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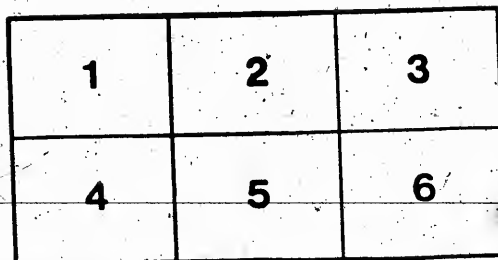
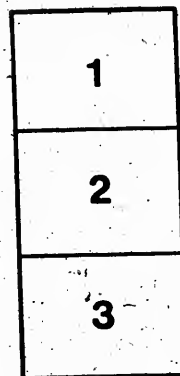
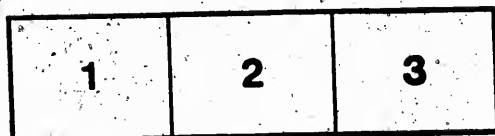
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WRITTE

THE MAYOR;

A COMIC OPERA,

(IN TWO ACTS.)

This Opera (in one Act) under the title of "*The Maire of St. Brioux*," was written and composed for Her Excellency, the Countess of Dufferin's Private Theatricals, at Government House, Ottawa, and was produced there in February, 1875. It has since then been re-arranged and extended into two acts, and is now copyrighted and printed for presentation in the United States by JOHN T. FORD.

WRITTEN BY FREDERICK A. DIXON.

COMPOSED BY FREDERICK W. MILLS.

LEDGER JOB PRINT, PHILADA.

1879.

ARGUMENT.

The scene is laid in the little village of St. Brieux, in Brittany, during the First Consulate (cir. 1800). To this spot Charles Duval, a young Englishman, has been sent over by his uncle, who is concerned in the endeavor to place the Comte de Provence, then a refugee in England, upon the throne of France. Here he meets the Comtesse de Beaudry, a Royalist, who has come to the village disguised as the Widow Barrie, a Parisian dressmaker, being really his own cousin and boyish love, who, several years before, had made a clandestine match with a Frenchman, and had consequently, been severed from her family. To her he confides certain papers entrusted to him for that purpose, though without recognizing her.

The Comtesse, taking advantage of the passion with which her charms have inspired the Mayor of St. Brieux, an elderly gallant, makes him the unwilling medium of communication between herself and the Royalist party in Paris. Having, however, incurred his animosity by rejecting his addresses, she, with Duval, is placed under suspicion of being a conspirator, and is in danger of arrest. She cleverly clears the difficulty by placing his proposal to herself in a ridiculous light, at the same time threatening to reveal his foolish complicity in her plot. This appeal to his vanity and fears is successful, and she becomes mistress of the situation. In the danger of the moment she has confided to Duval her relationship to himself; and his love for her which has remained constant, bears promise of reward.

There is a slight underplot, turning upon the jealousy of a blacksmith's apprentice, Pierre, and the coquetry of the village belle, Marie, niece of the blacksmith; both are, however, happily removed before the end of the play.

THE MAYOR;

AN ENGLISH COMIC OPERA,

(IN TWO ACTS.)

This Opera (in one Act) under the title of "*The Maire of St. Brieux*," was written and composed for Her Excellency, the Countess of Dufferin's Private Theatricals, at Government House, Ottawa, and was produced there in February, 1875. It has since then been re-arranged and extended into two acts, and is now copyrighted and printed for presentation in the United States by JOHN T. FORD.

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COMPOSED BY FREDERICK W. MILLS.

LEDGER JOB PRINT, PHILADA.

1879.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE MAYOR OF ST. BRIEUX.

CHARLES DUVAL, an Englishman.

MONSIEUR BOUILLET, a Blacksmith.

PIERRE, an Apprentice.

COMTESSE DE BEAUDRY, a Royalist, disguised as
Madame Barrie, Dressmaker.

MARIE, Niece of Monsieur Bouillet.

POMPON, Secret Agent of the Police.

Gendarmes, Peasants, Blacksmiths, etc.

The scene is laid in the little Breton Village of St. Brieux.

Costumes in the time of the Consulate, cir. 1800.

PROPERTIES.

An artist's easel, palette and mahl-stick; a wreath and two garlands of roses; two bottles of wine, long French bread, sandwiches, plates and glasses, table-cloth, on tray; an anvil and two heavy hammers; a portmanteau filled with the following articles: a couple of coats and some linen; a portrait; an empty bottle; a cork; a pistol; brush and comb; box of pills; a tooth-brush; bundle of papers; a pipe; a small picture of a horse; a pair of spurs and whip; a lady's slipper; some hair in a brown paper parcel; a book; a cigar-case, with cigars; band-box for blacksmith; band-boxes and fashion books for chorus; another bundle of papers; proclamation for Mayor; three letters; two red rosettes for Mad. B.

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THE
MAYOR OF ST. BRIEUX.

Scene outside the village of St. Brieux, in Brittany; wood, with view of the sea at back; Blacksmith's Cottage, L. Cottage with practicable upper window. Artist's easel, R. U. E. Small table, R. 1st E. The Blacksmith with his apprentices working at anvil in forge, L. Villagers at back and round forge. Lights up. All characters on stage except the Mayor, Mad. Barrie, Marie and Duval. Chorus as Curtain rises.

CHORUS.

Work, brothers, work, while the ruddy atoms yield;
Work, brothers, work, the heavy hammers wield.
Now is the moment when the victory must be won,
Work, brothers, work, the labor will be done.

RECITATIVE.

BLACKSMITH.

Hear the bellows creak and cry
To the sparks that quiet lie
In the forge fire, dim and low,
Waiting idly in the glow.
Off! away! away! away!

ARIA.

See, like boys let out to play
On some summer holiday,
Out they leap towards the skies,
Springing through the chimney high,
With a roar of wild desire;
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
Till the iron, in its bed,
Wakes to life of glowing red.
Now the work, beneath our blows
Shaped and fashioned, ever grows.

CHORUS.

Strike, brothers, strike! while the ruddy atoms yield;
 Strike, brothers, strike! the heavy hammers wield.
 Now is the moment when the victory must be won,
 Strike, brothers, strike! and our labor will be done.

BLACKSMITH. Now then, my lads, be off with you. It's the birthday of the Mayor of St. Brieux, so no more work to-day. If it is a holiday, why, let us keep it, I say, and when you're tired of dancing you'll find a drink of wine round the old forge. (*Exeunt villagers, except Pompon, R., cheering.*) I must go and invite his Honor to dinner, and see what's in the cellar. (*Exit, L.*)

SONG.

[Pompon, S. A. O. P.]

I am a secret agent of Police,
 An agent of Police am I.
 I'm fond of my name,
 And proud of the fame
 Of Pompon, the secret spy;
 To key-holes often do I creep,
 In private letters peep,
 And not a secret can they keep
 From Pompon, the secret spy.
 I'm Pompon, the secret spy,
 By nature taught to pry;
 All secrets can I spy,
 For an agent of Police am I.

The snubs I've suffered, and the blows;
 The punches on my wretched nose,
 Attentions from unfriendly foes,
 And many other woes.
 But I am a secret agent, etc., etc.

POMPON. (*Recit.*)

I am the secret agent of the police.
 Of the police, I am the secret agent.
 A secret agent of the police am I.

[*Spoken.*] I like to ring the changes on my distinguished title, for it is a distinguished title—Secret Agent of the Police—Pompon, S. A. O. P. (*Sneezes.*) If I could only

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get rid of this habit of sneezing, I should be a proud and happy (*sneezes*) official. Nature interferes sadly with my vocation. Ah! here come Marie and Pierre, billing and cooing like a pair of—cats. I will retire and observe. (*Goes up and off, R. U. E.*) (*Enter Marie from house, followed slowly by Pierre.*)

MARIE. I tell you, Pierre, I shall just dance with anybody I choose—there! and as for Monsieur Duval, the strange Englishman, as you call him, he dances splendidly: just for all the world like Punchinello. I could dance all day with him; and I will, too, if you tease me—there!

PIERRE. But, Marie, come now. (*Coaxingly.*)

MARIE. I won't!

PIERRE. This fellow, this Monsieur Duval! no one knows who he is, or what he is, or what he is after—no good, I'll be bound.

MARIE. He's an artist.

PIERRE. You're a woman. Now, I believe he is plotting with these Chouans; he's a spy, a conspirator! Artist, indeed! Why he's been lodging these three weeks past with your uncle, and he has not done a picture bigger than a spade yet. He's managed to turn all your silly little heads, though.

MARIE. My head is not silly, sir. You used to say it was a very pretty little head once. (*Pretending to cry.*)

PIERRE. There, now, don't cry, Marie. It is a very pretty little head, and I don't like to see it on this Englishman's shoulder. There! Don't dance with him, Marie. I don't wish it.

