

PARIS AND PLEASURE

OR

HOME AND HAPPINESS

A Drame Fantastique, or Tale of Diablerie

IN

FOUR ACTS

BY

CHARLES SELBY, COMEDIAN

[MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY]

AUTHOR OF

Captain Stevens—A Day in Paris—Unfinished Gentleman—An Hour in Seville—Hunting a Turtle—Married Rake—Widow's Victim—Rifle Brigade—Tutor's Assistant—Jacques Strop—Caught by the Ears—Dancing Barber—King's Gardener—Fairy Lake—Lord Bateman—Behind the Scenes—New Footman—Marceline—Lady and Gentleman in a Peculiarly Perplexing Predicament—Boots at the Swan—The Young Mother—Rival Pages—Peggy Green—Mysterious Stranger—Valet de Sham—Irish Dragoon—Lioness of the North—Taming a Tartar—Phantom Breakfast—White Sergeants—Hotel Charges—Antony and Cleopatra—Antony and Cleopatra Married and Settled—Taken In and Done for—Chamber Practice—Witch of Windermere—Fire Eater—Ask no Questions—Judgment of Paris—Out on the Uly—The Elves, or the Statue Bride—My Friend the Major—Robert Macaire—Fearful Tragedy in the Seven Dials—Drapery Question—Last of the Pigtails—Bonnie Fish Wife—My Aunt's Husband—Harold Hawk—Marble Heart—Frederick of Prussia—Husband of my Heart—Guardian Sylph—Frank Fox Phipps—Little Sins and Pretty Sinners—Powder and Ball—Moral Philosopher—Pink of Politeness—Kynge Richard ye Thirde, Pet Lamb, Spanish Dancers, &c. &c. &c.

LONDON :

THOMAS HAILES LACY,
89, STRAND, W.C.,
(*Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market.*)



PARIS AND PLEASURE.

*First produced at the Royal Lyceum Theatre,
On Monday, November 28th, 1859.*

CHARACTERS.

GEORGE KERVEN	} <i>Young Gentle-</i>	} Mr. F. VILLIERS.
JOLICEUR DESGENAIS		
JACQUES CHAMPI, <i>a Brittany Farmer</i>		Mr. JAMES JOHNSTONE.
VICTOR DE VEAUROT	} <i>Young</i>	} Mr. FORRESTER.
HENRI DE LA CHAUMIERE		
	} <i>Fortune</i>	
BARON CHIKOFF		} <i>Chevaliers d'Indus-</i>
COUNT FILOU	} <i>trie</i>	
JACOBUS, <i>an Old Usurer</i>		
GRIMPART	} <i>Usurers</i>	} Mr. NAYLOR.
MIGNUET		
PICARD, <i>Waiter at the Cafe Anglais</i>		Mr. CLIFFORD.
JOSEPH, <i>Waiter at the Cheval Blanc</i>		Mr. H.S. BAYLEY.
JAILER		Mr. BUSH.
GROSJEAN	} <i>Pages to Jolicœur and</i>	} Miss A. SMITH.
GOLIAH		
MDLLE CHAMPFLEURI, <i>an Actress a -</i>		
<i>suming the following characters</i>		Madame CELESTE.
		Madame CELESTE !!
CHONCHON JOBIN, <i>a Brittany Farm Girl</i>		Madame CELESTE!!!
DUCHATLET, <i>a Commissaire de Police</i>		Madame CELESTE!!!!
MADAME DE BONCŒUR, <i>a Lady of</i>		
<i>Fashion.....</i>		Mme. CELESTE !!!!!
MARQUIS DE RIOJA, <i>a Commission Agent</i>		Mme. CELESTE !!!!!
MONSIEUR PARTOUT, <i>a Gentleman on</i>		
<i>Town</i>		Mme CELESTE !!!!!!
GENEVIVE CHAMPI, <i>a Brittany Peasant</i>		Mme. CELESTE !!!!!!!
MADÉLINE CHAMPI	} <i>Brittany Pea-</i>	} Miss HUDSPETH.
TRONQUETTE CHAMPI		
	} <i>of Genevive</i>	
MADÉMOISELLE CARMEN		
JULIE.....		Miss NEVILLE.
MARIETTE.....		Miss AGNES BURDETT.
JULIETTE.....		Miss FITZCLARENCE.
BERTHE		Miss TURNER.
LISETTE, <i>Femme de Chambre to Mdlle.</i>		
<i>Carmen</i>		Miss STUART.

COSTUMES.

- GEORGE KERVEN.—As a *Pierrot*, white trousers, jacket, and cap, trimmed with large blue buttons. *2nd dress*.— Brocade dressing-gown or jacket, smoking cap. *3rd dress*. — Fashionable morning; paletot, *4th dress*.—Shabby suit of black, *5th dress*.—A Brittany peasant—fall breeches, gaiters, and jacket, broad brimmed hat.
- JOLICEUR.—A white *Polichinelle*, with rose-coloured buttons—Polichinelle's cocked hat, and large pasteboard nose. *2nd dress*.—Brocade dressing gown and smoking cap. *3rd dress* —Fashionable morning paletot. *4th dress*.—Very "shabby genteel" paletot, drab trousers, coloured boots—shabby, broken, crushed hat. *5th dress*.—A Brittany peasant, in the same fashion as George, but a different colour.
- JACQUES.—Brittany peasant's dark jacket, trunks and gaiters, long hair, and broad-brimmed hat, a large wrapping coat worn over.
- VICTOR AND HENRI.—Fancy masquerade. *2nd dress*.—Fashionable morning frocks, &c. *3rd dress*.—Shabby genteel.
- BARON CHIKOFF AND COUNT FILOU.—Extreme modern French fashion, with full beards.
- JACOBUS.—A shabby loose black modern coat and waistcoat, grey trousers, white cravat, bald head, and shabby modern broad-brimmed hat.
- GRIMPART AND THE OTHER USURERS.—The same fashion, different colours.
- PICARD.—Blue jacket, striped waistcoat, black trousers, pumps and white stockings, French waiter's large apron, hair dressed in the modern style.
- JOSEPH.—Striped waistcoat with black sleeves, short white apron, short drab trousers, red hair.
- JAILOR.—Short brown jacket, and grey trousers.
- GROSJEAN AND GOLIAH.—Top boots and leather breeches, groom's waistcoat, and short frock coats of different colours.
- MADMOISELLE CHAMPFLEURI.—As *Satan*— black short skirt, richly trimmed with scarlet and gold, scarlet silk tights, black velvet ankle boots, trimmed with scarlet and gold, small black velvet trimmed hat, with a pair of small gold horns—very red short frizzed hair. For end of Act First a large red cloak, *2nd dress*.—A Brittany peasant, coarse petticoat and jacket, large cap and sabots, *3rd dress*.—A *commissaire de police*—full evening dress, with a tricoloured sash round the waist, small modern Napoleon cocked hat. *4th dress*.—Fashionable carriage dress, velvet mantle, bonnet, &c, &c. *5th dress*.—Modern paletot, trousers, and modern black hat. *6th dress*.—*Satan* again. A brocade dressing gown and smoking cap. *7th dress*.—A Brittany peasant. This dress should be very light and pretty, as a contrast to that of Chonchon in Act Second.
- MADÉLINE.—A Brittany peasant, light petticoat and jacket.
- TRONQUETTE.—In the same style as Madeline's, but a little coarser and darker, light sabots and small cap.

CARMEN.—Light silk, in the extreme of modern fashion—elegant mantle and bonnet. *2nd dress.*— Same as first without mantle and bonnet.

LISETTE.—Light muslin dress, and black silk apron.

MARIETTE, JULIE, BERTHE, JULIETTE.— Fancy masquerade débardeurs, &c. &c. *2nd dress.*—Fashionable walking dresses, bonnets, &c.

Synopsis of the Scenery and Programme of the Steps which will be taken during the Piece.

Act 1. Cabinet Particulier at the Cafe Anglais.

" En avant deux," " Chaine des Dames," " Balancez," " Chasiez huit."

Act 2. Bachelor's Box on the Boulevard des Italiens.

"L'Ete," " Pastourelle," "La Poule."

GARDENS OF THE TUILERIES.

" Les Dames Seules," " Moulinet," " Promenade."

Boudoir "a la Louis Quartorze," in Breda Street,

" En avant trois," " Chaine Anglais," " Tour des Mains."

Act 3 (Double Scene). Apartment in the Hotel of the Cheval Blanc, and Bureau in the Rue Amsterdam.

"Les Lanciers."

ACT 4. VILLA CLICHY.

" La Valse a Deux Temps," " Le Galop Infernal."

COTTAGE IN BRITTANY.

" Grand Ronde," " Embrassez vos Dames."

HOME AND HAPPINESS.

PARIS AND PLEASURE.



ACT FIRST.

SCENE FIRST.— *A Brilliantly Lighted Salon in the Cafe Anglais, at Paris. Doors, R. 2 and 3 E.—a window, L. 3 E at the back, in the centre, a large chimney-piece—painted on cloth on the flat, R. and L. of chimney-piece, sideboards, on which are plates, glasses, bottles, &c. — R. and L. 1 E. sofas, standing close to the wall—in C. a large oval table lighted by branch chandeliers—the table is elegantly decorated with plate, epergnes, flowers, &c., &c., for a supper.*

JENNY, BERTHE, JULIETTE, MARIETTE, VICTOR, HENRI, *and two, or three other LADIES and GENTLEMEN are discovered seated at the table at supper—they are all in elegant carnival costumes. The curtain rises on an animated tableau.*

CHORUS.— AIR,—(*Nos Amours*) "Cherry Ripe."

To the brim, to the brim, fill, fill your glasses,
Youth's gay season's but a summer's day;
Far too soon, far too soon each happy moment passes,
Then, in sunbeams, let's revel while we may.

SOLO. If you'd know a cure for care,
You will find it (*pointing to glass*) sparkling there.
What can best our griefs beguile? (*pointing to LADIES.*)
'Tis the light of beauty's smile—
'Tis the light of beauty's smile.

CHORUS. To the brim, to the brim, &c.

MARIETTE. (*rising, and holding up her glass*) To the health of Monsieur Musard!

ALL. (*rising and drinking, then striking the table with the knives, spoons, glasses, &c. &c.*) To Musard! (ALL sit)

JENNY. Long life to the opera balls.

MARIETTE. Where one dances away one's youth—

JENNY. And wears out one's beauty.

MARIETTE. (*sarcastically*) That you can never do.

ALL. (*laugh, and strike the table, &c., and cry*) Bravo, Mariette!

JENNY. At all events, *I* haven't been to so many balls as you!

ALL. (*laugh, as before, and cry*) Bravo, Jenny !

VICTOR. Bravo, both! Pass the chicken, Henri.

JENNY. Let Mariette help you to *cold lamb*. (ALL *laugh, &c.*)

MARIETTE. No, no, let Jenny send you some *minced veal*.

HENRI. (*throwing a chicken across the table*) Look out for chickens. Catch.

MARIETTE. (*striking plate with a knife*) Champagne! Champagne!

ALL. (*imitating*) Champagne ! Champagne !

Enter PICARD, running, door R. 2 E. with a basket full of Champagne.

PICARD. Coming, coming, coming! (*places wine on table and is running off*) Coming, coming!

HENRI. (*holding him*) Stop, stop! some Burgundy!

VICTOR. Moselle!

MARIETTE. Chambertin !

JENNY. Marasquino!

ALL. Quick, quick—fly, fly !

PICARD. (*turning from one to the other*) Coming, coming, coming ! I'm going out of my senses! We're so full—turning customers away by hundreds ! Dukes and marquises, countesses and duchesses, *milords* and *miladies* supping on the stairs. Coming, coming!

JOLICŒUR DESGENAIS. (*without, R. 2 E.*) I can't, I won't go down. I'm dying with hunger.

ALL *rise, and look off, R. 2 E.*—JOLICŒUR DESGENAIS *enters, dragging on* GEORGE KERVEN—*he is dressed as a Polichienne, and* GEORGE *as a Pierrot.*

DESGEN. (*bowing grotesquely, and squeaking*) Roo-te-too-too!

GEORGE. (*trying to pull him back*) No, no, the room is occupied.

DESGEN. Pooh, pooh ! in carnival time ceremony goes out for a holiday. (*advancing to table, and bowing with great politeness to all the PARTY, then resuming his masquerade character, and bowing grotesquely, with squeak, &c.*) Ladies and gentlemen, excuse the frenetic audacity a poor dyspeptic Polichienne, whose— (*doubling himself up, twisting about, squeaking, &c.*)

is collapsing with hunger—and a misguided Pierrot, whose fragile legs have succumbed to the velocity, and continuity of the *deux temps*. (*striking GEORGE under his knees, and making him stagger*) And charitably permit us to sup at your table. (*rapidly, without waiting for an answer*) Thank you—we will ever be grateful. (*calling*) Ganjon! bring us all your fowls, all your turkeys, and all your ducks! (*pushes GEORGE into a chair, and seats himself at the table*)

PICARD. (*without*) Coming, coming, coming!

MARIETTE. (*seating herself on the table by the side of DESGENAIS, and looking at him with a glass*) Why don't you have a goose?

DESGEN. (*rising, looking at her with his glass, bowing grotesquely, twisting, squeaking, &c., then resuming his seat, and ogling her in an extravagant pose*) The law punishes fratricide—my weakness is—(*bowing, and ogling grotesquely*) a duck.

MARIETTE. Not so bad. Your education has not been neglected?

DESGEN. Well, I've read a few novels—danced a few polkas, and made a few tailors unhappy.

MARIETTE. And your friend,— has he, too, graduated in the same fashionable university?

DESGEN. No, he is still a chrysalis, but he hopes shortly, under my, and *your* tuition, to soar to a resplendent butterfly,

MARIETTE. Oh, you think, then, you cannot *finish* him alone?

DESGEN. Of course not. We can't paint portraits from description, or—(*looking at her with his glass, and bowing*) *comprehend the magic of beauty* from the sculptor's chisel.

MARIETTE. Does Paris rejoice in your nativity?

DESGEN. No, the village of Paimpol, in Brittany, has that distinguished honour—we are two simple countrymen. I beg pardon, permit me to introduce Jollicœur Desgenais and George Kerven, young, by courtesy called, gentlemen farmers, both *warranted bachelors*, possessing a few crowns in the bank, and respectable barns, and poultry yards.

ALL. (*gathering round them with interest*) Bretons!

DESGEN. Yes, we have just arrived from that poetical soil, where long hair and thick heads still nourish. Bretons are always Bretons, you know. (*singing with a country accent*)

Et lon, lon, la, lon, lon, la!

Where do you come from gaffer grey?

From Pa-im-pol, from Paimpol,

Where heads are thick and hearts are gay.

(*dancing grotesquely, as a countryman,*

Lon, lon, lon, la,
Lon, lon, lon, lay.

(imitating Punch) Roo-te-too-too! *(squeaks, and stands in an extravagant attitude)*

MARIETTE. Noble strangers, your references are satisfactory. *(with dignity)* You are received into the bosom of our august society. *(DESGENAI and GEORGE bow)* Polichenelle, amuse yourself while I make a few inquiries into the views and morals of your friend. *(DESGENAI goes up and makes love to JULIETTE and the other LADIES—MARIETTE beckons to GEORGE to advance)* Ahem! advance, young man—don't be afraid, I'm not the savage I look. Now, what was your principal object in leaving your village?

