

1874 58

THE NEW OPERA

ENTITLED

THE BONDMAN,

In Three Acts,

AS FIRST PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

ON FRIDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1846.

THE WHOLE OF THE MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY BY

M. W. BALFE,

THE WORDS BY

ALFRED BUNN, ESQ.

Author of 'The Bohemian Girl,' 'Stradella,' 'The Maid of Artois,' 'The Crusaders,'
'The Enchantress,' 'Guillaume Tell,' 'The Syren,' 'The Daughter of
St. Mark,' 'Minister and Mercer,' 'Lestocq,' 'Bronze Horse,'
'My Neighbour's Wife,' 'Loretta,' &c. &c. &c.

THE WHOLE OF THE MUSIC IS PUBLISHED BY
CHAPPELL and Co., 50, NEW BOND STREET.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

London:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY W. S. JOHNSON, "NASSAU STEAM
PRESS," 60, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, CHARING CROSS; MESSRS.
CHAPPELL, 50, NEW BOND STREET; AND TO BE HAD
IN THE THEATRE.

511

THE NEW OPERA,

ENTITLED

THE BONDMAN,

In Three Acts,

AS FIRST PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE,

On Friday, December 11, 1846.

THE WHOLE OF THE MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY BY

M. W. BALFE.

THE WORDS BY

ALFRED BUNN, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF

"THE BOHEMIAN GIRL," "STRADELLA," "THE MAID OF ARTOIS," "THE
CRUSADERS," "THE ENCHANTRESS," "GUILLAUME TELL," "THE SYREN,"
"DAUGHTER OF ST. MARK," "MINISTER AND MERCER," "LESTOCQ,"
"BRONZE HORSE," "MY NEIGHBOUR'S WIFE," "LORETTA," ETC., ETC., ETC.

The whole of the MUSIC is published by CHAPPELL AND Co.,
50, New Bond Street.

PRICE, ONE SHILLING.

LONDON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY W. S. JOHNSON, "NASSAU STEAM PRESS,"
60, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, CHARING CROSS; MESSRS. CHAPPELL, 50, NEW
BOND STREET, AND TO BE HAD IN THE THEATRE.

FR. NIC. MANSKOPFSCHES
MUSIKHISTORISCHES
MUSEUM. FRANKFURT A.M.

By hand for T. 1846

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

As represented on Friday, December 11th, 1846.

The Marquis de Vernon,	Mr. WEISS.
Count Floreville,	(His Son)	Mr. RAFTER.
Ardenford,	(The Bondman)	Mr. W. HARRISON.
The Viscount Morlière,	(His Friend)	Mr. H. HORNCastle.
The Baron de Laville,	(His Friend)	Mr. GALLI.
Mal-a-pro-pos,	(The Valet of Ardenford)	Mr. HARLEY.
Jaloux,	(An Innkeeper)	Mr. S. JONES.
Michel,	(Servant to the Marquis)	Mr. CONNELL.
Attrappe,	(A Police-Officer)	Mr. HOWELL.
First Huntsman,	Mr. HODGES.
Keeper,	Mr. BIRT.
Notary,	Mr. SANGER.

Nobles, Gentry, Servants, Huntsmen, Police-Officers, &c. &c.

Madame Julie Corinne,	(A Creole Widow)	Miss ROMER.
Frivole,	(Her Lady's-Maid)]	Mrs. HUGHES.
Grisette,	(Wife of Jaloux)	Miss R. ISAACS.]

Ladies, Servants, Villagers, &c. &c.

FIRST ACT AT RAINCY.

THE SECOND AND THIRD ACTS AT PARIS.

* * * Those words between inverted commas are omitted in representation.

THE BONDMAN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Post-house, near the avenue leading to the Castle of Raincy: on the p. s. side the Inn, with a sign hanging out without any inscription. Higher up, an open coach-house, the back of which is against the house, and which admits only of the body of a vehicle being seen, while the horses, pole, &c., &c., are concealed by a hedge, which separates the court-yard of the Post-house from the high road. On the o. p. side, is the garden of the Inn, and at the back, in the distance, is seen the Castle. A body of HUNTSMEN are seated at a table drinking, JALOUX joining them, and GRAISETTE helping them, from time to time.*

CHORUS

The chase! the chase! let us drink the chase—
A sport we deem divine;
We drink the chase, for we love the chase,
We drink the wine they before us place,
Because we love the wine!
And we'll give mouth, like the bravest hound,
Wheresoever good wine's to be found!

1st Hunts. Now, To the happy couple.

(To JALOUX, who is cogitating) Why, Jaloux,
What gives thy cheek that yellow hue?
Are marriage feelings, or their dread,
Already flying to thy head?

Gri. (laughing) A fortnight surely is too soon—
Wait till we've past the honey-moon!

Jal. (seriously, pointing to the sign-board over the Inn-door)
I'm thinking of some motto fit

For yonder sign, and worthy it!
Something of which you both might boast.

Gri. (importantly) Of course—we keep the Royal Post,
And horses for the Prince provide,
For Madame Montesson beside,
When she on fashion's tufted wings
All Paris to the chateau brings—

So something smart we must contrive.
1st H. (smacking his thigh) I have it, as I am alive!
"The Noted Wine-cup—come and try it."

- Jal.* 'The wine-merchants will so belie it.
1st H. "The Stag," then—'twill thy sign adorn.
Jal. (shaking his head) Not anything that wears a horn!
 No—no—but having service seen,
 In Picardy's dragoons once been,
 Suppose we on that sign engrave,
 And paint, "A welcome to the brave!"
- Gri.* A soldier is a pleasant sight,
 In any shape—and my delight!
- Jal.* Our village artist is a hand
 At painting patés, small or grand,
 But at a hero, I much doubt
 If he the thought can carry out!

CHORUS.

- 1st H.* We would rather, one another,
 Eat the first than fight the other!
 Ha! good wine's worth any sign,
 If 'tis served by hand like thine!
- Jal. (giving him a rap on his knuckles)* *[Taking the hand of GRISETTE.]*
 Picardy's dragoons are fellows
 Very well, 'til they are jealous;
 But where lover interposes,
 They've a knack of pulling noses!
- 1st H.* More fools they! but hark, the sound
 Of hunter's horn is heard around.
 Come, drink!
- Ost.* *[Emptying his glass, and the cracking of whips heard.]*
 The sound of whips I hear,
 Proclaims a carriage drawing near.
 How many horses?
- Jal.* Two!
Ost. You, there,
Jal. (calling out to the stable boys) Turn out, and harnessed well, a pair!
- 1st H.* Thriving trade—good wife, good wine,
 Lucky fellow, all are thine.
 But up men and away,
 The stag is ours to-day!

REPRISE OF THE CHORUS.

The chase! the chase! let us drink the chase—
 A sport we deem divine;
 We drink the chase, for we love the chase,
 We drink the wine they before us place,
 Because we love the wine!
 And we'll give mouth, like the bravest hound,
 Wheresoever good wine's to be found!

[They all go out at the o. p. side, as the MARQUIS DE VERNON and MADAME CORINNE enter on the p. s. preceded by JALOUX, carrying his cote on cap in his hand, and bowing most respectfully.]

Mar. No, no horses I tell you; put up the carriage, and prepare a chamber for this lady.

Jal. (to GRISETTE) Get the best chamber ready.

Gri. (aside) We've got but one.

Jal. (aloud) Yes, to be sure, that one.

Gri. I'll run and put it in order. *(To MADAME CORINNE)*
 If your ladyship thinks of hunting with the prince, no doubt you will dress here?

Mad. C. Yes ; and I must trust to you to be my lady's maid.

Gri. (curlseying) You do me too much honour.

Mad. C. (to the OSTLER, bringing a band-box from the carriage). Take care of that, it contains my riding-habit, and let me know when the saddle-horses arrive.

Jal. Yes, my lady. (*Aside*) Carriage, saddle-horses, and the Lord knows what ! Now, what am I to write up under my sign ?

Mar. Well, is this room ready ?

Jal. (respectfully) Yes, my lord ; beautifully furnished—a perfect bijou. (*to his wife*) Take away that broken looking-glass, and those old faded curtains. (*to the MARQUIS*). Everything entirely new. (*to his wife.*) Don't stand gaping there, but make haste, while I go and warm up some soup for the postilions.

[*Exeunt severally, all but the MARQUIS and MADAME CORINNE*
—the carriage having been backed under the shed during the scene.

Mar. Here are your handkerchief and smelling bottle.

Mad. C. What attentions ! Why one would think it was you who were going to marry me ?

Mar. I am only acting for my son.

Mad. C. (looking round) Count Floreville ! Can he not act for himself ? My dear Marquis, you have obtained my consent somewhat too precipitately.

Mar. Not at all ; were we not neighbours at St. Domingo ? I then loved you as if you were my daughter ; and but for my sudden departure, of which M. Corinne availed himself to obtain your hand—

Mad. C. And to die, after we had been married but a year, leaving me the whole of his immense wealth—

Mar. The best thing he ever did ; “and now as your natural guide and protector, on your return to Europe—”

Mad. C. (archly smiling) But, Marquis, I perceive that, with the exception of your son, you suffer no young idolater to come near me, and I fear me *he* is none of the steadiest.

Mar. You are quite mistaken ; he is a very prudent youth, (*then aside*) who has run through a fortune ; (*then to Madame*) who has a thousand good qualities, (*then aside*) and is many thousands in debt, (*then to her*) and who will make you really happy.

Mad. C. Well, when I next marry, it *must* be to be happy, if only for a change.

Mar. Are you otherwise now ?

Mad. C. Sometimes, when I think of the days of my childhood.

Mar. (laughing) I see—a leaf out of the book of Paul and Virginia !

Mad. C. You may well laugh, when I tell you that the hero of my romance was none other than a poor little negro.

Mar. (with a loud laugh.) What ! a black ?—a thorough Caribbee ?

Mad. C. Yes, a black, or rather a mulatto ; it is a somewhat strange history. On my mother's estate, which had not less than four hundred slaves, lived a faithful negress, who was my nurse—her name was Naomi.

Mar. (suddenly moved) Naomi !

Mad. C. Yes ; and if I recollect rightly, you sold her to us.

Mar. Very likely—I have some faint recollection of her.

Mad. C. She had a son named Camille, four or five years older than me, but who was my playfellow, as well as slave, carrying my umbrella or fan, holding me on my horse, and paying me every sort of attention. His skill in all kinds of exercises was the wonder of the colony ; when, one day, and he was only then in his fourteenth year—

Mar. Well, pray proceed.

Mad. C. A grand *fête* was given to celebrate the arrival of a new governor, and, amongst other amusements, a horse-race took place, at which each rider was masked. A youth managed his horse so admirably, that he not only won the race, but the approbation of the whole assembly. On reaching the stand, where I was seated with my mother, he refused the prize, signifying that he only wished for one reward, and taking off his mask, imprinted a kiss on my shoulder. A burst of indignation at a mulatto's presumption ran around, and with a silver whip she always carried at her side, my mother lashed him across the face. 'Twas Camille. Oh, the sight ! I shall never forget it. I see him now—his frame trembling, his face smeared with blood, and tears wrung from him by shame ; while I was unable to stifle *my* feelings, and would have gone to him to sooth *his*, he freed himself from those who were about to seize him, cleared the barriers of the course, and disappeared for ever. Oh, how I wept ; and even at this distance of time, I never think of it without shedding tears. (*wiping her eyes*)

Mar. And you have never seen him since ?

Mad. C. (*sighing*) Ah, no !

Mar. (*aside*) I breathe again. I began to tremble for my son.

Mad. C. The night after this frightful scene, I was lying half asleep, when I heard, under my window, this creole air. I have never forgotten it, and have often sung it since.

BALLAD.

Child of the sun, unhappy slave,
Thy spirit must not dare
To gaze on charms that Nature gave
So wonderfully fair !
With soul that is denied the free,
To feel, to weep, to sigh,
Thy only privilege can be
To worship, and to die !
Dark is thy hue, as that of night,
And yet with softened ray
There beams from Heav'n itself a light
To waken night to day :
Thus, if the light so lov'd by thee
Were only gleaming nigh,
How blest thy privilege would be
To worship, and to die !

Mar. Was it he ?

Mad. C. I ran to the window, and called Camille, but he has never since been heard of. 'Tis an idle dream, which the slightest circumstance recalls. Only last night, at the opera—

Mar. At the Opera ?

Mad. C. We were in your box; when there entered, in the opposite one, a gentleman, extremely elegant, though a man of colour——

Mar. How! another mulatto?

Mad. C. Precisely so, but a thousand times more graceful than all your young lords put together. Though he could in no respect be mixed up with the poor slave of St. Domingo, yet his appearance affected me, for he kept continually looking at me——

Mar. (*trying to break the conversation*) Yes, yes, the love of country, his colour, and so on; but your marriage with my son would dissipate all these silly visions.

Mad. C. Do you know who this gentleman is?

C. Flo. (*outside*) The devil take this Ardenford, say I.

Mar. Thank Heaven, here *is* my son.

Enter COUNT FLOREVILLE, O. P. *side*, in a hunting dress.

C. Flo. In the course, or the chase, in the opera, or at the balls, nothing goes down but this d——d Ardenford.

Mar. (*pointing to Madame Corinne*) Count!

Cou. (*bowing*) A thousand pardons. I fear I have kept you waiting, but I was solely occupied on your account.

Mad. C. With scolding and swearing? I must really have inspired you with pleasant ideas.

Cou. It was all owing to that infernal Mr. Ardenford.

Mar. What has *he* done?

Cou. Rather ask what he has *not* done. I think that fellow was born to be my destruction. He has just now carried off from me——

Mad. C. A lady?

Cou. No—a horse; only imagine, my dear madame, a neck like Sophia Arnould's, sweet little feet like the lovely dancer Guimard, and eyes! I never saw such eyes—always excepting yours.

Mad. C. Oh—sir——

Cou. Lord Dumblane promised to give it to any one who could tame it. We all tried, and were successively thrown, when this black Mr. Ardenford leaped on his back, paraded him about, quieted him, and—and—the horse is his.

Mad. C. Mr. Ardenford!