MARIE. (*Sarcastically.*) Oh! you don't wish it. That certainly is an excellent reason. You're jealous, that's what you are. I hate jealousy. Remember, sir, we are not married yet. No, and not likely to be! There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.

QUARREL DUET.

[Marie and Pierre.]

M. 'twixt the cup and the lip
There is many a slip,
As many a lover has found.

P. There's a proverb as good,
If it's well understood,
'Twixt two stools you fall to the ground.

M. Two strings to my bow
I choose, sir, to show.
In fact, I think that is too few.

P. In love, miss, you're told
To be off with the old,
Before you are on with the new.

M. Your wish, then, I'll obey, sir,
(*Courtesying*) And bid you now good-day, sir,
I've nothing more to say, sir.
Good-day, good-day, good-day.
(*Going off.*)

P. Oh, very well, then, go, miss,
Be off to your new beau, miss,
Since you will have it so, miss.
Good-day, good-day, good-day.
(*Exit Pierre, R.*)

MARIE. Poor Pierre! I do really love him; but one may as well have some fun before marriage, one gets so little after. M. Duval a conspirator indeed! (*laughs.*) Ah, Pierre, lad, if you only knew who are conspirators here you would be rather astonished. You might treat "silly little heads" with more respect, perhaps!
(*Enter Duval, L. U. E.*)

DUVAL. Ah, my pretty Marie, what have you been doing to poor Pierre? I passed him just now, and he looked as black as ten thunder storms.

MARIE. Nothing. We were only playing at Proverbs. He doesn't want me to dance with you at the fête to-day.

DUVAL. Not dance! Indeed you shall, though, if Pierre goes into a straight waistcoat on the spot. But I say, Marie, I want you to do something for me.

MARIE. Well?

DUVAL. Have your uncle's black mare saddled, and send some one out to see if there are any news of that big race I told you about over in England.

MARIE. And you are going to give me a thousand francs if your horse wins?

DUVAL. Yes. I will, too.

MARIE. I'll go and send some one off directly. A thousand francs! What fun! Won't I tease Pierre!

DUET.

[Marie and Duval.]

- MARIE. If I had a thousand francs to spend,
What fun I would have till I got to the end.
(*Meditatively*) I'd buy—I'd buy—I'd buy—
- DUVAL. What would you buy? What would you buy,
Funny little maiden Marie?
- MARIE. I'd buy—I'd buy—I'd buy—
- DUVAL. What would you buy, you fairy?
- BOTH. If { I } had a thousand francs to spend,
 { you }
- MARIE. I'd buy—I'd buy—I'd buy—
- DUVAL. What would you buy? What would you buy?
- MARIE. I'd buy—I'd buy—I'd buy—
A new pair of shoes with a pink rosette,
And a boddice of blue with silver laces,
And a bran new doll for little Babette,
And I'd take you all to see the races.
- DUVAL. She'd take us all to see the races.
- MARIE. I'd buy—I'd buy—I'd buy—
Ruby ribbons and an apron new,
And fine white caps in the latest fashion;
Chocolate creams and ices, too—
For chocolate creams I have a passion.
- DUVAL. For chocolate creams she has a passion.
- MARIE. I'd buy—I'd buy—I'd buy—
- DUVAL. Your thousand francs would gallop away;
Gold in maiden's hands ne'er tarried.
- MARIE. I'd put some by for a rainy day,
When Pierre and I may perhaps be married.
- BOTH. Oh, if { she } had a thousand francs to spend,
 { I }
- What fun { she } would have till { she } got to the end.
 { I } { I }
- (*Exit Marie, L. U. E.*)

DUVAL. (*Coming front, takes a small betting-book from his pocket.*) 12, 18, 26, h'n. 1 and 1 is 2. Yes, that's a cool 2,000 I stand to win this Derby if only the Count can go the pace. (*He takes a letter from his pocket; another drops on to the ground; reads.*) "Honored Sir—The Count is all right. It will be a tough thing, but he's bound to beat. Bony can't stay. Yours respectfully, BENDIGO BROWN." Short but sweet, Bendigo Brown! I wouldn't

hedge a farthing. It's neck or nothing this time, and no mistake. If Bony doesn't founder, I shall. (*Sees the letter on the ground.*) Hullo! there's that letter I have to give to "Madame Barrie, Dressmaker" (*turns it over curiously in his hands*), whoever she may be. Well, it's none of my business. Uncle sends me over here; pays all expenses. No questions asked. But it *is* odd. The mysterious madame has to say to me, "Silk is rising." Then I hand my letter to the mysterious madame, and exit Duval. Well, I wish silk would rise soon, and then hey for England once more. I hate this France. It always reminds me of Cousin Mary and our old boating days before that confounded Frenchman ran away with her. I think she cared for me a little then. I know I loved her. Heigho! that's ten years ago; ten years without a word from her; she must be dead; at any rate she's dead to me.

BALLAD.

[Duval.]

WHITE AND PINK.

Floating down the river slow,
No one by, none to spy,
We together boating go,
Dainty Cousin May and I.

All my sense bewilder'd, flies,
Cousin May, the little fay,
With her roguish hazel eyes,
Laughs at what I say.

And the sun comes shining down
On the fair, soft golden hair,
Sun shade pink and muslin gown,
Fairy Mary sitting there.

"Shining sun and wanton wind,
Ever stay so all the day,
Leaving me would be unkind,
Happy me!"—I say.

But she only blushing cries,
"Charley fie!" (Charley's I.)
And to catch the rushes trics,
As the boat drifts slowly by.

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.

It's absurd,
 But, 'pon my word,
 It's more than I can bear, sir,
 If you go,
 Down below,
 'Tisn't hotter there, sir.

(Takes Blacksmith's arm nervously.)

(Spoken.) I do assure you that what with guns, swords
 and gendarmes, pickpockets, plots and stray pigs, mandates,
 edicts and proclamations, lost children, organ-grinders,
 mobs and mad Englishmen,

(Sings.) Why I'd rather be a monkey than a Mayor, sir.

Here a spy,
 There a spy,
 Plotting, sir, and scheming,
 Night and day,
 P'raps you'll say
 Surely I am dreaming:
 You mistake,
 I'm awake.
 Oh, you needn't stare, sir.
 Listen now,
 This is how,
 This is how I fare, sir.

(Spoken.) For breakfast they give me a little plot well
 peppered; for dinner, a brace of conspiracies, served a la
 maitre d'armes; with a fine big rebellion, devilled, for sup-
 per, till I dream of blunderbusses and hot water all night
 long. Ah, I do assure you, my dear Monsieur Bouillet,
 for his tail is not so bad as my tale—that

(Sings.) I'd rather be a monkey than a Mayor, sir.

DUVAL. (At back, C.)

I wish you would go!

MAYOR.

But I'd have you to know
 That I'm not at all slow,
 I can pick out a spy
 With a glance of my eye,
 And take a man in,
 From his toes to his chin,
 And follow his nose
 Wherever it goes—

DUVAL. (*Coming down front.*)

Oh, bother your nose,
And your chin and your toes.
Just listen to me—

MAYOR.

I'm the Mayor, sir, you see.

DUVAL.

Oh fiddle-de-dee!

BLACKSMITH. (*Apologetically.*)

He's the Mayor, sir, you see!

DUVAL.

You keep up such a chatter,
And a clatter, with your patter,
• And your fussing and your worry,
And your hurry and your flurry,
As if you really were the great Mogul!

ENSEMBLE.

MAYOR.

These words to me! to me, the Mayor!
With rage I choke, I tear my hair.

DUVAL AND BLACKSMITH.

With rage he chokes, he tears his hair!

(*Duval goes up back, and sits at easel.*)

MAYOR. That's a dangerous fellow. He's full of plots. I can see it in his eye; he's a conspirator. The rascal has absolutely no respect for municipal authority. His baggage must be searched. I'll go and see about it. (*Exit, R.*)

BLACKSMITH. Well, who would have thought it! Such a good-natured young fellow, too. Dear me, dear me! what a world! I must go and have a glass of wine to hold myself together. (*Exit into house.*)

DUVAL. (*At back, still painting.*) What a pepper-pot it is. Well I mustn't be ungrateful to my one amusement in this miserable hole; though he is such a pompous little wretch. (*Hums to himself.*) "With rage I choke, I tear my hair." (*Enter Madame Barrie, L. She comes down. Duval still goes on singing. At last she bursts out laughing. Duval starts up.*) A thousand pardons, madame, I'm sure: I didn't know I had an audience.