GEORGE. To see Paris—to become acquainted with its thousand joys, its palaces, its boulevards, its floods of light, its wealth, its noise, its lovely women—oh, how lovely! *(looking at MARIETTE and JENNY with admiration)* You are angels in crinolines! Oh! *(throws his arms round their waists and hugs them)*

MARIETTE. *(without making any resistance)* Pierrrot, I'm ashamed of you! leave off!

JENNY. Never mind—hold on—it's carnival time, and you're a stranger, who don't know our customs.

DESGEN. *(advancing in the same position with two other LADIES)* Oh, Paris! Paris! paradise of youth, love, and beauty! how true the proverb, "Who hasn't seen *thee* has seen nothing." Champagne, Champagne! fill, fill, for a sentiment! *(ALL fill their glasses)* Paris, Paris, beautiful Paris! may your shadow never grow less, your women never grow old nor ugly, and your wine and your cookery never be eclipsed! hurra!

(ALL shout "Hurra!" and rattle plates, knives, glasses, &c.—A Quadrille is played without)

MARIETTE. Ah, they are dancing over head.

JENNY. Let us imitate them.

ALL. Yes, yes—*vive la danse—en place, en place!*

DESGEN. *(seating himself at the table)* Excuse me, I'm too hungry. *(eats voraciously)* I've tasted nothing for three weeks.

JENNY. *(forcing him to rise)* No, no, you must be my partner. *(HENRI, VICTOR, and the others put back the table and chairs, and form a quadrille)* Now, then, *en avant.* *(advances, dancing a la MABILLE to GEORGE, who is her vis-a-vis)*

MARIETTE. *(stopping suddenly, and sinking into a chair)* No, no, I'm too tired. It's getting late—let us go.

JENNY. With all my heart. *(to VICTOR and HENRI)* Call

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for our mantles. (*sits by the side of DESGENAIS, who has returned to the table, and again eats voraciously*)

VICTOR. } (*calling at door, R. 2 E.*) Garçon, Garçon! mantles,
HENRI. } mantles!

Enter PICARD, door 2 E.

PICARD. You can't stir, it's raining cats and dogs.
(*MARIETTE, JENNY, and others throw open window, and put their heads out—heavy rain heard*)

MARIETTE. A perfect deluge!

JENNY. And not a cab to be had for love or for money.

MARIETTE. (*observing the consternation of the party*) Never mind. (*pointing to DESGENAIS, who continues eating and drinking quite unconcerned*) Let us imitate the philosophy of Polichenelle, and make the best of our misfortunes.

(*DESGENAIS, touching glasses with JENNY, and singing affectionately*)

AIR—" *Les Yeux Bleus.*"
Those two pretty eyes,
Blue as the skies—

MARIETTE. Stop, stop, Polichenelle—you are too particular in your attentions. It rains.

DESGEN. Glad to hear it. While beauty *reigns within*, I care not what *reigns without*. (*singing to MARIETTE*)

Those two pretty eyes,
Black as the skies—

MARIETTE. Pooh, pooh! make yourself *generally* agreeable. Your country is famous for romantic legends; to amuse us till the rain is over, tell us one.

ALL. (*clapping their hands*) Yes, yes—a legend, a legend!

JENNY. About demons and hobgoblins, that will take our hair out of curl, and make us afraid to go to bed.

DESGEN. Very well, then. (*rising*) Once upon a time—

JENNY. There was a king and a queen. No, no, we've had enough of Mother Bunch, give us something true.

DESGEN. (*mysteriously, in a whisper*) What I am going to tell you is as true as—(*beckoning them all to come round him—at this moment there is a flash of lightning and a loud clap of thunder—he starts, and utters a loud exclamation—the LADIES scream, and hide their eyes—taking advantage of the panic, DESGENAIS hugs and kisses MARIETTE and JENNY, and pretends to be frightened*) Beg pardon, I'm so afraid of thunder—I'll go on with the legend. Ahem ! There was an old castle, that was known by the name of the Baleful Basilisk of the Black Rock,

it was built of black marble, and stood at the top of a black rock, surrounded by a black moat, and so direful was its influence on everything around, that the grass and the trees grew black, and nothing could live near it but blackberries, black beetles, and black cats. Woe to the unsuspecting traveller who crossed its sable portals! he was never seen to emerge from them—but a cloud of black smoke gurgling from the chimney too plainly told his fate. The owner of this fearful castle was—was—*(looking from one to the other in terror, and hugging MARIETTE and JENNY closely)*

ALL. *(in great excitement)* Whom? whom?

DESGEN. *(in a hoarse whisper)* The devil!

ALL. *(shuddering)* The d-e-v-i l! *(tremulo in orchestra)*

DESGEN. His lordship in person. It has been his country seat for a thousand years, and he is there now.

MDLLE. CHAMPFLEURI *disguised as Satan, enters, hastily, from door, R. 3 E. and leans against the sideboard, steeping a biscuit in a glass of Champagne.*

SATAN. *(calmly)* You are mistaken, Polichenelle! *(a strong chord and forte music)*

ALL. *(turn, and seeing SATAN, exclaim in astonishment and alarm)* Hey?

SATAN. He has left his country seat, and is now steeping a lady's finger in a glass of Champagne. *(advancing, gaily)* Ladies and gentlemen, I am your valet. *(passing in front, and saluting them individually with great politeness, then putting the glass on the table, which has been placed, R.—ALL look at SATAN with great curiosity, mingled with alarm)*

DESGEN. Psha! *(bursting into a laugh)* He's only a mask !

ALL. *(recovering from their alarm, and laughing)* Of course, of course !

JENNY. Oh, how you frightened us—we were so excited by the legend of the Baleful Basilisk, that we thought you were the original blackamoor!

SATAN. You don't believe then in my *diablerie* ?

DESGEN. *(laughing)* Ha, ha, ha! am I a Polichenelle? Is this merry little devil *(pointing to JKNNY)* a nun ? Ha, ha, ha! you're admirably made up though! Babin has outdone himself.

SATAN. I declare I am *really* the person you think I am only *pretending to be*—while coquetting with my cutlet and *Chablis*, and skimming my newspapers at breakfast this morning, it suddenly struck me from the extreme moral tone of the leading articles, and the great decrease of customers to the various establishments I preside over, that my interests were being neg -

lected—so—*crac!* I packed up my carpet bag, jumped on the engine of an express train, and here I am at my head quarters—to superintend in person the labours of my agents, amongst whom I have the honor to number (*bowing to the LADIES*) some of the prettiest and most fascinating little devils in the universe!

JENNY. (*angrily*) What? do you dare to say that I am one of those—fabulous "young persons?"

SATAN. (*gaily*) Yes—with most distinguished qualities for your employment—youth, beauty, gaiety, and good nature!

ALL. (*laughing*) Ha, ha, ha!

MARIETTE. Poor Jenny!—the Cafe Anglais then is one of your especial pets?

SATAN. Yes, for here my clients are so numerous, I catch them like herrings, by the hundred; but I've branch establishments all over the city, and though my snares, traps, and pitfalls are all open to the daylight, and as well known as the towers of Notre-dame! (*laughing sardonically*) they are always crowded with victims, lured by Camelias, the dice box, the bottle, and the greed for gold—Paris is my preparatory *academy of vice*; my *laboratory*, where I distil my poisons—my furnace where I forge my fetters! Who lurks behind the hangings of that gilded boudoir? Who urges the gamester to go on? Who shows the spendthrift the miser's strong box, and whispers murder? Who tempts the forger to risk his life to buy jewels for his mistress? Who hardens the usurer's heart, and bids him prey like a vulture on his fellow man? Who prompts the statesman to sell his country? Who is *everywhere gilding evil, and trying to trample down the good and the virtuous*? Your humble servant and his ministers!

JENNY. Well, I never thought I should keep such distinguished company! Of course, if you're the gentleman you say you are, you know all our names and titles?

SATAN. Certainly! (*to DESGENAIS and GEORGE*) Young strangers! permit me to introduce to you Mademoiselle Jenny Cordon—her surname is a soubriquet, derived from the occupation of her mother, who is a portress! She first became a celebrity by the grace and abandon with which she executed an "*en avant*" at the Chateau des Fleurs, and a *redowa* at Mabile—she is since promoted to the dignity of a ballerina, or, as it is more familiarly called, a "*young rat*" at the Grand Opera.

ALL. (*laugh, and cry*) "Bravo!"

MARIETTE. Poor Jenny!

SATAN. This is Mademoiselle Mariette Montmorenci—another soubriquet, arising from her penchant for riding donkeys at that paradise of the Parisian *grisettes*—a danseuse of rather

a longer standing, but with teeth still white and regular, eyes still fatal, hair enmeshing, a foot like Cinderella's, and a heart overflowing with love and charity.

JENNY. Poor Mariette!

SATAN. Mademoiselle Juliette, Flore, and Clementine—varieties of the genus *choregraphique*, with nearly the same attributes and antecedents. All these *beautiful delusions* have their broughams and britskas, their diamonds and grand toilettes—their lap dogs, and their levees of fashionable lions, rich bankers and stock brokers, generals and princes, poor relations and creditors! "Cynthias of the Minute," they know the shortness of their reign, and like the swallows skim, and flit, and twitter through the fleeting sunbeams, till wrinkles, and anti-sylphide proportions force them to migrate to their *original* world, and in the sabots and nightcap of a portress—the stuff petticoat and apron of a *sage femme*—or the faded calico and snuff of a box opener, or a hospital nurse ; *finish their pilgrimage and are forgotten.*

ALL. (*laughing and applauding*) Charming ! charming !

MARIETTE. (*endeavouring to laugh*) Delicious! (*aside*) The hedgehog! (*goes up*)

JENNY. (*endeavouring to laugh*) Bewitchingly funny! (*aside*) The boa constrictor ! (*goes up*)

DESGEN. (*laughing*) He's the editor of *Charivari*!

SATAN. But I am intruding—Satan, though a satirist, is well bred. (*bowing with great politeness*) Ladies, I am always your slave! (*going, R.*)

DESGEN. Stay—a glass of champagne! (*filling glasses at table*)

SATAN. Delighted! (*drinks*) Thank you, Polichenelle! (*going, R. turns at the door*) Good bye, George Kerven !

GEORGE. (*starting*) Ah ! you know me !

SATAN. (*laughing*) Of course—we shall meet again at Tortonis, the Bois de Boulogne, the Chateau Rouge, and the Opera—you'll recognize me in the bald-headed, chain and ribbon-decorated stock-broker—the fashionable rider—the *dame an Camelias*, and the last pet of the ballet! Good bye, Jolicœur Desgenais!

DESGEN. (*astounded*) What, you know me too?

SATAN. Of course ! and (*bowing*) Monsieur Victor de Veau-roti, Henri de Pourcaunac—everybody, (*showing a small red and black book*) I have you all here. *Au revoir!* Exit, R. 2 E. (*Forse Music for the exit of SATAN, which is followed by a polka played very piano*)

MARIETTE. It's very strange!

JENNY. If it should really be—

DESGEN. Psha, it's impossible ! a carnival mask, nothing more. *(the polka is played louder)*

MARIETTE. Ah, they are polking above ! *(calling)* A polka, a polka! *(taking GEORGE)*

JENNY. *(taking DESGENAIS)* A polka, a polka! *en avant*—express—birr! *(a fast polka a la MABILLE by all the CHARACTERS)*

MARIETTE. *(after a few turns, stopping)* Ough! I'm too tired. *(falls on sofa, R.)* I must have a sleep. *(to JENNY)* Does it rain still ?

JENNY. *(looking out of the window as she passes dancing)* Worse than ever—the Falls of Niagara—

MARIETTE. *(yawning, and extending herself on the sofa)* Good night! wake me at breakfast time.

JENNY. *(stopping, and leaving DESGENAIS dancing alone)* A good example. *(throws herself on sofa, L.)* Wake me the middle of next week. *(to DANCERS)* You other people, subside, and follow the fashion. *(arranges herself for sleep)*

(Music.—BERTHE sits in an arm chair L. of chimney-piece, HENRI lies at her feet—JULIETTE sits in an arm chair R. of chimney-piece, VICTOR lies at her feet—GEORGE turns over a chair in front, R. then sits on the ground and rests his head upon chair.)

DESGEN. *(still dancing)* Oh, that's the order of the night—with all my heart! *(stopping)* Considering it's three days since I've seen a bed, and I've been dancing six-and-thirty hours, I want a snooze. *(sits by table and puts his legs upon it)* Good night, my pretty lambkins—pleasant dreams! *(all excepting GEORGE sleep—the centre of the stage must be quite clear)*

GEORGE. *(musing)* So, I'm in Paris, tasting its gayest pleasures ; but there is a recollection that checks my happiness—a voice that whispers "George, you have broken your vows! where is Madeline, your betrothed—your village love ?"

DESGEN. *(in his sleep)* Tronquette—dear Tronquette!

GEORGE. He, too, thinks of *his* rustic love. Poor Madeline and Tronquette! how they will grieve when they find we have deserted them. It was cruel—base, to leave them! *(going gradually to sleep)* Such true love—such devotion—is not to be found here. Yet to wear one's life out in a village—to know nothing of the brightness of the world—to taste none of its pleasures—to—to—poor Madeline! *(sleeps)*

(Music tremulo in orchestra.—All the others are fast asleep, and execute a chorus of snores.)

Enter PICARD, R. 2 D.

PICARD. Ah! all the company snoring—fast as churches.

They don't want the lights! (*taking up candelabras*) It's thrifty to safe them. Good night, my beauties—I'll wake you at daylight. *Goes off, R. 2 E.*

Float down and stage quite dark. Music.—The back of the stage opens and discovers a small room in a cottage in Brittany. At the back an open window with woodbine, &c.—under the window a table with flowers. The music is played piano during the whole of the dream.

MADLINE is discovered seated, C. spinning—after a short pause for tableau, she rises, goes to window, and looks out.

MADL. He comes not! 'tis the first time he has been late to his appointment. (*church bells heard at a distance*) The bells! I'd forgot—'tis for the village fete. (*gaily*) George will take me there, and we shall dance. Oh, we shall be so happy. I'll wear my new kid shoes, and my fine muslin dress. But I mustn't neglect my work. (*sits at wheel and spins industriously*) Dear George—what can have detained him? he loves me, I know—and I love him! (*fervently*) Oh, I mustn't tell him how much!

ROMANCE, *accompanied in Orchestra.*

Ring, ring, village bells,
Cheerily, cheerily!
In their best
All are dressed,
Hastening to the green.
Merrily, merrily !
Sound the pipe and tabor,
Twinkling feet
Measures beat,
Garlands crown the queen.
Happy day,
All are gay;
Sweet's the rest from labour.
Ring, ring, village bells, &c. &c.

George is there,
With an air,
(*imitating*) For " the next" he presses,
Merrily, merrily,
Sound the pipe and tabor !
To his breast,
Fondly prest,
Sweet are love's caresses.
Ring, ring, village bells, &c. &c.

