doings are only for those who are happy. [Exit c.]

Alcide. If that's the case, I'm sure I ought not to go there either.

Marie. What Syndic, you not happy?

Alcide. No—but I hope I may be so in time, if I can only follow the advice of Madeleine. She has given me up in despair as a husband for Javotte, so now she can advise disinterestedly.

Marie. And what is it that she advises you to do, to be happy?

Alcide. [with resolution] Why then, since you ask—[aside] My time's come—so here I go—she can't eat me after all—but I can't tell you before Marie.

Marie. Oh don't let me stand in your way, flower of modesty I'll go and fetch Edouard, who is going out with us. [Exit R. H.]

Alcide. Look here, Thérèse! You are a widow—I am a bachelor; you're lovely—I'm not bad looking. You've some money—I've an old uncle crippled with the rheumatism, who'll leave me all he has in the world, except the rheumatism. Can't we put all this together? If so, I remain where I am—if not, say the word, and I'm off to Marseilles.

Thérèse. Alcide, you must not go.

Alcide. [uncertain.] Eh! not go!

Thérèse. I cannot be your wife; but you are my friend, my truest friend! I have need of you, and you will remain.

Alcide. [sighing.] I'll stay!

Thérèse. I have a service to ask of you!

Alcide. Something to ask of me? A service? Thérèse, don't ask, command!

Thérèse. I am going out presently on very important business.

Alcide. I understand, and you wish me to go with you. I'm ready! Let the Carnival go to the devil! Here I am.

Thérèse. No, that is not it, Alcide. Be here to-morrow by break of day, and if I have not returned, nor sent you word where I am, go you straight to the house of the Marquis de Melcy—insist upon seeing him. And if his Porter refuse you the door—

Alcide. I'll get in at the window.

Thérèse. Then ask the Marquis boldly, what he has done with Thérèse, his wife!

Alcide. His Wife!

Thérèse. No questions! If the Marquis refuse to answer, I am in peril, and in that case, act as if you heard me, say "Alcide, my friend, save me!"

Alcide. I don't understand a word, but never mind that!! Hadn't I better go with you now?

Thérèse. No; to-night my father will accompany me.

Alcide. Oh! he'll do. He's a rock! I can trust you with him. Till daybreak to-morrow, then, good by, and good luck! [Aside, and heaving a heavy sigh.] Oh! [Exit c. .]

Thérèse. [alone.] His heart, will not fail me. I may rely upon him. But what can keep my father? [Taking up her cloak.] Oh! I cannot wait longer—I must go without him.

Enter an Officer at the back. Three others remain at the door. They are dressed in black

Officer. You are Thérèse Michel?

Thérèse. I am. What would you with me?

Officer. You must follow me!

Thérèse. Follow you? Where?

Gaspard. [appearing at door.] To the Bastile!

Thérèse. [overwhelmed.] Oh, Michel! Michel!

[Gaspard puts out the lamp, and undraws the curtains of the door, through which is seen a Hackney Coach. Men with torches stand by it. The steps are down, and Thérèse is hurried into it, and driven off L. H.]

During this Bonneau and Marie enter with Edouard H.

Bonneau. All dark! Thérèse!

Marie. Where is she?

Gaspard. [at the door.] In prison.

Marie. In prison!

Bonneau. Gone!

Gaspard. For ever.

Edouard. [kneeling to Gaspard.] Oh Mamma! not gone to prison.

[Clings to Gaspard's knee, who break away. Edouard falls on his face.—Music.

TABLEAU.—END OF ACT VI.

ACT VII.

The Fountain of the Innocents by Moonlight.

The Streets and Windows are illuminated. The Stalls of the Market lighted with little lanterns, and the whole effect of a Carnival Fete apparent. People of all sorts in fancy dresses, masked and otherwise, are grouped about the stage. An open carriage, full of Masqueraders, stands at the back.

Madeleine and the Market Women and Millers are discovered dancing. The dance ends as the curtain rises.

