

LOST AND FOUND:

An Operetta

IN ONE ACT,

WRITTEN BY

GEORGE MARCH,

(MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.)

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

VIRGINIA GABRIEL.



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LOST AND FOUND.

First Performed at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, June 27, 1870.

CHARACTERS.

THE BARON, BARITONE. . . . Mr H. BENNETT
LEONARD, (*An Artist*) TENOR. . . . Mr LOREDAN
JEAN PIERRE, (*Gamekeeper to Baron*)
BARITONE. . . . Mr WENMAN
MADELINA, SOPRANO. . . . Miss D'ESTE



Scene—A CHATEAU IN BRITTANY. *Period*—Louis XV.

Time in Performance, One Hour.

COSTUMES.

BARON.—Brown velvet long-skirted coat, trimmed with gold lace, brown velvet breeches, High brown leather gaiters, powdered wig, and three-cornered gold laced hat.

LEONARD.—Green velvet coat with small gold braid, white waistcoat, velvet breeches, black boots with russet tops, powder, three-cornered hat.

JEAN.—Bound jacket, red hair tied into a tail, waistcoat, old velveteen breeches, grey stockings and thick half boots or sabots.

MADELINA.—*First Dress* : Neat dress of a peasant, stuff petticoats, colored stockings, apron, and breton cap. *Second Dress* : Elegant brocade or satin dress of a Marquise, powder, fan, &c.

The Music of Lost and Found is Published by Messrs. Duff & Stewart, 147, Oxford Street, and may be had of all Music Sellers complete for 10s. 6d., nett.

Day after day
In the sun shaded valley } 4s. each,
Thinkest thou }
The Corrigaun sat } (half price allowed.)
Leave me }

LOST AND FOUND.

SCENE.—*Sail in a Chateau in Brittany, with doors R. and L., and open folding door c. leading to grounds. Window at R. 2 E. with table in front of window. Screen L. at back*
As the Curtain rises, BARON enters c. from L. in shooting costume, with gun, &c, and LEONARD follows carrying sketch book under his arm.

BARON. (R.) You are the last person I should have ever thought of meeting in the wilds of Brittany.

LEON. (L.) Meeting you is almost as great a surprise to me, my dear Baron. I had not the remotest idea that I was trespassing on your property. You're here for the shooting, I see.

BARON. Yes—Sport has always been a mania with me. But what are you doing in this part of the world ?

LEON. Studying my profession (*points to sketch book*) in a walking tour round the world, commencing with Brittany.

BARON. I remember now, you're a painter. That picture you painted of my wife when you were recommended by the Marquise de Beaulieu, ought to have made your fortune. She was sixty-three at the time, and you made her look thirty-six. Such talent must surely bring you plenty of customers—among the *old noblesse*.

LEON. But I assure you, the Baroness-----

BARON. Appeared even *more* charming—drawn by you, than *painted* by herself—But the Marquise de Beaulieu—there was a charming little woman if you like, (LEONARD *starts*) but what's the matter ?

LEON. Oh, nothing! (*eagerly*) Did you know her well?

BARON. She was a connection of my wife's, and we were thrown a good deal together, at one time. I remember making rather a fool of myself about her, I made her a—declaration!

LEON. *You* did? how did she take it?

BARON. Burst out laughing in my face, and told me to go home to my young and pretty wife, whose picture she had just seen at your studio. I wonder she'd any laughing in her, married as she was to a man so unsuited to her. The Marquis's life was spent in eating, drinking and gambling; with these three little expensive weaknesses he consumed a great part of her large fortune, and no doubt the whole would have gone if he had not been drawn into a quarrel, and killed in a duel. His adversary, who banks with me, wrote me an account of it all yesterday, and to-day the whole story's in the paper, (*takes paper from pocket and points out, reading*) "At Calcutta,—killed in a duel, after a supper—three months ago—gambling quarrel."

LEON. With all these details it must be true. Oh! why did he not live a little longer, so that I might have avenged her wrongs!

BARON. (*aside*) Or die a little sooner. So that he could have married the widow, (*aloud*) But what makes you take up her cause so warmly?

LEON. Because when on earth to me she was an angel, a ministering angel. Poor and unknown, with no one to patronize me, I was dying of want in a miserable garret. My last picture had just been refused at the Exhibition—in a fit of despair I took up a knife, cut it to atoms, and was on the point of putting an end to my wretched existence, when I heard a knock at my door.

BARON. (*aside*) Suicide postponed *sine die*.

LEON. On opening it, I found a lady, accompanied by a servant in livery. She had heard me raving, from the room next door, (where she had been on a mission of charity,) for she said to me in the kindest manner "You are a painter I understand." The next day she gave me her first sitting; from that moment a future seemed open to me. She gave me fresh orders, paying me in advance,

to enable me to visit Italy, to study the old masters. I spent a year in Rome and then returned to Paris, to see her, as I hoped, and to hear as I thought, her sweet voice once more, when to my utter dismay I heard she was no more ; and now my only comfort is to speak of her—I have no other—not even her likeness to look at.

SONG.

Day after day I've tried to paint
 That image that I love so well,
 Each effort is, alas! more faint,
 The reason why I cannot tell;
 For in my heart I see quite plain
 The face of her I love so well,
 Yet all my efforts are but vain—
 The reason why I cannot tell.
 Night after night I see her face,
 Her drooping eyes and golden hair ;
 When daylight dawns I cannot trace
 Her form—'t must be she is too fair.
 No angel from the soft blue sky
 With her in beauty can compare,
 That is perhaps the reason why
 I fail—'t must be she is too fair.