Dear George! (*looking at a cross which is hung round her neck with a ribbon*) It was on this day three years ago he gave me me this little cross. (*kissing it*) it has never quitted my neck. It is a talisman that secures me his love. (*the cross falls from the ribbon on the floor*) Ah! (*alarmed*) The ribbon is broken! it is an unlucky omen. (*takes up cross and fastens it*)

GEORGE. (*in his sleep*) Dear Madeline, I love you, but—Paris—

TRONQUETTE. (*without, L.*) Madeline—Madeline !

MADEL. (*rising*) Tronquette!

Enter TRONQUETTE in great agitation, L.

TRON. Oh, Madeline ! such a calamity! George and Jolicœur have both (*sobbing*) g—g—gone—run away from us to P—P—Paris. Oh, that villain Jolicœur, if I catch him ! (*violently*) Oh!

DESGEN. (*in his sleep*) Dear little Tronquette, she thinks of me!

MADEL. Gone! are you sure ?

TRONQ. (*crying*) Quite—quite! they went by the railroad, birr, birr ! (*crying*) boo, boo ! When I catch my rascal, oh, won't I—oh !

DESGEN. (*in his sleep*) Dear Tronquette—gentle little lamb!

MADEL. Gone! leave me, without a word! (*sinking into a chair*) George, I thought so true!

TRONQ. (*sobbing*) And Jolicœur ! I thought a model for a turtle dove. (*crying*) Oh, oh ! (*looking off, L.*) Here's brother Jacques, dressed for a journey—he's going after them.

Music forte.—Enter JACQUES CHAMPI—he is a rough country-man, and carries a thick stick.

JACQUES. (*embracing them*) Dear sisters. I'm going after those villains; and trust to me and my stick, (*sternly*) I'll bring them back dead or alive !

TRONQ. Oh, alive—alive, if you please—Jolicoeur especially !

JACQUES. The train's starting—good bye—goodbye!

MADEL. Stay, Jacques! when you are in the great city, think of another who is dear to us—whose loss we have wept together—our sister Genevieve.

JACQUES. (*violently*) Speak not of her—she has disgraced as. Did she not leave our poor cabin for wealth—infamy ? No, no, she is no longer our sister!

MADEL. Yes, yes, dear Jacques—though she left us, we are not *sure* she is lost. She may be living by honest labour—she may yet return to us.

JACQUES. No, no! why did she go away? Why does she not write? it's clear—it's clear! she knows she is unworthy. (*seeing the great grief of MADELINE and TRONQUETTE*) Well, well, (*with emotion, kissing them*) She is still our sister. I'll search for her.

MADE. Thank, thanks, dear brother! and for George, if he wishes to leave me—to break his faith—

JACQUES. (*violently*) No, no—he shan't—he shan't! I'll beat him to powder first, and I'll do the same with Jolicœur.

TRONQ. No, no—do what you like with George—let Jolicœur keep as he is.

JACQUES. The train's coming. Goodbye—goodbye. Don't despair—I'll bring them *all* back! **Exit, L.**

(*Music forte* —MADELINE *sinks into a chair*—TRONQUETTE *kneels at her feet.* *Scene closes on the tableau.*)

GEORGE. (*waking*) Madeline—Madeline!

DESGEN. (*waking*) Tronquette—Tronquette!

GEORGE. Jolicœur!

DESGEN. George! (*they advance, feeling for each other, and meet in the centre*)

GEORGE. I've been dreaming!

DESGEN. So have I—I've had the nightmare!

GEORGE. I saw Madeline!

DESGEN. And I saw Tronquette!

GEORGE. And Jacques!

DESGEN. So did I! he's coming to bring us back!

GEORGE. Fortunately 'tis but a dream. They are all safe at home!

JACQUES (*without, R.*) I tell you they are here!

GEORGE. Jacques!

DESGEN. The devil!

Enter PICARD, R. 2 E. carrying the candelabras, followed by JACQUES—lights up.

JACQUES. There! I told you they were here.

(*PICARD puts candelabras on sideboard, and exits, R. D. 2 E.*)

GEORGE. (*abashed*) Jacques!

JACQUES Ah, you didn't expect me. I learnt at your hotel that you were gone to the opera masquerade, and would sup at the Cafe Anglais, and here I am! Now, pull off your fool's coats and come home.

DESGEN. Never, never! (*squeaks, and strikes a Policenelle attitude*) Never! (*goes to table and drinks a glass of Champagne.*)

JACQUES. And you, George

GEORGE. Never—never!

JACQUES. What! can you so soon have been corrupted?

(*pointing to SLEEPERS*) Are these the companions you prefer to Madeline ? Oh, George, George! before it is too late come home—come home ! our hearth is desolate without you. You do not answer. (*angrily grasping his stick*) Must I call you a villain ? Do not—oh, do not drive me to that extremity. If not for Madeline, for your own sake come, come! (*takes his hand*)

GEORGE. (*doggedly withdrawing his hand*) No, Jacques, I am determined to remain. I give Madeline her liberty.

JACQUES. Ah, is it so! (*with dignity*) Adieu George Kerven. (*goes to R. D. 2 E. and turns*) I never could have believed you could be so heartless—so cowardly and base. (*violently brandishing his stick*) Oh, I could, but you are unworthy chastisement from *honest* hands. Stay—stay with your worthless friends—drain your cup of sinful pleasure to the dregs, and then—and then, you'll meet your just reward—the *devil will claim you !* *Music, forte.—Exit R. D. 3 E.*

(*Music tremulo until close of scene, with occasional forte passages for business of SATAN.*)

GEORGE. (*after a minute's pause, recovering himself, going to table and drinking a glass of Champagne at a draught*) Well, be it so! (*gaily*) I am his sable excellency's servant to command !

SATAN *enters, R. D. 2 E. and stands leaning on the sideboard in the same attitude as at his first entrance.*

SATAN. (*quietly steeping biscuit in Champagne*) George Kerven, I accept your pledge!

GEORGE. (*starting, then recovering, and putting his glass on the table, but in doing so his hand shakes, and the glass clatters against the others*) Sir, this pleasantry is impertinent.

SATAN. (*laughing sardonically*) Pleasantry! (*pointing to glass*) It has made you tremble. You are only half a villain! even now your conscience is urging you to listen to the voice of friendship, and fly from your danger. (*kindly*) Come, come, I can at times be generous. (*solemnly pressing his arm*) If you stay in Paris four-and-twenty hours longer, *you will be totally ruined*—you will be swindled out of the two thousand francs of ready money you have brought with you—you will be forced to sell your farm, and you will be turned into the streets a beggar. (*with passionate earnestness*) Wake, wake, man! cast the dust from your eyes, and see your danger. You are standing on the threshold of perdition. Another step, and you are irretrievably lost—be warned, George Kerven, be warned. I hold open the net—profit by my generosity. Return to Paimpol—to happiness and Madeline.

GEORGE. (*after a moment's pause*) Well, well, perhaps I have done wrong. I will be warned, and—

DESGEN. (*advancing and slapping him on the back*) Turn tail, like a cowardly cur—frightened by the rattle of a tin kettle. Be a man, George, and laugh at this mummer. How can *he* rule your destiny. Take off his devil's costume, and he's a barber, or a tailor, or the *paillase* of a mountebank.

GEORGE. (*recovering*) You are right! I'm a weak fool to be frightened by masquerade follies. (*filling and drinking a bumper of Champagne—gaily*) To your health, Monsieur Satan—go and play bogie elsewhere—I laugh at you!

SATAN. Idiot! the next time we meet, you shall know I am your master! *Exit R. D. 3 E.*

(*GEORGE for an instant becomes serious—DESGENAISS slaps him on the back, and dances and squeaks a la Polichinelle—he then blows out the lights, and with the assistance of GEORGE, makes a great noise of clattering plates, waiters, thumping the table, throwing down chairs, &c. &c., and calling loudly*

DESGEN. } Wake—wake—wake!
GEORGE. }

All the SLEEPERS jump up—the LADIES scream, and all feel their way about in terror. In the midst of the confusion SATAN enters, R. D. 2 E., wrapped in a large red cloak, and stands on an arm chair, C. (in front of the fireplace) throws open the cloak, utters a satanic laugh, and casts, by means of a powerful bull's-eye lantern, a strong light on the party.

ALL. (*turn and exclaim in terror*) Satan! Satan!

END OF ACT FIRST.

A C T SECOND.

SCENE FIRST.—*A Bachelor's Sitting Room in a Fashionable Hotel Garni, in Paris. Door of entrance, C.—doors leading to inner rooms, R. and L. 2 or 3 E.—the furniture is elegant and costly—on the walls are pictures of Venuses, sylphides, and race horses, on cabinets and tables are statuettes &c. &c.*

The Drop rises to Music.—GEORGE KERVEN and JOLICŒUR

DESGENAIS, *in fashionable brocade dressing gowns, are discovered, lounging on sofas, R. and L. 1 B. smoking cigars, and reading newspapers—on a small table, by the side of each, is a coffee service, consisting of a cup and saucer, sugar basin, two small plated pots, for milk and coffee, a carafon of brandy, and a liqueur glass, a large glass, with an empty soda water bottle beside it.*

DESGEN. Well, George, how's your head now ?

GEORGE. Racking, racking ! This is the worst part of fashionable life.

DESGEN. Yes—as the moralists say, " the evening's amusement won't bear the morning's reflection." If we could dine at the *Trois Freres*, drink our Champagne, Burgundy, and punch, dance all night at *Ranelagh*, or the *Chateau Rouge*, sup at the *Cafe Anglais*, and finish with roulette and hazard at the circle, at six in the morning without—(*touching his forehead*) these gentle hints that we are running too fast, we should be in paradise.

GEORGE. We should, indeed ; but besides headaches, Jolicœur—(*looking over a portmonnaie*) there are certain other little drawbacks—pheasants and sparkling hock are dear this season.

DESGEN. (*looking at his pocket book*) Yes, and one's friends are so fond of borrowing. I lent the Baron Floue five hundred francs, and lost two hundred more to Count Filou in that stupid bet on the maggot race.

GEORGE. I was slightly pulled in that way also. Colonel Martingale was in difficulty for ten Napoleons, and as he is such a good fellow, I let him have them. But the worst of it is, I gave the young Russian Prince, Shuvaloff, my name to a bill for the furniture of little Juliette's boudoir for two thousand francs—but I won't make myself uneasy about it, he'll be sure to take it up.

DESGEN. No doubt, no doubt—these are the little penalties we must pay for our position. (*pours out and drinks brandy*) Who would recognise in the two fashionable " lions " of to-day, with their cabs, and Arabians, and diminutive " tigers," their grand lodgings, their rich clothes, and circle of great friends, the two hawbucks of three months ago. No, I rather flatter myself we're distinctly different persons.

Enter, from centre, L. GROSJEAN and GOLIAH, two very small boys, dressed as tigers—they each carry a silver salver with a note upon it, which they present to their masters, and after respectfully touching their foreheads (groom fashion), go up, and wait at the back.

GEORGE. Oh ! from Carmen. (*kisses note—the BOYS at back imitate with the salvers, and laugh*)

DESGEN. From Madame de St. Ange.

GEORGE. (*to GOLIAH*) My compliments, I'll come immediately.

DESGEN. (*to GROSJEAN*) My compliments. I'll write.

The BOYS touch their foreheads gravely to their masters, and go up to exit, C.—when near the door, they turn, stick glasses in their eyes, and bow grotesquely in imitation of dandies, and ask each other to take precedence, then take arms, and strut off, L. C.

GEORGE. (*ruing*) Dear Carmen! she loves me more than ever. (*to DESGENAIS*) She writes to me that she is alone, and that I must come to her immediately. (*kisses letter*)

DESGEN. (*rising*) My note is from that splendid creature we met last night at the Ranelagh ball—she has invited us to dine with her today, to meet a grand party of nobility, the Baron Chikoff, Count Filou, the Princess de la Rampe, and the Marquise de Cashmere—of course we must go.

GEORGE. Certainly, certainly. We are launched into the stream of fashion, and must swim with it.

Enter the BOYS, with two more letters, which they present as before.

DESGEN. (*looking at note and yawning*) It's from Mariette!

GEORGE. (*doing the same*) It's from Jenny. (*the BOYS yawn in imitation*)

DESGEN. Wants me to buy her a cashmere. (*laughing derisively*) Ho, ho, ho !

GEORGE. She has fallen in love with a diamond necklace. Ho, ho, ho!

The BOYS, forgetting themselves, laugh loudly in imitation—

GEORGE and DESGENAIS see them, and advance to kick them—they run off, L. C.

DESGEN. Impertinent young scoundrels! (*pointing to notes*) I say, George, we must put an end to these nuisances. Now let us dress, and continue our fashionable studies.

(a scuffle, and two slaps of the face heard without.

GEORGE. Heyday ! what now ?

Scuffle continued—the Two BOYS enter, L. C. rubbing their cheeks, followed by MDLLE. DE CHAMPFLEURI, disguised as CHONCHON, a Brittany peasant girl, in sabots, &c., &c.

CHONCH. Credienne! you couple of impudent young Bantam cocks! (*lifting her hand to strike them*) Keep clear of me, or I'll ruffle your feathers. (*pointing off*) Hop, skip, fly !

The BOYS run off.

(advancing with a rustic walk, manner, and accent) Servant,

neighbours George and Jolicœur. (*curtseying in country fashion several times*) Hope you are pretty well, thank you. How do you do ? I'm the same. (*laughing sillily*) He, he, he !

DESGEN. (*returning the salutation grotesquely*) Delighted to hear it—but pray who—

CHONCH. Oh, I'm Chonchon Jobin, from the village.

DESGEN. (*pretending simplicity, and looking at her with his glass stuck in his eye*) What village, my good girl ? there are so many on the map.

CHONCH. " What, village ? " Jarni! *our* village—Paimpol, department of Finistere, Brittany—the *only* village, worth speaking of, in the world.

DESGEN. Oh, ah, yes—I believe there *is* such a place.

CHONCH. (*pushing him rustically*) Oh, get along with your nonsense and your make-believe eye. You don't know me, though I know you ! hi, hi, hi! (*looking at them with wonder*) Jarni, but you're brave in your Sunday suits! Credienne ! what fine shirts, and satin bed gowns, and shiny boots! Hi, hi, hi! where are your sabots, and your blouses ? Hi, hi, hi! you're like the pictures of the beautiful young princes in the story books when they're changed by the good fairies from monkeys and puppy dogs to their original inhuman shapes. Here, turn about—(*pushing DESGENAIS*) and let me have a good look at you behind, and sideways, and all ways. (DESGENAIS *gaily puts his hands in his pockets, and turns a pirouette—his trousers, being pegtops, stick out considerably on the sides—CHONCHON laughing violently*) Hi, hi, hi! what a figure of fun ! just like our scarecrow in the cornfield, or the old gobbler when he's conceited. (*imitating the strut of a turkey*) Birr, birr! hi, hi, hi!

DESGEN. (*taking his hands from his pockets, offended*) Ah, yes—very clever, and (*aside*) very pleasant to be roasted like a turkey!