Madeleine. Bravo, ladies! Here's Brididi and Javotte. [calls to Alcide] Now, Syndic, we are only waiting for you.

Alcide. [appearing at a window, r. h. in flat.] One moment, Madeleine; as soon as the flowers are in my hat. Go on, I'll join you directly. [Exeunt Madeleine and Others.

[The rest of the Market Women then arrive in procession followed by a string of children, two and two, dressed as little Millers and Market Girls, and terminated by the water barrel and donkey of Bonneau, decorated with leaves and flowers, led by a little Cupid. Javotte seated in front, and Brididi astride on the barrel, with a wreath of vine leaves on his head, and a goblet in his hand. A dance of Market Girls and Children then takes place, and a Character Dance by Miss ROSINA WRIGHT, dressed as a Market Girl.

[At the end of these dances, the open carriage at the back is driven off, followed by the procession, in the same order as it arrived, and by all the Masqueraders, leaving the stage quite clear of people. As soon as they are off, Alcide enters, r. h.

Alcide. All gone, and without waiting for their Syndic! that's respectful, however! But I'll astonish them, in spite of themselves. I'll jump into a hackney coach, and get there before them now. [looks out] Not one on the stand, I declare—how provoking! Here comes one though. There's some one in it,

but never mind that—have it, I will, if the King has hired it !
I am the King of this Market, and they're in my dominions.

[A Hackney Coach drives across the stage from R. H., a man is on the box with the coachman, and two are behind.

Coachman. Hoigh! out of the way there—you'll be run over.

Alcide. Not I ! on the contrary—I'm going to get in—I've taken you !

Coachman. But I'm hired already !

Alcide. That's nothing !

Thérèse. [from within, putting down the window.] Alcide, my friend, save me ! save me !

Alcide. Thérèse's voice ! where do want to go ?

Thérèse. To the Marqu s de Meley's !

Alcide. And where are you taking her ?

Officer. To the Bastile !

Alcide. Not if I know it. You must first get my permission !

Officer. Seize that fellow, and take him to the guard house !

Alcide. Seize me ! I'll duck the whole party in the fountain first.

[He jumps up—knocks the coachman over the other side, and pulls the other man off the box. The two who are standing behind, crawl over the top of the coach, and are successively pulled off. A conflict ensues, and while Alcide is engaged with two of the men, the third stands on the steps of the Fountain, and attacks him. Alcide knocks one down, and throws the other—then turns upon the man behind him.

Alcide. As for you, you whipper snapper, I'll soon cool your courage !

[He seizes him, and throws him into the basin. which being of Real Water, ends the fight with a splash. Alcide then jumps upon the box.

[Whips the horses and drives off, L. H.
END OF ACT VII.

ACT VIII.

The Fleur de Lys, brilliantly Illuminated.

Through large open arches at the back, is seen the Palais Royal by moonlight, as if considerably below. A long table at the back. at which are seated Cabri, Brididi, Madeleine, Javotte and all the Market Women at supper. At the opening of the scene, various Masks are grouped about, and the Symphony to Javotte's song is playing.

Song—Javotte and Chorus.

1st Verse.

Javotte. Crowned with success will be my lot,
Happy Javotte ! happy Javotte !

Chorus. Crowned with success will be her lot,
Happy Javotte ! happy Javotte !

- Javotte.* All I would have on earth I've got,
Happy Javotte! happy Javotte!
- Chorus.* All she would have on earth she's got,
Happy Javotte! happy Javotte!
- Javotte.* Regale then lads and lasses,
To-night here jolly and merry we'll be;
Come girls, fill up your glasses,
And drink to Brididi!
Brididi! Brididi! Brididi! Brididi! Brididi!
Brididi! Brididi! Brididi!
Brididi!

2nd Verse.

