



McGill University Libraries

YD 9L11 Cutter  
Lacy's acting dramas. --



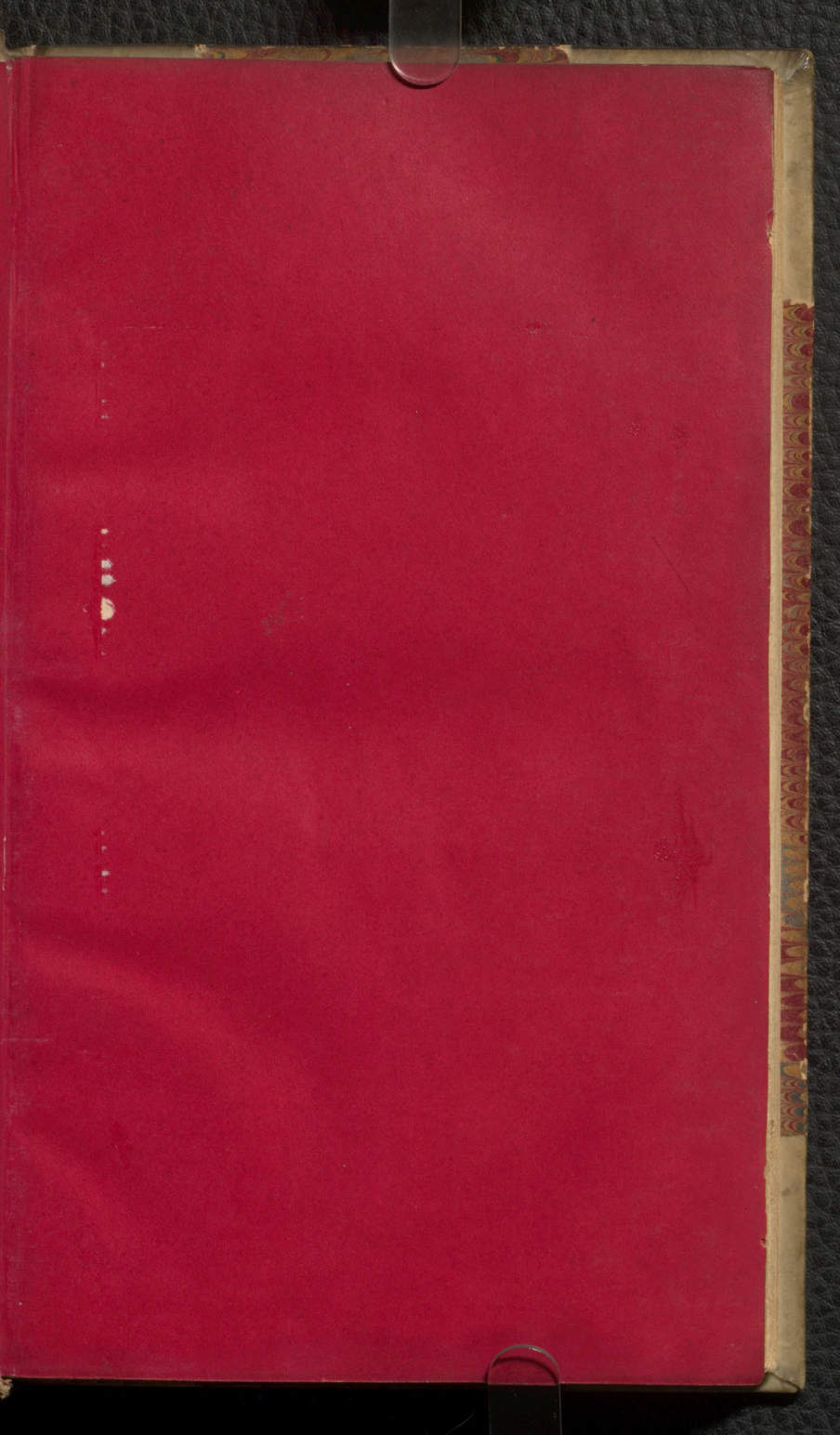
3 000 764 501 L



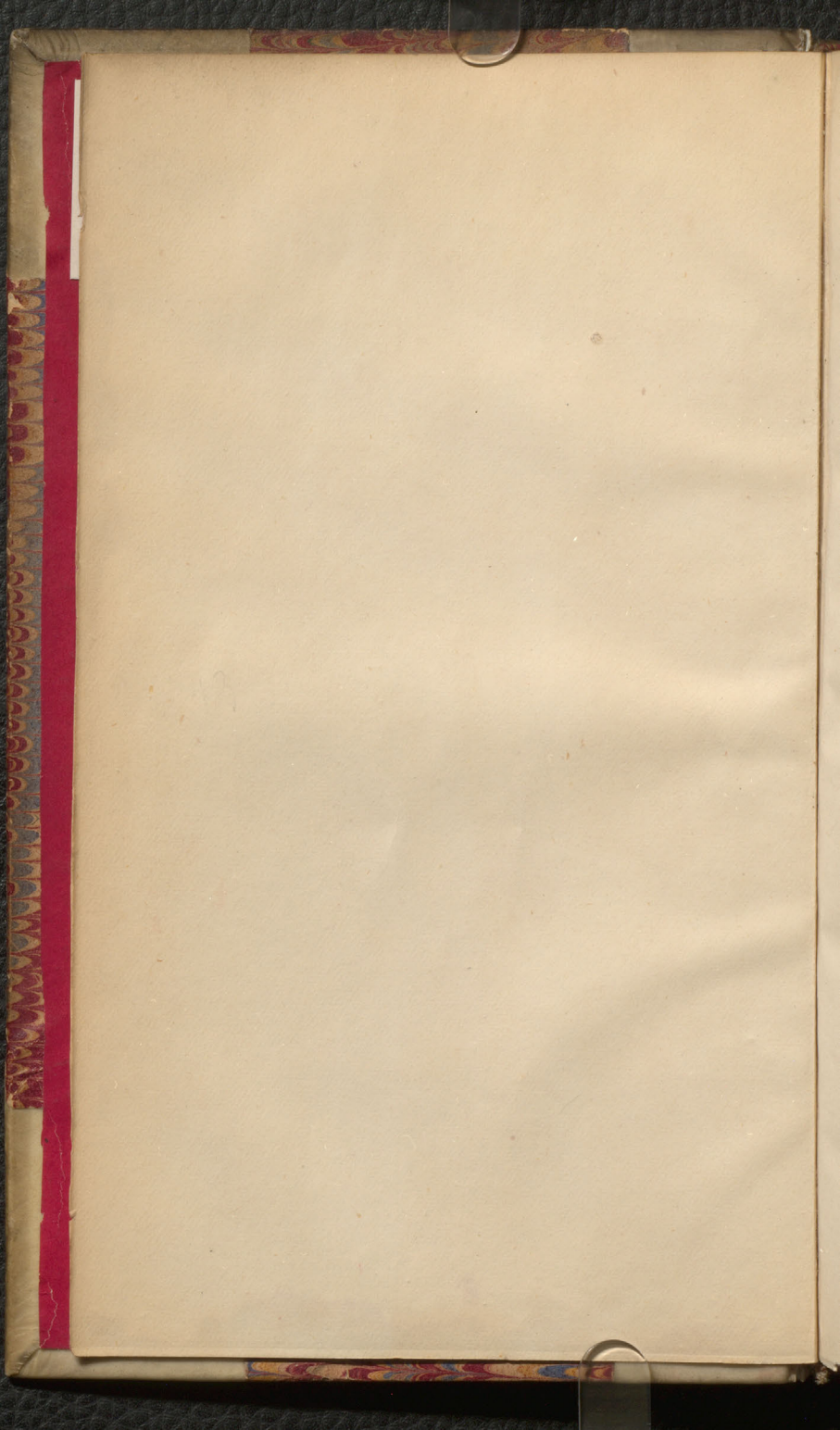
IN MEMORIAM

*Peter Whitford Redpath, B.Sc.*  
*Jocelyn Clifford Redpath, B.C.L.*

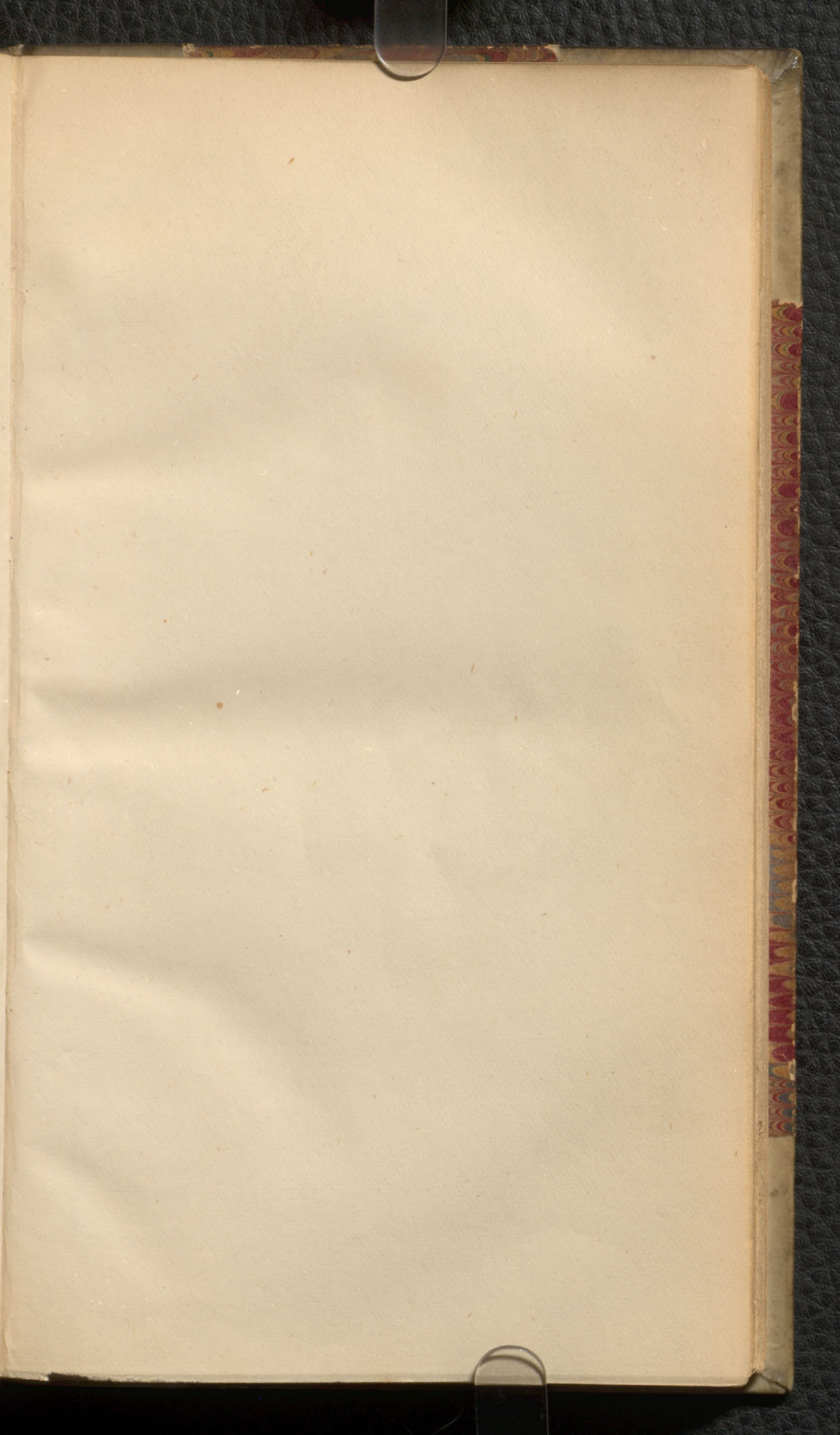




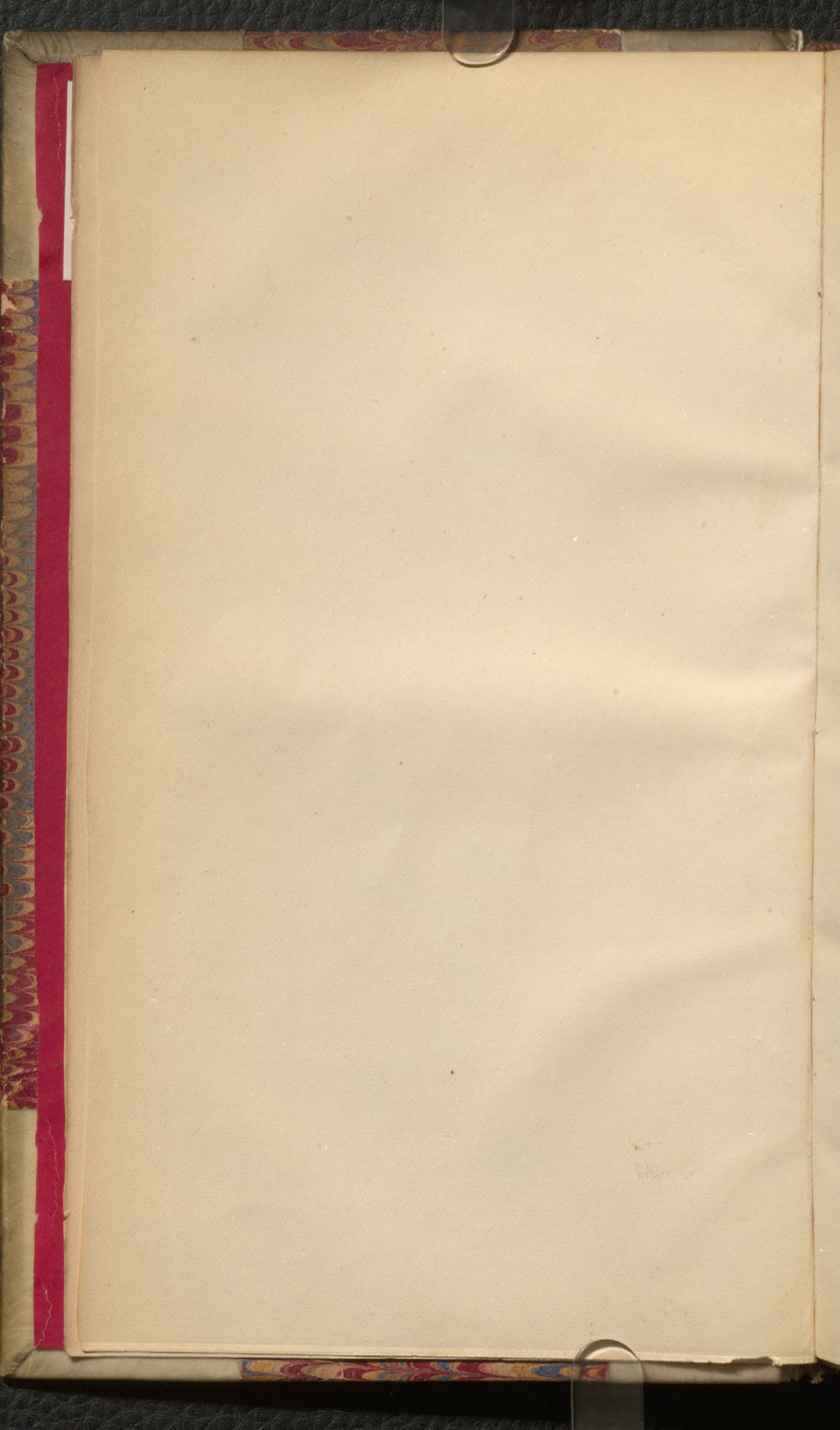






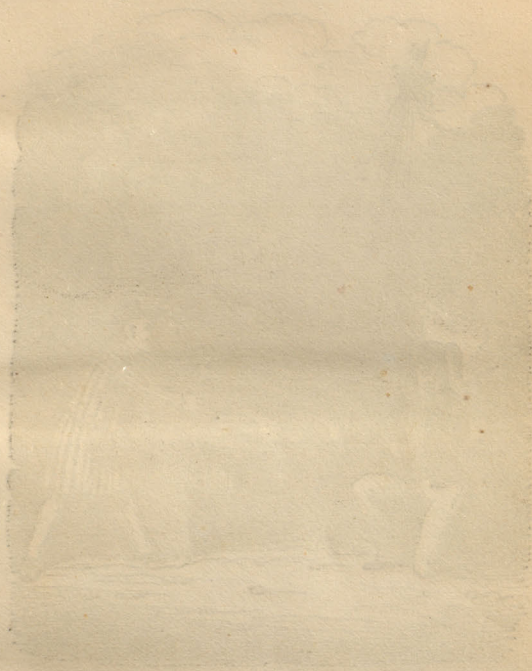








THE ILLUSTRATED ALPHABET.



THE ILLUSTRATED ALPHABET. PART I. CONTAINING THE LETTERS A-Z. WITH A COMPLETE INDEX TO THE ILLUSTRATIONS. BY J. H. B. 1840.

The Illustrious Stranger.



BOWELL. Oh mercy; mercy! Most glorious *anthropo-*  
*phagus, doc.* eat me! I am as unwholesome as a *cockle*  
on a copper bank.

*Scene 2.*



THE  
ILLUSTRIOUS STRANGER;  
OR,  
MARRIED AND BURIED.

A Farce,  
IN ONE ACT.

BY MESSRS.

JAMES KENNEY AND MILLINGEN.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,  
89, STRAND,  
(*Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market*),  
LONDON.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS STRANGER.

*First performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.*

Characters.

ABOULIFAR ( <i>King of the Island</i> ) .....	Mr. THOMPSON.
AZAN .....	Mr. J. BLAND.
ALIBAJON .....	Mr. J. RUSSELL.
BENJAMIN BOWBELL .....	Mr. LISTON.
GIMBO .....	Mr. HARLEY.
HIGH PRIEST .....	Mr. FENTON.
OFFICER .....	Mr. C. JONES.
IRZA ( <i>the Princess</i> ) .....	{ Mrs. W. GEESON. Miss PINCOTT.
FATIMA .....	

*Nobles, Mandarins, Black Slaves, Priests, Guards, Banners, Palanquin Bearers, and Ladies.*

SCENE.—An Island off the Coast of Malabar.

Costume—CHINESE.

ABOULIFAR.—Chinese hat, short surcoat of straw-colour, handsomely embroidered, long embroidered shirt, white trousers, green boots, scimitar, &c.

AZAN.—*First dress*: Brown dervish robes, with red sash and red turban. *Second dress*: Handsome embroidered robes, white trousers, russet boots, Chinese hat.

ALIBAJON.—Black Chinese double dress, trimmed with white; white trousers, black boots, Chinese hat.

BOWBELL.—*First dress*: Check shirt, straw hat, gray jacket, much torn, oilskin pantaloons, black shoes, black kerchief, long black hair. *Second dress*: Russet boots, white trousers, Chinese shirt and petticoats, comic Chinese hat, of the pagoda shape.

GIMBO.—White dress, complete, with black stripes; fly the same, white and black striped pagoda hat, russet shoes.

HIGH PRIEST.—Brahmin robes of white, flesh arms and legs, sandals, white hair and beard, with a gold band round his head, rich girdle. (All the Priests dressed alike.)

NOBLES.—Chinese double dresses, Chinese hats.

GUARDS.—Double dresses, full trousers, shields, bows, swords, &c.

IRZA.—White and yellow satin Chinese double dress (richly embroidered), Chinese slippers, flesh-coloured stockings, hair turned up *a-la-Chinoise*.

FATIMA.—Chinese dress.

SIX LADIES.—White dresses, enveloped in veils.



[Performance Free.]

THE  
ILLUSTRIOUS STRANGER.

---

SCENE FIRST.—*The Palace—a Court Yard looking on a picturesque tropical landscape.*

*Enter ALIBAJON, R., meeting GIMBO, L.*

ALIBAJON. I have sent for you, my dear Gimbo, to converse with you on a most important subject, on which depends our mutual prosperity.

GIMBO. Speak—always ready to serve my friends.—We are bound to each other by mutual interest. You are the physician of King Aboulifar, sovereign of this island; and I am master-general of funerals, embalmer, and mummy-maker, to the Court.—You stuff the living with your foul physic, and I sweeten their poor dead corpses after it.

ALIB. You will remember, however, my dear fellow, that it is to me you owe your high preferment and lucrative station: recollect that I was the person who took you in hand, a poor orphan boy, when the drudge of a petty grocer's shop in Thames Street: and when they kicked you out of doors for having broken your leg, I ministered to your wants.

GIMBO. True: I had sprained my foot, which, as you say, you took in hand, and from hand to foot I am now as crooked as a ram's horn—proceed.

ALIB. I then, you know, was a travelling physician.

GIMBO. An itinerant quack—true—proceed.

ALIB. Quack—quack—why, there's quackery in every trade.

GIMBO. Even in physic—true—proceed. Time's pre-

435433

cious—weather hot—season's sickly—deaths frequent—and I've a young lady to stuff, and an old gentleman to varnish—proceed—to business.

ALIB. Then, my dear Gimbo, listen to me attentively. You know that when we were obliged to leave England, you and I set off for the East Indies, when we were wrecked upon this island off the Malabar coast.

GIMBO. True; but by no means new—proceed.

ALIB. You also know that by my talents and luck, I not only became physician to the king, but his confidential adviser; you also are not unacquainted with the state of affairs, and the grief of our good sovereign. His only child, the Princess Irza, has rashly attached herself to Prince Azan, a disgraced rebel, who has since died in exile.

GIMBO. I know; you stocked him a medicine-chest before he started—proceed.

ALIB. Now the princess obstinately swears she'll never marry, and there would end our present dynasty.

GIMBO. And pray, who the deuce would marry her with the confounded laws of this island, where, when a husband or wife dies, the survivor must be buried alive!—and to marry a sickly young lady—

ALIB. Would be a bold step, indeed.

GIMBO. Step! yes—to dance from the church to the church-yard is a step few lovers would like; but to the point—proceed.

ALIB. She is at present very ill, especially since her last dose.

GIMB. No wonder at that—proceed.

ALIB. And, after many an anxious night's study, I have compounded a draught, which I think will set all to rights—now, if you and I can restore her to health, our fortune's made.

GIMBO. You and I? Well—proceed.

ALIB. Observe, my dear Gimbo; I think the medicine would answer, but the great thing with a princess is to be sure; on a royal person we must not try experiments. Now, in consequence of our matrimonial laws, the folks of this island take such a plaguy care of what they eat and drink, that I cannot, for the life of me, find anybody quite so unwell as I could wish.



GIMBO. That's a pity—proceed.

ALIB. Now, my dear Gimbo, I always observed, when you lived with me, that pork-pie and cucumber disagreed with you dreadfully.

GIMBO. Well—proceed.

ALIB. Well, being a friend, you know, an old and faithful friend, I have had a nice pie, made exclusively of fat bacon, and I have also provided some delicious cucumber mixed up with oil—and if you would have the kindness, the generosity, to eat *quantum suf.* of these very savoury dishes, just to give my potion fair play.

GIMBO. (*in a violent passion*) Poison and assassination! pork pie and cucumber!—tartaric emetic and hipps be your everlasting food! Zounds, sir! I'll make you swallow all the jalap in your shop.

ALIB. My worthy friend! not a slight indigestion, a gentle surfeit—to relieve the sufferings of so charming a woman as the princess?

GIMBO. A charming woman! Zounds, sir! what's a charming woman to a dying man! Incendiary! drench me with your drugs! Make me a subject for your diabolical experiments! Am I a dog, a rat, a reptile!

(*crosses to R.*)

ALIB. You are an ungrateful monster! Have you forgot past services?

GIMBO. Past services! haven't I done enough for you? Zounds, sir! you owe all to me—not a pill, powder, or plaster would you have sold, but for my exertions—name and fame—you owe me everything. Was I not your decoy-duck, to catch gulls and puff you off? Have I not shammed apoplexy, epilepsy, catalepsy, and the lord knows how many other epsys, that you might cure me as you passed by? Wasn't I nearly smothered alive when I pretended to have been bit by a mad dog, and bellowed like a bull at sight of a puddle? And when you gave me a blue sugar-plum for one of your infallible pills, didn't I swallow a gallon of water to prove my recovery?

ALIB. All this is very true: but do moderate your passion.

GIMBO. Pork pie and cucumber! (*crosses to L.*) Mountebank! Avoid me! I'll roll you into the grave like one of

your own boluses. Am I not a public functionary, and haven't you made my post the most laborious of the island? Don't I beautify your shattered and battered patients? And talk to me of pork and cucumber!

ALIB. Do moderate your rage—forgive me. Here comes the fair Fatima, the princess's companion—let us not be seen wrangling.

GIMBO. Fat bacon!

ALIB. Our mutual good intelligence has——

GIMBO. Pork pies!

ALIB. Well, I crave forgiveness. Dismiss the matter from your mind; forget that there ever existed such a thing as a pig, or a girkin, and let us be friends.

GIMBO. I forgive, but to forget is impossible.

*Enter FATIMA, L.*

FATIMA. Peace be with you, Doctor Alibajon—you are immediately wanted at the palace—sad doings going on—there's the princess weeping, and of course all the ministers are weeping with her—there's the king distracted, and of course all the ministers are distracted also—then there are all the priests praying by the king's order, and of course all the ministers are on their marrow-bones.

ALIB. Why, what recent event——

FATI. His majesty has been to the great pagoda, and the Oracle of Vishnu has pronounced, that, unless the princess be forthwith married, the island will be ruined! Oh, what a fine thing it is to be a princess.

GIMBO. And what says the princess?

FATI. She swears she will not marry; and that, spite of all the oracles, she'll mourn Prince Azan as long as she has eyes to weep.

GIMBO. And what was the cause for which Azan was banished?

FATI. An attempt to subvert our holy marriage laws. (*crosses to c.*) Our Malabar neighbours compel us poor women to be sacrificed on the tomb of you base men; but we have wisely improved the law by rendering the ceremony reciprocal, thereby preventing you male creatures from plaguing us to death with impunity.



GIMBO. And at the same time rendering you ladies the tenderest nurses in the world of an ailing husband.

FATI. His majesty has just issued a proclamation, offering a reward of a dozen lacs of rupees to any suitor who may present himself, and one lac to whoever may procure one.

ALIB. A lac of rupees! I fly to obey his majesty's commands.

*Exit, L.*

GIMBO. A lac of rupees! I'll earn it—but first, fair flower of Eastern beauty! have you reflected on my proposal?

FATI. I have, most grave and sapient royal undertaker.

GIMBO. And will you undertake with me a trip to merry England?

FATI. What, to be carried to market in a halter? No, good Gimbo; marry me here, and then I shall be sure you'll love and cherish me.

GIMBO. I'd rather not, for fear of accidents. Don't I know Dr. Alibajon! Why, he'll be trying experiments on you for the good of the royal family, and diet you on pork pies and cucumbers.

FATI. Vulgar prejudice and vain fears. Only think of the splendour of a matrimonial funeral! In your country fortunes, I hear, are lavished for a magnificent interment, which is not enjoyed by the deceased; whereas, here, you have the pleasure of seeing it all yourself, of bespeaking it according to your fancy, and seeing that you are not cheated by your undertakers.

GIMBO. Better leave all to them. Never interfere with an undertaker's taste—therefore, I say again, come to England, the land of love and liberty, pin-money and settlements, weeds, widowhood, and wedding favours! for the second and third time, my jolly girl—

FATI. I tell you it's quite a sacrilege, and I won't hear of it.

*Exit, L.*

GIMBO. Well, if ever a woman was unreasonable, it's in expecting to be married in this country. Here's the princess dying of grief, and her father advertising for a husband for her! We may take in some simple stranger, but nobody else, I'll swear. So, only let me light upon a husband for the princess, pocket my lac of rupees, and then hurrah for old England, and a jolly bachelor's life!

*Song.*—GIMBO.

Dicky Dolus, sick of strife,  
Thus address'd his scolding wife :  
" Since in life I've no repose,  
Death, my dear, shall end my woes !  
Mrs. Dolus, Mrs. Dolus !  
Death, I vow, shall end my woes !"

Mrs. Dolus liked his plan,—  
To the river off they ran :  
" Pray," said Dolus, " be so kind  
Just to tie my hands behind."

Mrs. Dolus, &c.

She obey'd ; and, when complete,  
" Let me now," he said, " entreat  
You will also—do not scoff—  
Be so good as push me off."

Mrs. Dolus, &c.

Dolus, when she prov'd her love,  
With a run and with a shove,  
Slipp'd aside, and, in his stead,  
Mrs. D. soused over head.

Mrs. Dolus, &c.

Mr. Dolus now was solus,  
While she gulp'd her wat'ry bolus :  
Quoth he, " My hands are tied, and I  
Can't assist you, so good-bye !"

Mrs. Dolus, &c.

*Exit, L.*

*Enter IRZA, R. I E.*

IRZA. Gods of my fathers ! What has been my offence?  
that I must thus be sacrificed to propitiate your altars,  
Dearest Azan ! tyranny prevented that union which  
would have enabled thy faithful Irza to join thy ashes.  
But if paternal power and our holy laws condemn me to  
a hated union, thy blessed shade shall behold me led to  
the altar like a devoted victim, doomed to appease the  
anger of the gods.

*Enter FATIMA, L.*

FATIMA. Well, dearest princess, ever sighing and



sobbing. Do you think, madam, he is the only handsome man? If he were, I should cry as much as you.

IRZA. Alas, Fatima! had I been permitted to end my days in solitude, time might perhaps have alleviated my sufferings: but to be thus condemned by cruel fate to form an odious union with some unknown adventurer—the idea is horrible!

FATI. How can any one have the courage to propose it while your highness is wasting and pining yourself away? Plump and rosy as I am, that cowardly wretch, Gimbo, is afraid to marry me! Perhaps it will never take place.

IRZA. I know not, Fatima—the splendour of a diadem is too attractive!

FATI. Well, then, you will feel a comfort in dying, at the thought of punishing the wretch's temerity. Come, dearest princess, if love makes you sorrowful—hang love, say I!

*(a march is heard)*

IRZA. But I hear my father approach. Spirit of my Azan, support me in the struggle!

*(grand march)*

*Enter KING ABOULIFAR, COURTIERS, &c., R. 2. E.*

ABOUL. (R. C.) It is in vain, dear Irza, that you resist the sacred decrees of Brahma and Vishnu, our fathers' gods. Your country, visited by disaster, and threatened by a foreign foe, demands the sacrifice.

IRZA. (L. C.) Alas! sir, if my union could have saved our country, why did you object to my loved Azan?

ABOUL. Name not the traitor! The die is cast,—Irza, the state demands it; and, the moment a suitor presents himself, the union shall take place. *(a gun fired, L.)* But hark!—A gun on the coast! Grant heaven, no hostile force approaches! *(another gun)* Alas! my enfeebled arm no more can wield the sword of war. You, my Irza, must give me in a husband a successor to my throne, and a leader to my armies.

*(thunder)*

*Enter OFFICER, L.*

OFFICER. Sire, an English vessel is in distress; but, wrecked upon the western reef, little hope can be entertained of saving it.

ABOUL. Hasten to the beach—let every possible assistance be afforded to the sufferers. Our oracles once foretold that this island should be ruled by an illustrious foreigner. Grant heaven that Vishnu has now sent us the welcome deliverer!

*March.—Exeunt* ABOULIFAR, *followed by his suite,*  
(IRZA supported by FATIMA,) L. 1 E.

SCENE SECOND.—*A bold Sea Coast. Thunder and lightning—a wrecked vessel is seen in pieces on a rock.*

BENJAMIN BOWBELL, *discovered sitting upon a hencoop, which has been washed on shore.*

Bow. (*coming forward*) Here's a pretty kettle of fish! What's to become of me? I'm totally diddled and undone! Where am I? Cast away, like an oystershell, no doubt on some savage island, with no more hope than a soused mackerel! This comes of seeking my fortune—this comes of travelling to foreign parts!—Shipwrecked, battered and tattered, bumped and thumped,—with a broken head, and all the bark off my shins! (*stooping to look at his legs, he looks into the hencoop he has dragged with him*) And see, all my live stock dead!—Even these poor ducks couldn't weather the storm. Poor Benjamin Bowbell! why did you venture beyond a Margate steamer and the Isle of Thanet, where you were the pet of the women and the envy of the men? Oh, my poor father! when I left you, I was as spruce a young sailor as Billy Taylor; and look at me now, all slab and sloppy, like a sponge in a gutter, and expecting to be squeezed every minute by the Hottentots or Anthropogigasses. Oh, that I now heard my namesake, Bow-bell, ringing a bob-major!

*Song—BOWBELL.—“Evelyn's Bower.”*

Oh, I weep for the hour,  
When I started from the Tower,  
With all my friends a grieving for my folly, oh!  
And left my bread and butter  
Snug in father's cranky cutter,  
For to sail with Captain Swipes aboard the Polly, oh!



How the stormy winds did blow,  
 Things a rolling to and fro,  
 No mortal man did ever such a clatter see, oh!  
 Once more in Cripplegate,  
 If again I navigate,  
 It shall be upon the quiet sea of Battersea, oh!  
 Then you who wish to roam,  
 Take advice, and stay at home,  
 Or you'll get into a hobble most confounded, oh!  
 Not a dry stitch on my back,  
 All my cargo's gone to rack,  
 And my little pigs and poultry is all drowned, oh!

*Enter GIMBO, L.*

Bow. (*falling on his knees*) Oh, mercy! mercy! Most glorious Anthropophagus, don't eat me! I am as unwholesome as a cockle on a copper bank.

GIMBO. As I live, an Englishman! Rise, my good fellow.

Bow. Don't roast me alive, though I am ready for the spit—for I am dripping from head to foot.

GIMBO. That voice—as sure as I live, 'tis Benjamin Bowbell.

Bow. The *very* man. He's a magician!

GIMBO. My dear fellow, don't you know me?

Bow. How should I, most noble?—never was in these parts before.

GIMBO. Don't you recollect Tom Treacle, the grocer's boy? Don't you remember the days of bliss when you and I used to dry sloe leaves, and make green tea for old Kit Carraway?

Bow. Tom Treacle!—you don't say so! Let me look at you;—his *very* mug! Oh, Tom Treacle, what a sweet meeting! My darling boy, you have been nicely preserved, but see what a pickle I'm in!

GIMBO. And what brought you here?—Proceed.

Bow. Why, the Polly, from London, Captain Swipes—you know.

GIMBO. And how came she to be lost?—Proceed.

Bow. Why, Captain Swipes got swipy, and Polly couldn't find her way—ran right wrong upon a rock, and

there she sticks, poor dear! with her copper bottom uppermost. Look at her, with all my kit on board! Oh, Tom, Tom! I han't a dry stitch in the world, but what's a sticking to my back.

GIMBO. Hard upon you, indeed. And so you have taken to the sea.

Bow. I beg your pardon—I can't say I have taken to it at all.

GIMBO. I judge by your dress.

Bow. May be so. I bought it at the slop shop, and now it may go back to the slop shop.

GIMBO. But how came you to leave England?—Proceed.

Bow. Why, I was a supercargo, you know; that is, I've been rolling over tripe and butter barrels ever since I left the Tower Stairs.

GIMBO. And where were you going to?—Proceed.

Bow. Proceed!—what, on a hencoop? Why, I was bound to China, to take tea.

GIMBO. (*aside*) Heavens! what an idea strikes me!—he's the very man!

Bow. But I say, Tom, what are you *arter*? Is there a fair in these parts? What's that fine dress about? You han't set up a puppet-show, have you?

GIMBO. A puppet-show!—My dear fellow, my fortune's made by the king of this island—the great Aboulifar.

Bow. A bully what?

GIMBO. Aboulifar. This is the richest island in India: lovely women—good cheer and jollification from morning till night.

Bow. You don't say so? Then I light upon my legs again.

GIMBO. You do. Think yourself happy that you have lighted on this hospitable strand.

Bow. Ah, Tom, but think of our Strand!—think of the New Church, and Somerset House, and Exeter 'Change! Bless 'em all!—I'd rather roll in the gutter there than ride in a palanquin with the great mogul.

GIMBO. But the beautiful women!

Bow. Ay, but Sukey Skyblue, Tom, the milk-maid—she's my written promise. Oh, how she cried when I *vent away*! She hadn't *vept* so much, she said, since



the day the cruel company clapped a padlock on her pail, and cut off her perquisites.

GIMBO. Vile taste! Ah, you know not the fortune that is in store for you!

Bow. Can I get at a dry jacket?

GIMBO. Silks, velvets, brocades. Without knowing it, you have made a short cut to rank and affluence.

Bow. How do you mean?

GIMBO. Listen: in the first place, every stranger wrecked on this shore is promoted to the highest dignities.

Bow. You don't say so!

GIMBO. And you, my dear Bowbell, are come in the very nick of time; for, in the next place, by royal proclamation, and a decree of the oracle——

Bow. A decree of the what?

GIMBO. A decree of the oracle!—the beautiful Princess Irza is to be married to the first handsome stranger who may be wrecked on the island.

Bow. Impossible! Why, you don't mean that——

GIMBO. That you are the man.

Bow. You're going it! What, a princess!

GIMBO. The king's daughter.

Bow. A real, royal, right arnest princess!

GIMBO. The most lovely woman you ever beheld!

Bow. Then the old fortune-teller was right, and this here voyage will make a man of me at last. Upon your word and honour?

GIMBO. Upon my word and honour!

Bow. Well, after all, one never knows when one is well off. A princess! It's all fate—it was to be so! How things turn out!—that this here violent storm should set me up in sunshine for life!

GIMBO. Ah, we are short-sighted mortals.

Bow. We are indeed a decree of the oracle. Poor Sukey! But, bless her! her shoulders are broad enough to bear it; and, to make her amends, she shall be first lady in waiting.

(*a march heard piano, L.*)

GIMBO. Hark! his majesty approaches. Put on a look of dignity—hold up your head.

Bow. Will this do?

GIMBO. A little higher.

Bow. I would if I could; but how can I, when the sea has made me as lank as a lollipop?

GIMBO. Hark! here's his majesty—I'll introduce you. Bow. And what am I to say?

GIMBO. His majesty will address you.

Bow. But what am I to answer?

GIMBO. (R.) As little as possible—safe's the word. Therefore, whatever his majesty says, your answer will merely imply that his majesty is decidedly in the right.

Bow. (R. C.) Mum! You ha'nt lived at court for nothing, Mister Tom—hem! (march)

*Enter* ABOULIFAR, followed by GUARDS, COURTIER, &c., L. U. E.

ABOUL. (C.) Noble stranger, welcome to this island! However inhospitable its perilous and rugged shores may have appeared, we shall exert our best endeavours to make amends for nature's churlish treatment.

Bow. Your majesty is decidedly in the right.

GIMBO. (to ABOULIFAR) It is with sincere delight that I have to acquaint your majesty that this illustrious Englishman, apprised of the state of the kingdom, gladly hails the hour when he can lead to the altar the lovely Princess Irza.

ABOUL. Ah, that news indeed rejoices me! I hailed him with anxious hopes, yet dared not anticipate its fulfilment. You have acquainted him with our matrimonial laws?

GIMBO. Every syllable.

ABOUL. Enough. My treasurer shall count you out the promised reward.

Bow. All true to a tittle!

ABOUL. And for you, noble stranger, let King Aboulifar welcome you as a friend and as a father. Yet I think it just to inform you, that the heart of my daughter has been foolishly bestowed upon a worthless rebel, who has since died in exile. But I look with confidence on the impression your appearance will make upon her.

Bow. Your majesty is decidedly in the right. Anything to oblige your majesty and accommodate the nation, I'll do with the greatest pleasure.

ABOUL. Conduct hither my ministers, to pay their



homage to the son-in-law the gods have provided us; let him be adorned with the cap of authority and the robe of power, and let slaves and attendants await his commands.

*Exit ATTENDANT, L.*

I long have wished to form an alliance with your country, which I love and esteem as the protector of the weak and the scourge of tyrants.

Bow. Your majesty is decidedly in the right.

ABOUL. You are possibly a knight of some illustrious order!

Bow. To be sure, please your majesty. I'm a Knight of the Bath, at present.

ABOUL. Your arrival doubly rejoices me; as I am at this moment threatened by my bitter enemy, the King of Japan, who will shortly overrun my state; and our dispute can only be terminated by a decisive blow on one side or the other.

Bow. Run in, your majesty, tip it him right and left.

ABOUL. And you will second my exertions?

Bow. Second you, with all my heart. In front of a gallant army—that is, with a gallant army in front of me, I'm your man.

ABOUL. You have proved your prowess?

Bow. Beyond a doubt. I *fit* a pitched battle with Curly Moses—a noted chap, I assure you.

ABOUL. And won the victory?

Bow. As good as won it; for when I gave in, your majesty, I hadn't a scratch. But what's the row?

ABOUL. The row?

GIMBO. The cause of quarrel.

ABOUL. 'Tis thus: his Japanese majesty sits upon a silver stool, whereas mine is a gold one, and he insists that I shall present it to him as a tribute.

Bow. Why, you arn't going to fight about that?

ABOUL. Is it not a serious cause of war?

Bow. Pooh!—give the old fool his way. Take my advice, please your majesty: between two stools you may hurt the small of your back.

ABOUL. Can you seriously hold an opinion so pusillanimous? (GIMBO *jogs* BOWBELL)

Bow. Oh, no, no! by no means! I'd scorn to truckle

to the old bully; and upon consideration, your majesty is decidedly in the right.

ABOUL. Behold your attendants!

*Enter four little BLACK BOYS and other ATTENDANTS, who surround BOWBELL, L. 2 E.,*

Bow. What! these four little niggers? How obliging! They have robbed all the tobacconists' shop doors for me! Come here, you little ebony devils! I shall give two of you a holiday every day, to go and see your pa's and ma's.

ABOUL. My ministers, and the dignitaries of my court, are come to greet you.

Bow. You don't say so! (*to GIMBO*) Oh, Tom! if father, mother, and Suke could only see me now! Here's a commence!—here's a wind-up of a windy day!

*Enter the MINISTERS, COURTIER, and their ATTENDANTS, L., and the robe and cap are placed on BOWBELL—the PRINCESS IRZA, supported by FATIMA, and her other ATTENDANTS, enter, L.*

ABOUL. Subjects of my realm, the decree of the gods has been fulfilled! An Illustrious Stranger, whom Vishnu has thrown upon our coasts—a noble Englishman—claims the honour of my daughter's hand; and, in my son-in-law, behold the successor to my throne, and the commander-in-chief of my armies.

CROWD. Long live our princess and our noble prince!

ABOUL. Prince, you will, of course, address them?

Bow. Me! Oh, if your majesty wishes it, with the greatest pleasure.

GIMBO. (*aside to him*) Remember my instructions. (*BOWBELL nods significantly*) Mind your hits.

Bow. I know what I'm about. (*to the Crowd*) Most noble friends and citizens, it's quite impossible for me to express my overflowing sentiments and sensations at this here most unworthy reception. If I had never come among you, I should never have known what a glorious people you are—(*bravoes*)—the most glorious people in the uninhabitable world. (*bravoes*) And now, my noble friends and citizens, I'll trouble you with a bit of business. Touching of money matters—my royal father scorns to



distress you, but hopes you'll come down handsomely on this here occasion; for, being a generous nation, of course you'd like an Illustrious Stranger like me to be established with proper splendour, and magnificence, and magnanimity. (*shout from the crowd*) And, noble friends and citizens, you will hardly take it amiss, if I also make free to establish my own venerable father from Cripple-gate, my noble brother Bob, and eleven of my illustrious cousins. (*to GIMBO*) No applause!—that's a damper!

GIMBO. (*aside*) Eleven's too many.

Bow. But if so be, my noble friends and citizens, as you thinks me unreasonable, I'll cut off half a dozen of my illustrious cousins to shift for themselves.

CROWD. Hurray!

GIMBO. (*aside*) There you had 'em!

Bow. In the next place, noble friends and citizens, for the dignity of the nation, we must have a nother bout with your old enemy, the Emperor of Japan, upon the *wital* and important question of the two royal stools; and, as I am to lead your armies to the field, I'm sure you'll think it right to double the number of the horse, foot, and drag-goons. (*aside to GIMBO*) No applause again!

GIMBO. Tip 'em a touch about peace.

Bow. Hem! but, noble friends and citizens, I'll undertake to say that the moment the war's at an end, you shall enjoy the blessings of peace.

CROWD. Bravo!

Bow. A long—a lasting and honourable peace, that shall enable you to pay your debts, bring down the price of taters, and make you, as I said before, the most glorious people in the uninhabitable world.

CROWD. Hurrah! long live Prince Bowbell!

GIMBO. (*aside to BOWBELL*) You had 'em at last, however.

Bow. I had; and a very sensible nation they are.

FATI. What an ugly wretch! Before I'd marry him, I'd poison him.

IRZA. Illustrious Stranger——

Bow. Your royal highness——

IRZA. I think it but right to apprise you that my heart never can be yours.

Bow. Most magnificent consort, it makes no odds whatsoever—I can *ave eaps* of *earts* at any time; but your royal and beautiful hand mustn't slip through my fingers.

IRZA. You are aware that you possess it by the imperious laws of Brahma?

Bow. I can't say for his laws; but I know, your highness, that his locks are plaguy hard to pick—and if this here wedlock's one of 'em, so much the better for me. So, if the father-in-law's ready, and you're ready, and the priest's ready, why, then, hey for the ceremony!

*(a flourish of trumpets and martial music—a palanquin is brought on from L., BOWBELL is assisted into it—a procession is formed round the stage—during which, this chorus is sung)*

*Chorus.*

From the wild rage of ocean, from tempest and danger,  
Welcome, thrice welcome, Illustrious Stranger!

*All exeunt, L. U. E.*

SCENE THIRD.—*The Garden of the Palace.*

*Enter AZAN, in the disguise of a Dervish, L.*

AZAN. My fate's decreed—and the falsest of women, forgetting her solemn vows, has accepted the hand of an unknown stranger. Too well I knew, when we parted, that we should never meet again in happiness.

*Enter GIMBO, R.*

As I live, it is the English mummy-maker, Gimbo! My honest fellow, do ye not recognise me?

GIMBO. By the shades of Ptolemy, and the spices of Ceylon, it is Prince Azan! Most noble sir, thrice welcome to this island. I thought you had died in exile long ago; and my greatest regret was the painful idea that your body had fallen into the hands of some botch of an embalmer, who had not done justice to your princely remains. But proceed.

AZAN. Alas! I had resolved to return to this country



—to sue for my pardon, and once more demand the hand of my beloved Irza; but, on my arrival, judge of my astonishment, when I learnt she had just left the nuptial temple.

GIMBO. What, sir! you have travelled, and are astonished at a woman's changing her mind!—Proceed.

AZAN. She must have been the most faithless of her sex.

GIMBO. Do not blame her rashly, sir—the princess is still fondly attached to you; but the king and the gods have obliged her to this sacrifice; the high priest swore, with a big oath, that, unless she married, the country was lost; and scarcely was the oracle heard, when a storm arose, a vessel was wrecked, and an honest Englishman was washed ashore on a hencoop, who blindly thrust his head into the royal noose.

AZAN. And how did she look during the ceremony?

GIMBO. Poor thing, like a ring-dove caged with a screech-owl: she wept and sobbed—then gave three sighs, four groans, and exclaimed, “I have obeyed the gods—may they now in pity unite me to my Azan's beloved ashes!” Then she fell into hysterics, and fainted away.

AZAN. Beloved Irza! I'll fly and rescue her from the detested martyrdom. (*crosses to R.*)

GIMBO. That's right, sir—that's right!—that I may have the supreme honour of making mummies of you all. Do you forget our laws?

AZAN. Distraction!

GIMBO. If you are bent on slaughter, I'll tell you of a better plan.

AZAN. Speak.

GIMBO. Ample revenge: await them as they quit the palace; stab yourself at the princess's feet—she'll not survive you—and then we'll bundle Prince Benjamin Bowbell over you both. No, sir, no; let us all live and enjoy life; my brain is rich, and I'll coin it in your service, provided you give me in exchange certain solid specie, less rare, but more current.

AZAN. My dear Gimbo, if you can restore me to Irza and happiness, my very life is yours.

GIMBO. Keep your life, my dear prince, and give me

the means of spending mine in merry England. But no time is to be lost—my plan is already formed: Cupid and Mammon work hand-in hand, and we must succeed.

*Exeunt, R.*

*Enter BOWBELL, L.*

Bow. Here's a pretty business! My wife—I mean her royal highness Princess Bowbell, is in a fit. I suppose that, being of royal blood, it's fitting that she should. Well, well, who would have thought it, when I left Lunnun, with a cargo of tripe and butter, that I should have been wrecked upon a princess! Poor father! how delighted he'll be!—how his old heart will chuckle when he sees the pearls, as big as potatoes, I am going to send him.

*Enter GIMBO, R.*

GIMBO. (*aside*) Now to open all our batteries—my noble prince!

Bow. Mummy-maker! keep your distance.

GIMBO. I come to announce to your royal highness, that the Japan army is already in the field.

Bow. Well, if it's our field, show 'em out again; threaten 'em with an action of trespass.

GIMBO. His majesty, prince, expects you at your post.

Bow. His majesty may expect me long enough, then! Arn't her royal highness indisposed?—Besides, now the wedding's over, I begin to perceive that the war department won't suit me. Mummy-maker! I suppose you'll expect promotion.

GIMBO. I trust I may be allowed to bask in the sunshine of your royal pleasure.

Bow. Embalmer! you may bask all day and all night, and be as lazy as Ludlam's dog, when he leaned against a wall to bark. I'll make you first lord of the bed-chamber, master of the revels, master of the rolls. If you arn't married, Tom, you shall be lord and master everywhere; only let me dub you, in my place, commander-in-chief and generalissimo.

GIMBO. Oh! I couldn't deprive you of that honour.

Bow. Not a bit of it—I don't value it a button.



GIMBO. As to me, my dear friend, I'm perfectly satisfied with my present station.

Bow. What! mummy-maker and undertaker-general?

GIMBO. See—this bag of gold I received for the funeral of the wife of one of our ministers, and her husband is going to give me double the sum for burying him.

Bow. How? Oh! I suppose to build a monument for him?

GIMBO. No, no; for interring him with her.

Bow. When he dies?

GIMBO. No, immediately.

Bow. How do you mean—alive?

GIMBO. To be sure! it's one of the fundamental laws of this kingdom.

Bow. What! has he committed some crime?

GIMBO. He! he's the most virtuous man in the country.

Bow. Then why bury his virtue alive?

GIMBO. Such is the law—when a wife dies—

Bow. (*with anxiety*) Well—

GIMBO. Her husband is to be buried with her.

Bow. Alive!

GIMBO. Of course—otherwise what necessity for a law?

Bow. (*with increasing uneasiness*) What—how—stop a bit—say that again—you say that—

GIMBO. By our laws, husbands are to be buried with their wives, and wives with their husbands.

Bow. (*with great alarm*) What—my dear boy—then, if Princess Bowbell should die—

GIMBO. You must accompany her to the vault of her ancestors.

Bow. I accompany her to the vault! what do you mean?

GIMBO. You must abide with her in the silent tomb.

Bow. Silent! I shall bellow like a bull there—you're joking—what are your laws to me! I'm an alien! I'm an alien!

GIMBO. But, married in this country, you must obey the laws.

Bow. No such thing. I'm an Englishman—a brave, true-born Briton—bury me alive!—Parliament would take it up—you'd have a war, to a certainty; and who'd command your army then?

long-lost Irza, and throw myself at her feet. (*he drops his beard, and falls at her feet*)

IRZA. Azan! my beloved—do I once more behold thee! Oh! why did you not sooner come to rescue your Irza from perpetual slavery?

AZAN. It is not too late—our plans are formed, and we have no time to lose. *Exeunt, R.*

*Enter BOWBELL, in a disconsolate attitude, L.*

Bow. No news yet.—I feel just like a condemned felon waiting for a summons to execution.

*Enter GIMBO, L.*

Bow. My dear Gimbo—well, what news? (*rises*)

GIMBO. My dear fellow, I am sorry to inform you that the princess is much worse—and a consultation has been called.

Bow. A consultation! then there's no hope.

GIMBO. None, my dear boy; but make up your mind.

Bow. Make up my mind—why, one would think you were telling a body to make up his bundle to go to Twickenham. Make up your mind to be buried alive—to be smothered by inches.

GIMBO. Banish your fears. It shall be my office, as a friend, to see you suffocated at once.

Bow. How kind you are—but I'll tell you what, die or not die, I'll not consent—I'm a British subject—an English citizen—send to the ambassador—I revolt—I mutiny.