Mar. Yes, he of whom you were just speaking."

Mad. C. Does any one know who he is?

Cou. Fair lady, I have the most exact account, and I can assure you—no one knows anything of him. Some say he is a rich Mexican, others that he's a ruined Portuguese; then, that he's an Abyssinian prince; then, an Arabian runaway. But he is the life of all society—the House of Orleans and Madame de Montesson rave about him. Perfumed from head to foot, maintaining the style of a marquis; in wit the equal of Laelos; a rival in arms to the Chevalier D'Eon; he executes a sonata with his riding-whip, and dances a minuet as well as Vestris; and if, after this, he does not become Prime Minister, it will be no fault of his.

Mar. Well, (*turning round*) but where is this chamber?

Gri. (*coming out from Inn*) Quite ready, my Lord.

Mar. Now, my dear Julie, change your dress for the chase

The Count will accompany you, as I have some business in the neighbourhood.

Mad. C. Quite at your service. (*then aside*) Oh, Mr. Ardenford, of whom the whole world is talking, I fain would know something more about you. [*Exit with GRISETTE into Inn.*]

Mar. Are you mad, to go on in this manner before one whose fortune can alone extricate you from your difficulties?

Cou. What is one to do? I am half wild. Only fancy, for the last fortnight I have been paying court to the lovely Guimard.

Mar. Now it is Guimard—a month ago it was Madlle. La Prairie.

Cou. Oh, fie, fie; La Prairie was a little gone bye, while as for Guimard, I'd give one thousand pounds—if I had them—only to kiss her little feet, as they glide over the ground.

AIR AND DUET.

On Zephyr's wings they say she flies,
 Within some fairy flow'r had birth;
 Her hue is of the rainbow's dyes,
 Which, as she skims, illumes the earth.
 Oh, were I but that happy thing
 Whose joyous flight, disdainng rest,
 With her upon Eolian wing
 Might seek the distant whirlwind's breast!
 As light as air,
 And all her words
 Like notes of birds
 Who dwell up there!
 And when she smiles,
 The blush that streaks
 Her lovely cheeks
 Each sense beguiles!

Mar. (growing impatient) Why she is a divinity?

Cou. Oh, no,
 She is a monster, as I'll let you know.

Mar. That negro, Ardenford, is her delight.
 What's that to me, if he her love requite?
 Dancers are very well, and in my day
 I loved as many as a youngster may;
 Let him take Guimard, Prairie, one and all,
 Whom you, through vanity, your own may call,
 If he don't take your wife—

Cou. Corinne you mean?

Mar. Of course—
 Do his intentions that way lean?

Cou. I know not, but by some odd fancy led,
 This fellow's all that's running in her head.

ENSEMBLE.

COUNT.

These women! oh, these women!
 We run after them in vain:
 They set your head a swimming,
 And they fill your heart with pain.
 We fellows! oh, we fellows!
 How our folly they deride:
 They at first will make us jealous,
 And then laugh at us beside!

MARQUIS.

These women! oh, these women!
 Who would follow them in vain?
 Their heads some foolish whim in,
 And their hearts not worth the gain!
 You fellows! oh, you fellows!
 How your folly they deride!
 They do all to make you jealous,
 And then laugh at you beside!

- Cou.* (*thrusting his hat upon his head*)
This cursed Moor mars every pleasant plan,
And I must stop his mischief, (*then aside*) if I can!
I'll have a meeting—
- Mar.* Not with my free will—
The world is well acquainted with his skill.
- Cou.* Pooh—nonsense—he may "button" all the rest,
Kill ev'ry swallow that has left its nest;
But I do not regard his fame a whit,
I've been out three times, and been (*aside*) three times hit.
- Mar.* I do forbid it—(*then tenderly*)
Wilful as thou art,
Cause not this useless sorrow to my heart—
I can remove him by another way.
- Cou.* Another way?
- Mar.* For which he'll dearly pay:
A farmer's wife—
- Cou.* No matter what their age,
He will contrive their feelings to engage.
- Mar.* I'd a presentiment—and so besought
Those means which I expect each moment brought.

Enter MICHEL, with a sealed packet.

- Mic.* A man alighted at the inn, close by,
Gave me this letter, waiting a reply.
- Mar.* (*breaking the seal and reading*)
A secret order—charming! (*to the Count*)
Right—quite right!
- Cou.* What do you mean?
- Mar.* You shall know all (*then aside*) to-night,
Their fine Mulatto sleeps at the Bastille—
From letters of police there's no appeal. (*then to Michel*)
He's waiting?
- Mic.* Yes, my Lord, without.
- Mar.* Say, that I'll come—(*aside*) the officer, no doubt.
(*Then to the Count.*)
Count, I must leave you.
- Cou.* Do, I pray, explain.
- Mar.* You with the lovely Julie must remain:
(*Then aside*) That carriage which another freight once bore,
May serve again, as it hath served before.
(*Then to the Count*) Count, let your utmost means be used to please—
This Ardenford shall leave you at your ease—
For that I'll answer. (*then pointing to the packet*)
When he this shall see,
There's no resistance. (*loud*) Michel, follow me!

REPEAT OF ENSEMBLE.

COUNT.
These women! oh, these women!
We run after them in vain:
They set your head a swimming,
And they fill your heart with pain.
We fellows! oh, we fellows!
How our folly they deride:
They at first will make us jealous,
And then laugh at us beside!

MARQUIS.
These women! oh, these women!
Who would follow them in vain?
Their heads some foolish whim in,
And their hearts not worth the gain.
You fellows! oh, you fellows!
How your folly they deride!
They do all to make you jealous,
And then laugh at you beside!

[*Exit MARQUIS at the p. s., followed by MICHEL.*

Cou. (*alone*) Leave me at my ease! I'm not so sure of that—
nothing but a duel will settle him. "So, my knight of ebony, my

“scented Othello, you chouse me out of La Guimard, and now talk of carrying off my wife—that is to be. I’d give one thousand pounds—no, I have but twenty-five in the world—to have a meeting with him.” Here he comes, with his customary suite; now, see how I’ll pick a quarrel with him.

Enter ARDENFORD, in an English hunting-dress—accompanied by LA MORLIERE, the BARON DE LA VILLE, Huntsmen, &c. &c.

CHORUS.

Were it not that folly
Smiling round we see,
Oh, how melancholy
Human life would be.
Were it not that, after,
Love comes in her train,
Just to check her laughter,
Who could life sustain?
“None can doubt that, bright or dark the weather,
“Love and folly ought to go together!

SOLO.—ARDENFORD.

Oh, let me be that lover,
That still unwearied rover,
Who but to bask awhile
In woman’s sunny smile,
Would roam the wide world over!
The hopes we deem the slightest,
The joys we feel the lightest,
One glance from those which lie
Within her magic eye
Will make them all the brightest!

REPRISE OF THE CHORUS.

Were it not that folly
Smiling round we see,
Oh, how melancholy
Human life would be.
Were it not that, after,
Love comes in her train,
Just to check her laughter,
Who could life sustain?
“None can doubt that, bright or dark the weather,
“Love and folly ought to go together!

Ard. (aside, observing the carriage at the back) There’s the carriage—I was not mistaken. Oh, if I could but see her again—
Mor. The devil take those dogs, for bringing us to Raincy.

Ard. Never mind, the scent is lost at present, “but we shall soon find a stag, or some other game;” in the meantime I’ll introduce you to one of the prettiest of landladies.

All. Where?

Mor. In this pot-house?

Ard. Yes—the wine is execrable, but the hostess is nectar, and her husband as jealous as—

Mor. That makes her all the handsomer.

Ard. You shall judge for yourselves—(*hollowing and knocking the table with his whip*) Halloo! I say—waiters, maids, here—some claret, and champaigne, of the best quality—if you have any.

Cou. (*aside*) Here's a row! why the Prince himself could not assume greater consequence.

Mor. (*aside to ARLENFORD*) Ardenford, look there.

Ard. What at?

Mor. The Count Floreville walking by himself.

Ard. He's champing the bit—thinking over his late fall.

Mor. (*aside*) You know how thoroughly he hates you on account of Guimard; he looks upon you as his rival.

Ard. Ha! ha! ha! he looks on the dark side of everything—face and all.

Mor. Ha! ha! ha!

Cou. (*aside*) That puppy's laughing at me. (*going up to ARDENFORD with a determined air*) Mr. Ardenford—

Ard. Ah, Count, delighted to see you—do you not hunt to-day? Not the worse, I hope, for that little fall this morning?

Cou. No, sir, I wish to say two words to you.

Ard. In a few moments.

Cou. Presently will do, as I see they are waiting to serve you. (*seeing the waiter bringing out bottles and glasses*)

Ard. As you please. (*then pouring out some wine and drinking*) Why, what the devil have we here? I asked for wine—not vinegar. Take it away, you rascal!

GRISSETTE entering from Inn.

Gri. Pray, gentlemen, less noise, if you please—we have a lady of quality in the house, who is now dressing.

Ard. (*aside*) 'Tis she! (*then to all*) Ah! ah! here is the charming Grisetete—the sweetest of sweet faces. Gentlemen, let me present to you the Hébé of Raincy, the wonder of these woods.

[*They all come round GRISSETTE.*]
Cou. (*aside*) What a scapegrace he is. I must have two words with him.

Gri. (*resisting their advances*) Have done, gentlemen.

Ard. Why, thy fingers are as prickly as one of last year's roses.

Mor. (*taking GRISSETTE round the waist*) But thy cheeks as sweet and fresh as one of *this* years.

Ard. (*offering to kiss her*) We are privileged—

Gri. (*resisting*) Did you ever see the like of that blackeymoor?

Ard. Are you frightened at my face?—don't you like us black fellows?

Gri. (*still resisting*) That depends upon circumstances—but I say—(*laughing*) the dye won't come off, will it?

Ard. You shall see—

[*He kisses GRISSETTE, at the moment JALOUX enters with his apron and cap on, and holding a ladle in his hand.*]

MORCEAU D'ENSEMBLE.

Jal. (*on the steps of the door*)

Ha! what is that I see?

Gri. (calling) Jaloux!
Arđ. That cap
 Bespeaks the husband—bravo—
Mor. What mishap!
 Here'll be a scene. (continuing their fun)
Jal. (crying out) You, Mr. Whitey-brown,
 Touch not my wife, or I will knock you down!
 Don't dare to speak to her—
Gri. You hear, no doubt,—
Arđ. (kissing her again) I will not speak—but I can kiss without.
Jal. (furious) Damnation!
Arđ. (kissing her again) I won't say a single word—
Jal. (throwing the ladle at him)
 Such impudence before I never heard.
Gri. (struggling) Be quiet!
Jal. (pulling his wife to the other side) This is coming it too strong—
 (He seizes the sword of one of the huntsmen)
 To Picardy's famed regiment I belong!
Arđ. Thy wine has also regimental rank—
 'Tis cider—and the worst I ever drank.
Jal. (beside himself) Abuse my wine, and kiss my wife—now mark—
 I'll spit that fellow as I would a lark!

ENSEMBLE.

Jal. Was ever such audacity!
 Such insolent mendacity!
Gri. My husband's great tenacity
 Has called up his iracity!
Arđ. (trying to kiss her again) Oh fear not my loquacity,
 But yield to my rapacity!
Cou. (aside) With all his great audacity,
 The fellow shows sagacity!
Mor. This petticoat voracity
 Denotes a great capacity!

Ensemble.

CHORUS.—(Pointing to ARDENFORD and JALOUX.)
 If he display procacity,
 Yet he shows incapacity!

Jal. Defend yourself!—
Gri. What, do they mean to fight?

CHORUS.—(Forming a circle.)

Bravo! bravo! we'll see that all is right!

[As JALOUX stands on guard, ARDENFORD picks up the ladle.]

Arđ. (on his guard) If so, I for a weapon then must look—
Jal. (thrusting at him) Seducer!
Arđ. (parrying it) Ménéláus, turned a cook!
Jal. (thrusting) Wretch! you shall mix some water with your wine—
Arđ. (parrying, and then hitting him)
 It will not be by fencing such as thine!
Jal. Oh!
Arđ. (striking him again) 'Tis no fault of mine, as you were told,
 You know not how your weapon e'en to hold—
 [Hits him on the knuckles, and knocks the sword out of his hand.]
Ja'. What a wrist!
All. Well hit!
Cou. (aside) 'Tis hopeless to choose
 A weapon, he seems so able to use!

- Jal.* (still more enraged, then says to ARDENFORD)—
A sword's not my weapon—a dragoon
Can hit his man, as you shall know full soon!
My pistols, John! (*enters the inn*)
- Gri.* (running up to ARDENFORD) Oh, hear me, Sir, I pray,
Ard. (laughing, and chucking her under the chin)
Fear not, my love, I shall not run away—
Gri. You know him not, when thus his blood runs high.
Jal. (entering with his pistols) I will have satisfaction—he shall die!
Here are the pistols loaded—and with ball—
Ard. (taking one) Oh no, for then you would be sure to fall!
[Looking upon the ground, as if in search of something.]
Jal. What do you seek?
Ard. (picking up a nail) The smallest thing will do,
Merely one eye to shoot completely through.
Jal. One eye?
Ard. To make the other clearer see.
Gri. (laughing) What a good-looking fellow he will be!
Ard. (falling back a few steps) Fix upon anything you like to name,
At fifty paces I will take my aim—
So choose—
Jal. (frightened, and shutting his eyes) Choose what?
Ard. Thy feelings I will spare—
Stir not a step, but look up in the air—
Thou want'st a sign—thou shalt no longer pine
For such a trifle—THAT shall be thy sign!

[He takes off JALOUX's cap, throws it up in the air, aims at it, fires, and nails it against the sign-board over the Inn-door.]

CHORUS.

- Cou.* (aside) Bravo! all weapons he knows how to use!
Pistol, or sword, I neither will choose!

REPEAT OF ENSEMBLE.—(Slightly altered.)

- Jal.* Despite of such audacity,
Was ever such capacity!
Gri. (pointing to Ardenford) My husband's fine loquacity
Is stopped by his capacity!
Ard. Despite the rogues iracity,
I've silenced his mendacity!
Cou. With all his great audacity,
The fellow shows sagacity!
Mor. (aside) His petticoat voracity
Improves with his capacity!