BARON. Ah! I see you love her, and I don't wonder at it. But what should you say if I were to show her to you once more—not in a picture but in the flesh ? I have only been here two days, and yesterday I met a village girl called Madelina, a dairymaid, I fancy, who is—the very image of the Marquise, she lives down at the farm, with her aunt; but she comes here twice a day with milk for the use of the house, (*looking towards c.*) I think I hear her coming now. (*points to screen*) If we stand behind that screen, she wont see us, and you can have a good look at her.

[They hide behind screen, BARON having thrown news paper on table.

Enter MADELINA C. *from L. with pails of milk, singing.*

In the sun-shaded valley beneath the hill,
 By the side of the silvery mountain rill,

Like a happy fay
 Do I love to stray,
 Going and coming wherever I will.
 By the bank where the violet modestly grows,
 Under the leaf of the yellow primrose,
 Where the fern and brake
 A good shelter make,
 There when I'm weary I love to repose.
 Homeward at twilight my way do I wend,
 With the milk white heifer I love to tend,
 Free from ev'ry care,
 As free as the air,
 A happy and careless life do I spend.

(LEONARD and BARON come from behind screen.)

LEON. (*who has been contemplating her with an expression of sadness and astonishment.*) The same features, same eyes, same expression—I almost believe it is she. (*going up to her*) Surely it must be !

MAD. (*curtseying*) What is it, good sir ?

BARON. Well, my lovely one, so you've brought the milk, don't spill it as you did yesterday, [*pats her shoulder*]

MAD. Sir!

LEON. (*throwing himself into chair*) It is not she after all.

BARON. Do I look so very alarming ?

MAD. Terribly ! You frightened me so yesterday that I spilt ever so much milk, twenty sous worth, aunt says, and its to be stopped out of my wages.

BARON. Your aunt's a barbarian, but you shan't suffer for my fault. Here, (*offering money*) Stay! but on one condition.

MAD. I'll have no conditions.

BARON. She likes the look of it.

MAD. (*pointing to money*) Why that's gold, sir; you've made a mistake.

BARON. No mistake at all; take it to buy ribbons.

LEON. (*rising*) The form and features are hers; but the manner and voice, oh how different!

[*Exit LEONARD, R.*]

MAD. What is the matter, sir, with that young gentleman, have I frightened him ?

BARON. No, quite the contrary; the fact is, you're the image of a great lady — a Marquise, he once loved, but to whom he never dared tell his love.

MAD. Why doesn't he tell her now ?

BARON. Because she is dead, poor woman. But the most extraordinary thing is that he goes on worshipping, her now she's dead, and refuses to be consoled for her loss.

MAD. Poor young man !

BARON. Oh ! he thinks it romantic.

DUET.

B. He's a painter, a poet, which means he's a muff,
One whose head is choke full of all sorts of queer stuff;
" Imagination " they call it, but I

Could never make out what they mean to imply.

M. Must a painter, a poet, be likewise a muff ?
Must his head be quite full of all sorts of queer stuff?
" imagination " they call it, and why ?

I wonder what such a long word can imply ?

B. They gaze at the stars, and they sigh to the moon,
And look melancholy from morning till noon;
Shun the world, call on no one, unless it's their Muse,
And when they are asked to be jolly, refuse.

M. To gaze at the stars, and to sigh to the moon,
To listen to verses from morning to noon;
How pleasant that sounds ! If I were but a Muse,
And *he* called on me, I could nothing refuse.

MAD. *You* have none of that imagination, sir, I am sure, in your head.

BARON. No, thank heaven, I, Madelina, am a practical man.

MAD. But this great lady ?

BARON. You'd like to hear all about her, would'nt you?

MAD. Yes. Was she pretty ?

BARON. (*politely*) I have already said she was like you.

MAD. (*looking as if she only half understood*) I suppose that's called a compliment. I don't get many at home. My cousin Jean Pierre, he's a regular bear, and

yet he's found some one to love him. It s true she's no great things, except in size, and has red hair, and a squint. They call her the Infant, down here.

[JEAN PIERRE *is heard disputing outside*]

BARON. I am sure I wish him joy. But here he comes, I recognize his (*ironically*) good-tempered voice, I am sorry for the Infant.

JEAN. (*talking outside*) Well, if you don't choose to stand anything, in goes your name to the mayor.

JEAN *enters c. from L.*

BARON. What is it, Jean Pierre ?

JEAN. Good gracious! the Baron ! (*coming down R.C., aloud*) Nothing, sir, only an idle fellow I caught in the wood, setting wires I believe, tho' I didn't exactly catch him in the act. I've my dooty to perform, so I've made up my mind to have up every single fellow who—

BARON. Won't stand something handsome, eh ?

JEAN. Who's been saying that ? some ill-natured person I know. I should'nt wonder if it were cousin Madalina; oh ! how I do hate that girl.

MAD. Hate me! why I should like to know ?

BARON. Why indeed ?

SONG—JEAN.