GIMBO. Believe me, Bowbell, consent cheerfully, and you'll acquire immortal honour in history.

Bow. What's history to me? None of my family ever reads it.

GIMBO. And should you resist, you will not only be degraded to the rank of a common slave—

Bow. Oh! they may make a scavenger of me if they choose.

GIMBO. But you will be burnt alive, and your ashes scattered to the wind.

Bow. Burnt alive! Oh, Tom, Tom! what an ill-fated wretch I am! Better have struck upon the Goodwin Sands, or foundered in the Bay of Biscay. Oh, Tom!—Tom Treacle, why did you make me a prince? Couldn't



you have given me some other situation?—in the scullery—tapster to the royal family—pot-boy—anything, you know. (*a gong is heard, R.*) Mercy! what's that?

GIMBO. Alas! my poor friend, all's over.

Bow. What!—how?

GIMBO. That awful sound announces the princess's dissolution.

Bow. Then I dissolve like a snow-ball. (*he falls in*

*GIMBO's arms*)

GIMBO. Ah! my poor friend! But here comes your royal father-in-law, no doubt to announce the fatal event.

*Enter ABOULIFAR in deep grief, R.*

ABOUL. My son, you must summon up all your fortitude to hear the mournful tidings.

Bow. Oh!

ABOUL. Your beloved bride has left you, ere you had time to appreciate her virtues.

Bow. She has, indeed; and therefore I hope, father-in-law, you'll take proper time to 'preciate mine. You don't mean to bury me alive with her?

ABOUL. Undoubtedly: it is the proudest hope of a devoted husband.

Bow. Is it? Then why not of a devoted father? Mayhap your majesty would like to take my place.

ABOUL. Alas! my time will soon come.

Bow. Then there'll be less time lost. Do, dear father-in-law; you knew her virtues better than I: so do you live in history, and let me go back to live in Cripplegate.

ABOUL. We must obey the law. Farewell, my son. Worthy Gimbo, give every necessary direction for this distinguished funeral; let no expense be spared, and let it vie in magnificence with any interment hitherto seen or heard of.

*Exit ABOULIFAR, L. I E.*

Bow. (*speaking after ABOULIFAR*) Ever seen or heard of! Oh! you old Anthropophagus—you carnivorous old cannibal! swindling a poor devil out of his life in this way! Oh, Tom, Tom! what will become of me?

*Enter ALIBAJON, R.*

ALIB. Dear prince, I come to condole—

Bow. (*flying at him*) Oh, you old scoundrel! You killed my wife—my beloved wife!

ALIB. I am innocent, sir: she was poisoned by a Persian quack, who is now loaded with chains.

Bow. Let him be impaled and broke upon the wheel.

ALIB. What brought me here was a little proposal.

Bow. Anything to save me?

ALIB. You appear very unhappy at the idea of being buried?

Bow. Alive, doctor—that's all: I've a mortal aversion to it.

ALIB. Why, for that matter, no doubt your highness won't long survive it; and then it amounts to the same thing, you know.

Bow. Very consolatory!

ALIB. Now, with profound submission, I have stocked a museum, in which I have already collected the mummies of a Tartar, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.

Bow. Agreeable recreation!

ALIB. An Italian, a Frenchman, a Jew, a Quaker—but, unfortunately, no Englishman. Now, if I might presume—

Bow. Oh! you vile old feeder of worms and dealer in carrion. Harkye, Tom Gimbo, am I anybody here? Is my power at an end?

GIMBO. Certainly not. It will endure till the very last moment.

Bow. Then call the guards.

GIMBO. Ho!—guards!

*Enter OFFICER and GUARDS, L.*

Bow. You want an Englishman, do you? Here, you sir—take these two gentlemen, pound 'em into mummies, and clap 'em in the doctor's museum.

GIMBO. } Oh! your highness!  
ALIB. }

OFFICER. Before I can receive your highness's order, I must deliver mine. I am desired by his majesty to acquaint you, sir, that everything is prepared for the ceremony, and hopes you are ready.

Bow. Not by no means.



OFFICER. His majesty anxiously expects the honour of your company.

Bow. The honour of my company! One would think he was inviting me to a rump-steak and oyster-sauce. Tell his majesty that I am pre-engaged, and cannot have the honour of accepting his polite invitation.

OFFICER. But the whole nation is on tip-toe to behold the ceremony.

Bow. Then tell the nation to sit down till I come.

OFFICER. Their impatience is loud and clamorous.

Bow. Make an apology. Tell 'em the entertainment is postponed, on account of the indisposition of a principal performer.

OFFICER. And, that you may have all the glory of the sacrifice, the king commands me to inform you that, by our laws, if you can find a substitute, you may decline the honour of the funeral.

Bow. A substitute! oh, my dear Gimbo, a gleam of hope! Do you think I shall be able to find any amateur! Oh, doctor! have you no half-dead patient you can sell me?

GIMBO. We must seek for one.

Bow. My dear Gimbo—my honest fellow—you brought me into this scrape. Now, are you ambitious? Here's an opportunity—do take my place—you are long resident in the country, and are used to the customs. Do, my darling boy!

GIMBO. Under any other circumstance; but me, director-general of funerals—impossible! No physician is his own doctor, and no undertaker ought to bury himself.

Bow. Well, I see there's no friendship in the world. Go to his majesty, sir; tell him I avail myself of the law.

*Exit OFFICERS and GUARDS, L.*  
Oh, if we can find a hero! Come along, Gimbo; let's send about the bellman and the bill-sticker. I offer all I possess. I'll make over my pension to the wife and children of any worthy father of a family what wishes to distinguish himself, and be buried alive instead of me.

*Exit, followed by GIMBO and ALIBAJON, L.*

SCENE FOURTH—*The Royal Cemetery—in the centre a monument, with folding-doors—various images of the gods—a solemn march heard in the distance.*

*Enter GIMBO, L., and FATIMA, R., meeting.*

FATIMA. Where's the prince, Gimbo?

GIMBO. Poor devil! he's in a sad way, and likely to die of fright before he's buried. If you hadn't let me into the secret of the whole affair, I should weep at the sight of him. He's gone to dress for the ceremony; and here comes the procession.

*Enter the Procession, L.—SOLDIERS and COURTIERS arrange themselves, R.—GIRLS bearing flowers, cross to R.—BOWBELL follows, wrapped in a long white cotton gown and a nightcap, and supported in his grief by ABOULIFAR—PRIESTS and GUARDS, &c., range, L.—a gong keeps time with the music, and a PRIEST approaches BOWBELL.*

PRIEST. Most noble prince! the glorious hour has sounded which is going to unite you to the remains of the lovely Princess Irza. The Parks have willed it, and you must obey.

Bow. The Parks! Oh, I wish I was in them, if it was only on a donkey in Rotten-row! Oh, father-in-law, no substitute!

ABOUL. No one, my son, would wish to deprive you of this honour.

Bow. Oh, father-in-law, have pity on me! To see me buried in the prime of life, and as innocent as a sucking babe! If I could but gain yet a little time—— (*seeing GIMBO*) Oh, Gimbo, my dear fellow, I'm off!

GIMBO. My poor dear friend, I have made every preparation for you suitable to your rank, and have come myself to attend you to the grave!

Bow. You're very attentive, I'm sure. Gimbo, give my love to poor father—tell him I prays for him like a dutiful son; remind father-in-law to remit my little reckoning at the Cheshire Cheese; send a lock of my hair to Sukey Skyblue—tell her to lead a virtuous life;



and tell her brother Bob I bears him no malice for calling me a gander when I started. (*murmurs heard without*)

PRIEST. (*comes down*) The multitude are becoming unruly—they say that we are mocking the gods by delay. There, sir, take this bag of rice to feed you on your journey, and this flapper to keep away the flies.

Bow. You're very considerate!—You han't got nothing to keep away the worms, have ye?

PRIEST. Now to the monument.

Bow. The Monument! ah, I wish I was on the top of it. Noble friends and citizens, was my proclamation distinctly heard?

GIMBO. In every quarter of the city.

Bow. And no substitute for your prince? No virtue among you? No taste for glory?

PRIEST. There is no answer.

Bow. I beg your pardon—that gentleman spoke. (*to one of the crowd, R.*) I think, sir, you—(*he shakes his head*) No—excuse me.

ABOUL. Have I a son who thus disgraces me? On!

Bow. I go—(*solemn music—he advances to the tomb, then stops again*) Nobody bid for my place? It's your last chance—I'm a going, a going—once, twice, thrice!

(*a loud cry of "A substitute! a substitute!" R.*)

Bow. A substitute! hurrah! Oh, you noble fellow!

*Enter AZAN, R., still in the disguise of a Dervish—BOWBELL rushes to his embrace—AZAN casts him off.*

AZAN. King Aboulifar, your daughter's death is attributed to me—I cannot survive the imputation—lead me to her dear remains—proud in terminating with her a degraded existence.

ABOUL. Our laws permit it, and you may claim the right; but you, my son-in-law, is it possible you would renounce the honour?

Bow. Will a duck swim? Will the Polly go to smash? Will Sukey snap at me when I gets back to Cripplegate?

ABOUL. Then you are unworthy of my blood!

Bow. (*aside*) Oh, blow your blood!

ABOUL. Sound the trumpets! beat the drums! and,

locked in each other's cold embrace, let the will of Brahma be fulfilled!

*(music—AZAN is led to the monument—GIRLS strew flowers on his path—the gates of the mausoleum are thrown open, and are closed with a loud crash after he has entered—the KING and PEOPLE kneel in devotion)*

Bow. (L.) What a hero that here doctor is! and what a interesting ceremony when one's only a spectator!

*(music changes—the tomb suddenly opens, and AZAN and IRZA holding each other by the hand, and robed in splendid dresses advance to the front)*

ABOUL. What do I behold? My daughter alive! and Azan here!

AZAN. *(at ABOULIFAR's feet)* To me you owe her life—her death was a device to enable me to approach you, and afford those proofs of my innocence, of which I am now possessed. In the name of Vishnu who has restored to you your child, I solicit her hand, and crave your blessing.

ABOUL. This wonderful event has proved his protecting power. Irza is thine.

IRZA. Dearest father, in Vishnu's name, henceforth abolish the barbarous custom.

ABOUL. In gratitude, will I exert my power to accomplish your prayer.

GIMBO. In that case, fair Fatima, I renew my offer.

FATI. In that case, I accept it.

Bow. And I'll back to Cripplegate as soon as possible; and if ever your majesty, or any of the royal family, should be cast ashore on the coast of Middlesex, I hope you'll take pot luck with the Illustrious Stranger.

*Finale.*

Relieved of our sorrows, and rescued from danger,  
We welcome our truly Illustrious Stranger!

SOLDIERS.		PRIESTS.		SOLDIERS.
GIMBO.	SHOWEMIN.	AZAN.	IRZA.	ABOULIFAR.
BOWBELL.				
R.				L.

*Curtain.*



WHO STOLE  
THE POCKET-BOOK?

OR, A DINNER FOR SIX,

A Farce.

IN ONE ACT.

BY

JOHN MADDISON MORTON,

AUTHOR OF

*"The Two Bonnycastles," "A Thumping Legacy," "Grimshaw,  
Bagshaw and Bradshaw," "Box and Cox," "A Hopeless Passion,"  
"Slasher and Crasher," "Double-Bedded Room," "John Dobbs,"  
"Betsy Baker," "My Precious Betsy," "Your Life's in Danger,"  
"Friend Waggles," &c. &c. &c.*

THOMAS HAILES LACY,  
WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,  
LONDON.

First performed at the Royal Adelphi Theatre,  
On Monday, March 29th, 1852.

---

CHARACTERS.

MR. TOMKINS TIPTHORP ... MR. WRIGHT.  
MR. SILVERTOP ..... MR. S. EMERY.  
MR. WOODPECKER..... MR. G. HONEY.  
MR. BENJAMIN BLOSSOM ... MR. PAUL BEDFORD.  
MISS DAINTY (*a Milliner*) ... .. MISS EMMA HARDING.  
FANNY SMART } *her* { MISS ELLEN CHAPLIN.  
JULIA JENKINS } *Assistants.* { MISS LAURA HONEY.

---

COSTUMES.

BLOSSOM.—Brown velveteen shooting coat, waistcoat and breeches; brown leather leggings; brown velvet hat.  
SILVERTOP.—Small dark cut-off coat; light wig, small hat; brown trowsers, stripe down side; light waistcoat, and cravat.  
WOODPECKER.—Felt hat, bushy wig; Newmarket coat, long grey waistcoat, broad red and black tartan trowsers.  
TIPTHORP.—Black hat, narrow brim; black frock, buttoned up; white neck tie; light trowsers with small stripes; light blue umbrella.  
CABMAN.—Long coat, badge, trowsers with over-alls, &c.  
POLCEMAN.—Dress of the force; band on the arm.  
MISS DAINTY.—Light figured muslin, black silk apron. *2nd.* Silk or satin dress.  
JULIA.—Blue figured muslin. *2nd.* Silk or satin dress.  
FANNY.—Plain cotton dress, red striped shawl. *2nd.* Silk or satin

---

*Time in representation—50 minutes.*



# WHO STOLE THE POCKET-BOOK?

OR,

## A DINNER FOR SIX!



SCENE.—*A Work Room at MISS DAINTY'S, doors R. and L., folding doors at c. open and showing table within laid for dinner. A table R. H., on which are various articles of millinery. Six sky-blue Polkas hanging on wall at R. H. and a number of small brass bird-cages hanging upon the L. H. MISS DAINTY and JULIA seen in the inner room at c. busy laying the table. Tables R. H. and L. with dresses, boxes, &c.*

MISS DAINTY advances from c. followed by JULIA.

MISS D. There, Julia, that'll do very nicely indeed! Oh Julia Jenkins, when I look at that table laid for six, and think of the solemn occasion for which that table for six is laid, I feel—

JULIA. Hungry—so do I! I wonder what we shall have for dinner.

MISS D. The best of everything depend on't! In the first place Mr. Silvertop is perfectly aware of my partiality for ox-tail soup and lobster salad.

JULIA. And Mr. Woodpecker knows I absolutely doat upon cross-barred raspberry jam tarts. I don't know what you think of it Dainty dear, but I can't see what our poor dear Fanny can see in this Tomkins Tiphthorp.

MISS D. The very observation I was going to make—the man is not a handsome man—the man is not a rich man—in short I see nothing at all about the man to create the slightest interest in the man, and such a nice girl as Fanny is too—

JULIA. So amiable.

MISS D. And so pretty—for she is sweetly pretty, but here she comes.

*Enter FANNY SMART, R. H. door.*

FAN. Oh I'm so tired! I hope you won't scold me for being so late—but I've walked as fast as I could. I've been all the way to Islington.

MISS D. Islington?

FAN. Yes—to call upon my uncle Benjamin.

MISS D. Mr. Benjamin Blossom? the eminent agriculturist.

FAN. Yes, (*crosses to c.*) I had a letter from him yesterday telling me that he had come up to Town for a few days and was staying at the "Angel" at Islington—but unluckily when I got there he was gone out, so—I'm afraid you'll be very angry but I left a note for him with the head waiter of the establishment, saying that—that—

MISS D. What?

FAN. Why that Miss Dainty would be happy to see Mr. Benjamin Blossom to dinner to-day!

MISS D. The fact is, Fanny, you had an eye to business in this affair—you thought it would be a good opportunity to introduce Mr. Tomkins Tiphthorp to this rich old bachelor uncle of yours.

FAN. Well! of course, if Uncle Blossom would make us a present of a few of his spare hundreds on our wedding day, they would be very acceptable.

MISS D. To Mr. Tomkins Tiphthorp especially, I should say—for between ourselves, Fanny, I'm afraid that gentleman's annual contribution don't materially increase the amount of the Income Tax. (*with a meaning look at JULIA*)

JULIA. Nor the revenue of his tailor I should say. (*with a look at MISS DAINTY*)

FAN. (*nettled*) Perhaps not—but remember Mr. Tiphthorp is an author and has to live by writing plays and novels—and romances and that's not quite so profitable as writing duplicates like Mr. Silvertop, or giving poor dirty dingy London sparrows a coat of yellow paint and selling them for canaries like Mr. Woodpecker.

MISS D. Ha, ha! very severe indeed! ha, ha!

JULIA. Remarkably cutting! ha, ha!

(*SILVERTOP and WOODPECKER without, and singing together, R. H.*)

"Oh 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love,  
That makes the world go round.  
Fol de rol, &c. &c."

SIL. (*tapping at door R.*) Miss Dainty.

MISS D. Mr. Silvertop's well known rat-a-tat!

WOOD. (*knocking without*) Miss Julia.

JULIA. There's my Woodpecker tapping.

MISS D. Pray come in, gentlemen.

*Enter SILVERTOP and WOODPECKER at door R. H.—they each carry a brown paper parcel.*

SIL. Ladies in general, (*crosses to c.*) but Miss Dainty in particular I hope I see you in the enjoyment of perfect salubrity, for what is life without salubrity? Woodpecker, I appeal to you? give us your opinion of life without salubrity.

WOOD. Why I—that is in short I'm a man of few words, but them's my sentiments and I'll stick to 'em.

SIL. Charming Jemima Jane, permit your Silvertop to present you with this brown paper parcel as a pledge—I mean a token of his affection, wear it for his sake—not the brown paper—but the trifling article that brown paper contains.



MISS D. (*opening parcel*) Another sky-blue polka, you've given me six already. (*pointing to the polkas hanging up*)

SIL. But you look so well in sky-blue.

MISS D. Do I—flatterer, then I'll have it dyed black and wear it for your sake.

WOOD. Miss Julia—here's something for you, (*presenting parcel*)

JULIA. (*opening parcel and shewing a little brass bird-cage*) Another canary.

WOOD. And an out and outer—whistles "the death of Nelson" and "ri tum tiddy iddy bow wow wow; with variations.

JULIA. So you said of every one you've ever given me, but I can't say I ever recognized either of the tunes.

WOOD. You would if you had never heard 'em before, but however I'm a man of few words, if the feathered songster is not acceptable, wring his neck—their's my sentiments and I'll stick to 'em.

FAN. (*aside*) If poor dear Tomkins Tiphthorp don't bring me a present of some sort or other however trifling, I shall cry my eyes out with vexation.

SIL. But where's our friend Tomkins Tiphthorp? I hope he doesn't forget the interesting occasion on which we assemble here to-day.

MISS D. (*speaking at FANNY*) It may have slipped his memory, especially as the entertainment is provided at the expense of the gentlemen.

SIL. If Tomkins Tiphthorp disappoints us— it will be shabby!

WOOD. Shabby? I'm a man of few words, but it'll be a downright swindle!—their's my sentiments and I'll stick to 'em.

FAN. Don't alarm yourselves I beg! Mr. Tomkins Tiphthorp isn't more likely to forget an engagement than other people.

TIPHTHORB (*without R. H.*) I tell you, my good man, it won't do!

MISS D. Oh, here he is! (*looking off at door R. H.*) and as usual, disputing with the cabman about the fare.

*Enter TIPHTHORB at door R. H., followed by CABMAN. TIPHTHORB is dressed in a shabby paletot, short in the sleeves, an old hat, no gloves, and carries a very large green cotton umbrella.*

TIP. I repeat, it's no sort of use your trying it on, because it won't do!

CABMAN. (*following TIPHTHORB*) I tell you sir my fare's a shilling!

TIP. Now don't be obstinate—I can't abide obstinacy—I wish to think well of my fellow creatures in general, and you in particular—so don't be obstinate.

CAB. Gammon! once for all.

TIP. Now listen to me, (*looking at man's badge*) No. 777, do you wish me to think well of you or do you not? that's the question, Seven Hundred and Seventy-seven!—if you do, you'll put those two fourpenny-pieces, commonly called joey's, into your pocket, Seven Hundred and Seventy-seven,—if you do not, you'll insist on my giving you another.

CAB. Then I does insist.

TIP. Oh you does—does you?—then you won't have it.

CAB. Very well sir, (*about to put the money in his pocket,—then to TIPHORP*) you oughtn't to ride in cabs sir, indeed you oughtn't.

TIP. Why sir?

CAB. 'Cause you can't afford it.

TIP. Go along, sir.—(*driving CABMAN off, R. D.*)

SIL. Egad Tiphorp, my boy, he had you there. For my part, I always give the fellows whatever they ask.

TIP. Do you? Ecod, I'd set up a cab myself if I thought there were many such flats as you,—but I'm sure there ain't! I will do you the justice to say, that from long observation, and close investigation, I have come to the conclusion, that of all flats, you are the flattest.

SIL. Mr. Tiphorp,—sir!

TIP. There, you're at it again! I've told you no end of times, that you'll do yourself a frightful mischief, if you get into such dreadful passions, on an empty stomach—Miss Dainty, you'd better keep an eye on him—you may let him simmer occasionally, but never allow him to come to a boil.

WOOD. I'm a man of few words—but if you can't agree, fight it out at once, and have done with it. Them's my sentiments, and I'll stick to 'em.

SIL. (L.) Tiphorp, you insulted me grossly—I apologise.

TIP. Silvertop, I did—I forgive you! And now let's be jolly—I feel an insatiable longing to be jolly! So what shall we do to pass the time before dinner? Suppose we have something to eat? By-the-bye, talking of dinner—it occurred to me that a haunch of venison would be universally approved of.

OMNES. Of course.

TIP. Well, venison wasn't in—so I thought that a roast turkey wouldn't be sneezed at.

OMNES. (*delighted*) Well?

TIP. Well, turkeys were out—then a pig suggested itself—of course I don't mean a pig that's arrived at years of discretion—I allude to that animal when in a state of helpless infancy, before it has left a mother's care—in short, you know what I mean—I really can't explain before the ladies—but I remembered that the last time I partook of that delicacy, I was poorly for a considerable time afterwards—so what d'ye think it ended in my ordering, after all, as my share of the entertainment?

OMNES. What?

TIP. Nothing!—and I hope you'll all enjoy it—I'm sure it can't disagree with you.

WOOD. (R.) Hark'ee, Tiphorp—I'm a man of few words—you're a humbug—that's my sentiments, and I'll stick to 'em.

MISS D. Fanny, my dear, this is a very awkward business; but as only two of the gentlemen have provided their shares of the entertainment, it stands to reason that—

FAN. (*smiling and taking TIPHORP'S arm*) That Tiphorp and I must get our dinner elsewhere. With all my heart.

SIL. Of course—if Mr. Tiphorp grudges the expence.



MISS D. (L. C.) Or can't afford it—

WOOD. He ought to say so. Out with it at once, like a brick—them's my sentiments, and I'll stick to 'em.

TIP. I don't wish to hurry you, but when you've quite done, perhaps you'll mention it—Mr. Tiphthorp *will* provide his share of the entertainment. Mr. Tiphthorp means to astonish you with his share of the entertainment. But Mr. Tiphthorp don't mean to let you know what his share of the entertainment is going to be. (*aside*) For the best of all possible reasons—Mr. Tiphthorp doesn't know himself.

FAN. (L. C.) That's right, Tiphthorp, dear—but don't be too extravagant.

TIP. For your sake I won't; besides I should really be sorry to put Silvertop's nose out of joint, especially as it isn't a handsome one at best; and as for extinguishing Woodpecker, it would positively distress me—therefore, all things considered, I won't be extravagant.

MISS D. By-the-bye, Mr. Tiphthorp, as you're a man of taste, I want your opinion of this new polka (*displaying it*)—a present from Mr. Silvertop—ahem! rather out of the common, eh?

TIP. Yes—very much out of the common. There's one advantage about it, one'll be able to see it a mile off; but I can't say it's the sort of thing I should like to wear myself.

MISS D. True—I forgot—you like the quiet style. Poor Fanny's shawl, for instance, that she's worn every day for the last eight months.

FAN. (*annoyed*) It's the only one I've got.

TIP. I'm sure it's very becoming; besides, Fanny looks well in anything—without anything (*tenderly*)—that's more than I can say of anybody. (*looking at MISS DAINTY and JULIA*)

MISS D. Well—Julia and I must try and find something for her to wear on this interesting occasion. (*patronizingly*)

JULIA. (R. C.) Yes, poor thing! we'll see what we can do for her.

FAN. (*aside*) I can't bear it any longer. (*aloud*) Pray don't trouble yourselves, ladies; if my wardrobe is rather scanty, the fault is mine, and not Mr. Tiphthorp's: he would have perfectly overwhelmed me with costly presents of every sort and kind, if I had let him—wouldn't you, Tiphthorp, dear? But I wouldn't allow you! However, as this is an interesting occasion, as Miss Dainty very properly calls it, I don't mind accepting the black satin mantle you proposed to purchase for me the other day. (*with intention*)

TIP. Oh!—the—black satin mantle?

FAN. (R. of *him*) Yes—you know.

TIP. Yes—of course I know.

FAN. (*aside to him, and half crying*) Don't you see they're ridiculing our poverty, and that I'm miserable on your account, dear Tiphthorp, more than mine?

TIP. Fanny, you're an angel—the brutes!—but don't cry—the monsters!—don't cry, or I shall feel under the necessity of instantly pitching into them all, one after the other! You shall have your mantle, if I can get a black satin mantle for two and

a penny—at least, not one of the best quality—however, I can try! You shall have it, if I beg, borrow, or steal the money! (*aloud, and in an excited manner*) Anything besides the black satin mantle, Miss Fanny? The best that money can buy, of course—not a trumpery three-and-sixpenny sky-blue concern like that. (*pointing to Miss DAINTY'S polka*)

MISS D. Trumpery! three-and-sixpenny concern! But, of course, Mr. Tiphthorp knows what it cost better than Mr. Silvertop who bought it.

TIP. He didn't buy it. Pawnbrokers never buy anything! It was pledged at that iniquitous establishment of his for three and sixpence—that's about the mark, isn't it, Silvertop? Don't deny it, because I happen to know the woman who did it—a poor destitute widow, with a sick husband and thirteen children, all of 'em in arms! But what does the pawnbroker care about that? the pawnbroker lives upon destitute widows—Silvertop's present profuberant proportions are entirely composed of destitute widows—I can see 'em, distinctly see 'em.

WOOD. (R.) Well, I'm a man of few words—

TIP. The fewer the better, you nefarious vendor of canaries—canaries, did I say?—just let 'em wash, and then look at the colour of the water—the water, eh?

MISS D. Gentlemen, pray let this go no further.

TIP. Well, I'm sure I bear no malice. I forgive you both—there—and now for the black satin mantle. (*suddenly*) Good gracious, where's my purse? Oh, here it is—no, it isn't—now I've got it—no I haven't—I perfectly recollect stuffing it brimful of sovereigns this morning, and I suppose I must have left it at home. I say, Silvertop, have you got your purse about you?

SIL. (L.) Yes; but there's nothing in it.

TIP. Oh! then I won't trouble you. Woodpecker, my boy, you've feathered your nest too well ever to be without money in your pocket!

WOOD. I've got eighteen-pence somewhere, I know. (*feeling his pockets*)

TIP. Never mind.

MISS D. You'd better go home at once for this precious purse stuffed with sovereigns, Mr. Tiphthorp. We shan't dine for another hour.

WOOD. And don't forget that you haven't provided your share of the dinner.

TIP. What a ravenous old Woodpecker you are. Do you suppose I want to eat and drink at your expense, sir?

WOOD. You shouldn't if you did—their's my sentiments, and I'll stick to 'em.

MISS D. Now, Mr. Tiphthorp, make haste—for I can see poor Fanny is anxious to fling that frightful old shawl of her's behind the fire, and put on her smart new mantle.

FAN. (*aside to TIPHTHORP, and hastily*) Forgive me, dear Tiphthorp—I was annoyed—angry. It was wrong—very wrong. But here is something towards the indulgence of my foolish vanity. Take



it—it isn't much, but it's all I have (*offering money aside to TIPH-  
THORP.*)

TIP. Me, Fanny. (*affected*) No! poor devil as I am, I'm as proud as Lucifer. (*aloud, and in an excited manner*) Now I'm off. You're sure one mantle 'll be enough, Miss Fanny? It'll be just as easy for me to get a dozen or two as one! so don't be shy. Anything short, and in the bombazine line?—Perhaps a trifle from the jeweller's! Well, as I said before, I'm off. By-the-bye, Fanny, if Mr. Blazes, the manager, should happen to forward me a cheque for a couple of hundred for the three Tragedies, two Comedies, five Dramas, and thirteen Farces, I sent him last week, you can pay it into my banker's for me. (*going—stops*) You're sure you don't want any shawls? (*going—stops*) Better have a few bonnets! (*going—stops*) Perhaps three or four hundred yards of calico would not be amiss! (*going—stops*) Suppose we say a few counterpanes? (*going—stops*) How are you off for blankets?

*Exit, R. D.*

MISS D. Really, when Mr. Tomkins Tiphthorp does launch out, he threatens to do things on a grand scale indeed!

JULIA. He's very extravagant certainly, and I'm afraid will ruin himself—in promises!

SIL. But, luckily, promises cost nothing—and sometimes turn out worth nothing.

FAN. But a promise may be redeemed—like any other pledge, Mr. Silvertop.

SIL. Yes, exactly: but—

WOOD. I'm a man of few words—but, if you're a going to keep on snapping one another's noses off all day long, I shall cut. Them's my sentiments, and I'll stick to 'em.

(*a ring at bell heard—JULIA runs out, and re-enters with a letter.*)

JULIA. A letter for Miss Fanny Smart, to be delivered immediately.

(*giving letter to FANNY*)

FAN. (*C., opening letter*) From Uncle Blossom, I declare! (*reads*)

"Dear niece,—Got yours safe—started to come to you—'fraid I can't—just had an accident—lost something, or had my pocket picked—don't know which—somewhere in Holborn. Greatest consequence—sad affair—tell you more another time.—Your unhappy old uncle,—Blossom.

"P.S. May come after all—will if I can."

FAN. Poor dear Uncle Blossom! what can he have lost?

MISS D. Why, as I suppose, he wouldn't make such a piece of work about a pocket-handkerchief, I presume it must be his purse.

JULIA. Which—unfortunately for Mr. Blossom—is never likely to have been stuffed with sovereigns than Mr. Tiphthorp's.

SIL. By-the-bye, Woodpecker, what have you ordered in the way of eating and drinking? Eh—any fish?

WOOD. Yes.

SIL. What?

WOOD. Soles?

SIL. Fried?

WOOD. Fried!

SIL. I've ordered fried soles! What to follow?

WOOD. Mutton.

SIL. Leg?

WOOD. Leg!

SIL. Roast?

WOOD. Roast!

SIL. That's awkward, I've ordered roast leg of mutton! Any pastry?

WOOD. Gooseberry.

SIL. Pie?

WOOD. Pudding!

SIL. So have I. Malt liquor?

WOOD. Porter.

SIL. Bottled?

WOOD. Bottled!

SIL. So have I! Why the dinners are exactly the same.

FAN. Why not call in duplicates at once, Mr. Silvertop. Ha, ha, ha.

MISS D. Well, I must say it's most extraordinary that Mr. Woodpecker should have thought proper to order the same dinner as Mr. Silvertop.

JULIA. No such thing! it was Mr. Silvertop who ordered the same dinner as Mr. Woodpecker.

SIL. It's awkward certainly—but now it can't be helped.

WOOD. Then it's no use talking about it,—them's my sentiments, and I'll stick to 'em.

*(another very loud and violent ringing at the bell)*

MISS D. *(looking out at window)* Who can this be—what?—goodness me! there's quite a crowd of people at the door—and they're all coming into the house, with Mr. Tomkins Tiphthorp at the head of them.

TIP. *(without)* Now, come along, all of you.

*Enter TIPHTHORP (R. D.) followed by six SHOPMEN, one with a large paste-board box marked, "Mantles"—another with box marked, "Lace"—another with box marked, "Paris Gloves"—another with three bonnet boxes,—two CONFECTIONERS' MEN, with trays on their heads, filled with provisions of various sorts—then a MAN with two wine baskets marked, "Champagne"—they range themselves at back.*

TIP. *(who is very pale, and very excited)* Now then, you with the turtle soup, fowls, tongues, pigeon pies, lobster salads, ices, jellies, and blanc-mange, go into that room, and set the table out—*(the MEN enter at C. D. closing it after them)* you with the champagne—out with half-a-dozen corks and let's see what sort of stuff it is,—gentlemen with the mantles, bonnets, shawls, gloves, et-cetera, stand in a row,—attention! make ready!—uncover.

*(the SHOPMEN uncover the boxes, MISS DAINTY, JULIA, and FANNY, examine the contents, lifting up their hands &c.)*

FAN. Oh Mr. Tiphthorp, how charming!—how beautiful!—how splendid!—it's almost impossible to make a choice.

TIP. Then the simplest way is to take 'em all—*(to SHOPMAN)* the



young lady takes 'em all.—(*a profusion of bows from SHOPMEN*)  
What's the sum tittle of the whole?

SHOPMAN. (R. C.) Forty-six—ten!—sir!

TIP. Is that all? there's a fifty. (*handing note*)

SHOPMAN. And here's the change, sir.

TIP. Damn the change!—keep it! (*another profusion of bows from SHOPMEN, and astonishment of MISS DAINTY, JULIA, SILVERTOP, &c.*) Now go! stop! Miss Fanny, if there's anything further you require,—you've only got to mention it!—No? then as I said before, go! *Exeunt SHOPMEN repeating their bows, &c.*

MISS D. I'm perfectly petrified!

JULIA. I'm perfectly thunderstruck! } (*aside to each other*)

SIL. (*aside to WOODPECKER*) Did you ever?

WOOD. No I never!—them's my sentiments, and I'll stick to 'em.

FANNY. (*examining contents of boxes, &c.*) Oh I'm so happy! so delighted!

TIP. Miss Dainty—Miss Julia—I hope you don't imagine I have forgotten you!

MISS D. } Oh Mr. Tiphthorp!

JULIA. }

TIP. No—and to prove it, there's a yard and a half of yellow ribbon for Miss Dainty's sky-blue polka—and here's threepennyworth of groundsel for Miss Julia's canary—and now what's to be done? As for me, I'm ready for anything. Ha, ha, ha! (*laughing wildly*) Silvertop, my boy, (*giving him a violent slap on the shoulder*) say something funny! Woodpecker, my old cock, (*hitting him on the stomach*) give us a song, or stand on your head—do something to amuse the company. Here! champagne for the ladies—that's the time of day—eh? my jolly old pawnbroker! (*gives SILVERTOP another violent slap on the shoulder*)

MISS D. You really must excuse us, Mr. Tiphthorp—remember, we've got to dress for dinner.

TIP. Of course—of course—can I help you?—ha, ha, ha! Don't be offended, Silvertop. (*another violent slap on the shoulder*) I'm sure you don't mind it, Woodpecker. (*another blow on the stomach*)

WOOD. I'm a man of few words—but I wish you'd hit me somewhere else, cause it hurts—them's my sentiments, and I stick to 'em.

TIP. Of course I will—why didn't you mention it before? (*gives him a slap on the stomach*) Ha, ha, ha?

*Exit MISS DAINTY, JULIA, and FANNY, L. D.*

TIP. Well, good-bye, Silvertop—*Au revoir*, Woodpecker!

SIL. Going again?

TIP. Not I—but I suppose you are: you surely can't go for to think for to go and sit down in the presence of ladies with such a coat as that, Silvertop. In the first place, it's a Moses, and a cheap Moses; and we all know what cheap Moseses are after the first week. And as for you, Woodpecker, you're in such bad feather altogether, that the sooner you begin moulting the better.



SIL. What say you, Woodpecker?—shall we go and adonize?

WOOD. I'm a man of few words—but I'm d—d if I moult to please anybody—their's my sentiments, and I'll stick to 'em.

SIL. Then suppose we take a stroll? (*taking WOODPECKER'S arm*)  
 TR. Yes, do!—take a stroll, by all means—you'll enjoy it amazingly—and so shall I. Now, go—and as I perfectly revel in your society, I hope you won't think of hurrying back—Go!  
 (*gradually pushing them towards door R., at last pushes them both off—slams the door—then half opens and looks through doors at C., closing them gently—crosses to door L., and peeps through keyhole—suddenly starts away*)

TR. I forgot the ladies are dressing; and I must say, from the passing glance I had, that Miss Dainty makes up remarkably well—I have often had my suspicions, but now they are confirmed. But now that I am alone, let me make haste and collect my scattered senses. Scattered senses! where the deuce are you, in order that I may collect you? I remember now! I had got as far as the corner of Chancery Lane: keeping my eyes rivetted on the pavement—a mode of making one's way through a crowded thoroughfare, by-the-bye, which I can't conscientiously recommend—when suddenly something struck my eye—I mean my foot: it was a pocket-book. Now the very great majority of people, I'm ashamed to say, would instantly have picked that pocket-book up—which is exactly what I did. I had no sooner done so than my eye caught the retreating outline of a figure belonging to an elderly individual in a brown hat, brown coat, and still browner gaiters:—it instantly occurred to me that he must be the owner of the pocket-book. Then came the struggle, the fearful, the appalling struggle!—but the principles of rectitude instilled into my mind at a very early period of my existence at length prevailed, and I rushed after the elderly individual in brown to restore to him his property: but, somehow or other—I presume, in the excitement of the moment I started off in the opposite direction—and, do what I would, I couldn't overtake him! That's the extraordinary part of it—do what I would I couldn't overtake him! Consequently, being naturally of an enquiring mind, I investigated the contents of the pocket-book: and I must say the result was eminently satisfactory!—namely, four bran new fifty pound notes, and not the smallest particle of a clue to the individual to whom those four bran new fifty pound notes belonged—not the slightest clue whatever; not even his name or address. Of course, I couldn't be expected to walk up and down Holborn with four fifty pound notes in my hand all day long, asking people as a particular favour to take 'em. In the first place, it would have been a glaring act of injustice to the elderly individual in brown, whose property I had every reason to believe they were; and in the next place, I wanted them myself. So I borrowed them of the elderly individual in brown: and the next time I meet him I shall have the moral satisfaction of saying to him “There's your pocket-book!” The probability is there won't be anything in it; but still I shall have the satis-



faction of saying to him "Individual in brown, there's your pocket-book. I may have made use of the paltry lucre it contained, but your pocket-book was sacred!" And yet, somehow or other, I don't feel exactly comfortable.—In fact, I'm by no means certain that I don't feel exceedingly uncomfortable. Everybody I meet seems to be looking for a pocket-book. There's a moving mass—a perfect forest of brown hats, brown coats, and still browner gaiters, constantly before my eyes. It won't bear thinking about: I shall go stark staring mad if I do: I feel I shall. Ha! ha! ha! (*laughing wildly*) But I won't. No. Conscience avaunt! Tiphthorpe's himself again! Tol de rol lol. (*dancing wildly about*)

*Enter MISS DAINTY, JULIA, and FANNY, in dinner dresses, L. D.*

MISS D. Mercy on us, look at Mr. Tiphthorpe.

FAN. (*running to TIPHTHORPE, and stopping him jumping about*) My dear Tiphthorpe.

TIP. Don't stop me—Fanny, if you love me, don't stop me—its the joy—the excitement—the enthusiasm of the moment! Let's have a dance. I must have a dance—a waltz, a polka, a jig, a horn-pipe—I don't care what. So, ladies, take your partners. (*dancing all the time with his arms round FANNY'S waist*)

MISS D. But we havn't got any partners.

TIP. Then I'll dance with all three of you (*seeing SILVERTOP and WOODPECKER, who enter R. D.*) Ah!

(*a loud ring at the bell*)

FAN. (*running to window*) Yes, it's uncle Blossom, I declare.

TIP. The respected relative you've so often spoken to me about? So much the better—the more the merrier. With your permission, Miss Dainty, I'll go and receive Blossom with all the honours due to such a blossom. La la la! (*dances off R. H.*)

MISS D. How very odd!

TIP. (*without violently*) I tell you you can't come in—we're all of us out. Call again! (*rushes in at R. H., exceedingly pale and disordered in his manner and appearance; slams the door, and leans with his back against it*) 'Tis he—the individual in brown—gaiters and all. He's found me out! (*the door is pushed open enough to allow Blossom to put his head and shoulders in*) I say you can't come in. (*pushing against door with all his strength*)

BLOS. Help! murder! (*TIPHTHORPE starts suddenly away, and Blossom is thrown forward into room, almost falling; TIPHTHORPE runs about, then falls into chair, R. C. up, with his back to Blossom and opens his large umbrella, which he holds behind him so as to conceal himself*)

FAN. (*L. C., running to Blossom, and kissing him*) My dear uncle, I am so happy to see you.

BLOS. (*R. C.*) Alive! it's as much as I am. (*rubbing his neck*)

FAN. Allow me (*presenting Blossom*) Miss Dainty—Miss Julia Jenkins.

BLOS. Humble servant, ladies. Excuse my taking my hat off (*fixing it tightly on his head*) Should sneeze my head off if I did.



Got such a dreadful cold. (BLOSSOM'S *hat is very much on his head so that not a particle of hair whatever is seen*)

MISS D. Don't apologise pray, Mr. Blossom.

FAN. Mr. Silvertop, Mr. Woodpecker.

BLOS. Servant, gentlemen, as I said before, can't take off my hat, sneeze my head off if I did, got such a dreadful cold. But I say, Fanny, you sly little puss, there's another gentleman you've got to introduce me to—eh? where's this Mr. Timkins Tiphthorp, or Mr. Tiphthorp Timkins, or whatever his name is?

FAN. Here he is, uncle. (*going to TIPHTHORP*) Now, Tiphthorp, dear, let me introduce you to my uncle.

TIP. (*rising*) Of course, delighted—but the fact is I just remember I've an appointment of the utmost importance with the Turkish ambassador. (*going*)

FAN. Nonsense! (*pulling TIPHTHORP forward, who takes up SILVERTOP'S hat and puts it on, cocking it very much over his eyes*)

FAN. Uncle Blossom, Mr. Tomkins Tiphthorp—Mr. Tomkins Tiphthorp, Uncle Blossom.

BLOS. Servant, Mr. Tiphthorp. As I said before, can't take off my hat—sneeze my head off if I did. Heyday! (*trying to look under TIPHTHORP'S hat, who cocks it still more on his nose*) Yes, I say my young friend, I've seen you before—it was you just now who—

TIP. (*R. c., starting, and wildly*) No it wasn't—I don't know what you mean, but it wasn't.

BLOS. (*C.*) Pooh! I know better, I saw you distinctly. What a queer fellow you are, Tomkins Tiphthorp. I dare say after all you only did it in joke.

TIP. Did it?—did what?

BLOS. Why half strangled me as I came in at that door.

TIP. Oh, that's what you mean? ha! ha! ha! Of course, as you say, I did it in joke—everything I do is in joke.

MISS D. Now, Mr. Blossom, what about this sad accident you've just met with.

TIP. Accident! (*feeling Blossom's arms, back, &c.*)

OMNES. What's the matter?

TIP. (*suddenly recovering*) Nothing. I'm faint for want of something to eat. Let's go to dinner. (*turning to go to door c.*)

MISS D. (*stopping him*) Nonsense—it isn't six o'clock yet.

TIP. I don't know whether you're aware of it, Miss Dainty, but you're quite a wet blanket—and there are few things more unpleasant than a wet blanket. Mr. Blossom comes here to be jolly—don't you, Blossom? Mr. Blossom would rather talk about something else—wouldn't you, Blossom? How about the agricultural interest, Blossom?—how are the crops, Blossom? I hope the turnips are pretty well, Blossom?

MISS D. Really, Mr. Tiphthorp, one would imagine *you* were anxious to avoid the subject!

TIP. Me—not at all—on the contrary, I think it capital fun, I might say jolly good fun—but I see it distresses Blossom—in short, Blossom shrinks from it—I can see him distinctly shrink from it.



BLOS. No! What's the use of grumbling about it? what's done, cannot be undone, so I must put up with my loss and there's an end of it! (*fixing his hat tighter again*)

TIP. Of course, as Mr. Blossom very properly observes, there's an end of it!

BLOS. The annoying part of the business is, that I believe it was owing to my own carelessness—for I remember being taken with a sudden fit of sneezing, and I suppose in taking out my handkerchief, the other thing dropped out of my pocket at the same time,

MISS D. But whereabouts?

BLOS. Why I missed just as I had got beyond Chancery Lane!

TIP. (*keeping himself up with difficulty*) How oppressively hot it is to be sure—I declare I feel quite chilled.

BLOS. And I know it was safe enough in my great coat pocket as I passed the corner of Hatton Garden. (*here TIPTHORP drops suddenly into MISS DAINTY'S arms*)

OMNES. What's the matter?

TIP. (*faintly*) Nothing! really it's dreadfully cold here—I must go out and get a mouthful of fresh air.

MISS D. Hatton Garden, why that's where you live Mr. Tiphthorp.

TIP. Yes.

MISS D. And now I think of it, you might have found what Mr. Blossom lost.

TIP. Yes.

BLOS. No such luck for me—it was picked up by some unprincipled scoundrel, I'll be bound.

SIL. One of the swell mob I dare say.

WOOD. But I'd advise you to give information to the police directly.

TIP. Mr. Blossom doesn't want your advice Mr. Woodpecker—Mr. Blossom is perfectly capable of acting in this, or any other emergency, as this or any other emergency may require, Mr. Woodpecker—so don't make yourself so damned officious, Mr. Woodpecker—(*suddenly and violently*) Confound it! are we going to have any dinner to-day, or are we not? I'm so frightfully hungry, that if I don't have something to drink, I shall faint.

SIL. I'm afraid my provisions haven't arrived!

WOOD. Nor mine neither!

TIP. By-the-bye, as I presume, you allude to two gigantic roast legs of mutton from the baker's—I met 'em coming into the house, and not considering them quite *distingué* enough for the present occasion, I told the man to take 'em both back—keep 'em hot, and that you'd call for 'em as you went home. (*clock strikes six*) There's six o'clock, so now for dinner—gentlemen take your partners—come along Fanny—now Mr. Blossom.

SILVERTOP *throws open folding doors at c., and the dinner table is seen elegantly laid—lighted candles, champagne bottles, &c.*

BLOS. (*surprised*) Egad! you do things in grand style here.

FAN. Yes, uncle; but it isn't everybody who spends his money as freely as Mr. Tiphthorp. (*speaking at MISS DAINTY and JULIA*)

MISS D. It isn't everybody who makes his money as easily as Mr. Tiphthorp—one might almost suppose he picked it up in the streets.

TIP. *(after a violent effort to keep himself from dropping—aside)* I'm not naturally a vindictive man, but I divinely hope the first mouthful that woman attempts to swallow will stick in her throat for a considerable period! I've half a mind to confess everything to Blossom at once. I will—but I'll go and prime myself up to the muzzle with champagne first. *(aloud)* Come along! *(about to go off—stops—turns—hurries back to Blossom—grasps his hand, looks appealingly in his face; then, in a low and earnest tone)* I'll return directly and unbosom myself—yes, to you, Blossom—on this spot, Blossom—will I speedily open this breast and unlock this chest. Farewell! *(runs out, c. d.; the doors are closed)*

BLOS. Well, as I said before, Tiphthorp's a queer fellow!

FAN. A little eccentric, perhaps; but he's the best—the kindest creature in the world, and loves me with all his heart!

BLOS. How do you know that?

FAN. Because he has told me so a hundred times, and I want you to give him an opportunity of saying as much to you—so I'll go to him at once, before he sits down to dinner, and tell him you wish to speak to him. *(about to go)*

BLOS. Fanny!—one moment. *(looks about him mysteriously)* To you, and to you only, I will reveal the nature of the sad and terrible loss I have sustained. *(looks about mysteriously again; then suddenly snatches off his hat, and shews his head perfectly bald)*

FAN. Oh, my poor uncle, what a fright you do look!

BLOS. Hush! *(hastily ramming his hat on his head again)* Now you know why I couldn't take my hat off. I'll tell you how it happened. As I was reading the newspaper last night, I was suddenly startled by a sudden and unusual blaze of light accompanied by a considerable increase of warmth about my head—I had set my wig on fire!—every effort I made to check the progress of the devouring element was in vain—the flame spread with irresistible fury, and in a few moments nothing remained of my wig but a mass of ruins! Fortunately I was insured—I mean, I remembered a hair-dresser who had got my measure; consequently, after recovering in some measure from the first shock caused by the conflagration, I despatched one of the waiters to the hair-dresser in question, to order a new wig to come. The first thing in the morning, it did not come: so that I was obliged to sit down to breakfast in the coffee room in my nightcap. Still it did not come: so I determined to go for it myself. I hadn't got a quarter of a mile, before I met the man with it; but as I couldn't put on my wig without taking my hat off, and didn't like to take my hat off in the middle of the street for the purpose of putting my wig on, I deposited it carefully in my greatcoat pocket, and proceeded on my way here—the sad result you know.



FAN. Well, for my part, I'm heartily glad it's no worse, my dear uncle—and now I'll send Mr. Tiphthorp to you. (*going, c.*)

BLOS. Remember, Fanny, not a word—don't expose the state of my poll, if you love me!

FAN. Don't be alarmed. (*knocks at c. d. and calls*) Mr. Tiphthorp! Mr. Tiphthorp!

TIP. (*within, and in a loud voice*) "We won't go home till morning," &c., &c.

FAN. Mr. Tiphthorp, I say. (*throws doors open*)

TIPHTHORB *appears within on his chair on the side of the table, and singing.*

FAN. Make haste, my uncle particularly wishes to speak to you.

TIP. When Blossom calls Tiphthorp obeys.

FAN. Now, Tiphthorp dear, speak your mind boldly at once to Uncle Blossom, for I rather think he has come here to-day prepared to do something for us.

(*goes off at door c. closing it after her*)

BLOS. Ah, Tiphthorp, is that you?

TIP. Yes, my Blossom, it's me! (*nodding to him, and advancing very cautiously, and trying to appear sober*)

BLOS. (r. c.) Well, Timkins.

TIP. (l. c.) Well, Blossom.

BLOS. (*aside*) Not a word about Fanny!—perhaps he's shy—I must help him a bit. (*aloud*) Come, Tiphthorp, have you nothing to say to me?—no confession to make, eh? (*nudging him in the side*)

Speak out, man, what are your intentions?

TIP. My intentions, beloved Blossom, are to give it up. (*falling again on BLOSSOM*)

BLOS. Give it up.

TIP. Yes, for I havn't known a moment's comfort since I had anything to do with it.

BLOS. (*aside*) The fellow means to jilt poor Fanny after all. (*aloud*) Hark ye, young chap, I'm not to be trifled with, and I tell you that you can't drop it all of a sudden in this sort of way.

TIP. I'll drop it in any other sort of way you think proper to mention. (*falling forward again c.*)

BLOS. Once for all, you can't give it up. You know it's gone too far for that.

TIP. No, there isn't much gone.

BLOS. Much gone! (*aside*) He's very drunk. (*aloud*) Come, let's see if we can't arrange matters. In the first place, how about the money, eh! How much have you got?

TIP. Don't ask me, Blossom. (*falling forward, &c.*)

BLOS. Pshaw! of course, when people give champagne dinners, and all that sort of thing, why the money will go. But never mind! We shan't quarrel about that.

TIP. Generous Blossom! (*falling forward again, &c.*)

BLOS. Now tell me, Timkins, how much do you generally contrive to pick up in the course of the year, eh?

TIP. I never picked up anything before in all my life.

BLOS. (*aside*) He's excessively drunk. (*aloud*) Well now, I'll tell you what my intentions were. I made up my mind this morning to give Fanny and you a couple of hundred down, just to start with. Since you say you wish to give it up—

TIP. No! I may as well keep it now, of course.

BLOS. (*aside*) Keep it now! He's distressingly drunk! (*aloud*) Keep what?

TIP. Why what you've lost—at the corner of Chancery Lane, you know.

BLOS. (*aside*) My new wig. (*aloud*) And you picked it up?

TIP. To be sure I did. And since it turns out that it was intended as a wedding present for Fanny and me—

BLOS. A wedding present! (*aside*) He's deplorably drunk.

TIP. Why I can't have done any very great harm, after all, in making use of it.

BLOS. (*carefully examining TIPHORP'S head—aside*) Making use of my wig! He hasn't got it on now, at all events. (*aloud*) You've made use of it?

TIP. Only part of it.

BLOS. Part of it.

TIP. Yes, but there's a good deal of it still left behind.

BLOS. Left behind! (*aside*) He must have been pulling the hair off in front for some extraordinary purpose or other. (*aloud*) Hark ye, sir, you've no business to touch it, sir—it was my property, sir, and never was intended as a present? or anybody—and if you don't instantly restore it to me in exactly the same condition in which I lost it, damme if I don't give you in charge for robbery—yes, sir, and transport you afterwards! (*violently; doors at c. open, and FANNY, JULIA, SILVERTOP, MISS DAINTY, and WOODPECKER run on, at same time a violently ringing at bell heard at R. D.; MISS DAINTY runs out*)

OMNES. What's the matter?