Ensemble.

CHORUS.

- With such unmatched audacity,
He's wonderful sagacity!

MADAME CORINNE appearing at the window of the Inn.

What noise is this?—What can be the matter? (*seeing ARDENFORD*) Ah! 'tis ho!

And. (aside—*seeing CORINNE*) There she is. I knew I should make her show herself.

[CORINNE, who has only been seen by ARDENFORD, instantly retires.]

Jal. (stupidified) I'm in a perfect sweat. Suppose my head had happened to have been in that cap!

All. (laughing) Ah! ha! ha!

Jal. And I can have no revenge?](*pauses*) Madame Grisette, come in doors—(*pointing to the Inn*) I have a word to say to you.

Gri. (trying to escape) Yes, 'yes—I know all about it—it's my turn now.

Jal. Go in, I say.

[*He follows her into the Inn.*

Ard. (turning to FLOREVILLE) I believe, Count, you wished to speak with me?

Cou. (embarrassed) A mere nothing—any time will do;—'twas only about my Lord Dumblane's horse, in case you wanted to part with it. (*Sounds of horses heard*) Ha! the chase is about to begin, and Julie's horses not yet arrived—I must see about them. (*Aside*) Neither sword nor pistol will suit my book. [*Exit by the r. s. side.*

Ard. (to all) And has he been waiting an hour, merely to tell me this?

1st H. (from the back) Gentlemen, the stag has taken the high road—

Mor. Quick, quick, to horse!

CHORUS.—(*All.*)

The chase! the chase! let us drink the chase!—

A sport we deem divine;

We drink the chase, for we love the chase,

We drink the wine they before us place,

Because we love the wine;

And we'll give mouth, like the bravest hound,

Wheresoever good wine's to be found!

[*They all hurry off but ARDENFORD, at the O. P., amid the sounds of horns, which gradually die away.*

Ard. Run, run—make haste—I'll be amongst ye. (*seeing CORINNE*) Just as I expected—she comes.

[*Goes up stage, as CORINNE comes from the Inn in her riding dress.*

Cor. A quarrel! Some accident I fear! (*Stops, as she sees ARDENFORD*) No—he is alone.

Ard. (advancing) I owe you a thousand excuses, madame, for having so alarmed you.

Cor. I confess—such a sudden noise—

"*Ard.* I would give all I possess to induce you to forget this want of consideration"—and if I can be of the slightest service—

Cor. (looking at him) Sir—(*then aside*), No, it is not he!

Ard. (aside) How strangely she looks at me? Do you join the hunt? Can I call any of your people?

Cor. It would be to no purpose. Of two cavaliers who ought to accompany me, I don't even see one.

Ard. I shall feel proud in replacing them—dispose of me in any way. (*Then drawing up respectfully*) "Be under no apprehension, "I belong to the Prince's party—a position that will insure you my "respect, had not the first sight of you already commanded it."

Cor. (aside) Even to the very sound of his voice!—(*Aloud*) If I mistake not, I am addressing Mr. Ardenford.

Ard. Yes, madame—(*smiling*) there is a stamp upon me which renders it impossible not to recognise me.

Cor. (*confused*) I never thought of that.

Ard. Pray make no excuses. "It is a delight to attract, by any means, woman's attention; and" I shall bless my own peculiar advantage that has obtained for me a sight of the loveliest of her sex! "I would not change my hue, if it lost me that privilege."

BALLAD AND DUETT.

BALLAD—ARDENFORD.

They say there is some distant land,
Some shores from these remote,
Where *this* dark shadow doth the brand (*pointing to his*
Of servitude denote! *face.*)
Where man to bondage and disgrace
His fellow man can bind;
And with such marks he can't efface
— May even chain the mind!

Yet here, where woman's charms abound,
Where'er her beauty reigns,
And throws its soft enchantment round,
How welcome are our chains!
For if by her for ever doomed
In fetters thus to see
Our lives in slavery consumed,
Oh, who would e'er be free?

Cor. What compliments!—(*then pointedly*)
Did France, sir, give you birth?
Ard. To tell you whence I came were little worth:
I in Peru was born, when that event—
Cor. (aside) Ah, it was all a dream!
Ard. —While you are bent
On hearing of my ancestors,—the chase
Is now the theme to which that must give place.
Will you accept my service?
Cor. You forget
'Tis the first time we ever met!

ENSEMBLE.

ARDENFORD.
There is an instinct in the heart,
From other hopes and ties apart,
By which in moments we discern
What others take an age to learn;
And all, once seen, to us appears
Familiar, as if known for years!

CORINNE.
Were there an instinct in the heart,
From other hopes and ties apart,
By which in moments we could learn
More than in ages some discern;
That which so formal now appears
Familiar were, as known for years!

Ard. Accept my offer—
Cor. (smiling) I your plans should foil,
And with some beauties here myself embroil.
Ard. (tenderly) There is not one but it would be a sin
To dare to name beside the fair Corinne!
Cor. (hastily) You know me then—
Ard. Oh, not at all—
Cor. And yet
My name—
Ard. Ah, that I never can forget!
—There is some spell in that remember'd word,
More sweet than any ear hath ever heard.

- Cor. (*aside*) What may this mean?—some secret I must sound.
 (*Aloud*) I fear these horses are not to be found.
 Ard. Mine are all ready—I will be your guide—
 Cor. (*with animation*) That my determination shall decide!
 (*Then aside*) I will this problem solve and settle, yet,
 And act for once the part of a coquette—
 The wise and prudent will such step forgive,
 For we must do like those with whom we live!
 Ard. (*aside*) I feel as if this scene of hope and pride
 Were worth the charms of all the world beside!

REPRISE OF ENSEMBLE.

ARDENFORD.
 There is an instinct in the heart,
 From other hopes and ties apart,
 By which in moments we discern
 What others take an age to learn;
 And all, once seen, to us appears
 Familiar, as if known for years!

CORINNE.
 Were there an instinct in the heart,
 From other hopes and ties apart,
 By which in moments we could learn
 More than in ages some discern,
 That which so formal now appears
 Familiar were, as known for years!

[ARDENFORD takes her hand at the end of the duet; when
 ATTRAPE, wrapped up in a cloak, who had been at the
 back watching ARDENFORD, advances to him.

- Att. Excuse this freedom.
 Ard. (*still holding CORINNE's hand*) What want you here?
 Att. One word.
 Ard. I have no time now.
 Att. I come from the Prince—
 Ard. From his Highness!—(*Then to CORINNE*) May I crave
 your pardon a single moment—there are some orders to give?
 Cor. But you will join me?
 Ard. On the instant. "I will hold your stirrup while you
 "mount, and never leave your side." (*To the OFFICER*) I
 will be with you immediately.

[Exit with CORINNE, at the o. p., still holding her hand.

Att. I have him, fast enough. (*Calling to his followers, who are
 masked, and concealed behind the hedge*) Are you all there?
 (*They lift up their heads*) Good—now hide yourselves. (*They
 disappear, as he calls out to the post-house*) Postilion, postilion!

Enter JALOUX, from Inn.

- Jal. What are you calling about?
 Att. Put horses to that carriage—
 Jal. It belongs to the Marquis de Vernon.
 Att. I know that—he has lent it to me—here is his order—
 (*Presenting a paper to JALOUX*) So make haste; 'tis for an arrest!
 by order of the King!
 Jal. (*alarmed*) An arrest!
 Att. Don't be frightened—you look as if you'd been drinking
 your own wine—it concerns Mr. Ardenford.
 Ja'. (*overjoyed*) Mr. Ardenford, the blackeymoor! What
 discernment our King has got! He's an excellent King! You shall
 have my best horses, and I'll drive myself.
 Att. (*going to the carriage with a key, and opening the door—
 then turning to JALOUX*) Go, and pull thy boots on.

Jal. Instantly—I'll teach the black rascal how to insult the regiment of Picardy—Holloa! there! my best greys, my boots, and my whip.
[*Exit behind the shed.*]

Re-enter ARDENFORD from O. P.

Ard. (speaking off) In an instant. (*To himself*) She is started, and rides to perfection! (*Turns abruptly to ATTRAPPE*) Now, sir, your tidings?

Att. Follow me.

Ard. Follow you?—where?

Att. To the Bastile?

Ard. (astounded) I?

Att. Yes—you.

Ard. There must be some mistake—do you know who I am?

Att. Mr. Ardenford, ranger of the forests, belonging to His Highness the Duke of Orleans.

Ard. And you have orders to take me—

Att. To the Bastile! (*showing his authority and making a sign, to his followers*) No resistance sir, for I have taken my precautions as you see.

Ard. (smiling) Oh, “were their number doubled, I would undertake to thrash them all, and you into the bargain, were I in that vein; but” the respect I owe the Prince, makes me obey any order of the King!

Att. I expected no less from your politeness.—(*Pointing to the carriage*) Here is the carriage—there the step.

Ard. After you, I beg.

Att. (bowing) I know my duty too well.

Ard. (getting into the carriage) A man could not be arrested in a more elegant manner. I shall recommend you to all my friends.—(*Seeing that he is locking the door.*) What are you about?

Att. Nothing—merely a slight precaution—just locking the door, while they are putting too the horses—we shall be off in five minutes.

Enter MORLIERE, and a party of HUNTSMEN.

Mor. Holloa, Ardenford, where are you?

Ard. (putting his head out of the carriage) Who calls me?

Mor. Why, what the devil are you doing there? Where are you going?

Ard. To the Bastile, my boy.

Mor. To the Bastile?

Ard. Yes, and I'll give you a place, if you like—it's a return chaise.

Mor. (to the OFFICER) What's the meaning of all this?—one of the Prince's officers going to the Bastile?

Att. We are acting under orders.

Mor. (getting angry) It is impossible—you are a set of scoundrels.

Att. Sir!

Ard. (from the carriage) Morlière!

Mor. (flying into a passion) This is some trap—some private

pique—and I won't suffer it.—(*Turning to huntsmen*) My fine fellows, let us teach these rogues a lesson.

[*They rush upon the Officers, and as ATTRAPPE stands upon his defence, he drops the key of the carriage.*]

Att. A rescue! a rescue! mind what you are doing, gentlemen.

Ard. Morlière—Morlière—

Mor. Oh, you rascals—I'll let you know.

[*MORLIERE and his party beat the officers off* P. 5.]

Ard. (*in the carriage*) What madness!—Morlière—Morlière—“you'll get into an infernal scrape; he's a pupil of mine, and could “beat the whole police force put together”—he's right, it must be some private pique.—(*Trying to open the door*) Locked, hey? and no one here—I wonder what I look like? “A black doll, “hanging out over a snuff shop!” (*Looking on the ground*) What is that shining there in the dust—that's the key of this door, which my friend the officer must have dropped. (*Putting out his arm*) No—my arm is not long enough. (*Looking off at the o. p.*) Who comes here? Count Floreville! If I could but—

[*COUNT FLOREVILLE crossing the stage, and going into the inn.*]

Cou. Madame Corinne's horses are come at last—I will see if she be ready. [*Exit.*]

Ard. Madame Corinne?—is he occupying himself about her?—that's another reason. Here he is.

COUNT enters from the Inn.

Cou. (*talking to himself, and stamping with his foot*) Gone!—which way, I wonder?—this is done on purpose—

Ard. (*loud, and as if trying to get out of the carriage*) This is a shameful trick—an outrage—an abominable ambushade.

Cou. (*ironically*) Left the field already, Mr. Ardenford, and returning to Paris, I suppose!

Ard. Very much to my annoyance, my dear Count—I am a prisoner here.

Cou. Pooh!

Ard. It's a fact—and a serious adventure.

Cou. Some rival?

Ard. Not at all—a woman is bent upon carrying me off.

Cou. A woman? (*Aside*) The puppy!—But how do you mean?

Ard. You know the lovely Guimard?

Cou. (*aside*) The devil!

Ard. Well—only fancy her falling in love with me!

Cou. (*aside*) My blood begins to boil.

Ard. And I can't bear the sight of her—she's lanky, thin, and yellow as saffron.

Cou. (*aside*) The insolent scoundrel!—he's a pretty fellow to talk about people's colour.

Ard. She has invited me twenty times to a *tête à tête* supper, “at “her apartments in the Rue des Marais,” and I have always refused; and in a fit of despair she has had me seized, that she may force me—

Cou. To sup with her?

"*Ard. (laughing)* But I'll trick her yet, for I won't eat a mouthful."

Cou. I wish to Heavens I were in your place.

Ard. I should damnably like to see you there!

Cou. Will you resign it?

Ard. With the greatest pleasure.

Cou. How shall we manage it?

Ard. Nothing easier. Pick up that key, which some of her people dropped, as they went to order the horses—there—that's it—it should open this door.

Cou. (opening the door) So it does, I declare.

Ard. (jumping out) A thousand thanks,—now make haste and take my place.

Cou. (with transport) Oh, La Guimard!—But stop—when she sees me, she'll soon find out the difference between white and black.

Ard. (pushing him into the carriage) Not at all—she's waiting for me in a little dark summer-house, at the bottom of her garden.

Cou. (getting in) Oh, oh, my haughty Guimard, I will now tell thee—

Ard. (quickly) Tell her what you like, but pull down the blinds, for they are coming; and mind you keep a profound silence, lest they should discover the substitution. A pleasant journey.—

(Aside, as he is slipping out behind the hedge) Here they are—I had not a moment to spare. The Bastile is no doubt a pleasant place, but I prefer resigning it to another.

FINALE.

[*The sound of the horn is heard, coming nearer and nearer.*

Enter ATTRAPPE, out of breath.

Quick! quick! for further aid they fly—

The hunters all are drawing nigh;

Postillion, haste—yourself bestir!

We're losing time—Jaloux! (*outside*)

I'm ready, sir!

Off. (examining the window-blinds of the carriage)

The blinds are down, I see—all right—

The bird is roosted for the night!

Mar. (at the window of the Inn) No job was ever better planned or done—

A secret—till the marriage of my son.

