

Resting on my oars I think,
Do you know I love you so?
Do you love me, white and pink?
Is it yes—or no?

(*Goes up the stage and sits at easel, R. C. Enter the Mayor and Blacksmith, the Mayor with his hands full of papers.*)

MAYOR. News? Yes, indeed, my dear Monsieur Bouillet. Great news; most important news; but you would not understand if I were to tell you. You're a very good, honest sort of a fellow, Bouillet, a capital blacksmith, but you can't be expected to comprehend state matters. Come now, for once, shall I try to explain to you?

BLACKSMITH. Well, I don't know. I'm a thick-headed sort of a man, but I might take it in. Go on.

MAYOR. Well, well, look here. This Count de Provence, who escaped over to England in the big troubles, is trying, with his friends in France, to upset Bonaparte and take the throne.

BLACKSMITH. Upset the little corporal? Not he!

MAYOR. Well, he is trying; and, what's more, trying here in Brittany—here in St. Bricux—here, where I am the Mayor! These dispatches tell me that there are people in this very place who are in regular communication with Paris, and they can't find out how it's done. Listen! I have orders to arrest and search all suspicious characters. (*Looks up C, and nods significantly.*)

BLACKSMITH. Why you don't say that he—(*Mayor nods again.*) Bless me, I should never have thought it!

MAYOR. Very likely not, my dear Bouillet; that's just the difference between us. It's my business to think. (*Whispering*) We must search his baggage to-day. I warrant we shall find something beside nightcaps. I never liked the fellow.

BLACKSMITH. I did.

MAYOR. You! but then you're not so accustomed to plots as I am.

PLOT TRIO.

[Blacksmith, Duval and the Mayor.]

MAYOR.

Here a plot!
There a plot!
Whatever is the reason!
I'll be shot
If they're not
Always hatching treason.