Why do I hate her ? I'll soon tell you why,
 'Cause she is haughty, and thinks herself high;
 Whereas to my mind, she is naught but a minx,
 That's my plain opinion; I says what I thinks.
 Why did she, leaving her friends down at Nantes,
 Come here and quarter herself at her aunt's ?
 Nobody axed her, so what right had she
 To come here at all interfering with me ?
 She don't do no work 'cause her hands is too white,
 So I've to do double, which aint at all right.
 She's naught but an upstart, so why pray should she,
 Go showing her airs and her graces to me ?
 Afore she come here I was always helped fust,
 At dinner and supper I now gets the worst ?
 I fares much the same both at breakfast and tea,
 And that's why I've took such a dislike to she.

I've no taste for work, for the which I'm not made,
 The coves as docs least is the ones that's best paid;
 Whatever they says of the famed " Busy Bee,"
 I'm sure that his life would'nt ever suit me.
 When I sees master's lackeys, well dressed, and well fed,
 Warmed and washed, an ambition comes into my head;
 And I thinks to myself how I should like to be,
 What ignorant folks call a pampered flunkey.

BARON. (*laughing*) What! you really aspire to be—

JEAN. A flunkey; so if your honour would like to take
 me to Paris, and give me an independent sitivation.

BARON. I'll think it over—speak to me about it later.
 (*to MADELINA who is leaving*) Where are you off to ?

MAD. To the dairy to help aunt make the cheese.

JEAN. And who's to cook my dinner I should like to
 know ?

BARON. Why don't you go and dine in the kitchen ?

JEAN. As super-numery—ah! that I will.

BARON. Yes, go Jean Pierre and have thy fill.

JEAN. Ah! that I will.

TRIO.

JEAN. To the kitchen I'll go,
 To the regions below,
 Where they serve up such jolly good fare,
 My time I'll not waste,
 For I'm longing to taste
 All the good things they live on down there.

[goes up L.

MAD. How I wish he would go
 To the regions below,
 The nasty cross ill-mannered bear;
 Why wont he make haste ?
 Why thus his time waste ?
 He's enough to make any saint swear!

[goes up R.

BARON. To the devil pray go,
 As she hints, you're *de trap*,
 Of this fact you don't seem quite aware ;
 Why don't you make haste ?
 Why thus your time waste ?
 When your dinner is waiting down there.

[*Exeunt* JEAN R. D., MADELINA C. D.]

BARON. She's charming. How I do wish the Baroness would take her to Paris as lady's maid. I do like to see pretty faces about the house; I fear this one will be almost too pretty for the Baroness, (*perceiving* LEONARD *who enters from c. D. in a reverie*) But here's the sentimental young gentleman again—up in the clouds, as usual, (*aloud*) Well my young friend, I hope you feel better.

LEON. (*starting from reverie, shaking his head*) More wretched than ever—this fatal likeness—far from being a comfort to me, is only a source of pain. The features are hers, it is *her* living image, cast as it were in the same mould; the outward form is hers, but the soul and mind, alas ! are only Madelina's.

BARON. Whoever the outward form belongs to, it's remarkably attractive. If you don't take care you'll be caught by it yet.

LEON. *I*—caught ?

BARON. I'll make a bet!

LEON. *I*—forget the Marquise ! compare a mere woman with that angel! *I* have a single thought for any-one else! No, Baron ! the sight of this girl gives me only painful emotions.

BARON. I am sorry for that, for more reasons than one.

LEON. What may they be ?

BARON. I was going to ask you to do me a favour.

LEON. I am at your service.

BARON. My wife would be so pleased to have a likeness of the Marquise, who you know was a relation of hers ; and I want you to paint one, a *pendant* to the Baroness's portrait. You could do it in two or three sittings.

LEON. (*excited*) Yes! you are right, it is the only chance left of getting a likeness of her.

BARON. Come then. [*goes towards* L. D.]

LEON. (*following the BARON when he perceives MADE-
LINA entering from c. D., he starts. MADELINA places tray
of cream, cheese R. C.*) Ah !

BARON. (*coming back through L. B.*) Why what's the
matter ? (*LEONARD points out MADELINA. taking hold of
LEONARD'S hand.*) How you tremble, boy !

LEON. Seeing her fills me with emotion I cannot con-
trol. What is she doing here ?

BARON. She's only on her way to the dairy.

LEON. (*shocked*) Oh! don't talk about it!

BARON. Too matter of fact I suppose — too material!
no sentiment, or poetry to be squeezed out of—buttermilk,
eh! Well, well, I must go and wash my hands, for *I'm*
unsentimental enough to want my dinner. Good bye for
the present. (*exit BARON,R.*)

[*MADELINA has placed her cream cheeses on table and
sits R.LEONARD contemplates her for a few seconds.*]

DUET.

MAD. What you still here ? then 'tis not true
The sight of me so troubles you.

LEON. Too true it is thy presence gives me pain.

MAD. Then why come near me, Sir ?—pray do explain.

LEON. Some strange fascination
Attracts me to thee,
Altho' the sensation
Is painful to me ;
But what this can be
Is a secret to thee.

MAD. That some fascination
Attracts him to me,
I've no hesitation
In owning I see,
But what can there be
So attractive in me ?

LEON. (*warmly.*) 'Tis that I love thee, my adored Louise.

MAD. My name is Madelina, if you please.

LEON. Beloved image of that one, so dear.

MAD. (*aside*) I wonder why I tremble when he's near ?

LEON. (*taking her hand*)

What ails thee dear Louise what ails thee pray ?
Why dost thou turn thy face from me away ?

MAD. I ne'er before, Sir, heard such words as these.

LEON. They were intended for-----

MAD. The dead Marquise.

How should a girl like me, Sir, know ?