MISS D. (*running in R.*) Something dreadful I'm afraid, for there's a policeman at the door, enquiring for Mr. Tomkins Tiphthorp. (*TIPHORP suddenly drops into BLOSSOM'S arms*).

*Enter POLICEMAN, R. D.*

POLICE. Which of you gentlemen is Mr. Tomkins Tiphthorp?

BLOS. Here he is, and I'd rather he was anywhere else. (*making TIPHORP stand up*)

POLICE. (R. C.) Mr. Tiphthorp—there's an unpleasant business—but I must do my duty.

TIP. (*aside to him and grasping his hand*) Let me go 134 D.—let me go—and I will pour blessings on you from some distant spot—you will be gratified, I'm sure you will, by the very considerable number of blessings that I will pour upon you, from that distant spot.

POLICE. I don't understand you sir—all I know is—

TIP. (*aside to him*) Then say what you know in a whisper, 134 D. (*looking at the others and taking POLICEMAN aside*) Now 134 D., what is it?



POLICE. (R.) Well then, sir—*(in a low tone)* a pocket book containing four £50 Bank notes, was lost or stolen this afternoon, at the corner of Chancery Lane, *(TIPTHORP drops into POLICEMAN'S arms)* don't take it so much to heart sir—we've ascertained the numbers of the notes, so that you may recover your property after all.

TIP. My property? 134 D., say it again!

POLICE. Your property!

TIP. *(shouting)* Why do you speak in a whisper—let everybody hear you! Say it again, 134 D!

POLICE. *(loud)* I say, sir, your property, which it seems has been sent you by a gentleman of the name of Blazes—

TIP. Go on, 134 D, and louder than ever.

POLICE. The lad who had charge of it, lost it near Chancery Lane, and came to the station-house to give information.

TIP. He, he, he! Blazes for ever! Tol, de rol, lol! Fanny, embrace your Tiphthorp! *(embracing POLICEMAN)* 134 D, let's swear an eternal friendship! *(embracing FANNY)* Here's the pocket-book, which I picked up myself, and which I thus restore to its lawful owner. *(putting it into his pocket again, and then suddenly seeing BLOSSOM)* Then what have you lost, after all? Speak, you stupid old Blossom—what have you lost, after all? *(shakes BLOSSOM so violently that his hat falls off)*

OMNES. Ha, ha, ha.

TIP. Well I must say, considering the redundancy of blossom there's a deficiency in the crop.

BLOS. *(crossing his arms with grandeur)* The loss I have sustained being now proclaimed to the world, I will retire from the gaze of my fellow men, and forthwith bury myself in some adjacent nunnery.

POLICE. If you allude to a smart new wig, sir, the same lad who lost the pocket-book picked one up just on the same spot. Here it is. *(taking wig out of his pocket)*

BLOS. It's mine—it's mine. *(puts it on, and bows affectedly all round)*

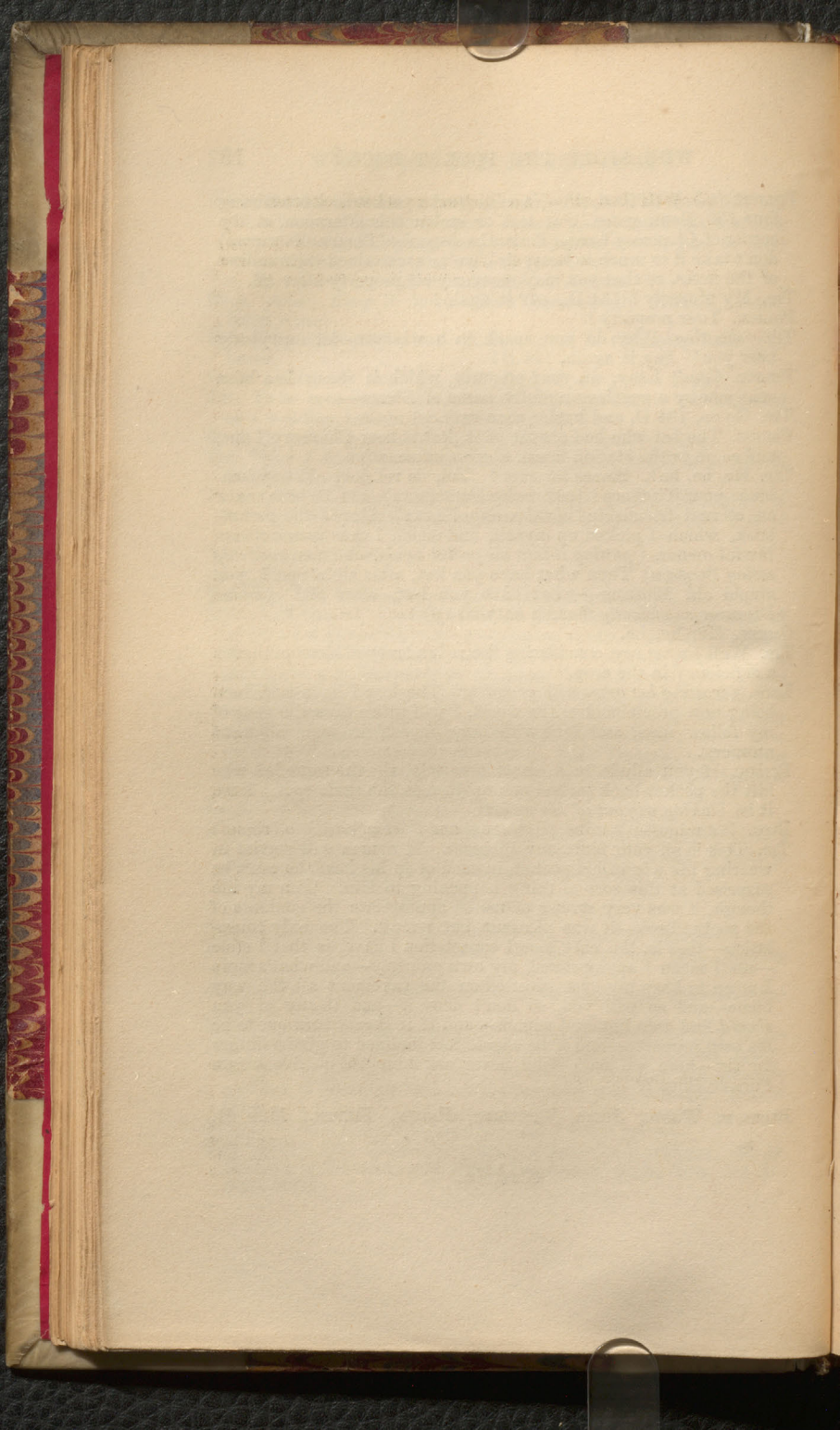
TIP. This is all your fault, my Blossom. If a man will persist in wearing his wig in his pocket, instead of on his head, he can't be surprised at this sort of thing happening to him. 'Pon my life though, it was very wrong of me to appropriate the contents of the pocket book—it was pleasant, but wrong. The only consolation—that is, the only moral consolation I have, is that I stole—no, I mean I appropriated, my own property—and what's more I mean to keep my eyes rivetted on the pavement all the way home—and so will you, so don't deny it—and if any of you *should* find two hundred pounds—and if it *should* turn out to be his own property—and if he *should* feel inclined to give a dinner for six—here we are! We'll never ask him "WHO STOLE THE POCKET-BOOK?"

BLOSSOM, WOOD., JULIA, TIPTHORP, FANNY, SILVER., MISS D.

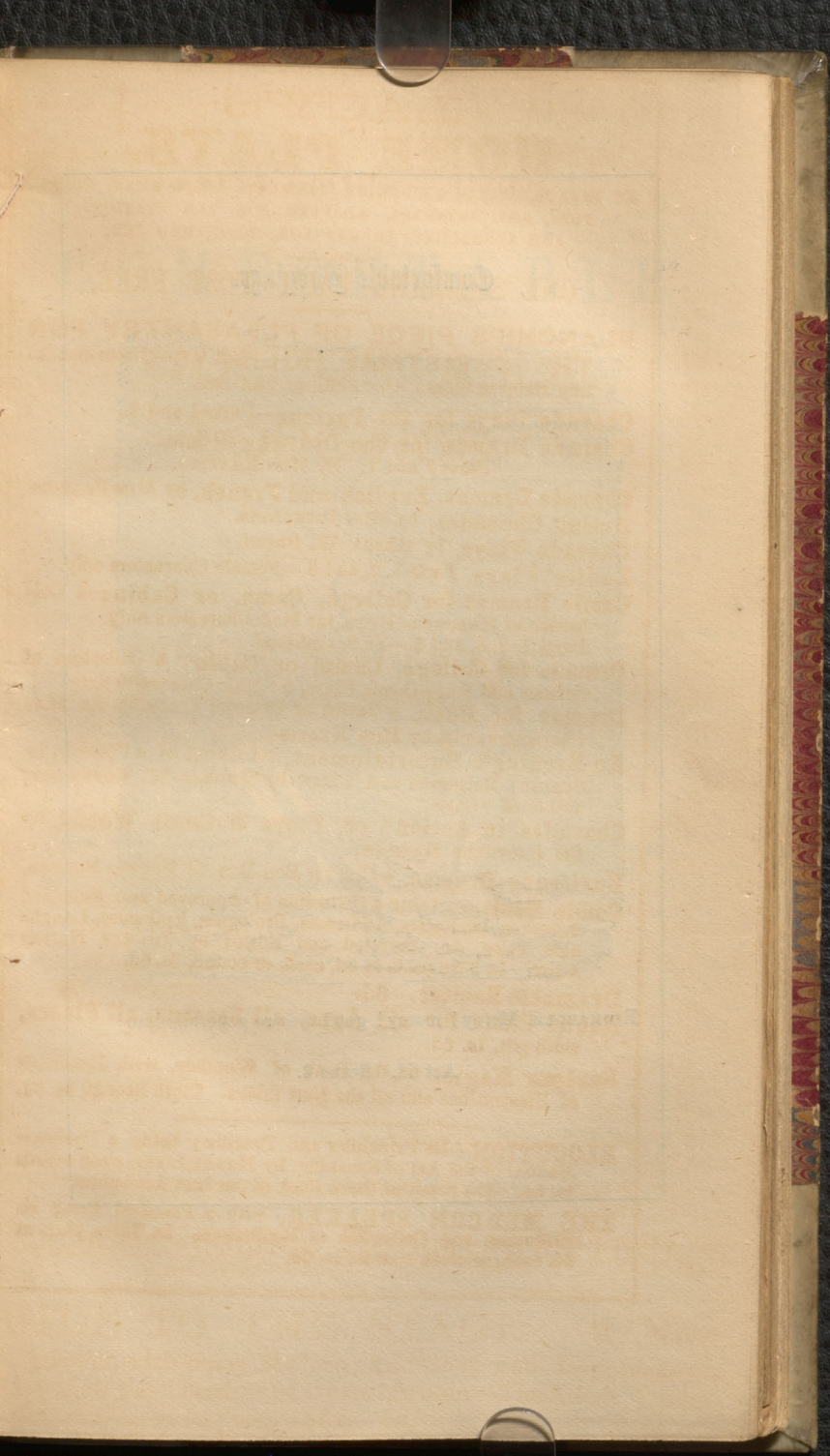
B.

L.

Curtain.







Comfortable Lodgings.



RIGMAROLE. Mercy! mercy! good spectre generalissimo!

Act II. Scene 2.



COMFORTABLE  
LODGINGS.

*A Farce*

BY  
RICHARD BRINSLEY PEAKE,

AUTHOR OF

The Duel, Amateurs and Actors, Before Breakfast, Jonathan in  
England, Master's Rival, Haunted Inn, Bottle Imp, Sheriff  
of the County, Ten Thousand a Year, Hundred Pound  
Note, Uncle Rip, Title Deeds, &c., &c,

THOMAS HAILES LACY,  
89, STRAND, LONDON.





## REMARKS.

### Comfortable Lodgings.

AN Englishman is the worst fellow in the world to be put out of his way. The slightest inconvenience, the most trifling departure from his wonted habits, he magnifies into a serious evil. His well stocked larder, his warm fireside, and all the snug appurtenances of a cosy establishment, are ever present to his view; and, in default of these, his spirits flag, he is hipped and melancholy and his pistols and razors become dangerous implements in his hands. Our ideas of comfort have their origin in early association. A brick floor and a deal table are as great luxuries to *monsieur*, as are Turkey carpets and rose wood, French polished, to his more fastidious neighbour, *mi Lor Anglais*. Foreign travel exhibits John Bull in his own natural light; his peculiarities break forth with whimsical effect, and, though not always the most amiable, are nevertheless entertaining. He longs to see the world and its lions; and having, with due ceremony, arranged his wardrobe, put money in his purse, and procured his passport, he sets forward, buttoned up in his native consequence, to the capital of the grand monarch, to rattle dice and drink champagne. The expectations of John are not the most reasonable. Without considering the different manners and customs of foreign parts, he bends to nobody, yet takes it as an affront if everybody bend not to him. His baggage is subjected to rigorous search. The *parlez vous!*—nothing like this ever happens in merry old England! His passport is inspected, and his person identified,—the inquisitors! to take the length and breadth of a man, his complexion and calling! The barriers are closed, and he must bivouac in the *diligence* the live-long night,—monstrous tyranny! every rogue enjoys free ingress and egress in a land of liberty! He patronizes the *Hotel Anglais*, hoping to experience less imposition from those of his own country,—in this, alas! he is disappointed; he is fleeced upon the true national principle that, as he can afford, he ought to pay; this, however, he imputes to that epidemic spirit of roguery which, as an Englishman, he is bound to consider indigenous to every soil but his own! He calls for the bill of fare, and, after contemplating the various *entrées*, unwittingly selects the very one that produces effects similar to those resulting from a particular dish described by Smollett in the *Feast of the Ancients*. Of course, there is a horrible conspiracy to poison him! The wines, too, are sophisticated. The champagne is gooseberry, the Burgundy Pontac, and the vin ordinaire neither better nor worse than Braithwait's intermediate. The houses are dirty and dark, the streets muddy and gay, the women pretty well, I thank'e, and the men a parcel of idle vagabonds, blinded with snuff and whisker; covering themselves with glory, with hardly a rag to cover them. Though an ardent lover of liberty, he cannot quite reconcile this universal rage for *virtu*;—the *poissard* and the *peer* jostling each other in the splendid galleries of the Louvre; the *friseur* contemplating with rapture an undoubted *Raphael*; and the dispenser of Day and Martin elevated to the third heaven before the statue of Venus de Medecis! Even the air is too thin; he misses his accustomed smoke, and but one drunken dog has he encountered (and he was an Englishman!) to bring to fond remembrance the land we live in. What wonder that he should grow heartily tired of foreign countries, and return to *dulce domum* like a long parted lover, with a still keener sense of enjoyment?

No man suffers indigestion like an Englishman. No man crams down so much, nor is there any one on whom beef and pudding have taken such fast hold. He is born a hypocondriac,—to eat, drink,

REMARKS.

and be miserable; for, with him, colour waits on drinking, and melancholy on mastication. Of this complexion is Sir Hippington Miff, an unhappy English traveller, whom man delights not, nor (save the drysalter's wife) woman neither. A fatal passion had expatriated him. The wife of his opposite neighbour and friend, flushed with the purple light of love, had whispered in his ear unutterable things; to prevent the recurrence of these dangerous encounters, he resolved to emulate the far-famed virtue of Addison, on a similar trying occasion, and Sir Hippington whispered in return, "Part, madam, we must; you have charms, and I have passions." His face is the index of his mind. Once, indeed, he essayed to laugh, but it ended in a cry; his features are as fixed as a knocker, and any effort at jocularity comes forth just like a double knock. Being himself incapable of mirth, he cannot endure it in others. His valet, Rigmarole, a sprightly Gascon, is sadly put to it; he accounts it a holiday to laugh, and avails himself of a momentary vacation whenever his master's face, that antidote to merriment, is turned aside. Sir Hippington Miff has journeyed to Paris for the joint purpose of avoiding the wanton wife of his neighbour, the drysalter, and claiming payment of a bond for 20,000 francs on Captain Bonassus, a retired veteran. He desires Rigmarole to procure lodgings,—*comfortable* lodgings; and here, like the crab, our story must go backward.

For the benevolent purpose of serving a friend, Bonassus had put his signet to the bond in question. That friend, Lieutenant Roué, of the Legion of *Honour*, turns out a rogue, runs away, and leaves the captain to pay the reckoning. Bonassus is ruined; his daughter must go to a convent; his ancient sister, Madame Pelagie Bonassus, get married or buried; and his old comrade, Bombadier Babilard, a precisian and dealer in monosyllables, must turn to the right-about, and seek other quarters. The ladies, however, do not fall in with this summary mode of breaking up the household. The captain is persuaded to retire to the farm of a friend, to avoid the harpies of the law; and Madame Pelagie, who is a capital concoctress of composing-draughts and maker of pickles, resolves to economise; to sell her paroquet, chickens, and monkey, to kill her pig, and let her lodgings. The notice announcing her latter intention having caught the eye of Rigmarole, he applies, makes the usual inquiries, the terms are agreed on, and Sir Hippington Miff is, without further ceremony, ushered into his new apartments. Suddenly his ruling passion comes o'er him. What a suspicious-looking staircase! The people, too, madam, and miss, are equally suspicious! A complimentary solicitude regarding his health begets a suspicion that the young lady's father is a physician or an undertaker! and the old lady's profound respect is saluted with the retort courteous of "*gammion!*" He hopes their keys will not fit his trunks; and an invitation from Madame Pelagie to take a peep at the dressing-closet, is a second edition of the drysalter's wife. He has hardly quietly sat himself down, ere a mysterious personage enters his apartment, and opens the conference in a manner so solemn and imposing, that Sir Hippington becomes alarmed, trembles from head to foot, and expects the revelation of some news of direful import. After sundry low bows, and a liberal dispensation of snuff on the part of the stranger, forth issues the Delphic oracle, that he, Monsieur De Cachet, Intendant of Police, has discovered that a plot is on the tapis to rob him of the bond for twenty thousand francs, and probably to murder him, and that the *little affair* is to be attempted that very night! He is cautioned how to act; to be *cheerful* as usual; to retire to bed at his accustomed hour; and to keep his



own secret. His suspicions wander as to *who* can be the assassin; and an event transpires to fix them on a person not hitherto suspected. Madame Pelagie had prepared a composing-draught, to lull the nervous excitement of her brother Bonassus; but her solicitude meeting an ungrateful return, the rejected potion lay on the table of Sir Hippington's apartment, and, being espied by Rigmarole, who is as melancholy as a gibbed cat, and as thirsty as a sponge, he seizes, smells, and, from its fragrant odour, swallows it, turns down the cup, and lays the theft at grimalkin's door. Its effects are soon visible on Rigmarole, who at this moment enters the apartment brandishing a razor, and, in a strain of high excitement, offers to shave Sir Hippington Miff. Marking the incongruity of his speech and manner, the suspicious allusions to Sir Hippington's last moments, and his well-filled trunks heavy with specie, the baronet retreats, refuses to be shaved, and fixes his eye with ludicrous horror on his unconscious valet. This produces a counter suspicion that Sir Hippington is less *compos* than usual. Rigmarole, therefore, to prevent mishaps, proceeds to put away his pistols. "An attempt to disarm me!" roars Sir Hippington Miff. Madame Pelagie now enters with a cup of chocolate, and presents it to the baronet. Fresh alarms!—'Tis poison! The old lady presses him to taste—the cockatrice! There's arsenic floating on the top! 'Twas prepared by *herself*—no doubt! Now Rigmarole, after his first ebullition, had been making violent attempts to keep himself awake. Sir Hippington resolves on a bold *experiment*: he hands the cup to his faithless valet, who swallows it. A somniferous fit instantly ensues; he utters certain disjointed sentences, and dies away in his master's arms. Here's a pretty situation for a nervous gentleman! Soon will the poisoned rascal turn black, and go into mourning for himself! The whetting of a knife is heard. What can *that* mean? Sir Hippington looks out at window, and beholds a ruffianly fellow in a red night cap, with his sleeves tucked up, receiving instructions from Madame Pelagie; which, though they refer to the intended slaughter of a *pig*, are so ambiguously expressed, that he applies them to himself. He bellows lustily *murder!* and *carnage!* invokes De Cachet, fires his pistol out at window, and kills the—pig!

Shall we follow Sir Hippington through his subsequent false alarms! Gregory's clumsy downfall of the supper-dishes, which the knight takes for the entry of so many bravos—the adventures of the arm-chair, the dressing-closet, and the bed—the jostling of masters, servants, honest men, and rogues—the alternations of light and darkness, and the whole phantasmagoria of cross purposes, that constitutes a bustling farce of the modern school? Lieutenant Ronè, the runaway friend of Captain Bonassus, in his honest attempt to rob Sir Hippington of the fatal bond in order to cancel it, is arrested by Monsieur De Cachet; and the captain and the brigadier return to their old quarters (their cabriolet having opportunely broken down!) just in time to contribute to the general *eclaircissement*. There is a lady in the case, and, of course, a lover. Their difficulties are not many: some trellis-work serves for a ladder, and a window, half concealed by vine-leaves, for an entrance and exit. Babillard, the bombardier, is a fine fellow: with him a monosyllable is a sentence; yet, though niggard of his words, he is not of his coin, but generously offers it to a friend in distress. This farce is exceedingly broad; whoever could refrain to laugh must have made no short journey in the cave of Trophonius.

Harley played Rigmarole with his usual point; Liston and John Reeve gave their respective versions of Sir Hippington Miff. Both were sufficiently droll.

## Costume

**CAPTAIN BONASSUS.**—*First dress:* Green regimental coat, red skirts, cuffs, and collar—white breeches—jack boots—three-cornered cocked hat—white cockade. *Second dress:* Travelling-cloak.

**BOMBADIER BABILLARD.**—Green regimental coat, trimmed in the same manner—white breeches—long white military gaiters—black garters and buttons—three-cornered hat—white cockade—knapsack, with three fleur-de-lis on it.

**VINCENT DORVILLE.**—Broad-skirted brown coat, trimmed with lace—yellow satin embroidered waistcoat—buckskin breeches—high boots—three-cornered hat—lace ruffles and lappets.

**SIR HIPPIINGTON MIFF.**—Broad-skirted drab coat, trimmed with lace and large buttons—scarlet waistcoat, trimmed with lace—black velvet breeches—crimson stockings—embroidered clocks—square-toed shoes—buckles—lace ruffles—wig, bag, and sword.

**RIGMAROLE.**—Postillion's drab jacket—buckskin breeches—jack boots—powdered wig, tail, and bag—three-cornered hat.

**ROUE.**—Shabby dark blue uniform—white breeches and gaiters—large dark roqueleare.

**MONSIEUR DE CACHET.**—Blue uniform, faced with crimson—white breeches—jack boots—military cloak—three-cornered hat—black cross belts—sabre.

**GREGORY.**—Peasant's blue frock, stitched with white—blue linen trousers—boots—wig and tail—red nightcap.

**ANTOINETTE.**—White muslin skirt—black velvet boddice, laced and trimmed with blue—small muslin apron, with pockets, trimmed with ribbon—white stockings—black shoes.

**MADAME PELAGIE.**—*First dress:* Crimson embroidered satin petticoat, body, and spencer—stomacher, laced with blue—satin and lace mob cap—blue satin shoes, high heels. *Second dress:* Full night-gown—cap. *Third dress:* Same as first.

## Cast of the Characters

As Performed at the Theatres Royal, London.

	English Opera Company, at the Drury Lane. Adelphi, 1831. March 10, 1827.
<i>Captain Bonassus, an old French Officer</i>	Mr. W. Bennett. Mr. W. Bennett.
<i>Bombadier Babilard, his comrade</i>	Mr. O. Smith. Mr. O. Smith.
<i>Vincent Dorville, lover of Antoinette</i>	Mr. Southwell. Mr. J. Bland.
<i>Sir Hippington Miff, an English traveller</i>	Mr. Liston. Mr. J. Reeve.
<i>Rigmarole, his valet</i>	Mr. Harley. Mr. Wrench.
<i>Roüe, a broken lieutenant</i>	Mr. Archer. Mr. Benson Hill.
<i>Monsieur de Cachet, Intendant of French Police</i>	Mr. Browne. Mr. F. Matthews.
<i>Gregory, servant to Bonassus</i>	Mr. Hughes. Mr. Salter.
<i>Antoinette, daughter to Bonassus</i>	Miss Pincott. Miss H. Cawse.
<i>Madame Pelagie, sister to Bonassus</i>	Mrs. C. Jones. Mrs. C. Jones.



## COMFORTABLE LODGINGS;

**SCENE I.**—*An Apartment in the House of Captain Bonassus—a window, L. U. E., with vines growing outside—a French bed, R. in flat, concealed by drapery—a door, L. F.—a door, R. S. E.—and another door, L.—a table and two chairs, C.*

**ANTOINETTE** discovered, R., at embroidery; **VINCENT DORVILLE** near her, L.

*Dor.* (L.) Let me beseech you, dear Antoinette—

*Ant.* (R.) La, Mr. Dorville! you beseech! What's the use of beseeching when you already know the state of my heart?

*Dor.* Yes; but there is the usual obstruction to the happiness of lovers.

*Ant.* In the shape of a very obstinate papa.

*Dor.* I am, from this morning, to give up all idea of marrying you.

*Ant.* [Starting.] Oh! I have stuck my finger and broken my needle!

*Dor.* It has almost broken my heart, Antoinette.

*Ant.* I cannot divine his motive, Vincent; of late his disposition is greatly altered.

*Dor.* You must permit me to have a little conversation with you this evening; I can make my customary entrance at the window yonder. The trellis which supports the vine forms an excellent ladder. Do not say nay, Antoinette; I shall come as usual a little before three, and probably I may have devised some plan to aid our sad cause.

*Ant.* Should you wake my father—

*Dor.* He always sleeps soundly.

*Ant.* Disturb my aunt—

*Dor.* What! dear old Madame Pelagie Bonassus!—Oh, no! She'll be dreaming of her super-excellent management and economy.

*Ant.* But the old Bombadier Babillard, my father's companion at arms—

*Dor.* Should he awake, he will only utter a single word to me; he is a dealer in monosyllables, and gives very short measure. [*Crosses to r.*] Farewell, dear Antoinette!—One kiss!—Ah! can we part thus?—One more, my affianced! [*Kisses her.*] Ah! that we could be once happily united, and settled in my native home!

*Ant.* Adieu! adieu!—Again, adieu! dear Vincent! [*Exit Dorville, r.*] I am convinced my father's affairs are deranged; I must ask his old confidential friend and fellow-soldier, Mr. Bombadier Babillard; he comes this way; his military education and habits have made him such a precisian, that a single word is the most you can ever extract as a reply.

*Enter BOMBADIER BABILLARD, L., crossing to r. with a slow military step.*

Mr. Babillard! Mr. Babillard!

*Bab.* (R) Halt!

*Ant.* (L.) I wish to ask you a question, sir, to which I am sure you will reply in as few words as possible.

*Bab.* Ay.

*Ant.* I am apprehensive that my father delays informing his family of some impending blow of evil fortune. Tell me, Mr. Babillard—you who know all his secrets—are you aware of any such?

*Bab.* Yes.

*Ant.* Pray—pray explain!

*Bab.* No.

*Ant.* And why not, dear sir?

*Bab.* Can't.

*Ant.* On what grounds?

*Bab.* Won't.

*Ant.* I have but one motive for my inquiry; and, since it fails, I shall risk the giving offence to my father by asking him.

*Bab.* Do.

*Captain Bonassus.* [*Calling without, r.*] Babillard! Babillard! Where are you?

*Bab.* Here.

*Ant.* My papa!



*Bab.* Ah.

*Bon.* [*Without, R.*] Antoinette!—Where are you?

*Madame Pelagie.* [*Without, R.*] Pray, brother, let me persuade you to taste it!

*Bon.* [*Without, R.*] Taste the devil!—I shan't!

*Enter CAPTAIN BONASSUS, with an open letter, R. D.;  
MADAME PELAGIE following, with a cup in her hand.*

*Mad. P.* Do, my dear brother, taste this; consider your irritable nerves!

*Bon.* I take physic!—No!

*Mad. P.* It's a composing-draught. You did not sleep last night: do but drink this, and you will have a delightful slumber.

*Bon.* Some poppy concoction—no, no!—I'll not touch your narcotic. Bordeaux and brimstone! Oh, here you all are! A letter from Lyons—do you want the news, eh? But I will condescend to let you know my private opinion of affairs, when I tell you in three short words—I am ruined!

*Mad. P.* Ruined!

*Ant.* Ruined!

*Bon.* Ruined past all redemption! [*Crossing to Babillard.*] Do you hear that, you old ramrod?

*Bab.* Yes.

*Bon.* You all know, when our regiment was reduced, I threw my little property into trade; and a consummate ass I was for my pains.

*Bab.* True.

*Bon.* Hark ye, Master Babillard: I don't intend, now I am ruined, to put up with all your blunt impertinence; it was all very well as long as I was your superior, but now that I am your equal—

*Bab.* (L.) [*Holding out his hand.*] Shake!

*Bon.* [*Taking it.*] There, that's as much as to say you beg pardon—you are a man of few words. Here comes the mischief: to enable a comrade to procure a livelihood, I became his security for twenty thousand francs. This letter informs me that my late comrade is a scoundrel!

*Bab.* Rouè?

*Bon.* That's the fellow—the ex-lieutenant Rouè!—He has disappeared from Lyons, and I am become responsible for the money; my bond is now the property

of an English merchant, who is on the road to demand payment. I am, as I said before, ruined!

*Mad. P.* [*Crying.*] Oh, brother! take a little of this.  
[*Offering the cup.*]

*Bon.* What a plague is the use of physicing me now?

*Aut.* Alas, dear father!

*Bon.* No whimpering! Prompt military measures must be resorted to: you, daughter, to a convent; you, sister, must get married or buried. Hark ye, Babillard: will you marry my sister?

*Bab.* No.

[*Madame Pelagie and Antoinette retire up, and sit in the arm-chair, R.*]

*Bon.* Well, then, march into the hospital of invalids, and play the devil's tattoo with your stick, like a selfish old crab as you are.

*Bab.* How!

*Bon.* Yes, a miserly, screwing, saving, pinching, grinding, sober, starved sergeant of bombadiers, reduced from a skeleton battalion! What you have done with your pay and your prize-money I could never find out; for, although in the country washing is as cheap as dirt, as long as I remember, your spatterdashes were always whitened with the lather you shaved yourself with.

*Bab.* No.

*Bon.* I have seen your yesterday's beard sticking to the calf of your leg like a cheveux-de-frize. What are you fumbling about in your antiquated leather pockets, hey?

*Bab.* [*Pulling out a bag of money, and putting it into Bonassus's hand.*] Here.

*Bon.* What is this, comrade?

*Bab.* Yours.

*Bon.* Oh, why?—Psha!—Your hard-earned thrift of thirty years!—No, no! [*Wiping his eyes.*] Go, and lock your bag up, and add your farthings to it, you stupid old penny-wise-and-pound-foolish fellow—I'll not touch it.

*Bab.* Pride.

*Bon.* Yes, I own it—I am too proud to snatch the staff from an aged cripple.

*Mad. P.* [*Rising, and advancing, R.*] Brother Bonassus, you must cease your sentiment and grumbling—you must quit the house—fly!

*Bon.* If I do, I'll be——

*Bab.* Hush!



*Mad. P.* [To *Bonassus*] We shall have your person arrested; once in prison, you are confined for life.

*Bon.* Life wouldn't last long—I'd swallow a padlock and choke myself.

*Ant.* [Advancing, &c.] For all our sakes—for my sake, dear father, insure your personal safety by immediate flight!

*Bon.* You all say, fly!—Where the devil shall I fly?

*Ant.* Go to our friend Everard's farm, fifteen miles distant.

*Bon.* Well, order Gregory to get out the old cabriolet. Go, females of my establishment—pack up my knapsack: Babillard shall accompany me to the farm—quick! [Exit *Antoinette* and *Madame Pelagie*, R. D.]  
Old comrade!

[Going towards the door, R.]

*Bab.* Hey.

*Bon.* In the worst of times we never ran away.

*Bab.* Yes.

*Bon.* (R.) When?

*Bab.* (L.) Twice.

*Bon.* Where?

*Bab.* Blenheim.

*Bon.* Psha!

*Bab.* Ramilies

*Bon.* Why, those were the only two battles we were ever in.

*Bab.* True.

*Bon.* That wasn't running away, you old fool: we retreated—retreated gloriously! Come along—drive care away. [Singing.] Tol de rol lol, &c.

*Bab.* Rol!

*Bon.* Fal de ral lal! fal de ral!

*Bab.* Lal!

*Bon.* March!—Come, bombardier. [Exit, R. D.]

SCENE II.—The Exterior of Captain *Bonassus's* House.

Enter *RIGMAROLE*, L. S. E.

*Rig.* Oh! what a thing it is that a sprightly Gascon, as I am, should become servant to a melancholy Englishman!—Here we have just travelled from Lyons—all the amusement I have had on the road was to count my master's sighs: he brings them up from the bottom of his soul like buckets from a well—he has sighed exactly six hundred and ninety-nine times, and laughed but

once—and that laugh ended in a cry. Sir Hippington Miff, my master, will not let me smile in his presence; so I'll try to get a little risibility to myself when he's away—I wish I could tickle myself up into a laugh. I'll think of Sir Hippington Miff, who, for a sad fellow, says comical things. *[Laughs.]*

*Sir Hippington.* *[Calling without, l. s. e.]* Rigmarole!

*Rig.* Here he is. Now I must listen to his grievances till I am as unhappy as he is.

*Enter SIR HIPINGTON MIFF, l. s. e.*

*Sir H.* You have walked off, Mr. Rigmarole, without permission. I dare say I should have found you in a tavern, where you would get tipsy and speak ill of me.

*Rig. (R.)* La, Sir Hippington Miff! if I had gone to the tavern, it would have been for the purpose of drinking your health.

*Sir H. (L.)* What! I am looking ill, am I?

*Rig.* No, master, no; not looking ill. *[Aside.]* Only ill looking.

*Sir H.* I shall never be well again!—How is it, Rigmarole, that every body in the world, myself excepted, can be happy?—I endeavour to be cheerful, but it ends in a croak.

*Rig.* Like a sprightly raven: I am sure, sir, you've tried all methods to recover your spirits—you availed yourself of the best medical aid here.

*Sir H.* Blockhead! how is it possible that a French physician should understand an English indigestion?

*Rig.* Ay, sir, I always say, employ the cook instead of the doctor.

*Sir H.* I detested your cookery: from the moment I arrived on the Continent, the smell of onions has never been from under my nose.

*Rig.* Lord, sir, what would you have nicer?

*Sir H.* That's your taste—faugh! I shall return to my own country like a boiled rabbit—pale, and smothered with onions: but all this doesn't answer my question—how is it that I see every body around me happy, and I am not?—You are happy, Rigmarole.

*Rig.* Pretty well, thank ye, sir.

*Sir H. [Aside.]* When I visit the theatre, I perceive a thousand joyous faces, all smiling and tittering—why can't I smile? why can't I titter?—No, my countenance is the only one that is melancholy; I hear the people



laugh—I see their muscles relax—my face is as fixed as a brass knocker; and if I do attempt to laugh, it comes out like a double knock—ha! ha!

*Rig.* Indeed, sir, if you would but do as other people do—

*Sir H.* I tried to do as other people do—for instance, when I crossed the channel in the packet-boat, other people were all in that situation in which folks are who are unaccustomed to the sea—I tried to do as other people did—no, I only looked on—a disappointed man—I couldn't do as other people did, though I tried ever so much.

*Rig.* Might your faithful valet inquire the probable cause of your melancholy?—I know I touch a tender string: but you, sir, who have riches and respectability—you, who have filled the high office of Lord Mayor of London—

*Sir H.* Oh, Rigmarole! in this transitory world a lord mayor has no better chance of happiness than a common marshalman. [*Aside.*] I will confide in this fellow. [*Aloud.*] Know, Rigmarole, that I am a man of principle; you have often wondered why I left my native country—it was my principle caused it.

*Rig.* Indeed, sir!

*Sir H.* Downright principle—hear. [*Sighs.*] Opposite my counting-house in London lived a drysalter—

*Rig.* A drysalter, sir!

*Sir H.* A drysalter: I shall not mention any names—the drysalter had a wife,

*Rig.* Ah, there's the rub.

*Sir H.* A beautiful creature; plump, but pale, living in the city air: the drysalter was my intimate friend; but the wife—[*Sighs.*] was for ever peeping and peering over her blinds at me—that, you know, was a very suspicious circumstance.

*Rig.* Very, sir.

*Sir H.* I at last discovered—I shan't tell you how, that I had won her affections: I am not handsome, but I won her affections—she yearned for me. [*Rigmarole endeavours to suppress a laugh.*] What's the matter?

*Rig.* [*Sobbing.*] Sir, I am—really affected.

*Sir H.* I thought you would feel it. Well, as matters stood, what was to be done?—Could I injure my friend, the drysalter? no!—Could I, in short, behave paw paw? no!—I felt that I had a heart within me, warm

like the heater of a tea-urn ; principle came to my aid ; principle seated me in a Dover stage ; principle principally drove me to the Continent.

*Rig.* Ah, sir !

[*Affects to weep*

*Sir H.* It was a hard struggle, though ; she looked devilish handsome in her silk stockings at my Easter ball.

[*Crosses, R.*

*Rig.* Sir, I can sympathize ; your feelings did you honour.

*Sir H.* Yes ; but my feelings will not let me reside in yonder hotel, to be made the prey of landlord, chambermaids, and waiters. Rigmarole, you must seek apartments for me,—anything that is retired—[*Crosses, L.*] that is likely to be comfortable ; I want comfortable lodgings—I must then look after my little private affairs.

*Rig.* Yes, sir ; and receive the money due upon the bond of the merchant, Bonassus, which you purchased : we must find, first, where he lives. Shall I go and look for lodgings now, sir ?

*Sir H.* Yes, go : comfortable apartments, remember.

*Rig.* [*Aside.*] Oh, happiness ! I can have a pennyworth of laughing by myself !—Oh, delightful !

[*Exit Rigmarole, R., Sir Hippington Miff, L.*

*Enter CAPTAIN BONASSUS and BOMBADIER BABILLARD, with a knapsack, &c., from the house, R. D. F., followed by ANTOINETTE.*

*Bom.* Good by, sister Pelagie ! farewell, Antoinette ! Come along, Bombadier.

*Bab.* Ha !

*Ant.* One word, dear father—you have prohibited the visits of Vincent Dorville—

*Bon.* To be sure I have ; he must not be drawn into our ruin by wedding you ; so I took a favourable opportunity to insult him : this morning I gave him a sickener.

*Ant.* Ah, sir !

*Bon.* There, go in—good by ! it may be months before we meet again. Bombadier, forward !

*Bab.* March ! [*Exeunt Bonassus and Babillard, L.*

*Ant.* I am sure, if poverty assailed Vincent, I should like him, if possible, better than I do now.

*Enter MADAME PELAGIE, from the house, R. D. F.*

*Mad. P.* (R. C.) They're gone ! you perceive how irri-



table your father has become, and equally obstinate, my dear. The house is left in my charge; I shall make no reform; my brother is gone probably for some time—we must economise; there are more rooms in the building than we can possibly occupy: I shall let that suite of apartments.

*Ant. (c.)* I think, aunt, my father should have been apprised—

*Mad. P.* Pooh! pooh! I'll be answerable for consequences; and now, to decrease expense, I shall sell my paroquet, monkey, and chickens; I shall order Gregory immediately to kill the pig, that he may not eat us out of house and home. Ah, my dear, how little does man appreciate the wisdom and economy of the gentler sex.

[*Exeunt Madame Pelagie and Antoinette, into the house, R. D. F.*

*Enter ROUË, meanly dressed, half military, R.*

*Rouë.* So, at last at Paris; and I'll be bound I'm the greatest rip in it: once a gay lieutenant, now a runaway bankrupt: no matter, I will only sin once more, and that shall be in a virtuous cause—"I love virtue, though I don't practise it"—no matter, old Captain Bonassus gave security to start me in the world, and ever since I've gone backwards instead of forwards: no matter, old Bonassus must not suffer—I am not rascal enough to let him. I have traced the English fool who holds the bond to yonder hotel; I have come two hundred and twenty miles to put my hand into his portmanteau to tear up the paper, and relieve my generous old captain—desperate act!—no matter, to-night I'll do it—I'll climb like a cat into Sir Hippington Miff's bed-room, and frighten some of them—perhaps they'll catch me—no matter, old Bonassus's bond must be destroyed. [Exit, L.

*Enter MONSIEUR DE CACHET, R., wrapped in a cloak—he crosses after Rouë, L.*

SCENE III.—*The Apartment as before—a cup of wine on the table—a large easy chair, L.*

*Enter ANTOINETTE, R. D.*

*Ant.* This sudden whim of my aunt Pelagie to let the apartments!—It is next to impossible. They will be hired to-day, so it cannot interfere with my appoint-

ment with Vincent this evening. Oh, for the approach of the evening star! [*Looking at the table.*] She has left my papa's sleeping-potion here.

*Enter MADAME PELAGIE, R. D.*

*Mad. P.* Congratulate me, Antoinette!—Whilst I was affixing a paper announcing “Lodgings to Let,” a smart young fellow has requested to view them. Oh, there's the sleeping-potion! I have had my trouble for nothing. However, I will not throw it away—I may want to sleep myself. [*Calling off, R. D.*] Please to walk up, sir.

*Rigmarole.* [*Without, R. D.*] This way?—Oh, very well.

*Enter RIGMAROLE, R. D.*

The staircase is very steep—once lose your footing, and you'll soon be at the landing-place. Master's absent—I may laugh. [*Laughing.*] Pretty apartments—very pretty!—Pretty furniture—very pretty! [*Seeing Antoinette.*] Pretty lady—very pretty! [*Ogling her—Madame Pelagie interfering.*] Pretty behaviour—very pretty! I presume, madam, all the other furniture corresponds.

*Mad. P.* I have a written inventory, sir.

*Rig.* Written!—Corresponding, certainly! [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! Master's away. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha! I suppose, madam, you find china and earthenware, and all that? [*Going to the closet, L. D. F.*] This is a cupboard—ahem!—All sorts of conveniences—ahem!

*Mad. P.* You said your master was an English nobleman

*Rig.* Yes; and he is very particular.

*Mad. P.* If you occupy the apartments, you must favour me with his name, as you are aware it is required by the police regulations.

*Rig.* The police of our great nation is admirably conducted—admirably! The terms you mentioned, they will do—we don't care for money—we are very rich. My master's name is Sir Hippington Miff.

*Mad. P.* Miff!

*Rig.* Miff. There are a large family of the Miffs in England.

*Ant.* An English nobleman, I think you said?

*Rig.* Yes, miss, an English nobleman. [*Half aside.*] That is to say, he was Lord Mayor of London ten years ago. Having concluded preliminaries, [*Crossing, R.*]



you will excuse me, ladies, whilst I step over to the hotel, and bring my master and the other luggage directly. [*Aside.*] Luggage!—There's a charming little baggage there! [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha! Sir Hippy's away. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha! [*Exit, R. D.*]

*Mad. P. (R.)* Well, Antoinette, we have done wonders; but you appear discontented.

*Ant. (L.)* I think this step ought not to have been taken without the concurrence of my father. [*Aside.*] How shall I postpone Vincent's appointment to-night? He has left town for the day, and I cannot apprise him.

*Mad. P.* An English nobleman!

*Ant. [Aside.]* He'll climb in at the window at twelve.

*Mad. P.* We must use our utmost endeavours to fascinate him; I shall put on all my powers of attraction. And now he comes—I wonder how he will first address us. [*She adjusts her cap, and assumes a stately attitude.*]

*Sir Hippington. [Without.]* O, my poor back! my poor back!

*Enter SIR HIPPIINGTON MIFF, followed by RIGMAROLE, with luggage, R. D.*

What a suspicious-looking staircase!

*Mad. P.* He has decidedly a high carriage.

*Sir H.* Steep as the Monument? Who are these persons, pray?

*Rig. (R.)* Your landlady and her niece, sir.

*Sir H. (R. C.)* What do they want?

*Mad. P. [Advancing ceremoniously, L. C.—Sir Hippington retreats.]* If I cannot express the inexpressible honour and profound respect that I feel for your person and consideration, it is that I am awed by the condensation in selecting our humble roof for your residence.

*Sir H. [Aside.]* Gammon!

*Mad. P.* Conscious dignity in his manner!

*Ant. (L.)* I trust, sir—

[*Courtesying and crossing to Sir Hippington.*]

*Sir H.* Now the little one's going to let off at me!

*Ant. (L. C.)* I trust you have enjoyed your health since you have been in France.

*Sir H.* No one asks without an interested motive! [*Aside to Rigmarole.*] I suspect that girl's father is a physician.

*Rig. [Aside to Sir Hippington.]* Yes, sir; or her uncle an undertaker.

*Mad. P.* Will my lor have the goodness to inspect the apartments?

*Sir H.* My lord!—That's flattering—hav'nt been called my lord these ten years. 'Pon my life, these Frenchwomen are very prettily spoken. I'll try and think better of them—hope their keys won't fit my trunks!

*Mad. P.* Would it please my lor to like to peep at the dressing-closet?

*Sir H.* [*Aside.*] Peep at the dressing-closet!—That's a little queer, isn't it? Second edition of the Drysalter's Wife!

*Mad. P.* This way, my lor. Antoinette, it is proper that you accompany us.

*Sir H.* Oh, with a third person I am safe!

[*Exeunt Madame Pelagie, Antoinette, and Sir Hippington Miff, into the dressing-closet, L. D. F.*

*Rig.* (R.) Pleasant creature Sir Hippy is, with his suspicions! Never lost sight of me the whole day—no opportunity to get a glass of wine, or even a melancholy drink of cold water. I'm as thirsty as a sponge. [*Looking at table, near R. U. E.*] And here, I take it, is a cup of something good. [*Smelling it.*] Smells nice!—Wine, upon my honour!—Mulled and spiced! [*Looking round.*] I wonder whether the cat ever comes in here, and knocks anything over! Sir Hippington Miff, here's your health!—Ladies, yours! [*Drinks.*] Bless my soul! the cup's empty! I'll turn it over, and lay the fault at pussy's door.

*Sir H.* [*Looking out of the dressing-closet.*] Fetch the other trunks from the hotel. [*Retires.*

*Rig.* [*Confused.*] Ye—yes, sir! No, he didn't see me drink! Fetch the trunks! Well, I have warmed my own chest! [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! Sir Hippy's away!

[*Exit, laughing, R. D.*

*Enter SIR HIPINGTON MIFF, L. D. F.*

*Sir H.* Another door to my dressing-room, by which the ladies have departed! That's a very suspicious circumstance! This is the oddest shaped house—can't say much for the comforts—there are no comforts in France: snuffy soup, greasy cookery, indigestion. They talk of their artists of the kitchen—call them all artists, whether they model marble or perigord patés! At Lyons, I wanted on Christmas Day—natural enough for an En-



glishman—a plum-pudding;—one wouldn't imagine that there was anything more simple than an English plum-pudding. [*Sighs.*] Cassandra gave me her recipe, and I sent it to the French cook: the foreign fool couldn't comprehend the meaning, but took it to a chymist's to be made up. At dinner-time, said I, where is my plum-pudding? Boiled, said my valet. When, horror! in it came from the chymist's, plums and all, spread upon a large piece of white leather!

*Enter MADAME PELAGIE, R. D.*

*Mad. P.* A gentleman wishes to speak to you, sir.

*Sir H.* I don't know a gentleman in the place. [*Aside.*] This old madame pops in and out like a jack-o'-lantern! [*Aloud.*] You must show the gentleman up, I suppose.

*Mad. P.* This way, sir.

*Enter MONSIEUR DE CACHET, in a cloak, R. D.—he bows, and looks at his note-book.*

*De C.* [*Reading.*] “*May 16th, anno domini 1750.*”—You, sir, are Sir Hippington Miff.

*Sir H.* That is my name, sir.

*De C.* I would wish to say a few words to you alone— [*Pointing to Madame Pelagie.*]—quite alone.

*Sir P.* This is very suspicious! Madame, go down stairs! [*Exit Madame Pelagie, R. D.*

*De C.* You are quite sure we cannot be overheard?

*Sir H.* I am not sure of anything of the sort. [*De Cachet walks deliberately to all the doors, listens, nods, and returns.*] What the devil is all this about?

*De C.* (L.) I shall take off my cloak.

[*Puts his cloak on the table.*

*Sir H.* Yes, sir, pray unfold yourself. [*Aside.*] How mysterious! [*De Cachet offers his snuff-box—Sir Hippington takes a pinch.*] Very extraordinary! [*Aloud.*] Will you favour me with your business, sir?

*De C.* My name, sir, may not be unknown to you—it is De Cachet.

*Sir H.* De Cachet! Any relation, sir, to the celebrated Minister of Police?

*De C.* I am the Intendant of Police, sir.

*Sir H.* The deuce you are! [*Aside.*] I have done nothing.

*De C.* I shall not enter into a detail of the extraordinary resources I possess of procuring information, which

enable me to prevent the commission of crime, and to detect offenders. [*Offering his box.*]

*Sir H.* [*Taking a pinch.*] Pray go on, sir.

*De C.* You, perhaps, have heard my name lauded in that particular.

*Sir H.* I have understood that no ruffian is safe under your—[*Sneezing.*—]—beg your pardon—administration. You make it a point that aggressors shall always be taken in the act—[*Sneezing.*—]—ask your pardon—and executed promptly. [*Aside.*] Curse the minister's snuff!

*De C.* You have said your name is Sir Hippington Miff.

*Sir H.* Yes; but I am not aware that I have ever given offence to the constituted authorities.

*De C.* [*Looking at his note-book.*] You are a British merchant; you have journeyed from Lyons; you there purchased a bond for twenty thousand francs.

*Sir H.* Bless me! all this is correct. What does it lead to?

*De C.* Listen, sir. In consequence of your holding that bond, I have the honour to inform you that you will be robbed and probably murdered to-night.

*Sir H.* What!

*De C.* Inevitably.

*Sir H.* Oh!

*De C.* If I, the Minister of Police, do not exert myself to prevent it. [*Handing his snuff-box.*]

*Sir H.* How can you offer snuff in such a predicament! Where's my man? I'll quit this place directly!

*De C.* Hold, sir! Unless you obey my dictates, I will not answer for your safety. I can attend personally to this little affair this evening.

*Sir H.* [*Aside.*] Calls my murder a little affair!

*De C.* To-morrow I am otherwise engaged.

*Sir H.* So shall I be, if I am killed to-night! My servant shall sit up with me.

*De C.* That I must positively prohibit. I venture to assure you that your property, and perhaps your life, depend upon your acting as if you were perfectly unconcerned. Conduct yourself with your usual cheerfulness.

*Sir H.* Very miserable at all times!

*De C.* Go to bed precisely at the usual hour.

*Sir H.* Never to get up again! Mayn't I just caution our landlady?

*De C.* If you value your existence, this timely infor-



mation, or my future aid, you will not intrust this secret either to the mistress of the house or the servant.—Farewell, Sir Hippington Miff!—The police agents will be near you in the hour of danger. Adieu! [*Exit, R. D.*]

*Sir H.* You're very good, sir. [*Sneezing, and bowing him out.*] Monsieur De Cachet particularly said, don't trust your valet nor your landlady. I'm to be robbed—probably murdered: who is to do it if they don't?

[*Seats himself in the easy chair, L.*]

*Enter RIGMAROLE, R. D., with shaving-apparatus, rather excited by the potion—he comes behind Sir Hippington, opening the razor.*

*Rig.* Ahem!

*Sir H.* [*Starting.*] Hey! What the devil—

*Rig.* Come, sir; you were too nervous this morning; you must be shaved. [*Aside.*] Come, sir—ahem! Latherum, smotherum, shavearum, beardabus!

*Sir H.* [*Aside.*] What an alteration in his manner!

*Rig.* Yaw!—What's the matter with you?

*Sir H.* Your hand shakes at this moment!

*Rig.* [*Flourishing the razor.*] My hand shake! Sir, I could shave a fly's eye-brow!