CHONCH. But, pardine ! notwithstanding your Tom fool's dresses, you're both of you good looking, fine grown young men—though your faces are a little wizened and creamy—and (*sniffing*) you smell so nice! (*snatching Desgenais's handkerchief and smelling it*) Oh, credienne ! it's sweeter than a bean field! but, as we say in the village, what's the use of washing pigs with rose water and putting 'em on pinafores at their meals ? Hi, hi, hi! they will roll and wallow in the trough, and behave like porkers! (*looking at them with great contempt*) Wash 'em and scrub 'em, and scent 'em, and dress 'em as you will !

DESGEN. Eh! why, you impertinent poultry governess, do you dare to insinuate that we are—not what we seem ?

CHONCH. (*with force*) Yes—you *try to pass in the world for gentlemen—*(*laughing*) Hi, hi, hi!—you're neither of you no

more what you pretend to be, than the Village fool, when he puts on a paper cocked hat and a wooden sword, and calls himself the Emperor! Hi, hi, hi! *you gentlemen!* shall I tell you what they say of you in the village, George Kerven and Jolicoeur Desgenais?

DESGEN. No, no, thank you—we'd rather imagine your compliments.

CHONCH. They say that when you were poor, industrious farmers, living like themselves, by your labour, you *commanded* their esteem and respect—your names were honoured from the Seigneur's chateau to the herdsman's cabin—George and Jolicoeur were welcome everywhere, and the whole village rejoiced when you chose Madeline and Tronquette for your wives. (*with feeling*) Madeline, so beautiful and good! (*GEORGE turns away affected*) Tronquette, so gay and honest! (*DESGENAISS makes a comic face, and blows his nose violently*) When you danced together on the green at our fetes, or were bridesmaids and grooms-men at our weddings, all admired, all loved you, and said—oh, what a credit to the village! what examples for all who wish to be happy wives and husbands!

DESGEN. Ah, yes—we were in our chrysalis state then.


CHONCH. But when the great property was left you, and you became rich, how did you behave to your humble friends? how did you treat your affianced wives? You stole from the village in the dead of the night, and without word or sign, deserted them!

GEORGE. (*aside, greatly moved*) 'Tis true—too true!

CHONCH. And you dare, after this black-hearted, deliberate, dastardly villany, to call yourselves gentlemen! Oh, it's fortunate for you there isn't a law to punish rogues who steal honourable, titles, if there were, you'd both of you besent to the galleys!

DESGEN. Well, but allow me to observe Mademoiselle Chonchon, this language—

CHONCH. (*waving him away*) Keep at a respectable distance, or I shall claw you—I've come here to fulfil a duty, and I won't allow anybody to observe anything. (*to GEORGE*) My errand is to George.

DESGEN. Glad of it, for I've had en  of your (*imitating*) scratching! (*turning to go up, CHONCHON catches him by the skirt of his dressing gown and pulls him back*)

CHONCH. Stop a minute, I've a word or two more for you—first for you George! (*offering a letter*) There's a letter I've brought you from Madeline—nay, don't fear to take it. (*seriously*) There's nothing in it that will pain you—unless it is that she should be so merciful. (*GEORGE takes letter, and reads it, with strong emotion*) And here's another for you from Tron-

quette—you whirligig popinjay—this is in quite a different style—it paints your perfidy in its true colours, and tells you what you've to expect if ever you venture back to the village. Now my business is done, except to tell you on *my own account*, that I've got a place as a *femme-de-chambre* to a lady in the hotel opposite, and that I shall keep a sharp eye upon you morning, day, and night, and if you don't do what the letters tell you *must* be done—and reform *all* your bad ways, I'll get my big little brother, who's a porter in the corn market, to lay wait for you in the street, and with a good cudgel, express to you the feelings of the village—good bye, make up your minds—Paimpol and happiness or Paris and (*imitating beating*) pancakes.
Exit L. C.

GEORGE. (*with affection, looking at the letter*) Jolicœur, not a word of reproach.

DESGEN. (*looking over his letter*) Bah ! she abuses me.

GEORGE. She releases me from my engagement.

DESGEN. She swears she'll come after me, and expose me.

GEORGE. I've a great mind to—

DESGEN. What? put down the cup of pleasure before you have well tasted it—*be frightened* back to the village—bah, it's time enough to talk of reformation when our money's gone—I for one won't stir a step—we're still rich enough to purchase plenty of happiness.

GEORGE. But yet. I think—

DESGEN. Psha ! Carmen is waiting for you—you surely won't desert *her*—

GEORGE. No, no, that would be difficult, at present! but, Madeline—

DESGEN. You can return to her at any time—no more moralising—away to your toilette, and your appointment with Carmen.

Enter the BOYS, L. C.

GROSJEAN. (*announcing*) The Baron Chikoff !

GOLIAH. (*announcing*) Count Filou!

Enter BARON CHIKOFF, and COUNT FILOU.—*The BARON is a Pole dressed in the extreme of fashion, with large beard and moustachios.—COUNT FILOU is an old dandy with a bald head and very large grey whiskers—They advance to GEORGE and DESGENAIS, and shake them cordially by the hand—The BOYS at the back imitate them, shake hands and embrace, and when in the latter position punch each other in the back, and go off intimating that the COUNT and BARON are bad fellows.*

BARON. Well, my dear young friends, I'm so glad to find you at home. The count and I have such a grand thing to propose to you—eh, count ?

COUNT. (*with great force, and eccentric action*) Colossal!

GEORGE. Be seated, pray! (*the COUNT and BARON seat themselves by the little tables, and help themselves to brandy—GEORGE and DESGENAIS lounge on their sofas*)

GEORGE. Try our cigars—they are something uncommon. (*all smoke*)

BARON. Splendid, exquisite—eh, count?

COUNT. Marvellous!

GEORGE. Now, what is the great affair ?

BARON. (*to COUNT*) Will you?

COUNT. No, no, you are most *au fait* in the matter.

BARON. Well then—oh, by-the-bye, you have to thank us for a very fine introduction—Madame de St. Ange, that great leader of fashion, asked us about you at the ball last night, and as we pledged ourselves to her for your great respectability, for she is particularly careful in the selection of her friends, we have very great hopes she will send you an invitation for her grand dinner party to day, to which we and the whole of the *elite* of the best society in Paris are going.

DESGEN. (*showing letter with affected indifference*) Yes, we have her card ; but we're afraid we can't go—we had proposed a little dinner at Philippes, with—(*gaily*) Eh, George ? (*kissing his hand comically*)

GEORGE. (*laughing*) Yes, yes! (*imitating COUNT*) Bewitching!

BARON. (*aside— annoyed*) *Diantre!* this won't do! (*exchanges looks with the COUNT*) We must play vanity ! Well, of course you will do as you like best, *mon cher*; but, you will lose a great opportunity of meeting a host of distinguished people, and besides—Madame de St. Ange—I say nothing, but the interest you have excited in that quarter is—eh Count ?

COUNT. Stupendous!

BARON. It is evident to everybody that you can if you please make the lovely widow change her name—and her rents and estates are not to be sneezed at—are they—eh, Count?

COUNT. *Incalculable!*

GEORGE. Oh, we'll go, Jolicoeur, by all means.

DESGEN. Very well, for the sake of the people we shall meet, there; but for the rest, (*vainly*) I've no intention at present of changing my condition. Matrimony is a bore, and I've a princess in treaty.

BARON. Of course, of course! you must be very much the fashion. By the way, talking of a princess, puts me in mind

of a little subscription I am getting up for one of my own countrywomen, Princess Olgaedawalourousky, she has been stripped of everything.

DESGEN. Dear me! in this cold weather, poor creature !

BARON. No, no—I don't mean her clothes—she has lost her estates by the revolution, and is here without a sous. The count and myself have interested ourselves in her behalf, and we are making efforts to raise a little fund for her, her distress is—eh, count?

COUNT. Unimaginable!

BARON. We have thought it best, to prevent an overflow of sympathy, to limit the subscriptions to five Napoleons. (*taking out a pocket book*) I have just got the names of Viscount Carombole, and the Marquis de Grand Chateau—shall I book you?

DESGEN. (*taking out his portmonnaie*) Well, I suppose as the other fashionable people have taken her up, we must follow suit. (*giving money*) There! (*aside*) The subscriptions I have paid are (*imitating COUNT*) enormous !

GEORGE. (*giving money*) There's mine. (*aside*) The system of drainage is well understood in the polite world. Now, what is this grand affair ?

BARON. Well, then, it is a joint stock company, to work a newly discovered gold mine, in South Africa—it is guaranteed by the Brazilian government to pay, in three years, two hundred and seventy per cent. The count has been on the spot, and knows the speculation to be—

COUNT. Pyramidical!

BARON. The shares are already at thirty premium, and they'll go up every day—you must be in it.

GEORGE. But are you *quite* sure—it's safe ?

BARON. So sure, that we've both invested our entire fortunes in it. I can guarantee you each a hundred shares, if you'll take them directly, to-morrow I can't answer.

GEORGE. Why, you see, just now, the balance at our bankers is rather low—

BARON. That's of no moment—give me your I. O. U.'s for the deposit, say two thousand for a few days, and I'll advance for you.

GEORGE. You're very kind. Jolicœur, will you venture ?

DESGEN. To be sure. Faint heart never won fair lady, or made a fortune by speculation.

(*Music tremulo in orchestra—BARON puts forward a table with writing materials*)

BARON. Here, sit and write your death warrants at once.

GEORGE and DESGENAIS sit at table, and write—the BARON and COUNT watch them, and exult aside—when they have both signed, and are reading their *I. O. U.'s*, a strong chord, and MDLLE. CHAMPFLEURI, dressed as a SERGEANT DE VILLE, enters, by C. door, and strikes the table—ALL start, astonished—*Tableau*. The BARON and the COUNT tremble, and seem inclined to run away—The SERGEANT, keeping his eye fixed upon them, tears up the two papers, and motions to BARON to return the money he has received for the subscription—he takes it from his portmonnaie, and places it on the table—The SERGEANT then points to the door, and motions to them to be gone—they slink away, alarmed and crestfallen.

SERGEANT. Gentlemen, your noble friends are escaped convicts. But for my opportune arrival, you would each have had to lament the loss of five Napoleons and two thousand francs. *(laughing)* Ha, ha, ha!

DESGEN. Eh? what?

SERGEANT. Your old friend. You ought to be very grateful to me for the interest I take in you. But for me you would long ere this have been stripped of every sous you had in the world. How can you be such simpletons? Your ready money is nearly gone, and you have already deeply mortgaged your estates.

DESGEN. Well, a short life and a merry one.

SERJEANT. Hasn't much of your merriment been succeeded by regret? Are you not becoming alarmed at the swift approach of your ruin?

GEORGE. Pooh, pooh! we know how far to go! We are not schoolboys, to be frightened at shadows!

SERJEANT. As you will. But I would advise you not to keep your appointment with Mademoiselle Carmen this morning, nor attend Madame St. Ange's grand dinner this evening; if you do, you will not only be fleeced of your money, but—*(pointedly)* risk your lives.

DESGEN. } Ah, what do you mean?

GEORGE. }

SERJEANT. *(to GEORGE)* *La belle* Carmen is—one of my *people*. A snare is laid for you—neglect my warning, and not only the remnant of your property, but your life will be sacrificed. *(to DESGENAIS)* Madame de St. Ange keeps a gambling house—there also, if you are mad enough to brave your fate, both your lives, as well as your money will be lost. Be prudent, for once, and believe in—*(bowing)* your old friend. *Exit, C.*

GEORGE. Jolicoeur, I'm half inclined to—

DESGEN. Bah! he is evidently some meddling blockhead, who is amusing himself by imposing upon us. You'll do as you

please about Carmen, but for Madame de St. Ange. (*kissing the tips of his fingers*) I'll brave the *worst* fate she can provide for me. Go and dress, you maniac.

They ring bells on tables, and exeunt, R. and L. followed by their TIGERS.

—
SCEITE SECOND.—*The Gardens of the Tuileries.*
(*1st Grooves.*)

Music—Enter TRONQUETTE and MADELINE, L.—the latter is very ill and weak, and is supported by TRONQUETTE.

TRONQ. There, there—you're getting better now, I know. We'll sit here, and rest a little. (*leads MADELINE to a bench, R. which is put on at change of scene*) There, there—now how do you feel?

MADEL. (*faintly*) Better, much better. I think I shall soon be strong enough to walk without assistance, the air is so refreshing.

TRONQ. Ah, it was very silly of you, in your weak state, to leave the village. What will be the good if you do find him? he won't turn from his evil ways.

MADEL. Still I'll make the trial. If I could see him, I am sure he would listen to me, and I should win him back.

TRONQ. Pooh, pooh! they're all alike, the wretches! when once they get into this bad place, they're like balloons; as soon as the cords are let loose, away they go, there's no stopping 'em. Oh, that rascal, Jolicœur, when I meet him—oh! (*laughter without, L.*) Look, look, Madeline—here's a party of Parisian ladies and gentlemen, such as George and Jolicœur keep company with. Oh, what little bonnets and big crinolines!

Enter CARMEN, MARIETTE, JENNY, and BERTHE, escorted by HENRI and VICTOR, L.

HENRI. Charming, charming! you are in great force to-day, Mademoiselle Carmen—but you are *always* clever.

VICTOR. Clever! she's the most wonderful *genius*.

HENRI. And so the poor Shuvaloff is totally ruined?

MDLLE. CAR. Totally—but what could you expect? Juliette is so extravagant! She is not like me, contented with *one* little carriage—she has three, and two Arabians.

HENRI. Dreadful!

VICTOR. Shockingly fast!

MDLLE. CAR. And for diamonds! Oh, I verily believe she could open a shop to rival Jeanniset—not like me, contented with a simple gold chain.



PARIS AND PLEASURE. Act 2.

MARIETTE. No, dear! (*aside to JENNY*) " Still waters run deep !" and a thin line often catches a large fish !

JENNY. Yes—Carmen, with all her simplicity, has sent more princes to Clichy than you or me, or Juliette, or the whole of Breda street.

MARIETTE. Yet they call her *la bonne file*—Oh, what a deceitful world!

JENNY. It is, indeed—everything's *crinoline*.

HENRI. The Marquis de Sirery is ruined, too, I hear ?

MDLLE. CAR. Yes, he *would* play *ecarte*, and Madame de St. Ange, and her friends, the Baron Chikoff and Count Filou, with the chivalric generosity which is their characteristic, combined to assist our dear friend, little Jenny, here, in disembarassing him of his few remaining Napoleons.

JENNY. (*laughing*) The poor Marquis ! he was the softest fool! I hear he has gone to join the Viscount Cornichon at California.

MDLLE. CAR. (*laughing*) The paradise of the ruined, invented solely to relieve us of our useless lumber. (*all laugh*)

HENRI. How clever!

VICTOR. Intoxicatingly charming!

HENRI. But hadn't we better proceed to the Hippodrome. If we loiter here, we shall miss the monkey race.

JENNY. Oh, that's my passion. Come, Carmen, I've some heavy bets on my favourite. There's room for you in my britska.

MDLLE. CAR. No, thank you. I have to meet some one here—see you in the evening.