- Javotte.* Soon will be tied the nuptial knot,
Happy Javotte! happy Javotte!
- Chorus.* Soon will be tied the nuptial knot,
Happy Javotte! happy Javotte!
- Javotte.* Then gaily back to work we'll trot,
Happy Javotte! happy Javotte!
- Chorus.* Then gaily back to work we'll trot,
Happy Javotte! happy Javotte!
- Javotte.* Content with honest labour,
Dull care's all folly and fiddle-de-dee,
We'll dance to pipe and tabor,
Eh! won't we, Brididi?
Brididi! Brididi! Brididi! Brididi! Brididi!
Brididi! Brididi! Brididi!
Brididi!

Madeleine. [rising] Ladies of the Market! As I pay for the supper, I consider I buy the right to address you after it.

All. Hear! hear!

Madeleine. The happiness of Madeleine Richard is this day complete. Indeed I may say—as so many have said before me—that this is the proudest moment of my life.

All. Hear! hear!

Madeleine. This day my, niece, Javotte, has been triumphantly received into the bosom of our honorable Market! This day she has been affianced to a worthy lad—bow, Brididi! —and this day week she will be married to him. Having opposed the match for years—having thrown every obstacle I could think of, in the way of her happiness, I consider I have done my duty as an affectionate relation—let her now do her's. My prejudices against the lad are all removed, and the magnificent truth shines forth in all its beauty—that virtue must prevail at last.

All. Hear! hear!

Madeleine. Javotte, the speech is with you—I've done—and will now sit down amidst tumultuous cheers. *[all applaud.]*

Javotte. [rising.] Friends, I'm short—very short—and you know it—but short as I am, my speech is shorter. I have been admitted to the rights of the Market, through your kindness—I thank you for it. Take care you don't entrench upon those rights, or you'll repent it. In a week I shall be Brididi's wife—a good wife—a gentle one—Let him make a good husband, or—he'll know where the broomstick hangs. I say no more. [sits.]

All. Hear ! hear !

[All laugh and applaud.]

Enter Victor in Domino and Mask, at Door l. h.

Victor. Madame de St. Prie has not arrived yet—nor the Marquis either, who was to meet her here. I am first at the rendezvous. I know not wherefore, but a vague hope seems to whisper courage to me. I think I see her coming now.

(Goes towards a lady, masked, who has seated herself in the background, and beckons to him. He approaches her, and seats himself beside her, conversing earnestly.)

Enter Michel, in Domino and Mask, at Door l. h.

Michel. The resolution I have taken, is the only one that can restore me to that tranquility of conscience, which my error has banished. Thérèse shall have ample reparation. No longer will I stoop to the base cowardice which lends itself to crime—the threats of Gaspard shall no longer avail. Let him speak out—let them suppose me his accomplice—condemn me as such—I care not? Let the whole world believe me guilty, so that Thérèse—Thérèse forgive me!

Enter Countess, Door l. h.

Countess. Marquis, finding your carriage was at the door, I ordered your coachman to drive me to you; as I have been seeking you everywhere, to accompany me to the Count de Cremancé.

Michel. Madam, I am sensible, deeply sensible of your kindness in promoting this alliance for me: but I must with pain inform you, that it cannot take place.

Countess. With still more pain, it is my duty to inform you, Marquis, that it must and will.

Michel. But I have myself broken it off!

Countess. You have done nothing of the kind.

Michel. I have written to the Count de Cremancé!

Countess. But your letter did not reach him. Here it is.

[Returns him the letter.]

Michel. [firmly.] Madam, this struggle between us must cease at once—learn then—

Countess. That you are married to Thérèse Bonneau—a Market Woman, I believe they call her. I know that already, but it makes no difference—that marriage is void!

Michel. Void! not so. To annul it, my consent must be

obtained, and that I will never give—do not hope it! I have too long sacrificed my feelings to considerations of rank and fortune. I will not sacrifice my honor and my love. I cannot consent to cast from me in prosperity, the woman who accepted me in poverty!

[*Going L. H.*

Countess. Where would you go?

Michel. I go to seek my wife!

Countess. And let loose the tongue of scandal for no purpose!
You will not find her!

Michel. What do you mean?