[*The horns still sound louder, and the huntsmen enter.*

Off. Postillion—come, sir,—be alive—

Jal. (to whom GRISETTE gives a petit gout, on the P. S.)

Here! here! I'll show you how to drive.

CHORUS OF HUNTSMEN.

Sound, sound! and let the horn proclaim

To all around, we've killed the game;

Sound, sound! the mellow horn shall tell

That tale the huntsman loves so well!

Mor. (crossing the stage to MADAME CORINNE, who enters at the O. P. side)

'Tis useless further to assail—

The law is certain to prevail;

Poor Ardenford, (*pointing to the carriage*) within that blind

A prisoner is now confined!

Cor. Good Heav'ns!
Mer. He's bound for the Bastile!
Chorus of all. Let's stop the carriage—break the wheel!
Ard. (coming behind MADAME CORINNE, and hid by the huntsmen, says, in a low tone,) Fear nothing!
Cor. (startling, then pointing to the carriage) Heavens!—and if in case—
Ard. I got a friend to take my place!!

REPRISE OF CHORUS.

Sound, sound! and let the hour proclaim
 To all around, we've killed the game;
 Sound, sound! the mellow horn shall tell
 That tale the huntsman loves so well!

Att. (getting on the box) And now be off—
Jal. (mounting and smacking his whip) Ha! ha! —around,
Chorus.

And far, and near, the horn still sound!
 Sound! sound! sound!

[The carriage starts off amidst the smacking of the whip, the sound of the horn, and the acclamations of every one.]

END OF ACT I.



A C T I I .

SCENE I.—*A handsome apartment, furnished in the Louis XVI. style. Large doors at the back, and one at each side. A stand, on which music, a guitar, &c., are strewn about. On the o. p. is a toilette, laid out, by the side of which CORINNE is seated,—while a LADY'S MAID is dressing her hair—the MARQUIS is seated at CORINNE'S side, conversing with her.*

Cor. Sign the contract to night ?

Mar. The notary has been apprised, and in two hours time—

Cor. Impossible!—You know I have a music party this evening ?

Mar. That's the very reason ; in a large assembly no one will have the slightest suspicion, and as you were anxious it should be kept a secret—

Cor. No such thing,—it was *you* who requested it.

Mar. Solely on your account. (*makes a motion to the LADY'S MAID, who exit, L. D.*)

Mar. I know you will scold me, but happening to mention this proposed alliance to the King, his Majesty condescended to express his pleasure to witness the signatures to *your* contract, this evening.

Cor. This evening !

Mar. (*assuming an air of indifference.*) Yes, at the same time, he has consented to witness that of Mr. Ardenford.

Cor. (*springing up.*) Mr. Ardenford ! Is Mr. Ardenford going to be married ?

Mar. So they say. (*aside.*) He's fast under lock and key, so he can't contradict me.

Cor. Ha ! And with whom ?

Mar. An English heiress, I hear. (*aside.*) There's no harm at all events in setting that rumour afloat.

Cor. And is his intended handsome ?

Mar. I have not the least idea—it never gave me a moment's consideration.

Cor. I am quite of your opinion, Marquis. I have no idea of people talking about nothing but Mr. Ardenford, indeed ! Delay not, by any means : but let me see my new husband, that is to be, for since this morning's hunting—

Mar. I'll send him to you, (*aside.*) if I can find him ! Where the devil is the fellow hiding himself ? (*to her.*) He's running after bouquets, presents, and all kinds of delicate attentions, (*aside*) and running into debt for them ! (*to her.*) Adieu, adieu, my charming will be, must be, daughter-in-law ! After all, it is no enviable task to make love for another person.

[CORINNE attends to her toilette, while the MARQUIS sings this

A I R .

There is nothing so perplexing,
So uncertain, and so vexing,
So alarming, and so frightful,
Yet, so tender and delightful,
At, what "love-making" they call.
But, there's no one knows the bother,
When you make it for another,—
To be ardent—then be pleasant,—
And, to fear, if he were present,
He might stand no chance, at all!

Then, attempting the revealing
Of a passion, without feeling,
All his follies always blinking,
When she's certain you are thinking
Less of person, than of self!
'Tis a question for a father,
To determine, whether rather
If on him to prize such beauty
For his son, devolve the duty,
He won't marry her himself!

[Exit MARQUIS, at the side door, L. After a pause, CORINNE rises, and comes forward.

Cor. So,—Mr. Ardenford going to be married! Well, what can that be to me? A man that I never met but once,—and, as to those deceitful recollections—(altering her tone)—if it does not absolutely disturb me, it annoys me, despite myself, when I compare him to this Count Floreville;—such grace, such wit, such courage,—his very complexion, too, has a charm in it, the sons of Europe might envy.

BALLAD.

It is not form, it is not face,
Nor charms which they convey,
How'er replete with outward grace
That hold an inward sway,—
In manner, feeling, and in mind,
Are spells that oft impart
A magic, which the soul can bind,
While it subdues the heart!

The beam which plays upon the cheek,
That in the eye doth dwell,
If lighted up by thought, can speak
What words can never tell.
And one deep sigh, with feeling blest,
A fonder love hath won,
Than all that ever left the breast
Of thousands who have none!

[At the end of the Ballad, the LADY'S MAID runs in, L. D.

Maid. Madame! madame!

Cor. Well, what's the matter?

Maid He's here!

Cor. He! Who?

Maid. Mr. Ardenford's valet, whom you bid me send for.

Cor. Ah, it is of no moment, now,—(then recollecting herself,)—however, let him enter. Since chance has introduced me to him, he may give some information.

[The MAID makes a sign to MAL-A-PRO-POS, to come in.

Cor. Very well,—now, if any one calls, let me know directly.

[*Exit MAID, L. D., as MAL-A-PRO-POS enters, surveying the apartment, P. S.*]

Mal. This is coming it rather strong, I should say. These apartments, and all this elegant furniture, must belong to a duchess,—or, a dancer!

Cor. (*seated O. P.*) Approach, my good friend.

Mal. (*aside.*) There's nothing like being in the service of a man of fashion,—one sees none but high people.

Cor. You are in Mr. Ardenford's service, I believe?

Mal. I have that honor—his valet—his confidential—

Cor. You do not recollect me?

Mal. No, madame.

Cor. I recollect you. Your name is Mal-a-pro-pos.

Mal. (*astonished.*) Perfectly true.

Cor. You had the command, at St. Domingo, over all the negroes on the estate of Madame de Gassenaye—my mother.

Mal. (*moved.*) Your mother, madame,—what—is it you, madame?—(*going nearer to look at her.*) Sure enough,—that delicate countenance—that lovely smile—

Cor. (*holding out her hand for him to kiss.*) You see, I have not forgotten you.

Mal. (*wiping his eyes.*) Ah, I fancy myself, again, on the St. Domingo domain!—I was then, in all my glory—a place I was fond of,—four hundred irregular slaves regularly to thrash,—I made a report of their work, every day,—to myself,—and flogged them all, every night. (*tenderly*) Poor dears, how they must have regretted my loss!

Mor. (*smiling.*) No,—not much.

Mal. Oh, yes,—for I am sure things don't go on so now,—your nigger is like other colonial produce,—if you want to *keep* him, you must *pickle* him. Things are all turned topsy-turvy,—now the whites wait upon the blacks—master rides inside the carriage, and I ride behind,—but, I'm a philosopher—and, until master puts *down* his carriage, I must put *up* with the indignity.

Cor. Is he a good master?

Mal. He's an angel—notwithstanding his colour—we're very much attach'd—*he* is call'd dark brown,—and *I* am called whitey brown. If I happen to knock down a pet piece of China, while dressing his hair, instead of knocking *me* down, he says, "Mal-a-pro-pos, if a negro had done that, how many lashes should you have given him?" And, as a matter of conscience, I invariably answer,—“Fifty.”

Cor. (*smiling.*) Quite right.

Mal. At the month's end, there may, perhaps, be three or four thousand stripes due to me, and, instead of giving them, he slips three, or four hundred francs into my hand, adding,—“It's lucky for *thee*, Mal-a-pro-pos, that the negroes don't carry the whip, or, they'd skin thee alive!”—There's a master for you!—I'd throw myself into the fire to serve him—if there were a pail or two of water, at hand!

Cor. Whence does all his money come?

Mal. Can't say,—I know where most of it *goes*.

Cor. Do you know the lady he s going to marry?

Mal. Marry?—

Cor. Yes,—you know all about it.

Mal. Not a syllable.

Cor. Make no secret about it, for he told me so, himself—the King is going to witness the contract. You see, I know all that is going on.

Mal. (*as if struck with a sudden thought.*) That accounts f r his looking at a miniature, every night of his life.

Cor. Of a lady?—

Mal. Can't say,—he keeps it in a drawer, and he's so close about it, that I have not been able to *draw her out*.

Cor. Can you procure me a sight of it?

Mal. And, this time, come in for the flogging, instead of the franking!—

Cor. Do, there's a good creature,—it is mere woman's curiosity.—I have laid a wager I will find her out, and, I don't wish to lose. You won't refuse your young mistress, who used to be so kind to you?

Mal. Refuse you!—I'd jump from the top of Notre Dame, to serve you,—(*aside*) if there was a good, large, feather-bed, or two, to fall upon!

Cor. (*delighted.*) Bring it, and I'll make you a present of a hundred louis!

Mal. (*in a decided manner.*) My master's peace of mind, in that hand, and a hundred pieces of gold in this,—a fool of a black would refuse,—I shall accept.

[*The LADY'S MAID runs in, in great haste.*

Maid. Mr. Ardenford is coming up-stairs.

Cor. (*aside.*) Mr. Ardenford! (*aloud, to MAL-A-PRO-POS.*) You must leave me now, as visitors are coming. (*to the MAID.*) Let him out by that door. (*pointing to the P. S., door.*) If you meet with what I want, come directly, at any hour,—and, should I be with company, I'll depute some one to receive it from you,—now,—go,—quick!

Mal. (*making a sign of weighing with both his hands.*) This must be what they call the money-market!

[*Exit at the P. S. D. with the LADY'S MAID.*

Cor. I shall know hor, if I can get a peep at her;—but what brings him here, I wonder!

Enter a SERVANT, ushering in MR. ARDENFORD, elegantly dressed, at the O. P. door.

Ser. Mr. Ardenford.

[*Exit, O. P. D.*

Cor. (*curtseying distantly.*) Is it Mr. Ardenford?

Arđ. I have a thousand apologies to make for this indiscretion, in coming uninvited, but, I have waited upon you to ask your permission, to present this invitation from Madame Montesson, to her ball, to-morrow.

Cor. Indeed.

Arđ. And, I hope you will not refuse it. (*gives a sealed note to CORINNE.*)

Cor. (*aside, as she throws the note on her dressing-table.*) This is a pretext.

Ard. And, moreover, to inquire after your health. You do not seem well?

Cor. Not altogether. You will find me very bad company, and had much better go where you are so impatiently expected.

Ard. Expected, madame? Where may that be?

Cor. Why, where *should* one be expected, who is going to be married?

Ard. Married?—I?—Who told you this?

Cor. Common report.

Ard. (*smiling*) It is rather singular, that some one or other has not made me acquainted with it. I suppose I shall receive a card of invitation at all events.

Cor. (*rising*) Sir!

Ard. (*seriously*) You have been deceived, madame,—I am not going to be married, and most probably never shall.

Cor. (*with an altered manner*) Indeed;—sit down, I beg of you.

Ard. I am fearful of intruding—your health—

Cor. (*smiling*) Play, stay,—I am much better now, I assure you!

DUET.—ARDENFORD and MADAME CORINNE.

Ard. (*regarding CORINNE with tenderness*)

The colour which had left thy cheek,
Now tinges it with rosy streak
And o'er its bloom again doth play;
The smile some care had chas'd away!

Cor.

A trifling pang too slight to last
That came as lightly as it pass'd.
Be seated—I've a thousand things,
Thrown off from mem'ry's wanton wings,
To say—a favour, too, to ask.
To grant it is a happier task,—
Ask not, but here command.

Ard.

Cor. (*gaily*)

And where
Is he you sent, with so much care,
To the Bastille?—Some lady's look—
He little dream'd the road he took.
Indeed!

Ard. (*smiling*)

Cor.

Ard.

Cor. (*laughing*)

He thought a prize to win.
But is completely taken in.
That you're a shocking man is clear,—
But, lend me an attentive ear,
And answer all I ask.

Ard.

Oh, speak,
And name, at once, what 'tis you seek.

Cor. (*scrutinizing him*)

Ard. (*hastily and pointedly*)

Cor.

You were born—
In the Brazils.

No, no,—some country bondage tills,—
Peru—no matter—you, they say,
With St. Domingo's Court hold sway—
And I would know a young man's lot,
In childhood known, and ne'er forgot!

Ard.

Cor.

Ard. (*aside*);

Greatly.
What words hath she express'd?

- Cor. (*aside*) He starts! (*aloud*) He was my mother's slave,
But for a slight offence he gave,
Suffer'd an outrage, which, though years
Have pass'd since then, recalls my tears.
- Ard. (*aside*) Can this be true?
Cor. I now may tell
Whate'er his fault, I lov'd him well.
- Ard. (*moved*) You lov'd him?—(*then with gaitty*) as you love, no doubt,
A plaything which you care about,—
A dog, or bird, in which you pride,
Caress awhile, then cast aside.
- Cor. Perhaps—at first—as years advanced,
(*Then shaking her head significantly, and smiling.*)
I—cannot tell what might have chanc'd—
- Ard. (*overjoyed*) What say you?
Cor. (*coquetting*) Pray, be not misled,
For some strange thoughts possess my head,
And sometimes make me think and feel
(*Watching him minutely.*)
For the sad fate of poor Camille! (*aside*)
If that be not a trap well laid,
Then woman ne'er her part hath play'd.
Camille!
- Ard. (*aside*) Abandon'd to his fate,
Cor. He may have stoop'd to vile estate.
- Ard. (*rising, and with energy*) Ne'er do an act his pride below.
- Cor. (*cunningly, and also rising*) And how can you pretend to know?
- Ard. (*recovering himself*) One on whose fate your thoughts are set
Could not so far himself forget!