How could I tell that this were so ?

I thought that when 'twas placed in thine,
The hand that felt that clasp, was mine!

But since you say it is not so,

I shall, of course, in future know

That when my hand is pressed by thine,

It is another's hand—not mine.

LEON. You really felt ?

MAD. I felt you press my hand.

LEON. But what it meant ?

MAD. I did not understand.

LEON. (*warmly.*) Such innocence, I never met before,
Dear Madelina, I'll ne'er leave thee more.

MAD. Not leave me more !

LEON. Do pray this favour grant!

MAD. I don't object—but, you must ask my aunt.

LEON. Tell me one thing, and frankly, dear, I pray;
Hast thou a sweetheart ?

MAD. Sweetheart! Must I say ?

LEON. At your age, there's no doubt.

MAD. I've not one, yet—

LEON. She says this with a feeling of regret.

MAD. At least I thought not—till just now you pressed
—My hand—

LEON. No *hers*—

MAD. Well, *hers*, in thine caressed.

LEON. That gave you some new thought, I well could see.

MAD. It made me wonder what this love could be.

When you began to speak

Of things unknown to me,

My fancy tried to seek

What this word " love " could be.

LEON. When to thine heart this wish for knowledge came.

You thought of someone—come, tell me his name.

MAD. His name! oh, no! his name I dare not tell.

LEON. Say—in this village does thy lover dwell?

MAD. Yes, he dwells here—but I can say no more,
So ask me not.

LEON. Oh tell me I implore!

MAD. Reveal his name I can't,
That name I dare not tell;
But hither, (*points to c. D.*) comes my aunt,
So I must say farewell.

LEON. Oh, do this favour grant,
His name I pray thee, tell;
But hither comes your aunt,
So we must say farewell.

LEON & MAD. Farewell, farewell, &c, &c.

[Exit MADELINA. R.]

LEON. Yes, poor child, I will undertake to secure your happiness. It is a duty I owe to Louise—and one I promise to perform in remembrance—of her. As soon as I learn her lover's name, I'll speak to the Baron about it—and if necessary, I will sell every picture I paint to provide her with a marriage portion, *[sits down to draw at table R. 2 E., with his back turned to R.]*

Enter BARON from R. U. E. followed by JEAN PIERRE, they don't notice LEONARD drawing.

BABON. (*coming c.*) I tell you I know it, for a fact.

JEAN. Cousin Madelina,—loves me?

LEON. (*Jumping up excited.*) Good heavens! this is the man!

BARON (*to LEON.*) Ah! you're at work, I didn't see you. We shan't interrupt you, we're only talking over some business—quite uninteresting to you.

LEON. (*aside.*) Uninteresting to me! Fancy my gentle Madelina loving a boor like that.

[sits down and listens while he pretends to draw.]

JEAN. Now I comes to think on it, may be you're right after all, and tho' I've no fancy for she, that's no reason she shouldn't be sweet on me. She would'nt be the fust in the village who's made up to Jean Pierre, and been disappointed, *[swaggers.]*

LEON. (*aside.*) The conceited Ape!

JEAN. But suppose this here be true—what's the good on't?

BARON. If you'll listen I'll tell you. You wanted me this morning to take you into my service.

JEAN. (*wiping his mouth.*) I wants it all the more since I've been in the kitchen.

BARON. Well you see, I'm a very straight-laced kind of a master. I'm a married man myself, and wont have any unmarried men in my house.

JEAN. Then we shann't fall out there—for this very morning I promised marriage to a young woman, a remarkably fine young woman, they call her the infant down here, for a joke, 'cause she's so full grown, and her father's going to give her two hundred crowns.

BARON. The remarkably fine young woman won't suit me. I don't want any prize cattle in my establishment, besides they tell me she squints and I dislike a squint.

JEAN. But she's got two hundred crowns.

BARON. And carotty hair.

JEAN. But she's got two hundred crowns.

BARON. Your wife will of course accompany you to Paris—where my house is renowned for its elegance and refinement. I like my servants to be as little unrefined as possible, and that is the reason I have selected Madelina; therefore, whether she suits you or not, you don't enter my service unless you marry her. I'll give you five minutes to decide.

JEAN PIERRE. (*meditating.*) Yes. No. Yes. No. When in doubt toss up. [*goes to table tossing up money.*]

DUET.

JEAN. This matter's worth thinking of Jean Pierre, my lad;

After all Madelina's not half so bad. [*comes down c*]

LEON. (*R. slipping bank note into JEAN'S hand.*)

There's a note you may keep, on condition you wed
The Infant—

JEAN. What, marry the infant instead. ?

LEON. 'Tis for five hundred francs.

JEAN. (*taking note and looking at it.*)

On the safest of Banks !

You don't mean it really ?

LEON. I really do.

JEAN. (*pockets note.*) Thanks.
 "This infant I've promised to many you see,
 And nothing's so dear as my honour to me,
 Then she's two hundred crowns, 'tis a tidy amount,
 Of which little sum I've had part on account.

BARON. (*surprised.*) She has two hundred crowns ?

JEAN. Yes, she's two hundred crowns.

BARON. You don't mean that really ?

JEAN. I really do.

BARON. (*leading JEAN aside.*) Zounds !
 That honour you hoast of will turn out I fear,
 Not only to you, but to me rather dear,
 (*taking purse from his pocket.*)
 Take this purse, but one single condition I make,
 That for better or worse, Madelina you take.