*Sir H.* Your hand shakes, I say.

*Rig.* (R.) Ay, master, why do you fix your eye so in that dreadful manner, as if your last moments were come? If my hand shakes—why it does; it is lugging about your trunks, which are so heavy with specie.

*Sir H.* (L.) Specie! [*Aside.*] That's his point. Rich wretch that I am, Rigmarole, as your hand shakes, you shan't cut my throat—shave my beard, I mean. I am more nervous than I was in the morning.

*Rig.* [*Apart.*] Well, I never saw him so distrustful before,—I feel very strangely myself. When he is in this way, I hide everything that would endanger his life, even to the very riband I tie my tail with, for fear he should hang himself. I'll put his pistols out of the way. [*Removes them from the luggage off the table.*]

*Sir H.* What are you about with those, sir?

*Rig.* Fresh flints, sir.

*Sir H.* [*Aside.*] Evidently wishes to disarm me.

*Madame P.* [*Without, R. D.*] I shall administer it to my lor myself.

*Sir H.* What the devil is she going to administer,—an old cockatrice!

*Enter MADAME PELAGIE, with a cup, &c.*

*Mad. P.* My lor, I have intruded on your privacy to state.—

*Sir H.* [*Turning, sees Rigmarole stealing off with his pistols.*] Bring those pistols back, sir! [*Rigmarole offers them reluctantly.*] Turn the barrels the other way. [*Takes them.*] Now state away, madam.

*Mad. P.* [*Crosses to Sir Hippington.*] I beg to remark that we are famous for our preparation of chocolate; will you please to taste it?

*Rig. (r.)* [*Making signs to Madame Pelagie.*] Don't, he is such an odd mixture.

*Sir H. (l.)* [*Watching, and overhearing.*] Odd mixture! poison, perhaps!—I fancy I see the arsenic floating on the top—she is pressing it so, too. You're very kind, madam. [*Aside.*] Deceitful old civet-cat! I have it—I'll prove her—I'll ask her to taste it herself. [*Looking steadfastly in her face.*] Madame Pelagie Bonassus, will you drink this chocolate?

*Mad. P.* I prepared it expressly for you.

*Sir H.* [*Aside.*] I believe you—a hen devil! I'll make her taste it. Swallow three mouthful of this, Madame Bonassus. [*Eyeing her.*]

*Mad. P.* [*Smiling.*] No, no, my lor—it is for—I shall leave it for you, my lor. [*Apart.*] I must give directions to Gregory about killing the pig. [*Calls.*] Gregory! Gregory! [*Exit, R. D.*]

*Sir H.* Who the deuce is Gregory?—One of her associates in guilt.

*Rig.* [*After a struggle to keep himself awake.*] Booh! La, sir! why didn't you drink a little of madame's chocolate?—I shouldn't have made such wry faces about it, if I had been you.

*Sir H.* You! [*Aside.*] Faithless wretch!—A bold idea strikes me—I will try the experiment on him. Have you any objection to taste this odd mixture, Mr. Rigmarole? [*Giving him the cup.*] Drink, but remember it is your own act and deed.

*Rig.* Sir, I am very much obliged to you.

[*Drinks, and places the cup on the table.*]

*Sir H.* How do you feel?

*Rig.* Hush-a-by, lul-a-by, bow, wow, wow!

[*Sinking into lethargy.*]

*Sir H.* Delirious!



*Rig.* Oh, Sir Tiffy! [*Turns uneasily.*] Sleepy as death!

*Sir H.* It works!

*Rig.* Oh, yes! [*Pointing to the table.*] Sleep, Sir Tippy Miffery—muz! bob! fish! pip!

[*Falls insensibly into Sir Hippington's arms.*]

*Sir H.* Here's a situation for a nervous timid gentleman!—How heavy this poisoned rascal is—he will turn black presently, and go into mourning for himself. [*Noise—the whetting of a knife is heard outside the window, l. v. e.*] What the devil's that? [*Drops Rigmarole into the easy chair, l., and runs to the window.*] A fellow in a red night cap, sleeves tucked up, and has a knife as long as my arm.

*Mad. P.* [*Without, l. v. e.*] Gregory! Gregory!

*Sir H.* [*At the window, l. v. e.*] Gregory! the old hag's bravo?

*Mad. P.* [*Without.*] Make your knife quite sharp—I should like the poor creature to die easily.

*Sir H.* [*Drawing his sword.*] Should you?

*Gre.* [*Without, l. v. e.*] See how it cuts, madame.

*Mad. P.* Very well, bravo!

*Sir H.* Bravo! she calls him a bravo!

*Gre.* Madame, will you have him stuck in the wash-house or in the yard?

*Mad. P.* [*Without, l. v. e.*] Put him out of his misery in the wash-house.

*Sir H.* [*Taking his pistols.*] You must get me down stairs first. Carnage!—De Cachet! De Cachet! curse your police punctilio!—I'll show them I'm on the alert. [*Firing out at the window.*] There, Gregory! [*The pig squeaks.*] I've killed somebody! [*Brandishing his sword.*] D'ye call these "COMFORTABLE LODGINGS?"

#### SCENE IV. *The Room of Madame Pelagie.*

*Enter ANTOINETTE and MADAME PELAGIE, R.*

*Ant.* (l. c.) Are you satisfied with Sir Hippington Miff's explanation, aunt?

*Mad. P.* (c.) My lor states that he was labouring un-

der a very singular delusion: Sir Hippington comes this way,—I trust, to make his personal apologies.

*Enter* SIR HIPINGTON MIFF, R.

*Sir H.* [R. C.] [*Aside.*] That false alarm! what an old ass I was: but it did appear very frightful. [*Aloud.*] Ladies, I hope I have not alarmed the neighbourhood?

*Mad. P.* The neighbours are accustomed to reports.

*Ant.* My father is in the habit of practising with pistols at a mark.

*Sir H.* That's suspicious! I'm to be the mark her father is to pop at.

*Mad. P.* We shall be very glad when the opportunity occurs of presenting you to him.

*Sir H.* I'd better pay damages. Madame, any damages I may have committed I will cheerfully compensate; please to put it down to the bill.

*Enter* GREGORY, with a letter, L.

*Mad. P.* Well, Gregory.

*Sir H.* [*Starting.*] There's the pig-killer!

*Gre.* Letter, madame, for Sir Hippington Miff.

*Sir H.* [*Afraid to touch it.*] I've heard of letters that explode with chymical matter.

*Mad. P.* Pray, Gregory, what damage was done by my lor's firing the pistols out of the window?

*Gre.* (L.) Deadly damage, madame; one bullet killed the pig.

*Sir H.* Poor pig! anything else?

*Gre.* Another shot knocked a hole in the water-cask, which has been squirting away ever since.

*Sir H.* (L. C.) Anything else?

*Gre.* The parrot has been in fits this hour, madame's monkey has run into a jack-boot, and I can't get him out.

*Sir H.* Pull his tail.—Anything else?

*Gre.* I have ever so much; the chickens have all flown over the wall.

*Sir H.* Cry "Coobiddy, coobiddy!" and they'll all come back again. Anything else?

*Gre.* No—yes; the tassel of my red night cap is carried off.

*Mad. P.* Gregory, you can go down and lay the cloth for supper.

*Sir H.* Supper!



*Mad. P.* Sir Hippington Miff will do honour to a made dish or two?

*Sir H.* Made dishes!—Suspicious!

*Gre.* The letter, sir. [*Offering it.*] Here, sir, the letter.

[*Sir Hippington fetches the tongs from R. S. E., and takes it out of Gregory's hand—Gregory stares, and goes off, L.—Sir Hippington drops the letter from the tongs, and, after watching Gregory off, jumps heavily upon it, to discover if it would explode.*

*Sir H.* [*Cautiously taking up the letter.*] Subscribed "De Cachet"—oh, this will relieve my anxiety. [*Reads, aside.*] "*Sir Hippington Miff's patience is entreated till twelve o'clock; by that hour all will be over*"—all will be over!—"And the culprit in the hands of the police. *Sir Hippington Miff must not let his cheerfulness leave him, and must retire to bed as usual—DE CACHET.*"—My fit is coming on again!

*Mad. P.* My lor is looking melancholy.

*Sir H.* Melancholy, madame! I'm the most joyous creature under the sun. [*Aside.*] Cheerful as a death-watch. The only chance I have of elevating my spirits is by paying a little amorous attention to pretty Antoinette here—ahem! [*Assuming a gay air, and fetching chairs.*] Ladies, sitting is not more expensive than standing—be seated, pray. [*Antoinette und Madame Pelagie sit—Sir Hippington seats himself with his back to Madame Pelagie, and takes Antoinette's hand.*] Ah, Cassandra!

*Ant.* (R.) Sir!

*Sir H.* (C.) Miss Antoinette, I mean—what a sweet, delightful, plump, taper, round, delicate style of hand you have.

*Ant.* You flatter, sir.

*Mad. P.* Heyday! [*Rising.*] I don't admire all this familiarity. [*Placing her chair between Antoinette's and Sir Hippington's, and taking Antoinette's hand away.*] My lor condescends too much. [*Drawing off her glove, and presenting her hand.*] There, my lor is a hand at your service.

*Sir H.* [*Reluctantly.*] Delightful! madame, this is a hand [*Aside.*] Been making pickles.

*Mad. P.* To drive away gloomy ideas, will my lor honour us by singing one of the songs of his country?

*Sir H.* Oh, no, never! I can't.

*Ant.* Pray, pray, favour us, sir.

*Sir H.* Ah, Cassandra! I must attempt a song to appear cheerful—'pon my honour, I—well, if I must, [*Rising.*] I will endeavour to describe the opening of the Easter ball, with the minuet de-la-cour in the year of my mayoralty. [*They rise.*] Allow me to remove your seats, ladies. [*He places Madame Pelagie's chair at the L. corner, and Antoinette's R., then advances, c., and points to the orchestra.*] Fancy all the musicians there.

SONG.—SIR HIPINGTON MIFF.

La, li lari, lari la la, lira lira la!  
Graceful step and cross the lighted hall;  
Foot it fealty, neatly, and sweetly!—Thus I  
Lead off the Easter ball.

Then on my tiptoe soft advance-a,  
Powder'd peruke—entrance her;  
White glove extending,  
Much grace intending—  
Stiff skirts unbending,—  
Ha!

[*Symphony, part of the tune to which he dances—he bows.*

And if my partner  
Has any heart in her,  
With great eclat we go  
Through the stately minuet,  
Delighting all Cornhill, Cheapside, and Bucklersbury!

[*Commences the gavotte.*

[*A tremendous crash heard without, L.—Gregory cries out—they rise.*

*Sir H.* [*In great tribulation.*] They're come at last!  
[*Catching up a chair.*] I'll defend myself to the last extremity!

*Mad. P.* For mercy's sake, what's the matter?

*Sir H.* As if you didn't know, Jenny Diver!

Enter GREGORY, L.

*Gre.* Oh, la!—Oh, dear!

*Mad. P.* What has happened?

*Sir H.* How many are there of them?

*Gre.* Four. I was carrying supper up, and I tumbled over my lord's cocked hat-box, and all four dishes have rattled down stairs!

*Mad. P.* The made-dishes!



*Gre.* Gravy and all—all gone!

*Mad. P.* [*To Sir Hippington.*] I had prepared the dishes expressly for you.

*Sir H.* Ha!

*Mad. P.* What time will my lor go to bed?

*Sir H.* [*Aside.*] She wants to ascertain the precise minute!

*Mad. P.* Come, Antoinette; my lor will intimate when he would wish to retire for the night. [*Aside.*] My lor is as deranged as a mad bull! [*Exit with Antoinette, R.*

*Sir H.* They would have got me down to supper, and, just as I was drinking, I should have shared the fate of Edward the Martyr: that Gregory would have come behind me, and stuck his knife into my back-bone!— [*Turning, sees Gregory close beside him.*] Ha! I thought you were gone!

*Gre.* Don't be frightened, sir; I've something to communicate.

*Sir H.* You!—Eh?—What? Speak, man—I'm prepared!

*Gre.* You have no occasion to go and make yourself uneasy about all the accidents that have happened.

*Sir H.* [*Mysteriously.*] To what do you allude?—Tell me in a whisper—I'm all attention!

*Gre.* The monkey has come out of the boot of his own accord!

[*Exit, L.*

*Sir H.* What!—He means something by that; but I can't penetrate it—a very suspicious circumstance!

[*Exit, R.*

SCENE V.—*The Room, with the Window and Dressing-Closet, as before—the drapery is drawn, and the bed, C. F., prepared—the room dark. RIGMAROLE discovered asleep in a high back arm-chair, near L. U. E.*

*Enter ANTOINETTE, on tiptoe, R. D.*

*Ant.* If Vincent would be but a little before his appointment! [*Going to the window.*] No, he's not come! Alas! [*Crossing to L.*] There is an entry this way from the back of the house by another staircase, but my father has taken the key of that door into the country with him. If there was the chance that he had left it open, I'd venture down; I could return before Sir Hippington Miff comes to bed. [*Rigmarole snores.*] Ah! the wretched servant sleeps under the influence of the opiate!—

Gently—gently! If the gate's unlocked, I could apprise Vincent. [Exit, L. D.]

*Madame Pelagie.* [Without.] Where can Antoinette be? Now, my lor, your bed is ready.

*Enter MADAME PELAGIE, R. D., lighting in SIR HIPPIGTON MIFF.*

Where is Antoinette I wonder?

[Places the candles on the table.]

*Sir H.* [Aside.] What is Old Combustible looking after?

*Mad. P.* There is your light, my lor. Why, I declare your man is still asleep!

*Sir H.* Very still; I lifted him into the arm-chair—more than he deserved. He must remain where he is, I suppose.

*Mad. P.* As you please, my lor. May sweet repose be your portion!

*Sir H.* Stuff and nonsense! [Aside.] You petticoat hypocrite!

*Mad. P.* Where can Antoinette be? [Exit, R. D.]

*Sir H.* But what's to be done with this somniferous valet? Try and wake him—[Pulling his nose.]—don't mind affronting a servant. He is as fast as his nose—[Pulling his ear.]—and very hard of hearing. [Rigmarole turns uneasily.] I had a hand in it. [Pulling his nose again.] Now, is the rascal feigning sleep?—If so, I'll probe him—I'll talk at him. Rigmarole, you sanguinary villain! are you in a conspiracy to rob your master? [Rigmarole snores.] Bless my soul! that was very suspicious! Rigmarole, if you will generously give up the instigator, I will reward you with a hundred pounds. [Pausing.] I hav'n't offered enough—two hundred! [Rigmarole turns and grunts.] I won't advance a bit further, you extortionate rascal! so you may as well wake at once. I might go on increasing my offer till this fellow became a sleeping-partner in my whole fortune. [Taking up a light.] Now to search the room. [Crossing to L. D.] An entrance here!—There are as many entrances as to a rabbit-warren. [Looking through the key-hole.] A dark staircase! Devilish suspicious! No bolt, no key, but a key-hole large enough to admit the barrel of a pistol. [Looking towards the bed.] I wish I had a bullet-proof night-cap; it would be safe to sleep with my head in a marble mortar. I don't at all like this door! [Rigmarole snores.] A lucky thought! My



ness protection will be to wheel this Gascony dormouse, and block up the entrance with the chair. [*Wheels Rigmarole to the door, L.*] What an expanse of melancholy void! [*Going up to L. D. F.*] This door leads to my dressing-closet—I'll search that; my portmanteau is there—I'll poke my sword into every mouse-hole. [*The clock strikes the half-hour.*] Ha! half-past eleven! Bless me! the time's drawing very near. Let me reflect: De Cachet said I was to go to bed; well, I'll go to bed—I shall not take all my clothes off, though; my night-cap and gown are in the dressing-room—I'll just step in and put them on.

[*Exit, with a candle and sword, into the dressing-closet, L. D. F.—the room becomes dark.*]

ANTOINETTE attempts to re-open L. D.—she forces her head and arm in, and finds the chair in the way.

*Ant.* How!—the great chair here! He has come to bed, then, and awakened his servant. [*Rigmarole snores.*] No—he still sleeps. I must remove him [*Pushes the chair away.*], and escape without observation.— [*Coming forward.*] The gate is locked! If I might venture one more peep at the window—

[*Crossing to the window on tiptoe.*]

Enter MADAME PELAGIE, silently, in a night-dress, R. D.

*Mad. P.* [*In an under tone.*] Antoinette is here.

*Ant.* He will fancy I have forgotten all his tenderness—his vows of truth. Ah! when he pressed my hand!

*Mad. P.* [*Aside.*] Humph!

*Ant.* But he is so tardy; he surely will not deceive me to-night!

*Mad. P.* I'll take care that no one shall deceive you to-night. Fie! fie! Come; I'll talk to Sir Hippington in the morning, and give him warning!

[*She leads off Antoinette hastily, R. D.—Rigmarole moves, yawns gradually, awakes, and shakes himself.*]

*Rig.* Ahem! How cold I am! Not in bed! Where can I possibly be? It's as dark as pitch! Is it last night or this morning, I wonder? My teeth chatter so, that I'm nibbling my tongue off. La! how I've been a dreaming! I dreamed that I was on the top of the tower of Notre Dame—I'm not sure that I arn't there now; it's so dark that I can't tell, if I move, down I go over the parapet into the street, and they'll find nothing of me

COMFORTABLE LODGINGS.

but my remains. [*Feeling over the side of the chair.*] I declare I'm a man in an arm-chair! [*Sir Hippington looks out, L. D. F.*] I had another dream, too: I dreamed that the ghost of Marshal Turenne asked me to take some soup with him. I saw him as plainly—[*Sir Hippington advances from the dressing-room in a long white night-gown and cap, with a candle and sword.*] Methought his tall figure stalked up to me, [*Sir Hippington advances close to Rigmarole's right side.*] and, just as I was about to swallow a ladle-ful of soup, he said, in a sepulchral tone—

*Sir H.* Rigmarole! [*Poking him with his sword.*]

*Rig.* [*Terrified.*] Mercy! mercy! good spectre generalissimo!

*Sir H.* Why, you fool, Rigmarole!

*Rig.* [*Jumping up.*] La! master, is it you? Oh dear, what a dream! Am I awake?

*Sir H.* (R.) I don't know; you have been asleep these three hours, and wheeling yourself about the room in the chair. Are you swollen at all?

*Rig.* (L.) Swollen, sir? No, quite empty—starved! Hold the candle behind me, you'll see the light through my body. [*Sir Hippington, opening his night-gown, discovers two brace of pistols stuck in a sash formed of his cravat, tied round his waist.*] La! sir, what are those for? You look like an armoury.

*Sir H.* Are you honest, Mr. Rigmarole?

*Rig.* Upon my honour, sir—try me.

*Sir H.* [*Aside.*] Shall I trust him? [*The clock strikes three quarters.*] Ha! a quarter of an hour now, and then—[*Shuddering.*] I find it impossible to be left by myself: if I detain Rigmarole in the room, he cannot communicate with any body. I know him to be an infernal coward, so I'm not afraid of him.

*Rig.* Wasn't that three quarters past eleven, sir?—Have you supped, sir? I'm very hungry: may I go down and get a mouthful, sir?

*Sir H.* You shall not leave the apartment—you have done without food all day.

*Rig.* Yes, sir, I have.

*Sir H.* Then you may do without all night.

*Rig.* Thank ye, sir. [*Aside.*] Oh, gizzards! how you'll grumble!

*Sir H.* You may take possession of the arm-chair again, or sleep on the floor. [*Gets on the bed.*]



*Rig.* Ah! you undertook to board me! La! Sir Hippington! are you going to bed in your inexpressibles?

*Sir H.* [*Fiercely.*] What's it to you, if I choose to sleep in my black velvets?

*Rig.* Shall I tuck you up, sir?

*Sir H.* Tuck me up! I shall see you tucked up one of these mornings: don't come near me—no more questions. [*Lets the curtain drop, and lies down on the bed, R. F.*]

*Rig.* But, sir, one word more.

*Sir H.* [*Looks out.*] You rascal!

*Rig.* You didn't say good night, sir.

*Sir H.* Curse you, good night!

[*Disappears.*]

*Rig.* [*Aside, in an under-tone.*] My internals are so miserably empty, I shall try and creep down to Madame Pelagie's larder—get a little bit of something to keep life and soul together.

[*Creeps on all fours across the room, and goes off slyly, R. D.*]

*Enter ROUE, climbing cautiously in at the window, L. U. E.*

*Sir H.* Why are you stumping about the room?—I thought I told you, rascal, to sit down in the arm-chair— [*Rises in the bed.*] sit down directly, you villain! [*Rouè slips into the arm-chair, the back of it being towards the bed.*] Odso! just thought on't—go into the dressing-closet at your left hand—bring my portmanteau here with the papers, bond, and money—I don't choose to trust it out of my sight—why don't you go?

[*Rouè pushes the chair back until he is near enough to the table to blow out the candle—he then feels his way to the closet, L. D. F.*]

*Sir H.* You careless rascal! why have you knocked the light out?—That's a more suspicious circumstance than any: this is very awful! I wish it was twelve o'clock—what a time this Rigmarole is getting the portmanteau!—How shall I occupy my uneasy mind?—I have heard that it's a good thing to count numerically—I'll try. [*Sighs.*] 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, &c.

*Rouè.* [*In an under-tone, coming from the room with the bond in his hand.*] The bond is mine—now to regain the window, for numberless reasons.

*Sir H.* 23, 24, 25, 26—Rigmarole!

[*Rouè opens the window, and is climbing out.*]

*Vincent.* [*Calling beneath the window.*] Antoinette, is that you, love?

*Rouè.* Confusion! foiled! no matter.

*Vin.* I'm very late—are they all in bed?

*Sir H.* [*Putting his head out between the curtains.*] I am. [*Calling.*] Rigmarole, I say!

*Roué.* I must try to escape this way.

[*Goes to L. D., and opens it.*]

*Bon.* [*Calling without, L.*] Bombadier!

*Bab.* [*Without, L.*] Here.

*Roué.* The captain's coming—no matter.

[*Runs up and goes into the closet, L. D. F.*]

*Sir H.* There are six different voices—where's Monsieur De Cachet?

*Enter BONASSUS and BABILLARD, with a cabriolet lamp, cloaks, and pistol, L. D.*

*Bon.* Hush! we must not alarm the house.

*Bab.* No.

*Bon.* Cursed unfortunate that the old cabriolet should have broken down.

*Bab.* Yes.

*Bon.* We shall have the women screaming—this is a bad job, Bombadier: here we are, and I hav'nt effected my purpose.

*Sir H.* [*Peeping out.*] Two banditti!

*Bon.* Devil take the bond! I wish the English fool who holds it had never made up his mind to come here. Did you bring my pistols out of the cabriolet?

*Sir H.* Oh, murder!

*Bon.* What's that?

*Bab.* Voice.

*Bon.* Bring the lamp—why, this window's open!

[*Holds the lamp to it.*]

*Vin.* [*Below, L. U. E.*] Is that you, my beloved?

*Bon.* Who, in the name of fury, is my beloved? [*A large pistol falls from the bed.*] The devil! this came from the bed—yet no one can be there. Look, comrade—let us search.

[*They lift up a curtain and discover Sir Hippington standing on the bed, pointing his pistols.*]

*Bon.* [*Starting away.*] Murder!

*Bab.* Thieves!

*Sir H.* Murder! thieves!

*Bon.* Comrade, let us throw him out of the window.

*Bab.* Ay.

[*They rush up, disarm Sir Hippington, lift him off the bed, and carry him towards the window.*]

*Sir H.* [*Kicking and bawling.*] Monsieur De Cachet! help! help!



*Vin.* [*Coming in at the window.*] Hollo, gentlemen!  
 [They relinquish Sir Hippington, who retreats behind an arm-chair.

*Bon.* Where do you come from, Mr. Vincent Dorville?

*Vin.* Your pardon, captain. Passing the garden, I heard a noise—the father of my Antoinette in danger, I mounted the trellis—what is the matter?

*Sir H.* The matter, sir?—You look like a gentleman—I was quiet here in my own bed.

*Bon.* Your bed! it's my bed.

*Sir H.* I beg to assert it is my bed—I pay for it—I took possession of these apartments to-day—they are mine.

*Bon.* The bond has been demanded in my absence; you have taken possession of this house legally, and I suppose you'll walk off with every thing, and throw me into gaol.

*Sir H.* You were going to throw me out of the window, you know.

*Vin.* Explain this, Captain Bonassus.

*Sir H.* Captain Bonassus—oh, I see it all!—Oh, Bonassus! [*Calling.*] Rigmarole! Rigmarole, I say!

*Enter RIGMAROLE, R. D., with a candle.*

*Rig.* [*Staring.*] Yes, sir!—La, Sir Hippington Miff has company—one, two.

*Sir H.* I told you to fetch my trunk from the dressing-closet—go, I want the bond for twenty thousand francs, signed by Captain Bonassus.

[*Rigmarole opens the door of the dressing-closet, L. F.*

*Rig.* Oh, oh, Sir Hippington!

*Sir H.* [*Alarmed.*] What's the matter?

*Rig.* More company—pray walk in, gentlemen.

*Enter MONSIEUR DE CACHET, and ROUÉ in custody of two Police Officers, from the dressing-closet, L. F.—De Cachet puts the bond into Sir Hippington's hand.*

*Bon.* Ex-Lieutenant Roué, how is it I find you here?

*Roué.* No matter.

*De C.* The ex-lieutenant has been wanted by us some time. Sir Hippington Miff, cease your anxiety—there is the object of your alarm.

[*Pointing to Roué.*

*Sir H.* The only person in the house by whom I have not been frightened—perhaps, after all, these may be comfortable lodgings.

*Bon.* Lodgings!

*Rig.* Yes; I have hired these comfortable lodgings to-day of Madame Pelagie, furnished.

*Sir H.* Yes, furnished with all sorts of inconveniences.

*Rig.* And here come the ladies to vouch the fact.

*Enter MADAME PELAGIE and ANTOINETTE, R. D.—Vincent crosses behind to Antoinette, L.*

*Mad. P.* Brother Bonassus returned! why, the house is full of people.

*Sir H.* Yes, madame; and now it is past twelve, and all is safe, I'll be very much obliged to you to get us some supper—I invite the party, the ex-lieutenant excepted. Suppose you roast the pig I killed—Egad! I'm so overjoyed that the night has ended as it has, that, ladies and gentlemen, I will, with your permission, continue for very many evenings in COMFORTABLE LODGINGS.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE  
FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

*Police Officer.* ROUE. *Police Officer.*

DOR. ANT. RIG. DE C. SIR H. MAD. P. BON. BAB.  
A.] [L.

THE END.



THE  
COLLEEN BAWN;

OR, THE  
BRIDES OF GARRYOWEN.

A Domestic Drama,  
IN THREE ACTS.

BY  
DION BOUCICAULT, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF

*The Pope of Rome, The Young Actress, The Poor of New York,  
The Dublin Boy, Pauvrette, Life of an Actress, Jessie Brown,  
The Octoroon, Arael, Blue Belle, &c., &c.*

THOMAS HAILES LACY,  
89, STRAND, LONDON.

As performed at the Royal New Adelphi Theatre (under the Management of Mr. Benjamin Webster),  
on Monday, September 10th, 1860, THE

# COLLEEN BAWN;

Or, The Brides of Garryowen.

Founded on Gerald Griffin's Irish Story, "The Collegians."

ENTIRELY NEW MUSIC, INCLUDING AN OVERTURE,

Composed and Arranged expressly to illustrate this Drama by Mr. THOMAS BAKER.

New Scenery by Messrs. T. PITT and THOMPSON. Dresses by Mr. TAYLOR and Miss RAYNOR.

The Extensive Machinery and Properties by Mr. T. IRELAND, Mr. POWELL, and Assistants.

Mrs. CREGAN.....Mrs. BILLINGTON.  
 ANNE CHUTE.....(the Colleen Ruadh).....Miss WOOLGAR—Mrs. A. MELLON.  
 EILY O'CONNOR...(the Colleen Bawn)...Miss AGNES ROBERTSON—Mrs. DION BOUCAULT.  
 SHEELAH.....Mrs. CHATTERLEY.  
 KATHLEEN CREAGH.....Miss HAYMAN. DUCIE BLENNERHASSET.....Miss FOOTE.  
 HARDRESS CREGAN.....(Son of Mrs. Cregan).....Mr. BILLINGTON.  
 KYRLE DALY.....(a College Friend to Hardress).....Mr. DAVID FISHER.  
 HYLAND CREAGH.....Mr. J. G. WARDE.  
 Mr. O'MOORE.....Mr. R. ROMER. SERVANT.....Mr. HOWARD.  
 FATHER TOM.....(Parish Priest of Garryowen).....Mr. C. H. STEPHENSON.  
 Mr. CORRIGAN.....(a Pettifogging Attorney).....Mr. C. J. SMITH.  
 DANNY MANN.....(the Hunchbacked Servant).....Mr. EDMUND FALCONER.  
 MYLES-NA-COPPALEEN.....Mr. DION BOUCAULT.  
 CORPORAL and SOLDIERS.



ACT I.

LAKE OF KILLARNEY (MOONLIGHT)

THE SIGNAL LIGHT!

GAP OF DUNLOE.

COTTAGE ON MUCKROSS HEAD.

The Irish Fireside—The Cruiskeen Lawn—The Oath!

ACT II.

TORC CREGAN.

COTTAGE OF THE COLLEEN BAWN

“The Pretty Girl Milking her Cow.”

MACGILLICUDDY'S REEKS.

THE O'DONOGHUE'S STABLES.

THE WATER CAVE.

COLLEEN BAWN.



ACT III.

# THE HUT. CASTLE CHUTE.

## THE CASTLE GARDENS.

### Illuminated Hall and Garden in Castle Chute.

*Original Cast, at Miss Laura Keene's Theatre, New York, March 27th, 1860.*

MYLES-NA-COPPALEEN.....	Mr. DION BOUCICAULT.
HARDRESS CREGAN.....	Mr. H. F. DALY.
DANNY MANN.....	Mr. CHARLES WHEATLEIGH.
KYRLE DALY.....	Mr. CHARLES FISHER.
FATHER TOM.....	Mr. D. W. LEESON.
MR. CORRIGAN.....	Mr. J. G. BURNETT.
BERTIE O'MOORE.....	Mr. HENRY.
HYLAND CREGH.....	Mr. LEVICK.
SERVANT.....	Mr. GOODRICH.
CORPORAL.....	Mr. CLARKE.
EILY O'CONNOR.....	Miss AGNES ROBERTSON.
ANNE CHUTE.....	Miss LAURA KEENE.
MRS. CREGAN.....	MADAM PONISI.
SHEELAH.....	Miss MARY WELLS.
KATHLEEN CREGH.....	Miss JOSEPHINE HENRY.
DUCE BLENNERHASSET.....	Miss HAMILTON.

COLLEEN BAWN.



In consequence of the production of this Drama, and others by the same Author, in the United States of America, with which there is no existing International Treaty of Copyright, Vice-Chancellor Wood decreed that no property could exist in their representation in this Country; therefore the Assignees of the Author, in whom his property was vested at his bankruptcy, have no title whatever in or to them, and *The Colleen Bawn*, with the Dramas named on the title page of this Play are Performance Free. T. H. L.

## THE COLLEEN BAWN.

### ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.—(Night)—*Torc Cregan—the Residence of Mrs. Cregan on the Banks of Killarney. House, L. 2 E.; window facing Audience (light behind—light to work in drop at back)—stage open at back. Music—seven bars before curtain.*

*Enter HARDRESS CREGAN, from house, L.*

HARD. (*going up, c.*) Hist! Danny, are you there?

DANNY *appearing from below, at back.*

DANNY. Is it yourself, Masther Hardress?

HARD. Is the boat ready?

DANNY. Snug under the blue rock, sir.

HARD. Does Eily expect me to-night?

DANNY. Expict is it? Here is a lether she bade me give yuz; sure the young thing is never aisy when you are away. Look, masther, dear, do ye see that light, no bigger than a star beyant on Muckcross Head?

HARD. Yes, it is the signal which my dear Eily leaves burning in our chamber.

DANNY. All night long she sits beside that light, wid her face fixed on that lamp in your windy above.

HARD. Dear dear Eily, after all here's asleep, I will leap from my window, and we'll cross the lake.

DANNY. (*searching*) Where did I put that lether?

*Enter KYRLE DALY from house, L.*

KYRLE (L.) Hardress, who is that with you?

HARD. (C.) Only Danny Mann, my boatman.

KYRLE. That fellow is like your shadow.

DANNY. (R.) Is it a cripple like me, that would be the shadow of an illegant gentleman like Mr. Hardress Cregan?

KYRLE. (L.) Well, I mean that he never leaves your side.

HARD. (C.) And he never *shall* leave me. Ten years ago he was a fine boy—we were foster-brothers and playmates—in a moment of passion, while we were struggling, I flung him from the gap rock into the reeks below, and thus he was maimed for life.

DANNY. Arrah! whist aroon! wouldn't I die for yez? didn't the same mother foster us? Why, wouldn't ye brake my back if it plazed ye, and welkim! Oh, Masther Kyrle, if ye'd seen him nursin' me for months, and cryin' over me, and keenin'! Sin' that time, sir, my body's been crimpin' up smaller and smaller every year, but my heart is gettin' bigger for him every day.

HARD. Go along, Danny.

DANNY. Long life t'ye, sir! I'm off.

*Runs up and descends rocks, c. to R.*

KYRLE. Hardress, a word with you. Be honest with me—do you love Anne Chute?

HARD. Why do you ask?

KYRLE. Because we have been fellow-collegians and friends through life, and the five years that I have passed at sea have strengthened, but have not cooled, my feelings towards you. (*offers hand*)

*Enter MRS. CREGAN, from house, L.*

HARD. (L.) Nor mine for you, Kyrle. You are the same noble fellow as ever. You ask me if I love my cousin Anne?

MRS. C. (C., *between them*) And I will answer you, Mr. Daly.

HARD. (R.) My mother!

MRS. C. (C.) My son and Miss Chute are engaged. Excuse me, Kyrle, for intruding on your secret, but I have observed your love for Anne with some regret. I hope your heart is not so far gone as to be beyond recovery.

KYRLE. (L.) Forgive me, Mrs. Cregan, but are you certain that Miss Chute really is in love with Hardress?

MRS. C. Look at him! I'm sure no girl could do that and doubt it.

KYRLE. But I'm not a girl, ma'am; and sure, if you are mistaken—

HARD. My belief is that Anne does not care a token for me, and likes Kyrle better.

MRS. C. (C.) You are an old friend of my son, and I may confide to you a family secret. The extravagance of my husband left this estate deeply involved. By this marriage with Anne Chute we redeem every acre of our barony. My son and she have been brought up as children together, and don't know their true feelings yet.

HARD. Stop, mother, I know this: I would not wed my cousin if she did not love me, not if she carried the whole county Kerry in her pocket, and the barony of Kenmare in the crown of her hat.

MRS. C. Do you hear the proud blood of the Cregans?

HARD. Woo her, Kyrle, if you like, and win her if you can. I'll back you.



*Enter ANNE CHUTE, from house, L.*

ANNE. (L. C.) So will I—what's the bet?

MRS. C. (C.) Hush!

ANNE. I'd like to have a bet on Kyrle.

HARD. Well, Anne, I'll tell you what it was.

Mrs. C. (C.) Hardress!

ANNE. (L. C.) Pull in one side, aunt, and let the boy go on.

HARD. (R.) Kyrle wanted to know if the dark brown colt, Hardress Cregan, was going to walk over the course for the Anne Chute Stakes, or whether it was a scrub-race open to all.

ANNE. I'm free-trade—copples, mules and biddys.

MRS. C. How can you trifle with a heart like Kyrle's?

ANNE. Trifle! his heart can be no trifle, if he's all in proportion.

*Enter SERVANT from house, L.*

SERVANT. Squire Corrigan, ma'am, begs to see you.

MRS. C. At this hour, what can the fellow want? Show Mr. Corrigan here.

*Exit SERVANT into house, L.*  
I hate this man; he was my husband's agent, or what the people here call a middle-man—vulgarly polite, and impudently obsequious.

HARD. (R.) Genus squireen—a half sir, and a wholescoundrel.

ANNE. I know—a potatoe on a silver plate: I'll leave you to peel him. Come, Mr. Daly, take me for a moonlight walk, and be funny.

KYRLE. Funny, ma'am, I'm afraid I am—

ANNE. You are heavy, you mean; you roll through the world like a hogshead of whisky; but you only want tapping for pure spirits to flow out spontaneously. Give me your arm. (*crossing, R.*) Hold that glove now. You are from Ballinasloe, I think?

KYRLE. I'm Connaught to the core of my heart.

ANNE. To the roots of your hair, you mean. I bought a horse at Ballinasloe fair that deceived me; I hope you won't turn out to belong to the same family.

KRYLE. (R. C.) What did he do?

ANNE. Oh! like you, he looked well enough—deep in the chest as a pool—a dhiol, and broad in the back, as the Gap of Dunloe—but after two days' warm work he came all to pieces, and Larry, my groom, said he'd been stuck together with glue.

KYRLE. (R.) Really, Miss Chute! *Music.—Exeunt, R. I E.*

HARD. (*advancing, laughing*). That girl is as wild as a copples—she won't leave him a hair on the head. (*goes up*)

*Enter SERVANT, shewing in CORRIGAN from house, L.*

*Exit SERVANT, L.*

CORRIGAN. (L.) Your humble servant, Mrs. Cregan—my service t'ye, 'Squire—it's a fine night entirely.

MRS. C. (C.) May I ask to what business, sir, we have the honour of your call?

CORRIG. (*aside*, L. C.) Proud as Lady Beelzebub, and as grand as a queen. (*aloud*) True for you, ma'am; I would not have come but for a divil of a pinch I'm in entirely. I've got to pay £8,000 to-morrow, or lose the Knockmakilty farms.

MRS. C. (C.) Well, sir?

CORRIG. And I wouldn't trouble ye—

MRS. C. Trouble me, sir?

CORRIG. Iss, ma'am—ye'd be forgettin' now that mortgage I have on this property. It ran out last May, and by rights—

MRS. C. It will be paid next month.

CORRIG. Are you reckonin' on the marriage of Mister Hardress and Miss Anne Chute?

HARD. (*advancing*, R.) Mr. Corrigan, you forget yourself.

MRS. C. Leave us, Hardress, awhile. (HARDRESS *retires*, R.) Now, Mr. Corrigan, state, in as few words as possible, what you demand.

CORRIG. Mrs. Cregan, ma'am, you depend on Miss Anne Chute's fortune to pay me the money, but your son does not love the lady, or, if he does, he has a mighty quare way of shewing it. He has another girl on hand, and betune the two he'll come to the ground, and so bedad will I.

MRS. C. That is false—it is a calumny, sir!

CORRIG. I wish it was, ma'am. D'ye see that light over the lake?—your son's eyes are fixed on it. What would Anne Chute say if she knew that her husband, that is to be, had a mistress beyant—that he slips out every night after you're all in bed, and like Leandher, barrin' the wettin', he sails across to his sweetheart?

MRS. C. Is this the secret of his aversion to the marriage? Fool! fool! what madness, and at such a moment.

CORRIG. That's what I say, and no lie in it.

MRS. C. He shall give up this girl—he must!

CORRIG. I would like to have some security for that. I want by to-morrow Ann Chute's written promise to marry him or my £8,000.

MRS. C. It is impossible, sir; you hold ruin over our heads.

CORRIG. Madam, it's got to hang over your head or mine.

MRS. C. Stay, you know that what you ask is out of our power—you know it—therefore this demand only covers the true object of your visit.

CORRIG. 'Pon my honour! and you are as 'cute, ma'am, as you are beautiful!

MRS. C. Go on, sir.

CORRIG. Mrs. Cregan, I'm goin' to do a foolish thing—now, by gorra I am! I'm richer than ye think, maybe, and if you'll give me your *personal* security, I'll take it.



MRS. C. What do you mean?

CORRIG. I mean that I'll take a lien for life on *you*, instead of the mortgage I hold on the Cregan property. (*aside*) That's nate, I'm thinkin'.

MRS. C. Are you mad?

CORRIG. I am—mad in love with yourself, and that's what I've been these fifteen years. (*Music through dialogue till ANNE CHUTE is off*)

MRS. C. Insolent wretch! my son shall answer and chastise you. (*calls*) Hardress!

HARD. (*advancing*) Madam.

*Enter ANNE CHUTE and KYRLE, B.*

CORRIG. Miss Chute!

HARD. Well, mother? } (*together*)

ANNE. Well, sir? }

MRS. C. (*aside*) Scoundrel! he will tell her all and ruin us! (*aloud*) Nothing. (*turns aside*)

CORRIG. Your obedient.

ANNE. Oh! *Crosses with KYRLE and exit, L. U. E.—Music ceases.*

CORRIG. You are in my power, ma'am. See, now, not a soul but myself knows of this secret love of Hardress Cregan, and I'll keep it as snug as a bug in a rug, if you'll only say the word.

MRS. C. Contemptible hound, I loathe and despise you!

CORRIG. I've known that fifteen years, but it hasn't cured my heart ache.

MRS. C. And you would buy my aversion and disgust!

CORRIG. Just as Anne Chute buys your son, if she knew but all. Can he love his girl beyant, widout haten this heiress he's obliged to swallow?—ain't you sthriven to sell him? But you didn't feel the hardship of being sold till you tried it on yourself.

MRS. C. I beg you, sir, to leave me.

CORRIG. That's right, ma'am—think over it, sleep on it. Tomorrow I'll call for your answer. Good evenin' kindly.

*Music.—Exit CORRIGAN in house, L.*

MRS. C. Hardress.

HARD. What did he want?

MRS. C. He came to tell me the meaning of yonder light upon Muckross Head.

HARD. Ah! has it been discovered. Well, mother, now you know the cause of my coldness, my indifference for Anne.

MRS. C. Are you in your senses, Hardress? Who is this girl?

HARD. She is known at every fair and pattern in Munster as the Colleen Bawn—her name is Eily O'Connor.

MRS. C. A peasant girl—a vulgar barefooted beggar.

HARD. Whatever she is, love has made her my equal, and when you set your foot upon her you tread upon my heart.

MRS. C. 'Tis well, Hardress. I feel that perhaps I have no right to dispose of your life and your happiness—no, my dear son—I would not wound you—heaven knows how well I love my darling boy, and you shall feel it. Corrigan has made me an offer by which you may regain the estate, and without selling yourself to Anne Chute.

HARD. What is it? Of course you accepted it?

MRS. C. No, but I will accept, yes, for your sake—I—I will. He offers to cancel this mortgage if—if—I will consent to—become his wife.

HARD. You—you, mother? Has he dared—

MRS. C. Hush! he is right. A sacrifice must be made—either you or I must suffer. Life is before you—my days are well nigh past—and for your sake, Hardress—for yours; my pride, my only one.—Oh! I would give you more than my life.

HARD. Never—never! I will not cannot accept it. I'll tear that dog's tongue from his throat that dared insult you with the offer.

MRS. C. Foolish boy, before to-morrow night we shall be beggars—outcasts from this estate. Humiliation and poverty stand like spectres at yonder door—to-morrow they will be realities. Can you tear out the tongues that will wag over our fallen fortunes? You are a child, you cannot see beyond your happiness.

HARD. Oh! mother, mother, what can be done? My marriage with Anne is impossible.

*Enter DANNY MANN, up rock, at back.*

DANNY. (R. C.) Whisht, if ye plaze—ye're talkin' so loud she'll hear ye say that—she's comin'.

MRS. C. Has this fellow overheard us?

HARD. If he has, he is mine, body and soul. I'd rather trust him with a secret than keep it myself.

MRS. C. (L. C.) I cannot remain to see Anne; excuse me to my friends. The night perhaps will bring counsel, or at least resolution to hear the worst! Good night, my son.

*Music.—Exit into house, L.*

DANNY. (R. C.) Oh! masher, she doesn't know the worst! She doesn't know that you are married to the Colleen Bawn.

HARD. Hush! what fiend prompts you to thrust that act of folly in my face.

DANNY. Thru for ye, masher! I'm a dirty mane scut to remind ye of it.

HARD. What will my haughty, noble mother say, when she learns the truth! how can I ask her to receive Eily as a daughter?—Eily, with her awkward manners, her Kerry brogue, her ignorance of the usages of society. Oh! what have I done?



DANNY. Oh! vo--vo, has the ould family come to this! Is it the daughter of Mihil-na-Thradrucha, the ould rope-maker of Garryowen, that 'ud take the flure as your wife?

HARD. Be silent, scoundrel! How dare you speak thus of my love?—wretch that I am to blame her!—poor, beautiful, angel-hearted Eily.

DANNY. Beautiful is it! Och—wurra—wurra, deelish! The looking-glass was never made that could do her justice; and if St. Patrick wanted a wife, where would he find an angel that 'ud compare with the Colleen Bawn. As I row her on the lake, the little fishes come up to look at her; and the wind from heaven lifts up her hair to see what the devil brings her down here at all—at all.

HARD. The fault is mine—mine alone—I alone will suffer!

DANNY. Oh! why is'nt it mine? Why can't I suffer for yez, mather dear? Wouldn't I swally every tear in your body, and every bit of bad luck in your life, and then wid a stone round my neck, sink myself and your sorrows in the bottom of the lower lake.

HARD. (*placing hand on DANNY*) Good Danny, away with you to the boat—be ready in a few moments, we will cross to Muckcross Head. (*looks at light at back*)

*Music.—Exit HARDRESS into house, L.*

DANNY. Never fear, sir. Oh! it isn't that spalpeen, Corrigan, that shall bring ruin on that ould place. Lave Danny alone. Danny, the fox, will lade yez round and about, and cross the scint. (*takes off his hat—sees letter*) Bedad, here's the letter from the Colleen Bawn that I couldn't find awhile ago—it's little use now. (*goes to lower window, and reads by light from house*) "Come to your own Eily, that has not seen you for two long days. Come, acushla agrah machree. I have forgotten how much you love me—Shule, shule agrah.—Colleen Bawn." Divil an address is on it.

*Enter KYRLE and ANNE, L. U. E.*

ANNE. (C.) Have they gone?

KYRLE. (L. C.) It is nearly midnight.

ANNE. Before we go in, I insist on knowing who is this girl that possesses your heart. You confess that you are in love—deeply in love.

KYRLE. I do confess it—but not even your power can extract that secret from me—do not ask me, for I could not be false, yet dare not be true. *Exit KYRLE into house, L.*

ANNE. (L. C.) He loves me—oh! he loves me—the little bird is making a nest in my heart. Oh! I'm faint with joy.

DANNY. (*as if calling after him*) Sir, sir!

ANNE. Who is that?

DANNY. I'm the boatman below, an' I'm waitin for the gentleman.

ANNE. What gentleman?

DANNY. Him that's jist left ye, ma'am—I'm waitin' on him.

ANNE. Does Mr. Kyrle Daly go out boating at this hour?

DANNY. It's not for me to say, ma'am, but every night at twelve o'clock I'm here wid my boat under the blue rock below, to put him across the lake to Muckcross Head. I beg your pardon, ma'am, but here's a paper ye dropped on the walk beyant—if it's no vally I'd like to light my pipe wid it. (*gives it*)

ANNE. A paper I dropped! (*goes to window—reads*)

DANNY. (*aside*) Oh, Misther Corrigan, you'll ruin mather will ye? asy now, and see how I'll put the cross on ye.

ANNE. A love-letter from some peasant girl to Kyrle Daly! Can this be the love of which he spoke? have I deceived myself?

DANNY. I must be off, ma'am; here comes the signal. *Music.*

ANNE. The signal?

DANNY. D'ye see yonder light upon Muckcross Head? It is in a cottage windy; that light goes in and out three times winkin' that way, as much as to say, "Are ye comin'?" Then if the light in that room there (*points at house above*) answers by a wink, it manes No! but if it goes out entirely, his honour jumps from the parlour windy into the garden behind and we're off. Look! (*light in cottage disappears*) That's one. (*light appears*) Now again. (*light disappears*) That's two. (*light appears*) What did I tell you? (*light disappears*) That's three, and here it comes again. (*light appears*) Wait now, and ye'll see the answer. (*light disappears from window, L.*) That's my gentleman. (*Music change*) You see he's goin'—good night, ma'am.

ANNE. Stay, here's money; do not tell Mr. Daly that I know of this.

DANNY. Divil a word—long life t'ye. (*goes up*)

ANNE. I was not deceived; he meant me to understand that he loved me! Hark! I hear the sound of some one who leaped heavily on the garden walk. (*goes to house, L.—looking at back*)

*Enter HARDRESS, wrapped in a boat cloak, L. U. E.*

DANNY. (*going down, R. C.*) All right, yer honour.

(*HARDRESS crosses at back, and down rock, R. C.*)

ANNE. (*hiding, L.*) It is he, 'tis he. (*mistaking Hardress for Daly—closed in*)

SCENE SECOND.—*The Gap of Dunloe. (1st groove.) Hour before sunrise.*

*Enter CORRIGAN, R. 1 E.*

CORRIG. From the rock above I saw the boat leave Torc Cregan. It is now crossing the lake to the cottage. Who is



this girl? What is this mysterious mistress of young Cregan?—that I'll find out.

(MYLES *sings outside*, L.)

“ Oh! Charley Mount is a pretty place,  
In the month of July——”

CORRIG. Who's that?—'Tis that poaching scoundrel—that horse stealer, Myles na Coppaleen. Here he comes with a keg of illicit whisky, as bould as Nebuckadezzar.

*Enter MYLES singing, with keg on his shoulder*, L.

Is that you, Myles?

MYLES. No! it's my brother.

CORRIG. I know ye, my man.

MYLES. Then why the divil did ye ax?

CORRIG. You may as well answer me kindly—civility costs nothing.

MYLES. (L. C.) Ow now! don't it? Civility to a lawyer manes six-and-eight-pence about.

CORRIG. (R. C.) What's that on your shoulder?

MYLES. What's that to you?

CORRIG. I am a magistrate, and can oblige you to answer.

MYLES. Well! it's a boulder belongin' to my mother's feather bed.

CORRIG. Stuff'd with whisky!

MYLES. Bedad! how would I know what it's stuff'd wid? I'm not an upholsterer.

CORRIG. Come, Myles, I'm not so bad a fellow as ye may think.

MYLES. To think of that now!

CORRIG. I am not the mane creature you imagine!

MYLES. Ain't ye now, sir? You keep up appearances mighty well, indeed.

CORRIG. No, Myles! I am not that blackguard I've been represented.

MYLES. (*sits on keg*) See that now—how people take away a man's character. You are another sort of blackguard entirely.

CORRIG. You shall find me a gentleman—liberal, and ready to protect you.

MYLES. Long life t'ye, sir.

CORRIG. Myles, you have come down in the world lately; a year ago you were a thriving horse-dealer, now you are a lazy, ragged fellow.

MYLES. Ah, it's the bad luck, sir, that's in it.

CORRIG. No, it's the love of Eily O'Connor that's in it—it's the pride of Garryowen that took your heart away, and made ye what ye are—a smuggler and a poacher.

MYLES. Tim's hard words.

CORRIG. But they are true. You live like a wild beast in some cave or hole in the rocks above; by night your gun is heard shootin' the otter as they lie out on the stones, or you snare the salmon in your nets; on a cloudy night your whiskey still is going—you see, I know your life.

MYLES. Better than the priest, and devil a lie in it.

CORRIG. Now, if I put ye in a snug farm—stock ye with pigs and cattle, and rowl you up comfortable—a'ye think the Colleen Bawn wouldn't jump at ye?

MYLES. Bedad, she'd make a lape I b'leve—and what would I do for all this luck?

CORRIG. Find out for me who it is that lives at the cottage on Muckcross Head.

MYLES. That's asy—it's Danny Mann—no less and his ould mother Sheelah.

CORRIG. Yes, Myles, but there's another—a girl who is hid there.

MYLES. Ah, now!

CORRIG. She only goes out at night.

MYLES. Like the owls.

CORRIG. She's the misthress of Hardress Cregan.

MYLES. (*seizing* CORRIGAN) Thurra mon dhiol, what's that?

CORRIG. Oh, lor! Myles—Myles—what's the matter—are you mad?

MYLES. No—that is—why—why did ye raise your hand at me in that way?

CORRIG. I didn't.

MYLES. I thought ye did—I'm mighty quick at takin' thim hints, bein' on me keepin' agin' the gaugers—go on—I didn't hurt ye.

CORRIG. Not much.

MYLES. You want to find out who this girl is?