JENNY. Oh, we know—your new adorer—your rustic victim—ha, ha, ha ! good bye—good bye!

(*Music.—All the party go off, R. leaving CARMEN.*)

MDLLE. CAR. The sordid, heartless wretches ! Oh, that I should be obliged to associate with them. (*seeing TRONQUETTE and MADELINE*) Ah! two fresh arrivals from the country. One seems ill! poor creature ! perhaps she is poor and friendless ! Though I ruin dukes and princes, I can feel for the afflicted. (*advances to bench, and sits—TRONQUETTE and MADELINE rise*) Nay, nay, don't disturb yourselves, my good girls, there is room enough for us all.

MADEL. Yes, madame ; but you are—and we—

MDLLE. CAR. Nay, nay, I insist—keep your seat. (*kindly*) You seem ill!

MADEL. Alas! madame, I am!

TRONQ. She's *very* ill, madame, and ought not to be out; she won't take my advice and be resigned.

MDLLE. CAR. She has experienced some great sorrow--some domestic loss!

TRONQ. Yes, madame. (*sobbing*) Her sweetheart has run away from her.

MDLLE. CAR. Ah!

TRONQ. And— (*blubbing*) so has mine! (*suddenly altering her tone*) But if I catch him—oh!

MDLLE. CAR. (*to MADEUXE*) You interest me greatly. Might a stranger, who looks upon deeds of kindness to the suffering of her sex as her only hope of expiating many grave wrongs, ask you to relate your story, that she may, if it be in her power, help you ?

MADDEL. My story, madame, is one of every day occurrence, and is told in a few words. I was affianced to a young man, of my own condition, in my village, in Brittany—by the death of a relative he became rich, and—and—(*weeps*)

MDLLE. CAR. I see—he deserted you.

TRONQ. (*with a burst of grief*) Yes, madame—he ran away by the railroad, to Paris, in the middle of the night, by the *mail* train, accompanied by another perjured villain, in the shape of his friend and cousin, who also had come into a fortune, and was to have married *me*. But I shall catch him one of these fine days, and then—oh !

MDLLE. CAR. Poor girl! and your object here is to seek him ?

MADDEL. Yes, madame.

MDLLE. CAR. Have you his address ?

MADDEL. Yes, madame—but I dare not go to him, for my brother, who has called on him several times to urge him to return, has been denied, and—(*weeping*) I have discovered that there is another who has his heart!

MDLLE. CAR. Ah !

TRONQ. Yes, madame—a great lady, who lives in a fine house, and feeds her parrot with pearls, and has a diamond collar for her lap dog. She has got fast hold of him, we hear, and it is his money that has bought the pearls and diamonds!

MDLLE. CAR. (*giving a card*) Here is my address. Come to me in the afternoon, and I may be able to put you in the way of gaining an interview with your lover. I would take you in my carriage, but—(*looking off, L.*) I have some one waiting for me. Keep up your spirits—I will do my best to restore you to happiness. Adieu! *Exit, R.*

TRONQ. That's a very nice lady. (*smelling card*) Oh, what a sweet card ! Come, dear Madeline, we have found a friend, who may, perhaps, do us great service. Who knows but the grand lady may be one of her acquaintances, and she may persuade her to give up George. At all events, we'll go and see her. Oh, the men, the men! what wretches they all are! and what a blessing it would be if we could do without them !

Music—Exeunt.

SCENE THIRD.—*An Elegantly Furnished Boudoir. Entrance, C. through curtains which divide—doors, R. and L. 2 E. also with curtains.*

Music—MADEMOISELLE CARMEN *discovered, seated at a table near C. writing a note*—LISETTE *attending.*

MDLLE. CAR. Nothing has come for me from the jeweller's ?

LISETTE. Nothing, madame. *(a small bell rings without, at back)* Perhaps that is something. *Exit, C.*

MDLLE. CAR. I thought he felt I liked that bracelet. *(impatiently)* It ought to have been here before now.

Enter LISETTE, with a jewel case.

LISETTE. It was from Monsieur Jeanniset, madame. *(gives case)*

MDLLE. CAR. *(opening case)* Yes, 'tis the bracelet—I knew I should have it. *(throws it carelessly on the table—a ring at bell)* See who it is. I'm at home to no one but Monsieur Kerven.

Exit LISETTE, C.
(musing) Poor fellow! he's simple and good-hearted, and deserves a better fate! but I must fulfil my destiny.

Enter LISETTE.

Well?

LISETTE. The two young country girls, madame, you told to call.

MDLLE. CAR. Take them to your room, and give them some refreshment. I will see them as soon as I have dismissed Monsieur Kerven.

LISETTE. Very well, madame. *(aside, going up)* I hope she doesn't mean to give one of them my place! She had better not! I could let out *such* secrets. *Exit, C.*

MDLLE. CAR. *(musing)* That poor girl's tale has greatly interested me. I must try and aid her to regain her runaway lover! *(ring at bell)* Ah, there's George! *(puts bracelet into case)*

Enter LISETTE.

Well, what now ?

LISETTE. It is a lady, madame, who wishes to see you on business of the utmost importance.

MDLLE. CAR. *(angrily)* Did you tell her I could not be seen?

LISETTE. Yes, madame; but she would take no denial. She says her business is so *very* important, she *must* see you.

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MDLLE. CAR. (*rising, angrily*) Must! (*resuming her seat*) Well, as I do not like importunate strangers to be seen in my hall, admit her.

LISETTE. Yes, madame! (*aside*) That's a Napoleon easily earned. *Exit.*

MDLLE. CAR. (*uneasy*) Who can it be? a messenger from—

Enter LISETTE, C. showing in MDLLE. CHAMPFLEURI, dressed as MADAME BONCŒUR, a lady of fashion, in an elegant carriage bonnet, mantle, &c. &c.

MDLLE. CAR. (*rising to receive her*) Be seated, madame—
LISETTE gives chairs, and exits, C.

To what am I indebted for this honour?

MAD. B. To your well-known reputation for goodness of heart, which has earned you the title of Carmen, *la bonne fille!*

MDLLE. CAR. (*looking at her with suspicion, then speaking blandly*) Madame, I am proud of being so flatteringly distinguished. (*aside*) Is this a genteel beggar, or a fashionable smuggler? And the business upon which you have favoured me?

MAD. B. It is to ask you to do an act of charity.

MDLLE. CAR. (*smiling coldly*) Charity! really, madame, from your appearance, I should not suppose—

MAD. B. (*calmly*) You mistake me, it is not money I seek. The charity I ask is more difficult to grant than that which dispenses a few superfluous francs to relieve a starving family, or soothe a widow or an orphan's sorrow, it is *self-sacrifice*, in its highest sense—for it appeals to your justice—(*pointedly*) Your native love of good—your humanity.

MDLLE. CAR. (*looking at her aside with great suspicion, conveying that she thinks she is trying to draw her into a snare*) Really, madame, I am at a loss to understand you. (*looking at her firmly*) What is it you require? (*pointedly*) I will do anything, *in reason*, to support my good name!

MAD. B. (*with scorn*) Reason! alas! I fear I have overrated your character. If your *charity* depends on cold calculation, and your *humanity* on worldly prudence, (*rising and curtseying with proud politeness*) I had better not trouble you further.

(going, C.
MDLLE. CAR. Stay, madame! (*brings her back*) You have no right to judge me so severely I live in a world of deception and falsehood—where every one's hand is against me—*brute instinct* prompts me to mistrust strangers, (*pointedly*) particularly those who think to flatter me by appealing to my "native goodness of heart."

MAD. B. (*sorrowfully*) Oh, that it should be in the power of man to extinguish the heavenly gifts of his creator. Your *nature* is to do *good*, yet with superior intellect and education, to show you the mortal degradation, and ever accumulating horrors of a life of evil, you become the associate of the base and the depraved.

MDLLE. CAR. (*in great anger*) How dare you, *woman*, insult me thus in my own house ?

MAD. B. (*with energy*) It is because I am a woman, and grieve to see another who should be the pride and honour of her sex, thrown on the dark waters of perdition, without a friendly voice to bid her listen to the promptings of her heart, and return to the shore ere the tempest burst, and engulf her.

MDLLE. CAR. (*greatly moved*) Well, well, I believe you are a friend—I thank you. (*shakes her hand*) I will think of your words, and—perhaps—but—(*resuming her original tone*) Now, my time is short. What is the self-sacrifice you require ?

MAD. B. Would you resign to another a heart you think devoted to you ? Would you, having it in your power to ruin a simple young man, who madly believes you return his affection, close your doors upon him, and restore him to his friends.

MDLLE. CAR. (*rapidly*) You speak of George Kerven!

MAD. B. I do!

MDLLE. CAR. You ask too much. (*firmly*) I cannot—*will* not part with him.

MAD. B. (*calmly*) What! when you could save him from ruin.

MDLLE. CAR. (*laughing in scorn*) Ruin! you must know little of the world of dissipation, if you think it is in *my* power to avert the fate of your *protege*. His estates were deeply mortgaged before he saw me ; and for his heart, (*laughing bitterly*) the man who leads *his* life, casts it away as an encumbrance at the outset of his career. If I shut *my* doors against him, others will be opened, whose owners would be more rapacious and merciless.

MAD. B. Still, though the effort to save him be unavailing, *la bonne fille* will not refuse to earn for her hereafter, the prayers of a poor girl whose heart is nearly broken by his desertion. I know your history. (*CARMEN starts*) Had the woman who came between you and the object of your young affection had a *heart*, Toinette, the happy, hard-working seamstress of the Faubourg St. Antoine, would not have been the hopeless, sorrowful Mademoiselle Carmen, of the Rue de Breda. Think of your own wrecked happiness, and save a poor girl's life. You are the most formidable obstacle to George's reformation. If you resign him, all his other errors can be easily repaired, and

he will return to his native village—to his betrothed, his friends, and honour. Come, let your good nature prevail, and grant my prayers.

MDLLE. CAR. (*after a struggle*) No, no! If it depended on me alone—if I could—no no—it is impossible. I am a slave—I cannot renounce him—his ruin *must* be completed.

(*sits at table, and leans her face on her hands.*)

MAD. B. Then look to yourself. I have tried to be merciful, but you turn me from you. When next we meet you will repent your decision. *Au revoir*, Mademoiselle Carmen. Never more call yourself *la bonne fille*. *Exit, C.*

MDLLE. C. (*in great sorrow*) Oh, why should I be so cursed? Why have I not strength of mind to break my bondage. Why, oh, why must I live a demon of destruction.

Enter LISETTE, C.

LISETTE. Oh, madame—madame! there has been such an adventure! (*rapidly*) Monsieur George came, and as I thought you wouldn't like to be disturbed, I took him into my room. I forgot the two country girls. Oh, such a scene! one of them is his sweetheart, abandoned in the country. She threw herself into his arms and cried, and sobbed, and her friend shook her fists, and stormed and raved. At last, Monsieur George, who wouldn't be persuaded to be good, tore himself away, and rushed into the street. Oh, it was a fearful scene. The girls have gone. The little one crying and broken-hearted, the big one storming and vowing vengeance.

MDLLE. CAR. And it is in my power to relieve the misery, and earn the prayers of that poor girl—to atone. (*a sharp tap is heard, R.*) Ah, the tempter is ever at hand. I shall never burst my chains. (*to LISETTE*) Admit him!

(*Music tremulo till end of act. LISETTE pulls curtain aside from doorway, R. and unlocks the door, and admits JACOBUS, who is an old Jew, dressed in very shabby black, with a bald head. On seeing CARMEN he bows to her with abject servility, his head nearly touching the ground. CARMEN points to a chair by the side of the table—she then motions to LISETTE to close the curtains, C. and keep watch without—JACOBUS slowly crosses the stage, and sits in the chair pointed to by CARMEN, putting his hat on the floor between his feet—CARMEN then takes a seat opposite to him. At this moment MDLLE. CHAMPFLEURI (still as the fashionable lady) pulls aside the curtains, C. and stands between them listening. CARMEN takes from a drawer in the table several cases, containing diamonds, to which she adds the one sent her by GEORGE—JACOBUS examines the diamonds with avidity, and puts*)

them in his pockets—he then produces a large book, from which he takes notes, which he gives to CARMEN, who grasps them eagerly—JACOBUS then draws his chair closer to hers, and is about to speak—MDLLE. CIHAMPFLEURI advances on tip-toe.

MDLLE. CHAM. *(in a whisper)* Now I shall discover the secret of *La bonne fille* !

(stands close behind JACOBUS and CARMEN, listening eagerly. The drop falls on the tableau.

END OF ACT SECOND.

ACT THIRD.

SCENE FIRST.—*The stage, is divided into two chambers—The L. occupies two-thirds and the R. one-third. At the back, L. are two doors, the one, R. leading to the staircase, the other to an inner room—close to the wall, L. an office desk with papers, books, &c. A lighted lamp with a green shade over it is on the desk—a chimney-piece, L. 2 E. with a looking-glass and a clock—a small sofa at the back between the two doors—a wicket, or peep-hole, in the door L. at back. At the back, in R. room, a small chest of drawers—close to the wall of separation a table—R. a large arm-chair—another chair between the table and the drawers—two doors, R. one 1st entrance leading to an innerroom, the other 2nd entrance leading to staircase—a lighted candle on the table. In the wall of separation, near the front, a door with a bolt in the L. compartment.*

JACOBUS, *the old Jew usurer, is discovered in L. room, seated at the desk, writing, with his face from the AUDIENCE.*

In the R. room JACQUES CHAMPI is discovered, seated in the arm chair, smoking a pipe—JOSEPH, the waiter at the hotel is kneeling, L. packing a portmanteau. Music to open scene.

JACQUES. What time do you say the train starts?

JOSEPH. At ten, thirty-five, P.M. and one, twenty, A.M.

JACQUES. Then I'll go at ten thirty-five!

JOSEPH. Ah, you've had enough of Paris, then, sir!

JACQUES. Enough! I've had a precious deal too much. Saprستي! it's a fearful city! women you've never set eyes on before falling in love with you, and seducing you to buy them shawls and

bracelets—swindlers who ask you to dinner, and leave you to pay the score—pickpockets who strip you to your braces—narrow streets and high houses—crowds of people pushing and shoving you—noise and tumult all day and all night. Oh, I shall be precious glad to get home again.

JOSEPH. So many of you country gentlemen say at first; but you soon get accustomed to our ways, and are delighted with us. This is one of the respectablest, and quietest hotels in the quarter.

JACQUES. Is it? well, I must say, that if the row which is going on all night in the room next to this (*pointing to partition*) is a sample of your *quiet*, I should be glad to know what you call being noisy?

JOSEPH. Oh, we've nothing to do with what goes on next door—that's another house.

JACQUES. Oh, I see—you're a deep one, *you* are—ha, ha, ha! *Your* house is quiet. *You* don't make a row on *your* premises. *Whatever* bobbery they may kick up next door, is nothing to *you*. Your lodgers have no business to hear it.

JOSEPH. Well, you see, sir, there ought to be a wall, but master's thinking of buying the property, which was once all in one, so we make shift till things are settled.