SOLO.—ARDENFORD.

When fond remembrance strays
Back to that sunny land,
Where childhood's happy days
Were blithe as they were bland:
Though bright as in a dream,
Some form below'd we see,
The heart is apt to deem
It may forgotten be!

ENSEMBLE.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>CORRINNE, (<i>aside</i>)
From doubts that on me prey,
No hope is left for me,
Though all things seem to say,
It is he—it is he!</p> | <p>ARDENFORD. (<i>aside</i>)
The doubts which on me prey
Cannot be cleared by me,
Or, gladly would I say,
It is he—it is he!</p> |
|--|--|
- Cor. (*quickly*) You seem much moved—
Ard. (*moved*) I do confess,
Thoughts such as your's my mind oppress—
In days when life was young and true,
A friend, like that you mourn, I knew;
And since, in any clime, or scene,
I've wander'd o'er, my hope hath been
That I might see her, and avow
What then was love, is rapture now!

SOLO.—ARDENFORD (*same air.*)

I think I see her yet,
Still view before me glide
That form which first I met
In all it's beauty's pride!

And, breathing in mine ear,
Again is heard each tone,
Whose sound was made so dear
By her, and her alone!

ENSEMBLE.

CORRINNE. (*aside*)
From doubts that on me prey,
No hope is left for me,
Though all things seem to say,
It is he—it is he!

ARDENFORD. (*aside*)
The doubts which on me prey
Cannot be cleared by me,
Or, gladly would I say,
It is he—it is he!

Ard. (*turning aside to dry his tears*) Forgive these recollections!

Cor. (*running up to him*) Yes,
I can no longer doubt—confess—
Confess thou art Camille—

Ard. (*recovering himself*) Whom?—I?

Cor. Yes—this emotion ne'er deny—
For pity's sake—one word—but speak—
Wipe off this tear-drop from my cheek,—
My fainting hopes revive anew,—
Tell me—assure me—it is—you!

Ard. (*drawing up a little*) What?—I, Camille?

Cor. (*almost distracted*) And, that the friend
To whom your childhood's thoughts extend—
Alas! is numbered with the dead.

Ard. (*tenderly*) Thus, are my brightest visions fled!

Cor. (*overcome, and sinking in an arm-chair*) Heav'ns!—Are you ill?

Ard. (*running to support her*) A transient grief,

Cor. (*after a pause*) To which a tear will give relief,
No matter—should Camille yet live,
Into his hands this paper give:
This latest pledge, that he may see,
He dwells yet in my memory!

[*She takes a paper from the table, and gives it to ARDENFORD.*]

Ard. (*puzzled*) This paper!

Cor. (*with a sigh*) Since my mother died,
Attested—I, to thee, confide!

Ard. (*unfolding the paper and reading*) What do I read?

Cor. He may not care
Such simple gift, perchance, to share.

Ard. (*overjoyed*) The greatest boon that deed or word
Could give, your hand hath now conferred!

Cor. What is't you do? [*Falling at her feet.*]

Ard. (*halfwild*) My homage pay,
And at thy feet, my life now lay,
Thy looks revealed, before thy tongue,
The charm which to thy nature cling,
Thy beauty triumphs o'er each sense,
And renders nature thus intense;
And makes each pulse with feelings glow,
That you, and only you, can know.

Cor. From doubts no more that prey,
My hopes at length are free—

For all things seem to say,
It is he—it is he!

Ard. The doubts no more that prey,
Can now be cleared by me,
And fondly may I say,
It is he—it is he!

[*The MARQUIS DE VERNON has appeared at the back, and seeing ARDENFORD on his knee, comes forward at end of the dust.*]

Mar. What do I see?

Cor. Ah!

Ard. This Marquis again! What a nuisance he is!

Mar. Mr. Ardenford! (*aside*) I thought *he* was lodg'd between four walls.

Cor. (*with an assumed smile*) Marquis, Mr. Ardenford.

Mar. Oh, I had a perfect view of him this moment, at—

Cor. At my feet—true enough—he brought me an invitation from Madame Montesson, which he begged me, with his accustomed grace, to accept.

Mar. (*doubtingly*) Hum! Do people generally present invitations on their knees?

Ard. (*aside*) Now, comes my turn. (*aloud*) May I hope your lordship will join with me, in trying to persuade Madame?

Mar. I am perfectly confounded. I thought—that is, I heard everywhere, that you were gone away for a few days.

Ard. (*aside*) 'Twas he, then, who tried to play me that trick! So much the better; that puts me at my ease. (*aloud*) Why, what perspicacity the Marquis has—one would think he always carried a police order up his sleeve! True enough, I stood a chance of being, by this time, in the Bastille.

Mar. Phoo—nonsense.

Cor. I assure you it is quite true.

Mar. Why, who dared to—

Ard. Some charitable soul, I suppose, who wanted to preserve my colour from the heat of the sun!

Mar. (*perplexed*) And what did you do?

Ard. Got a friend to take my place! What a thing it is to find a friend, at a pinch!

Mar. (*laughing despite himself*) Capital!

Ard. (*laughing*) Excellent joke.

Mar. (*laughing louder*) Delightful!

Ard. (*also laughing*) Is it not? (*then looking at the MARQUIS*) I fancy I see his face, now!

Mar. What a blockhead! Ha! ha! ha! (*aside*) Where is that son of mine; how this would amuse him.

Ard. To say nothing of the particular directions given for his disposal! Ha! ha! ha!

Mar. (*bursting with laughter*) The poor devil would come in for all that! Ha! ha! ha! (*they all three roar with laughter.*) (*aside*) It is impossible to get into a passion! Where can my son be? This, Mr. Ardenford, will get a footing here. (*To CORINNE*) Your apartments are filling with company. (*aside*) There's a hint for him!

Ard. (*aside*) That's meant for a hint, but I shan't take it.

Mar. (*aside*) He seems immovable. (*To ARDENFORD*) Pray, let us not detain Mr. Ardenford, who may have business.

Cor. I did not dare invite him; but, if he has nothing better to do, (*in a whisper to ARDENFORD*) stay!

Ard. (*with eagerness*) I shall but be too happy. (*Then turning to the MARQUIS with a bantering manner*) Besides, the Marquis is so pressing, there really is no resisting him.

Mar. The devil take his impudence! (*aside*) Are you in earnest? (*in a whisper to CORINNE*).

Cor. (aside) It would be impolite ; besides, we shall want gentlemen, for I do not see anything of the Count.

Mar. He followed me. *(aside)* What can have become of the fellow ? He's behind the scenes of some theatre, and tied to the petticoat of some dancer !

Cor. (seeing the doors thrown open) See, where our friends assemble.

[Large groups of nobility and gentry, now stream into the apartment. CORINNE receives them all with affability. Servants remove the toilette table, and replace it with a variety of seats, and a table. The MARQUIS and MR. ARDENFORD mix up with the general company.]

CHORUS AND MORCEAU D'ENSEMBLE.

CHORUS.

When pleasure has unfurled

Her flag on high—

How all the giddy world,

To greet it fly.

And scenes, though deemed so light and vain,

We celebrate to-night again !

Cor. (curtseying to all) I bid ye welcome—it calls forth my thanks,
To see around me fashion's chosen ranks.

Mar. (following ARDENFORD with his eyes)

With her alone to speak, 'tis plain, he tries.

Ard. (aside) He looks as he would eat me with his eyes.

Mar. (changing his tone) Some music now, to keep us all alive.

(aside) 'Twill give my son more time here to arrive.

Ard. (to CORINNE) I hear your talent praised.

Cor. Oh, I will play ;

But some one must accompany. *(To MARQUIS)* Why, pray,
[where is your son ?

Mar. (pointing to a guitar) His instrument is here.

Ard. (stepping forward) Though I a bad performer must appear,
Ere the delight to hear you, should be lost
To those around you, be it at my cost !

[Takes up the guitar, and runs down the strings.]

All. How charming !

Mar. (aside, catching the air) Why, the fellow's pitched upon
The air, which I selected for my son !

Ard. (talking, as he tunes the instrument)

How out of tune ! Why, Marquis, I must say

Your son should really not keep thus away !

He's running after that Guimard.

Mar. I beg
That you'll be silent—

Ard. (preludising) What a wretched peg !

(To CORINNE) Quite at your service.

Mar. (aside) I see what they mean,

But I shall just take leave to pop between !

[The MARQUIS steps between them, and taking the piece of music from CORINNE's hand, holds it before ARDENFORD.]

Ard. Pray, do not take such pains.

Mar. We all must help—

(Aside) What can become of my ungracious whelp ?

Ard. (to CORINNE)

Sing, and I'll play ; the words and air will trip
With matchless sweetness, from your tuneful lip !

ROMANCE.—CORRINE.

(Accompanied on the guitar by ARDENFORD)

Love, in language, should not seek
E'er to tell its tale;
Music can its feeling speak,
Where her words would fail!
Although broken were her shell,
Yet, while strewn around,
Whereso'er the fragments fell,
Would be hallowed ground!

Cor. (taking up the first part) Love in language should not seek
E'er to tell her tale;
Music can its feelings speak
Where her words would fail!

[During this Romance and Chorus, the MARQUIS has been perpetually thrusting in his head between CORINNE and ARDENFORD, to prevent her talking.]

All. (applauding loudly) Bravo! Delightful!

Ard. (to MARQUIS)

If you keep so near,

Mar.

You'll fall on one or both of us, I fear!
I am so fond of music! (Aside) This is done
Expressly to annoy my absent son!

[Here the sound of dancing is heard in the next apartment.]

Cor.

Hey, there is dancing! (To CORINNE) Will you join the set?

Ard.

Your son I promised, Marquis—you forget!
As he is absent, I his place will fill,
Rather than spoil so perfect a quadrille.

Mar. (aside)

I shall run mad!

Ard. (putting on his gloves, and offering his hand to CORINNE)

Will you accept my hand?

Mar. (aside)

Such glaring outrage I no more can stand!

Cou. (without)

This deep indignity—this shameful trick!

Mar. (overjoyed)

My son, at last, and in the very nick!

Enter COUNT FLOREVILLE, in great confusion, in his previous hunting-dress, and a whip in his hand.

Cou.

Good Heav'n's! I thought I never should get out!

All.

See—see—

Cor.

What dress!

Mar. (pointing to his dress)

What is this all about?

Cou.

A prison suit!

Cor.

A prison, do you mean?

Mar. (to COUNT)

Whence do you come, and where, sir, have you been?

Cou.

In the Bastile!

All.

Bastile!

Mar. (suppressing a fit of laughter)

Then it was YOU!!!

Cor. (with excessive laughter)

You, Count, who helped your friend his troubles through!

Cou.

Yes—yes—'twas I—(aside) Whatever the pretence,

They seem all laughing here, at my expense.

(Aloud)

Pleasant—Bastile—description—all agree,

I'd give my life the traitor now to see—

(Turning round, he sees ARDENFORD laughing with CORINNE)

Ha! he is here!

Ard. (with great sang froid)

Good evening, Count, I trust,

You've had a pleasant trip, despite the dust—

Cou.

Sir, I will make you blush—

Ard. (laughing, and pointing to his face)

And if you can,

You'll do the greatest service done to man!

- Cou. This shameful act—
 Mar. (*aside to COUNT*) A quarrel do not pick!
 Cou. I will have vengeance for this bare-faced trick!
 The company be judge—
 Ard. With all my heart!
 Cou. (*relating to the company*) Within a carriage, just about to start,
 He was—and with a certain lady, whom I knew,
 Told me he had a secret rendezvous—
 (*He catches the eye of CORINNE, who is listening—he stops*)
 What have I said? I'm ruined!
 Mar. (*aside*) Silence, pray!
 Cor. (*laughing*) Go on—a lady whom you knew, you say—
 Cou. (*stammering*) No—yes—that is—(*aside*) I quite confounded feel!
 Cor. (*laughing loudly*) And you to meet her went to the Bastille!
 Ard. He has not told you half—let me explain—
 Cou. I'm satisfied! so name it not again!
 Ard. Oh, if you're satisfied!
 Cou. 'Twas but a bet—
 (*Aside*) Which, I will pay the first occasion yet!
 [*Hearing the music of the dancing.*]
 Ha! the quadrille strikes up—your hand I claim.
 (*To CORINNE*) As promised—
 Cor. Count, you have yourself to blame,
 That, in your absence, I myself engaged—
 [*Pointing to ARDENFORD, who steps between her and the COUNT.*]
 Cou. (*in a passion*) This fellow once again!
 Ard. Be not enraged—
 He wants some rest who such fatigue endures!
 Cor. (*maliciously to the COUNT, as she gives her hand to ARDENFORD*)
 You took his place to-day—he now takes YOURS!

CHORUS AND ENSEMBLE.

- Cho. Hasten—hasten all,
 To the bounding joys of the ball!
 Let music now give place
 To the waltz's twining grace!
 Ard. (*to CORINNE*) Listen—music's call
 To the bounding joys of the ball—
 Where beauty takes her place,
 To lend it all her grace!
 Mar. Hasten—hasten all,
 To the merry scenes of the ball!
 (*Aside, and pointing to his son*) Which may, perhaps, efface
 That fellow's sad disgrace!
 Cou. (*aside*) See, they hasten all,
 To the mirthful sounds of the ball;
 And see, with what a grace,
 That rascal fills my place!
 Cho. Hasten—hasten all
 To the bounding scenes of the ball;
 And see with what a grace,
 The dancers take their place!
 [*Execute all, but the MARQUIS and COUNT, by the large doors at the back.*]

- Cou. I am completely mystified! What does it all mean?
 Mar. Why, you fell into the trap I laid for Ardenford, and if you
 don't mind what you're about, he'll supplant you in every way.
 Corinne has, however, given me her word, and when the contract
 is once signed—
 Cou. But till it is signed, he's dancing with my wife!
 Mar. I'll run and watch them, while you go and change your
 dress! What a devil of a thing is this making love by deputy!

(*Looking towards the back*) He takes her by the hand—now I've not only to be in love, but jealous into the bargain! I'm in a perfect perspiration!