Enter Gaspard, Door L. H.

Gaspard. Madam, your orders are executed.

Michel. Orders! What orders? And against whom?

Bonneau. [*heard without, L. H.*] I tell you I know the Marquis is here!

Enter Bonneau and Marie, Door L. H.

There, I said so!

Madeleine and the Others.] Ah! Père Bonneau and Marie at last!

Bonneau. One moment, friends!

Marie. It is Michel!

Countess. Who is this?

Marie. Who is *this*, madam? Ask the Marquis.

Bonneau. Will he dare look *me* in the face, and say, "I don't know you?"

Michel. Bonneau, he will look you in the face, and say, "Father, I know you well; I honor you—I embrace you!"

Marie. There, madam, you see who *this* is, now.

Bonneau. Then give me back my daughter, whom you have had cruelly arrested, and sent to prison.

Michel. To prison? Thérèse in prison!

Madeleine and the Rest. In prison! What's that? Thérèse in prison!

Bonneau. Back, friends—do not interfere!

Marie. [*approaching Countess.*] Yes, madam, your noble nephew has had her sent to prison, that she may not be able to tell his high born friends that the Marquis de Melcy is her husband.

Bonneau. But I have the marriage certificate here! here with me! and yet, to recover my daughter, I will not produce it. I will forget that she is your nephew's wife! I will forget—deny it! I will declare that he is not Michel! Oh! madam, implore his pity for me—implore him to give me back my child.

[*Kneels to her.*

Michel. Blind, foolish man! Do you not see that I, whom

you accuse, suffer as much as you do, and that it is she, whose aid you beg, who is the cause of all our misery ?

Marie. I thought so ! I never liked her, from the first.

Bonneau. She ! Do you hear that, madam ? What, then, have you done with my daughter ?

Countess. You shall know all, as soon as this disgraceful marriage is annulled.

Bonneau. Annul the marriage ! No one can do that !

Marie. No ! not even such a great lady as you !

Michel. Wherever she may be, I will publicly claim her as my wife !

Countess. Go, then, claim her at the gates of the Bastile !

[*Exit Door, L. H.*

Bonneau. The Bastile !

Michel. The Lettre de Cachet that sent her there, must have been obtained in my name—my name shall now secure her release.

Gaspard. You're under a slight error, Marquis. The Court of Criminal Appeal forbids your approaching her. You will will never see her more.

Enter Alcide with Thérèse Door, L. H.

Alcide. Room there, for the Marchioness de Melcy !

Michel and Gaspard. Thérèse !

Madeleine and the Others. Thérèse !

Marie goes to door L. H. and brings on Edouard.

Thérèse. Yes Thérèse ! who has come hither to demand, in public, her title of wife ! who has come to make her rights, and those of her child, respected ! Marchioness, or Market Woman, no one need blush for Thérèse Michel !

All. Well said Thérèse, well said !

[*Alcide makes sign to them to be silent.*

Michel. Thérèse, my own Thérèse ! and so I once more see you near me.

Thérèse. [*surprised*] How's this ! my father, my mother, by your side, and you speak to me thus tenderly !

Michel. My heart is full, dearest Thérèse, they shall separate us no more. Persecution threatens me, but I will brave it. I will brave all for, your sweet sake.

Gaspard. [*aside to him*] All, even the galleys !

Thérèse. Again that man !

[*The masked Lady seats herself at a table close behind them, and pays great attention.*

Gaspard. Are you at all aware whither your madness is hurrying you ? we may as well speak plainly, now that we are in the bosom of our family, for the moment is arrived when further delicacy would be misplaced. But I will not speak too loudly, lest the rest of your family there should hear us—and

when I have revealed to you your whole position, I think your wife herself will be the first to insist upon the marriage being annulled, for she will learn that her cherished husband is a felon.

Bonneau, Marie and Thérèse. A felon!

Gaspard. The name he bears, obtained by fraud, belongs to another, he is *not* the Marquis de Melcy!