JACQUES. And in the meantime, keep your lodgers awake all night. Ah, you're all alike, you Paris people, so that you get our money, you don't care a button for our comforts. (*opening a tobacco pouch*) Oh! I'm out of tobacco.

JOSEPH. (*quickly taking a small packet from the pocket of his apron*) Here's a two sous packet, sir.

JACQUES. Ah, thank you! (*taking packet and giving two sous*) There! (*filling his pipe*)

JOSEPH. (*archly, laughing*) Two sous more, if you please, sir!

JACQUES. Eh?

JOSEPH. In the *shop*, two sous, in the *hotel*, four!

JACQUES. Oh, you're a deep one, *you* are. One must pay for wisdom. There! (*giving money*) Your customers don't come to you a second time.

JOSEPH. (*smiling knowingly*) No, sir, we're satisfied with obliging you *once*.

JACQUES. Ah, well, it's of no use telling you one's mind.

JOSEPH. (*laughing*) No, sir, we're such stupid people. We shouldn't understand you. Here's your little bill, sir.

JACQUES. (*looking at bill*) Eh? why, this isn't right. You charged me three francs a day last week. Now, you've charged double.

JOSEPH. (*coolly*) Quite right, sir, the three franc rooms are *now* six.

JACQUES. Indeed! why?

JOSEPH. (*smiling*) The war—sir—everything's doubled now to pay for our national *offences*.

JACQUES. Oh, you're a deep one, *you* are. Well, I suppose if I object. (*opening his money bag*)

JOSEPH. (*smiling*) It's of no use, sir! (*pointing to port-manteau*) We've our remedy on the premises!

JACQUES. (*giving money, and carefully tying up the bag*) There, this is the last time.

JOSEPH. (*laughing*) Of course, sir—the waiter if you please, sir!

JACQUES. (*pointing to bill*) Why, service is included.

JOSEPH. Yes, sir, strictly speaking; but civility is worth a little. I might have cut your boots, or torn your coat, and have done a thousand other unpleasant things, (*smiling knowingly*) if I hadn't thought you would recollect me.

JACQUES. Ah, well, (*opening bag*) I suppose I must bleed again. There are two sous, (*puts bag in his pocket*)

JOSEPH. (*smiling*) Civility must be a bad trade in your country, sir. Never mind, I'm not proud, (*puts money in his pocket*) If you *should* come here again, sir, (*smiling*) don't be surprised if I should recollect *you*.

JACQUES. Oh, you're a deep one, *you* are! (*looking at his watch*) I've an hour good before I start, I'll go and smoke my pipe in the street, and look at the fine things in the shop windows. (*putting on his hat and going, R.*) That will cost me nothing, I suppose?

JOSEPH. (*smiling*) Well, sir, there's no saying. It *might* cost you your watch and pocket handkerchief.

JACQUES. (*buttons up his coat, and puts his handkerchief in his hat*) Oh, you're deep ones, all of you; but I'm aware of you!

JOSEPH. You, sir! (*tips off his hat, and as he stoops to pick up his handkerchief, JOSEPH steals his watch*) You're too clever for us. (*taking candle*) Let me light you, sir. *Exeunt R.*

(*Room R. quite dark. As soon as JACQUES and JOSEPH are off, JACOBUS turns his face to the AUDIENCE, and speaks.*)

JACOBUS. (*looking over a ledger, and writing*) Answer Monsieur Denarge that we refuse—issue execution—Chicard can't find money to fee us to hold off—take him to-morrow. (*shuts books*) Ah, I've made a tolerable day's work. (*murmur of voices without*) Oh, here come my worthy partners.

Music-- Opens door leading to staircase, and GRIMPART, MIGNUET, and two other JEW USURERS, dressed in the same style as JACOBUS, enter.

Welcome, welcome, gentlemen—always punctual to your time. Please to take your seats.

(they all seat themselves in a half circle facing JACOBUS, who turns his back to the desk, sitting on his high stool.

Gentlemen, for these two years past, we have formed ourselves into a society, with the philanthropic object of aiding young men whose fathers refuse to allow them a hundred thousand francs a year. *(the USURERS laugh)* Fathers are sad egotists, gentlemen—they will not permit their sons to give champagne breakfasts and suppers, and throw their money out of windows with that amiable frankness and generosity which is the characteristic of gay young people. *(the USURERS laugh)* But we are here, gentlemen, to their rescue, ready with our money at the trifling interest of forty or sixty per cent. *(the USURERS laugh)* Friends of humanity, I call upon you to continue your noble work. *(the USURERS laugh and applaud)* Now to business. *(reading from minutes)* "Gaston de Hauteville has not paid."

USURERS. Clichy! Clichy!

JACOBUS. I've anticipated your wishes, gentlemen. I've been taken there at twelve o'clock this morning.

GRIMP. *(rising)* Before we proceed further, Jacobus and gentlemen, I beg to inform you that Mignuet—*(pointing to him)* is not keeping faith with us—he makes private bargains.

MIGNUET. *(rising)* I?

GRIMP. *(violently)* Yes, you—you lend at thirty-five per cent.

ALL THE USURERS. *(rising, in great anger)* Infamous! infamous!

MIGNUET. It's false!

GRIMP. It's true!

(Music—A great disturbance—all the USURERS surround MIGNUET—GRIMPART is about to strike him—JACOBUS catches his arm)

JACOBUS. Gentlemen, gentlemen! a disturbance in a society of honest men! If the neighbours hear us they will take us for common people. *(a knock at door at back—ALL start, and listen anxiously)*

JACOBUS. 'Tis our friend, Garnier, who is always late.

' Music—Opens door—GENEVIEVE (MDLL. CHAMPFLEURI) enters, dressed as the MARQUIS DE RIOJA, a young man of fashion.

GENE. Good evening, gentlemen. (ALL start, astonished and alarmed)

JACOBUS. Permit me, sir, to ask—

GENE. Who I am. One of you—a young vulture, full of courage and voracity, who only wants an opportunity of trying his beak and talons.

JACOBUS. Sir, this pleasantry—

GENE. I am in earnest. I wish to join your association.

JACOBUS, (*uneasy and suspicious*) What do you take us for ?

GENE. (*laughing gaily*) The friends of youth in distress, the sixty per cent, loan society.

JACOBUS. No, no—we are merely commission agents—we do nothing on our own account.

GENE. Pooh, pooh ! you are all well-known usurers ! but you are bunglers at your trade—Sparrow hawks of the lowest perch. You strike only at small game—dine for twenty sous, and wear thread bare coats with greasy collars. (*laughing gaily*) You are fifty years behind the time, my friends—the philanthropic friend of youth in the present day is an eagle, flying at the highest quarry, his clothes are made by Hauman, he sports his cab and tiger, he frequents the opera, *Tortoni's*, the *Maison Dore*, and the *Bois de Boulogne*—his clients are dukes and marquises. Ha, ha, ha ! he is a *thief*, like you—but here's the difference ! You scrape sous and francs with your dirty hands, he delicately fingers Napoleons and *billets de banque*, with lavender kid gloves—you are contented with forty, or at the utmost, *sixty* per cent.—*he* does nothing under a *hundred*.

ALL. (*with admiration*) A hundred !

JACOBUS. Do you mean to say that *you* can get that ?

GENE. Certainly—and more. In proof of my veracity, I have come here to offer you an affair that will turn two hundred and fifty per cent. (ALL are greatly excited, and offer chairs)

JACOBUS. (*offering a chair*) My dear friend, permit me to offer you a seat.

GENE. Thank you. (*sits at head of table, and motions to JACOBUS and the others to sit round her*) You know, no doubt, that the property of Kerven, at Faimpol, in Brittany, is put up for sale—(*taking out a plan*) here is a plan of it. (*gives it to JACOBUS, who examines it carefully*) The upset price will be fifty thousand francs—the biddings may rise to two hundred and twenty thousand. Now I know that the proprietor, who is a foolish, reckless young man, is greatly involved by dissipation and losses on the stock exchange, wishes to dispose of the property by *private* sale—

JACOBUS. } (*drawing nearer to GENEVIEVE, with great in-*
 USURERS. } *terest*) Ah!

GENE. He is greatly pressed—

JACOBUS. } Ah! (*with greater interest*)

USURERS. }

GENE. And, if we can muster between us fifty thousand francs, the estate can be ours.

JACOBUS. } Ah!

USURERS. }

GENE. Our certain profit on the transaction would be at the very least seventy-five thousand francs.

JACOBUS. It's superb! (*showing plan*) See, see—it's worth double the money. But the difficulty is to find so large a sum in hard cash.

GENE. (*pointedly*) Haven't you a secret advancer of funds, who will supply you?

JACOBUS. Ah! (*starting, and looking at him in alarm*) Do you know, that—

GENE. Yes. I have appointed George Kerven and his friend to meet me here at nine o'clock; so if you will go to your secret friend and obtain the advance, I, in the mean time, will draw up the agreement, and talk the matter over with the young men. (*taking JACOBUS aside*) You'd better take your friends with you, and—(*pointedly*) get rid of them.

JACOBUS. Eh?

GENE. Tell them your secret friend refuses to advance, and we'll keep the affair to our two selves.

JACOBUS. (*eagerly*) Yes, yes—we can—we will. Oh, you are a genius! I should never have thought of anything so smart and clever. Come, my dear partners, let us leave our new associate to lure the birds to the net while we each look up our store, and meet here in the morning to secure our prey. (*aside to GENEVIEVE*) Oh, you clever fellow!

Music—JACOBUS and the other USURERS go off at back.

GENE. This is the last hope I have of saving these rash and silly young men. Jolicoeur has persuaded George to part with the property, and if I fail now to avert the calamity, they are both totally ruined. (*looking at watch*) Nine o'clock! they should be here! (*listens*) Footsteps on the stairs! (*goes up, and looks through peephole*) 'Tis they! (*sits at desk, and hides her face—knock at door—disguising her voice*) Come in!

Enter DESGENAIS JOLICCEUR and GEORGE, door at back.

DESGEN. Monsieur Jacobus, if you please.

GENE. (*without looking up, in a gruff voice*) He has gone out for a few minutes. Sit down, if you please—he expects you.

DESGEN. (*taking a chair*) All right. Come, George, don't be

down-hearted, man ! This Jacobus may be an honest Jew than the others—he may get us out of our difficulties without parting with the estate ! his letter's very promising. (*reading*) "A friend and well-wisher of George Kerven and Jolicoeur Desgenais, begs them to take no final steps in the disposal of their estate at Paimpol, until they have seen a person called Jacobus, living at No. 34, Rue Amsterdam. If Messieurs George and Jolicoeur will call on the party referred to at nine o'clock this night, he will, in all probability, make them the advance they require on equitable terms." This was worth attending to at all events.

GEORGE. But what security can we offer? What Jew ever advanced on an uncertainty.

DESGEN. Pooh, pooh! how do we know till we've tried ? Jews take generous whims into their heads as well as Christians sometimes. (*gaily*) He may be a collector of the autographs of the distinguished personages of his time, and wants ours to complete his collection of spendthrifts. All I hope is, that whatever he advances us will be in hard cash, for my last Hebrew friend made me take half the amount in a false Reubens, and two hundred francs worth of mousetraps.

GEORGE. Poor Jolicoeur!

DESGEN. There are not mice enough in all France to employ my investment. I must either import mice, or export my traps. (*takes up a book*)

Enter JACOBUS.

GENE. (*beckoning him to her in a whisper*) Well ?

JACOBUS. The party was from home, but I left a note. (*looking at GEORGE and DESGENAIS*) Are these the pigeons?

GENE. Yes—they are very anxious to settle at once ; they have a bill to meet to-morrow of ten thousand francs. The advancing party will come ?

JACOBUS. No doubt. Have you prepared the deed ?

GENE. It's all ready. (*showing paper*)

JACOBUS. Good. I'll go to work with them at once.

DESGEN. (*throwing down the book*) Well, Monsieur Jacobus takes his time. (*turns, and sees JACOBUS*) Oh, I suppose—

JACOBUS. (*advancing, with great humility*) Ten thousand pardons, messieurs, I was detained—pray resume your seats.

GEORGE. No—we come to borrow money—in a word, will you lend us some ?

JACOBUS. Well, my dear friends, money is very scarce just now, but if you'd take part—

DESGEN. No, no—no mousetraps, we're overstocked with them!

JACOBUS. (*laughing*) Well, well, we'll see what cash we can scrape together—for if I do anything for you it will be by co-operation.

GENE. (*advancing*) Yes—I am one of the firm. (*Music*)

GEORGE. (*starting*) Ah !

DESGEN. (*starting*) The—what I won't mention.

(GENEVIEVE *puts her finger to her lips, to enjoin them to silence.*)

JACOBUS. At the request of my young friend, here, I am prepared to make you a liberal advance on your property.

GEORGE. (*aside to DESGENAIS*) I told you he'd want security !

JACOBUS. What is the smallest sum will cover your immediate necessities ?

GEORGE. Twenty thousand francs at this moment—but to pay all my debts I must have fifty thousand.

GENE. (*to JACOBUS*) Ah, that's a sum we can never cover.

JACOBUS. Never, never—it would break us.

GEORGE. Then—(*desperately*) I must sell the estate.

JACOBUS. Of course—you are here for that purpose.

GEORGE. What, have you lured me here to—

GENE. (*calmly*) Purchase, privately, the property you have advertised for public sale. We will give you the sum you require to cover your liabilities, and you ought to be very much obliged to us for our philanthropy. (*laughing as a demon, and going up with JACOBUS*)

DESGEN. George, we've been swindled.

Enter JACQUES CHAMPI, in great agitation, in room, R. feeling his way in the dark.

JACQUES. Oh, this infernal Paris ! I've lost my watch and my pocket book, and my handkerchief! let me get off safe with my portmanteau, and I shall thank my stars for a lucky escape ! (*feeling about*) Where is it ?

GEORGE. (*to DESGENAIS*) Never mind—I'm desperate. If they'll advance the fifty thousand francs *all* shall go.

JACQUES. (*feeling about*) It was on the drawers— this way.

GEORGE. (*to JACOBUS—pointing to deed and plan which JACOBUS and GENEVIEVE have been inspecting at desk*) I see you have made sure of me. Give me the money- I'll sign.

JACOBUS. (*exchanging a look of triumph with GENEVIEVE*) Stay, stay—all in proper form! let me read the deed. Ahem ! " I, George Kerven—"

JACQUES. (*who is close to the door of communication, feeling for the drawers—starting at hearing the name of KERVEN*) George Kerven!

JACOBUS. " Hereby make over the farm and property at Paimpol—"

JACQUES. Paimpol! what is this ? (*listens at the keyhole*)

JACOBUS. Here follows the description of the house, the fields, the plantations, livestock, &c, &c.

JACQUES. (*wiping the perspiration from his forehead*) Crediennne! they're selling George's farm!

JACOBUS. " In fee simple, for ever, to Messrs. Jacobus and Co., (*winking at GENEVIEVE*) No. 34, Rue Amsterdam, for the net sum of fifty thousand francs."

JACQUES. (*in great excitement*) Paimpol! sold for fifty thousand francs! a robbery! a robbery! (*Music—With a violent effort he bursts open the door, and enters room, L.*) I'll bid higher—I'll bid higher!