CORRIG. I'll give £20 for the information—there's ten on account. (*gives money*)

MYLES. Long life t'ye; that's the first money I iver got from a lawyer, and bad luck to me but there's a cure for the evil eye in thim pieces.

CORRIG. You will watch to night?

MYLES. In five minutes I'll be inside the cottage itself.

CORRIG. That's the lad.

MYLES. (*aside*) I was goin' there.

CORRIG. And to-morrow you will step down to my office with the particulars?

MYLES. To-morrow you shall breakfast on them.

CORRIG. Good night, entirely.

*Exit* CORRIGAN, L.

MYLES. I'll give ye a cowstail to swally, and make ye think it's a chapter in St. Patrick, ye spalpeen! When he called Eily the misthress of Hardress Cregan, I nearly sthretched



him—begorra, I was full of sudden death that minute! Oh, Eily! acushla agrah ashore machree! as the stars watch over Innisfallen, and as the wathers go round it and keep it, so I watch and keep round you, avourneen!

*Song.*—MYLES.

Oh, Limerick is beautiful, as everybody knows,  
The river Shannon's full of fish, beside that city flows;  
But it is not the river, nor the fish that preys upon my mind,  
Nor with the town of Limerick have I any fault to find.  
The girl I love is beautiful, she's fairer than the dawn;  
She lives in Garryowen, and she's called the Colleen Bawn.  
As the river, proud and bold, goes by that famed city,  
So proud and cold, widout a word, that Colleen goes by me!  
Oh, hone! Oh, hone!

Oh, if I was the Emperor of Russia to command,  
Or Julius Cæsar, or the Lord Lieutenant of the land,  
I'd give up all my wealth, my manes, I'd give up my army,  
Both the horse, the fut, and the Royal Artillery;  
I'd give the crown from off my head, the people on their knees,  
I'd give my fleet of sailing ships upon the briny seas,  
And a beggar I'd go to sleep, a happy man at dawn,  
If by my side, fast for my bride, I'd the darlin' Colleen Bawn.  
Oh, hone! Oh, hone!

I must reach the cottage before the masther arrives; Father Tom is there waitin' for this keg o' starlight—it's my tithe; I call every tenth keg "his riverince." It's worth money to see the way it does the old man good, and brings the wather in his eyes; it's the only place I ever see any about him—heaven bless him! (*sings*) *Exit* MYLES, R.—*Musie*.

SCENE THIRD.—*Interior of Eily's Cottage on Muckcross Head; fire burning, R. 3 E.; table, R. C.; arm chair; two stools, R. of table; stool L. of table; basin, sugar spoon, two jugs, tobacco, plate, knife, and lemon on table.*

FATHER TOM *discovered smoking in arm chair, R. C.*—EILY *in balcony, watching over lake.*

FATHER TOM. (*sings*) "Tobacco is an Injun weed." And every weed wants wathering to make it come up; but tobacco bein' an Injun weed that is accustomed to a hot climate, water is entirely too cold for its warrum nature—it's whiskey and water it wants. I wonder if Myles has come; I'll ask Eily. (*calls*) Eily alanna! Eily a suilish machree!

EILY. (*turning*) Is it me, Father Tom?

FATHER T. Has he come?

EILY. No, his boat is half a mile off yet.

FATHER T. Half a mile! I'll choke before he's here.

EILY. Do you mean Hardress?

FATHER T. No, dear! Myles na Coppaleen—cum spiritu Hiberneuse—which manes in Irish, wid a keg of poteen.

*Enter MYLES, R. U. E., down C.*

MYLES. Here I am, your riverince, never fear. I tould Sheelah to hurry up with the materials, knowin ye'd be dhry and hasty.

*Enter SHEELAH, with kettle of water, R. U. E.*

SHEELAH. Here's the hot water.

MYLES. Lave it there till I brew Father Tom a pint of mother's milk.

SHEELAH. We'll thin, ye'll do your share of the work, and not a ha'porth more.

MYLES. Didn't I bring the sperrits from two miles and more? and I deserve to have the pref'rence to make the punch for his riverince.

SHEELAH. And didn't I watch the kettle all night, not to let it off the boil?—there now.

MYLES. (*quarrelling with SHEELAH*) No, you did'nt, &c.

SHEELAH. (*quarrelling*) Yes, I did, &c.

EILY. No, no; I'll make it, and nobody else.

FATHER T. Asy now, ye bocauns, and whist; Myles shall put in the whisky, Sheelah shall put in the hot water, and Eily, my Colleen, shall put the sugar in the cruiskeen. A blessin' on ye all three that loves the ould man. (*MYLES takes off hat — WOMEN curtsey — they make punch*) See now, my children, there's a moral in everything, e'en in a jug of punch. There's the sperrit, which is the sowl and strength of the man. (*MILES pours spirit from keg*) That's the whiskey. There's the sugar, which is the smile of woman; (*EILY puts sugar*) without that, life is without taste or sweetness. Then there's the lemon, (*EILY puts lemon*) which is love; a squeeze now and again does a boy no harm; but not too much. And the hot water (*SHEELAH pours water*) which is adversity—as little as possible if ye plaze—that makes the good things better still.

MYLES. And it's complate, ye see, for it's a woman that gets into hot wather all the while. (*pours from jug to jug*)

SHEELAH. Myles, if I hadn't the kettle, I'd bate ye.

MYLES. Then, why didn't ye let me make the punch? There's a guinea for your riverince that's come t'ye—one in ten I got awhile ago—it's your tithe—put a hole in it, and hang it on your watch chain, for it's a mighty grate charm entirely. (*they sit, SHEELAH near fire, COLLEEN on stool beside her, FATHER TOM in chair, MYLES on stool, L. of table*)



FATHER T. Eily, look at that boy, and tell me, haven't ye a dale to answer for?

EILY. He isn't as bad about me as he used to be; he's getting over it.

MYLES. Yes, darlin', the storm has passed over, and I've got into settled bad weather.

FATHER T. Maybe, afther all, ye'd have done better to have married Myles there, than be the wife of a man that's ashamed to own ye.

EILY. He isn't—he's proud of me. It's only when I spake like the poor people, and say or do anything wrong, that he's hurt; but I'm gettin' clane of the brogue, and learnin' to do nothing—I'm to be changed entirely.

MYLES. Oh! if he'd lave me yer own self, and only take away wid him his improvements. Oh! murder—Eily, aroon, why wasn't ye twins, an' I could have one of ye, only nature couldn't make two like ye—it would be onreasonable to ax it.

EILY. Poor Myles, do you love me still so much?

MYLES. Didn't I lave the world to folly ye, and since then there's been neither night nor day in my life—I lay down on Glenna Point above, where I see this cottage, and I lived on the sight of it. Oh! Eily, if tears were pison to the grass there wouldn't be a green blade on Glenna Hill this day.

EILY. But you knew I was married, Myles.

MYLES. Not thin, aroon—Father Tom found me that way, and sat beside, and lifted up my soul. Then I confessed to him, and, sez he, "Myles, go to Eily, she has something to say to you—say I sent you." I came, and ye tould me ye were Hardress Cregan's wife, and that was a great comfort entirely. Since I knew that (*drinks—voice in cup*) I haven't been the blackguard I was.

FATHER T. See the beauty of the priest, my darlin'—*videte et admirate*—see and admire it. It was at confession that Eily tould me she loved Cregan, and what did I do?—sez I, "Where did you meet your sweetheart?" "At Garryowen," sez she. "Well," says I; "that's not the place." "Thru, your riverince, it's too public entirely," sez she. "Ye'll mate him only in one place," sez I; "and that's the stile that's behind my chapel," for, d'ye see, her mother's grave was forenint the spot, and there's a sperrit round the place, (*MYLES drinks*) that kept her pure and strong. Myles, ye thafe, drink fair.

SHEELAH. Come now, Eily, couldn't ye cheer up his riverince wid the tail of a song?

EILY. Hardress bid me not sing any ould Irish songs, he says the words are vulgar.

SHEELAH. Father Tom will give ye absolution.

FATHER T. Put your lips to that jug; there's only the sthrippens left. Drink! and while that thru Irish liquor

warms your heart, take this wid it. May the brogue of ould Ireland niver forsake your tongue—may her music niver lave yer voice—and may a true Irishwoman's virtue niver die in your heart!

MYLES. Come, Eily, it's my liquor—haven't ye a word to say for it?

*Song, EILY—“Cruiskeen Lawn.”*

Let the farmer praise his grounds,  
As the huntsman doth his hounds,  
And the shepherd his fresh and dewy morn;  
But I, more blest than they,  
Spend each night and happy day,

With my smilin' little Cruiskeen Lawn, Lawn, Lawn.

*Chorus (repeat)* Gramachree, mavourneen, slanta gal avourneen,  
Gramachree ma Cruiskeen Lawn, Lawn, Lawn,  
With my smiling little Cruiskeen Lawn.

*(chorussed by MYLES, FATHER T., and SHEELAH)*

MYLES.

And when grim Death appears  
In long and happy years,  
To tell me that my glass is run,  
I'll say, begone, you slave,  
For great Bacchus gave me lave  
To have another Cruiskeen Lawn—Lawn—Lawn.

*Chorus.—Repeat.*

Gramachree, &c., &c.

HARD. *(without, L. U. E.)* Ho! Sheelah—Sheelah!

SHEELAH. *(rising)* Whisht! it's the master.

EILY. *(frightened)* Hardress! oh, my! what will he say if he finds us here—run, Myles—quick, Sheelah—clear away the things.

FATHER T. Hurry now, or we'll get Eily in throuble. *(takes keg—MYLES takes jugs—SHEELAH kettle)*

HARD. Sheelah, I say!

*Exeunt FATHER TOM and MYLES, R. U. E., quickly.*

SHEELAH. Comin', Sir, I'm puttin' on my petticoat.

*Exit SHEELAH, R. U. E., quickly.*

*Enter HARDRESS and DANNY, L. U. E. opening—DANNY immediately goes off, R. U. E.*

EILY. (C.) Oh, Hardress, ashore!

HARD. (L. C.) Don't call me by those confounded Irish words—what's the matter? you're trembling like a bird caught in a trap.

EILY. Am I, mavou—no I mean—is it tremblin' I am, dear?

HARD. What a dreadful smell of tobacco there is here, and



the fumes of whiskey punch too, the place smells like a shebeen. Who has been here?

EILY. There was Father Tom an' Myles dhropped in.

HARD. Nice company for my wife—a vagabond.

EILY. Ah! who made him so but me, dear? Before I saw you, Hardress, Myles coorted me, and I was kindly to the boy.

HARD. Damn it, Eily, why will you remind me that my wife was ever in such a position?

EILY. I won't see him again—if yer angry, dear, I'll tell him to go away, and he will, because the poor boy loves me.

HARD. Yes, better than I do you mean?

EILY. No, I don't—oh! why do you spake so to your poor, Eily?

HARD. Spake so! Can't you say speak?

EILY. I'll thry, aroon—I'm sthrivin'—'tis mighty hard, but what wouldn't I undert-tee-ta—undergo for your sa-se—for your seek.

HARD. Sake—sake!

EILY. Sake—seek—oh, it is to fother people entirely they mixed 'em up! Why didn't they make them all one way?

HARD. (*aside*) It is impossible! How can I present her as my wife? Oh! what an act of madness to tie myself to one so much beneath me—beautiful—good as she is—

EILY. Hardress, you are pale—what has happened?

HARD. Nothing—that is nothing but what you will rejoice at.

EILY. What d'ye mane?

HARD. What do I mane! Mean—mean!

EILY. I beg your pardon, dear.

HARD. Well; I mean that after to-morrow there will be no necessity to hide our marriage, for I shall be a beggar, my mother will be an outcast, and amidst all the shame, who will care what wife a Cregan takes?

EILY. And d'ye think I'd like to see you dhragged down to my side—ye don't know me—see now—never call me wife again—don't let on to mortal that we're married—I'll go as a servant in your mother's house—I'll work for the smile ye'll give me in passing, and I'll be happy, if ye'll only let me stand outside and hear your voice.

HARD. You're a fool. I told you that I was betrothed to the richest heiress in Kerry; her fortune alone can save us from ruin. To-night my mother discovered my visits here, and I told her who you were.

EILY. Oh! what did she say?

HARD. It broke her heart.

EILY. Hardress! is there no hope?

HARD. None. That is none—that—that I can name.

EILY. There is one—I see it.

HARD. There is. We were children when we were married,

and I could get no priest to join our hands but one, and he had been disgraced by his bishop. He is dead. There was no witness to the ceremony but Danny Mann—no proof but his word, and your certificate.

EILY. (*takes paper from her breast*) This!

HARD. Eily! if you doubt my eternal love keep that security, it gives you the right to the shelter of my roof; but oh! if you would be content with the shelter of my heart.

EILY. And will it save ye, Hardress? and will your mother forgive me?

HARD. She will bless you—she will take you to her breast.

EILY. But you—another will take you to her breast.

HARD. Oh! Eily, darling—d'ye think I could forget you, machree—forget the sacrifice more than blood you give me.

EILY. Oh! when you talk that way to me, ye might take my life, and heart, and all. Oh! Hardress, I love you—take the paper and tare it.

(HARDRESS *takes paper*)

*Enter MYLES, C., opening.*

MYLES. No. I'll be damned if he shall.

HARD. Scoundrel! you have been listening?

MYLES. To every word. I saw Danny, wid his ear agin that dure, so as there was only one kay-hole I adopted the windy. Eily, aroon, Mr. Cregan will giv' ye back that paper; you can't tare up an oath; will ye help him then to cheat this other girl, and to make her his mistress, for that's what she'll be if ye are his wife. An' after all, what is there agin' the crature? Only the money she's got. Will you stop lovin' him when his love belongs to another? No! I know it by myself; but if ye jine their hands together your love will be an adultery.

EILY. Oh, no!

HARD. Vagabond! outcast! jail bird! dare you prate of honor to me?

MYLES. (C.) I am an outlaw, Mr. Cregan—a felon may be—but if you do this thing to that poor girl that loves you so much—had I my neck in the rope—or my fut on the deck of a convict ship—I'd turn round and say to ye, "Hardress Cregan, I make ye a present of the contimpt of a rogue." (*snaps fingers*)

*Music till end of Act.—Enter FATHER TOM, SHEELAH and DANNY, R. U. E.—HARDRESS throws down paper—goes to table—takes hat.*

HARD. Be it so, Eily, farewell! until my house is clear of these vermin—(DANNY *appears at back*)—you will see me no more.

*Exit HARDRESS, L. C., followed by DANNY.*

EILY. Hardress—Hardress! (*going up*) Don't leave me, Hardress!



FATHER T. (*intercepts her*) Stop, Eily! (*DANNY returns and listens*)

EILY. He's gone—he's gone!

FATHER T. Give me that paper, Myles. (*MYLES picks it up—gives it*) Kneel down there, Eily, before me—put that paper in your breast.

EILY. (*kneeling*) Oh! what will I do—what will I do!

FATHER T. Put your hand upon it now.

EILY. Oh, my heart—my heart!

FATHER T. Be the hush, and spake after me—by my mother that's in heaven.

EILY. By my mother that's in heaven.

FATHER T. By the light and the word.

EILY. By the light and the word.

FATHER T. Sleepin' or wakin'.

EILY. Sleepin' or wakin'.

FATHER T. This proof of my truth.

EILY. This proof of my truth.

FATHER T. Shall never again quit my breast.

EILY. Shall never again quit my breast. (*EILY utters a cry and falls—Tableau*)

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.—(*1st grooves*)—*Gap of Dunloe; same as Second Scene, Act I.—Music.*

*Enter HARDRESS and DANNY, L. 1 E.*

HARD. (R.) Oh! what a giddy fool I've been. What would I give to recal this fatal act which bars my fortune?

DANNY. (L.) There's something throublin' yez, Masther Hardress. Can't Danny do something to aise ye?—spake the word and I'll die for ye.

HARD. Danny, I *am* troubled. I was a fool when I refused to listen to you at the chapel of Castle Island.

DANNY. When I warned ye to have no call to Eily O'Connor.

HARD. I was mad to marry her.

DANNY. I knew she was no wife for you. A poor thing widout manners, or money, or book larnin', or a ha'porth of fortin'. Oh! worra. I told ye dat, but ye bate me off, and here now is the way of it.

HARD. Well, it's done, and can't be undone.

DANNY. Bedad, I dun know that. Wouldn't she untie the knot herself—couldn't ye coax her?

HARD. No.

DANNY. Is that her love for you? You that giv' up the divil an all for her. What's *her* ruin to yours? Ruin—goredoutha—ruin is it? Don't I pluck a shamrock and wear it a day for the glory of St. Patrick, and then throw it away when it's gone by my likin'. What, is *she* to be ruined by a gentleman? Whoo! Mighty good, for the likes o' her.

HARD. She would have yielded, but—

DANNY. Asy now, an I'll tell ye. Pay her passage out to Quaybec, and put her aboard a three-master widout sayin' a word. Lave it to me. Danny will clare the road foreint ye.

HARD. Fool, if she still possesses that certificate—the proof of my first marriage—how can I dare to wed another? Commit bigamy—disgrace my wife—bastardize my children!

DANNY. Den' by the powers, I'd do by Eily as wid the glove there on yer hand; make it come off, as it come on—an' if it fits too tight, take the knife to it.

HARD. (*turning to him*) What do you mean?

DANNY. Only gi' me the word, an' I'll engage that the Colleen Bawn will never trouble ye any more; don't ax me any questions at all. Only—if you're agreeable, take off that glove from yer hand and give it me for a token—that's enough.

HARD. (*throws off cloak—seizes him—throws him down*) Villain! Dare you utter a word or meditate a thought of violence towards that girl—

DANNY. Oh! murder—may I never die in sin, if—

HARD. Begone! away, at once, and quit my sight. I have chosen my doom; I must learn to endure it—but, blood! and hers! Shall I make cold and still that heart that beats alone for me?—quench those eyes, that look so tenderly in mine? Monster! am I so vile that you dare to whisper such a thought?

DANNY. Oh! masher, divil burn me if I meant any harm.

HARD. Mark me well, now. Respect my wife as you would the queen of the land—whisper a word such as those you uttered to me, and it will be your last. I warn ye—remember and obey.

*Exit HARDRESS, R.*

DANNY. (*rises—picks up cloak*) Oh! the darlin' crature! would I harrum a hair of her blessed head?—no! Not unless you gave me that glove, and den I'd jump into the bottomless pit for ye.

*Exit DANNY R.—Music—change.*

SCENE SECOND.—*Room in Mrs. Cregan's house; window, R. in flat, backed by landscape; door, L. in flat; backed by interior. (lights up)*

*Enter ANNE CHUTE, L. in flat.*

ANNE. That fellow runs in my head. (*looking at window*)



There he is in the garden, smoking like a chimney-pot. (*calls*)  
Mr. Daly!

KYRLE. (*outside window*) Good morning!

ANNE. (*aside*) To think he'd smile that way, after going  
Leandering all night like a dissipated young owl. (*aloud*) Did  
you sleep well? (*aside*) Not a wink, you villain, and you know it.

KYRLE. I slept like a top.

ANNE. (*aside*) I'd like to have the whipping of ye. (*aloud*)  
When did you get back?

KYRLE. Get back! I've not been out.

ANNE. (*aside*) He's not been out! This is what men come to  
after a cruise at sea—they get sunburnt with love. Those  
foreign donnas teach them to make fire-places of their hearts,  
and chimney-pots of their mouths. (*aloud*) What are you  
doing down there? (*aside*) As if he was stretched out to dry.

(KYRLE puts down pipe outside)

*Enter KYRLE through window, R., in flat.*

KYRLE. (R. C.) I have been watching Hardress coming over  
from Divil's Island in his boat—the wind was dead against him.

ANNE. (L. C.) It was fair for going to Divil's Island last night,  
I believe.

KYRLE. Was it?

ANNE. You were up late, I think?

KYRLE. I was. I watched by my window for hours, thinking  
of her I loved—slumber overtook me and I dreamed of a  
happiness I never can hope for.

ANNE. Look me straight in the face.

KYRLE. Oh! if some fairy could strike us into stone—  
and leave us looking for ever into each other's faces, like the  
blue lake below and the sky above it.

ANNE. Kyrle Daly! What would you say to a man who had  
two loves, one to whom he escaped at night and the other to  
whom he devoted himself during the day, what would you say?

KYRLE. I'd say he had no chance.

ANNE. Oh! Captain Cautious! Well answered. Isn't he fit  
to take care of anybody?—his cradle was cut out of a witness  
box.

*Enter HARDRESS through window, R., in flat.*

KYRLE. (R.) Anne! I don't know what you mean, but that I  
know that I love you, and you are sporting with a wretchedness  
you cannot console. I was wrong to remain here so long, but  
I thought my friendship for Hardress would protect me against  
your invasion—now I will go. (*HARDRESS advancing*)

HARD. (C.) No, Kyrle, you will stay. Anne, he loves you, and  
I more than suspect you prefer him to me. From this moment

you are free; I release you from all troth to me: in his presence I do this.

ANNE. (L.) Hardress!

HARD. There is a bar between us which you should have known before, but I could not bring myself to confess. Forgive me, Anne—you deserve a better man than I am. *Exit, L.*

ANNE. A bar between us! What does he mean?

KYRLE. He means that he is on the verge of ruin: he did not know how bad things were till last night. His generous noble heart recoils from receiving anything from you but love.

ANNE. And does he think I'd let him be ruined any way? Does he think I wouldn't sell the last rood o' land—the gown off my back, and the hair off my head before the boy that protected and loved me, the child, years ago, should come to a hap'orth of harrum. (*crosses to R.*)

KYRLE. Miss Chute!

ANNE. Well, I can't help it. When I am angry the brogue comes out, and my Irish heart will burst through manners, and graces, and twenty stay-laces. (*crosses to L.*) I'll give up my fortune, that I will.

KYRLE. You can't—you've got a guardian who cannot consent to such a sacrifice.

ANNE. Have I? then I'll find a husband that will.

KYRLE. (*aside*) She means me—I see it in her eyes.

ANNE. (*aside*) He's trying to look unconscious. (*aloud*) Kyrle Daly, on your honour and word as a gentleman, do you love me and nobody else?

KYRLE. Do you think me capable of contaminating your image by admitting a meaner passion into my breast?

ANNE. Yes, I do.

KYRLE. Then you wrong me.

ANNE. I'll prove that in one word.—Take care now—it's coming.

KYRLE. Go on.

ANNE. (*aside*) Now I'll astonish him. (*aloud*) Eily!

KYRLE. What's that?

ANNE. "Shule, shule, agrah!"

KYRLE. Where to?

ANNE. Three winks, as much as to say, "Are you coming?" and an extinguisher above here means "Yes." Now you see I know all about it.

KYRLE. You have the advantage of me.

ANNE. Confess now, and I'll forgive you.

KYRLE. I will—tell me what to confess, and I'll confess it—I don't care what it is.

ANNE. (*aside*) If I hadn't eye-proof he'd brazen it out of me. Isn't he cunning? He's one of those that would get fat where a fox would starve.



KYRLE. That was a little excursion into my past life—a sudden descent on my antecedents, to see if you could not surprise an infidelity—but I defy you.

ANNE. You do? I accept that defiance, and mind me, Kyrle, if I find you true, as I once thought, there's my hand; but if you are false in this, Anne Chute will never change her name for yours. (*he kisses her hand*) Leave me now.

KYRLE. Oh! the lightness you have given to my heart. The number of pipes I'll smoke this afternoon will make them think we've got a haystack on fire.

*Exit KYRLE, through window, R.*

ANNE (*rings bell on table, R.*) Here, Pat—Barney—some one.

*Enter SERVANT, L. door in flat.*

Tell Larry Dolan, my groom, to saddle the black mare, Fireball, but not bring her round the house—I'll mount in the stables.

*Exit SERVANT, L. door in flat.*

I'll ride over to Muckcross Head, and draw that cottage; I'll know what's there. It mayn't be right, but I haven't a big brother to see after me—and self-protection is the first law of nature.

*Exit ANNE, R. 1 E*

*Music.—Enter MRS. CREGAN and HARDRESS, L. door in flat.*

MRS. C. (R. C.) What do you say, Hardress?

HARD. (L. C.) I say, mother, that my heart and faith are both already pledged to another, and I cannot break my engagement.

MRS. C. And this is the end of all our pride!

HARD. Repining is useless—thought and contrivance are of no avail—the die is cast.

MRS. C. Hardress—I speak not for myself, but for you—and I would rather see you in your coffin than married to this poor, lowborn, silly, vulgar creature. I know you, my son, you will be miserable, when the infatuation of first love is past; when you turn from her and face the world, as one day you must do, you will blush to say, "This is my wife." Every word from her mouth will be a pang to your pride—you will follow her movements with terror—the contempt and derision she excites will rouse you first to remorse, and then to hatred—and from the bed to which you go with a blessing, you will rise with a curse.

HARD. Mother! mother! (*throws himself in chair, R.*)

MRS. C. To Anne you have acted a heartless and dishonourable part—her name is already coupled with yours at every fireside in Kerry.

*Enter SERVANT, L. door in flat.*

SERV. Mr. Corrigan, ma'am.

MRS. C. He comes for his answer. Shew him in.

*Exit SERVANT, L. door in flat.*

The hour has come, Hardress—what answer shall I give him?

HARD. Refuse him—let him do his worst.

MRS. C. And face beggary! On what shall we live? I tell you the prison for debt is open before us. Can you work? No! Will you enlist as a soldier, and send your wife into service? We are ruined—d'ye hear—ruined. I must accept this man only to give you and yours a shelter, and under Corrigan's roof I may not be ashamed perhaps to receive your wife.

*Enter SERVANT, shewing in MR. CORRIGAN, L. door in flat.*

CORRIG. (L.) Good morning, ma'am; I am punctual you perceive.

MRS. C. (C.) We have considered your offer, sir, and we see no alternative—but—but——

CORRIG. Mrs. Cregan, I'm proud, ma'am, to take your hand.

HARD. (*starting up*) Begone—begone, I say—touch her and I'll brain you.

CORRIG. Squire! Sir! Mr. Hardress.

HARD. Must I hurl you from the house?

*Enter two SERVANTS, door in flat.*

MRS. C. Hardress, my darling boy, restrain yourself.

CORRIG. Good morning, ma'am. I have my answer. (*to*

SERVANT) Is Miss Chute within?

SERV. No, sir, she's just galloped out of the stable yard.

CORRIG. Say I called to see her. I will wait upon her at this hour to-morrow. (*looking at the Cregans*) To-morrow! to-morrow!

*Exit followed by SERVANTS, L. door in flat.*

MRS. C. To-morrow will see us in Limerick Jail, and this house in the hands of the sheriff.

HARD. Mother! heaven guide and defend me; let me rest for awhile—you don't know all yet, and I have not the heart to tell you. (*crosses L.*)

MRS. C. With you, Hardress, I can bear anything—anything—but your humiliation and your unhappiness——

HARD. I know it, mother, I know it. *Exit, L. 1 E.—Music.*

*DANNY appears at window, R. in flat.*

DANNY. Whisht—missiz—whisht.

MRS. C. (L. C.) Who's there?

DANNY. It's me sure, Danny—that is—I know the throuble that's in it. I've been through it all wid him.

MRS. C. You know, then——?

DANNY. Everything, ma'am; and, shure, I sthruv hard and long to impache him from doing id.

MRS. C. Is he, indeed, so involved with this girl that he will not give her up?



DANNY. No; he's got over the worst of it, but she holds him tight, and he feels kindly and soft-hearted for her, and darn't do what another would.

MRS. C. Dare not?

DANNY. Sure she might be packed off across the wather to Ameriky, or them parts beyant? Who'd ever ax a word afther her?—barrin' the masther, who'd murder me if he knew I whispered such a thing.

MRS. C. But would she go?

DANNY. Ow, ma'am, wid a taste of persuasion, we'd mulvather her aboard. But there's another way again, and if ye'd only coax the masther to send me his glove, he'd know the manin' of that token, and so would I.

MRS. C. His glove?

DANNY. Sorra a haporth else. If he'll do that, I'll take my oath ye'll hear no more of the Colleen Bawn.

MRS. C. I'll see my son.

*Exit, L. D. F.*

DANNY. Tare an''ouns, that lively girl, Miss Chute, has gone the road to Muckcross Head; I've watched her—I've got my eye on all of them. If she sees Eily—ow, ow, she'll get the ring itself in that helpin' of kale-canon. Be the piper, I'll run across the lake, and, maybe, get there first; she's got a long round to go, and the wind rising—a purty blast entirely.

*(goes to window—Music.)*

*Re-enter MRS. CREGAN, L. D. F., with glove.*

MRS. C. *(aside)* I found his gloves in the hall, where he had thrown them in his hat.

DANNY. Did ye ax him, ma'am?

MRS. C. I did—and here is the reply. *(holds out glove)*

DANNY. He has changed his mind, then?

MRS. C. He has entirely.

DANNY. And—and—I am—to—do it?

MRS. C. That is the token.

DANNY. I know it—I'll keep my promise. I'm to make away with her?

MRS. C. Yes, yes—take her away—away with her!

*Exit MRS. CREGAN, L. door in flat.*

DANNY. Never fear, ma'am. *(going to window)* He shall never see or hear again of the Colleen Bawn.

*Exit DANNY through window—change.*

SCENE THIRD.—*Exterior of Eily's Cottage; Cottage, R. 3 E.; set pieces, backed by Lake; table and two seats, R. C.*

SHEELAH and EILY discovered knitting.

SHEELAH. (R.) Don't cry, darlin'—don't, alaina!

EILY. (L.) He'll never come back to me—I'll never see him again, Sheelah!

SHEELAH. Is it lave his own wife?

EILY. I've sent him a letter by Myles, and Myles has never come back—I've got no answer—he won't spake to me—I am standin' betune him and fortune—I'm in the way of his happiness. I wish I was dead!

SHEELAH. Whisht! be the husht! what talk is that? when I'm tuk sad that way, I go down to the chapel and pray a turn—it lifts the cloud off my heart.

EILY. I can't pray; I've tried, but unless I pray for him, I can't bring my mind to it.

SHEELAH. I never saw a colleen that loved as you love; sorra come to me, but I b'lieve you've got enough to supply all Munster, and more left over than would choke ye if you wern't azed of it.

EILY. He'll come back—I'm sure he will; I was wicked to doubt. Oh! Sheelah! what becomes of the girls he doesn't love. Is there anything goin' on in the world where he isn't?

SHEELAH.—There now—you're smilin' again.

EILY. I'm like the first mornin' when he met me—there was dew on the young day's eye—a smile on the lips o' the lake. Hardress will come back—oh! yes; he'll never leave his poor Eily all alone by herself in this place. Whisht', now, an' I'll tell you.

(*Music*)

*Song.—Air, "Pretty Girl Milking her Cow."*

'Twas on a bright morning in summer,

I first heard his voice speaking low,

As he said to a colleen beside me,

"Who's that pretty girl milking her cow?"

And many times after he met me,

And vow'd that I always should be

His own little darling alanna,

Mavourneen a sweetish machree.

I haven't the manners or graces

Of the girls in the world where ye move,

I haven't their beautiful faces,

But I have a heart that can love.

If it plase ye, I'll dress in satins,

And jewels I'll put on my brow,

But don't ye be after forgettin'

Your pretty girl milking her cow.

SHEELAH. Ah, the birds sit still on the boughs to listen to her, and the trees stop whisperin'; she leaves a mighty big silence behind her voice, that nothin' in nature wants to break. My blessin' on the path before her—there's an angel at the other end of it.

*Exit SHEELAH in cottage, R.*



EILY. (*repeats last line of song.*)

*Enter ANNE CHUTE, L. U. E.*

ANNE. There she is.

EILY. (*sings till facing Anne—stops—they examine each other*)

ANNE. My name is Anne Chute.

EILY. I am Eily O'Connor.

ANNE. You are the Colleen Bawn—the pretty girl.

EILY. And you are the Colleen Ruaidh.

ANNE. (*aside*) She is beautiful.

EILY. (*aside*) How lovely she is.

ANNE. We are rivals.

EILY. I am sorry for it.

ANNE. So am I, for I feel that I could have loved you.

EILY. That's always the way of it; everybody wants to love me, but there's something spoils them off.

ANNE. (*showing letter*) Do you know that writing?

EILY. I do, ma'am, well, though I don't know how you came by it.

ANNE. I saw your signals last night—I saw his departure, and I have come here to convince myself of his falsehood to me. But now that I have seen you, you have no longer a rival in his love, for I despise him with all my heart, who could bring one so beautiful and simple as you are to ruin and shame!

EILY. He didn't—no—I am his wife! Oh, what have I said!

ANNE. What?

EILY. Oh, I didn't mane to confess it—no, I didn't! but you wrung it from me in defence of him.

ANNE. You his wife?

*Enter DANNY, L. U. E.*

DANNY. (*at back—aside*) The devil! they're at it—an' I'm too late!

ANNE. I cannot believe this—shew me your certificate.

EILY. Here it is.

DANNY. (*advances between them*) Didn't you swear to the priest that it should niver lave your breast?

ANNE. Oh! you're the boatman.

DANNY. Iss, ma'am!

ANNE. Eily, forgive me for doubting your goodness, and your purity. I believe you. Let me take your hand. (*crosses to her*) While the heart of Anne Chute beats you have a friend that won't be spoiled off, but you have no longer a rival, mind that. All I ask of you is that you will never mention this visit to Mr. Daly—and for you (*to DANNY*) this will purchase your silence. (*gives money*) Good-bye! *Exit ANNE, L. U. E.*

DANNY. Long life t'ye. (*aside*) What does it mane? Hasn't she found me out.

EILY. Why did she ask me never to spake to Mr. Daly of her visit here? Sure I don't know any Mr. Daly.

DANNY. Didn't she spake of him before, dear?

EILY. Never!

DANNY. Nor didn't she name Master Hardress?

EILY. Well, I don't know; she spoke of him and of the letter I wrote to him, but I b'lieve she never named him intirely.

DANNY. (*aside*) The divil's in it for sport; She's got 'em mixed yet.

*Enter SHEELAH from cottage, R.*

SHEELAH. What brings you back, Danny?

DANNY. Nothing! but a word I have from the masther for the Colleen here.

EILY. Is it the answer to the letter I sent by Myles?

DANNY. That's it, jewel, he sent me wid a message.

SHEELAH. (C.) Somethin' bad has happened. Danny, you are as pale as milk, and your eye is full of blood—yez been drinkin'.

DANNY. May be I have.

SHEELAH. You thrimble, and can't spake straight to me. Oh! Danny, what is it, avick?

DANNY. Go on now, an' stop yer keenin'.

EILY. Faith, it isn't yourself that's in it, Danny; sure there's nothing happened to Hardress.

DANNY. Divil a word, good or bad, I'll say while the mother's there.

SHEELAH. I'm goin'. (*aside*) What's come to Danny this day, at all, at all; bedad, I don't know my own flesh and blood. (*runs into cottage*)

DANNY. Sorro' and ruin has come on the Cregans; they're broke intirely.

EILY. Oh, Danny.

DANNY. Whisht, now! You are to meet Masther Hardress this evenin', at a place on the Divil's Island, beyant. Ye'll niver breath a word to mortal to where yer goin', d'ye mind, now; but slip down, unbeknown, to the landin' below, where I'll have the boat waitin' for yez.

EILY. At what hour?

DANNY. Just after dark, there's no moon to-night, an' no one will see us crossin' the water. (*music till end of scene*)

EILY. I will be there; I'll go down only to the little chapel by the shore, and pray there 'till ye come. *Exit EILY, into cottage, R.*

DANNY. I'm wake and cowl! What's this come over me? Mother, mother, acushla.

*Enter SHEELAH, R.*

SHEELAH. What is it, Danny?



DANNY. (*staggering to table*) Give me a glass of spirits!  
*Falls in chair.—Change quickly.*

SCENE FOURTH.—*The old Weir Bridge, or a Wood on the verge of the Lake—(1st grooves)*

*Enter ANNE CHUTE, R.*

ANNE. Married! the wretch is married! and with that crime already on his conscience he was ready for another and similar piece of villany. It's the Navy that does it. It's my belief those sailors have a wife in every place they stop at.

MYLES (*sings outside, R.*)

“Oh! Eily astoir, my love is all crost,  
 Like a bud in the frost.”

ANNE. Here's a gentleman who has got my complaint—his love is all crost, like a bud in the frost.

*Enter MYLES, R.*

MYLES. “And there's no use at all in my goin' to bed,  
 For it's drames, and not sleep, that comes into my head,  
 And it's all about you,” &c. &c.

ANNE. My good friend, since you can't catch your love, d'ye think you could catch my horse? (*distant thunder*)

MYLES. Is it a black mare wid a white stockin' on the fore off leg?

ANNE. I dismounted to unhook a gate—a peal of thunder frightened her, and she broke away.

MYLES. She's at Tore Cregan stables by this time—it was an admiration to watch her stride across the Phil Dolan's bit of plough.

ANNE. And how am I to get home?

MYLES. If I had four legs, I wouldn't ax betther than to carry ye, an' a proud baste I'd be. (*thunder—rain*)

ANNE. The storm is coming down to the mountain—is there no shelter near?

MYLES. There may be a corner in this ould chapel. (*rain*) Here comes the rain—murder! ye'll be wet through. (*Music—pulls off coat*) Put this round yez.

ANNE. What will you do? You'll catch your death of cold.

MYLES. (*taking out bottle*) Cowld is it. Here's a wardrobe of top coats. (*thunder*) Whoo! this is a fine time for the water—this way, ma'am. *Exeunt MYLES and ANNE, L.*

*Enter EILY, cloak and hood, R.*

EILY. Here's the place where Danny was to meet me with the boat. Oh! here he is.

*Enter DANNY, L.*

How pale you are!

DANNY. The thunder makes me sick.

EILY. Shall we not wait till the storm is over?

DANNY. If it comes on bad we can put into the Devil's Island Cave.

EILY. I feel so happy that I am going to see him, yet there is a weight about my heart that I can't account for.

DANNY. I can. (*aside*) Are you ready now?

EILY. Yes; come—come.

DANNY. (*staggering*) I'm wake yet. My throat is dry—if I'd a draught of whiskey now.

EILY. Sheelah gave you a bottle.

DANNY. I forgot—it's in the boat.

(*rain*)

EILY. Here comes the rain—we shall get wet.

DANNY. There's the masther's boat cloak below.

EILY. Come, Danny, lean on me. I'm afraid you are not sober enough to sail the skiff.

DANNY. Sober! The dhrunker I am the better I can do the work I've got to do.

EILY. Come, Danny, come—come!

*Exeunt EILY and DANNY, R.—Music ceases.*

*Re-enter ANNE CHUTE and MYLES, L.*

MYLES. It was only a shower, I b'lieve—are ye wet, ma'am?

ANNE. Dry as a biscuit.

MYLES. Ah! then it's yerself is the brave and beautiful lady—as bould an' proud as a ship before the blast. (*ANNE looks off, R.*)

ANNE. Why, there is my mare, and who comes with— (*crosses to R.*)

MYLES. It's Mr. Hardress Cregan himself.

ANNE. Hardress here?

MYLES. Eily gave me a letter for him this morning.

*Enter HARDRESS, R.*

HARD. Anne, what has happened? Your horse galloped wildly into the stable—we thought you had been thrown.

MYLES. Here is the lethter Eily tould me to give him. (*to HARDRESS*) I beg your pardon, sir, but here's the taste of a lethter I was axed to give your honor. (*gives letter*)

HARD. (*aside*) From Eily!

ANNE. Thanks, my good fellow, for your assistance.

MYLES. Not at all, ma'am. Sure, there isn't a boy in the County Kerry that would not give two thumbs off his hands to do a service to the Colleen Ruaidh, as you are called among us—iss indeed, ma'am. (*going—aside*) Ah! then it's the purty girl she is in them long clothes.

*Exit MYLES, R.*

HARD. (*reads, aside*) "I am the cause of your ruin; I can't live with that thought killin' me. If I do not see you before



night you will never again be troubled with your poor Eily." Little simpleton! she is capable of doing herself an injury.

ANNE. Hardress! I have been very blind and very foolish, but to-day I have learned to know my own heart. There's my hand, I wish to seal my fate at once. I know the delicacy which prompted you to release me from my engagement to you. I don't accept that release; I am yours.

HARD. Anne, you don't know all.

ANNE. I know more than I wanted, that's enough. I forbid you ever to speak on this subject.

HARD. You don't know my past life.

ANNE. And I don't want to know. I've had enough of looking into past lives; don't tell me anything you wish to forget.

HARD. Oh, Anne—my dear cousin; if I could forget—*if silence could be oblivion.* *Exeunt HARDRESS and ANNE, L.*

SCENE FIFTH.—*Exterior of Myles's Hut. (1st grooves.)*

*Enter MYLES, R., singing "Brian O' Linn."*

"Brian o' Linn had no breeches to wear,  
So he bought him a sheepskin to make him a pair;

The skinny side out, the woolly side in,

'They are cool and convenient,' said Brian O' Linn."

*(locks door of cabin)* Now I'll go down to my whiskey-still. It is under my feet this minute, bein' in a hole in the rocks they call O'Donoghue's stables, a sort of water cave; the people around here think that the cave is haunted with bad spirits, and they say that of a dark stormy night strange unearthly noises is heard comin' out of it—it is me singing "The Night before Larry was stretched." Now I'll go down to that cave, and wid a sod of live turf under a kettle of warty, I'll invoke them sperrits—and what's more they'll come.

*Exit MYLES singing, R.—Music till MYLES begins to speak next scene.*

SCENE SIXTH.—*A Cave; through large opening at back is seen the Lake and Moon; rocks R. and L.—flat rock, R. C.; gauze waters all over stage; rope hanging from C., hitched on wing, R. U. E.*

*Enter MYLES singing, top of rock, R. U. E.*

MYLES. And this is a purty night for my work! The smoke of my whiskey-still will not be seen; there's my distillery beyant in a snug hole up there, *(unfastens rope, L.)* and here's my bridge to cross over to it. I think it would puzzle a gauger to folly me; this is a patent of my own—a tight-rope bridge. *(swings across from R. to L.)* Now I tie up my drawbridge at

this side till I want to go back—what's that—it was an otter I woke from a nap he was taken on that bit of rock there—ow! ye devil! if I had my gun I'd give ye a leaden supper. I'll go up and load it, may be I'll get a shot; them stones is the place where they lie out of a night, and many a one I've shot of them.

*Music.—disappears up rock, L. U. E.*

*A small boat with DANNY and EILY appears, from R., and works on to rock, C.*

EILY. What place is this you have brought me to?

DANNY. Never fear—I know where I'm goin'—step out on that rock—mind yer footin'; 'tis wet there.

EILY. I don't like this place—it's like a tomb.

DANNY. Step out, I say; the boat is laking. (*EILY steps on to rock, R. C.*)

EILY. Why do you spake to me so rough and cruel?

DANNY. Eily, I have a word to say t'ye, listen now, and don't thrimble that way.

EILY. I won't, Danny—I won't.

DANNY. Wunst, Eily, I was a fine brave boy, the pride of my ould mother, her white haired darlin'—you wouldn't think it to look at me now. D'ye know how I got changed to this?

EILY. Yes, Hardress told me.

DANNY. He done it—but I loved him before it, an' I loved him aafter it—not a dhrop of blood I have, but I'd pour out like wather for the masther.

EILY. I know what you mean—as he has deformed your body—ruined your life—made ye what ye are.

DANNY. Have you, a woman, less love for him than I, that you wouldn't give him what he wants of you, even if he broke your heart as he broke my back, both in a moment of passion? Did I ax him to ruin himself and his ould family, and all to mend my bones? No! I loved him, and I forgave him that.

EILY. Danny, what d'ye want me to do?

(*DANNY steps out on to rock*)

DANNY. Give me that paper in your breast? (*boat floats off slowly, R.*)

EILY. I can't—I've sworn never to part with it! You know I have!

DANNY. Eily, that paper stands between Hardress Cregan and his fortune; that paper is the ruin of him. Give it, I tell yez.

EILY. Take me to the priest; let him lift the oath off me. Oh! Danny, I swore a blessed oath on my two knees, and ye would ax me to break that?

DANNY. (*seizes her hands*) Give it up, and don't make me hurt ye.

EILY. I swore by my mother's grave, Danny. Oh! Danny!



dear, don't. Don't, acushla, and I'll do anything. See now, what good would it be: sure, while I live I'm his wife. (*Music changes*)

DANNY. Then you've lived too long. Take your marriage lines wid ye to the bottom of the lake. (*he throws her from rock backwards into the water, L. C., with a cry; she reappears, clinging to rock.*)

EILY. No! save me. Don't kill me. Don't, Danny, I'll—do any thing, only let me live.

DANNY. He wants ye dead. (*pushes her off*)

EILY. Oh! Heaven help me. Danny—Dan—— (*sinks*)

DANNY. (*looking down*) I've done it. She's gone. (*shot is fired, L. U. E.; he falls—rolls from the rock into the water, R. C.*)

MYLES *appears with gun on rock, L. U. E.*

MYLES. I hit one of them bastes that time. I could see well, though it was so dark. But there was somethin' moving on that stone. (*swings across to R. U. E.*) Divil a sign of him. Stop! (*Looks down*) What's this? it's a woman—there's something white there. (*figure rises near rock, R. U. E.—kneels down; tries to take the hand of figure*) Ah! that dress; it's Eily. My own darlin' Eily. (*pulls off waistcoat—jumps off rock. EILY rises R.—then MYLES and EILY rise up, C.—he turns, and seizes rock, R. C.—EILY across left arm.*)

### ACT III.

SCENE FIRST.—*Interior of an Irish Hut; door and small opening R. C., door L. C. flat.*

*Truckle bed and bedding, R. C., on which DANNY MANN is discovered; table with jug of water; lighted candle stuck in bottle, L.; two stools—SHEELAH at table, L.—Music.*

DANNY. (*in his sleep*) Gi' me the paper, thin—screeching won't save ye—down, down! (*wakes*) Oh, mother, darlin'—mother!

SHEELAH. (*waking*) Eh! did ye call me, Danny?

DANNY. Gi' me a dhrop of wather—it's the thirst that's killin' me.

SHEELAH. (*takes jug*) The fever's on ye mighty bad.

DANNY. (*drinks, falls back, groans*) Oh, the fire in me won't go out! How long have I been here?

SHEELAH. Ten days this night.

DANNY. Ten days dis night! have I been all that time out of my mind?

SHEELAH. Iss, Danny. Ten days ago, that stormy night, ye crawled in at that dure, wake an' like a ghost.

DANNY. I remind me now.

SHEELAH. Ye tould me that ye'd been poachin' salmon, and had been shot by the keepers.

DANNY. Who said I hadn't?

SHEELAH. Divil a one! Why did ye make me promise not to say a word about it? didn't ye refuse even to see a doctor itself?

DANNY. Has any one axed after me?

SHEELAH. No one but Mr. Hardress.

DANNY. Heaven bless him.

SHEELAH. I tould him I hadn't seen ye, and here ye are this day groanin' when there's great doin's up at Castle Chute. To-morrow the masther will be married to Miss Anne.

DANNY. Married! but—the—his—

SHEELAH. Poor Eily, ye mane?

DANNY. Hide the candle from my eyes, it's painin' me, shade it off. Go on, mother.

SHEELAH. The poor Colleen! Oh, vo, Danny, I knew she'd die of the love that was chokin' her. He didn't know how tindher she was, when he give her the hard word. What was that message the masther sent to her, that ye wouldn't let me hear? It was cruel, Danny, for it broke her heart entirely; she went away that night, and, two days after, a cloak was found floatin' in the reeds, under Brikeen Bridge; nobody knew it but me. I turned away, and never said—. The erature is drowned, Danny, and wo to them as dhruv her to it. She has no father, no mother to put a curse on him, but there's the Father above that niver spakes till the last day, and then — *(she turns and sees DANNY gasping, his eyes fixed on her, supporting himself on his arm)* Danny! Danny! he's dyin'—he's dyin'! *(runs to him, R. of bed)*

DANNY. Who said that? Ye lie! I never killed her—sure he sent me the glove—where is it?

SHEELAH. He's ravin' again.

DANNY. The glove, he sent it to me full of blood. Oh! master, dear, there's your token. I tould ye I would clear the path foreninst ye.

SHEELAH. Danny, what d'ye mane?

DANNY. I'll tell ye how I did it, masther; 'twas dis way, but don't smile like dat, don't, sir! she wouldn't give me de marriage lines, so I sunk her, and her proofs wid her! She's gone! she came up wonst, but I put her down agin! Never fear—she'll never throuble yer agin, never, never. *(lies down, mutters—SHEELAH on her knees, in horror and prayer)*

SHEELAH. 'Twas he! he!—my own son—he's murdered her, and he's dyin' now—dyin', wid blood on his hands! Danny! Danny! Spake to me!

DANNY. A docther! will dey let me die like a baste, and never a docther?



SHEELAH. I'll run for one that'll cure ye. Oh! weerasthrue, Danny! Is it for this I've loved ye? No, forgive me, acushla, it isn't your own mother that 'ud add to yer heart-breakin' and pain. I'll fetch the docther, avick. (*Music—puts on cloak, and pulls hood over her head*) Oh! bone—oh! hone!

*Exit SHEELAH, L. door in flat—a pause—knock—pause—knock.*

*Enter CORRIGAN, door in flat, L. C.*

CORRIG. Sheelah! Sheelah! Nobody here?—I'm bothered entirely. The cottage on Muckcross Head is empty—not a sowl in it but a cat. Myles has disappeared, and Danny gone—vanished, bedad, like a fog. Sheelah is the only one remaining. I called to see Miss Chute; I was kicked out. I sent her a letter; it was returned to me unopened. Her lawyer has paid off the mortgage, and taxed my bill of costs—the spalpeen! (DANNY *groans*) What's that? Some one asleep there. 'Tis Danny!

DANNY. A docther—gi' me a doctor!

CORRIG. Danny here—concealed, too! Oh! there's something going on that's worth peepin' into. Whist! there's footsteps comin'. If I could hide a bit. I'm a magistrate, an' I ought to know what's goin' on—here's a turf hole wid a windy in it.

*Exit CORRIGAN, opening in flat, R. C.*

*Enter SHEELAH and FATHER TOM, L. C. door.*

SHEELAH. (*goes to DANNY.*) Danny!

DANNY. Is that you, mother?

SHEELAH. I've brought the docther, ashore. (DANNY *looks up*)

DANNY. The priest!

SHEELAH. (*on her knees R. of bed*) Oh! my darlin', don't be angry wid me, but dis is the docther you want; it is'nt in your body where the hurt is; the wound is in your poor sowl—there's all the harrum.

FATHER T. Danny, my son—(*sits L. of bed*)—it's sore-hearted I am to see you down this way.

SHEELAH. And so good a son he was to his ould mother.

DANNY. Don't say that—don't. (*covering his face*)

SHEELAH. I will say it—my blessin' on ye—see that, now, he's cryin'.

FATHER T. Danny, the hand of death is on ye. Will ye lave your sins behind ye here below, or will ye take them with ye above, to show them on ye? Is there anything ye can do that'll mend a wrong? leave that legacy to your friend, and he'll do it. Do ye want pardon of any one down here—tell me, avick; I'll get it for ye, and send it after you—may be ye'll want it.

DANNY. (*rising up on arm*) I killed Eily O'Connor.

SHEELAH. (*covers her face with her hands*) Oh! oh!

FATHER T. What harrum had ye agin the poor Colleen Bawn?  
(CORRIGAN *takes notes*)

DANNY. She stud in *his* way, and he had my heart and sowl in his keeping.

FATHER T. Hardress!

DANNY. Hissself! I said I'd do it for him, if he'd give me the token.

FATHER F. Did Hardress employ you to kill the girl?

DANNY. He sent me the glove; that was to be the token that I was to put her away, and I did—I—in the Pool a Dhiol. She would'nt gi' me the marriage lines; I threw her in and then I was kilt.

FATHER T. Killed! by whose hand?

DANNY. I don't know, unless it was the hand of heaven.

FATHER T. (*rising, goes down—aside*) Myles na Coppaleen is at the bottom of this; his whiskey still is in that cave, and he has not been seen for ten days past. (*aloud—goes to Danny*) Danny, after ye fell, how did ye get home?

DANNY. I fell in the wather; the current carried me to a rock; how long I was there half drowned I don't know, but on wakin' I found my boat floatin' close by, an' it was still dark, I got in and crawled here.

FATHER T. (*aside*) I'll go and see Myles—there's more in this than has come out.