JEAN. Yes for better or worse,
 In exchange for this purse, (*pockets purse.*)

B A RON. You don't seem to mind it.

JEAN. No quite the reverse.

BARON. But here she comes. Go and make her happy.
 I shall expect to hear this evening that its all settled.
 [*exit R. U. E. ogling MADELINA as she enters R.*]

LEON. (*aside, drawing at table.*) I have at any rate
 saved her, in spite of the Baron, from marrying a boor
 who would have rendered her life unbearable.

JEAN. (*going up to MAD.*) Are you looking for me, my
 pretty cousin, Eh ?

MAD. No, Jean Pierre; I'm looking for the house-
 keeper, who wants to see me.

JEAN. (*seizing her hand which she takes away.*) That's
 a good joke, but it won't do. Why you're all of a tremble.
 I understand it,—so I shall come to the p  t once. I
 love you.

MAD. (*who has been staring with astonishment at him,
 indignantly.*) How dare you speak to me like that. ?

JEAN. I offer you marriage on the spot.

LEON. (*getting up very indignant, and coming down?*)
 You! Jean Pierre! offer her marriage, when you have
 promised to marry the " Infant," and have been paid for it!

JEAN. Five hundred francs! (*giving them back.*) I return 'em; my affections are not to be bought, I love little Madelina, and her alone, and I offer her my hand and fortune.

LEON. Don't believe him, Madelina.
(*goes back to drawing table.*)

JEAN. There's no mistake about it. The Baron has given me twice as much as you, on condition, I marry Madelina.

MAD. But I wont have it I tell you.

DUET.

JEAN. You're wrong in refusing,
To hesitate choosing.

MAD. (*laughing.*) A husband who is such a catch, (*laughs.*)

JEAN. A fortune like this, dear,
'Tis folly to miss, dear.

MAD. I dont think that we're a good match.
(*JEAN tries to squeeze her hand.*)

MAD. (*angry.*) Its no use your teasing,
Or both my hands squeezing,

JEAN. Just think of the chance that you lose.

MAD. Don't try with your mammon,
A poor girl to gammon.

JEAN. My offer you're wrong to refuse.

LEON. (*clapping his hands, comes down.*) Quite right, Madelina. I'd see him at the bottom of the sea before I'd marry him. You're quite right.

JEAN. Quite wrong. Its a downright robbery, trying to deprive me of a fortune and a career, but for all you may both say, she *shall* be my wife.

MAD. Shall she.

JEAN. Why not ?

MAD. Because I don't like you.

JEAN. (*smiling.*) I knows better nor that.

MAD. Because I dislike you—will *that* do ?

JEAN. Who'll believe that ? Say if you like, that there is others who—perhaps at this moment, you may be a hankering after; others—strangers, like this gentleman here.

MAD. The idea of such a thing!

LEON. Why she's seen me to-day for the first time!

JEAN. But *not* for the first time to-day!

MAD. Will you be quiet, Jean Pierre ?

JEAN. I saw her behind the fir-trees this morning, a pushing back the branches that she might have a good look at you, when you were sitting on the bank drawing, she never took her eyes off you.

MAD. Pray don't believe him, he's a wicked story-teller.

JEAN. And when I caught her at these here games, she blushed with shame—and was all of a flurry.

MAD. Don't believe him—I had only that moment perceived you.

JEAN. She'd been there ever such a long time, you know that, very well, and I'll let everybody else know, shame on you—running after a gentleman in that way!

TRIO.

JEAN. Yes, your shame
I'll proclaim,
Down your pride I'll bring.
I won't spare
You, I swear,
You shall feel my sting.

MAD. What a shame,
To defame
Me, for such a thing.
'T isn't fair
I declare,
Shame on me to bring.

LEON. (*coming c. between JEAN and MADELINA.*)

There's no shame
To proclaim,
Let him use his sting.
If he dare
He could ne'er,
Shame upon you bring.

JEAN. You'd better change before it is too late.

MAD. What marry you, a man I loathe and hate!

LEON. I can't imagine a more dreadful fate.

LEON. She is, alas! no more.

MAD. (*sighing*) That's all the worse; beauty fades, youth withers, but memory is an evergreen!

LEON. (*astonished.*) What a sentiment! how did you get hold of that?

MAD. I am sure I do'nt know.

LEON. Altho' of course you know you are pretty, Madelina. I don't think you have any idea how charming you are. I assure you, you are very nearly as attractive as—

MAD. The Marquise ?

LEON. (*embarrassed.*) Yes; but in a different way.

MAD. (*sighing.*) Ah! if I could only become like her, and a lady! but of course with a country girl that is impossible. She was *very, very* pretty, I suppose ?

LEON. She had some qualities you, Madelina, do not possess; such as distinction, grace, &c. But you, on the other hand, are more tender, more a child of nature—and then her eyes—

MAD. Were of a different colour?

LEON. No. The very same, but their expression was that of pride, or rather of coldness and indifference, whereas yours beam with tenderness. Then you are without name or fortune. The Marquise was well born and rich. It was that indeed which caused me to shun rather than seek her society; the thought that she could imagine I loved her for her wealth and station was intolerable to me.

MAD. (*with joy*) Then you never told her you loved her ?

LEON. Never ! with you, I had more courage.

MAD. Because what you said was not meant for me.

LEON. Oh, yes it was, partly ; I have a great affection for you, and should like to see you happy ; I wish I could find some one worthy of you.