At this moment, CARMEN enters, at back, followed by the other USURERS.—Tableau.

MIDDLE. CAR. George! (*starting, trembling, and holding down her head in shame*)

GEORGE. Carmen! (*astonished, and horror struck*)

GENE. *La bonne fille*, the secret advancer of funds to Messrs. Jacobus and Company, the greatest swindlers and thieves in all Paris. This is the mart at which she sells the diamonds she filches from her dupes. With her aid, this prince of scoundrels (*pointing to JACOBUS*) and his infamous gang have securely plundered the dissipated and unwary. But their reign is over! (*calling at door*) Come in, there !

Music—Enter GENDARMES.

Secure your prisoners!

(*The GENDARMES seize CARMEN, JACOBUS, and USURERS—CARMEN looks at GEORGE imploringly—he is about to go to her when JACQUES pulls him and DESGENAIS through door into room, R.—JOSEPH enters with a candle—GENEVIEVE stands at back laughing, and pointing to tableau as the act drop falls*)

END OF ACT THIRD.

A C T F O U R T H .

SCENE FIRST.—*A Cell in the Debtors' Prison, Rue de Clichy. Entrance, R. D. C. E.—L. close to the wall, a stump iron bedstead—R. in front, a table, with a chair on each side of it—another chair by the head of the bed—on the walls are rude caricatures, and inscriptions in chalk—on the wall, L. a sketch in coloured chalk, representing a woman dressed as a Debardeur, lounging on an ottoman, smoking a cigar, and holding up a glass of champagne—under it is written, " Here reposes innocence." In the centre, high up, at the back, in large printed letters, in white chalk, " Villa Clichy"—under it is written, " Down with all creditors!" " Jacobus will be hanged!" By the side of the last inscription is a sketch of a Jew, with two or three hats on his head, hanging—on the wall, R. is written, "Gold is a chimera." "Sacred to love and friendship." " Poste Bestante." " Waiting for the deluge."*

GEORGE is discovered sleeping on the bed.

CHORUS (*without*).—AIR,—*" Heu peu peu tra la la la."*

[*four times*] Heu peu peu, tra la la la la !
 When we get in here
 We're safe from ev'ry danger,
 Duns no more we fear,
 And cent per cent's a stranger.
 Viva! smoke and drink and sing.

[*four times*] Heu peu pea, tra la la.

DESGEN. (*without, R. gaily*) Now, then, Cerberus, open your iron jaws, and let me see my friend.

Music.—The door is unlocked, and DESGENAIS enters, R. U. E.—his clothes are in the last stage of shabbiness, yet his manner is still gay and rollicking—he carries a mousetrap under his arm, and a bunch of radishes in his hand.

DESGEN. (*eating radishes*) At Phillippe's, the *Trois Freres*, the *Maison Dore*, and the *Café Anglais*, this succulent though somewhat pungent vegetable is considered a *hors d'oeuvre*, or whet to the appetite. Here (*dolefully*) it is the *plat de resistance*—the entire dinner. (*walking about reflecting*) What is man? An omniverous animal, who walks on two legs, has, in general, two eyes, and, in addition to the natural instinct of a brute, he has a quality, called by physiologists, *Reason!* (*laughing in a*

tone of derision) This quality is supposed to protect him from running into snares and nets, and being made the prey of his fellow men, and *(bitterly)* *Women!* who, like voracious pike and jack fish, feed upon their smaller and weaker brethren. *(laughing in a hollow tone)* Ha, ha, ha! *(shutting mousetrap)* This is the *world!* put a bit of fat bacon or toasted cheese here *(pointing to hook for bait)* and you catch your *mouse*. Bait with a pretty face—a railway share, or a gold mine conpon, and, spite of his *reason*, *(bitterly laughing)* You catch your *man*. *(laughing dolefully and showing mousetrap)* This is all I have left out of two hundred thousand francs. *(putting mousetrap carefully on table, and sitting astride on a chair—gaily)* Never mind! *vogue la galere !* *(kicking his feet and munching radishes)* I've a light heart, and if I can't get a cut at a truffled turkey, I'm contented with a radish.

GEORGE. *(turning uneasily on his bed, and dreaming)* Money, money, money! that's life, love, happiness. *(clenching his hands)* I'll hold you fast. To part from you is misery and death!

DESGEN. *(rising and going to him)* Poor fellow! now his horse is gone, he's thinking of bolting the stable door. *(shaking him)* George—George ! don't dream nonsense—wake, wake, and—take a radish.

GEORGE. *(waking and starting)* Where am I ?

DESGEN. Where all fast boys *must* come to. *(pointing to inscription on the wall)* "Villa Clichy,"—the *ultima thule*—the mausoleum of hope and happiness! *(gaily)* No, no, I mean, the terminus of *Jew's respect* and credit.

GEORGE. *(sitting on bed)* 'Tis true ! we are totally ruined !

DESGEN. *(gaily)* Psha ! no ! *(taking money carefully from his pocket)* See ! I have still fifteen sous—a little fortune, if you know how to economise. Take a radish! *(offering radishes which GEORGE refuses)* Nay, nay, they are wonderful purifiers of the blood after a course of high feeding, recommended by the faculty as a *radical* cure for dyspepsia of the pocket. Shut your eyes, and give the reins to your fancy, and you'll think you taste the piscatorial succulent that *should* predominate in a lobster salad. *(shutting his eyes and eating radishes voraciously)* Oh, that's a bit of the claw—that's the tail—that's the coral—that's the cream.

GEORGE. *(smiling and shaking his head)* Thank you—thank you, Jolicoeur; but for your gaiety, I—well, well, we have knocked at the gate of the "Palace of Pleasure."

DESGEN. Not a single, sneaking dun or tradesman's tap, but a regular carriage sisserrara! *(imitating gaily)* Rat tat tat tat tat! and as the family was at home, we were invited to

walk in. Oh, it's a beautiful palace! marvellously adapted to all the Utopian visions of youth—gilded saloons—verdant lawns, and pastures enamelled with fragrant flowers—sparkling fountains of rose and honey water, dancing in the rays of diamonds. Beautiful! ecstatic life! while you can supply the *source* of the fountains, and pay the interest on the diamonds; but the instant your banker refuses your cheques—*crac!* the palace disappears; and like, as in the Arabian Night's tale, your gold and jewels are changed to withered leaves, in the shape of protested bills, and foreclosed mortgages, and (*pathetically*) you are left naked in the desert, without a feather to brush away the flies.

GEORGE. Ah! poor Madeline!

DESGEN. (*wiping his eyes with the leaves of the radishes*) Unfortunate Tronquette! (*eating a radish with a doleful expression of face*)

GEORGE. We've behaved cruelly to them!

DESGEN. Very—instead of Bretons, we've been Polar bears.

GEORGE. (*walking about in great excitement*) And all for a false-hearted demon, who—

DESGEN. A marionette—a daughter of the air, who—here, take a radish.

GEORGE. It's dreadful!

DESGEN. It's worse—it's humiliating! (*eating radish*)

GEORGE. (*suddenly stopping, pressing DESGENAIS' hand, and speaking wildly*) Jolicoeur, we must put an end to this misery.

DESGEN. Eh? well—(*suddenly withdrawing his hand*) No, no, I can buy a few more radishes.

GEORGE. No, no—we must—we must do it.

DESGEN. No, no—rather let us imitate Robert the Devil, and sell ourselves for a year or two more of gay life. Stay, I'll make the invocation. (*Music—He throws his hat in the centre of the stage, and walks round it mysteriously in the style of the melo-drama, waving his arms, and scattering the radish leaves—in a deep melo-dramatic tone*) Satan! Satan! (*gaily*) Not satin, for we've had enough of that—the protector of George Kerven and Jolicoeur Desgenais, appear! appear! appear!

Music forte—The door, R. U. E. opens quickly, and GENEVIEVE (MDLLE. CHAMPFLEURI) appears, dressed as MONSIEUR PARTOUT, with the red wig she wore in the first act, in an elegant robe de chambre, velvet slippers, and an embroidered smoking cap.

GENE. At your summons, he is here, (*advancing to C. taking off cap, and bowing*)

GEORGE. (*starting, astonished*) Eh?

DESGEN. (*alarmed*) Diantre! (*shaking off his fear, and gaily offering his hand*) Well, old fellow, how are you?

GENE. Jolly, jolly—(*pointedly*) devilish jolly! how are you? (*she is about to take DESGENAIS'S hand, when he suddenly withdraws it*)

DESGEN. No, no—on reflection, I won't be too venturesome. (*takes up his hat and smells it, and by sniffing, indicates that there is a scent of brimstone in the air*)

GEORGE. You *here*?

GENE. Does it astonish you? I am at *home*.

GEORGE. At home?

GENE. Certainly. A debtor's prison is well known to be one of my strongest holds.

DESGEN. Decidedly, my dear fellow, you have talent—I never knew a part better sustained. (*laughing*) You've got in here in the *usual* way, and you pretend that you are—ha, ha, ha, ha! pooh, pooh! you've none of *his* marks about you!

GENE. (*gaily*) Is it necessary that I should rise out of the earth in variegated flames of sulphur, with a pitchfork, and horns, and hoofs, and claws? (*laughing in derision*) Ha, ha, ha! all those follies are long since used up—rococo, mon cher! my pitchfork is now a cigar case—(*showing an elegant one*) the only fire I use is—(*striking a match and lighting German scented tinder*) the match which bears one of my own titles—but mind you, I have subdued its objectionable sulphuric scent with musk and millefleurs. (*showing her hands, on which are a number of diamond rings*) I have reduced my claws to—(*vainly admiring her hands*) I flatter myself very respectable filbert nails—my hoofs have, by atmospheric pressure and a fashionable shoemaker, been elongated—(*showing feet*) and can pass muster for very tolerable feet—and for horns, (*gaily*) they are really so generally worn that I have long since renounced them.

DESGEN. Well, well—but *really*, who are you?

GENE. (*gaily*) The Prince of Darkness—what you will. (*calling*) Jailor, a bowl of punch! (*bowing to GEORGE and DESGENAIS*) Oblige me by drinking a glass to my health.

Music—Enter JAILOR, with a bowl of flaming punch, which he places on table, and on a sign from GENEVIEVE, goes off.

There! (*standing over the bowl, so that the flames are on her face*) Now do you recognise me? (*laughing like a demon*) Ha, ha, ha! pray be seated. (*GEORGE and DESGENAIS sit on each side of the table—GENEVIEVE stands at the back and fills—after touching glasses, all drink—DESGENAIS looks at GENEVIEVE with suspicion, but pretends to be unconcerned*) I'm a good devil—for the proof—(*giving GEORGE a pocket book, which she*

takes from the breast of her dressing gown) there is the mortgage of your farm, and your two hundred thousand francs.

GEORGE. The mortgage of my farm, and my two thousand francs! (*looking with astonishment at notes*)

DESGEN. (*pathetically*) He doesn't give me *mine*.

GENE. I restore them to you on one condition—that you recommence your Parisian life, and again steep yourself in its luxuries and pleasures. Oh, Paris, Paris! full of gold and misery, smiling faces and aching hearts! where you buy in an hour repentance for a life! (*making the punch flame*) See, see, the flames of the punch? they symbolise your pleasures—bright, fragrant, varied in hues, sweet, and intoxicating! but how brief their existence! See—see, they are already extinct—the *spirit* is gone—the liquor that remains, palls on the palate—yet—(*with energy*) with the drunkard's infatuation, you drink on! (*laughing sardonically*) Ha, ha, ha! hold the glass to the light—don't you see *me*? Look—look, I am in that bubble—can you command me to remain, and aid you to drown sorrow, or *stifle remorse*? Ha, ha, ha! see—see, I laugh at you—I am air! yet—(*filling glasses*) Drink—drink! believe not the warnings of wisdom—seek not to lift the gay mask that conceals the festering features of vice—love, fete, and d—n yourself, for demons you *know* are feeding on your soul. Live, old wine, young women, the gaming table, and every unbridled luxury, and extravagance! The upas tree is a fable—pestilence and death may be in the air, but *you see not the hand that strikes you*. Go on, go on—fill to the brim, and drain to the dregs the cup of pleasure—believe not in virtue, morality, and chaste joys, *they* are for the coward, the small-minded, or the blind enthusiast. Live—live, and enjoy your brief hour of frantic happiness, and *then*—(*gaily altering her tone, and holding up her glass*) *Messieurs, a votre sante*—the comedy is over, the curtain falls, and *you meet your just reward*.

GEORGE. (*looking at pocket-book and GENEVIEVE*) Is this a delusion—or am I really rich again?

GENE. On the condition I have named. (*emphasizing every word*) *To-morrow* you shall have *fine clothes, apartments, horses, carriages, mistresses*—

GEORGE. (*rising—with resolution*) Thank you—I refuse.

(*crosses to DESGENAIS.*)

GENE. (*coolly, leaning on the back of the chair GEORGE has quitted*) Hey?

DESGEN. (*sitting at table*) Yes, we refuse. (*swallows a full glass of punch*)

GENE. May I venture to ask why?

GEORGE. (*with warmth*) Because I am disgusted with the

selfish, brutish life of a man of pleasure—*nights* passed in stupid orgies, and degradations of body and soul—*days* in sloth and extravagance—no friends, but the depraved and worthless! Though Paris be the hot bed of vice to the idle and the reckless, it is the fountain of honour and fortune to the industrious and self-denying. To the spendthrift and the profligate, the world is hollow, base, and heartless! he laughs at friendship, scoffs at love, and is dead to honour. The man of labour sees good in everything. When he clasps a hand in friendship, he *believes in his brother's truth*—when he loves, it is with *implicit confidence*: and to impugn his honour is to attack his life. (*with energy*) I have awoke from my dream—my *insanity* has passed away—I see the carious bones of the skeleton through its silken robes—I hear triumphant demon yells in the laughter of my boon companions! The *Angel of Goodness* has come to my aid—the pulses of my heart, which but now were sinking to their last throb, are glowing again with hope. Take back the pocket book. (*throwing it at GENEVIEVE'S feet*) From this hour I'll live by honest labour!

DESGEN. (*rising, in great excitement, shaking GEORGE'S hand*) My feelings to the infinitesimal fraction of a homoeopathic dose of *bella douna*! we will be virtuous. Henceforth, we will live by the dew of our brows, and dispense with kid gloves—in fact, we will be birds of paradise in everything, save costume, which climate and civilization have pronounced to be too figurative.

GENE. (*taking up purse*) You are deaf, then, to my voice?

GEORGE. I listen to nothing but *my heart*, which says "repent, and think of Madeline."

DESGEN. (*in the same tone, taking mousetrap from the table*) And I listen to nothing but this mousetrap, which says. "Jolicoeur, renounce *fast* life, and think of Tronquette." (*gesticulates to trap*)

GENE. (*laughing*) What, do you also repent?

DESGEN. (*with serious energy*) *Repentance is a plant that grows fast when misfortune waters it in the hothouse of a prison.*



GENE. (*with feeling, throwing off her assumed character*) Ah, my friends, you're beginning to understand that there is something more than idleness and dissipation worth living for—you feel that Madeline is more worthy than Mademoiselle Carmen, and that you are more truly loved in a mud cottage in Brittany, than in the gilded boudoirs of the Rue de Breda.