SHEELAH. Won't yer riverince say a word of comfort to the poor boy?—he's in great pain entirely.

FATHER T. Keep him quiet, Sheelah. (*Music*) I'll be back again with the comfort for him. Danny, your time is short; make the most of it. (*aside*) I'm off to Myles na Coppaleen. Oh, Hardress (*going up*) Cregan, ye little think what a bridal day ye'll have!

*Exit door in flat, L. C.*

CORRIGAN. (*who has been writing in note-book, comes out—at back*) I've got down every word of the confession. Now, Hardress Cregan, there will be guests at your weddin' to-night ye little dhrame of.

*Exit door in flat, L. C.*

DANNY. (*rising up*) Mother, mother! the pain is on me. Wather—quick—wather!

(SHEELAH *runs to L. table—takes jug—gives it to DANNY—he drinks—SHEELAH takes jug—DANNY struggles—falls back on bed—close on picture*)

SCENE SECOND.—*Chamber in Castle Chute. (1st grooves).*

*Enter KYRLE DALY and SERVANT, R.*

KYRLE. Inform Mrs. Cregan that I am waiting upon her.



*Enter* MRS. CREGAN, L.

MRS. C. I am glad to see you, Kyrle. *Exit* SERVANT, L.

KYRLE. (R. C.) You sent for me, Mrs. Cregan. My ship sails from Liverpool to-morrow. I never thought I could be so anxious to quit my native land.

MRS. C. I want you to see Hardress. For ten days past he shuns the society of his bride. By night he creeps out alone in his boat on the lake—by day he wanders round the neighbourhood pale as death. He is heartbroken.

KYRLE. Has he asked to see me?

MRS. C. Yesterday he asked where you were.

KYRLE. Did he forget that I left your house when Miss Chute, without a word of explanation, behaved so unkindly to me?

MRS. C. She is not the same girl since she accepted Hardress. She quarrels—weeps—complains, and has lost her spirits.

KYRLE. She feels the neglect of Hardress.

ANNE. (*without*, R.) Don't answer me. Obey! and hold your tongue.

MRS. C. Do you hear? she is rating one of the servants.

ANNE. (*without*) No words—I'll have no sulky looks neither!

*Enter* ANNE, R., *dressed as a bride, with veil and wreath in her hand.*

ANNE. Is that the veil and wreath I ordered? How dare you tell me that. (*throws it off*, R.)

MRS. C. Anne! (*ANNE sees KYRLE—stands confused*)

KYRLE. You are surprised to see me in your house, Miss Chute?

ANNE. You are welcome, sir.

KYRLE. (*aside*) She looks pale! She's not happy—that's gratifying.

ANNE. He doesn't look well—that's some comfort.

MRS. C. I'll try to find Hardress. *Exit* MRS. CREGAN, L.

KYRLE. I hope you don't think I intrude—that is—I came to see Mrs. Cregan.

ANNE. (*sharply*) I don't flatter myself you wished to see me, why should you?

KYRLE. Anne, I am sorry I offended you; I don't know what I did, but no matter.

ANNE. Not the slightest.

KYRLE. I released your neighbourhood of my presence.

ANNE Yes, and you released the neighbourhood of the presence of somebody else—she and you disappeared together.

KYRLE. She!

ANNE. Never mind.

KYRLE. But I do mind. I love Hardress Cregan as a

brother, and I hope the time may come, Anne, when I can love you as a sister.

ANNE. Do you? I don't.

KYRLE. I don't want the dislike of my friend's wife to part my friend and me.

ANNE. Why should it? I'm nobody.

KYRLE. If you were my wife, and asked me to hate any one, I'd do it—I couldn't help it.

ANNE. I believed words like that once when you spoke them, but I have been taught how basely you can deceive.

KYRLE. Who taught you?

ANNE. Who?—your wife.

KYRLE. My what?

ANNE. Your wife—the girl you concealed in the cottage on Muckross Head. Stop now, don't speak—save a falsehood, however many ye have to spare. I saw the girl—she confessed.

KYRLE. Confessed that she was my wife?

ANNE. Made a clean breast of it in a minute, which is more than you could do with a sixteen-foot waggon and a team of ten in a week.

KYRLE. Anne, hear me; this is a frightful error—the girl will not repeat it.

ANNE. Bring her before me and let her speak.

KYRLE. How do I know where she is?

ANNE. Well, bring your boatman then, who told me the same.

KYRLE. I tell you it is false; I never saw—never knew the girl!

ANNE. You did not? (*shows EILY'S letter*) Do you know that? You dropped it, and I found it.

KYRLE. (*takes letter*) This! (*reads*)

*Enter HARDRESS, L.*

ANNE. Hardress! (*turns aside*)

KYRLE. Oh! (*suddenly struck with the truth—glances towards*

ANNE—*finding her looking away, places letter to HARDRESS*) Do you know that?—you dropped it.

HARD. (*conceals letter*) Eh?—Oh!

KYRLE. 'Twas he. (*looks from one to the other*) She thinks me guilty; but if I stir to exculpate myself, he is in for it.

HARD. You look distressed, Kyrle. Anne, what is the matter?

KYRLE. Nothing, Hardress. I was about to ask Miss Chute to forget a subject which was painful to her, and to beg of her never to mention it again—not even to you, Hardress.

HARD. I am sure she will deny you nothing.

ANNE. I will forget, sir; (*aside*) but I will never forgive him—never.

KYRLE. (*aside*) She loves me still, and he loves another, and



I am the most miserable dog that ever was kicked. (*crosses to L.*) Hardress, a word with you. *Exit KYRLE and HARDRESS, L.*

ANNE. And this is my wedding day. There goes the only man I ever loved. When he's here near by me, I could give him the worst treatment a man could desire, and when he goes away he takes the heart and all of me off with him, and I feel like an unfurnished house. This is pretty feelings for a girl to have, and she in her regimentals. Oh! if he wasn't married—but he is, and he'd have married me as well—the malignant! Oh! if he had, how I'd have made him swing for it—it would have afforded me the happiest moment of my life. (*Music*)

*Exit ANNE, L.*

SCENE THIRD.—*Exterior of Myles's Hut, door R. in flat.*  
(*2nd grooves.*)

*Enter FATHER TOM, L.*

FATHER T. Here's Myles's shanty. I'm nearly killed with climbin' the hill. I wonder is he at home? Yes, the door is locked inside. (*knocks*) Myles—Myles, are ye at home?

MYLES. (*outside, R. 2 E.*) No—I'm out.

*Enter MYLES, R. 2 E.*

Arrah! is it yourself, Father Tom, that's in it?

FATHER T. Let us go inside, Myles—I've a word to say t'ye.

MYLES. I—I've lost the key.

FATHER T. Sure it's sticken inside.

MYLES. Iss—I always lock the dure inside and lave it there when I go out, for fear on losin' it.

FATHER T. Myles, come here to me. It's lyin' ye are. Look me in the face. What's come to ye these tin days past—three times I've been to your door and it was locked, but I heard ye stirrin' inside.

MYLES. It was the pig, yer riverince.

FATHER T. Myles, why did yer shoot Danny Mann?

MYLES. Oh, murther, who tould you that?

FATHER T. Himself.

MYLES. Oh, Father Tom, have ye seen him?

FATHER T. I've just left him.

MYLES. Is it down there ye've been?

FATHER T. Down where?

MYLES. Below, where he's gone to—where would he be, afther murthering a poor crature?

FATHER T. How d'ye know that?

MYLES. How! how did I?—whisht, Father Tom, it was his ghost.

FATHER T. He is not dead, but dyin' fast, from the wound ye gave him.

MYLES. I never knew 'twas himself 'till I was tould.

FATHER T. Who tould you?

MYLES. Is it who?

FATHER T. Who? who?—not Danny, for he doesn't know who killed him.

MYLES. Wait, an' I'll tell you. It was nigh twelve that night, I was comin' home—I know the time, betoken Murty Dwyer made me step in his shebeen, bein' the wake of the ould Callaghan, his wife's uncle—and a dacent man he was. "Murty," ses I—

FATHER T. Myles, you're desavin' me.

MYLES. Is it afther desavin yer riverence I'd be?

FATHER T. I see the lie in yer mouth. Who tould ye it was Danny Mann ye killed?

MYLES. You said so awhile ago.

FATHER T. Who tould ye it was Danny Mann?

MYLES. I'm comin to it. While I was at Murty's, yer riverence, as I was a-tellin' you—Dan Dayley was there—he had just kim'd in. "Good morrow,—good day"—ses he. "Good morrow, good Dan, ses I,"—jest that ways entirely—"it's an opening to the heart to see you." Well, yer riverence, as I ware sayin',—"long life an' good wife to ye, Masther Dan," ses I. "Thank ye, ses he, and the likes to ye, anyway." The moment I speck them words, Dan got heart, an' up an' tould Murty about his love for Murty's darter—the Colleen Rue. The moment he heard that, he puts elbows in himself, an' stood lookin' at him out on the flure. "You flog Europe, for boldness," ses he—"get out of my sight," ses he,— "this moment." ses he,— "or I'll give yer a kick that will rise you from poverty to the highest pitch of affluence," ses he—"away out 'o that, you notorious delinquent; single yer freedom, and double yer distance," ses he. Well, Dan was forced to cut an' run. Poor boy, I was sorry for his trouble; there isn't a better son nor brother this moment goin' the road than what he is—said—said—there was'nt a better, an', an'—oh! Father Tom, don't ax me; I've got an oath on my lips. (*music*) Don't be hard on a poor boy.

FATHER T. I lift the oath from ye. Tell me, avich, oh! tell me. Did ye search for the poor thing—the darlin' soft-eyed Colleen? Oh! Myles, could ye lave her to lie in the cowl'd lake all alone?

*Enter EILY from door R. flat.*

MYLES. No, I couldn't.

FATHER T. (*turns—sees EILY*) Eily! Is it yerself, and alive—an' not—not— Oh! Eily, mavourneen. Come to my heart. (*embraces EILY*)

MYLES. (*crosses to L.*) D'ye think ye'd see me alive if she



wasn't? I thought ye knew me better—it's at the bottom of the Pool a Dhiol I'd be this minute if she wasn't to the fore.

FATHER T. (C.) Speak to me—let me hear your voice.

EILY. Oh! father, father, won't ye take me, far far away from this place.

FATHER T. Why, did ye hide yourself, this way?

EILY. For fear he'd see me.

FATHER T. Hardress. You knew then that he instigated Danny to get rid of ye?

EILY. Why didn't I die—why am I alive now for him to hate me?

FATHER T. D'ye know that in a few hours he is going to marry another.

EILY. I know it, Myles tould me—that's why I'm hiding myself away.

FATHER T. What does she mean?

MYLES. (L.) She loves him still—that's what she manes.

FATHER T. Love the wretch who sought your life!

EILY. Isn't it his own? It isn't his fault if his love couldn't last as long as mine. I was a poor, mane creature—not up to him any way; but if he'd only said, "Eily, put the grave between us and make me happy," sure I'd lain down, wid a big heart, in the loch.

FATHER T. And you are willing to pass a life of seclusion that he may live in his guilty joy?

EILY. If I was alive wouldn't I be a shame to him an' a ruin—ain't I in his way? Heaven help me—why would I trouble him? Oh! he was in great pain o' mind entirely when he let them put a hand on me—the poor darlin'.

FATHER T. And you mean to let him believe you dead?

EILY. Dead an' gone: then perhaps, his love for me will come back, and the thought of his poor, foolish little Eily that worshipped the ground he stood on, will fill his heart awhile.

FATHER T. And where will you go?

EILY. I don't know. Anywhere. What matters?

MYLES. (*against wing, L.*) Love makes all places alike.

EILY. I'm alone in the world now.

FATHER T. The villain—the monster! He sent her to heaven because he wanted her there to blot out with her tears the record of his iniquity. Eily, ye have but one home, and that's my poor house. You are not alone in the world—there's one beside ye, your father, and that's myself.

MYLES. Two—bad luck to me, two. I am her mother; sure I brought her into the world a second time.

FATHER T. (*looking, R.*) Whist! look down there, Myles—what's that on the road?

MYLES. (*crosses, R.*) It's the sogers—a company of red-coats. What brings the army out?—who's that wid them?—it is ould

Corrigan, and they are going towards Castle Chute. There's mischief in the wind.

FATHER T. In with you, an' keep close awhile; I'll go down to the castle and see what's the matter. (*crosses R.*)

EILY. Promise me that you'll not betray me—that none but yourself and Myles shall ever know I'm livin'; promise me that, before you go.

FATHER T. I do, Eily; I'll never breathe a word of it—it is as sacred as an oath. *Exit L.—music.*

EILY. (*going to cottage*) Shut me in, Myles, and take the key wid ye, this time. *Exit in cottage, R.C.*

MYLES. (*locks door*) There ye are like a pearl in an oyster; now I'll go to my bed as usual on the mountain above—the bolster is stuffed wid rocks, and I'll have a cloud round me for a blanket. *Exit MYLES, R. 2. E.*

SCENE FOURTH.—*Outside of Castle Chute. (1st grooves)*

*Enter CORRIGAN and six SOLDIERS, R. 1 E.*

CORRIG. Quietly, boys; shrew yourselves round the wood—some of ye at the gate beyant—two more this way—watch the windies; if he's there to escape at all, he'll jump from a windy. The house is surrounded.

*Quadrille music under stage.—Air, “The Boulanger.”*

Oh, oh! they're dancin'—dancin' and merry-making, while the net is closin' around 'em. Now Masther Hardress Cregan—I was kicked out, was I; but I'll come this time wid a call that ye'll answer wid your head instead of your foot. My letters were returned unopened; but here's a bit of writin' that ye'll not be able to hand back so easy.

*Enter CORPORAL, R.*

CORP. All right, sir.

CORRIG. Did you find the woman, as I told ye?

CORP. Here she is, sir.

*Enter SHEELAH, guarded by two SOLDIERS, R.*

SHEELAH. (*crying*) What's this? Why am I thrated this way—what have I done?

CORRIG. You are wanted awhile—it's your testimony we require. Bring her this way. Follow me! *Exit, L.*

SHEELAH. (*struggling*) Let me go back to my boy. Ah! good luck t'ye, don't kape me from my poor boy! (*struggling*) Oh! you dirty blackguards, let me go—let me go!

*Exit SHEELAH and SOLDIERS, L.*



SCENE FIFTH.—*Ball Room in Castle Chute. Steps, c.; platform—balustrades on top; backed by moonlight landscape—doors R. and L.; table L. C.; writing materials, books, papers on; chairs; chair L. 2 E.; chairs R.; chandeliers lighted. LADIES and GENTLEMEN, WEDDING GUESTS discovered, HYLAND CREAGH, BERTIE O'MOORE, DUCIE, KATHLEEN CREAGH, ADA CREAGH, PATSIE O'MOORE, BRIDESMAIDS and SERVANTS discovered.—Music going on under stage.*

HYLAND. Ducie, they are dancing the Boulanger, and they can't see the figure unless you lend them the light of your eyes.

KATHLEEN. We have danced enough; it is nearly seven o'clock.

DUCE. Mr. O'Moore; when is the ceremony to commence?

O'MOORE. The execution is fixed for seven—here's the scaffold, I presume. (*points to table*)

HYLAND. Hardress looks like a criminal. I've seen him fight three duels, and he never shewed such a pale face as he exhibits to-night.

DUCE. He looks as if he was frightened at being so happy

HYLAND. And Kyrle Daly wears as gay an appearance.

*Enter KYRLE DALY, down steps, c.*

DUCE. Hush! here he is.

KYRLE. That need not stop your speech, Hyland. I don't hide my love for Ann Chute, and it is my pride, and no fault of mine if she has found a better man.

HYLAND. He is not a better man.

KYRLE. He is—she thinks so—what she says becomes the truth.

*Enter MRS. CREGAN, L. 2 E.*

MRS. C. Who says the days of chivalry are over? Come, gentlemen, the bridesmaids must attend the bride. The guests will assemble in the hall.

*Enter SERVANT, R. 2 E., with letter and card on salver.*

SERV. Mr. Bertie O'Moore, if you please. A gentleman below asked me to hand you this card.

O'MOORE. A gentleman; what can he want? (*reads card*) Ah! indeed; this is a serious matter, and excuses the intrusion.

HYLAND. What's the matter?

O'MOORE. A murder has been committed.

ALL. A murder?

O'MOORE. The perpetrator of the deed has been discovered, and the warrant for his arrest requires my signature.

HYLAND. Hang the rascal. (*goes up with Ducie*)

O'MOORE. A magistrate, like a doctor, is called on at all hours.

MRS. C. We can excuse you for such a duty, Mr. O'Moore.

O'MOORE. (*crossing, R.*) This is the result of some brawl at a fair I suppose. Is Mr. Corrigan below?

MRS. C. (*starting*) Corrigan?

O'MOORE. Shew me to him.

*Exit O'MOORE and SERVANT, R. 2 E.—GUESTS go up and off L. U. E.*

MRS. C. Corrigan here! What brings that man to this house?

*Exit MRS. CREGAN, R. 3 E.*

*Enter HARDRESS, down steps, C. from R., pale.*

HARDRESS. (*sits, L.*) It is in vain—I cannot repress the terror with which I approach these nuptials—yet, what have I to fear? Oh! my heart is bursting with its load of misery.

*Enter ANNE, down steps, C. from R.*

ANNE. Hardress! what is the matter with you?

HARD. (*rising L. C.*) I will tell you—yes, it may take this horrible oppression from my heart. At one time I thought you knew my secret: I was mistaken.—The girl you saw at Muckross Head—

ANNE. (*R. C.*) Eily O'Connor.

HARD. Was my wife!

ANNE. Your wife?

HARD. Hush! Maddened with the miseries this act brought upon me, I treated her with cruelty—she committed suicide.

ANNE. Merciful powers!

HARD. She wrote to me bidding me farewell for ever, and the next day her cloak was found floating in the lake. (*ANNE sinks in chair*) Since then I have neither slept nor waked—I have but one thought, one feeling; my love for her, wild and maddened, has come back upon my heart like a vengeance.

(*Music—tumult heard, R.*)

ANNE. Heaven defend our hearts, what is that?

*Enter MRS. CREGAN, deadly pale, R. 3 E.—Locks door behind her.*

MRS. C. Hardress! my child!

HARD. Mother!

ANNE. Mother, he is here. Look on him—speak to him—do not gasp and stare on your son in that horrid way. Oh! mother, speak, or you will break my heart.

MRS. C. Fly—fly! (*HARDRESS going, R.*) Not that way. No—the doors are defended! there is a soldier placed at every entrance! You—you are trapped and caught—what shall we do?—the window in my chamber—come—come—quick—quick!



ANNE. Of what is he accused?

HARD. Of murder. I see it in her face. (*noise, R.*)

MRS. C. Hush! they come—begone! Your boat is below that window. Don't speak! when oceans are between you and danger—write! Till then not a word. (*forcing him off, L. 3 E.—noise, R.*)

ANNE. Accused of murder! He is innocent!

MRS. C. Go to your room! Go quickly to your room, you will betray him—you can't command your features.

ANNE. Dear mother, I will.

MRS. C. Away, I say—you will drive me frantic, girl. My brain is stretched to cracking. Ha! (*noise, R.*)

ANNE. There is a tumult in the drawing room.

MRS. C. They come! You tremble! Go—take away your puny love—hide it where it will not injure him—leave me to face this danger!

ANNE. He is not guilty.

MRS. C. What's that to me, woman? I am his mother—the hunters are after my blood! Sit there—look away from this door. They come!

*Knocking loudly—crash—door R. 3 E. opened—enter CORPORAL and SOLDIERS who cross stage, facing up to charge—GENTLEMEN with drawn swords on steps, C.; LADIES on at back—O'MOORE, R. 3 E.—enter CORRIGAN, R. 3 E.—KYRLE on steps, C.*

CORRIG. Gentlemen, put up your swords, the house is surrounded by a military force, and we are here in the king's name.

ANNE. (*R.*) Gentlemen, come on, there was a time in Ireland when neither king nor faction could call on Castle Chute without a bloody welcome.

GUESTS. Clear them out!

KYRLE. (*interposing*) Anne, are you mad. Put up your swords—stand back there—speak—O'Moore, what does this strange outrage mean?

(*SOLDIERS fall back—GENTLEMEN on steps—KYRLE comes forward*)

O'MOORE. Mrs. Cregan, a fearful charge is made against your son; I know—I believe he is innocent. I suggest, then, that the matter be investigated here at once, amongst his friends, so that this scandal may be crushed in its birth.

KYRLE. Where is Hardress?

CORRIG. Where?—why he's escaping while we are jabbering here. Search the house. *Exit two SOLDIERS, R. 3 E.*

MRS. C. (*L.*) Must we submit to this, sir? Will you, a magistrate, permit—

O'MOORE. I regret, Mrs. Cregan, but as a form—

MRS. C. Go on, sir!

CORRIG. (*at door, L. 3 E.*) What room is this? 'tis locked—

MRS. C. That is my sleeping chamber.

CORRIG. My duty compels me.

MRS. C. (*throws key down on ground*) Be it so, sir.

CORRIG. (*picks up key—unlocks door*) She had the key—he's there. *Exit CORRIGAN, CORPORAL and two SOLDIERS.*

MRS. C. He has escaped by this time.

O'MOORE. (*at L. table*) I hope Miss Chute will pardon me for my share in this transaction—believe me, I regret—

ANNE. (R.) Don't talk to me of your regret, while you are doing your worst. It is hate, not justice, that brings this accusation against Hardress, and this disgrace upon me.

KYRLE. Anne!

ANNE. Hold *your* tongue—his life's in danger, and if I can't love him, I'll fight for him, and that's more than any of you men can do. (*to O'MOORE*) Go on with your dirty work. You have done the worst now—you have dismayed our guests, scattered terror amid our festival, and made the remembrance of this night, which should have been a happy one, a thought of gloom and shame.

MRS. C. Hark! I hear—I hear his voice. It cannot be.

*Re-enter CORRIGAN, L. 3 E.*

CORRIG. The prisoner is here!

MRS. C. (C.) Ah, (*utters a cry*) is he? Dark bloodhound, have you found him? May the tongue that tells me so be withered from the roots, and the eye that first detected him be darkened in its socket?

KYRLE. Oh, madam! for heaven's sake!

ANNE. Mother! mother!

MRS. C. What! shall it be for nothing he has stung the mother's heart, and set her brain on fire?

*Enter HARDRESS, handcuffed, and two SOLDIERS, L. 3 E.*

I tell you that my tongue may hold its peace, but there is not a vein in all my frame but curses him. (*turns—sees HARDRESS; falls on his breast*) My boy! my boy!

HARD. (L.) Mother, I entreat you to be calm. (*crosses to C.*)

Kyrle, there are my hands, do you think there is blood upon them?

(KYRLE *seizes his hand*—GENTLEMEN *press round him, take his hand, and retire up*)

HARD. I thank you, gentlemen; your hands acquit me. Mother, be calm—sit there. (*points to chair, L.*)

ANNE. (R.) Come here, Hardress; your place is here by me.

HARD. (R. C.) Now, sir, I am ready.

CORRIG. (L. of table) I will lay before you, sir, the deposition upon which the warrant issues against the prisoner. Here is the confession of Daniel or Danny Mann, a person in the



service of the accused, taken on his death-bed; in articulo mortis, you'll observe.

O'MOORE. But not witnessed.

CORRIG. (*calling*) Bring in that woman.

*Enter SHEELAH and two SOLDIERS, R. 3 E.*

I have witnesses. Your worship will find the form of law in perfect shape.

O'MOORE. Read the confession, sir.

CORRIG. (*reads*) "The deponent being on his death-bed, in the presence of Sheelah Mann and Thomas O'Brien, parish priest of Kinnare, deposed and said"—

*Enter FATHER TOM, R. 3 E.*

Oh, you are come in time, sir.

FATHER T. I hope I am.

CORRIG. We may have to call your evidence.

FATHER T. (C.) I have brought it with me.

CORRIG. "Deposed and said, that he, deponent, killed Eily O'Connor; that said Eily was the wife of Hardress Cregan and stood in the way of his marriage with Miss Anne Chute; deponent offered to put away the girl, and his master employed him to do so."

O'MOORE. Sheelah, did Danny confess this crime?

SHEELAH. (L. C.) Devil a word—it's a lie from end to end, that ould thief was niver in my cabin—he invented the whole of it—sure you're the devil's own parverter of the truth!

CORRIG. Am I? Oh, oh! Father Tom will scarcely say as much? (*to him*) Did Danny Mann confess this in your presence?

FATHER T. I decline to answer that question!

CORRIG. Aha! you must—the law will compel you!

FATHER T. I'd like to see the law that can unseal the lips of the priest, and make him reveal the secrets of heaven.

ANNE. So much for your two witnesses. Ladies stand close. Gentlemen, give us room here. (*BRIDESMAIDS down, R.*)

*Exit FATHER TOM, R. 3 E*

CORRIG. We have abundant proof, your worship—enough to hang a whole county. Danny isn't dead yet. Deponent agreed with Cregan that if the deed was to be done, that he, Cregan, should give his glove as a token.

MRS. C. Ah!

HARD. Hold! I confess that what he has read is true. Danny did make the offer, and I repelled his horrible proposition.

CORRIG. Aha! but you gave him the glove?

HARD. Never, by my immortal soul—never!

MRS. C. (*advancing*) But I—I did! (*movement of surprise*) I, your wretched mother—I gave it to him—I am guilty!

thank heaven for that! remove those bonds from his hands and put them here on mine.

HARD. 'Tis false, mother, you did not know his purpose—you could not know it. (CORPORAL takes off handcuffs)

MRS. C. I will not say anything that takes the welcome guilt from off me.

*Enter MYLES from steps, C. from R.*

MYLES. Won't ye, ma'am? Well; if ye won't, I will.

ALL. Myles!

MYLES. Save all here. If you plaze, I'd like to say a word; there's been a murder done, and I done it.

ALL. You!

MYLES. Myself. Danny was killed by my hand. (to CORRIG.) Wor yez any way nigh that time?

CORRIG. (*quickly*) No.

MYLES. (*quickly*) That's lucky; then take down what I'm sayin'. I shot the poor boy—but widout manin' to hurt him. It's lucky I killed him that time, for it's lifted a mighty sin off the sowl of the crature.

O'MOORE. What does he mean?

MYLES. I mane, that if you found one witness to Eily O'Connor's death, I found another that knows a little more about it, and here she is.

*Enter EILY and FATHER TOM down steps, C. from R.*

ALL. Eily!

MYLES. The Colleen Bawn herself!

EILY. Hardress!

HARD. My wife—my own Eily. }

EILY. Here, darlin', take the paper, and tear it if you like. (*offers him the certificate*)

HARD. Eily, I could not live without you.

MRS. C. If ever he blamed you, it was my foolish pride spoke in his hard words—he loves you with all his heart. Forgive me, Eily.

EILY. Forgive.

MRS. C. Forgive your mother, Eily.

EILY. (*embracing her*) Mother!

(MRS. CREGAN, HARDRESS, EILY, FATHER TOM group together—ANNE, KYRLE, and GENTLEMEN—LADIES together—their backs to CORRIGAN—CORRIGAN takes bag, puts in papers, looks about, puts on hat, buttons coat, slinks up stage, runs up stairs and off R.—MYLES points off after him—several GENTLEMEN run after CORRIGAN)

ANNE. But what's to become of me, is all my emotion to be



summoned for nothing? Is my wedding dress to go to waste, and here's all my blushes ready? I must have a husband.

HYLAND *and* GENTLEMEN. Take me.

O'MOORE. Take me.

ANNE. Don't all speak at once! Where's Mr. Daly!

KYRLE. (R.) Here I am, Anne!

ANNE. (R. c.) Kyrle, come here! You said you loved me, and I think you do.

KYRLE. Oh!

ANNE. Behave yourself now. If you'll ask me, I'll have you.

KYRLE. (*embracing ANNE*) Anne! (*shouts outside, R. U. E.*)

ALL. What's that?

MYLES. (*looking off at back*) Don't be uneasy! it's only the boys outside that's caught ould Corrigan thryin' to get off, and they've got him in the horsepond.

KYRLE. They'll drown him.

MYLES. Nivir fear, he wasn't born to be drowned—he won't sink—he'll rise out of the world, and divil a fut nearer heaven he'll get than the top o' the gallows.

EILY. (*to HARD.*) And ye won't be ashamed of me?

ANNE. I'll be ashamed of him if he does.

EILY. And when I spake—no—speak —

ANNE. Speak is the right sound. Kyrle Daly, pronounce that word.

KYRLE. That's right; if you ever spake it any other way I'll divorce ye—mind that.

FATHER T. Eily, darlin', in the middle of your joy, sure you would not forget one who never forsook you in your sorrow.

EILY. Oh, Father Tom!

FATHER T. Oh, it's not myself I mane.

ANNE. No, it's that marauder there, that lent me his top coat in the thunder storm. (*pointing to MYLES*)

MYLES. Bedad, ma'am, your beauty left a linin' in it that has kept me warm ever since.

EILY. Myles, you saved my life—it belongs to you. There's my hand, what will you do with it?

MYLES. (*takes her hand and HARDRESS's*) Take her, wid all my heart. I may say that, for ye can't take her widout. I am like the boy who had a penny to put in the poor-box—I'd rather keep it for myself. It's a shamrock itself ye have got, sir; and like that flower she'll come up every year fresh and green forenent ye. When ye cease to love her may dyin' become ye, and when ye *do* die, lave yer money to the poor. your widdy to me, and we'll both forgive ye. (*joins hands.*)

EILY. I'm only a poor simple girl, and it's frightened I am to be surrounded by so many —

ANNE. Friends, Eily, friends.

EILY. Oh, if I could think so—if I could hope that I had established myself in a little corner of their hearts, there wouldn't be a happier girl alive than THE COLLEEN BAWN.

SOLDIERS.  
GUESTS.

SOLDIERS.  
GUESTS.

HYLAND.

O'MOORE. SHEELAH.

KYLE. ANNE. MYLES. HARDRESS. EILY. FATHER TOM. MRS. CREGAN.

R.

L.

### Curtain.

#### Costumes.—PERIOD, 179—.

HARDRESS.—Green broad-skirted body coat of the time, double-breasted light silk waistcoat, leather pantaloons, top boots, hair rather long, steeple-crowned gold-laced hat, and white muslin cravat. *2nd Dress*: Blue body coat, white waistcoat, white kersey-mere breeches, silk stockings, and shoes.

DALY.—Brown coat, &c., same fashion as above. *2nd Dress*: Full dress.

CREAGH, O'MOORE and GENTLEMEN.—Evening dress.

FATHER TOM.—Broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat, faded black suit, black riding boots, and white cravat.

DANNY. (*a Hunchback*) Blue frieze jacket, corduroy breeches, yellow waistcoat, grey stockings, shoes and buckles, and old seal-skin cap.

MYLES.—Drab great coat, with cape, red cloth waistcoat, old velveteen breeches, darned grey stockings, and shoes.

CORRIGAN.—Black suit, top boots, and brown wig.

MRS. CREGAN.—Puce silk dress of the time, white muslin neck-kerchief, and powdered hair. *2nd Dress*: Handsome embroidered silk dress, jewels and fan.

ANNE.—Gold-laced riding habit, hat and veil. *2nd Dress*: White embroidered muslin dress, and coloured sash.

EILY.—Blue merino petticoat, chintz tuck-up body and skirts short sleeves, blue stockings, hair plain with neat comb, red cloak, and hood.



THE  
BALANCE OF COMFORT.

AN ORIGINAL PETITE COMEDY,

IN ONE ACT.

BY

BAYLE BERNARD,

*Author of "His Last Legs," "A Storm in a Tea Cup,"*  
*"Platonic Attachments," "The Dumb Belle,"*  
*"Lucille," "A Passing Cloud,"*  
*&c. &c. &c.*

THOMAS HAILES LACY,  
WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,  
LONDON.

*First Performed at the Theatre Royal Haymarket,  
November 23, 1854.*

---

### Characters.

TORRINGTON . . . . .	Mr. HOWE.
POLLARD . . . . .	Mr. ROGERS.
SHEEPSHANKS . . . . .	Mr. CLARKE.
BATES . . . . .	Mr. BRAID.
ROBERT . . . . .	Mr. COE.
MRS. TORRINGTON . . . . .	Miss REYNOLDS.
EMILY POLLARD . . . . .	Miss GRANTHAM.
MARY . . . . .	Miss E. CHAPLIN.

---

TIME—*The Present Day.*

SCENE—*A Villa in Hampshire.*

~~~~~  
FASHIONABLE COSTUMES OF THE PERIOD.  
~~~~~

*Time in Performance, Fifty-five Minutes.*



THE  
BALANCE OF COMFORT.

---

SCENE—*Drawing-Room of a Villa, opening at back on a lawn and garden—Door R.H.—Doors L.H. 2 and 3 E.—The room is elegantly furnished, with piano, canterbury, pictures, &c.*

ROBERT enters from the lawn R.H., followed by TORRINGTON in a great coat, and BATES.

ROBERT. Noa, she bean't here. (*goes to door L. H. 2 E., and calls*) If you please, Ma'am, you're wanted! Noa—nor there neither. She be gone for a walk—p'r'aps down the orchard. So if you'll just tak' a zeat, Zur, I'll run there and zee.

TOR. Thank you, my good friend.

ROBERT. What name shall I zay, Zur?

TOR. Oh, never mind the name—say an old friend from London.

ROBERT. Ees, Zur, I wool.

*He goes off by the lawn, L.H.*

TOR. Well really, I must say, a very charming retreat.

BATES. Yes, Sir, it is.

TOR. Only four hours from town by the safest of rails, and yet as hidden as a bird's nest in the green depths of Hampshire. Famous indeed!—though really, to do her justice, I must own that my wife, upon points of this kind—(*sinks into a chair R.H.*)

BATES. Your wife, Sir?

TOR. Yes, Bates.

BATES. Why, you don't mean to say, Sir, that—

TOR. That I'm married? I am.

BATES. And though I've been a year in your service, I never heard it before.

TOR. Well, that's no such wonder—I'd nearly forgotten it myself.

BATES. And yet really, Sir, seeing how much I was trusted——

TOR. You thought you had a right to know all my embarrassments. But you see, she's a claim that's not at all pressing,—she's a sort of acceptance that for the present's withdrawn.

BATES. You mean to say, Sir, you're separated?

TOR. Yes, Bates, we are. We couldn't agree, so we came to an arrangement to "love and honour" by post. The knot was still tied, but we made it a running one. The fact is, we were neighbours' children, who had grown up together—had had everything in common—a governess, a pony, a purse, and the measles.

BATES. I see, Sir.

TOR. And a beginning of this sort mostly goes on. If coupled in childhood, you must always be coupled. You are like colts in a field,—if you've always run to the same sieve, you must take to the same harness.

BATES. And so, of course, you fell in love, Sir?

TOR. Well, not exactly fell in it;—Love's a sort of pond on the great Common of life, into which most people tumble;—but we walked into it, Bates—we walked into it leisurely.

BATES. And how did you get out of it?

TOR. How? Why, by marrying. We were rescued by our curate and the hook of a ceremony. Marriage certainly rendered us a very great service, for it enabled us to see we hadn't a prospect in common—that, in fact, she and I had the most opposite tastes. Her views were Arcadian,—a home like a hermitage—a spot such as this—where, with books, birds, and flowers, she could dispense with society; and naturally enough, for she had been whisked into the world when scarcely fifteen, and so grew weary of life before she had learnt to enjoy it.

BATES. Whilst you, on the contrary——

TOR. Oh, I had been cooped up by the side of a sick



mother, and only made my escape on the day of my marriage; so of course I required a little excitement—a little life and adventure—and somewhere abroad. I was tired of the stupor of English existence, and wanted my share in our great age of movement—wanted to jump into a steamer for the East or the Straits, and have a cruise round the Cape, or a run up to Nimroud.

BATES. And as that was the case, Sir—

TOR. Why, I did all I could on our wedding excursion. It was a tolerably good one. We finished off Europe,—Europe, I may say, was thoroughly done,—from Paris to Naples, and the Rock to the Baltic,—when, merely on my proposing a peep into Asia, just a look at the Caucasus, or a plunge in the Desert, we positively quarrelled—she flatly refused.

BATES. She did, Sir?

TOR. She did—said I was actually killing her—that we could never be happy—and the best thing we could possibly do was to part.

BATES. I see, Sir—I see.

TOR. So, as I made it a rule never to deny her anything, of course I agreed, and to England we came; and as she had a settlement, her object was easy; so she came down here to enjoy her ideal, and I then was off to realize mine. She took this house, which she found ready furnished; and I bought a tent, to be pitched by the Pyramids.

BATES. And now coming home, Sir, at the end of two years—

TOR. I land in her neighbourhood, and give her a call.

BATES. And propose, when it's over, to go up to town.

TOR. Exactly so, Bates—by the very first train.

BATES. Well, how odd, to be sure! And you don't think it likely you'll make matters up with her?

TOR. Why, hardly, till I'm as tired of life as herself.

BATES. But of course you are good friends, Sir?

TOR. The best, Bates, the best,—our parting caused that,—our parting, which was the means of our enjoying our union. At our parting, we felt we could have died for each other, and simply because we were going to live for ourselves.

ROBERT *looks in at the back.*

ROBERT. Missis be coming, Zur.

TOR. Very good. Well then, Bates, you can dine at the inn, and be ready to start by the four o'clock train.

BATES. Very well, Sir, I will; though, after all I have heard, Sir, I hardly want dinner—I'm quite full already.

*Exit at back, R.H.*

*Enter MRS. TORRINGTON, from L.H.*

MRS. T. Why, can it be possible?

TOR. Yes, Milly, yes.

MRS. T. You, Charles, yourself? Well, this *is* a surprise!

TOR. Well, so I expected.

MRS. T. (*advances and meets him warmly*) In England again, when I was beginning to doubt you were still in existence! And when did you arrive?

TOR. Only four days ago.

MRS. T. At Southampton, of course.

TOR. Yes, by the steamer; and as I found I was so near you, I thought it only civil to give you a call.

MRS. T. Well, that was quite right, and—— (*they sit*)

TOR. And how do I find you?—you look very well.

MRS. T. Oh, I was never better. And you—just the same?

TOR. And you've really a nice place here—a positive dovecote.

MRS. T. Well, so I am told.

TOR. You couldn't have found a more appropriate spot.

MRS. T. Delighted you think so. And in return, let me say that I hope you've enjoyed yourself.

TOR. Oh, thoroughly, Milly.

MRS. T. Had excitement enough since you bid me good bye?

TOR. Well, really, if it wasn't so ungallant a confession——

MRS. T. Now don't be absurd.

TOR. Then I have had—abundant. I doubt there's a source of it that I haven't explored—a grand event that I've missed, or a Lion not visited. I've been to all the great fêtes, grand reviews, and carnivals,—rode at all the



best hunts, and shot at all the best matches. I've had sledges in Russia, and camels at Cairo,—I've galloped with Tartars, and waltzed with Hungarians.

MRS. T. Tolerable, certainly.

TOR. And with the wonders of nature I've been exceedingly lucky. I've been up all the mountains, and across all the chasms; and though I was lost for two days in a cavern in Styria, I got to Tunis in time for the shock of an earthquake.

MRS. T. And still you are unsatisfied.

TOR. Not with Europe, perhaps; but I confess I've some notion of trying America.

MRS. T. And what to do there?

TOR. There's Niagara, you know.

MRS. T. What! I suppose you'd take a boat and go over the Falls?

TOR. And in the Pacific, I am told, there are some very fine water-spouts.

MRS. T. Which of course you consider as so many shower-baths.

TOR. Well,—and now as to your own case. I hope you've been happy?

MRS. T. Of course I have, Charles—had the truest enjoyment.

TOR. But you don't mean to say you've fulfilled your intention?

MRS. T. Indeed, but I do, though.

TOR. What! have lived all alone here?

MRS. T. Yes—all alone.

TOR. Without the society of even your neighbours?

MRS. T. Of even my neighbours. I had some friends here at first; but for several months past I couldn't have been more secluded in the heart of a desert.

TOR. Well, how very extraordinary! I should have thought it impossible.

MRS. T. Why, you'll remember there's such a thing as internal resources.

TOR. Yes, yes—but still——

MRS. T. There are books, and there's art—there's music and drawing.

TOR. All very well, when their pleasure's partaken.

MRS. T. But sufficient, I say, for independent enjoyment.

TOR. To me, such a life appears positive madness.

MRS. T. Well, I'm sure, it's as rational as the one you have pursued.

TOR. To shut yourself up in a voluntary dungeon!

MRS. T. But you've run about as if you'd escaped one.

TOR. Why, it's an outrage on nature.

MRS. T. Not more than your own, Sir.

TOR. And it can't have succeeded, as one may see by your looks.

MRS. T. My looks, indeed!

TOR. Yes, you seem dreadfully moped.

MRS. T. And I must tell you, you look fairly worn out.

TOR. I'm sure you've been fretting.

MRS. T. I beg you'll be civil.

TOR. And your scheme's been a failure.

MRS. T. Mine, mine, Sir?—it's yours.

*Re-enter BATES from back.*

BATES. I beg pardon, Sir, but there's a gentleman at the inn who has followed you from Southampton,—he's come from your solicitor, on particular business.

TOR. Then I suppose I must go. Well, good bye, my love; glad to find you well, though you really don't look so. Hope to call again before I leave England; though, as that's uncertain, perhaps it may not be till I get back from the West. So adieu, love, adieu! I wish you all joy in your perfect retirement.

*Exeunt TORRINGTON and BATES, at back.*

MRS. T. And that man's a husband. He hasn't seen me for two years, and scarcely stops here two minutes; but of course, as he doesn't care for me, that's long enough. Besides, what's his value? A man that's half mad—who can only exist in a life of extremes—who must be unhappy; and yet to have the impertinence to say I'm the same—to lay claim to the triumph of thinking me punished. And yet he has cause. I can't deny now, that my project has failed,—a sweet dream, perhaps; but still, no reality. One requires some acquaintance, some little society; and yet,



here I myself have been the means of forbidding it. So there's but one thing to do,—I must give up this place; I've said so for a month past, and it's time it was done. It's useless to talk of internal resources. One can't always be reading and improving one's mind,—one's mind half the time doesn't seem worth the trouble. One can't always be walking, when there's only two paths to take—this over the hill, and that round the haystack. Even one's birds tire at last—they're always sulky or sick—never singing when they ought, or screaming when they do;—and if it's true that I find some relief in my garden, why, it rains half the time, and so I can't enter it.

MARY runs on from the garden R.H., in bonnet, with books, &c.

MARY. Well, Ma'am, I'm back.

MRS. T. Back indeed! Yes, like a borrowed umbrella; but you've been a long time in coming. Why, where have you been staying?

MARY. Staying, Ma'am?

MRS. T. Staying? You were sent to the tradespeople, but not on a visit. Well, what have you brought me?—no letters, I suppose?

MARY. No, Ma'am, there isn't.

MRS. T. Well, and what books?

MARY. Well, as you said, Ma'am, you'd like to have something amusing—*(she gives one)*

MRS. T. *(opens it)* "Fox's Book of Martyrs." Come now, that's sensible—that's a subject, certainly, to put one in spirits; and the other, "St. Clair of the Isles." Why, I've had this stupid nonsense at least twenty times.

MARY. 'Twas all she'd got in, Ma'am.

MRS. T. I know every word of it,—mawkish, miserable stuff, which could only be borne on an East India voyage,—a positive opiate. They make a great fuss about chemists selling laudanum, and yet these library people may dose you with this. *(opening one of the volumes, a note drops out)* Why, what's that?

MARY. *(picks it up and gives it)* It looks like a letter, Ma'am.

MRS. T. (*opens it and reads*) "Algernon Sheepshanks." Why, it's that creature that pesters me. So you're aiding that man, Mary.

MARY. Indeed, Ma'am, I'm not,—he must have got hold of the books whilst I was gone to the butcher's, for I left them behind me, and——

MRS. T. And this is retirement. I can't take a walk, but this monster besets me, and compels my return. And even home's no protection. There's my amiable landlord—that horrible Pollard—who, whenever he can't see me, throws notes over the wall, with a pebble inside—the happiest emblem of his own precious heart. Well, and what's your news?—you've heard some, of course, by your staying so long?

MARY. No, Ma'am, I haven't.

MRS. T. What! nothing to enliven me?—no one married or buried, or had any accident?

MARY. No, not a soul, Ma'am.

MRS. T. Oh, this sweet country! this Eden to live in! Did you call at the doctor's?

MARY. Yes, Ma'am, I did.

MRS. T. And why hasn't he been here?

MARY. Because he says you ain't ill, Ma'am.

MRS. T. Ain't ill?—what of that, if I'm willing to pay him? A pretty thing indeed! Does he never attend but where people require him? Nothing doing in the village?—no one coming or going, or——

MARY. Why, there's the glazier gone away.

MRS. T. The glazier gone away? and you said there was no news.

MARY. Oh yes, I beg pardon; and there's a pic-nic to-day.

MRS. T. A pic-nic?

MARY. A pic-nic of some of the neighbours.

MRS. T. And you never to mention it till this very minute! Why, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Well, and who are they? and where are they going? Now tell me all about it, down to what's in the baskets.

MARY. Indeed, Ma'am, I cant. All I heard was, that the spot was the hill over yonder, and they were just setting out.



Mrs. T. They were going to the hill?—why then I can see them—that is, with my glass. Where is it?—oh, here. (*takes up a small telescope and looks off*) Yes, Mary, yes—some one's crossing the fields—two men with a basket,—that must be them;—and now a whole party. Yes, there they are—and how happy they look! I can see their bright faces, and their light bounding steps.

MARY. Can you indeed, Ma'am? Well, I wish you were with them.

Mrs. T. I? why should I be? what do I want with pic-nics? I came here, remember, to give up society. Haven't I my books, and my birds, and my flowers, and—(*puts up her glass again*) Really, these people will have a deal of enjoyment.

MARY. And I'm certain of one thing—you'd be welcome enough.

Mrs. T. Why, how stupidly you talk, Mary! How could I join them? Didn't I come here for retirement—for a life of seclusion—which has made me quite happy, as you know it has, Mary, and as it would also make you, if you had any sense. Good gracious me, don't yawn in that manner! One would imagine you hadn't been in bed for a month. No, I'm quite happy, and don't want acquaintance. I came here, as you know, to derive my enjoyment from internal resources—to—to—(*puts up her glass again*) They've got to the hill, and now are finding a spot. And what fun they're all having! I can fancy I hear their happy laughter and jokes. Worthy, sensible beings! they deserve to be happy—when pleasure's so rational—no pretence, no parade, but just a bit of honest and healthy enjoyment.

*The Scene begins to darken, and Thunder is heard in the distance.*

—Why, Mary, what's that?

MARY. It sounded like thunder, Ma'am; and eh? bless my soul, how dark the sky's getting!

Mrs. T. There's a storm coming on, and those unfortunate people will be drenched to the skin.

MARY. They will, Ma'am, indeed, for there's nothing to run to.

MRS. T. No, not a tree. Why, what will they do? It will pour in an instant. Eh? it is pouring!

*Rain and Thunder heard.*

MARY. (*running to the back, and looking off*) Yes, Ma'am, it is; and—why, where will they go?

MRS. T. It's a mile to the village.

MARY. Why, our door is the nearest, Ma'am.

MRS. T. Ours?

MARY. I'm sure of it; and now I look again, I think they're all coming here.

MRS. T. Mary!

MARY. It's true, Ma'am—they're all flying this way as fast as they can.

MRS. T. Then go to the gate, and as soon as you see them—

*The gate bell rings violently.*

MARY. Eh? there they are!

MRS. T. Then run to them instantly, and ask them all in.

MARY. Yes, Ma'am, I will.

*Runs off at back R.H.*

MRS. T. Well, how very delightful! I shall have a house full of people—people that I'm bound to see—that it's my duty to welcome, as a piece of humanity; and who are doubly to be pitied, in being robbed, as they are, of a whole day's enjoyment.

*The party now enter hurriedly from the garden—the LADIES with their gowns turned up over their bonnets—the GENTLEMEN with turned-up collars, holding parasols over the Ladies, &c.—MARY and ROBERT following.*

EMILY POLLARD. We are really much obliged to you.

MRS. T. Don't name it, I beg—I only regret that my roof was not nearer at hand. Will you step up to my room, ladies? for I'm sure you're very wet; and I'll have fires lighted in an instant, to prevent ill effects.

EMILY. This is really most kind of you.

MRS. T. Oh, not at all. Will you follow me? Mary,



call the cook; and you, Robert, stay here, and attend to these gentlemen.

MRS. TORRINGTON *goes off* L.H. 2 E., followed by the LADIES and MARY—POLLARD and SHEEP-SHANKS advance with the other GENTLEMEN, wiping their clothes, and putting themselves in order.

*The sky growing light again.*

SHEEP. (*aside*) By Jove! in the citadel—under her own secure roof—face to face with the charming widow—and by her own invitation.

POL. (*aside*) What a great piece of luck! This storm's a better friend than a twelvemonth's fine weather.

SHEEP. (*aside*) To be sure, there's this Pollard; but I shall soon settle him.

POL. (*aside*) This Captain—confound him! However, Mary's my friend. Of course she's picked up my last note in the garden.

SHEEP. (*aside*) I see my first step. I must come to terms with the girl. Can't always make an envelope of a library novel.

MARY *enters from door* L.H. 2 E.

MARY. Oh gentlemen, if you'd like to step into the kitchen, there's a capital fire there, and you can pull off your boots.

GENT. Thank you, my good girl—not a bad notion.

*They all, except POLLARD and SHEEPSHANKS, go off by door* L.H. 4 E.

MARY. And Robert, you must go to the gate, and assist in the servants who've come with the baskets.

ROBERT. Ees, Mary, I wool.

*Exit at back, R.*

MARY. (*seeing the others—aside*) My goodness me!

POL. (*aside to her, L.*) Mary, my dear, I wish to speak to you presently.

SHEEP. (*aside to her, R.*) My love, when shall I be able to see you alone?

MARY. (*aside*) Why, what shall I do? I must get rid of them somehow.

POL. (*aside to her*) I made you a promise, which I haven't forgotten.

SHEEP. (*aside to her*) I want you to see that you speak to a gentleman.

ROBERT *returns from the garden* R.H., *followed by*  
SERVANTS *carrying baskets.*

MARY. Oh Robert, these baskets are to be placed in the parlour, and then you'll go with these gentlemen to the kitchen, if you please.

ROBERT. Ecs, Mary, I wool.

POL. (*aside to her*) But remember now, Mary, I must see you directly.

SHEEP. (*aside to her*) Now now, don't speak to that fellow—speak to a gentleman.

*They go off by door* L.U.E., *eyeing each other, followed by* ROBERT *and* SERVANTS.

MARY. And so they're both here—both blown in by this storm, like a couple of gnats, that will buzz and torment her. Now I know what she'll say—that it's all of it my doing—I brought them—I planned it—I—

MRS. TORRINGTON *enters from door* L. 2 E.

MRS. T. Well, Mary, well—you mustn't stand there, you know, with a house full of people, and but little assistance. I suppose I needn't say, our guests will stop here to-day?

MARY. Will stop, Ma'am?

MRS. T. Of course. You wouldn't have me so unfeeling as to turn them out in this weather?

MARY. Why, the storm is all over.

MRS. T. But the ground is quite damp, and they've all got thin boots on; and do you think I'd run the risk of throwing them into consumptions?

MARY. Why, hardly, Ma'am.

MRS. T. Hardly! Some delicate girls, whose lives I wouldn't answer for in six months from this. No, no,—



now they're here, here they must stay. I didn't seek them, remember—I didn't ask them to come.

MARY. Well, that I know.

MRS. T. I came here on purpose to get rid of society; but since they are here, and on grounds of humanity--why they may as well stop and have a sociable time of it.

MARY. Well, I'm sure, with all my heart.

MRS. T. So I've arranged that the pic nic's to be eat in my parlour; and, after that, they're to have a ramble about the garden and meadows--after which they'll come in to a plain cup of tea, and we can wind up the evening with a little music and dancing.

MARY. Well, that will be capital.

MRS. T. So you can put out the wine and cake before they go in the garden--they'll want to taste something, though they are to dine early; and--

*The gate bell rings violently, R.H.*

MARY. Some more of the party, Ma'am.

MRS. T. Well, I suppose so--run and admit them.

*MARY goes to the back, and looks off, R.H.*

MARY. The gate's open, and they're coming--it's a gentleman, Ma'am.

MRS. T. A gentleman, eh?