MAD. B. It's my fault, monsieur. The audience should not have laughed. (*Aside.*) My messenger! Poor Charley! Fortunately he does not remember me. (*Aloud.*) Monsieur is an artist, I presume.

DUVAL. No, madame, no. (*Aside.*) My dressmaker for a guinea! I'll give her a chance. (*Aloud and with emphasis.*) The fact is that I'm a kind of silk merchant; I'm traveling in silk.

MAD. B. Indeed! I am very much interested in silk myself.

DUVAL. (*Aside.*) I thought so. (*Aloud.*) My uncle is in the silk business in England.

MAD. B. (*Markedly.*) I hear it said that in England silk is rising.

DUVAL. (*Aside.*) My dressmaker! (*Aloud.*) Madame, I perfectly understand. I have the honor to place this letter from my uncle in your own fair hands. (*Gives letter, as she takes it he attempts to kiss her hand; she withdraws it hastily with an angry glance, and goes up back, reading letter.*)

DUVAL. H'm, well, for a dressmaker, I must say that's a charming creature; looks like a queen, and talks like a duchess, has the voice of a siren, and the hand of an angel, and a foot like a fairy, and, and—Oh, hang me if I'm not in love at first sight! Odd though! I've seen her somewhere before. I know that voice as well as my own. Where? I must have a talk with this mysterious dressmaker. Madame?

MAD. B. Monsieur!

DUVAL. (*Tries to put his arm around her waist.*) Shall I help you to read your letter?

MAD. B. Thanks, no. I can read very well. I'll read you a sentence to show you. (*Reads.*) "Though Charley——"

DUVAL. Charley! Does he mean me?

MAD. B. Oh, yes, Charley's you! Oh, you need not mind, your uncle and I are old friends.

DUVAL. Are you?

MAD. B. (*Reads.*) "Though Charley does not understand our business, he is a gentleman and may be safely trusted to behave as such."

DUVAL. I beg a thousand pardons, madame. I was rude. But you are no dressmaker.

MAD. B. Ah, you are not quite recovered yet. Come, never mind. I forgive you. I see we shall be friends. No, I am not a dressmaker, but I am in the same business as your uncle.

DUVAL. Silk?

MAD. B. Silk.

DUVAL. I wish I were in the same business. (*Goes up stage.*)

MAD. B. Perhaps you may be before long. (*Aside.*)
 "Good news at last! good news at last! A few more days,
 and then—look out for yourself, my good little Master Na-
 poleon Bonaparte!" (*Kisses letter and puts it into her*
bosom.) Well now, tell me;—I have been away to Paris
 on business, you know.

DUVAL. Silk?

MAD. B. Silk, certainly. Hav'n't you found it rather
 dull here?

DUVAL. Dull! I've had nothing to do but tease that
 fussy little Mayor, and flirt with Marie, here.

MAD. B. Marie! Oh, monsieur, leave pretty Marie
 alone. These simple country daises won't bear transplant-
 ing. She is only a daisy, you know, not a rose.

BALLAD.

[Madame Barrie.]

ONLY A DAISY.

Only a Daisy, indeed—
 Plucked from its stem for the whim of an hour,
 Cast on the path as a valueless flower,
 Left there to die as a weed.

Love and trust reared its head
 Up from the fostering lap of the ground,
 Into the bright, happy world it had found,
 Now, the poor Daisy is dead.

'Tis but a Daisy has died:
 Strolling down through the Park one day,
 He, the young Sir, from the Hall, came this way,
 Plucked it, and threw it aside.

Nay, had it been but a rose,
 Delicate, scented, Persian sweet,
 Would it have lain so sad at my feet?
 What is a daisy? who knows?

Had he but just let it lie,
 Maybe, some day, there had come to the place
 One who would care for its innocent grace,
 Take to his heart the "day's eye."

(*During the song Duval has been attentively watching her.*)

DUVAL. Madame, I am convinced I have seen you before. Your voice, when you sing, brings back memories to me. Have you ever—?

MAD. B. (*Hurriedly.*) Sir, you must be mistaken. I can assure you that Madame Barrie, dressmaker, never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Charles Duval till this morning. She is, however, charmed to have that pleasure now. (*Makes a low courtesy.*) Now you must go. See, all the girls are dancing on the green, and wondering where their new beau has hidden himself. They will be quite jealous of me. (*Laughing.*)

DUVAL. I shall see you again soon, then?

MAD. B. Yes, yes. Quite soon enough. Go, go.

DUVAL. Good-bye, then, madame, for a whole half hour, or ten minutes. I'll make it five if possible. (*Aside.*) I'm over head and ears in love with that woman already.

DUET.

[Madame Barrie and Duval.]

LOVES' MINUTES.

DUVAL. Five minutes are, to lovers' eyes,
Five wagon loads of bliss or sighs,
When Cupid drives the wagon;
With bliss for load 'twould really seem
The naughty lad whips up his team
And never puts the drag on.

MAD. B. How hard the load of woeful sighs
When fate keeps Jack from Jenny's eyes.
Poor Jenny thinks full oft, I ween,
Such creeping snails were never seen.
REPEAT BOTH. With sighs when Cupid fills his wain,
The wheels stick fast and so remain

Before { the } lady's bower.
 { my }

DUVAL. But by her side they fly so fast,
No sooner here than they are past;
With scarcely time to tell that bliss,
By art and nature, rhymes with kiss.
REPEAT BOTH. Though Cupid, kind young charioteer,
Has really gone to sleep, the dear,
And stayed perhaps an hour.

(*Exit, L. U. E.*)

MAD. B. Ah, Master Charley, you nearly recognized me, though I am not much like the Cousin Mary of ten years ago. How handsome he has grown! I wonder if he has forgotten me. Well, we shall see. I'm my own mistress now, at all events. *(Takes letter out and reads it.)* Glorious news!—*(Reads.)* "All arrangements are complete this time, and before long France shall see the fleurs de lys again wave in the breeze. Communicate the inclosed plans to our friends in Paris. Your woman's wit will find a safe way." Safe way, indeed! *(Laughing.)* Yes, the good Mayor of St. Brieux little dreams when he so obligingly forwards letters from "Madame Barrie, dress-maker," to her sister in Paris by his own private courier, with the most especial care that they shall be delivered before anything else, what a service he is doing us, and what a ridiculous old goose he is.

(Enter from house, Bouillet carrying a band-box, he gives it to Madame Barrie.)

BOUILLET. Here, madame, more work for your pretty fingers.

MAD. B. More work, eh! that's right.

BOUILLET. Here's my daughter up the country sending back the last bonnet you made for her: she says it wants some alteration in the lining.

MAD. B. Alteration in the lining, eh; let me see.

(Bouillet goes to forge, Mad. B. at table, R., takes a letter out of bonnet.)

BOUILLET. Just fancy sending a man on horseback twenty miles about an alteration in the lining of a bonnet!

MAD. B. *(Laughing.)* Yes, indeed! Now a man would never trouble himself about the lining of a bonnet, would he?

BOUILLET. Bah! I should think not.

MAD. B. *(Aside, opening letter carefully.)* A list of our friends!—fifty at Noisy, thirty at Framboise, two hundred at Creville—a good list! Now to answer it.

(Sits at table and pretends to arrange bonnet, but really writes on a slip of paper which she conceals in the lining.)

BOUILLET. *(At forge.)* Little fools, little fools! dress and dancing, frills, flounces and foolery! Well, well, it keeps them out of mischief, that's one thing.

MAD. B. *(Rising and putting bonnet back into box.)* Just so. Keeps them out of mischief, as you say. A woman

can't plot with a bonnet, can she. There Monsieur Bouillet, I think your daughter will say that that's all right now. The lining is much improved. It was too full. I've taken some out.

DUET.

[Madame Barrie and Bouillet.]

MAD. B. This hand-box guard with care.
BOUILLET. I will, madame, with pleasure,
I'd like to see what's there,
What is this precious treasure.
One little peep—

MAD. B. Oh, no.

(Runs round stage, she following.)

BOUILLET. One peep, I must!

MAD. B. You'd better!

(Aside.) There's nothing there to show,
Except that precious letter!
You men's rough fingers rude,
Although they'd like to do so,
Must really not intrude
On ladies' wedding trousseau.

REPEAT BOTH. { must really } not intrude.
{ oh, well I'll }
On ladies' wedding trousseau.

(Mad. B. pushes him off stage, L.)

MAD. B. Now what obstinate things men are! It takes a woman to manage them. (Looks off at back.) Ah, here come all the girls in the village with my latest Paris fashions. (Laughs.) I hope they like them. I have had everything trimmed so that our friends can understand how matters are going on. Rose, means "get ready." Blue means "wait." Green is "danger," and white is the signal to rise. We haven't quite come to white yet, but we shall soon. Now I dare say the little fools wonder why their fathers and brothers are so interested in the color of their dresses and bonnets. (Laughs.)