[*Exit into ball-room.*]

Cou. Go and change my dress, (*looking back*) and let that tawney rascal have it all his own way! This time, whether by pistol or by sword, and whether shot through or run through, I will have revenge!

[*MAL-A-PRO-POS enters by the little side door on tiptoe and with caution.*]

Mal. This is the very door I went out by. (*aside.*)

Cou. (*seeing MAL-A-PRO-POS*) Whose this fellow, I wonder?

Mal. (*looking round*) I must not make a fool of myself. Ah! here's some one—the Steward, I suppose, or one of the Footmen. (*making a sign to the Count in a whisper*) Hist! Hist!

Cou. (*aside*) Who can this be? Some mystery—some rascal who suspects me?

Mal. Friend!—

Cou. Friend! The familiar fellow!

Mal. I want to speak to Madame Corinne!

Cou. To Madame Corinne?

Mal. (*with a communicative look*) Yes, something about Mr. Ardenford.

Cou. I may learn something here! (*Aside*) Impossible—(to MAL-A-PRO-POS) she has company.

Mal. I know that, but she told me if she could not receive me herself, she would depute some one.

Cou. (*hastily*) It is that which brings me here—I've been waiting for you.

[*Shutting the doors.*]

Mal. (*smirking*) I had my doubts at first, but see what it is to be a fellow of tact! (*In a self-satisfied manner*) Your fool of a negro would have made a thousand mistakes, while I pitch, at once, upon the very man! (*To the Count, who comes back to him*) Then it is you who have to pay to me one hundred louis.

Cou. (*aside*) A hundred! the devil! (*Giving him a purse*) There's twenty-five, (*aside*) the last I've got. (*Then to him*) Come with me, and I'll give you the rest.

Mal. All right. (*In a whisper*) Here it is.

Cou. (*aside*) Damme, I should like to know *what* it is!

Mal. You know all about it!

Cou. Of course I do. (*aside*) Not a word do I know.

Mal. I had some difficulty, but at last I laid my hand upon it—I could not manage to open the box, but the miniature is in it.

Cou. (*aside*) She has given him her likeness.

Mal. Here it is, and we shall see who he's going to marry. (*Gives the Count a small green leather box.*)

Cou. Oh, I shall soon find out, I'm a good hand at discoveries. (*Opens the box*) Why, whom have we here? A negress, and not bad looking, I declare!

Mal. A splendid woman! Stop, stop, (*aside*) 'tis she, Naomi, little Camille's mother!

Cou. Do you know who it is?

Mal. To be sure I do, and if I were to tell you that it's master's mother—

Cou. His mother!

Mal It might be the ruin of him!

Cou. (aside) Ah, ah! A light breaks in upon me, and I think I see a hope of having my revenge at last!

Mal. (about to take back the miniature) So I must run back for fear of—

Cou. (putting the miniature in his pocket) No, no, you don't leave me!

Mal. In the meantime—

Cou. They are coming here! (*Hurrying him away to the side door*) Come this way and follow me! [*Centre doors re-open.*]

Mal (astonished) Where to?

Cou. (hurriedly) To my apartments—quick—to receive the other seventy-five louis; a hundred—a thousand—what you will; come!

Mal. This is what it is to be a man of tact!

[*Exit, with COUNT, at the side door. Re-enter MADAME CORINNE, Mr. ARDENFORD, the MARQUIS, followed by the Notary, Lords, Ladies, Gentry, and Servants in attendance.*]

GRAND FINALE,

[*As they enter, loud sounds of "bravo" and applause are heard to follow the dancing.*]

Ard. (in advance) That Marquis hops about so like a bird,
There's no such thing as getting in a word!

Cor. (going to ARDENFORD) Oh! that delightful dance!

(*Then in a whisper*) Some word
Half-breath'd in confidence, I thought I heard.

Ard. Oh, yes, I wish'd—

Mar. (stepping between them, and giving CORINNE her fan)

Mar. Here, lady, is your fan,

Cor. (coldly) I thank you.

Ard. (aside) What a most unpleasant man!

Mar. (to CORINNE, and pointing to NOTARY at table)

The Notary is there.

Ard. (aside) The Notary!

Cor. (aside) My word is pledg'd and I'm no longer free!

Mar. (to CORINNE) Now friends, let all concerned the contract sign!

Ard. (aside) The contract!

Cor. (aside, and agitated) On what grounds can I decline,
The King this marriage wishes.

Mar. (to CORINNE, as he signs) I'm the first
And then, my son, whose heart I fear will burst

Ard. (aside) Could I but write one line, and here avow—
With his impatience. (*Looks round*) Where can he be now?

Enter COUNT, in full evening dress.

Cou. (aside) I know enough, and when she once is mine—

Mar. (pushing his son to the side of CORINNE)

Next time, make love yourself, she's won—now sign—

Ard. (playing, as it were, mechanically, on the guitar,)

What's to be done? my reason will give way!

Cou. (to CORINNE, as he goes to the table)

And do I hail, at length, the happy day?

Ard. Her turn is next.

Cou. (after signing) I triumph!

Ard.

Let me string
The chords to words that mem'ry loves to sing!

BALLAD.

(The same as sung by CORINNE, in Act I. All listening with marked attention.)

Child of the sun, unhappy slave,
Thy spirit must not dare
To gaze on charms which Nature gave,
So wonderfully fair; (*looking at CORINNE*)
With soul that is denied the free,
To feel, to weep, to sigh—
Thy only privilege can be
To worship, and to die!

All. Ah, those tones of rapture,
Which the senses capture!
Pray do waken, once again,
Once again,
Oh, that enchanting strain!

Dark is thy hue, as that of night,
And yet, with soften'd ray,
There beams from Heav'n itself, a light
To waken night to day:
Thus, if the light so prized by thee,
Were only gleaming nigh,
How blest the privilege would be
To worship, and to die!

Cor. (*who has listened, and been greatly agitated during the singing of the Ballad, says, aside*)

It is no dream—of other days he flings
A sweet remembrance o'er the speaking strings!
'Tis he!—'tis he!—those accents ne'er forgot

(*Energetically throwing the pen from her hand.*)

What'e'er the issue be, I sign it not!
Madame!
Mar. (*running up to CORINNE—all surround her*)
Corinne, what is 't I hear?

Cor. Your will
Obtained a promise I cannot fulfil;
My heart against such union has rebell'd,
And to compliance cannot be compell'd!
I breathe again.

Arđ. (*aside*)

Cou. (*becoming angry*)

Mar. (*disconcerted*)

Such scene—
Why woud my son,
Break off a marriage thus agreed upon!
Cor. (*looking at ARDENFORD*) I answer for my acts, and though agreed,
No power on earth shall make me sign that deed!

GRAND LARGO.

Cor. O'er my soul there is stealing
An unforgotten feeling,
Too plainly revealing
All the hopes, all the fears of my heart.
Whose chords once more awaken
Thoughts which they had long forsaken,
And such a deep root have taken,
That but with life they again can depart.

Arđ. O'er her soul there is stealing
An unforgotten feeling,

Too plainly revealing
 All the hopes, all the fears of her heart.
 Whose chords once more awaken
 Thoughts which they had long forsaken,
 And such a deep root have taken,
 That but with life they again can depart.

Cou.

O'er her soul there is stealing
 An unforgotten feeling,
 Too plainly revealing
 All the hopes, all the fears of her heart.
 Whose chords once more awaken
 Thoughts which they had long forsaken,
 And such a deep root have taken,
 That but with life they again can depart.

Mar.

O'er her soul there is stealing
 An unforgotten feeling,
 Too plainly revealing
 All the hopes, all the fears of her heart.
 Whose chords once more awaken
 Thoughts which they had long forsaken,
 And such a deep root have taken,
 That but with life they again can depart.

Cho.

O'er her soul there is stealing
 An unforgotten feeling
 Too plainly revealing
 All the hopes, all the fears of her heart.
 Whose chords once more awaken
 Thoughts which they had long forsaken,
 And such a deep root have taken,
 That but with life they again can depart.

Cou. (aside, watching her looks) (To CORINNE) [A dead silence pervades the whole company.] 'Tis he again—their looks—his mocking air!

Be not compell'd, and all excuses spare!
 But, ere I leave you, suffer me to shew

In his true light, my rival—whom I know!

[COUNT points to MR. ARDENFORD, who, almost by an involuntary movement, takes up the whip lying on the table.]

Ard.

Sir! I'm aware the whip well suits your hand—
 What we were bred to, we should understand!

Cou. (ironically)

Cor. (much excited) Count!

Ard. (letting the whip drop) Heavens!

All.

Cou. (to the company) All—though this secret I but lately knew,
 What think you of a vile, colonial slave,
 Who from correction fled, his life to save—
 Who, reaching Europe with a borrow'd name,
 Usurp'd a title, and presum'd to claim
 Position in our Court, with prince, with peer,
 And dupe them all—that—person—standing here!

[Pointing in a marked manner to ARDENFORD.]
Ard. (with a fearful rush, but held back by his friends around him)
 Villain!

Mar.

Cor. (alarmed)

Ard. (with a stifled tone) You shal' alone for such a deep offence!

Cou. (elevating his voice) What!—to a negro!—to a slave!—to thee!—
 Oh, do not deem I can so fallen be!

Wert thou a freeman, and his rights were thine,
 Though much beneath me, I should not decline:

[Leaning coolly against a chair near his
 But e'en to speak to that dark wretch, Camille,
 The son of Naomi—disgraced I feel!

Mar. (overcome, and falling in a chair)

The son of Naomi!—Great Heavens, 'tis he!

Cou. (making a gesture, as if striking him with his glove)

This is the chastisement most fit for thee!

Ard. (springing forward) Villain!

Cor. (with a violent exclamation) For mercy's sake—

All. Forbear! forbear!

Cou. (looking haughtily at ARDENFORD)

Let him deny the charge now, if he dare!

Ard. (in a calmer tone) No—I confess it—all you say, I own,—

And what I am, I made myself—alone!

Now, hear me, Count:—You see before you stand

That poor Camille—that slave—whom you would brand—

That Bondman now is free,—as this will show—

[*Exhibiting the paper given him by CORINNE.*

The high and noble act that made him so.

As to a freeman you would not deny

Redress, you say—(*in a whisper, and clenching his hand*)

To death, I you defy!

Cou. Your challenge I accept—

Ard. At break of day—

Mar. and Cor. (springing forward)

Stop!—stop!—

All.

It must not, shall not, end this way.

CHORUS AND ENSEMBLE.

Ard.

Oh! never should I ages live,

Will I affront like this, forgive:

And only can his life assuage

My thirst for vengeance, or, my rage!

Cou.

Oh! rather not a moment live,

Than such impertinence forgive!

And he has, now, stirr'd up the rage

This meeting, only, can assuage!

Mar.

Oh, each forget,—and each forgive,—

In friendship both hereafter live—

And let me hope I may assuage

This scene of wild—but useless—rage!

Cor. (looking at ARDENFORD.) Oh! let me not this scene outlive

That anguish to his heart can give:

Unless I could the pang assuage,

That, wantonly, call'd forth his rage!

FULL CHORUS.

Oh, let them, yet, in friendship live,

And each the other's fault forgive,—

And all unite, here, to assuage

A scene of such unwonted rage!

[*During the Ensemble, CORINNE has struggled with her feelings and sinks, at last, in an arm-chair, while all run to her assistance. The MARQUIS contemplates the scene in great alarm, apart from the rest, and watches his son, the COUNT, and ARDENFORD,—who, with clenched hands, and enrag'd looks, seem to hurl defiance at each other.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Mr. ARDENFORD'S apartments. *Side doors, and a door at the back; here and there are lying about, foils, paintings, music, china, &c., &c., in a negligè, yet tasteful manner. Chairs, and table, with a bell on it, on the right. On the left, a causeuse. ARDENFORD discovered, seated at the table, and a Servant standing at a slight distance.*

Ard. Take these letters to their several addresses. (*Exit Servant*) Another hour, and my destiny will be determined! Involved in a duel! I, who deemed myself privileged from all insult. But it is impossible to avoid it now! The audacious wretch who has dishonored me in the eyes of the woman I love, and, in the presence of all those I am known to, shall not live another day! (*Throwing himself in an arm chair.*) And she!—oh, what will *she* think of me? (*rising up*). I cannot meet that thought—it may unman me!

[*MAL-A-PRO-POS enters, in a state of stupefaction, at side door.*

Mal. Oh, Mr. Ardenford—Master—that is, sir—I know not by what name to call him—you see before you a perfect wretch—a man in no common passion, but in a regular rage!

Ard. A rage? With whom?

Mal. With whom? Why, with myself, to be sure. It is contrary to law to hang one's self, as the law monopolizes that pleasure; but, I have a right to be in a passion with myself, as much as I please.

Ard. (*impatiently*) Well, proceed.

Mal. With the best of all possible intentions, I have done nothing but blunder. A blackey would have had a thousand times more tact; and, henceforth, I shall have a thorough contempt for the whites—in my own person!

Ard. (*vexed*) Did you deliver my letter to Count Floreville?

Mal. Delivered it? Why, I thought I should have jumped completely out of my skin, when I recognized the underhand rascal that worm'd the secret out of me. I wasn't commonly civil to him; in fact, I should have strangled him, if he had not slammed the door in my face.

Ard. He served you quite right—what did you interfere about?

Mal. What about! Oh, was there ever so good a master—what about? (*falling on his knees*). Oh, sir, crush me, kill me—dispose of me, somehow, if you please, and you will ease me of an enormous weight!

Ard. (*crossing*) A truce with this nonsense!

Mal. (*in an imploring manner*). Then only kick me for an hour or two; do something, for mercy's sake!

Ard. Enough, I say. What answer did the Count return?

Mal. (*recollecting himself*) Why, that in an hour's time, he and his second would be at the appointed place.

Ard. (*to himself*) An hour more to wait. (*Then to MAL-A-PRO-POS*). Did you apprize the Count Morliere?

Mal. I found him in a most delightful sleep, and when I told him my business, he burst into a fit of laughter. Oh, if by any accident an unlucky shot might—

Ard. Phoo! Nonsense! (*listening*). Some one is coming up stairs—the Count Morliere, no doubt.