Michel. I am not the Marquis de Melcy?

[*The Masked Lady beckons Victor, who comes forward, and stands behind her.*]

Bonneau. He has robbed another of the name!

Thérèse. [confidently] Look in his face father, he is innocent!

Gaspard. I wanted a Marquis de Melcy, and I made one! I wanted a Marquis de Melcy, who would owe all to me! I found you an orphan, poor, yet ambitious—poverty made you credulous, and easily moulded—the clay was at my hands, and from it I modelled the *Marquis* I wanted—you are he!

Micheli. And the will of the late Marquis was not authentic?

Gaspard. Perfectly authentic, I simply substituted the name of Michel for that of Victor.

All. Victor!

[*The Masked Lady leans her arm on Victor's shoulder, and prevents him from rushing forward.*]

Michel. Villain! and why did you deceive me! why did you not let me perish where I was?

Bonneau. And how do we know that this is not also false?

Thérèse. Oh no father, this time he speaks the truth.

Gaspard. And now perhaps, you understand why I have at last made a clean breast of it before you all?

Thérèse. Yes! that we may be silent, that we may resign ourselves, that we may become your accomplices, is not that your object?

Gaspard. That's it exactly. [*Alcide steals out unobserved.*]

Thérèse. Miserable wretch! but you will be disappointed. When I prayed for the return of my husband, I did not pray to have him rich, but honest. Michel, raise your head, for you are not the accomplice of such a *thing* as this. Nay you shall restore his name and fortune to the real Marquis, for I know where to find him.

Gaspard. You!

Thérèse. I! all that this wretch has told me, for the sake of forcing me to commit a crime, I can use, to restore to a poor Orphan the name and fortune he has robbed him of.

Gaspard. Not quite so fast, if you please! Michel, you belong to me, by right of salvage! I don't make Marquises every day, and I can't afford to give them up so readily. Pay the money as agreed between us, or we go to the galleys together.

Thérèse. But he is innocent!

Gaspard. What Judges will believe him so ?

Thérèse. I will be his witness.

Gaspard. You ! his wife !

Marie. We will all bear him witness.

Gaspard. In vain ! There is but one living witness who can avail.

Thérèse. Victor !

Gaspard. Victor ! And he has quited France for ever.

Victor. [comes forward.] You are mistaken, he is here !

Gaspard. Victor !

Mad. St. Prie [taking off her mask] Yes, Victor ! Marquis de Melcy, and my son. [All rise from the table and listen.]

Gaspard. Not gone !

Victor. The only living witness who can avail, and who will declare the innocence of the husband of his benefactress. [Offering his hand to Thérèse] I will be his defender, as you were mine in my adversity. There stands the only felon !

[Pointing to Gaspard.]

Gaspard. And he had better stay here no longer.

[He is going, but is met by Alcide.]

Alcide. No thoroughfare ! but to the Galleys !

Gaspard. The Galleys ! Never !

[He rushes to the Balcony, jumps on the parapet, and is on the point of precipitating himself from it.]

Alcide. Hold ! you cannot be allowed the luxury of suicide ! You are now a prisoner. If you attempt to move, I treat you as an escaped convict, and shoot you like a dog !

Gaspard. Be quick, then, for I have the start of you. The law is in my own hands, and thus I—

Alcide. Fire !

[The Soldiers, who have been secreted behind the Counter by Alcide, unseen by Gaspard, discharge their muskets.]

He falls over the parapet.

Alcide. He who deceives all the world, should die deceived.

Michel. [embracing Thérèse.] Thérèse !

Thérèse. Michel ?

[A group is formed by persons principally interested. The supper party, and the whole of the people in Carnival dresses, who have been attracted by the volley of musketry, are grouped behind.]

Alcide. [holds up a glass in the centre.] Long live the Marquis de Melcy !

All. Long live the Marquis de Melcy !

Alcide. Health to Michel and Thérèse !

All. Health to Michel and Thérèse !

[Music.]

TABLEAU.—END.