(Enter at back, chorus of girls and women carrying band-boxes. They come down front hurriedly. Marie enters with them.)

CHORUS. (Singing as they enter.)

Madame Barrie! Madame Barrie!

Madame Barrie!

Madame Barrie, this is shocking,

We poor girls you're surely mocking.

(Open hand-boxes, show bonnets, dresses, etc., all rose color.)

See what horrid looking messes
You have made for Sunday dresses;
Call this thing a bonnet, why
Really I could almost cry.
Fie! fie! fie! fie!
Fie! fie! fie! fie!

CHORUS. Last time you came why all was blue!
All was blue! all was blue!
Bonnets, dresses, stockings, too!
All was blue! all was blue!

MAD. B. That is true—very true.
CHORUS. The time before why all was green!
All was green! all was green!

MAD. B. Madame, pray, what do you mean,
CHORUS. With your horrid blue and green?
That, my dears, must yet be seen.
Now you dress us all in flame!

MAD. B. What's your game? what's your game?
CHORUS. Brunette or blonde, it's all the same!
What's your game? what's your game?
It's a shame! it's a shame!
MAD. B. What's a shame?

(They put forward a girl dressed all in rose color.)

CHORUS. Now, madame, you must confess
That is not a pretty dress
For a lady nor a peasant.

MAD. B. *(Aside.)* This is getting far from pleasant.
(Aloud.) That is quite the latest fashion,
I assure you, it's the fashion,
So pray, dear, spare your passion,
Don't be angry, child, I pray.

For there's surely no denying
If the costume that you're trying
Doesn't suit your style of beauty,
Why, I've only done my duty,
'Tis the fashion of the day.

CHORUS. What's that you say?
What's that you say?

(All produce fashion plates, and point to them.)

MAD. B. This the fashion! I shall faint!
Well, my dears, you ought to paint—

CHORUS.

Listen! Now we ought to paint!
 With vexation we could cry,
 Fiel fie! fie! fie!
 Fiel fie! fie! fie!

(*They dash their band-boxes on the floor, and tremple on them angrily. Later quickly chorus of men at back. Pierre enters with them.*)

CHORUS OF MEN.

'Tis the birth-day of the Mayor,
 Of the Mayor, Mayor, Mayor,
 Of the Mayor;
 And the naughty little digits,
 Of our angry little midgits,
 Were never made each other's eyes to
 tear, tear, tear,
 Were never made each other's eyes to
 tear!

(Waltz movement.)

So come to the dance, girls,
 Come to the dance, girls,
 Leave all your quarrels and wrangles
 awhile.

Angry grimaces
 Spoil pretty faces;
 Come to the dance, girls,
 And bring us a smile.

(*They all waltz round and off at back, Marie comes forward. Pierre hides behind forge.*)

MARIE. Poor madame! What trouble you have, to be sure.

MAD. B. (*She.*) Trouble, child! Oh, that's nothing, it's nothing. It is such fun to think that these girls are our young agents. The "get ready" color is rather trying to their healthy complexions, though.

MARIE. Ah, when will the "white" come.

MAD. B. Soon, child, soon. Now run away—you mustn't be seen talking to me too much.

(*Marie runs off, R.*)

PIERRE. There is something going on between those two. What is it? I must watch. (*Exit, L.*)

MAD. B. Now what troublesome things girls are; it takes men to manage them—sometimes. (*Looks off, L.*) Ah, there they are, dancing away, as happy as the day is long. I am so happy, too, this bright glad spring time, I could dance myself.

SPRING SONG.

[Madame Barrie.]

Spring time is here, so glad, so dear;
 Sweet sunny season of youth and of love;
 Flowers grow bright in the glad sunlight;
 Earth is as fair as the Heaven above.

Love while you can. Since love began,
 Spring is the season to woo and to wed.
 Take then your day now while you may;
 Love time is past when the spring time has fled.

Summer soon flies, and Autumn fast dies;
 Spring is the season for pleasure and mirth;
 Chill is the cheer when winter is near;
 Cold grows the heart with the coldness of earth.

Youth, fair and gay, will hasten away,
 Beauty flies off on a wild-bird's wing.
 Love will not stay, seize then to-day,
 No one can tell what the morrow may bring.

(Enter Mayor, R., followed by a Gendarme.)

MAYOR. (*Affectedly.*) Ah, charming widow Barrie, so you have returned to us at last to make the nightingales die of envy, and tantalize our poor bachelor hearts with your charms.

MAD. B. Now, if you are going to talk nonsense, I shall have to run away. (*Pretends to go off, L.*)

MAYOR. (*Hastily.*) Cruel widow! but pray don't go (*she returns.*) I should be perfectly content to be tongue-tied all my life if I might only look at you. (*She moves away, L., again.*) Ah, stay. (*She stops.*) I really couldn't help it, no one can help paying you compliments. (*She moves off again.*)

MAD. B. I see I shall really have to go.

MAYOR. Good gracious! what am I saying! come back. I haven't seen you for three months—you know. Say! Is there anything I can do for you in Paris, my courier is just starting.

MAD. B. (*Aside.*) My postman! (*Aloud.*) No, thank you, monsieur. I have no commission to-day. Oh, by the way, since you are so kind, perhaps you wouldn't mind sending a little note for my sister, Rue Carrabaud, as before. It's about a new head-dress (*laughing—aside.*) so it is, a crown!

MAYOR. Certainly, certainly. (*He comes forward eagerly to receive the note which she holds out; as he approaches she withdraws it.*)

MAD. B. Perhaps, after all, it doesn't matter, it is such a trifle, and it would be troubling you.

MAYOR. (*Laughingly.*) Troubling me! (*Takes note.*) Here you, sir, see that this note is delivered to Madame Barrie's sister, Rue Carrabacel, immediately on your arrival in Paris. (*To Madame B.*) The same little shop as before?

MAD. B. Oh, yes, please. Certainly, the same little shop as before. (*Gen darmes salutes, takes note, and goes off, L. U. E.*)

MAYOR. There, my dear widow, that trifling service is done.

MAD. B. I assure you, monsieur, you underrate your goodness.

MAYOR. Not at all, not at all, sweet widow. (*Takes her hand.*) May I? (*He kisses it.*) (*Aside.*) Shall I? (*Looks at her.*) I will!

COURTING DUET.

[The Mayor and widow Barrie.]

M. Fair widow, I—

W. B. (*Aside.*) Ah, here it comes! (*Aloud.*) Good-bye.

M. I—I—in fact, that is, you see I—I—

W. B. (*Aside.*) Dear me, poor soul, he's really very shy!

(*Aloud.*) What is it? Anything that I can do?

M. Ah, that's just it! (*Languishingly.*) Ah, if you only knew!

W. B. Knew what? (*Aside.*) I do, you dreadful bore!

M. (*Aside.*) How handsome she is, what a Mayoress she would make! Here goes!
(*Aloud.*) Fair widow—I.

W. B. Why, that is what you said before!

M. Fair widow Barrie, here upon my knee. (*Kneels.*)

W. B. Pray don't, you'll get the cramp, and then you'll see!

M. I love you, widow! (*Aside.*) There it is out flat!

W. B. Oh, love! That's all? You'll soon get over that.
Such vouthful maladies were best forgot.

M. I know I am not still a youth—

W. B. You're not!

M. Nor handsome as I used to be, not quite.

W. B. Upon my word I really think you're right.

M. (*In pique and desperation.*)
Oh, bewitching widow,
See, I never did, oh,
Never such a woman did I see.

W. B. Such a silly Mayor, sir,
Is, I fancy, rare, sir,
As the one that's making love to me.

M. Charming widow Barrie,
Say that you will marry,
Say that you will marry, marry me.

W. B. (*Courtseying.*)
Thanks, I'd rather stay, sir,
As I am to-day, sir,
And would rather, thank you, single be.

M. Say yes, yes, yes!

W. B. Say no, no, no!

M. Ah, cruel widow, can you treat me so?
Say yes, yes, yes!

W. B. No, no, no, no!

(*Exit Madame, B. L.*)

MAYOR. The Mayor of St. Bricux refused by a dress-maker! Oh, she cannot mean it! 'Tisn't possible! There's some mistake. Perhaps she thought I was only joking. Perhaps she didn't! Never mind, I'll pay you off for this, my lady! I know! I'll pretend that I've had information that she is concerned in this Royalist plot, and that I shall

be obliged to have her arrested and searched. That will bring my lady on her knees. "Spare me!" she'll say. "Arrested and searched," I shall repeat. "Not searched!" she will cry, with a sob. "It is not I that search you, madame," I shall say. "It is France, all France." That will frighten her, and then—well, we shall see. Perhaps she won't despise the Mayor of St. Brieux after that, though he is not quite so young as he was.