MAD. Thank you, sir, (*gets up.*) I prefer remaining as I am. (*places chair back*)

LEON. What, never marry ?

MAD. Never.

LEON. Why.

MAD. That's my secret,—but *you*, sir.

LEON. (*horrified.*) I! unfaithful to her !

*[gets up and places chair at back L. contemplates MADE-
LINA during symphony; advancing towards her as air
commences.*

SONG.

Thinkest thou that I could ever
 Turn my thoughts from her above ?
 Thinkest thou I could e'er sever
 Links that bind me to my love ?
 While her image stands beside me,
 And her spirit hovers near;
 Spirit that may some day guide me
 To her in some happy sphere ;
 Spirit that may now be watching
 From some Aidenn far above—
 Watching if my heart be worthy—
 Worthy of her future love.

LEON. No, Madelina, I shall never marry, the only affection my heart will ever admit will be a brother's love for you.

MAD. If you really have any friendship for me, leave this place to-day, and never see me again.

LEON. What give up my only happiness, Madelina ?

MAD. Your happiness, alas! I am but the reflection of it.

LEON. What matters it—if it gives me an interest in life—and helps to console me for her loss.

MAD. For pity's sake—leave me—leave me ere it is too late.

DUET.

MAD. Leave me while 'tis yet unbroken,
 Leave me—I implore ;
 And the words I may have spoken
 Think of never more.
 Think no more of Madelina,
 Faithful to thy fond Marquise;
 Would to heaven I had been a
 Lady—like thy loved Louise!

LEON. Take not back—what thou hast spoken,
 But thy soul out-pour
 To a heart that will, tho' broken,
 Love thee evermore.
 Let me love thee, Madelina,
 Image of the fond Marquise,
 Thanking heaven I have seen a
 Likeness of my loved Louise.

Yes Madelina let me love you—with a brother's love—
 let me be——

MAD. No, it is too late, you should not have spoken
 of this—*other* love. Leave me I implore, remember your
 promise.

LEON. (*sorrowfully*) You insist? Then farewell, but
 before I leave—you *too* must grant me one favour—let me
 (*kneels down and presses her hand to his lips.*) Let me as
 a brother—

[*at this moment BARON followed by JEAN enters from
 R.U. E. and discover LEONARD on his knees.*

JEAN. (*entering.*) Ah! what do I see ? [MADELINA
runs off R.]

BARON. (*coming in behind JEAN.*) What's the matter ?

JEAN. Why Madelina, my intended, whom you gave
 me your purse to marry—

BARON. (*impatiently.*) Well?

JEAN. Was being kissed by that gentleman.

[*points to LEONARD.*

BARON. (*aside to quiet him.*) Say nothing about it, you
 shall have a thousand francs more.

JEAN. That's another thing.

BARON. (*sarcastically to LEONARD*) So, so, my melan-
 choly swain. In spite of your grief you appear to allow
 yourself—

LEON. This sarcasm is thrown away, Baron. I don't
 deny the emotion I felt at the sight of this young girl; you
 know the cause, but however great the interest or affection
 she inspires me with, may be, it will not detain me a single
 day more in this country; and having made up my mind
 to go, I was taking leave of Madelina—with her permission.

JEAN. Oh! if it was taking leave, that's another pair of shoes ; there are circumstances—

BARON. Extenuating circumstances—

JEAN. (*to LEON.*) AS that's the case, sir, I'm sure I axe your pardon, (*aside.*) I think I ought to have damages.

BARON. (*to LEON.*) Yes, my dear fellow, pardon us for having for one moment supposed that you had other intentions.

LEON. My *only* intention is to proceed on my journey.

BARON. To-day ?

LEON. Immediately.

BARON. You forget you made me a promise, a promise I won't let you break; my wife will be so pleased, and she's coming down here to-morrow. You know you promised me a portrait of the Marquise.

LEON. True, but though I confess the idea pleased me this morning, I am less inclined to carry it out now; then I've none of my things here, I left them at the village inn.

BABON. We'll soon have them fetched for you. That's Jean Pierre's business, (*to JEAN.*) Run quick and bring the gentleman's painting things.

JEAN. You'll excuse me, sir, but under present circumstances, which don't happen to be extenuating, I say—you'll excuse me if I don't *think* it right—if I don't altogether—*think*—

BARON. *Think?* what the devil do you mean Sir? what business has a fellow like you to *think* ?

JEAN. That's a good joke! How's a man to help thinking? why you can't prevent yourself thinking that I've no business to think, any more than I can help thinking I have—

BARON. If you must ape your betters, do it at any rate on the way to the Inn, and make haste and bring back the gentleman's painting things, for he wants to be off.

JEAN. And to get me off that he may take leave again. (*aside.*) Now if he'd stand something—I'd risk it, but if he wont stand anything—if he can't behave better than a common painter, or a glazier, I'm not going to have him taking leave of my intended all day, no, nor fetch his painting things neither.

LEON. (*aside.*) I suppose he wants something for his trouble, something on account, he has a decidedly commercial mind. (*pulls out some money to give him.*)

BARON. Leave him alone for that, he'll never lose a chance of extorting money out of someone. I am almost sorry now that I have promised to take him to Paris, he'll want me to stand something every time I look at Madelina, and so unless her beauty vanishes, my weekly bills will increase so rapidly that the Baroness may think it necessary to look into the accounts, (*turning round and seeing JEAN putting money LEONARD has given him into his pocket.*) Ah! I can see by his face that he has been levying his black mail. Never mind I'll deduct it all out of his wages some day. (*to JEAN.*) You've nothing to stay for now.