Mal. (*aside*) No matter whom, I shall be in attendance, below; and, if the other Count only dare show his face, I'll treat him as I used to treat the blacks, at St. Domingo! [*Exit.*]

Enter the COUNT MORLIERE, in full uniform.

Mor. Ah! here he is.

Ard. (*shaking him by the hand*) A thousand thanks, Morliere.

Mor. Nothing but this matter could have got me out of bed, for I did not get into it, until four this morning. 'Tis a serious affair, then, is it?

Ard. Most so!

Mor. So much the better; it's a long time since you've given me a lesson (*throwing himself on a sofa*). By the-by, you never came to the dear little Duchess de Villequier's last night; we had a most delightful soirée! Swords or pistols?

Ard. I do not, yet know.

Mor. The supper was magnificent, and there was some high play. Whom do you fight with?

Ard. The Count Floreville.

Mor. (*laughing and rising*) What, the fellow you sent off to the Bastille? Ha! ha! ha! that universal aversion. I am not at all astonished; there are many of these anti-pathetical people going about, and it is a positive duty to get rid of them. After all's said, it will only be one lord less in the world, and there are too many in it already. Where is the place of meeting?

Ard. I shall know presently.

Re-enter MAL-A-PRO-POS, mysteriously.

Mal. Sir.

Ard. Well!

Mal. (*in a whisper*) There is a lady below, veiled.

Mor. (*advancing*) A lady.

Mal. And one who won't take "No" for an answer!

Ard. At six in the morning?

Mor. This is a meeting where no second is necessary, so I'll retire (*about to go*).

Ard. (*stopping him*) Pray, stay; I pledge you my honor I have not the remotest idea who she is.

Mor. (*getting-towards the door*) My dear fellow, you forget; I've had no breakfast, and it is no fun fighting on an empty stomach; I'll wait for you, below, and as to this fair incognita—

Mal. Here she is; but, as it's a petticoat, why, there's no danger.

[*MAL-A-PROPOS* exit at back, as *MORLIERE* exit into o. p. room, making a sign to *ARDENFORD* at the same moment that *CORINNE* enters.

Cor. (*throwing back her veil*) I feared I should arrive too late.

Ard. Whom do I see? Is it you, Madame? You—here?

Cor. (*pale and disordered*) Ask me not how I came; I know not—I remember nothing. I was even ignorant of your address. I however found it, and here I am!

Ard. What means this pallid cheek—this alarm? Oh, pray be seated!

Cor. No, I have but a moment to stay. I left my carriage in the next street. I am about to leave Paris, for ever!

Ard. Leave Paris!

Cor. Yes, for a calmer scene, that I ought never to have quitted; but, before leaving, I wished to see you, for the last time, if only to beseech you, in the name of all that is dear to you, to carry this matter no further.

Ard. (*much moved*) And would you have me, madame, suffer this unparalleled outrage to pass unpunished?

Cor. Do not deceive yourself, Ardenford; a duel, whatever may be its result, can repair no injury. If you survive it, you are a lost man—your days will be for ever clouded!

Ard. (*bitterly*) Are they not so, even now? Have I not been robbed of respect—of honor—of station—all, by the mere breath of a fool?

Cor. Oh, do not believe it.

Ard. (*excited*) This man has blighted my hopes of the last fifteen years; and seeing you now, perchance, for the last time, I may reveal the secret of my life. From my earliest dawn of reason, a guardian angel appeared before me, sent by providence, to be the guide of all my actions, for one of whose smiles I would have laid down my life. Though forced to fly from St. Domingo, that love—that worship—that deep—that sole thought—became the essence of my existence; and when once distinction and dignity should have obliterated that opprobrium which the lash had branded on my brow, I should have turned to you, and said, to you I owe what'er I am; and, if not yet, worthy of you, tell me—oh, tell me, what I can accomplish to make myself more so!

Cor. (*with emotion*) Ah, Camille, you guessed the feelings of my heart too truly!

Ard. (*half wild*) And you would have me forgive him! Never!

Cor. In the name of Heaven, hear me! Is there not more courage in conquering yourself, than in overcoming another? (*With great tenderness*). Ardenford, yesterday you belonged to me—a portion of my worldly wealth, and with a single word, I had the power to prevent this meeting. The restoration of your liberty—(*ARDENFORD betrays a sudden emotion*)—I do not repent, for you were worthy of it, and had long since won it by your high merits; but, have I ceased to possess the influence over you I had before I gave you up its power? (*hastily, and with a view of preventing his reply*) Answer me not, but recall the days of our childhood, Camille.

ROMANCE.

Go, memory, go—
 Seek out life's early springs
 Which glided on, and then
 Were wont to ebb again,
 Though now they swiftly flow,
 As if their waves had wings.

Go—

Thoughts pure and calm are there,
 Hearts which have known no care
 That love, but cannot tell.

How well.

Come, memory, come!
 Bring with thee back those days
 As bright as when their bloom
 Our childhood did perfume,
 More happy, far, for some
 Than all life's future ways.

Come—

As we can never meet
 Hopes in the world so sweet,
 With treasure deemed thus dear,
 Come here.

In those days, if I had asked at your hands the sacrifice of a resentment, the forgetfulness of an injury, the life itself of your mortal enemy, you would not have hesitated; and when, now, I no longer ask, but supplicate, will you refuse me less, and thereby punish me for an act, you have said is one of goodness and generosity?

Ard. (as if a sudden thought struck him) Ah! a light breaks in upon me.

Cor. What mean you?

Ard. It is this Count Floreville you are engaged to marry.

Cor. Well—

Ard. And you tremble thus for him?

Cor. (with abandonment) For him? it is for you!

FINALE.

Ard. (in a transport of feeling)

For me! Great heav'ns! What words are those you say?

Cor. Words that no tears were wanting to betray—

Your danger—your injustice, too, have wrung

The secret from a heart to which it clung,

Which, now, no longer hesitates to own

That you I love, and tremble for—alone!

Ard. Can I have heard aright? and can there be

Such bliss reserv'd, howe'er remote, for me?

Cor. And while on thee depends my peace, my life,

Thou wilt renounce this most unequal strife—

I know thou wilt—I read it in thine eyes—

Forget the outrage which thou must despise!

Ard. (energetically) Less, now, than ever—you have sealed his fate,

By words you can't recall, and said too late,—

And though my nature might such wretch forgive,

The man you love cannot dishonored live!

Cor. And wilt thou—canst thou blight the hopes of her

Thy pride beyond all others to prefer?

Of her who now commands no more—but prays?

Ard. No pow'r on earth can save his destin'd days!

Mar. (outside) Nay, stop me not—for speak with him I will—

Cor. (alarmed) What tones are those my soul with fear that fill?

Ard. The Marquis!

- Cor. Should he see me I am lost—
With all the hopes this hour my heart hath cost!
- Ard. (*pointing to the r. s. door, which he opens*)
This door and staircase to the garden lead,
And thence you'll reach the street with moment's speed
- Cor. (*taking up her veil, and hastening*)
Enough—enough—farewell!
- Ard. You cannot mean
With words like these to close our parting scene?
- Cor. (*holding the door on the jar*)
Camille, you hear me—and that love despite
Which fills my soul, and may consume it quite—
With all that deep devotion which I feel,
Too fond, intense, and settled, to conceal—
If this encounter should take place, deplore
My loss you may—we meet on earth no more!
- Ard. (*with a struggle*) And such a sacrifice—
(*Then pausing, and with an effort addressing CORINNE, who is all anxiety*)
I strive in vain—
- Cor. (*with desperation*) Why, then, farewell!
[*She disappears, and closes the door after her.*
We never meet again!
- Ard. (*alone*)
Enter MAL-A-PRO-POS, hesitating, and with a kind of stammer.
- Mal. The Marquis—Sir—De Vernon! [*Exit.*]
- Ard. (*coldly and dignified, to the MARQUIS, as he enters*) What may be
The purport of this visit paid to me?
- Mar. (*moved*) I can believe I was not looked for here,
And in such cause 'twere rash to interfere—
But I one hour this meeting have outrun,
And what I say is known not to my son!
- Ard. (*ironically*) I understand—you bring some poor excuse
That certain men have always for their use,]
- Mar. No—but this duel, spite of all disgrace,
It is impossible can e'er take place!
- Ard. (*with continued irony*) The noble Marquis has, no doubt, conceal'd
Another order the police has seal'd—
These usual arms which he is wont to wield,
Serve, at one time, for weapon and for shield!
- Mar. (*greatly moved*) I might have spoken to the King, while bent
The sorrow pending o'er me to prevent,
But I would rather it were judg'd by you,
Convinc'd the secret which, by chance, I knew
But yesternight—that destiny had hid
As though its knowledge were a thing forbid—
Reveal'd to thee, that moment would arrest
All the deep hatred ranking in thy breast;
And that one word, pronounc'd by me, would turn
To gentle nature, feelings now so stern!
- Ard. (*in astonishment*) I!
- Mar. (*to himself*) At the moment when this task I seek,
I scarce have nerve my faltering words to speak!
- Ard. Proceed—
[*CORINNE appears at the door by which she had gone out.*
- Mar. Well, Ardenford, his life this day,
To your resentment which may fall a prey—
My son—the Count de Floreville—he—that youth—
Well!
- Ard. (*with an inward struggle*) Ho—is—your BROTHER!
- Ard. (*staggering back*) What?
- Mar. (*greatly moved*) I speak the truth.
- Ard. What! He! My brother!
- Mar. Your reproaches spare,
And all the pangs they cause too great to bear.
(*Then dropping his voice, and, as if deeply humiliated.*) Your mother—

Arđ.
Mar.

Ah!

Her pure and spotless love

Deserv'd a fate her wretched lot above—
A wealthy marriage, flatt'ring to my pride,
All other feelings made me cast aside—
Forgetting what poor Naomi I owed,
For faith and fondness, all in vain bestowed,
E'en at the moment destin'd to behold
Her new-born infant—*(in a still lower tone, and violently trembling)*
I its mother sold!

Arđ. (with indignation) You sold! Her! And her child!!

Mar.

I cannot use

Terms such a fault to pardon or excuse
Nothing can justify—some hours ago
I learnt a truth, I shudder now to know—
You are my son—a father's voice may claim—

[CORINNE, who has overheard this, closes the door.]

Arđ.

A father! I abjure—renounce the name—
“ I think but of the wretched slave, who smiled
“ In all her griefs, on her more wretched child—
“ Who lavish'd on him all her bosom's care,
“ Despite the tortures that were harboured there—

Mar. (overcome) Then, you disown me!

Arđ. (energetically)

You yourself disowned—

(Then with great bitterness) By acts that ever must be unatoned—

“ And think you, sir, a father's name so light,
“ Its claims so doubtful, and its cares so slight,
“ You can repudiate it, should it gall,
“ And when 'tis needed, can that name recall—
“ That you can exercise its rights one day,
“ And all its duties with the next betray?
“ That you can say, now years have o'er us past,
“ To one thus humbled, outrag'd to the last;
“ I never recognized thee—never sought
“ To waste upon thee either wish or thought—
“ Vowed thee to bondage, thy parental hearth
“ Polluted, and then sold thee, ere thy birth—
“ The very aspect of thy brow and face,
“ Conveyed emotions of a deep disgrace—
“ But now that he, my house and fortune's heir,
“ To place his life within thy hands could dare,
“ Thou must thy pride, thy feelings sacrifice,
“ And honour, too—the first of human ties;
“ Such is my mandate—see that it be done—
“ I am thy father, and obey, my son!”

Mar. (in a supplicating tone) Oh, Ardenford!

Arđ. (more bitterly than ever)

A father! When the whip

Had ploughed my brow, and torture writhed my lip,
When blood was reeking, drawn from it by men
They call the free,—where was that father, THEN?
When life no more against such crime could stand,
When forc'd to fly along the burning sand—
For bread to beg, my nature to sustain,
To slake my thirst, some foetid spring to drain,—
When parch'd and fainting, with that thirst unquench'd,
And sinking on the earth my sweat which drench'd,
Where was that father?—ready to extend
The hand which caused the pang, relief to lend?—
In after years, when beating fortune down,
A new existence seem'd my days to crown,
Where was he, THEN?—To press me to his heart,
To bid me feel of him, and it, a part?—
No—no—your lawful son, your love may claim,
The slave, you curse—forgetfulness—and shame:
You, sir, can judge if what I say be true—
I HAVE no father!—ne'er a father knew!

Mar. (*quite subdued.*) I have deserved it all, and more,—yet, pray
Be not inflexible to all I say,—

Forget an insult, soften'd down by time,
Renounce a combat that will be a crime!

Ard. (*proudly.*) That none may dare my honor to defame,
You must our ties of brotherhood proclaim.

Not on this spot—to me, alone,—while here
I see you trembling between guilt and fear,

But, to the world, at large, (*pausing.*)—that downcast eye,

That silent tongue, your seeming aim belie:
You would, while my forbearance thus you crave,

One brother ruin, and the other save—
Pronounce the shame of your infected son,
And blast *his* honor—proving you have none!

Ard. (*aside.*) What worthless, silent fears,
Can pride betray!
Whose guilt, not all its tears
Can clear away!

And better for thee, it may be, oh! pride,
Thy course, in its career, sometimes to chide!

Mar. (*aside.*) These sad, but silent fears
I must betray,
Their weight, not all my tears
Can clear away!

And better for me, to, at once, have died,
Than witness, thus, the downfall of my pride!

Mar. (*to ARDENFORD.*) "I may unjust and cruel, too, be held—
"But if by rule, or, prejudice, compell'd

"To cast thee from my arms, my heart enchain,
"Nor own a love the cold world may disdain,—

Will not thy noble nature comprehend
The pangs I suffer, and their torture end?

Here, on my knees, their anguish I unmask,
For 'tis my son's—*thy brother's* life,—I ask! (*falls on his knees.*)

Ard. (*hastily raising him.*) Sir!—

Mar. —Oh, I blush not,—

Ard. —Leave me, sir, I pray,—

Mar. For mercy's sake, for—

Ard. —Leave me, sir, I say!—

Mar. I can endure it all,—but, bear in mind—

Ard. (*quickly.*) I promis'd nothing, am to reason blind.—

REPRISE OF ENSEMBLE.