SONG.

[Mayor.]

THE OLDISH MAN.

'Tis hard to be an "oldish man"
 Who wants to change his life;
 'Tis hard to hit upon a plan
 To get a pretty wife.

The jolly days when we were young,
 And rattled round the town,
 And rode, and danced, and loved, and sung,
 Were when these hairs were brown.

But now they're just a trifle gray,
 And I've grown brown instead;
 At balls, girls like me best away,
 And say I dance like lead.

We had no aches, or pains, or groans,
 Nor indigestion then;
 We never knew that we had bones,
 We merry, youngish men.

But now the belles have other beaux,
 And other flirts to fan;
 They don't fan me, for no one knows
 The wretched, oldish man.

I'm just as young as ever now;
 And dance, I'm sure I can;
 I'm not disposed to make my bow;
 I'm not an oldish man.

(Makes ridiculous attempts at dancing. The chorus enters on tiptoe behind, while the Mayor is practicing his steps in front.)

CHORUS.

'Tis the Mayor,
 See how he dances!
 With what an air
 The old boy prances.
 Look! look! look! look!
 What steps and spaces!
 See! see! see! see!
 What queer grimaces.

He wags his funny head
 Like a little ball of lead,
 As he niggates the tails of his coat.
 He flourishes his legs
 Like a pair of wooden pegs,
 And he cuts as many capers as a goat.
 Ha! ha! ha! ha!

MAYOR.

Ah, rascals, ah!

CHORUS.

Ha! ha! ha! ha!

MAYOR. (*Embarrassed.*)

I was only—

CHORUS. (*Sarcastically.*)

He was only—

Ha! ha! ha! ha!

MAYOR.

I was only—

CHORUS.

He was only—
 Flourishing his legs,
 Like a pair of wooden pegs,
 While he cut as many capers as a goat.

(*Mayor walks up and down angrily, shaking his fist and stopping his ears.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

Same as Act I. By night. Colored lamps in trees.

(Enter Marie from house carrying tray with bread, butter, sandwiches, wine, etc. She places tray on table.)

MARIE. *(To be spoken through music.)* What a delicious day this has been, to be sure! I've danced four times with Monsieur Duval, and Pierre is as jealous and sulky as possible. Oh, it's charming! Poor fellow! I must make it up or there will be pistols and blunderbusses in the case. How nice it is to have somebody to love one so desperately.

SONG—THE PEASANT GIRL.

A little peasant girl am I,
A simple village maid, no more;
All day I sing without a sigh,
No troubles pass my cottage door.

For all things love me, so I sing,
Because my heart is ever gay;
I hear the glad birds caroling,
I know I am as glad as they.

I would not change my simple state,
For all the charms of life at court;
I would not live amongst the great,
For all their pride, so dearly bought.
For all things, etc.

A little fun, a little dance,
A song to cheer my daily task,
The sunny sky of sunny France,
A little love is all I ask.
For all things, etc.

(Exit into house.)

(Enter, L. U. E., crowd of male peasants only, carrying the Blacksmith on their shoulders. They set him down, front.)

BLACKSMITH. *(Recitative.)* Oh, you rascals! You want the wine already, do you. Well, well! I'll go and see to it.
(Exit into cottage.)

CHORUS.

BURGUNDY WINE!

Burgundy wine! Burgundy wine!
 Give us a bumper of Burgundy wine!
 Let youth have its dances,
 Enjoy all its chances,
 But give us the cheery old wine.
 The women they tease us,
 There's nothing can please us
 So well as a bumper of wine.
 Burgundy wine! Burgundy wine!
 Give us a bumper of Burgundy wine!

(At the end of first verse, re-enter Blacksmith with basket filled with bottles. They open them and drink.)

BLACKSMITH. (Recitative.) Ah! That's all right, and so's the wine. Why, there are a dozen hearty laughs in each jolly glass of that good old stuff—warranted full measure. Dear me; it's a fine thing to be a blacksmith, after all. Come, I'll sing you a song, myself.

CHORUS. That's right; go on, and we'll fill up the chorus.

THE BLACKSMITH'S LIFE.

Others may talk of their learning and wealth,
 Of their ancestors, honors and rank;
 But for me I had rather have comfort and health,
 And contentment, than own half the bank.
 I've a home that is happy, a wife who is dear,
 In the village I've many a friend,
 I've a meal for the poor, and a cup of good cheer,
 And it may be a trifle to lend.
 For a blacksmith's life is the life for me,
 Rough and ready, honest and free;
 Though the hand may be black, it's the hand of a man.
 And the dirt's only outside: deny it, who can!

CHORUS.—For a blacksmith's life, etc.

Let Bonaparte brag of his glory and fame,
 With battles I've nothing to do;
 And glory's at best but a battledore game,
 Though I love the bold "red, white and blue."
 And if ever a foe should put foot on our land,
 And set up the standards of war,

We'll see if this brawny old blacksmithy hanl,
 Can't show them the way to the door.
 But a blacksmith's life is the life for me;
 Rough and ready, honest and free;
 Though the hand may be black, it's the hand of a man;
 And the dirt's only outside: deny it, who can!
 CHORUS.—But a blacksmith's life, etc.

BLACKSMITH. Now, lads, give us another verse of
 your song, and then be off to the dance again.

(*Chorus sings second verse of "Burgundy Wine."*)

Burgundy wine! Burgundy wine!
 Give us a bumper of Burgundy wine!
 What's life but a bubble;
 All trial and trouble!
 Let's fill it with jolly old wine.
 Then bring out your bottles;
 Uncork their old throttles,
 And pour out your Burgundy wine.
 Burgundy wine! Burgundy wine!
 Give us a bumper of Burgundy wine!

(*The refrain is heard dying away as they go off. Blacksmith comes down.*)

BLACKSMITH. There! now they're gone! I declare I
 feel all in a quiver! (*Drinks.*) Just like a piece of soft
 iron. Upset the little corporal, will they! (*Drinks,*
becoming slightly affected.) Here's his jolly good health!
 Well, we'll see! we'll see!

(*Enter Mayor, L. U. E.*)

MAYOR. Hush! Now's your time. The Englishman's
 dancing away there like a—"

BLACKSMITH. Pea on 'an anvil—bah!

MAYOR. Just so. Now let's go and get his baggage,
 the rascal!

BLACKSMITH. Yes; let's get the rascal's baggage.
 (*Hesitates.*) I say—you're sure it's all right. Eh?

MAYOR. Right?

BLACKSMITH. We sha'n't be getting ourselves into trou-
 ble?

MAYOR. Trouble?

BLACKSMITH. Yes. Burglary, bigamy, prigamy, thiev-
 ing, stealing, you know.

MAYOR. Sir! Am I not the Mayor of St. Brieux?

BLACKSMITH. You are. Of course you are.
 MAYOR. (*Pompously.*) Then, sir, you are under the
 protection of the law—the protection of the law.

(*Exeunt into Cottage.*)

(*Enter Pierre, L. U. E.*)

PIERRE. There, miss! You've done it now. This is
 the last time, the very last time. Four times she danced
 with him, four times, and I asked her not. Oh Marie,
 Marie! how can you be so cruel to one who loves you so
 dearly! I'll go away, go off to sea, and then perhaps she
 will remember her poor faithful lover.

BALLAD.

[*Pierre.*]

YOU'LL THINK OF ME.

Dear love, despite your cruel words,
 I know your heart is true,
 You cannot help but love me, sweet,
 So dearly I love you.
 For I am yours, and you are mine,
 Though seas may roll between,
 And other stars may on me shine;
 You'll think of what has been.
 When I am far away, dear,
 Far, far away at sea,
 When dark night follows day, dear,
 Ah, then you'll think of me.

You'll say whate'er his faults may be,
 He ever loved me well.
 True hearts are worth a woman's smile,
 The pearl out-lives its shell.
 And you will call, and I shall come,
 My darling, back again,
 To that sweet side, my own sweetheart,
 Which now I leave in pain.
 When I am far away, dear,
 Far, far away at sea,
 When dark night follows day, dear,
 Ah, then you'll think of me.

Yes, I'll go and buy a sack of charcoal and smother my-
 self comfortably.

(During the last verse, Pompon and Gendarmes enter, L. U. E.; at its close he sneezes violently. Pierre exits, R. U. E.)

SONG AND CHORUS.

[Pompon and Gendarmes.]

"THE GENDARMES."