JEAN. I'm off, but no leave taking, mind, while I'm away, (*going off.*) I'll be back in a brace of shakes—you'll keep your eye on him master, wont you? [*exit, to L. C.*]

BARON. He'll soon be back unless, he finds someone, to pay him to stay, but that's not likely, so you will soon be able to set to work.] If you've positively made up your mind about it, you shall go after you've done this, out I didn't fancy all my plan being knocked on the head.

LEON. All your plan?

BARON. Yes, I had an idea—a capital idea.

LEON. (*rather surprised.*) Ah!

BARON. Touching this portrait—I've given orders to the old housekeeper to unpack one of the Baroness' boxes which arrived just now, take out the prettiest gown she can find, and dress up Madelina as a great lady, as a Marquise, so as to render the likeness even more striking, if possible. You will then have a perfect copy to work from; one's only got to mention the Marquise and you are worked up in a minute. You no longer refuse, Eh? I'll tell you how to take her—it will be quite new—with a basket of flowers in her hand.

LEON. Ah yes, she loved them so.

BARON. I'll go and gather some in the garden, [*exit C. D.*]

DUET.*

BARON. Yes, we'll have plenty of flowers all round,
With garlands we'll bind up her hair,

* If this duet is omitted all the previous dialogue is to be spoken. If duet is sung, dialogue marked between brackets is to be omitted.

I know with sweet flowers my gardens abound,
A bouquet I'll run and prepare, [*about to leave*]

LEON. (*detaining him.*)

Tho' with sweet flowers your gardens abound,
Tho' tended with every care ;
No flower that grows there will ever be found
With that one—now dead—to compare.

BARON	{	The lily, the rose, and the pansy grow there,
LEON.	{	The lily may boast that no flower's so fair.
BARON	{	And hollyhocks, pink, white, and red,
LEON.	{	The roses their perfume may spread,
BARON	{	In fact I believe there's a perfect parterre,
LEON.	{	But none of those flowers can ever compare,
BARON	{	With flowers wherever you tread,
LEON.	{	With that one that blooms overhead.

[*exit* BARON L.]

LEON. The moment I have finished the portrait, I will leave. It is right that I should do so. (*looks R. as MADELINA comes in R. D. dressed as a Marquise, drawing back astonished.*) What do I see ? I am either mad—or it is Louise. In heaven's name say you *are* Louise.

MAD. (*shaking her head.*) Alas ! I am but Madelina, whom they have dressed up like this. Tell me, pray, what it all means.

LEON. It means that I am to paint your portrait for them, as I promised, (*excited.*) No, they shall never have it. But (*looking round.*) let me take a pencil sketch of you as you are,—for myself, for myself alone.

MAD. I thought you were going to leave the Chateau?

LEON. So I am, but not without a likeness of my lost love—I promise to go directly I have done it.

MAD. You promise?

LEON. Yes, it wont take me long, and then I will leave you—The sketch will ever remind me of this day—so fraught with pleasure and pain, (*music, while he places a table to draw at, MADELINA throws herself into an awkward position.*) No, that won't do, I should like to take you in a more natural position, for instance as you were when I first saw you, when you came in singing. Ah! if I could only catch

your expression as it was then. Sing something to me, and I will try. [*places MADELINA in attitude, standing. She shrinks almost imperceptibly, when he touches her.*]

MAD. Did the Marquise sing ?

LEON. Yes, quaint old ballads, charmingly.

MAD. I think I can sing a ballad, or legend they call it here, about a sort of fairy who used to haunt the river side, many years ago.

LEON. Oh! do sing it. (*aside.*) Just what Louise would have sung.

MAD. I will.

LEON. Just stand up like that for a few minutes.

[*places chair, and sits to draw while she is singing.*]

SONG.—MADELINA.

The Corrigaun sat by a fountain fair,
Combing and plaiting her yellow hair,
When a weary knight
Girt in armour bright,
Chanced that day
To wend his way
To the sparkling brink of this fountain fair.

"Whoever thou fool-hearted knight may'st be,"
Cried the Corrigaun, "thou shalt wed with me,!"

"Come and spend thy life

"With a fairy wife,"

But the knight replied—

"A long-loved bride

"Is waiting and watching at home for me."

"No bride" she cried "shalt thou find to tell

"What happened to thee in this fairy dell."

Small heed did he pay

As he rode away—

Yet that night she died,

His long-loved bride,

Crushed by the weight of the Corrigaun's spell.

LEON. Brava! Brava! (*aside.*) How charming she is.

MAD. But you've not begun the picture.

LEON. I was listening.

MAD. You can't expect me to stand like this all day.

LEON. That's true, (*pointing to an arm chair.*) Sit down there and face me. (*she sits down fixing her eyes on the floor while he draws.*) I won't keep you ten minutes ; but don't fix your eyes on the ground, look *straight* at me.

MAD. (*looking at his eyes.*) Like that?

LEON. Yes, like that; don't move, (*draws.*)

MAD. Is that right ?

LEON. No, you mustn't look at me, it prevents me working.

MAD. Not look at you ? I must look somewhere.

LEON, (*getting up.*) Stay! can you read?

MAD. (*hesitating.*) No.