MARY. Yes, Ma'am, it is--and-- Why, Ma'am, it's my master.

MRS. T. Who do you say?

MARY. My master himself, Ma'am.

*TORRINGTON re-enters at the back, followed by BATES with his bag.*

TOR. Well, Milly, I'm back again.

MRS. T. And pray what's the cause?

TOR. Why, that you shall know--

MRS. T. Mary, you can leave us.

*MARY goes off by door, L.U.E.; and BATES, bowing, retires at back, R.H.*

TOR. My messenger has brought me some very queer news. To be frank with you, Milly, my affairs at this

moment are not in the best state of health, and 'twill take my worthy lawyer a few months to doctor them.

MRS. T. Well, that doesn't surprise me.

TOR. But the worst of it is, he won't allow me to shew—says if I go to town now, I shall have a crowd of acquaintance who will prove very troublesome; so I must vegetate somewhere till he can bring them to order, and as that is the case, I thought perhaps, love--you could make room for me--here.

MRS. T. Here?

TOR. As you're so very retired, and---

MRS. T. It's utterly impossible!

TOR. What do you say?

MRS. T. You can't stay a night, even; and it's really very provoking you should have come here at all.

TOR. And why, pray?

MRS. T. Why—why, because you will place me in a most awkward predicament.

TOR. Well, now, I think, Milly, it's you must explain.

MRS. T. Good gracious! Well then, plainly—when I came here to live—knowing how wives in my position are always maligned, since it's never believed that the husband's in fault—to escape any slanders or impertinent gossip--I called myself--a widow—

TOR. A widow?

MRS. T. A widow—'twas my only protection.

TOR. Well, really, I think you might have told me of my death.

MRS. T. I had no other resource; and now, after enjoying the most perfect security, here you come to expose me.

TOR. Indeed I do not. I've not the slightest wish to be known as your husband—I'll pass as your friend.

MRS. T. As my friend? How absurd, Sir! Do you want to rob me of my character?

TOR. Well, I don't see the crime. I suppose a man has a right to steal his own property.

MRS. T. The proposal's all nonsense. You've no right to disgrace me, if you've committed yourself. You can't stay here an instant.

TOR. And not even when I come to you a positive convert?



Mrs. T. A convert ?

Tor. Yes, Milly—you've conquered. I don't hesitate to tell you that I'm tired of excitement.

Mrs. T. Well, and if you are——

Tor. Like yourself, love, at last, I look upon a quiet as the true source of happiness.

Mrs. T. But I don't think it so ; and if you'd had as much as I have, you'd say the same thing. I'm sick of retirement, and—and—in addition to that—I—I have a house full of friends——

Tor. A house full of friends ?

Mrs. T. Who've been driven here by the storm ; and yet how can I meet them if I am to introduce you ?

Tor. Well—can't I be your cousin ?

Mrs. T. A cousin indeed ! why, that's as bad as a friend.

Tor. Well then, a relation—an uncle or brother.

Mrs. T. Well—you might be my brother.

Tor. Of course—nothing easier.

Mrs. T. I don't see it's so easy,—it must appear very strange you never came here before ; but as I suppose it can't be helped, I must say you've come to see me after a long stay abroad.

Tor. Very good, that will do.

Mrs. T. That will do indeed ! It's very well, Sir, to say that. Here have I been as happy as a woman need be, for a couple of years ; and now you must come, and derange all—merely because you're my husband.

Tor. Well, I hadn't a notion I was so hardened a villain.

*MARY comes from door L. 2 E.*

Mary. If you please, Ma'am, the ladies are all comfortable now, and they're assembled in the parlour.

Mrs. T. Very well, then I'll go to them,—or no—I'll see them here ; and yet I've great doubts that this tale will succeed—they'll be sure to suspect.

Tor. Oh no, they sha'n't—we'll be very attentive—as loving as possible ; and who, after that, will suppose that we're married ?

*She goes to door L.U.E., and opens it—The LADIES come from it, followed by the GENTLEMEN.*

Mrs. T. Ladies and gentlemen, will you allow me the

pleasure of introducing my brother, who is just returned from the continent, and intends passing a few days with me on his way up to town.

POL.

and

SHEEP.

} (*aside*) Her brother!

MRS. T. I'm afraid he's too tired to join in our tour of the garden, and must have a traveller's privilege of taking his ease; however, I've no doubt he'll soon be restored, and make himself agreeable when he meets us again. Now, ladies, this way.

*She goes off with them to the garden, R.H., followed by the GENTLEMEN—MARY going off by L.H. door U.E., BATES comes from the back with bag, R.H.*

TOR. And so my dear wife is no recluse after all! After all her tirades against the world and society, she's as fond of them, it seems, as any one else.

BATES. Beg pardon, do you stop, Sir?

TOR. Yes, Bates, I do, but upon rather hard terms. I'm put out of the world.

BATES. You're what, Sir?

TOR. I'm dead!

BATES. You're dead, Sir?

TOR. It's a fact; and if doubted at all, I find I am under the necessity of swearing to it myself.

BATES. Well, I wouldn't have believed it, if you hadn't told me.

TOR. My wife is a widow, and I am her brother. She hasn't named my room, but there's one, I see—take possession of that.

BATES. Very good, Sir; I will; and then I suppose I may go and drink something to my late master's health.

*He enters the room R.H. at back.—TORRINGTON takes a seat.—POLLARD comes from the garden.*

POL. (*aside*) He's alone, as I hoped, and now to attack him. (*advancing*) Ahem! if it's not intruding too much, might I beg, Sir, the favour of half a dozen words with you.

TOR. Certainly, Sir. Pray take a seat.



POL. (*draws a chair beside him*) I presume, Sir, I needn't say that your sister is a most charming, adorable woman.

TOR. Oh, you're very good.

POL. One who has only to be known, to be acknowledged an angel.

TOR. (*aside*) She hasn't lost her attraction.

POL. You knew her husband of course, Sir?

TOR. Well--I can't say we were strangers.

POL. And is it a fact, Sir, he was so horrid a brute?

TOR. What, Sir?

POL. For so I've been told—that he treated her shamefully.

TOR. Well, I--I won't go to that extent.

POL. No, no, you're too generous—but I fear it's the truth—that he was one of those selfish, tyrannical rascals, who—

TOR. Now, now, my dear Sir, he's a dead man, remember—*nil mortuis—nil mortuis*.

POL. Well, that's very true; but still, Sir, when I reflect that such a being as your sister should have been tied to a man who was a positive wretch—

TOR. Sir, Sir, you must stop. It really pains me to hear you.

POL. Sir, I honour this delicacy, and of course say no more. To proceed, then, to my object. Of course your dear sister intends to marry again—she must intend that, to obtain compensation—but meanwhile I must tell you she's exposed to great danger—yes, Sir, great danger. She is beset by a harpy, who's only intent on her money—a swindler, a scamp, Sir—who dubs himself Captain, but who is a mere buccaneer, robbing under red colours.

TOR. I see.

POL. A man, I regret to say, who is now under this roof—but who, Sir, I have sworn, shall not have his victim.

TOR. And very noble of you, really.

POL. Yes, Sir, I am ready to make your dear sister my wife; and of course, in such a cause--I should have your warmest aid.

TOR. Well, Sir, if you think that--I could be of any service.

POL. You! who so much? And I am not without claims. In the first place, I am her landlord;—in the next, I have good reason to think I am her favourite.

TOR. Her favourite?

POL. It's a fact—all our tastes are the same. She loves home—so do I; loves the country—so do I; indeed, on this point I've had various proofs, which--of course you'll excuse me if I'm not able to mention.

TOR. (*aside*) So so, Mrs. Milly!

POL. Now all this I'm sure you must be happy to hear.

TOR. Oh, very!

POL. It must show you she's likely to get some atonement, some repayment, for the misery she endured from a wretch who—

TOR. Again, Sir?

POL. I really beg pardon; but my feelings are so strong that—

MRS. TORRINGTON *crosses the garden with her Guests, from R. to L., SHEEPSHANKS trying to give her his arm.*

SHEEP. My dear Mrs. Torrington, allow me, I beg.

POL. Eh? why look there, Sir--there he is--by her side.

TOR. Well well, Sir, I see.

POL. But you don't see, Sir, you don't,—he wants to give her his arm.

TOR. Well then, if you like, Sir, go and give him your foot.

POL. Kick him?—well, I ought. Hang it! I will! (*going, he returns*) I should have your full consent?

TOR. You're quite sure of that.

POL. And if he retaliated?

TOR. I should be equally pleased.

POL. Sir, you're very good: I must go to her rescue—I must—(*aside*) A good thought! There's my Emmy,—I'll introduce her; and if she should attract him, why that strengthens my hold.

*Exit at back, L.*

TOR. And so now all's explained. My recluse, quiet wife has a couple of lovers; and retirement merely means a safer mode of flirtation. No wonder it is to be endured,



when relieved in this fashion. Pretty doings, Mrs. Milly! I've returned in good time.

MRS. TORRINGTON *returns from garden.*

MRS. T. Well, really, what pleasant, frank, sociable people! What a ninny I've been not to know them before—to sit moping and solitary day after day, foregoing all happiness for an idle chimera. Well, brother Charles, what do you think of my friends?

TOR. Oh, pleasant enough—and, I dare say, convenient.

MRS. T. Convenient?

TOR. People you can use like a fan—both as a blind and a plaything.

MRS. T. Why, what is it you mean?

TOR. Why, that I now see the advantage of your being a widow, since it enables you to receive certain pleasant attentions which——

MRS. T. Which I trust, Sir, you'll allow me to be the best judge of.

TOR. Oh! then I've no right to interfere in the matter?

MRS. T. Not in the least, Sir, till you can shew I've done wrong. Why shouldn't I have attentions if they're kept within bounds? Because I've lost yours, am I to lose the whole world's?

TOR. Then you actually expect me to stand here and look on?

MRS. T. No, Sir, I don't—you can go when you like! I didn't ask you to come, and don't wish you to stop—you are here as my guest, Sir—and not as my censor.

TOR. Oh, I perceive!

MRS. T. A good joke, indeed, that I'm to be talked to in this way! Why, it couldn't be worse if we were living together!

TOR. (*aside*) Well, if I'm to stand this ——

MRS. T. These men are my abhorrence—my positive pest—and yet if I encouraged them had I no right?

TOR. No right, Madam.

MRS. T. Yes, Sir! how was I sure you were living—with such tastes as you've got—running into all sorts of dangers? How did I know but that the first post would bring me news of your death?

TOR. And so I suppose——

MRS. T. Do you mean to say I had no right to prepare for events—because my first choice was bad, I wasn't to think of a second? So don't be so stupid, but make yourself pleasant, if you're going to stay here—I consider that the condition. Go and talk to these people, about Egypt and Naples—you know when you please you can be vastly amusing—so go and be good, my dear brother Charley, whilst I go to Mary and look after the dinner.

*Exit by door L.V.E.*

TOR. So this is the condition—she's to flirt as she likes, and I, like a plaster cast, am to look on and say nothing—that is, if I stop; for I have an alternative, and not to adopt it seems rather degrading—and yet I can't say I'm very willing to go. Whatever pride dictates--there are counter motives, and not of mere anger. I—I can't help confessing I—I am again in her power—I have all the old feeling—yes, all is come back—there can't be a doubt of it. I'm actually jealous! This is the good of my seeing her. Whilst I kept away I was tranquil enough—cared as little for her then as she does for me. Ah! there's the sting! If I thought she *did* care for me! Of course I could go easily, but to be turned off in this way—to be laughed at, despised! I certainly should like to determine that fact—to learn whether she's really so very indifferent! Well, there's only one way to do it—turn her guns on herself—flirt with some one in turn. I should very soon see how the attempt was received, and——

*MRS. TORRINGTON returns from L.H. door.*

MRS. T. Well, Charles, you're not gone?

TOR. Gone? why, no, Milly, I require time to reflect and——

MRS. T. And what's your decision?

TOR. Why, certainly, since you prescribe the sole terms, I——

*POLLARD appears at the back with EMILY.*

POL. Pardon me, my dear Sir, if I'm induced to return to——

TOR. (*aside*) Ah! the very thing! (*aloud*) A young



friend of yours. My very dear Sir, a thousand thanks for the honour!

*He joins them, and goes off with them at back.*

MRS. T. Ha, ha! he submits, and I've bowed his proud spirit—thanks to the lecture I gave him. 'Pon my word it was wanted. These husbands really think they may do as they please—go off, and come home, and say the bitterest things. To talk of these men—who are my utter abhorrence—as if I had been the means of their joining this party! And yet it's lucky they *both* came---since they antagonize each other, like an acid and alkali, and so, after fermenting, perhaps may get quiet. Well, now for my duties. Dinner will soon be ready, but I find we want wine, so I must send to the inn—a few words will do, which Robert must run with. (*sits at table and writes*) Ha, ha! my poor Charles! he little expected the lesson he got—and yet could it be spared—— As if a woman of sense couldn't take care of herself—as if she needed protection—didn't know what was due to her own self-respect, and——

*POLLARD advances to her from the garden.*

POL. Mrs. Torrington!

MRS. T. (*aside*) Good powers!

POL. Pardon me, I beg, if now I see you alone——

MRS. T. (*aside*) And to be caught at this moment!

POL. Pardon me, I say, if I seize the happy chance to——

MRS. T. Really, Mr. Pollard, I must beg you'll retire!  
You see I am engaged, Sir.

POL. But you'll spare me one word, Madam—one small word of hope?

MRS. T. (*rising*) Hope, Sir? of what?

POL. Can you ask, Madam, after all the devotion I've shewn?—after all my letters? What have my letters conveyed?

MRS. T. Why, they've conveyed a lot of stones which have disfigured my garden. I must beg, Sir, you'll leave me—your friends will observe you.

POL. And if they do, can it matter, when I have the consent of your brother—your excellent brother, Madam?

MRS. T. Oh! he has sent you, has he?—the amiable creature!

POL. Who one day, perhaps, may have even friendlier feelings. My niece, that you see with him, is attractive, has property, and——

MRS. T. Impossible, Sir! if such are your views, I must tell you at once that that gentleman's married.

POL. Is married?

MRS. T. Is married.

POL. When I understood him to say he was as free as yourself.

MRS. T. Well, and if he did, Sir, why—— Oh! bless my heart!

POL. Still, if that bond's forbidden, may I not hope for another?

MRS. T. No, Sir, you may not. I respect you, of course, but as for anything further, it's wholly ridiculous!

POL. Don't tell me that, Madam, you'll drive me to madness!

MRS. T. I really can't help it, if it drives you to Sydney! Your views are preposterous! and, as that is the case, I beg that you'll instantly return to your friends.

POL. Mercy, Madam, mercy! see it asked at your feet!  
(*seizes her hand and kneels*)

MRS. T. Mr. Pollard! are you mad, Sir? Rise, I desire you!

POL. Impossible, Madam, unless hope may rise also!

MRS. T. Do you wish to be seen, Sir? I insist you get up!

POL. Mercy, Madam, mercy!

*TORRINGTON walks in with EMILY from back.*

TOR. And so, really, Miss Pollard, as I was observing— Eh? bless my soul! I really beg pardon!

*He wheels round and walks off again—POLLARD rises.*

MRS. T. There, Sir! you were seen—you were, as I expected!

POL. But only by your brother, Madam, and he must be pleased—so pardon me if again I renew an entreaty that—

MRS. T. (*aside*) Good gracious powers! is there no escaping this plague?

POL. If again at your feet I implore your compassion, and——



MRS. T. (*aside*) Is there no one who will take this man away to a pond?

*He is about to kneel again as SHEEPHANKS comes from the back.*

SHEEP. Mrs. Torrington!

MRS. T. (*aside*) Deliverance! Acid and alkali—now they'll be neutralized.

SHEEP. The ladies, Mrs. Torrington, are anxious to see you—will you allow me the honour of conducting you back to them?

MRS. T. Oh, certainly, certainly—most happy I'm sure. I have only to finish this note, and shall be really delighted.

*She sits at table, and writes again.*

POL. (*aside*) And if *he* gets her arm, he'll keep it all day. Mrs. Torrington, allow me to conduct you to our friends.

SHEEP. Allow you—what do you mean, Sir?

POL. I mean, Sir, I have a right which I don't mean to resign. I was talking to this lady—and, of course, have a claim to her.

SHEEP. And so to set up a nuisance, you think makes a claim.

POL. What's that you say?

MRS. T. (*rising*) Gentlemen, gentlemen—

SHEEP. Retire, Sir, instantly. Mrs. Torrington, I attend you.

POL. I'll never resign her. Mrs. Torrington, your arm!

*She advancing, they offer an arm on each side.*

MRS. T. But good gracious, gentlemen, I can't go with both of you.

SHEEP. Of course not, Madam, but you can make your selection.

POL. Yes, Mrs. Torrington, you can choose, you can choose.

MRS. T. But I don't choose to choose; so I beg you'll return, and let me go by myself.

SHEEP. Go alone, Madam?—never.

POL. Never, Madam—never.

SHEEP. I can never permit you to endure this indignity.

POL. Nor I, Madam, to suffer so gross an annoyance.

SHEEP. If you enter that garden you shall have my protection, Madam.

POL. And I say if she enters it she shall have mine.

MRS. T. And I say I'll have neither. I insist that you both leave me, and return to your friends. (*throws herself into her chair again*)

SHEEP. And so all this disappointment is owing to you, Sir?

POL. To me, you precious puppy! it's owing to you!

SHEEP. Puppy, you rascal! who do you call puppy?

POL. Rascal, you puppy! who do you call rascal?

SHEEP. Retract it directly, Sir.

POL. Pooh, pooh, Sir—pooh, pooh!

SHEEP. If you dare say that again, Sir—

POL. Say it—I'll bawl it—pooh, pooh, Sir—pooh, pooh!

*They go off, butting at each other.*

MRS. T. And so all's at an end. Now, I can't enter the garden—but both of these terriers are certain to fly at me; and all this while that dear husband of mine looking on, and not making the slightest attempt to relieve me.

*A loud laugh is heard outside, L.H.*

— They're very merry out there. What's the occasion?

*She rises, and looks off at the back, L.H.*

— Why, it's Charles. He's making an amazing sensation. So, then, I've had these people here to oblige him it seems. And that girl he is with seems singularly struck with him; though no wonder at that, for he's rather superior to the creatures about him. Ah! it was just in that way that he walked with me once—when I thought him such an angel—such a being of beings! How vexed I should have been then to see him walk with another! Well, well, thank goodness I've got over all that—rather wiser now, I think—yes, yes, rather wiser!

*TORRINGTON crosses with MISS POLLARD in the garden, L.H. to R.H., conversing.*

—Why, what are they talking about? He's saying some-



thing very tender, by her mode of listening! And now he has plucked a rose for her, and given it with a manner that—I really hope he's not trifling with that poor girl's affections! He's not the wretch to make love to her—and before my own face!

TORRINGTON *returns from R.H. to L. with Miss POLLARD, conversing aloud.*

TOR. Yes, my dear Miss Pollard, such indeed would be life—a life of passion and fervour, of heart meeting heart, which—

MRS T. Passion and fervour—and heart meeting heart! He has a design on that girl! and I should be the basest of women if I didn't part them directly! and now she's dropped the rose—it almost looked purposely—and he's picked it up, and now stooping to restore it—he— (*she screams*) Charles!

TORRINGTON. (*without*) Very good; then I'll go for her.

MRS. T. Oh! now they're parted, and I think it was time, too—I think it was time!

*She throws herself in the chair again—He comes from the garden.*

TOR. Well, Milly, well, I agree with you again—society's the true thing—nothing like that!

MRS. T. Indeed, Sir! then I beg to say I'm sick of society, and regret that these people ever entered my doors.

TOR. Well, really, my love, I don't see the reason—they all seem very worthy—especially your friend Pollard and his sweet little niece.

MRS. T. Because you've designs on her.

TOR. Designs?

MRS. T. Don't deny it! I heard you, I saw you—saw you pick up that flower. But do you think I'll permit it? No, Sir! I'm happy to say that her uncle knows everything.

TOR. What, that I'm married?

MRS. T. Yes, that you're married.

TOR. And, of course, to yourself?

MRS. T. No, not to myself—I didn't think that was necessary.

TOR. And so, then, whilst you are to have lovers at your feet, I'm not permitted to pick up a flower?

MRS. T. I've no intention, Mr. Torrington, to blight peoples' happiness.

TOR. But you can allow it to be blighted, and I suppose that's as bad.

MRS. T. Well, Sir, if you're so indignant you needn't remain—you can shorten a visit which you find so unpleasant.

TOR. And you can conclude it at this very instant—acknowledge I'm your husband, and I'll quit you at once.

MRS. T. Acknowledge you indeed! and so lose all my friends?

TOR. Well, then, I must tell you I shall compel the avowal.

MRS. T. You will compel it?

TOR. Compel it;—in less than an hour you shall freely declare me.

MRS. T. Freely?

TOR. Yes, freely.

MRS. T. Well, now, that's likely!

TOR. Likely or not, you shall do me this justice.

MRS. T. And if I do, I'll consent to overlook all the past.

TOR. Very good; that's a bargain—and so now all's arranged.

MARY comes from door L.H.U.E.

MARY. If you please, Ma'am, dinner's ready.

MRS. T. It is? Very well; then you can step to our guests, and—— Stop, stop, there's the wine, and my note isn't sent—isn't even sealed up yet, but that's soon effected.

*She goes to the table and seals note.*

TOR. (*aside*) Yes, yes, that's my plan—one that's sure to succeed; but Bates must assist me. (*aloud*) Bates! (*opens R.H. door and beckons.—aside*) And now, Mrs. Milly, we'll see who's to conquer!

*He goes out at the back, R.H., BATES following from R.H. door.*

MRS. T. There! now it's done. Give it to Robert, and tell him to run instantly.



MARY. Yes, Ma'am, I will.

*Exit at back, R.H.*

MRS. T. Acknowledge him indeed! confess my deception, and before the whole party. How exceedingly probable! A clever plan, really, that would tempt me to that. Well, I shall have some amusement in watching his efforts, and—Amusement do I say? when here are my two plagues! Is there no way to escape them? no contrivance, no plan, that— Eh? yes—I see! put the names in the plates, and set these two in the centre, opposite to each other, where they can growl as they please, and, if they like, exchange compliments under the table. Ha, ha! why that's famous—a capital notion! so I'll do it at once.

*She sits at table and tears up papers—A murmur of voices is heard outside, R.H.*

—Eh? why, what's that?

*MARY comes from back.*

MARY. Oh, if you please, Ma'am, I'm afraid something's happened.

MRS. T. Happened, Mary?

MARY. Yes, Ma'am, some difference or other among some of the gentlemen.

MRS. T. Why am I deemed to misfortune—is it never to end?

*The murmur is heard again—POLLARD comes from the garden hastily, followed by BATES, who enters R.H. door.*

POL. Mrs. Torrington, I'm here, don't be alarmed.

MRS. T. Why, what has occurred, Sir?

POL. This encounter, if painful, was not to be avoided.

MRS. T. Encounter of whom?

POL. Your brother has been insulted by that scamp of a Captain.

MRS. T. And is it Charles? Why then, go Sir, and part them directly.

POL. And insult him myself, Madam?

MRS. T. Never mind that Sir, if you can prevent ill results.

POL. But I should prevent good ones. Your brother's object of course is to turn him out of the house.

MRS. T. But how wrong of him—how foolish—how needless to do it.

*BATES comes from R.H. door with pistols.*

BATES. Eh, bless my soul!

*He hides them in apparent confusion.*

MRS. T. Pistols!

BATES. How awkward. Well, there's no help for it.

*He runs off at the back.*

MRS. T. Stay—put them down, Sir—put them down instantly. Mr. Pollard, you'll follow him, and recover those weapons.

POL. I, Madam.

MRS. T. You, Sir, or never dare see me again.

POL. (*aside*) Why, how very ungrateful, when he actually proposes to send a ball through that fellow, I to be the person to go and prevent him.

*He goes out at the back—The LADIES run in in a body.*

ALL. Oh, Mrs. Torrington!

MRS. T. I know—I know all; but where are the gentlemen to prevent such a madness—it's no use our staring like so many sheep. We must part them ourselves then—we must go ladies.

*Two shots are heard outside.*

—Ah! its too late, and perhaps he has fallen.

EMILY. No, no—let us trust not.

MRS. T. Oh, if he has, I shall never forgive myself—for I know this encounter was entirely for my sake;—it was thus he replied to my ill-nature—my cruelty!

*MARY runs in from the garden, followed by some of the GENTLEMEN.*

MARY. Oh, Ma'am!

MRS. T. Is he shot?

MARY. Only in the knee, Ma'am—only in the knee; and as that has settled the matter, now he and the Captain are as good friends as ever.



MRS. T. As good friends—the wretch! I hope he'll never meet me again.

MARY. Why, as it's only his leg, Ma'am——

MRS. T. His leg; and is that nothing—when Charles was perhaps the best polker in Europe?

MARY. Well, here he comes, Ma'am—shall I place a chair.

*TORRINGTON now enters from the garden, a handkerchief bound round his knee, leaning on BATES, and limping—SHEEPSHANKS and others following—MRS. TORRINGTON flies to his side, and assists him to the chair in front.*

MRS. T. Oh, my poor Charles! how mad of you to do this! but you're not injured seriously—the ball will come out?

TOR. Perhaps so—but if not—what does it matter? If my leg must go off, why I must go also.

MRS. T. Don't talk in that manner. Do you think me such a wretch? I know I was very cruel—but——

TOR. But what does it matter—you lose but a brother.

MRS. T. A brothêr, indeed! and can you mock me in that way at such a moment as this? I shall lose a beloved husband.

SHEEP. and POL. (*advancing*) A husband!

MRS. T. Yes, a husband. I can't tell stories now, Sir.

TOR. Well—if that's—your confession——

MRS. T. It is Charles—it is,

TOR. Why then, of course—that's sufficient.

*He unwinds the handkerchief from his knee, and, rising, flaps his boot with it.*

MRS. T. Why, you monster!

TOR. Perhaps so—but still I'm your husband.

MRS. T. And this was a trick, aftr all?

TOR. Which is rather an odd characteristic of husbands.

SHEEP. But, perhaps, you'll inform *me*, Sir, what such a trick means?

TOR. Oh! with the greatest willingness. It was a plan to recover certain unavowed rights, for which I saw but one means—our fictitious encounter. And I've now only to say if you're displeas'd with that form of it, I'm quite prepar'd to renew it in the most positive manner.

Mrs. T. And so be shot in reality. Indeed, you shall not.

Tor. Plainly then, gentlemen, you see how the case stands. As I am this lady's husband, she can't have another;—it's very awkward certainly—but such is the fact—however, I've no doubt she'll be very good friends with you, which is perhaps more than she could have promised had she been married to either.

Mrs. T. Much more.

Tor. And now, Milly, a word with you—we've both been in fault—both had extreme notions of how life was to be enjoyed;—you in seclusion—I in society; and both I believe have come to reasonable views—find that truth, as it usually does, lies in a medium; so as a separated couple, like a broken pair of scissors, are of very little use till they're rivetted again, what do you say if we take hands and make a new outset?

Mrs. T. Well, I suppose it's the best. I certainly find there's one use in a husband—he keeps off other plagues—if he's a great one himself. (*she gives him her hand*)

Tor. There, and now all's renewed, I suppose we must regard this as a second wedding-party. I won't keep our friends waiting, but still I must hope, that though I and my partner have indulged in extremes——

Mrs. T. Our judges will view us with due moderation. (*she advances*) Ladies and Gentlemen, in diplomatic circles we frequently meet with such a term as the balance of power—that happy equilibrium of various great nations, which secures, as we are told, the repose of the world. There are few will deny that home is a world; and a world, sad to say, that's not undisturbed by occasional wars. In this world, then, of home, we should introduce peace—we should have an equilibrium—but let us alter the term; and, instead of trying to maintain any balance of power, let us rather seek to establish a Balance of Comfort.

CURTAIN.

R.

L.



TO PARIS AND BACK FOR  
FIVE POUNDS.

An original Farce.

IN ONE ACT.

BY

JOHN MADDISON MORTON,

*Member of the Dramatic Authors' Society,*

AUTHOR OF

*Box and Cox, John Dobbs, The Woman I Adore, A Capital Match,  
Your Life's in Danger, Who Stole the Pocket Book? Poor  
Pillicoddy, Friend Waggles, Where there's a Will there's  
a Way, The Writing on the Wall, Betsy Baker  
&c., &c.,*

*First performed at the Theatre Royal Haymarket,  
on Saturday, February 5th, 1853.*

---

### Characters.

MR. SAMUEL SNOZZLE.....	MR. BUCKSTONE.
MR. SPRIGGINS.....	MR. LAMBERT.
MR. CHARLES MARKHAM.....	MR. HOWE.
LIEUTENANT SPIKE, R.M.....	MR. ROGERS.
POUNCE ( <i>a Detective Officer</i> ).....	MR. BRAID.
JOSEPH ( <i>a Waiter</i> ).....	MR. CLARK.
SUPERINTENDENT.....	MR. HASTINGS.
TELEGRAPHIC CLERK.....	MR. COE.
GUARD.....	MR. EDWARDS.
MISS FANNY SPRIGGINS.....	MISS A. VINING.

SCENE—*Tunbridge.*

---

### Costumes.

MR. SAMUEL SNOZZLE.—White trowsers, light waistcoat, slate coat, white over coat, white Jersey hat.

CHARLES MARKHAM.—Modern suit, blue cloak.

MR. SPRIGGINS.—White trowsers, black body coat, white hat, with crape.

LIEUTENANT SPIKE.—Blue coat, gilt buttons, dark trowsers, black hat.

POUNCE.—Plaid trowsers, check waistcoat, pilot coat, shawl and black hat.

JOSEPH.—Modern waiter.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Single breasted blue frock, gilt button and glazed cap.

CLERK.—Modern dress and white hat.

PASSENGERS.—Modern travelling suits.

FANNY.—Blue silk dress, white bonnet and maize coloured shawl.

---

Time in Representation, 55 minutes.



## TO PARIS AND BACK FOR FIVE POUNDS.

SCENE.—*Tunbridge—between the Railway Station and an Inn—Platform leading to Railway, U. E. R.—direction pos., “To the Railway,” U. E. R.—line of railway over a viaduct seen in the distance, from R. to L.—Hotel, L. 2 and 3 E.—Electric Telegraph Office R. 1 E.—“Electric Telegraph” written over it on wing. JOSEPH busy placing refreshments on table outside hotel. L. C. Two garden chairs,—luggage on steps leading to the platform. POUNCE, in shabby genteel costume comes down the steps R. of the platform, and looks at names on luggage—comes forward.*

POUN. I don't see the name—but I know I'm on the right scent for all that—(sees JOSEPH)—Oh, here's the waiter! I'll pump him! (to JOSEPH, who is about to run into hotel) Stop, young man, don't be in a hurry!

JOS. Nothing I should like better, sir—but we expect the Paris Excursion Train down from London every minute—it stops here at Tunbridge. to take up passengers!

POUN. It's rather behind time, isn't it?

JOS. Yes, sir! and no wonder, sir—I dare say there'll be a matter of thirty carriages—and that's no joke for one horse—I mean one engine! but who can be surprised at the quantity of people—“To Paris and back, with bed and breakfast in the French metropolis for a fortnight for £5!” I wonder how they does it—but does it they does! (bell rings in hotel, L.) Coming! (going)

POUN. Stop! have you any parties in your hotel going by this excursion train? (mysteriously)

JOS. Yes, sir! there's No. 5—No. 7, and two children—No. 13, wife and lady's maid, and No. 15, and daughter—(bell rings again, L.)—Coming!

POUN. Stop! what about this No. 5—is he a gentleman?

JOS. Can't say, sir!—he hasn't had his bill yet!

POUN. And pray—might his name be Markham?

JOS. (anxiously) Well, sir, perhaps it might if it wasn't Smith! (bell again, L.) Coming! (runs into archway of hotel L.)

POUN. Umph! bump of communicativeness by no means prominent—surely my information can't be wrong! (taking letter out of his pocket)—here we have it clear enough—(reads)—“Mr. Charles Markham,”—and so on—“principal in a duel” and so forth, “left London last Monday by ten o'clock train—got out at Tunbridge—supposed to be lying snug till he can slip away to the Continent,” &c. &c.—pity they didn't send the young gentleman's description especially as I haven't the honor of his acquaintance! never mind

4 TO PARIS AND BACK FOR FIVE POUNDS.

—I've only got to keep my ears open, and, as soon as I hear the name of Markham, pounce down upon the individual who answers to the name of Markham, and nab him!—so, now to keep a sharp look out! (*goes up—casting his eye over luggage—ascends platform and disappears*)

*Enter MARKHAM at R. 1 E. he is enveloped in a large cloak, and seems cautious.*

MARK. Here's a pretty sort of existence to lead—afraid to venture out with the thermometer at 92 in the shade, without muffling myself up like muffins at Christmas—and what's my offence, after all?—standing up at twelve paces to be shot at by a peppery fellow who fixes a quarrel upon me because a lady preferred me for a partner in a polka to him!—a charming creature she was too—and I should certainly have cultivated her acquaintance, only I unfortunately winged my adversary, and was obliged to do what he couldn't—fly! My friend, Dick Dashley, promised to write me word how matters were going on—addressing me under an assumed name, of course—but I've been afraid to venture out of my hiding place 'till this evening—however, I must know my fate at all hazards—so here goes—Waiter! (*hitting the table with his stick*)

*Enter JOSEPH, running, L. from archway.*

Jos. Coming!

MARK. Have you a letter addressed to Mr. Charles Mar—I mean Mr.—(*aside*)—Damn it—I forget my name! (*aloud—and suddenly recollecting*) Mr. Richard Thompson?

Jos. Yes, sir! came by post this morning! (*takes letter out of his waistcoat pocket*)

MARK. Give it me! (*snatches at it*)

Jos. Beg pardon, sir—but is your name Thompson?

MARK. Do you doubt it—there's a shilling for you! (*gives money*)

Jos. (*giving letter*) Thank you, sir!—happy to supply you with any number of letters, in any number of names, on the same terms, you think proper to mention, sir!

MARK. Go!

Jos. Gone! (*rushes off into hotel*)

MARK. Now then, to know my fate!—(*opens letter and reads*)—“Dear Markham—Look out for squalls—your hiding place is discovered—and a sharp-scented member of the fraternity of detectives is on your track!”—confusion—“In your place, I should give myself up—it'll only be six months in one of Her Majesty's jails at the utmost. Yours truly, Richard Dashley.”—Six months! and grouse shooting beginning!—to say nothing of that afore-said charming creature, who haunts me night and day—six months!—I'd back myself to make love, pop the question, marry her, and settle down into a quiet, respectable father of a family in half the time! It's enough to make a man hang, drown, or shoot himself! (*suddenly*) Egad!—not a bad idea! Why shouldn't I hang, drown, or shoot myself!—a few brief, heart-rending words, written with a trembling hand on half a sheet of



note paper, moistened with my tears, and left upon this table, may be the means of putting this "sharp-scented member of the fraternity of detectives" on the wrong scent!—I'll do it! Waiter! (*hitting table again*)

*Enter JOSEPH, running from hotel, L.*

Pen, ink, and paper!

Jos. Yes, sir! (*runs into hotel*)

MARK. Let me see—what shall it be! Shall I hang myself?—no, I'll be hanged if I hang myself!—it's common, low—and I certainly shan't shoot myself, instead of the grouse—so I must drown myself!—yes, painful as the operation may be, I must drown myself!—waiter! (*hitting table again*)

*JOSEPH runs in, L.*

Jos. Here you are, sir! (*putting pen, ink, and paper on table*)

MARK. There's a shilling for you (*gives it*)

Jos. Thank you, sir!—happy to furnish you with pens, ink, and paper, on the same terms, sir, to any amount you think proper to mention, sir! (*runs into hotel*)

MARK. Now, then, for something excessively touching! (*writing*) "What's life to me?—nothing!" That's not bad! (*writing*) "I forgive everybody, even my creditors!" That's satisfactory for them—the only satisfaction, by-the-bye, they are likely to get! "Ere this meets a human eye, the waters of the"—of the—what the devil's the name of the river? I suppose they *have* a river at Tunbridge? never mind—(*writing again*)—"the waters of the river will have closed over the brief and troubled career of the unhappy, broken-hearted Charles Markham." That'll do remarkably well!—but it isn't enough!—evidence of previous temporary insanity is absolutely necessary—so here goes!—waiter! (*banging table with his stick*)—waiter, I say!—(*banging table again*)

*JOSEPH runs in.*

Jos. Coming!

MARK. (*throwing his feet up on table and nodding familiarly at JOSEPH*) How are you? and who are you? (*fiercely*)

Jos. (*starting*) The waiter, sir!

MARK. No such thing—you're the First Lord of the Admiralty! your uncle, Julius Cæsar, just told me so—*tol-de-rol!*

Jos. (*alarmed—and aside*) I don't half like this! (*running off*)

MARK. (*shouting*) Stop!—come here! (*seizing JOSEPH*) do you sell warming pans? I thought not—so bring be a bottle of thunder—with the chill off—begone!—fly!—ha, ha, ha! (*laughing wildly at JOSEPH, and rushing at him—who runs off at full speed into hotel*) Come, that'll do very well!—and now to deposit these aforesaid "few but heart-rending words" in my pocket book, along with my passport—which I had the precaution to get made out in case I had the opportunity of bolting—there! (*laying pocket book on table*) There it'll sure to be found by somebody or other—I shall be supposed to have made away with myself—the law will be satisfied and so shall I!—ha, ha ha! (*railway whistle and noise of engine*)

6 TO PARIS AND BACK FOR FIVE POUNDS.

heard) Here comes a train from town—Egad! it's just possible Dashley may send me further intelligence by it—I'll wait and see! (*muffles himself up in his cloak again, and retires—whistle again louder—train heard to come in R.—PASSENGERS hurry from hotel and U. E. L., up platform, R. U. E.—great bustle kept up without—Boys with "Morning's Times," &c. &c. &c.*)

SPRIGGINS. (*outside, R. U. E.*) Stop! let me out, conductor—let me out, I say!

GUARD. (*outside R. U. E.*) What's the matter, sir!

SPRIG. Let me out, I say!

GUARD. The train's just going on, sir—it can't wait for you!

SPRIG. I don't want it to wait for me—open the door, fellow—or I'll precipitate myself headlong, with my carpet bag, out of the window!

GUARD. Oh, very well, sir!

SPRIGGINS comes down platform, R. followed by FANNY.

MARK. (*up L. recognizes her*) Eh? Yes! my charming partner, as I live. (*observes and catches FANNY'S attention*)

FAN. (*aside*) The gentleman who danced the Polka so beautifully, and helped me to such a quantity of negus and sponge cake. (*exchanges looks with MARKHAM*)

SPRIG. (*L. C. looking about anxiously*) No sign of my nephew, Samuel Snuzzle—not a symptom of him—not the minutest particle of my nephew, Samuel Snuzzle, can I distinguish! What's to be done? (*suddenly going up to MARKHAM*) I beg your pardon, sir—but you don't happen to have seen a gentleman here, waiting with considerable anxiety for the train to come in?

MARK. No, sir!

FAN. (*L. aside*) So much the better.

SPRIG. (*R.*) He's my nephew, sir, the future husband of my daughter, sir.

MARK. (*aside*) Don't be too sure of that old gentleman!

FAN. (*aside*) Don't count your chickens before they're hatched, uncle.

SPRIG. We are all three to go to Paris to enjoy ourselves for a fortnight, but as he had business in this part of the country, it was arranged that he should meet the excursion train here at Tunbridge! but he's *not* here, and we can't go without him!—here are the three tickets (*producing them*) perhaps they'll return the fifteen pounds.

MARK. I'm afraid not!

SPRIG. Then the money's as good as thrown away.

MARK. I am sure, sir, I shall be most happy to be of any assistance to you and your charming daughter in this unpleasant predicament—I'll wait here till your nephew comes, and tell him you've arrived—but you must be good enough to describe his person to me.

SPRIG. That would rather puzzle me, considering I haven't seen my nephew Sam, since he was breeched!

MARK. (*crosses to C.*) Perhaps the young lady can furnish his description?



FAN. I have never seen cousin Sam, at all—not even before he was—*(suddenly stops)* you know, sir.

SPRIG. No! but as I know the young fellow to be well to do in the world—I wrote and proposed the match to him a week ago, and he said “yes” at once.

MARK. And you, madam?

SPRIG. She said “yes” too.

FAN. No I didn't, papa.

SPRIG. You didn't say no!—which comes to the same thing.

MARK. As I said before, I shall be delighted to be of service to you—will you step into the hotel—or perhaps you'd prefer taking a stroll through the town and seeing the lions?

FAN. Oh, yes, papa, *do* let's see the lions!

MARK. I shall be delighted to escort you—we have three objects well worthy the attention of the traveller—the Church—the Town Hall—and the Pump—they're close together! for instance—suppose I'm the Church—this lady's the Town Hall, and you are the Pump!—allow me. *(offers his arm to FANNY, who takes it)*

SPRIG. But if my nephew, Sam, should happen to arrive?

MARK. *(crossing with FANNY to R.)* He'll have to wait, and serve him right—it'll teach him to be more punctual for the future.

FAN. Of course it will—so come along, papa.

*Exit quickly with MARKHAM. R. 1 E.*

SPRIG. Stop! Fanny!—I'll just have two words with the waiter, in case Samuel Snozzle should happen to come. Here, waiter!

*Enter JOSEPH L. running.*

JOS. Yes, sir!

SPRIG. If a gentleman should happen to enquire for Mr. or Miss Spriggins, you'll be good enough to say to him—*(looking off at R.)* damn it, they're out of sight. *(runs rapidly off, R. 1 E. after FANNY and MARKHAM)*

JOS. Oh, I'm to say to him “damn it, they're out of sight.” *(shouting off after SPRIGGINS)* Oh, very well, sir!

*Exit L.*

*Enter SUPERINTENDENT, from platform U. E. R.*

SUP. All right. *(blows whistle, and the train is heard to move slowly off at the same moment)*

SNOZZLE. *(without, 1 E. L.)* Here! Stop, stop—*(rushes in L. with portmanteau, hat box, and umbrella, and waves his umbrella and shouts)* Stop the train. *(about to rush up platform, but is prevented by SUPERINTENDENT, who pushes him back)*

SUP. *(R.)* Holloa, go back, sir! the train's gone.

SNOZ. *(L.)* I know it's gone, that's why I want to run after it and catch it up! *(making another attempt to run)*

SUP. Pooh, pooh—nonsense *(stopping him again)*

SNOZ. You think I couldn't, eh? Bless you—you've no notion of the celerity of my movements—perhaps you'll oblige me by observing the celerity of my movements. *(about to start again)*

SUP. (*pulling him back*) Once for all, sir, the train's gone, and you must stop where you are.

SNOZ. My dear, sir, allow me respectfully to submit to you—(perhaps you'll hold my carpet bag in the mean time)—that you're talking nonsense, in point of fact, you can form but a very faint idea of the nonsense you are talking! My uncle that is, and my wife that is to be, are in that train, sir, and as they can't possibly go to Paris without me, you must, I am sure, at once, see the necessity of my running after that train in order to catch that train up. (*starting again*)

SUP. (*pulling him back again*) It was your business to have been here in time, sir!

SNOZ. So I was! in plenty of time, if the train had only stopped for me.

SUP. You must wait for the next.

SNOZ. Oh, then there will be another excursion train, eh?

SUP. Yes!

SNOZ. That's lucky—when?

SUP. Why, about Michaelmas.

SNOZ. Michaelmas! this is an imposition! Now listen to me, sir, while I put it to you, as an intelligent officer of this railway company—the Great Western, I believe?

SUP. No—the South—

SNOZ. True!—the South Western!

SUP. No—Eastern!—

SNOZ. Exactly—the Great Southern Western Eastern—now, sir, this is my case, which I am sure the intelligent officer before me will at once comprehend! My uncle takes three tickets, for himself, my cousin Fanny, and me, in the excursion train "To Paris and Back for Five Pounds." I undertake to meet the train here at Tunbridge—I do *not* meet it here—not from any fault of mine, but simply because I happen to be too late—well, the train containing my uncle and cousin Fanny comes in and goes off again without me, and when I propose adopting the only rational course of proceeding under the circumstances—namely, running after that train and catching that train up, I'm coolly told that I must wait 'till next Michaelmas! It's absurd, sir, so where are your directors? Instantly produce your directors!

SUP. Hark'ye, sir—if you'll take my advice, you'll just hold your tongue—get a mouthfull of something to eat, go to bed, off to Dover by the first train to-morrow morning, over to Boulogne, on to Paris, and there you are.

SNOZ. Well, I suppose that *is* the only thing that can be done, unless you'll start a train on purpose for me?

SUP. Certainly, sir, if you'll pay for it!

SNOZ. Ha, ha, you're a wag! (*poking him in the side, and depositing his carpet bag and umbrella near the table*)

SUP. By-the-bye, sir, as your friends may be anxious about you when they arrive at Dover, perhaps you'd like to send a message?

SNOZ. Of course I should—but who's to take it?



SUP. The electric telegraph, sir.

SNOZ. I never thought of it! you're an intelligent creature—the moment I saw your phrenological development, I said to myself, "that's an intelligent creature."

SUP. That's the telegraph office, sir. (*points to office, R., 1 E., then exit up platform*)

SNOZ. I thank you! (*goes to window at telegraph-office, and knocks at it; CLERK puts out his head.*) I hope I see you, sir! I want to dispatch a telegraphic message to Dover, sir!

CLERK. Very well, sir. Who to?

SNOZ. To cousin Fanny, sir!

CLERK. Who's cousin Fanny?

SNOZ. *My* cousin Fanny, of course! I shouldn't think of taking such a liberty with anybody else's cousin Fanny.

CLERK. I mean, what's her name?

SNOZ. (*shouting*) Fanny! If you're hard of hearing, my dear sir, you should petition the directors to provide you with a trumpet.

CLERK. What's her other name?

SNOZ. Spriggins!

CLERK. Where does she live?

SNOZ. I really don't know whether I'm justified in telling you where she lives—you may be a highly respectable man, but—

CLERK. If you don't tell me where she lives, how is she to get your message?

SNOZ. True! Here's another intelligent creature—she lives at No. 15, Red Lion Square, Holborn.

CLERK. I thought you said she was at Dover?

SNOZ. So I did! but I don't know whereabouts in Dover. The fact is, she's just gone on by the Paris excursion train.

CLERK. Then your best plan will be to telegraph the guard of the train, and he'll deliver the message to your friends when they arrive at Dover.

SNOZ. Of course! This line of railway literally swarms with intelligent creatures.

CLERK. Now, sir, what do you wish the guard to say to the lady?

SNOZ. I wish the guard to say this to the lady—"My beloved Fanny"—

CLERK. Go on!

SNOZ. No, sir, I don't want him to say "go on," or anything of the sort! "My beloved Fanny, don't be uneasy; I will follow you and uncle Spriggins to Paris to-morrow"—that's all!

CLERK. Your name, if you please, sir?

SNOZ. Samuel!

CLERK. I must have your other name, too, sir?

SNOZ. Is that absolutely necessary?

CLERK. Yes, sir!

SNOZ. Before I indulge your curiosity, sir, perhaps you'll show me your authority—you'll be good enough to remember we've no Inquisition in this country, sir!

CLERK. Nonsense!

SNOZ. Very well, then, my other name is—(*moving his lips without speaking*)

10 TO PARIS AND BACK FOR FIVE POUNDS.

CLERK. (*trying to hear*) What? (SNOZZLE *moves his lips again*) You really must speak out, sir!

SNOZ. (*shouting*) Snozzle!

CLERK. Mr. Samuel Snozzle—ha, ha, ha! (*laughing*)

SNOZ. (*crosses to L.*) I knew how 'twould be! This is what I have to go through at least fifty times every day of my life. How any woman—my mother especially—could marry a man with such a name as Snozzle, I can't understand.

CLERK. Is that all, Mr. Snozzle—ha, ha, ha!

SNOZ. (*shouting, and crosses to R.*) I tell you what, sir; if you presume to laugh again, I'll pull your telegraphic wires about your ears! Yes, sir, that is all!

CLERK. Very well, sir! (*small bell heard to ring, R.*) One pound seven and sixpence!

SNOZ. What for?

CLERK. For the telegraphic message, sir!

SNOZ. Then, on second thoughts, you need not trouble yourself to send it.

CLERK. It's gone, sir!

SNOZ. Gone! pooh—I know better! It couldn't possibly go without my seeing it.

CLERK. Come, sir! Shell out!

SNOZ. (*aside, and suddenly*) Good gracious! Now I think of it! cousin Fanny or uncle Spriggins, will be sending me an answer back, to a certainly—and probably a long one! (*to the MAN*) My dear, Sir, might I ask, as a particular favour—a very particular favour—(*insinuatingly*)—that Miss Spriggins may be desired not to send me an answer, as it costs such a deal of money!

CLERK. Certainly, sir!

SNOZ. I am obliged to you, sir; if you'll put your hand out, sir, I'll make it my immediate business to shake it, sir—(*little bell rings again, R.*)

CLERK. That's one pound one more, sir!—two pounds eight and sixpence altogether!

SNOZ. Oh, two pounds eight and sixpence altogether?—you're sure that's all? Then I'll settle your little account the next time I come this way! (*going*)

CLERK. Come! no nonsense, sir, or I'll call a policeman!

SNOZ. Don't trouble yourself—can you give me change for a thousand pound note!

CLERK. Yes, sir!

SNOZ. Never mind—there's your money—your plunder!—here, sir—take it, sir! (*holding out money*)—CLERK *puts his head out of window, and takes it*—SNOZZLE *bonnets him—he retreats indignantly and closes door*) Waiter!

*Enter JOSEPH, running, L.*

Jos. Yes, sir!

SNOZ. Can I have a bed here to-night?

Jos. Yes, sir—half a dozen, if you like!

SNOZ. Thank you! It's a foolish habit I've got—but I seldom sleep in more than one bed at a time—how much?

Jos. Three and sixpence, sir—including the chamber-maid!



Snoz. (*with dignity*) But I don't wish to include the chambermaid, sir—(*aside*)—especially as I haven't seen her—I never had such a proposal made to me in any respectable hotel, in all my life—and people call this a moral country!

Jos. What name, sir!

Snoz. Mr.—never mind the name—go along!

*Exit* JOSEPH, L.

Snoz. If I *had* mentioned my name there'd have been another shout of laughter—somebody, I don't exactly know who—probably some obscure literary person or other has said, "What's in a name?" I contend there's a great deal in a name!—for instance, if I'd been in the army, or even in the militia, and had distinguished myself in some brilliant action, could I have allowed myself to be gazetted as Major General Snozzle?—there'd be one universal shout from one end of the 'Army List' to the other! And then, if ever I fall in love, which I do about three times a week, on an average, I never dare mention my name! I'm always obliged to keep Snozzle in the back ground—it was only this very morning that I got into a second-class carriage at Canterbury, and found myself alone with a first-class female—a very fine woman indeed, and plenty of her—we got quite intimate, and before we got to our journey's end, she not only told me her name was 'Sparkins,' and that she lived here at Tunbridge—but she actually asked me if I'd tea with her—or cocoa with her—I forget which—now as I must stop here 'till to-morrow morning, there's nothing I should like better than to tea with her—or cocoa with her—just merely to *passer le toms*, as we say in France—people may put whatever construction they think proper on what I say; but I emphatically repeat that it would be merely to *passer le toms*!—but, then, she'd naturally ask me my name, and I could no more tell her it was Snozzle than I could fly! No—I must give up the fair sex in general, and stick to cousin Fanny, in particular—and yet it's a hard thing—it's a cruel thing that one can't go and *passer le toms* with a first-class female, because one's name happens to be Snozzle! (*sitting down at table, L.*) I repeat it's a very cruel thing! (*hitting table*) Holloa!—some gentleman has left his pocket book on the table—perhaps it's of consequence to him—so I'll just see if his name's in it. (*opens pocket book—a paper falls out*) Here's a letter, I declare—I'll read it—It'll give me some clue to the owner of the pocket-book!—(*opens paper and reads*)—"What's life to me! Nothing!" Good gracious! (*coming hastily forward and reading again*) "I forgive everybody—even my creditors." Well, now, that's kind—it's a very common thing for a man to forget his creditors—but to forgive them is something sublime!—(*reading again*)—"Ere this meets a human eye the waters of the river"—Gracious, goodness!—what's this!—"the waters of the river will have closed over the brief but troubled career of the unhappy, broken-hearted Charles Markham!" Goodness, gracious!—don't let me get into a state of excitement! Snozzle, be calm! (*reads again*)—"the waters of the river will have closed over"—I see it all—he's gone and chucked himself into the river, with his

clothes on!—and shall I stand calmly by while a fellow creature is struggling with the billows of the briny deep?—No! stop though—I can't swim!—besides it's too late—I should get wet through for nothing;—poor fellow! poor Charles Markham! How a man with such a distinguished name as Markham could do such a thing, I can't imagine—if it had been Snozzle, I shouldn't have been surprised—(*suddenly*)—Eh? yes!—nobody knows anything about this little affair, except me and Markham—I shan't mention it—and I don't suppose *he* will—I'll do it!—yes!—I'll cease to be a Snozzle, and under the more aristocratic name of Markham, will I straitway proceed, and *passer le toms* with the first-class female! Waiter (*very loud*)

*Enter JOSEPH, running from L.*

Jos. Yes, sir!