'Tis for the people's sake I stray,
 Disguised, the streets thro' nightly,
 That, so for myself find out I may
 If things go on all rightly.
 Known well to all the name I bear,
 The fame of Pompon's everywhere;
 Pompon, the spy—those words secure
 Obedience, swift and sure.
 Yes, from me,
 Obedience, swift and sure.

CHORUS.—'Tis for the people, etc., etc.

Happy the people 'neath our sway,
 The streets were roaming nightly,
 That so, for ourselves, find out we may,
 If things go on all rightly.

POMPON. (Coming forward.) Good evening to you, Monsieur Pierre. (As Pierre enters, R. U. E.)

PIERRE. Oh, that's you, is it, Pompon?

POMPON. Monsieur Pompon, at your service, Monsieur Pierre. (Takes out note-book.) (Aside.) Going to buy a sack of charcoal, is he? Now where did he get the money from? (Writes.) (Aloud.) That's a nice, soothing, sentimental ditty of yours, Monsieur Pierre.

PIERRE. (Contemptuously.) You think so? (Aside.) Ass!

POMPON. Yes; it made me feel like hanging myself.

PIERRE. Why don't you go and do it then?

POMPON. Hang myself! Very objectionable. I—
 (Sneezes.)

(Pierre goes towards R, enter the Mayor, Blacksmith and Marie from house, carrying Duval's portmanteau, which they set down, C.)

BLACKSMITH. Hullo! Pierre, lad, where are you off to?

PIERRE. I? Oh, I was only—

POMPON. Oh, Pierre's going into housekeeping; he was.

off to buy a sack of charcoal, just now. (*Marie looks at Pierre and crosses to him, making overtures of reconciliation, which he rejects.*)

BLACKSMITH. Well, stay. We're going to search that Englishman's baggage while he's away at the dance. Do you know, he is a rank conspirator! Why, we might all have been murdered in our beds! Puffed out like a lot of sparks! What a monster!

PIERRE. (*To Marie.*) There! I told you so! and you wouldn't believe me. Now, who was right?

MARIE. Oh, you, of course; men always are.

PORTMANTEAU QUARTETTE.

[*The Mayor, Pierre, Bouillet and Marie.*]

Quick, quick, before he comes back,
Quick, quick, open his pack,
Pick the lock or turn the key,
We shall see what we shall see,

RECIT.

MAYOR. Stand back, good people, I'm the Mayor,
Of course it's I must see what's there.

(*Kneels on one knee before portmanteau, C., the rest standing or kneeling, R. & L. of him.*)

SPOKEN THROUGH MUSIC.

Coats, waistcoats, linen, that's all right.
What's this? Here's something tied up tight—
A lady's portrait, done in chalk,
An empty bottle, and a cork (*Smells bottle.*)
Contents, hair oil, in all his boots!
A pistol, so I thought—he shoots.
A brush and comb, a box of pills,
A toothbrush and a pile of bills,
A pipe, a picture of a horse,
A pair of spurs, and whip, of course,
A lady's slipper, I declare!
And why, what's this? (*Opens a large brown paper parcel.*)
Some locks of hair!
A book. Fine books the fellow reads!
Tobacco and some famous weeds.
Upon my word a very good cigar. (*Puts cigar in his pocket.*)
At last, here are his papers. (*Pulls out packet.*)

ALL. At last, here are his papers.

MAYOR. Now then I'll translate them for you!

BLACKSMITH. (*Admiringly.*) What a fine thing it is to have an education, to be sure. Why I can't even read them! (*They all gather round the Mayor.*)

MAYOR. (*Reads.*) "The count is quite safe." Ah, here it is, my friends! I thought so! The count is quite safe. That's the Comte de Provence!—"Bony hasn't a chance." That's Bonaparte! Here's treason! Here's a conspiracy! "Put all the money you can lay hands on, on the old horse. He'll win!" "Old horse," indeed! That's their way of hiding the real names. "We'll astonish the country bumpkins"—the country bumpkins, indeed! That's me! me! We shall see whether the country bumpkins won't astonish you. "It will be a big thing. There's a pot of money in it. We shall land 10,000 at least, if it's kept dark." 10,000! Whew! Why that's an army! He must be arrested and sent to Paris at once, this generalissimo of conspirators.

MARIE. Arrest Monsieur Duval?

MAYOR. Of course! Perhaps, though, on second thoughts, we had better wait. There are so many strangers in the crowd to-day. They may be his confederates. I suspect that dressmaker is in it, too. (*Marie starts.*) We'll have her searched. Hush, don't say a word. She's coming.

QUARTETTE.

[*Marie, Pierre, Mayor and Bouillet.*]

"HUSH."

Hush! hush! hush! hush!

Don't speak so loud.

Hush! hush! hush! hush!

Beware the crowd.

Arrested he,

It's clear, must be.

The secret keep

Till he's asleep.

We'd better go,

Go, go, go, go.

(*Ereunt, L., except Pompon, who goes up, R. U. E., Blacksmith carrying portmanteau. Enter Madame Barrie, L. U. E. She looks off, L., as she enters. Pompon sneezes.*)

MAD. B. Ah, my dear Monsieur Pompon. You still in St. Brioux!

POMPON. (*Confused.*) Yes, Madame, yes. I find this quiet spot conducive to—ahem—meditation.

MAD. B. A poet! Oh, don't deny it, Monsieur Pompon; I see it in your eye; your graceful, thoughtful brow. (*Aside.*) He's a spy of the police. (*Aloud.*) Ah, Monsieur Pompon, we poor women positively dote on poets. Oblige me by accepting this favor to wear over your poetic soul. (*Pins rosette to his breast. Pompon makes exaggerated gestures of gratification.*)

POMPON. Oh, Madame, this is too great an honor. (*Aside.*) Pompon—S. A. O. P.! Sole Authority On Poetry. (*Aloud.*) A thousand thanks, Madame, a thousand—(*sneezes violently*)—confound this nose of mine! (*Exit, L, hurriedly.*)

MAD. B. (*Laughing.*) Ha! ha! There goes another free advertisement for our cause. (*Comes down.*) How very oddly the Mayor looked at me just now. I wonder if he has discovered anything. No. That's impossible. Besides, I can do anything I please with him. I think I'll tell Charley who I am, though; I might want a friend. Ah, here he comes. (*Enter Duval, R.*) Monsieur Duval! I want to ask you a question.

DUVAL. A dozen, if you will.

MAD. B. Would you do me a service?

DUVAL. Certainly. I wish, though, you would tell me who you really are. You are not a dressmaker. Come now!

MAD. B. Well, you'll promise that you'll never tell any one. (*Beckons him close.*) I am. (*Aside.*) Shall I? I am, sir—

DUVAL. (*Eagerly.*) Yes?

MAD. B. I am the Comtesse de Beaudry.

DUVAL. (*Starts.*) The Comtesse de Beaudry! then you must be—

MAD. B. Your Cousin Mary.

DUVAL. Cousin Mary! Why—

MAD. B. (*Giving him both her hands.*) Yes, your Cousin Mary, who has remembered her Cousin Charley better than he her, in spite of ten years.

DUVAL. Why, May! you darling! Fancy my not recognizing you! But I did, though! I said I had seen you before, didn't I? (*Tries to embrace her—she evades him.*)

MAD. B. Gently, gently, Cousin Charley, you must remember that I am no longer the kitten you used to play with years ago, but a staid, sober widow.

DUVAL. Oh, you are a widow! Thank heaven for that!

MAD. B. Yes. My unhappy married life ended some years ago in those terrible days of the Revolution. Ah, no wonder you did not recognize me! I have changed sadly; grown old and plain.

DUVAL. You're more charming than ever!

MAD. B. If why I was a washer-woman all through the Reign of Terror.

DUVAL. And a dressmaker now.

MAD. B. And the Comtesse de Beaudry again soon; very soon. There are better days coming, meantime I work and wait.

DUVAL. Then you can feel for me who have loved you so long, and waited for you all these years.

MAD. B. Oh, we are both young yet. This is still the spring-time of our lives. Where would your love be in the winter.

DUET.

[Madame B. and Duval.]

THROUGH BUD-TIME AND THE SPRING-TIME.

Through bud-time and the spring-time,
Gay youth and happy ring-time,

While you and I are young, dear,

Then love is sweet:

And flowers are never faded,

And lives are never shaded,

And hearts are never wrung, dear,

When lovers meet.

But when comes frost and blow-time,

With storm, and sleet, and snow-time,

And you and I grow old, dear,

And cares come fast;

With neither sun nor flowers

To cheer these hearts of ours,

Through winter dark and cold, dear,—

Will your love last?