Ard. (*aside*) What worthless, silent fears,
Can pride betray! &c., &c.

Mar. (*aside*) These sad, but silent fears
I must betray, &c., &c.

[*At the end of the duo, ARDENFORD rushes out of the door, in a hurried manner, followed by the MARQUIS.*]

SCENE II.—*Park and Grounds of the Count MOLLIERE'S Chateau by sunrise, from the further end of which a body of Chasseurs are seen advancing, who come forward, and sing the following*

CHORUS.

Through wood and through forest, the hind lightly leaveth,
When morning her mantle of gossamer weaveth—
Afar over hills, where the wild deer are leaping,
In dells where the dew in the sunbeams is weeping;
Through vale where the cowslip is modestly blowing,
On banks where the streamlet is tranquilly flowing,
O'er plain, over meadow, in dingle and hollow,
The horn of the huntsman doth bid us all follow.

The sound of that music the air round is filling,
 With tones which the heart of the hearer is thrilling,
 When soft and then deeper its accents are swelling,
 Has charms which none other there's any such spell in—
 Through vale where the cowslip is modestly blowing,
 On banks where the streamlet is tranquilly flowing.
 O'er plain, over meadow, in dingle and hollow,
 The horn of the huntsman doth bid us all follow.

[*Exeunt all the Chasseurs, and as the refrain of the Chorus is dying away, COUNT MORLIERE, stealthily enters, looking out to see that no one is near.*]

Mor. They are departed, and the smiling day
 Thows round its beams to light them on their way—
 All now is still—the silence here around,
 Becomes the scene to follow.

[*Enter ARDENFORD, with a firm step, followed by MAL-A-PRO-POS in a fright, carrying a case of pistols.*]

Ard. (to MAL-A-PRO-POS) Here's the ground!
 There lay that case—watch well that none encroach,
 And quick return if stranger steps approach.
 [Exit MAL-A-PRO-POS where he entered.]
 "Once more thy hand Morlière—thou wilt allow
 "That mine was never calmer than 'tis now;
 "And all I feel is that my lot hath been
 "To be affronted with a thing so mean."

Enter COUNT FLOREVILLE, dressed in his morning costume, followed by MAL-A-PRO-POS, attempting to stop him.

Mal. (backing) No sir, you cannot—
Cou. (to ARDENFORD, as he advances.) —Silence, pray, impose
 Upon this knave, who no distinction shews—
 Or, 'twill to those who know you not appear,
 To stop my coming he was posted here!

Ard. (to MAL-A-PRO-POS.) Go—
Mal. —S—ir!
Ard. —I bid thee go—and be discreet—
Mal. I'll run and call in every one I meet.

[*Exit, holding up his clenched fist at the COUNT.*]

Ard. (calmly pointing to the COUNT MORLIERE, and addressing FLOREVILLE, at the same time.)

Here is my second, count,—and where may be
 Your own? for no one I, at hand, can see!

Cou. I was quite sick of waiting—but, the spot
 He knows, and he will come—

Mar. (entering with the utmost fury and distraction) —No—he will not!

Mor. De Vernon here! My father!

Cou. (staggering back.) Face to face,
Mar. (stepping forth with energy.) The second you expected, I replace!

Cou. You! Heavens!
Ard. and Mor. Impossible!

Mar. No reas'ning use,
 Who has the right my presence to refuse?
 Who can more jealous of his honor be,
 Than father of a son,—of him than me?

[*Both ARDENFORD and the COUNT, here, manifest a strong feeling.*]

Mor. Oh, you need nothing fear—I would not stay,
 For wealth of worlds, this combat, for a day!

[*Then looking pointedly, at ARDENFORD, but still addressing COUNT FLOREVILLE.*]

" It is inevitable, now, I know,—
 " And since my son hears not my fervent vow,
 " Since he will list not to a father's voice,
 " And hate, instead of duty, is his choice,
 " Forget, then, who I am,—and, in me, still,
 " Your second see, who can the task fulfill."

Cou. In Heav'n's name, yourself such anguish spare.
Mar. (*springing forward.*) Oh! I should suffer unless here I were,
 A thousand deeper pangs—

All three. Sir!

Mar. (*with energy.*)

I repeat

None has the right my purpose to defeat—

(*Then advancing and bowing to COUNT MORLIERE.*)

Pray, the arrangements let me understand?

Ard. (*apart.*) Oh! what a trial!

Cou. —Ardenford's own hand

Has drawn them up!

Mar. and Morl.

How!—

Cou. (*to ARDENFORD.*)

Sir, my thanks receive,

That you to me the choice of weapons leave—

The pistol I prefer,—(*then addressing the MARQUIS and MORLIERE.*)

Aside retire.—(*then to ARDENFORD.*)

And, as the injured, you are first to fire!

Mar. (*in alarm.*) He, first!

Ard. (*to MORLIERE.*) What say you?

Mor. It is just and clear,—

Cou. I ask no favour, and, partake no fear,—

QUARTETTE.

Ard.

There is a destiny which leads
 Our actions, and our hearts,—
 And bright, or tearful, to our deeds,
 Its fullest force imparts;
 Oh, Destiny! I may avow
 I feel thy impulse now!

Mor. (*regarding ARDENFORD.*)

There is a destiny which leads
 Our actions, and our hearts,
 And bright, or sad, unto our deeds
 Its influence imparts;
 Oh, Destiny! he must avow
 He feels thy impulse now!

Cou.

There is a destiny, which needs
 Must guide our heads and hearts;
 And, in some measure, to our deeds
 An energy imparts;
 Oh, Destiny! I must allow,
 'Tis thee I follow, now!

Mar.

There is a destiny which leads
 The motives of our hearts;
 And bright, or, gloomy, to our deeds
 An influence imparts!
 Oh, Destiny! I here avow
 I own thy guidance, now!

(*At the end of the Quartette, LA MORLIERE goes up the stage, with COUNT FLOREVILLE, as if to measure the ground, when the MARQUIS, in a tone subdued, but still one of utter despair, goes to ARDENFORD.*)

Mar. He is thy brother—Oh, doth not his sight
 Disarm thee, as it doth unman me quite.

Ard. (stopping him from saying more, and then addressing him with great bitterness.)

Oh, sir, you have no mercy—'tis through you
I fall from that proud height, till now I knew
I have lost all—but honor still was left,
And, now, of *that*, by you I am bereft.
Well, let it be—this sacrifice I make,
This infamy consummate—for your sake—
To whom I owe, while I reject your claim,
This depth of degradation, and of shame!

Cou. (in utter astonishment, and returning to Ardenford.)

What may this mean, sir?

Ard. (addressing the COUNT, after a moment's hesitation, and with an evident internal struggle)

I cannot deny
Your right, the worst construction to apply
You may that man, whom some have fear'd, now deem
The wretched coward which I feel, I seem—
One, to his honour, faith, and word untrue—
But, be it so—I combat not with you!

Cou. }

Mor. }

What do I hear?

Marq. (overjoyed.)

Ah!

Ard. (with concentrated bitterness) "Go, and tell the world,

"That Ardenford, from fortune's summit hurl'd,

"Is so devoid of courage, sunk so low,

"As self-esteem—opinion—to forego;—

"So lost to that respect of pride the due,

"As to refuse to—even fight with you!!

"Upon his head the scorn and hatred call

"Of the wide earth, he will accept it all.

[*Then addressing the MARQUIS in a subdued tone.*

"Thus trampled down, thus humbled and disgraced,

"Are you content?—Am I enough debased?

Mor. (confused) "Oh, Ardenford!

Cou. (in amazement) Impossible! this may not be—

[*Then turning round and addressing the MARQUIS.*]

"The purport of his words I seek from thee!

My father, when you spoke with him—what pass'd?

Cor. (suddenly making her appearance at the O. P. and rushing between ARDENFORD and FLOREVILLE.

Whatever stigma on me may be cast,

I heard it all—

Mar. and Cou. (astounded) Corinne!

Cor. (greatly moved, and pointing to the MARQUIS, and then to ARDENFORD, while she addresses COUNT FLOREVILLE)

Heard him declare,

With deep emotion, you *his* BROTHER were!!!

Mor. and Cou. His brother!!!

Cor. (with animation, yet tenderness) Yes, and now to one esteemed

More noble, yet, than man hath ever seem'd,

To one, though shunn'd—repulsed, by all he be,

Is, for that reason, more endeared to me—

To him the heiress of Corinne, too proud

To own that worth, by others disallow'd,

From wordly thoughts, or feelings, all apart,

Now gives her hand, as she hath given her heart!

[*A general movement—ARDENFORD transported with joy, seizes the hand of CORINNE, bending over it. The MARQUIS is completely overpowered, while COUNT FLOREVILLE, in great excitement, rushes into the arms of ARDENFORD, who opens them to receive him.*

QUINTETTE.

Cor. (*looking at ARDENFORD*) There are secret ties that bind us,
Which, like some misty star,
Shew their light but to remind us,
How beautiful they are;
And whose magic hath entwined us,
Though gazed on from afar!

Arđ. (*gazing rapturously on CORINNE*) There are ties of love that bind us,
Which like some silent star,
Shew their light but to remind us
How beautiful they are:
And whose spell hath long entwined us,
Though gazed on from afar!

Mar. (*aside*) There are secret ties that bind us,
Which like some clouded star,
Break their darkness to remind us
What faithless things they are!
And they glimmer but to find us
In greater wonder far!

Ceu. (*pointing to CORINNE*) There are certain ties that bind us,
Which like some twinkling star,
Shine, then darken, to remind us
What faithless things they are;
And which, for a moment, bind us,
Then wing their flight afar!

Mor. (*looking at CORINNE and ARDENFORD*)
There are secret ties that bind us,
Which like some faithful star,
Shine for ever to remind us,
How still unchanged they are;
And which firmly have entwined us,
Though gazed on from afar!

[*Just at the termination of this Quintette, MAL-A-PRO-POS rushes in, beckoning a whole host of friends of ARDENFORD, whom he has hastily summon'd, and who take up the refrain of the Quintette, joined by the Huntsmen, who return on hearing it.*

FULL CHORUS.

Oh, these happy ties that bind us,
Which like some constant star,
Shine out always to remind us,
How unsubdued they are:
Have a charm that hath entwined us,
Though gazed on from afar!

[*At the end of this Chorus, CORINNE springs forward in a joyous manner.*

RONDO—CORINNE.

In those moments of existence,
Which memory endears,
Howsoever tried by distance,
Or rendered sad by tears,
If we find 'tis vain concealing
The heart's unfading light,
There is no remember'd feeling,
So lasting or so bright!

END OF THE OPERA.

THE FOLLOWING
OPERAS, BALLETS, ETC.

ARE PUBLISHED BY

W. S. JOHNSON,

GENERAL PRINTER AND PUBLISHER,

"NASSAU STEAM PRESS," 60, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

The words of the following OPERAS;

THE BONDMAN, <i>Balfe.</i>		
LORETTA <i>Lavenu.</i>	THE MAID OF ARTOIS <i>Balfe.</i>	
STRADELLA, <i>Flotow.</i>	THE CROWN JEWELS, <i>Auber.</i>	
DON QUIXOTE, <i>Macfarren.</i>	THE CRUSADERS, <i>Benedict.</i>	
THE FAIRY OAK <i>Forbes.</i>	MARITANA <i>Wallace.</i>	
THE ENCHANTRESS <i>Balfe.</i>	GUILLAUME TELL <i>Rossini.</i>	
DAUGHTER OF ST. MARK, <i>Balfe.</i>	GERALDINE <i>Balfe.</i>	
THE SYREN <i>Auber.</i>	LA SONNAMBULA <i>Bellini.</i>	
THE BOHEMIAN GIRL <i>Balfe.</i>	SAPPHO <i>Pacini.</i>	
BRIDES OF VENICE <i>Benedict.</i>	DON PASQUALE <i>Donizetti.</i>	
LUCIA DI LAMMER- MOOR <i>Donizetti.</i>	KEOLAN'THE <i>Balfe.</i>	
BRIDE OF LAMMER- MOOR <i>Donizetti.</i>	BETTLY <i>Donizetti.</i>	
	CASTLE OF AYMON <i>Balfe.</i>	
	ROBERT THE DEVIL <i>Meyerbeer.</i>	

SONGS, DUETS, &c.

Price 6d. each.

ACIS AND GALATEA,
 KING ARTHUR,

THE FLOWER OF LUCERNE,
 QUEEN OF THE THAMES.

BALLETS & SPECTACLES.

Price 6d. each.

WAGS OF WAPPING.
 IMELDA.
 LA TARENTULE.
 THE DEVIL TO PAY.
 LES DANAIDES.
 THE PERI.
 THE CORSAIR.
 BEAUTY OF GHENT.

OFFSPRING OF FLOWERS.
 PAQUITA.
 THE ISLAND NYMPH.
 THE DEVIL IN LOVE.
 GISELLE.
 LADY HENRIETTA; or,
 THE STATUE FAIR.
 ROBERT AND BERTRAND

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH, 1s.

THE MARBLE MAIDEN.
 OPEN SESAME; or, A
 NIGHT WITH THE
 FORTY THIEVES.
 VALENTINE AND ORSON.
 THE WONDERFUL LAMP
 IN A NEW LIGHT.

ALADDIN: THE WONDER-
 FUL LAMP; or, NEW
 LAMPS FOR OLD ONES.
 THE MAGIC MIRROR.
 TIMOUR THE TARTAR.
 WHITTINGTON & HIS CAT.
 CINDERELLA.

THE PRINCESS WHO WAS CHANGED INTO A DEER, 1s.

Where also may be had, the Whole of


WEBSTER'S NATIONAL ACTING DRAMA,

FROM NOS. 1 TO 140 INCLUSIVE.

AND

HORNE'S GUIDE OF MEDICAL GALVANISM, Price 1s.

—000—

 Any Copies of these Operas, Plays, &c. forwarded by post, the amount being sent in postage stamps.

54.421.486