

MME. DU BROCARD

O Jules, Jules! wretched child, you are the cause of all this!

MME. ROUSSEAU (*to her husband*)

You see, this lawyer has got you all in his power! You will have to agree to his terms. (*De Verby rises from the table. Mme. du Brocard takes his place and begins to write.*)

MME. ROUSSEAU (*to her husband*)

My dear, I implore you!

ROUSSEAU (*with decision*)

By heavens! I shall promise to this devil of a lawyer all that he asks of me; but Jules is at Brussels.

(*The door opens, Joseph cries out in alarm, but it is Dupré who enters.*)

SCENE NINTH.

THE SAME PERSONS AND DUPRÉ.

DUPRÉ

How is this? (*Mme. du Brocard hands him the letter she has been writing; De Verby hands him his; and it is passed over to Rousseau who reads it with astonishment; De Verby casts a furious glance at Dupré and the Rousseau family, and dashes out of the room. To Rousseau*) And what decision have you made, sir?

ROUSSEAU

I shall let my son do exactly what he wants in the matter.

MME. ROUSSEAU

Dear husband!