DUETTO. { But } when comes frost and blow-time,

{ Yes } With storm, and sleet, and snow-time,

And you and I grow old, dear,

And cares come fast;

With neither sun nor flowers

To cheer these hearts of ours,

Through winter dark and cold, dear,—
 { Will your love last, }
 { My love will last. }

(At the close of the Duet a note is thrown out of the cottage window, tied to a stone; it falls at their feet. Duval picks it up.)

DUVAL. What's this! (Reads.) "Don't appear to take any notice, but you are watched. The Mayor is going to have you and madame arrested and searched. Your friend Marie."

MAD. B. Searched! (Aside.) He's found me out! (She takes letter from his hand, goes up stage a few paces, then comes down hurriedly, dropping the note. Pompon enters, stealthily, L. U. E., and Pierre, R. U. E., they both try to pick up the letter. Pierre gets it, but cannot read it. Pompon takes letter, reads it and makes signs, pointing to Duval and Mad. B., intimating discovery of a secret. Pierre nods to show comprehension. Exit both, L. U. E.)

DUVAL. Arrested! This must be a joke.

MAD. B. No, it isn't. I know! It's all my fault. I have got you into trouble by talking with you so much.

DUVAL. You! How?

MAD. B. Well I may as well tell you everything. That letter was from the Comte de Provence.

DUVAL. And you are?—

MAD. B. His agent! Oh, you may stare—I am.

DUVAL. You must destroy that letter.

MAD. B. Here it is. I sent the plans off to Paris long ago; they're safe.

DUVAL. How?

MAD. B. Oh, the Mayor was so obliging. He dispatched his own courier with them. (Laughing.)

DUVAL. (Laughing.) I see! woman's wit against the world! but give me that letter.

MAD. B. What will you do with it? They will see you.

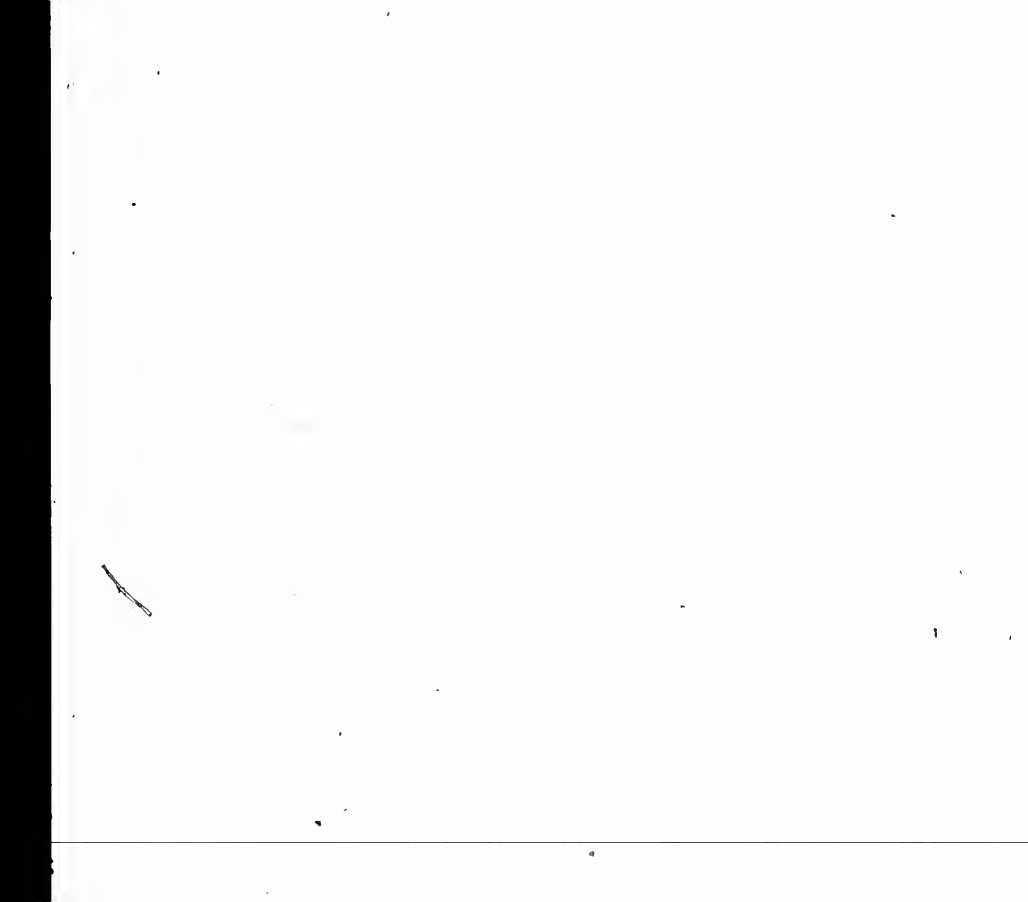
DUVAL. I'll eat it.

MAD. B. Eat it!

DUVAL. Yes, why not? (Points to table.) Everything's ready. I'll make a sandwich of it. (Sits at table and cuts bread.)

MAD. B. How you must have improved, since I saw you last. You had no taste for letters then.

DUVAL. At all events I shall have a good taste now, thanks to your bright eyes.



MAD. B. (*Offering butter on a knife.*) Butter.

DUVAL. (*Not seeing it.*) No, it isn't. (*Sees butter.*) Oh! (*Takes butter.*) Is anybody coming yet?

MAD. B. (*Looking off, L.*) Yes, the Mayor. Do make haste! pray make haste!

DUVAL. Take it coolly. I say, Cousin Mary, tell me I may hope.

MAD. B. Perhaps! Oh, pray be quick!

DUVAL. I'd eat fifty letters, all stiff parchment, a yard long, with that for a relish! Fortunately this is very thin paper. Then the silk business?—

MAD. B. Is the restoration of the rightful heir to the throne of France, the Comte de Provence.

DUVAL. By Jove! and I'm an active partner in the concern. (*Begins to eat.*) I'm swallowing the profits already.

(*Enters the Mayor, Blacksmith and Pierre, L. Duval bows to the Mayor ironically, still eating.*)

DUVAL. (*Recitative.*) My dear sir, allow me to offer you a sandwich, I cannot particularly recommend them, they're very tough, very tough.

MAD. B. Ah, my dear Mayor! (*Laughing.*) Where have you been hiding yourself? You never came to ask me for a dance.

MAYOR. I'll give you a dance presently, madame, and you, too, monsieur. (*Aside.*) I'll frighten them.

DUVAL. Thanks, but I don't dance slow dances.

MAYOR. Never fear, the one I propose will be fast enough for your taste. (*Unfolds proclamation.*)

MAD. B. (*Aside to Duval.*) He means mischief.

DUVAL. (*Aside.*) Old porcupine! let him!

MAYOR. (*Reads.*) "A most dangerous conspirator and pronounced Royalist is known to be now somewhere in disguise on the western coast. She is in communication with the Comte de Provence, and probably carries valuable papers. See that all suspicious persons are immediately arrested and closely searched. She has a slight scar on her left arm, and her real name is the Comtesse de Beaudry." (*Madame Barrie gives a slight start.*) Hullo! what's this! Why I believe she is the Countess after all! Ah, you turn pale, Madame Barrie! Widow Barrie! mantua-maker, from Paris! Oblige me, Madame Barrie, mantua-maker, from Paris, by uncovering that charming left arm of yours. (*He tries to take her hand. She hastily withdraws it.*) So! so!

butter.
(Says butter.) Oh!
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 e her hand.

MAD. B. Sir, you are rude!

MAYOR. Charming widow! fascinating widow! you weren't very civil to me this morning. It's my turn now.
(Hums.) Say yes, yes, yes.

MAD. B. *(Hums.)* Say no, no, no. I refuse, monsieur. Certainly not! How dare you! You insult me because I am only a mantua-maker, as you know very well. If I were this Countess of yours I warrant you would speak differently. What! do I look like a Countess? Indeed!
(Walks across the stage ungracefully.) Do I speak like a Countess? *(Speaking coarsely.)* Have I the airs of a Countess? No, monsieur, I am one of the people. May all Countesses get their deserts, I say.

MAYOR. *(Slowly and sarcastically.)* Very well, wait madame, I'll call some of the people to examine you.
(Goes up back and beckons off, L.)

DUVAL. *(Aside to Mad. B.)* What will you do? Shall I wring his neck?

MAD. B. Oh, never fear; I can manage my mare— Take it coolly. Capital fun, isn't it?

DUVAL. *(Aside.)* Well, I don't know, you've got a big jump before you, give her her head.

MAD. B. *(Aside.)* Not I! I always ride on the curb. You'll see what a splendid hand I have directly.
(During the foregoing asides the chorus has been filing in, L. - U. E.)