GEORGE (*astonished at the tone and manner of GENEVIEVE*) Eh?

DESGEN. (*astonished*) Satan preaching against himself

GENE. (*laughing*) Ah! ha, ha, ha! I forgot myself for a

moment—I allowed my heart to have a holiday. I really believe I had a tear in my eye. How strange ! a tear in the eye of—*(in great emotion, endeavouring to laugh—then concealing her tears with her pocket handkerchief)* your old friend.

DESGEN. *(angrily)* Come, come—no more of this! If you are really the—what you *say* you are, be off, we don't deal with you—if you  more respectable person, show your true colours, and we'll  to you.

GENE. *(playfully striking him on the cheek with the pocket-book)* You are too curious! *(DESGENNAIS takes up the mousetrap, gesticulates to it, and goes up—offering pocket book to GEORGE)* Here, George, take back the pocket-book—*(GEORGE refuses)* Without condition. *(GEORGE takes it)* Now I've your soul! Bah, what does one more or less matter to me ? I'll give it to Madeline.

GEORGE. Madeline!

GENE. Yes, to Madeline, who loves you still, and would welcome your return as a lost treasure—a mourned friend restored to life—her sole hope of earthly happiness. Will you return to the village ?

GEORGE. *(with energy)* I will—I will. Dear Madeline!

DESGEN. *(advancing, with comic fervour)* So will I—so will I. Dear Tronquette !

GENE. *(solemnly)* You are quite determined? Recollect that you fetter yourselves for life.

DESGEN. *(hesitating, and looking at mousetrap)* I forgot that—eh, George?

GEORGE. *(determinedly)* 'Twill be my happiness—I shall never regret my choice.

DESGEN. *(with comic resolution)* Nor I—nor I. Mousetrap, none of your anti-connubial insinuations—we're both resigned. Book our places—fire away!

GENE. 'Tis well—your hands on the bargain. *(holding out her hands—DESGENNAIS looks at her with suspicion, and glances aside at the mousetrap)* Don't be alarmed—they won't burn you.

(they both give their hands—DESGENNAIS endeavours to laugh, and be bold, but is greatly alarmed—when his hand touches GENEVIEVE'S, he starts, &c.)

DESGEN. *(aside)* What a fool I am! it's all right.

GENE. *(holding their hands)* Now, George Kerven and Jolicoeur Desgenais, you are both mine without hope of retraction. You have given me your hands that you will keep firmly your good resolution. Come, I'm a generous devil—I'll give you one last chance of altering your minds—*(releasing them)* you are free to go from your bargain. Think well—*Paris and Pleasure, or Home and Happiness*—choose !

GEORGE & DESGEN. (*without an instant's hesitation, taking GENEVIEVE'S hands*) Madeline—Tronquette ! Home and Happiness !

GENE. (*joyfully*) You have decided rightly. (*aside*) Now for the last scene of my drama. Good bye for the present—you will see me *once* again, and then *I'll leave you to your fate*. Dear friends, *au revoir—bien tot*.

The air of "Ring, village bells," (played in the dream, first act) is played in the orchestra—ALL are greatly moved by it—GEORGE takes out his handkerchief, and wipes his eyes—DESGENAIS takes up the mousetrap, seems to moralise over it, wiping his eyes with the cuff of his coat, and making comic grimaces—GENEVIEVE looks at both with affection, clasps her hands in joyful thankfulness, and goes off; R. U. E.

DESGEN. (*going to GEORGE, and taking his hand*) George, old friend, we're on our legs once more. (*with comic fervour*) *I, for one, won't run myself off mine again.*

GEORGE. No, no—we'll profit by our warning.

Music—Enter GAOLER, who bows to them with great respect, and presents papers.

DESGEN. (*with great joy*) Our discharge! (*crossing to GEORGE*) Lend me a small note. (*GEORGE gives him one from pocket-book—with great dignity to GAOLOR*) Here, Cerberus, treat the ward, and send for a respectable cab.

The GAOLER makes a series of extravagantly low bows, and exits, R. U. E.

It's astonishing how money *oils the hinges* of a man's back—that fellow, when we came in, was as stiff as a rich relation.

Music—Enter GAOLER, showing in two fashionable TAILORS, and the two little TIGERS, who carry large bundles—GAOLER stands at back.

Oh, our tailors and our tigers! (*the TAILORS advance with respectful bows, and present papers to GEORGE and DESGENAIS*) Oh, receipts for our little bills. (*the TAILORS smirk and bow with great humility—aside*) The magic of money again ! these grinning, bowing scoundrels brought us here. (*the TAILORS motion to the TIGERS to advance, point to the bundles, and in action request GEORGE and DESGENAIS to change their clothes*) Oh, certainly—as we're going to get rid of our *bad habits*, we'll begin with our pantaloons and paletots. (*with comic gaiety*) Mine are very anxious, for—(*showing a rent under his arm*) an *armistice*, and would be delighted at—(*showing rents at his elbows*) a *general peace*. Come, George, make your toilette in my room. Open the door, Cerberus. (*the GAOLER bows, and*

opens door) Lead on! (*to TAILORS*) Rulers of man's destiny, use your potent shears to *cut out*, not *cut off* our respectability. (*to TIGERS*) Incipient butlers and bonifaces, bundle with your bundles.

The TAILORS and BOYS bow, and go off, R. U. E.—DESGENAIS takes GEORGE'S arm, and is swaggering after them, when he stops suddenly, and returns to the table.

Stop—my mousetrap. (*taking it from table, and affectionately pressing it to his heart*) I mustn't leave you behind, dear friend and monitor. When I get home I'll enshrine you in a glass case, and write under you, in letters of gold, "*Immocent Mice Beware of Toasted Cheese, nibble not, or (making the trap snap) Finis Coronat O'puss.*"

Takes GEORGE'S arm, and goes off, R. U. E.—Scene closed in.

SCENE SECOND.—*The Debtor's Yard, at Clichy.*
(*1st Grooves.*)

A great disturbance, yells, hoots, groans, laughter, &c. without, L. Music—Enter HENRI and VICTOR, shabbily dressed, preceding GAOLER, who brings on JACOBUS, followed by a mob of PRISONERS, laughing, groaning, &c., &c.—GAOLER exits.

HENRI. Huzza! the old scoundrel, Jacobus, is caught at last.

DEBTORS. (*pushing him from one to the other*) Pump upon him—pump upon him!

VICTOR. (*knocking his hat over his eyes*) Hang him at the lamp -post!

JACOBUS. (*clasping his hands, in great terror*) No, no, gentlemen! gentlemen—*dear* gentlemen! don't hurt me—don't hurt me! I'm an old man, and like all of you, unfortunate.

HENRI. (*turning him to him*) Where's the estate you tricked me out of?

VICTOR. (*turning him the other way*) Where's the money for the stock you sold for me?

DEBTORS. (*pulling him roughly*) To the pump! to the pump!

VICTOR. } The lamp -post! the lamp-post!

HENRI. }

JACOBUS. Stay, stay, dear, kind gentlemen! spare my life, and I'll give you *all* satisfaction.

DEBTORS. How? how?

JACOBUS. I'll peach on my partners—they are all rich, and can be frightened into restitution.

HENRI. You paving-stone hearted old boa-constrictor! you remorseless *tiger-boweled* cannibal! as long as yor *own* bones are safe, you don't care who crunches your friends. (*taking off*

a very shabby crushed hat, which he puts in his pocket, and bowing) Gentlemen of the gaol—or rather, noblemen's sons in difficulties—(all the DEBTORS bow extravagantly) shall we suffer this bladder-headed old vampire to trample upon one of the most noble and time-honoured obligations of the sharper, the burglar, the pickpocket, and the money-lender? "*Honour among thieves!*" Shall we, although we have rags on our backs and vacuity in our pockets, have still nobility and good feelings in our hearts—consent to profit by the fears of this dastardly reptile, and allow him to immolate his fellow vultures?

DEBTORS. No, no ! To the pump—the pump!

VICTOR. And the lamp-post—the lamp-post !

(Music—Some of the DEBTORS form a seat by crossing their hands, and force JACOBUS to sit upon it—VICTOR and HENRI crown him with a tower of old hats, and carry him off in procession, struggling, and imploring, R.—all the DEBTORS waving torn handkerchiefs, &c., and singing with great gaiety, " Heu, peu, peu, tra, la, la, la."

SCENE THIRD, AND LAST.—*The Room in the Cottage in Brittany, seen in the dream in Act First.*

MADLINE is discovered R., with her spinning wheel beside her—the wheel is motionless, a thread is in her hands, and her head is cast down in sorrow.

AIR,—*" Village Bells," in orchestra. (Tableau).*

MADL. *(after a slight pause, rousing herself and turning her wheel)* Oh, George ! George ! I could never have believed you could treat me so cruelly ; but I forgive you !

TRONQUETTE. *(without, L. in great excitement)* Madeline! Madeline!

Music—TRONQUETTE enters, L. out of breath, and in great joy.

Oh, Madeline! such news! such glorious—such delighting one out of one's senses news. Oh, oh, oh ! *(stamping and dancing and laughing hysterically)* We'll set the bells, ringing—have a bonfire—tap all our ale and cider—make the whole village tipsy, and turn the world and his wife topsy-turvy! *(dancing)* Lon lon, lon, la, la!

MADL. *(trying to stop her)* Tronquette—dear Tronquette, what has happened ?

TRONQ. *(quite out of breath)* Why—why—here's Jacques—he'll tell you.

Music—Enter JACQUES in great joy, L.

JACQUES. Oh, Madeline! has Tronquette told you ? Lon, lon, lon, la! (*dancing with TRONQUETTE the peasant's dance*)

TRONQ. (*as she dances*) No, no, I left it for you—lon, lon, lon, la!

GEORGE. (*without, L.*) Madeline—Madeline!

DESGENAI. (*without*) Tronquette—Tronquette !

Music.—GEORGE and DESGENAIS enter L. dressed in the Brittany costume of gentlemen farmers, and embrace MADELINE and TRONQUETTE—JACQUES, while the two couples are embracing, dances extravagantly in the centre. Tableau.

MADEL. (*in great joy*) And you are mine again!

GEORGE. For ever—for ever !

TRONQ. You'll never kick over again !

DESGEN. Never—never!

MADEL. } Dear George!

GEORGE. } Dear Madeline!

TRONQ. } Dear Jolly!

DESGEN. } Dear Tronkey!

(*they embrace again—JACQUES dances as before, then embraces them all.*)

JACQUES. But you don't know whom you have to thank for your happiness; but for the care and protection of one you little dream of, you would never have seen these two (*slaps them on the back*) wild young jockies again. Guess who it is—guess—guess!

MADEL. Our sister Genevieve?

JACQUES. (*joyfully*) Yes, yes, she was their guardian angel—she has brought them back; and better—she is here to receive her reward (*pointing off, L.*)

Music.—" Ring, Village Bells." MADLLE. CHAMPFLEURI enters, L., in the costume of a well-to-do Brittany peasant girl.

MADLLE. CHAM. Yes, dear sisters—Genevieve, the calumniated exile, returned to the home, and the dear ones of her heart. (*embraces MADELINE and TRONQUETTE*)

MADEL. Dear Genevieve! I knew you would return to us, worthy to be called our sister.

TRONQ. (*with energy*) To be sure, we said all along when the malicious ones spoke ill of you, that " A pancake that's well mixed, and carefully watched, can be kept from burning, let the fire be ever so fierce." *Paris* is a *furnace*, but virtue's a *salamander* that flames can't scorch, ovens bake, nor boiling oil frizzle. (*goes up with GEORGE, JACQUES, and DESGENAIS*)

MDLLE. CHAM. (*to MADELINE, affectionately*) It was to secure *you* happiness, dear Madeline, that I left the village, though the effort cost me much.

MADEL. Ah ! what I suspected, then, is true ! You loved George, and left him that I—(*with a burst of feeling, throwing herself into her arms*) Dear, dear sister, how can I repay this generous sacrifice?

MDLLE. CHAM. (*kisses her*) By keeping my secret, and forgetting that *I* am the cause of your happiness.

DESGEN (*advancing gaily with TRONQUETTE, GEORGE, and JACQUES*) Now, Genevieve, as we're all at home, and the information can go no further than the family, what have you been doing the long time you have been away ? And how have you been able to bring George and I, who don't possess the salamander immunity to fire, home with such a small amount of burns and frizzles ?

MDLLE. CHAM. In the first place, I have become an actress.

GEORGE.

DESGEN } (*with astonishment*) An actress!

JACQUES.

TRONQ. What! one of those painted girls, with pink stockings and tinsel petticoats, who dance on stilts and jump through hoops at fairs! Oh, Genevieve! why didn't you turn washer-woman, and be respectable. But don't be offended—I only, like many other fools who talk like parrots of things they have heard, don't understand—repeat what I have heard. Go on with your story. How did you pull George and Jolicoeur out of the fire ?

MDLLE. CHAM. By a fortunate accident, I saw them on their arrival in Paris—learnt the object of their visit, and (*shakes her head reproachfully*) their conduct to you. And, using the opportunity of the Carnival masquerade, introduced myself to them as (*laughing*) Monsieur Satan ! By following their steps in various disguises, which my histrionic powers and wardrobe enabled me with facility to assume, I have, by my opportune appearance in moments of peril, and the judicious employment of part of the little fortune I have gained by (*kindly smacking TRONQUETTE'S face*) Dancing on stilts, and jumping through hoops, succeeded in preserving their estate, and restoring them to independence and happiness.

MADEL.

TRONQ. } Dear sister!

JACQUES.

GEORGE. Generous friend!

DESGEN. (*with a burst of comic enthusiasm*) Joan of Arc—the queen of hearts—the young man's best companion—the joint stock bank of everything that's good and noble.

MDLLE. CHAM. (*with affectionate tenderness*) To see you happy, my dear brothers and sisters, more than repays my service. My duty being done, and (*joining the hands of GEORGE and MADELINE*) the dearest wish of my heart accomplished, I will return to my *mimic* world, and leave you to enjoy the blessings of your *real* one. (*going*) Farewell!

ALL. (*stopping her*) No, no ! you must not—you *shall* not leave us.

MDLLE. CHAM. I *must!* (*exchanging a look of sorrowful intelligence with MADELINE, and pressing her hands, aside, smiling gaily*) The stage waits—the pink stockings and tinselled petticoat must be donned again. (*with feeling, looking at the group, putting her hand to her heart*) The actress has had her holiday, and must return to PARIS AND PLEASURE, although her heart is *here*, where—(*to AUDIENCE*) she always hopes to find HER HOME AND HAPPINESS.

The air of the "Village Bells" is played in orchestra—MDLLE. CHAMPFLEURI stands in the centre holding the hands of (GEORGE and MADELINE—ALL look at her with affection.—Tableau.

R.

CURTAIN.

L.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*; D. F. *Door in the Flat*; or *Scene running across the back of the Stage*; C. D. F. *Centre Door in the Flat*; D. R. C. *Right Door in the Flat*; L. C. F. *Left Door in the Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; 2 E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*.

The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.