LEON. Never mind ; look as if you could, (*takes newspaper which BARON has left on the table, with the account of her husband's death, and gives it her.*) Take this paper, (*he sits down again to draw. MADELINA appears to be reading.*) That's capital, don't move, (*draws, while she gradually faints to musical accompaniment!*) Good heavens ! what is the matter? She trembles—drops the paper—she is fainting ? (*falls on his knees and takes her hand,*) Speak Madelina ; what is it ?

[*at this moment the BARON enters from L. with a bouquet, and JEAN from c. with the painting things.*]

JEAN. (*uttering a cry and dropping paint-box.*) A pretty state of things again! no extenuating circumstances this time!

BARON. (*checking JEAN.*) Hold your row, will you !

JEAN. Hold my row, while that gentleman remains on his knees to my intended. What do you think I am made of?

BARON. (*aside*) You shall have five hundred more. (*aside*) he'll ruin me.

JEAN. That's another thing, after all, perhaps he is only taking leave, again.

BARON. (*aside.*) I heartily wish he was.

LEON. (*still on his knees, turning to BABON.*) Help ! for goodness sake. Can't you see that she is ill.

BARON. (*to JEAN.*) Quick, run and call some one.

JEAN. Yes, but you'll look after them won't you? Keep your eye on that gentleman, if she should come to while I'm away.

[BARON *goes off at L. D. sending off JEAN.* MADE-
LINA *still in arm chair, LEONARD still on his*
knees before her.]

LEON. She's coming to—she's coming to. (*speaking low and tenderly to MADELINA*) Farewell! Madelina, farewell!

MAD. (*taking hold of his arm and speaking low.*) No! remain now!

LEON. (*surprised.*) What do you say ?

BARON. (*coming from L. D.*) Well, is she better ?

MAD. (*seeing BARON near her.*) Oh! it is nothing, Sir, only the heat, fatigue, and surprise.

BARON. Well, it wont do for me to interrupt your sitting, (*to LEONARD.*) Pray go on. (*to MADELINA.*) But you mustn't sit like that, your attitude's ungraceful. Bear in mind that nothing stamps a lady so much as style, (*she gets up.*) You must stand—naturally—more at ease, (*throws himself into a stiff attitude.*) like me. (*MADELINA imitates BARON'S attitude.*) That's capital—a first rate imitation, one would hardly know you from a real lady. (*ironically to MADELINA, who reads newspaper*) And well, my dear Marquise—what's the news ?

MAD. (*taking him off*) The most interesting my dear Baron.

BARON. (*laughing to LEONARD.*) First rate, upon my honor.

MAD. They say that the Marquise de Beaulieu, a lady well known in Paris, had recourse some time ago to a stratagem, to free herself from an insupportable life, with her husband. She positively spread the report of her own death!-----

LEON. Good heavens ! they say that ?

BARON. (*laughing to LEON.*) Why she's making fun of you.

MAD. (*more seriously.*) But in reality, concealed herself in the house of her old nurse in Brittany,-----

LEON. (*much excited.*) Can this be true ?

MAD. Having made up her mind to pass the remainder of her days there in peace. The sudden death however of the Marquis, has restored her once more to the world, (*giving her hand to LEONARD.*) and to liberty !

LEON. (*with much emotion, falling on his knees.*) You are then Louise, my loved Louise.

BARON. (*falling on his knees the other side of her.*)
Forgive me—Marquise—pray.

MAD. (*to BARON.*) On condition that for the future you behave better to your young and pretty wife.

Enter JEAN, bringing glass of water; on seeing BARON and LEONARD both on their knees to MADELINA, he utters a cry and spills water.

FINALE.

JEAN. Two now, at once at my intended's feet!

I am undone, my ruin is complete.

BARON. (*getting up.*) Intended stuff.

JEAN . Why she's the girl you said,

Your mind you'd quite made up that I should wed.

BARON. We'll let you off.

LEON. (*getting up.*) The marriage—

JEAN. Will you ? thanks !

But I won't let you off that thousand francs.

MAD. (*coming c. to JEAN.*)

As ransom I will pay thee every sou.

JEAN. That's handsome, very handsome, miss, of you.

MAD. We both shall gain, (*taking LEONARD'S hand.*)

And you my friend, who've proved,

That dead or living, me alone you loved,

How can I ever such true love repay ?

BARON. Leave it to him and he will find some way—

LEON. Leave it to me! I scarce know what to say—

For my love give me thine, is all I pray. [quise,

MAD. Which would you have love thee—the proud Mar-

Or humble Madelina—tell me please?—

LEON. Between two natures—each so rare,

'Tis hard indeed to choose.

BARON. He loved them both—

JEAN. So 'tis but fair—
MAD. (*giving both her hands to LEONARD.*)
That he should neither lose.
So, take the pair, and with them share,
That heart to each so true;
'Twill be our care, that we may ne'er,
Be ought but true to you.

LEON. I'll take the pair, and with them share,
This heart, to each so true;
'Twill be my prayer that I may ne'er,
Be aught but true to you.

BARON. It is but fair that he should share,
His heart between the two;
If *they* can share, that's *their* affair,
With that I've naught to do.

JEAN. If all be square, between the pair,
I've made a rare good *coup* ;
I've got my share, so I don't care.
A button what they do.

ALL. If all's well that ends well!
If all's well that ends well!
Friends ! ere we say farewell,
Pray, all our fears dispell,
Telling us by sign and sound,
That you approve of " Lost and Found."

R. BARON. MADD . LEONARD. JEAN, L.

CURTAIN.