MAD. B. *(Turning to the chorus and interrupting the Mayor who is going to speak.)* *(Recitative.)* Friends, our good Mayor called you to hear a little song which I have composed in honor of his birthday. *(Aside to Mayor.)* Now, you'd better listen.

SONG AND CHORUS.

[Mad. B.]

THE MAYOR OF ST. BRIEUX.

A Mayor of St. Brieux, so my story goes,
 Was but five foot four when he stood on his toes.

CHORUS—Was but five foot four, etc.

He was sixty-nine, and he wore a wig;
 But though he was little, his wishes were big.

CHORUS—He was sixty-nine, etc.

He was tired, he said, of a bachelor life ;
 He wanted a nurse, but he wished for a wife.
 How shall I marry ? and what shall I do ?
 What shall I do ? said the Mayor of St. Brieux.
 CHORUS.—How shall I marry, etc.

A pretty young widow came trav'ling that way,
 And the Mayor fell in love, head and ears in a day.
 CHORUS.—And the Mayor fell in love, etc.

He vowed that he never had seen such a one,
 So charming a widow, not under the sun.
 CHORUS.—He vowed that he never, etc.

Couldn't she, wouldn't she marry a Mayor ?
 She'd have silks, and brocades, and fine satins to wear,
 And a gallant gay husband, if not very new,
 Wouldn't she marry the Mayor of St. Brieux ?
 CHORUS.—And a gallant, etc.

He fell on his knees with a groan, then he sighed—
 The widow looked down with a laugh, then replied :
 CHORUS.—He fell on his knees, etc.

Wooing and cooing are out of your line,
 Gruel and physic are not, sir, in mine ;
 CHORUS.—Wooing and cooing, etc.

I thank you, kind sir, but I'd rather not wed
 Such a funny old man with no hair on his head ;
 Thank you, kind sir, but I can't marry you
 Although you're the gallant, gay Mayor of St. Brieux."
 CHORUS.—Thank you, kind sir, etc.

(During this song the Mayor has been very uneasy, trying to attract her attention. At its close he brings her to the front.)

MAYOR. My dear Madame Barrie, that's a funny song of yours, upon my word.

MAD. B. Such a silly old man, wasn't he, to think that any pretty woman would marry him ? It is a good joke. I must send it to the papers. Poor old boy, he would be the laughing stock of all Paris if the story got out: particularly when it was added that he has regularly been forwarding letters to Royalists in Paris from the Comte de Provence.

MAYOR. What! those letters of yours to the little shop in the Rue Carabacel!

MAD. B. Those letters to the little shop in the Rue Carabacel, which you have so kindly forwarded, contained all the arrangements for the restoration of the Comte de Provence. Ah, I told you you underrated your services.

MAYOR. And you are really this Comtesse!

MAD. B. I really am. Come, my fellow-conspirator, shall I tell these good folks all about it?

MAYOR. Why I shall be ruined!

MAD. B. Most certainly.

MAYOR. They would think nothing in Paris of—
(*Makes sign of beheading.*)

MAD. B. Oh! nothing. I see we shall understand each other perfectly.

MAYOR. Madame, you *are* a clever woman! The game is yours, your hand's all trumps, but, (*appealingly*), you won't stay here?

MAD. B. (*Archly.*) What! tired of the charming widow Barrie already? (*Sings, mockingly.*) "Charming widow Barrie, say that you will marry,"—(*breaks off, laughing.*) Come, forget and forgive. Here: as a favor, you shall have this rosette of mine to wear in memory of the charming widow. (*Pins rosette on his breast, he at first objecting, but afterwards giving way.*)

MAYOR. Madame, you are a witch.

MAD. B. No, only a woman.

MAYOR. Ah, it's the same thing.

MAD. B. Bless the man! He's only just found that out!

(*Crosses to Duval, Blacksmith comes forward.*)

BLACKSMITH. I say: what about this arrest?

MAYOR. Arrest! what arrest? My dear Bouillet, you must be very drunk.

BLACKSMITH. But, Monsieur le Mayor—

MAYOR. Can you keep a secret?

BLACKSMITH. Like an anvil.

MAYOR. (*Taking him by the arm.*) You're a fool!
(*Blacksmith starts.*) And I'm another. Shake hands!
(*They shake hands, and Blacksmith goes back, looking puzzled.*)

(*Enter Marie, running with letter.*)

MARIE. Monsieur Duval! Monsieur Duval! here's your letter; and here's a big one for you, sir. (*Gives a despatch to the Mayor and a letter to Duval.*)

MAYOR. (*Reads*) "The Count's conspiracy is all over. You may relax your vigilance. Orders for arrests all can-

celled." Phew! Here's a relief; just in time, too! The widow may go and get hung elsewhere. Hurrah!

DUVAL. (*Reads.*) "Honored sir. All right. The Count won in a canter. I told you Bony couldn't stay. Come over as quick as possible. I'm on Tom Tiddlers' ground, here, picking up gold and silver as fast as I can.

"Yours, BENDIGO BROWN."

Hurrah! Bravo! The Count has won the Derby! (*Goes round shaking hands.*) Two thousand pounds clear! Hurrah!

MAYOR. What's that? Then you're not a conspirator?

DUVAL. Conspirator! I! Why, of course not.

MAYOR. And "Bony" and the "Count" are?—

DUVAL. Horses! What else should they be?

MAYOR. (*Coming front, aside.*) It strikes me that I'm rather like one myself—ears a little longer, perhaps. What a mess I have made of it! Of course he's a horse jockey. These Englishmen always are, when they are not prize fighters. Well, I hav'n't committed myself, fortunately. (*To audience.*) No one knows what an ass I've been, except you. You'll keep the secret, won't you? (*Hums.*) "Say yes, yes, yes."

FINAL CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Hail! hail! hail! hail!

Hail to his honor, the Mayor of St. Brieux.

Garlands we bring and roses we strew,

Hail to his honor, the Mayor of St. Brieux,

The Mayor of St. Brieux, the Mayor of St. Brieux,

Hail to his honor, the Mayor of St. Brieux.

MAYOR.

Thanks, my good friends, for the honor you do,

Take, pray, the thanks of the Mayor of St. Brieux.

(*Aside.*) If his proceedings these folks only knew,

They wouldn't honor the Mayor of St. Brieux.

DUVAL.

Dear Monsieur le Mayor, though you pick out a spy,

And see through a plot with that wonderful eye,

Come, my dear sir, now, between me and you,

Are you so clever, friend Mayor of St. Brieux?

BLACKSMITH.

What it all means is more than I know,

Blacksmiths, of course, are thick-headed and slow;

All that I've learnt, why I long ago knew,

There was never a Mayor like the Mayor of St. Brieux.

POMPON. (*Advancing to the Mayor confidentially.*)
 I am the Secret Agent of Police;
 A secret I can now discover,
 This Madame Barrie is—(*sneezes*)—
 And Pierre—

MAYOR. 's a booby; you're another!
 (*Pompon goes back looking astonished, and sneezing violently.*)

CHORUS.
 All that he's learnt, why we long ago knew,
 There was never a Mayor like the Mayor of St. Brieux.

PIERRE. (*Showing Marie her note aside.*)
 If you please, my dear Mayor, I've a secret to tell.

MARIE. (*Pulling him back.*)
 Will you be quiet? I'm not very well!

PIERRE.
 Say that you'll marry me, then, if I don't!

MARIE.
 What, sir! you forcéme! Ah, well then, I won't!

PIERRE. (*Goes towards Mayor, she pulls him back.*)
 Yes, I will! there's my hand. If I do marry you,
 Don't you tell tales to the Mayor of St. Brieux.

WIDOW B. (*Archly.*)
 "Fair widow I"—you know the rest,
 Pray, never mind, you did your best.
 Next time you ask, say something new,
 Gallant gay bachelor, Mayor of St. Brieux

MAYOR. (*To audience.*)
 What an escape I have had, to be sure.
 Once I get clear, I'll not try any more.
 If I had married a woman like that,
 She would have led me the life of a cat.

CHORUS—What does he mean by talking like that?
 Who would have led him the life of a cat?

Moral:—a widow is best left alone,
 She'll have her own way, and you will have none;
 So should a widow seem charming to you,
 Think of the fate of the Mayor of St. Brieux.

(Two girls advance from chorus with wreaths of roses; they place a wreath on his head.)

CHORUS—Hail! hail! hail! hail!

Hail to his honor, the Mayor of St. Brieux.

Garlands we bring, and roses we strew,
Hail to his honor, the Mayor of St. Brieux,
The Mayor of St. Brieux, the Mayor of St. Brieux.
Hail to his honor, the Mayor of St. Brieux.

MAD. B. THE MAYOR. DUVAL.

PIERRE.

MARIE.

BOUILLET.

POMPON.

CURTAIN.