Snoz. Have supper ready for me at ten o'clock—something light and digestible—a dozen or two of kidneys, or pickled salmon, and cucumber, and a pint of sherry—and, as it's very warm, I'll have it here—and a bed—recollect I'm very particular about my bed—the one I had last night at Canterbury wasn't at all comfortable—it was lumpy—and if there is anything I object to, it's a lumpy bed!

Jos. You've been at Canterbury seeing the great cricket-match, I suppose, sir!

Snoz. Cricket-match? Oh; that accounts for it—for when I examined my bed, this morning, to ascertain the cause of its lumpiness, I found I'd been laying on a couple of cricket-bats, four balls, and two sets of stumps, all night!

Jos. You can have No. 7, sir.

Snoz. You're sure the sheets are aired?

Jos. Quite sure, sir! Sam, the ostler, his wife, and three children have been sleeping in 'em for the last ten days!

Snoz. Very well! Desire the chambermaid to bring up a jug of hot water to my room at eight o'clock; and you may as well tell her it'll be no sort of use her trying to come in, because I shall lock my door at night—that'll do—stop! if anybody calls, and inquires for Mr. Markham—

Jos. Markham?

Snoz. Yes, sir. Mr. Charles Markham—say I've gone out for a stroll.

Jos. Yes, sir. (*aside*) Markham! That's the name that shabby-genteel individual was asking me about just now. I think he went on to the platform—I'll see if I can find him. (*crosses behind, and up to platform, R. U. E.*)

Snoz. Come, that's settled! and now I'm off to my fascinating friend, Miss Sparkins—stop! I'd better just write a line to that first class female—tell her who I am—send it up to her by the servant, and then she'll be prepared to receive me! (*sits at table and prepares to write*)

*Enter MARKHAM, R. 1 E.*

MARR. She's an exquisite creature, and perfectly irresistible



and shall I suffer this odious cousin of hers to carry off such a treasure? Never! but how the deuce shall I prevent it when I'm in danger of being arrested every moment! By-the-bye, that paper containing my pathetic farewell to existence will find its way into the newspapers to a certainty; and though it might be the means of procuring my safety, I have no right to trifle with the feelings of my friends—no!—so I'll destroy it at once, and make the best fight of it I can. (*goes up to table, and begins turning things over, looking for his pocket-book*) How very odd, I don't see it!

SNOZ. (*quietly*) When you've quite done joggling the table, sir, perhaps you'll mention it!

MARK. (*paying no attention to him*) I left it here. I am sure of it; perhaps the waiter has put it into the drawer. (*opens table drawer*) No! (*slutting it with a loud slam*)

SNOZ. (*throwing down his pen, and leaning back in his chair*) It's no use! I give it up.

MARK. (*to SNOZZLE*) I beg pardon—do you happen to be sitting upon anything?

SNOZ. Of course, I am! You don't suppose I sit upon nothing.

MARK. Because I rather think it belongs to me.

SNOZ. I beg your pardon, it belongs to *me*!

MARK. Perhaps you'll oblige me by getting up? Do you hear, sir, get up! (*banging the table with his stick. SNOZZLE jumps up. MARKHAM looks on the chair*) No! how very extraordinary! (*sitting on side of table, and swinging his legs to and fro*)

SNOZ. (*sitting down again, and trying to write*) You're joggling worse than ever, sir! (*shouting*)

MARK. Pshaw! (*jumping off table, and walking about*)

SNOZ. (*coming down to c.*) There, I think that will do very well. (*treading*) "Dear Miss Sparkins,—Will you permit me to accept the kind invitation to tea, which you gave me this morning. I am waiting in the passage till I receive your permission to present myself. Your obedient servant, and second-class admirer, Charles Markham."

MARK. (*overhearing*) Hey! what's that? (*coming down, and giving SNOZZLE a violent slap on the back*)

SNOZ. (*not flinching, nor looking round; then, after a short pause*) Come in!

MARK. I beg your pardon, sir; but what name did you say?

SNOZ. What name? Why, my name!

MARK. Say it again!

SNOZ. (L.) Really, my dear, sir—

MARK. (R.) Say it again! (*violently*)

SNOZ. Charles Markham!

MARK. Oh! Charles, eh? You're sure it's Charles?

SNOZ. Why, having fortunately been present at my own christening, I presume I ought to know my own name.

MARK. Indeed! Ha, ha, ha! and you say this seriously before my face?

SNOZ. Yes, sir! and what's more, I would even assert it behind your back!

MARK. Pshaw! Listen to me—you're an impostor!

SNOZ. An impostor! Of course you'll retract that powerful expression, sir?

MARK. Certainly not!

SNOZ. Well, if you won't, I can't help it—only don't go and say I didn't ask you.

MARK. I repeat, you are an impostor! I am Mr. Charles Markham!

SNOZ. It's evident he's seen the letter too, and has hit upon the same idea as I have. (*aloud*) My dear, sir, let's understand one another—I don't mind confessing to you that I am not Mr. Charles Markham—no more are *you*—consequently, if I'm an impostor you're another!

MARK. But I tell you, sir, I am that individual.

SNOZ. Pooh, pooh, you can't be in two places at once, sir. I tell you that individual is at this moment at the bottom of the river, sir—and you are *not!*—and what's more, you haven't been there, or you'd be wet!—to say nothing of the perriwinkles and barnacles that would be sticking to you!

MARK. Hark ye, sir—I feel an irresistible impulse to send a brace of bullets through your impertinent little body. (*seeing POUNCE, who appears R. I. E. looks at MARKHAM and SNOZZLE, crosses up and off L. U. E.—aside*) Pounce, the Police Officer! by Jupiter! I know the fellow well enough, though he doesn't know me! He's after me, that's clear!—how the deuce shall I give him the slip? Egad—I have it—it's my only chance! (*aloud*) I repeat, sir, my first impulse was to blow your brains out, but on second thoughts—

SNOZ. (*hastily*) That's right—second thoughts are always best—so stick to 'em!—be particularly adhesive to your second thoughts.

MARK. On second thoughts, as you must have some very pressing motive for assuming a name that doesn't belong to you—I've no objection to humour the joke, Mr. Charles Markham. (*aloud, and looking anxiously after POUNCE, who appears at door of hotel, and overhears*)

SNOZ. I thank you!

MARK. But on this condition—that you retain the name you have assumed, with all its contingencies, for four-and-twenty hours!

SNOZ. That's all I want.

MARK. (*nudging SNOZZLE*) I'm afraid you're a sad dog! (*shaking his head at SNOZZLE*) ten to one, now, you've got some *little affair* on hand here which you're afraid to carry out under your own name, eh? Fie! fie! (*nudging SNOZZLE again*)

SNOZ. Go along, do! (*nudging MARKHAM*) Well, I don't mind telling you that there is a female in this Town—a Miss Sparkins—one of the most majestic women you ever saw—she'd make two of me—and having nothing better to do, I certainly did intend calling on her just merely to *passer le toms*. (*MARKHAM smiles*) It's a most extraordinary thing that I can't get anybody to believe ~~what~~ my motive for visiting that first-class female is merely to *passer le toms!*



MARK. Well, I'm the last man in the world to spoil sport, so I wish you a pleasant evening, Mr. Charles Markham. (*very loud, and again looking out for POUNCE*) By-the-bye, (*in an under tone to him*) as you have taken my name, perhaps you'll provide me with another?

SNOZ. Certainly—I'll make you a present of mine—Samuel Snozzle.

MARK. Snozzle!

SNOZ. Don't turn up your nose at it—I pledge you my honour it's one of the oldest and most respectable Anglo-Saxon names in the whole parish of Bloomsbury.

MARK. Well, be it so, and for four-and-twenty hours I am Mr. Samuel Snozzle—and you are Mr. Charles Markham. (*seeing POUNCE, who again appears at door of hotel*)

SNOZ. Yes—I am Mr. Charles Markham!

POUN. (*from behind*) So, so, then, I've nabbed my man at last! (*comes down L. laying his hand heavily on SNOZZLE'S shoulder*) Now, Mr. Markham, come along to jail with me.

SNOZ. Jail! What should I go to jail for?

POUN. You goes to jail because I takes you there!

SNOZ. Do you! I tell you what, my corpulent friend, if you don't immediately remove your hand from my shoulder, you'll rouse the British Lion!—and the result will be that I shall have to ask my friend there, to knock you down.

POUN. Come, come, no nonsense!—my name's Pounce, and now you know's all about it!

MARK. (*R. with pretended concern*) I'm sorry for you my dear Markham—but it's all over, my poor dear friend! (*putting his handkerchief to his eyes*)

SNOZ. (*C.*) Pooh, pooh!

POUN. Come, it's no use kicking over the traces, my tulip!—here's my warrant, so come along. (*showing warrant*)

SNOZ. Warrant! what for? Bounce, I put it to you, what for?

POUN. Shooting Captain Blazes last Monday morning, on Wimbledon Common!

SNOZ. I shoot Captain Blazes—pooh—pooh—why I never could even shoot a sparrow—besides, my dear Mr. Bounce—

POUN. Pounce!

SNOZ. My name isn't Markham!

POUN. It won't do! Why, I heard you say it was, "I am Mr. Charles Markham," says you!

SNOZ. But that was in a joke! Wasn't it, my dear friend? (*to MARKHAM*)

MARK. (*fiercely*) I am your friend no longer, sir, your want of common spirit on this occasion, sir, is a disgrace to a long and illustrious line of Markhams, and I cast you off! Yes, sir, Snozzle casts you off for ever! (*crosses to L.*)

SNOZ. But, goodness gracious—

MARK. Silence! (*shouting*) Mr. Pounce, does your warrant apply to the principal in this late affair *only*—

POUN. That's all, sir!

MARK. Then, as I can no longer consent to shelter a *coward* from the vengeance of the law. I beg to state that I was that *person's* second in the duel you refer to!—so take him away!

SNOZ. Pooh—pooh!

PCUN. Come along! (*seizing SNOZZLE*) Come along, I say, Mr. Markham. (*dragging SNOZZLE towards R. 1 E.*)

*Enter* LIEUTENANT SPIKE, U. E. L.

SPIKE. Markham! The very man I want—which is Markham? Where is Markham? (*fiercely*)

MARK. (*L. aside*) That voice! 'Egad, it's the peppery old gentleman that insisted on picking a quarrel with me last night coming out of the assembly rooms!

POUN. (*R.*) Here's Mr. Markham, sir, but I can't let him go!

SNOZ. That's right, Bounce—don't let me go!

SPIKE. (*L. C.*) Just for a minute—I only want to whisper something in the gentleman's ear! (*grasping SNOZZLE'S arm, and leading him forward, then in a voice of thunder*) My name's Spike!

SNOZ. Good gracious! If that's your style of whispering, I shouldn't like to be within five miles of you when you holloa.

SPIKE. I repeat—I'm Lieutenant Spike!

SNOZ. Are you?

SPIKE. R. U.! No, *R, M.* Royal Marines—I presume that's enough!

SNOZ. Quite enough! (*about to go*)

SPIKE. Stop! (*stopping him*) I needn't remind you we've met before.

SNOZ. I don't recollect your cast of countenance, sir, and yet yours is a physiognomy that I shouldn't be likely to forget.

SPIKE. You *didn't see* my physiognomy, sir!—we met in the dark last night, outside the Red Lion.

SNOZ. Pooh, pooh! I never was outside a Red Lion in all my life—I wouldn't attempt such a thing for the world! I should fall off to a certainty!

SPIKE. Pshaw!—you wanted to take the wall—which was mine—clearly mine!

SNOZ. Pooh, pooh!—another man's wall is just about the last thing I should dream of taking—so awkward to carry!

SPIKE. Pshaw!—words ensued—I said you were “no gentleman”—you called me another—cards were exchanged—I gave you mine—you gave me *yours*—and here it is (*putting it under SNOZZLE'S nose*) Mr. Charles Markham—and now I demand an apology—or satisfaction—I don't care a button which!

SNOZ. But *I do*!—several buttons, and since you require an apology, Mr. Smike—

SPIKE. Spike!

MARK. (*to SNOZZLE*) Mr. Markham—be good enough to recollect you have nothing whatever to do with the affair!

SNOZ. There—you hear, Smike—

SPIKE. Spike!



SNÖZ. He confesses I have nothing whatever to do with it—I knew it wasn't me that took your wall!

MARK. As you've placed the matter in my hands, you've nothing whatever to do with it—except to fight this gentleman!

SNÖZ. Oh, that's all!—ha, ha, ha! (*laughing hysterically*)

POUN. It can't be done! (*to SPIKE*) Mr. Markham is in my custody for shooting a gentleman last Monday—and though 'twould give me a great deal of pleasure to let him shoot you, I can't allow it!

SNÖZ. (*aside to him*) You're sure you can't?

POUN. Certain!

SNÖZ. (*aside*) If that's the case, I'll go it a bit—(*to SPIKE*)—you hear, sir!—luckily for you, I'm in the custody of this officer!—(*aside to POUNCE*)—lay hold of me—(*aloud*)—who knows his duty too well to let me go—(*aside to POUNCE*)—mind you don't—(*aloud to SPIKE*)—or else I'd have exterminated you—blown you clean off the surface of the earth! I would by the blood of the Markhams!—you wretched old Snike, you—

SPIKE. Zounds! and the devil—

SNÖZ. Ah! (*grasping POUNCE's arm—and pretending to struggle with him*)—Unhand me!—(*aside to him*)—don't do anything of the sort—(*aloud*)—let me get him—(*aside*)—hold me tight—(*aloud—and still struggling with POUNCE*)—It's no use, in vain I struggle—he drags me away! (*dragging POUNCE off R. 1 E. SPIKE following*)

MARK. Ha, ha, ha!—come, I'm safe for the present at all events—and now for my charming little acquaintance again! I've half a mind to trust her with my secret—no, I can't do that—at least not for four and twenty hours, when I cease to be a Snozzle—Snozzle—what a name to make love under!

SPIKE. Sir—Mr.—Snozzle—I think—

*Re-enter SPIKE, R. 1 E.*

MARK. Yes, sir—Snozzle!

SPIKE. Should you have any further communication to make to me on the subject of dispute, between your friend and myself, here's my card (*giving card to MARKHAM*)

MARK. Lieutenant Spike, R. M. (*reading*)

SPIKE. Royal Marines! You'll find me at my nieces—Miss Sparkins, No. 4, High Street!

MARK. Sparkins! (*aside*) surely that's the name that—(*runs to table, L., takes up the letter that SNÖZZLE has written—and looks at address*)—it is—(*hastening to SPIKE*)—Sir, when you lay your venerable head on your pillow to-night, be grateful that the timely arrest of my friend, Markham, has prevented you shooting your nephew through the head—or being shot through the head by your nephew!

SPIKE. My nephew!

MARK. Yes, sir—your nephew that will be by virtue of his intended marriage with your niece!—he adores her; and is prepared to lay his fortune at her feet—if you doubt me, here's his letter to her soliciting an interview! (*giving SNÖZZLE's letter to SPIKE*)

SPIKE. (*reading it*) So it is, I declare—but he's in custody—on a very serious charge, too!

MARK. A mere trifle—go to the magistrate and bail him out—then hurry him off to your charming niece—tell them to rush into each other's arms—join their hands—give 'em your blessing—and the thing's settled!

SPIKE. I'll do it! Snuzzle, I'm obliged to you—(*shaking MARKHAM's hand*—SPRIGGINS *appears*, U. E. L.)—I repeat, I'm obliged to you, Snuzzle!

SPRIG. (*overhearing*) What's that, Snuzzle?

SPIKE. And I wish you a very good evening, Snuzzle! (*hurries out*, U. E. R., *after SNOZZLE and POUNCE*)

SPRIG. (*behind*) Snuzzle, again! I see it all!—ha, ha, ha! He's my young rascal of a nephew after all; and he wanted to judge of his cousin Fanny before he declared who he was! 'Egad, I've half a mind to pay him off in his own coin! I will—(*aloud*) Ahem.

MARK. (*aside*, R.) Oh, here's the uncle! (*seeing SPRIGGINS grinning and winking at him; aside*) What's the matter with the old gentleman?

SPRIG. Well, sir! seen anything of my nephew, yet? eh? (*grinning*)

MARK. No, sir. Nothing whatever!

SPRIG. Oh! nothing whatever! *what a pity!* He—he—he!

MARK. (*aside*) I'd give a trifle to know what's the matter with him!

SPRIG. Well; I suppose we must give him up! No great loss after all! At any rate, Fanny won't break her heart about him. (*with intention, and looking knowingly at MARKHAM*)

MARK. (*delighted*) Indeed!

SPRIG. Not she. Between you and me, I suspect she'd rather marry somebody else!

MARK. My dear, sir, I'm delighted to hear it! (*grasping SPRIGGINS' hands, and shaking them*)

SPRIG. (*aside*) He keeps it up famously well; but I'll have him now! (*aloud*) By-the bye, as you've been so remarkably civil, I should like to know your name. (*grinning knowingly*)

MARK. My name! (*aside*) I can't say it's Snuzzle. I don't like being laughed at. (*aloud*) My name—why—I—that is—

SPRIG. Well? (*suddenly, and triumphantly*) Ha, ha, ha! So I've got you at last, have I? (*giving him a violent poke in the side*) Come, come; don't put on such an air of astonishment, you young hypocrite, you; but confess at once you've been trying to make a fool of your old uncle!

MARK. Sir!

SPRIG. If you call me sir again, or anything but "Uncle Spriggins," I'll disinherit you as sure as your name's Snuzzle!

MARK. Snuzzle—me? Oh! then you know—

SPRIG. Knew you again in a moment. And what do you think of Fanny for a wife—eh? 'Egad, she little suspects you're her cousin Sam, though—ha, ha, ha!



MARK. (*forcing a laugh*) Ha, ha! (*aside*) What the devil's to be done? (*aloud*) Sir!

SPRIG. Sir again!

MARK. I mean Uncle Wiggins—I should say, Figgins.

SPRIG. Spriggins—

MARK. Of course, Spriggins. Suppose we conceal that fact from her a little longer—just for four-and-twenty hours, eh?

SPRIG. No, Sam; no more masquerading! Oh, there she is! Here, Fanny! Fanny! (*goes up, beckoning off at back*) Fanny, I say!

*Exit, L. U. E.*

MARK. 'Egad—let matters take their course—I'm desperate.

*Enter JOSEPH, L., with tray and a pint decanter of sherry, which he places on table, L.*

Jos. Here you are, Mr. Markham; pickled salmon—cucumber—pint of sherry! Couldn't get any kidneys, so I brought a lobster. (*laying things on table without looking at MARKHAM. Bell rings, L.*) Coming! (*runs into hotel*)

MARK. Supper for Mr. Markham? Well, as I'm the only Mr. Markham present, I'd better eat it; especially as my poor friend Snozzle is not likely to put in an appearance—thanks to Messrs. Pounce and Spike. (*eating and drinking*) Capital sherry—pickled salmon, ditto.

SPIKE. (*without, R. 1 E.*) Come along, my dear friend! It's all right.

*Enters arm-in-arm with SNOZZLE, and hurrying him along, SNOZZLE'S hat comes very much over his eyes.*

I've had the intense satisfaction of putting in bail for your before the bench appearance to-morrow.

SNOZ. Have you? Then all I can say is, that if my appearance to-morrow isn't a decided improvement on my present appearance, I shall rather astonish the bench.

SPIKE. (R.) What do you mean?

SNOZ. (C.) Why, I mean, that after having been deposited in the town jail by that ruffian Bounce, I was shown into a sort of cellar, and coolly told that I was to pass the night there; and when I remonstrated, which I confess I did in rather energetic terms, they said I was refractory, and at once proceeded to one of the most atrocious acts of violence ever perpetrated in Christian community!

SPIKE. What? you make my hair stand on end!

SNOZ. That's exactly what they did to mine! Look here! (*takes off his hat, and shows his hair cropped to the roots*) And I was obliged to give the turnkey ten shillings for this old hat! and I was going to be photographed to-morrow. Of course, I can't be photographed with such a crop as this?

SPIKE. I see!—you intended to present your portrait to her you wish to marry—eh? (*poking him in the side*)

SNOZ. Exactly! (*aside*) I wonder how it is that Smike knows all about me and cousin Fanny!

SPIKE. (*grasping SNOZZLE'S hand*) She's yours! I've said it, that's enough! so come to your uncle's arms!

SNOZ. My uncle? You? Of course! I see it all—you wanted to see what sort of a fellow I was before you let me know who you were! Ha, ha, ha! you funny old man, you! (*giving SPIKE a violent slap on the shoulder*) And now, how is *she*?—eh?

SPIKE. Why, all anxiety to receive you, of course—so come along.

SNOZ. Wait a bit. (*in a confidential tone to SPIKE*) I say, uncle, if you *should* happen to hear any report about me and *somebody else*, don't you believe 'em!

SPIKE. Somebody else! (*angrily*)

SNOZ. Now don't get in a passion—it was only a little harmless flirtation, just to *passer le toms*, that's all!—a weak, silly, romantic, middle-aged female of the name of "Sparkins."

SPIKE. (R.) Zounds, and the devil!

SNOZ. I pledge you my honour that if you were to see her, you'd at once perceive that she's just the sort of woman that a man is justified in making a fool of! So come along, uncle, and lead me to my Fanny. Where's my Fanny!—Snozzle requires his Fanny! (*pulling at SPIKE*)

*Enter SPRIGGINS and FANNY, L. U. E., down, L. C.*

And here she is! Come along, Fanny!—come along, I say, and embrace your cousin Sam! (*points to MARKHAM*)

MARK. (L.) Yes, embrace your cousin Sam!

FAN. (L. C.) Can it be possible—Oh, my dear, dear cousin Sam! (*runs into MARKHAM'S arms*)

SNOZ. Pooh, pooh, that's all wrong—he's not cousin Sam.

SPRIG. (L. C.) Zounds, sir, do you suppose old Dick Spriggins is such a fool, that he don't know his own nephew!

SNOZ. (R. C.) Spriggins—you? Pooh!—you're not my uncle!

SPRIG. Your uncle! Who the devil said I was?

SNOZ. You're a counterfeit—a hoary-headed impostor. (*to SPIKE*) You're my uncle, ain't you?

SPIKE. I *shall* be, when you convert my niece, Wilhelmina Sparkins, into Mrs. Markham.

SNOZ. Pooh, pooh, my name's not Wilhelmina! I mean my—it isn't Sparkins—I should say it isn't Markham.

*JOSEPH runs in from Hotel, L.*

Jos. (*to SNOZZLE*) I hope you enjoyed your supper, Mr. Markham—can I clear away Mr. Markham? (*coming forward with tray*)

SNOZ. Pooh, pooh!—Holloa—who's been eating my pickled salmon?

Jos. Can't say, I'm sure—but I know who'll have to pay for it, and that's you Mr. Markham! (*about to remove tray*)

SNOZ. Stop!—don't take that cucumber away, sir—I'll have something for my money, at all events. (*taking cucumber off tray*)

*Enter POUNCE, 1 E. R.*

POUN. Where's Mr. Markham? Oh, here you are, sir! (*to SNOZZLE*) I congratulate you, sir—the warrant against you has been withdrawn—so you're at liberty, Mr. Markham.



MARK. Then *I* am at liberty to resume my own character and restore that gentleman *his*—in other words—*I* am Mr. Charles Markham, and he *is* Mr. Samuel Snozzle!

SNOZ. Yes! I'm the original Snozzle!

SPRIG. Then, zounds, sir, (*to* MARKHAM) how dare you impose yourself upon me as my nephew Sam?

MARK. Come, I like that! It was you who imposed yourself upon me, as my uncle Wiggins—I mean Figgins—I should say, Spriggins—besides, I could not give you my real name—that gentleman having borrowed it for four-and-twenty hours.

SPRIG. (*turns to* SNOZZLE) And why the devil, sir, did you borrow that gentleman's name for four-and-twenty hours.

SPIKE. Because he thought the name of Markham, would be more agreeable to my niece, than the vulgar one of Snozzle!

SPRIG. Vulgar!—and how dare you, sir! (*advancing upon* SPIKE)

SNOZ. That's right, uncle! (*striking him with cucumber*)

SPIKE. If you come to that,—how dare you, sir! (*meeting* SPRIGGINS)

SNOZ. Go it Smike! (*striking* SPIKE)

SPIKE. Spike!

SNOZ. And now that you perfectly understand one another—fight it out—and I'll hold your hats!

SPIKE. (*to* SPRIGGINS) Look here, sir—this letter from your profligate nephew to my niece, Wilhelmina Sparkins.

SPRIG. (*looking at letter*) It's his hand-writing, sure enough!—(*to* SNOZZLE)—Oh, you Don Juan—you! Mr. Markham, do you love Fanny?

MARK. Do I? (*with a look of admiration at* FANNY)

SPRIG. Fanny, do you love Mr. Markham?

FAN. Don't I? (*looking down*)

SPRIG. Then be happy! (*joining their hands*)

SPIKE. (*to* SNOZZLE) Never mind!—revenge yourself on them by marrying Wilhelmina!

SNOZ. (*quietly*) Mr. Smike—

SPIKE. Spike!

SNOZ. As it appears that I must marry your colossal niece, or fight you—of two evils, I prefer the last—so come on—(*puts hat and cucumber down behind—and squaring at* SPIKE, *who avoids him*) No? then you won't? very well—uncle Spriggins, you've got two good-looking nephews, instead of one, and I wish you joy! Fanny—you've got my friend, Markham, for a husband, and I wish you joy! Miss Wilhelmina Sparkins has *not got me* for a husband, and I wish myself joy!—so, egad! let's shake hands all round—and perhaps—(*to audience*)—you won't mind joining hands on this occasion too—for you alone can ensure a pleasant termination to our trip—"To Paris and Back for £5."

POUNCE. SPIKE. SNOZZLE. SPRIGGINS. FANNY. MARKHAM.

R.

L.

Curtain.





"ICI ON PARLE FRANÇAIS."

*A Farce,*

IN ONE ACT

BY

THOMAS J. WILLIAMS. Esq.,

*(Member of the Dramatic Authors' Society.)*

AUTHOR OF

Turn Him Out, Ici on parle Français, The Trials of Tompkins, Jack's  
Delight, An Ugly Customer, Nurse Chickweed, On and Off, A Race for a  
Widow, I've written to Brown, Peace and Quiet, Ruth Oakley, Gossip,  
Truth and Fiction, Cruel to be Kind, The Belle and the Boor,  
The Silent System, A Charming Pair, The Little Sentinel,  
The Desert Flower, Little Daisy, My Wife's  
Maid, My Dress Boots, &c. &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND, LONDON.

“ICI ON PARLE FRANCAIS.”

*First Performed at the New Royal Adelphi Theatre,  
Monday, 3th of May, 1859.*

---

CHARACTERS.

MAJOR REGULUS RATTAN . . . . .	Mr. CHAS. SELBY.
VICTOR DUBOIS . . . . .	Mr. BILLINGTON.
MR. SPRIGGINS . . . . .	Mr. J. L. TOOLE.
MRS. SPRIGGINS . . . . .	Miss ARDEN.
ANGELINA, <i>their Daughter</i> . . . . .	Miss LAIDLAW.
JULIA, <i>Wife of Major Rattan</i> . . . . .	Mrs. BILLINGTON.
ANNA MARIA, <i>a Maid of "All-work"</i> . . . . .	Miss KATE KELLY.

---

SCENE—A Fashionable Watering Place.

TIME—Present Day.

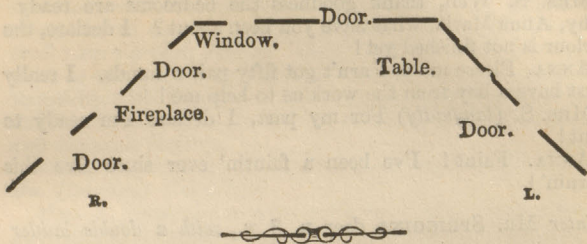
---

COSTUMES.

- MAJOR.—Undress military coat buttoned up to the chin, a profusion of moustachios and whiskers.
- SPRIGGINS.—Blue tail coat, light trousers, and coloured waistcoat.
- DUBOIS.—Fancy travelling suit, moustachios and imperial, narrow-brimmed French hat.
- MRS. SPRIGGINS AND ANGELINA.— Neat morning dresses.
- MRS. RATTAN.—Travelling dress—bonnet, mantilla, &c.
- ANNA MARIA.—Housemaid's working dress—cap and apron.



# ICI ON PARLE FRANCAIS.



SCENE.—A Parlour, in total disorder. Door at back—two doors, R., and one L.—a window, with ample curtains—table, chairs, &c.—on a table, L., there stands a glass vase, containing water, and in which flowers are standing—on the wall, various pictures are suspended.

At the rising of the curtain ANGELINA is discovered, sewing rings on some curtains—ANNA MARIA is engaged in dusting chairs violently.

ANNA. (*dusting*) There—and there—and there! Oh, if ever I have a servant, won't I serve her out for this!

SPRIGGINS. (*outside door R., calling*) Anna Maria!

ANNA. Yes, sir!

SPRIGGINS. (*without*) Bring me those window curtains—I'll put them up myself.

ANGEL. Why, pa, I haven't half finished sewing the rings on!

MRS. SPRIGGINS. (*outside, L., calling*) Anna Maria!

ANNA. (*dusting*) Yes, ma'am.

MRS. S. (*without*) Come and help me nail down the stair carpets.

ANNA. (*aside*) What a bother it is, to be sure—I shall never get this tiresome dusting done!

SPRIGGINS. (R.) Anna Maria!

MRS. SPRIGGINS. (L.) Anna Maria!

ANNA. (*bawling*) Now, then, which is it to be? You don't expect me to go two ways at once, surely!

ANGEL. Oh dear—oh dear! This scheme of pa's will wear us all out. How sorry I am that he ever took it into his head to let lodgings!

## ICI ON PARLE FRANCAIS.

Enter MRS. SPRIGGINS, L.

MRS. S. Well, thank goodness the bedrooms are ready. Why, Anna Maria, what have you been about? I declare, the parlour is not finished yet!

ANNA. Please mum, I arn't got fifty pair o' hands. I really must have a boy from the work'us to help me!

MRS. S. (*languidly*) For my part, I declare I'm ready to faint!

ANNA. Faint! I've been a faintin' ever since five this mornin'!

Enter MR. SPRIGGINS, door R. 3 E., with a double ladder over his shoulder.

SPRIG. Now, then, will these curtains be ready to-day, or am I to expect them sometime *next week*?

ANGEL. Pa, I declare I can't work any faster.

MRS. S. (*in a dignified tone*) Remember, Mr. Spriggins, your daughter is not a hired needlewoman.

SPRIG. (*mildly*) Very true, my dear! That being the case I'll just fill up the time by dusting the pictures a bit. (*seizes duster, mounts ladder and dusts picture*)

ANNA. (*wiping her face with apron*) I declare I can't stand it no longer! (*throws herself back into an arm chair, R.*) I'spose I've a right to breathe as well as other people.

MRS. S. Anna Maria! You lazy, dawdling creature, go and take the rest of our things up to the top of the house.

ANNA. (*aside*) There she goes again! A pretty notion! They're all going to live up in the garret—just to make every farthing they can by letting the rest o' the house! Mean-spirited, covetous creatures!

MRS. S. Well, I must say, Mr. Spriggins, it's excessively disagreeable, for a lady like myself, remotely connected with the noble family of the Fitz-Pentonvilles to leave my comfortable apartments, and live up in a wretched attic!

ANGEL. And to be condemned to dress in a dark little closet, no bigger than a cupboard.

ANNA. (*at door*) And to have to sleep in a willanous back kitchen—all among the nasty rats and black beetles. It's a shame, it is!

*Exit, c. door to L.*

MRS. S. (*to ANGELINA*) And all to gratify your papa's absurd propensity for speculation.

SPRIG. (*coming down ladder*) Speculation, Mrs. Spriggins—and a very promising speculation it is, too! Here's the bathing season coming on—a tremendous influx of visitors arriving—no



end of distinguished foreigners expected! Why, bless your heart, lodgings will be at a premium!—so I'm determined to make hay while the sun shines—and sublet every square inch of deal board we can possibly dispense with! I'll wager we shall reap a golden harvest. And I tell you what, Mrs. Spriggins, to compensate for any little inconvenience you may have to put up with, I intend to take you and Angelina up to town, and treat you to the—(*hesitating*) a—a—to the British Museum and National Gallery.

ANGEL. (*pensively*) I'd much sooner you'd take us to Paris, Pa. (*sighing*) Heigh ho!

MRS. S. There she is again with her Paris! Ever since we allowed her to spend a month with her aunt in Paris, she has thought of nothing else.

ANGEL. (*somewhat confused*) The curtains are quite ready now, pa. (*lays them on sofa*)

SPRIG. That's right, my dear,—now arrange the flower pots so as to impart an air of botanical elegance to the apartment. (ANGELINA *arranges flower pots, &c.*) By the bye, my dear, (*to his wife, producing book from his pocket*) now that we've a moment to spare, you may as well hear me my French lesson.

ANGEL. French, indeed! the idea of a man at your time of life beginning to learn French!

SPRIG. How very blind some females are to be sure—don't you perceive, Mrs. Spriggins, that I'm laying myself out to catch lodgers among foreigners of distinction, people who hardly know the difference between a franc and a sovereign, and who, therefore, will agree to pay whatever I think proper to ask them. Are you not aware, madam, that I've got "Lodgings to Let" "ICI ON PARLE FRANCAIS," in large type, stuck in my parlour window. I am, therefore, preparing myself for emergencies, by studying that politest of languages, on a remarkably expeditious system, entitled, "French before Breakfast," a system which renders the aid of a master totally superfluous, and enables the student to speak with Parisian purity, in rather less than no time. You'd be astonished at the progress I have made already! (*with an atrociously bad pronunciation*) "*Bongjore mounseer; commong vouz portez vous, a-a-donnez moi du pain, passez moi la moutarde.*" (*exultingly*) By Jove! they'll be enraptured on hearing their native tongue spoken with such extraordinary fluency, and I shall double their rent in consequence. (*bell rings at c.*) Bless my soul, there's a ring! I dare say it's somebody to look at the apartments. Dear, dear! here's a confusion!—quick, quick! put

these chairs in order. (*great bustle and running about*) Angelina, make your escape with this work basket—run!

*Exit* ANGELINA, R. 1 E., with basket.

*Enter* ANNA MARIA showing in VICTOR and MRS MAJOR RATTAN, C. from L.

ANNA. (*sulkily*) Please, sir, it's sum 'un to look at the lodgings!

*Exit* ANNA MARIA, C. to L.

SPRIG. (*aside*) Hat and pantaloons evidently foreign. (*rubbing his hands*) My "Ici on Parle Francais" has evidently done the business. Now for a little "French before breakfast." (*after a great deal of bowing and scraping*) Ahem! Monsieur and Madame, venez pore apartemong! (*aside to his wife*) You know one feels a little awkward just at first.

VICTOR. *Quels apartemens avez vous á louer monsieur?*

SPRIG. (*utterly dumfounded*) Eh?

MRS. S. (*aside to her husband*) Go on! why don't you answer?

SPRIG. You were pleased to observe?

VICTOR. *Quels apartemens avez vous á louer?*

SPRIG. Dear me! how very extraordinary, I don't remember meeting with anything of the sort in "French before Breakfast." (*turns over leaves of his book*)

MRS. S. (*aside to SPRIGGINS*) Why don't you say something?

SPRIG. (*confused*) A—a—he pronounces so very indistinctly that a—a—I have some slight difficulty in making out what he says.

JULIA. (*to VICTOR*) This person evidently doesn't understand French.

VICTOR. (*to SPRIGGINS*) You no comprehend?

SPRIG. (*hastily*) A—a—oui, oui, oui!

VICTOR. I to make observation—de little—annonce in de window—"Ici on parle Francais."

SPRIG. French spoken here? oh, yes! oui, oui, oui! Ici on parle Francais—to be sure.

VICTOR. I tink it be vor leetle hombogs, to attrape de etranger lodger. You no speak French at all, you stupid man.

SPRIG. (*astounded—to his wife*) What's he say?

MRS. S. He says you're a stupid man, and he isn't far out either!

SPRIG. (*to VICTOR*) You see I—I'm just a little out of practice.

VICTOR. A leetle, parbleu! Yes, von vere large big leetle, you old hombogs.



SPRIG. (*aside*) Stop a bit, my fine fellow, I'll make you pay for your old hombogs, before I've done with you.

JULIA. I should require a sitting room and bed room.

SPRIG. The very thing, these two rooms on the right—(*obsequiously*)—we shall be delighted to accommodate you. We charge—a—a—four guineas a week, including attendance of the most zealous and devoted description, and—a—a—the view of the sea—a—a—la—la—ocean—comprenny?

JULIA. Dear me, that's rather expensive.

SPRIG. Oh, dear, no! Apartments always fetch more when, like ours, they are situated exactly opposite the bathing machines.

VICTOR. (*aside*) De old hombogs, charge extra for de *perspectif*.

JULIA. (*to* MRS. SPRIGGINS) Well then, if you will have my luggage brought up, I will take the apartment at once. (*seats herself in a chair which VICTOR has handed her*)

MRS. S. (*with great stateliness*) I will give my servant the necessary instructions. *Exit C. to L.*

SPRIG. I'll run and draw up a little memorandum. (*aside*) Four guineas! What a fool I was not to ask more—I'm sure I might have had five—mounseer—au—au—*reservoir*.

*Exit, R. D. 1 E.*

JULIA. (*to* VICTOR) And now, monsieur, permit me to return you my heartfelt thanks for the trouble you have taken in my behalf, during the short time we have been acquainted.

VICTOR. De plaisir to serve von so charmante lady is its own recompense.

JULIA. How provoking that I should have been so unexpectedly separated from my husband at the refreshment station—how vexed he will be.

VICTOR. Yes, de poor man, I see him to run—to run—to run after de train, but he not can to run so fast as de locomotif.

JULIA. What should I have done in this strange town without your polite assistance? I shall now just make a slight alteration in my dress, and go and wait at the station, until the next train arrives; my husband will be sure to come down by it. (*crosses to R.*)

VICTOR. (*bowing with great politeness*) Then, madame, I have de honour to vish you von vere fine how do you do? (*going*) I go to walk all over de town in de hope to recontre von charmante demoiselle. (*sighing*) Helas! she live in dis town, and I not know vere. But I have intention to walk up and down all de principale street, and to knock—knock at all de door, until I retrouve mon Angelina, de objet de mon adoration.

JULIA. (*laughingly*) So then you are in love, monsieur.

VICTOR. (*ecstatically*) In love, *helas!* I am in love all over de head, all over de ears, with a beautiful young English demoiselle. I make *connaissance* with her in Paris at von leetle *soirée dansante*, three months ago, and ever since, her lovely image, it stick in my brain. *Helas!* she tell me that she live in Dipwell, and dat her name is Angelina—and so as I have had affair in London, I take de occasion as soon as he was arrangè, to come down here and to *cherche* for mon Angelina. (*bowing and preparing to withdraw*) *Adieu, madame.*

JULIA. (*laughing*) Farewell, monsieur! I can only wish you every possible success in your search. *Exit into room, R. 3 E.*

VICTOR. (*alone*) *Charmante petit femme, parole d'honneur!* bue no comparison with mon Angelina, de *objet de mon amour!* —but I must to cut my stick. (*goes up, c.*)

*Enter SPRIGGINS, R. 1 E.,*

SPRIG. Beg pardon, mounseer, but there's one little matter I quite forgot to mention—a—a—I always make it a rule to receive the first week's rent in advance—compreenny?

VICTOR. (*calmly*) Verefore you say dat to me?

SPRIG. Ah, I see! Your wife takes care of the purse—he, he! (*laughing*)

VICTOR. (*gravely*) Wife, sare, I not have sie honor to be dat lady's husband—I am her—her—vot you call—

SPRIG. (*puzzled*) Her, what you call!

VICTOR. Her—her—*parbleu—her connaissance!*

SPRIG. (*aside*) What the devil's that I wonder? I don't remember meeting with the expression in "French before breakfast;" (*turns over leaves of book*) however I suppose it's all right—I shall speak to the lady by and bye.

VICTOR. (*going*) It is von curious old *hombogs!*

*Enter ANGELINA, R. 1 E.—VICTOR and ANGELINA mutually surprised at unexpectedly meeting each other, utter a simultaneous exclamation—"Oh."*

VICTOR. (*starting*) *Ciel!*

ANGEL. (*starting*) *Monsieur Victor!* (*crosses to c.*)

SPRIG. What's the matter?

ANGEL. (*endeavouring to conceal her emotion*) Nothing, pa, nothing—I—I merely came to—to look for my thimble. (*aside*) *Monsieur Victor here!*

VICTOR. (*aside*) *Mon Angelina!* can I for to believe my sentences. (*approaching her*) *My dear mees—*

SPRIG. (*not noticing their mutual surprise, and stepping in*



between them) Now, Angelina, lose no time—our preparations up stairs are not half completed.

ANGEL. Yes, pa. (*aside, looking at VICTOR*) I wonder, now, whether Monsieur Victor has come here on my account? (*significantly*) I shall be down again presently. *Exit, R. 1. E.*

VICTOR. (*aside*) Helas! she is varnish! And so dis old hombogs is de fader of *mon Angelina*—ah! von *brilliante inspiration* it to strike my noddle. (*aloud*) Sare, I have make reflection in de interieur of myself, have you von oder apartment to let?

SPRIG. Oui, monsieur, the little room on the left. (*crosses L.*) Three guineas a week.

VICTOR. (*gaily*) I take him dis vère moment. Ah, you vish money in advance! de tout mon cœur. I pay you von week tout-de-suite. (*producing purse*)

SPRIG. (*aside*) Tout-de-suite! confound it—he agrees to the three guineas at once—what a fool I was not to ask four. (*takes money—aloud*) You shall have a receipt directly.

VICTOR. Not necessaire—you are de fader of she—dat enough for me.

SPRIG. (*puzzled*) Fader-of-she!

VICTOR. Yes, oh, yes—I leave you pour le moment, (*embracing him tenderly*) Adieu, fader of she—adieu!

*Exit into room, L.*

SPRIG. (*puzzled*) Fader-of-she! can I have met with that expression in “French before breakfast?” (*turns over pages of his book as though looking for the expression*) I can’t find it among the F’s—but let me see now, four and three make seven—seven guineas a week! a very nice little addition to one’s weekly income. My “Ici on parle Francais” certainly was a first-rate notion.

*Enter MRS. SPRIGGINS, C. from L., followed by ANNA MARIA, who is brushing a boot.*

MRS. S. Don’t be impertinent, miss. What do you think, Mr. Spriggins, here’s Anna Maria insisting upon having her wages raised.

SPRIG. (*horrified*) Wages, indeed! what unprecedented presumption! (*bell rings.*)

ANNA. (*sulkily*) It ’ud take six maids o’ all work to do the work o’ this house!

SPRIG. Stuff and nonsense! a baby in arms might undertake the place! (*bell rings*) There, Anna Maria, run! there’s our new lodger’s bell.

ANNA. (*going*) Another person to wait on! I declare if i’ arn’t worse nor a regular treadmill!

*Exit, R. 3 E*

SPRIG. Well, Mrs. Spriggins, what do you say to my scheme now? I've let the little bed-room for three guineas a week to the young Frenchman. I was a fool, was I—eh?

Mrs. S. (*insinuatingly*) You'll make me a present of a new silk dress, won't you, ducky?

SPRIG. (*with dignity*) I shall see, Mrs. S.—I shall see.

*Re-enter ANNA MARIA, door R. 3 E, with a pair of ladies' boots.*

ANNA. (*speaking off*) Yes, mum—you shall have 'em directly, mum. (*shuts door*) Here's a treat! more boots to black, and now the lady wants a basin o' gravy soup; perhaps you expect me to get that ready, too!

Mrs. S. Of course we do, Miss Impudence. (*ring heard, L.*)

SPRIG. Oh, there goes the Frenchman's bell—run, Anna Maria, and see what he wants.

VICTOR. (*partly opening his door, L., and passing a pair of Wellington boots through*) Vill you have de obligeance to put de polishment upon my Duke de Wellingtons?

ANNA. (*sulkily taking boots*) What, another on 'em?

VICTOR. (*as before*) And bring me von leetle tasse de café, and von beeftake aux pomme-de-terres!

ANNA. (*sarcastically*) Oho, a beefsteak o' pongdetare, eh? well I'm sure. (*folding her arms, and holding a pair of boots in each hand—crosses to c.*) And do you think I'm going to hexhaust myself in this here manner for a paltry eight pound a-year, and find my own tea and sugar?

Mrs. S. (*scornfully*) Impertinent menial! of course we do!

ANNA. Then I solemnly vows I, won't do another individual thing, unless you raise my wages!

SPRIG. Unparalleled audacity! but come, now, I'll see what I can do for you. I don't mind giving you an extra ten shillings.

ANNA. (*eagerly*) A week!

SPRIG. No, a year!

ANNA. (*contemptuously*) Not a bit of it! catch me knocking myself up for a parcel o' miserly wretches, as go and sleep up in a top garret just to make money by letting their own bed-rooms, and slaving the very life out of a poor unfortunate maid o' all work! why, Uncle Tom's Cabin was a fool to it.

Mrs. S. Insolent minx! not another word.

ANNA. (*placing her arms a-kimbo*) Will you double my wages?

SPRIG. } (*howling*) No!

Mrs. S. }

ANNA. Then liberty for ever! I resigns my place—here, take your boots and polish 'em yourselves. (*laying one of the boots*)



on SPRIGGINS's arm, and the other on his wife's) Here's your apron and your brush! (*taking off apron, and giving it and the brush to MRS. SPRIGGINS*) Take your property, and now go and get your lodger's lunch ready—the gravy soup and the coffee, and the beefsteak o' pongdetare—ha, ha, ha! what fun it will be to see missus a-doing the cooking, and master a-brushing the boots—ha, ha, ha!

*Exit, C. D. to L.*

(MR. and MRS. SPRIGGINS remain with the boots, brush, apron, &c., in their arms, contemplating each other in mute stupefaction.)

SPRIG. Well, now, we *are* in a precious fix! I never thought the hussey really meant it. What the deuce are we to do? however, as far as our immediate requirements are concerned, I suppose there's no great mystery in broiling a beefsteak and making a cup of coffee?

MRS. S. (*indignantly*) What, sir, do you suppose that I, a distant descendant of the Fitz-Pentonville's, will disgrace myself by meddling with frying-pans and gridirons? Never!

SPRIG. (*submissively*) Well, my dear, then I'll attend to the culinary department—perhaps you wouldn't object just to take the dust off the lady's boots—*somebody* must do it, you know, we have left the apartments "attendance included."

MRS. S. (*angrily snatching boots and brush from her husband*) Mr. Spriggins, I'll never forgive you for subjecting a lady of my aristocratic descent to such shocking humiliation! (*begins to brush boots with evident disgust—a ring heard, R.—she approaches door, and inquires with a violent attempt at a gracious manner*) Did you please to ring, ma'am?

JULIA. (*within*) My boots, if you please; and send the servant to lace my stays.

MRS. S. There! she wants somebody to lace her stays! perhaps you think I'm going to turn lady's maid, too.

SPRIG. Dear me, what a fuss about a pair of stays! (*as if making a violent sacrifice, and crossing to R. D.*) I'll go and lace her stays!

MRS. S. (*hastily placing herself before the door*) I should like to catch you doing anything of the sort, you wicked old sinner!

SPRIG. Well, my dear, as I said before, *somebody* must do these little things.

MRS. S. (*in a tremendous fluster*) Mr. Spriggins, I consent on the present occasion to sacrifice my dignity, but I shall expect a handsome new silk dress, Mr. Spriggins. (*at door, tragically*) Heavens, to think that a Fitz-Pentonville should live to lace a lodger's stays! *Exit into room, R. 3 E.—bell rings, L.*

SPRIG. (*alone*) Halloa! there goes the other bell. I suppose the Frenchman wants *his* stays laced. No, it's the boots he wants.

Well, I suppose I must just give 'em a sort of a rough polish. (*puts Anna Maria's apron on and begins brushing boots methodically—calmly soliloquising*) I'm not by any means what's called proud, not being a Fitz-Pentonville myself; but nevertheless, I'm fully prepared to admit that there are more fascinating occupations than boot blacking. (*ring heard at back*) Confound it, there's the street door bell! (*calling*) Anna Maria! dear, dear, I forgot the jade was gone. I almost wish I *had* doubled her wages. (*another violent ring heard—bawling*) Coming!

*Exit at C. D., with apron on and boots in his hand—ringing continues at back.*

*Enter VICTOR from his room, L. At the same moment ANGELINA appears, door, R. 1 E.*

ANGEL. (*not perceiving VICTOR*) If I could but see Monsieur Victor for a moment, and ascertain his motive for coming here.

VICTOR. (*calling, with his hand on the bell pull*) Domestique! —servante! (*suddenly perceiving ANGELINA*) Ciel! sie objet de mon amour!—it was not von apparition!

ANGEL. (*confused*) You, sir, an inmate of our house!

VICTOR. (*rapturously*) Yes, charmante mees—my good angel—he condock me to your side!

ANGEL. (*coquettishly*) I thought you had forgotten me long ago.

VICTOR. (*still retaining his hold of the bell pull*) Forget you! Oh, ma'amzelle, jamais! jamais! jamais!

(*every time he utters "jamais," he thumps himself on the chest with the hand which grasps the bell pull, not perceiving that by so doing he is also ringing the bell.*)

ANGEL. Take care, Monsieur Victor, you're ringing the bell Ah, here's somebody coming!

(*ANGELINA disappears, R. 1 E., and VICTOR L.; they slam their doors violently, at the same moment.*)

*Re-enter SPRIGGINS, C. from L.*

SPRIG. (*perceiving the two doors shut simultaneously*) Bless my soul! what a devil of a draught there is here.

*Enter MAJOR REGULUS RATTAN, C. from L.—he wears an undress military coat buttoned up to the chin, an enormous pair of moustachios, and speaks haughtily and gruffly.*

MAJOR. (*angrily*) What do you mean, sir, by opening your street door, and leaving me standing on the step?

SPRIG. (*coolly, continuing to black boots*) Very sorry, but I heard a ring in this direction.



MAJOR. (*abruptly*) Are you the shoebblack of this establishment?

SPRIG. (*indignantly*) Shoebblack!

MAJOR. Servant, then—*lucky*, if you prefer the epithet.

SPRIG. (*with offended dignity*) Not by *any* means, sir—not by *any* means! I'm merely performing the—a—a—the operation in which you now see me engaged out of a—a—politeness to my lodgers. (*knocks at Victor's door, L., and puts down boots, which VICTOR puts out one arm to take*) Mounseer! *la* Boots! (*SPRIGGINS then returns to MAJOR, and majestically throwing off his apron, exclaims*) No, sir, I am the proprietor of this establishment.

MAJOR. Then it's you who let these lodgings?

SPRIG. Yes, but I'm as full as I care to be, under existing circumstances.

MAJOR. (*angrily*) Then what the devil do you mean by keeping your bill up? Do you think people climb up your infernally dark staircase for the mere pleasure of contemplating that unmeaning physiognomy of yours? (*abruptly*) who are your lodgers?

SPRIG. (*surprised*) A lady and gentleman.

MAJOR. (*hastily*) A lady and gentleman? what *sort* of a lady and gentleman?

SPRIG. (*with great dignity*) Sir, I am a free born British subject, and I really don't see that I am in any way compelled to answer the question. Besides, you really appear so unnecessarily excited that—

MAJOR. Excited! I should think I was. I've come all the way from the last refreshment station on an engine—an engine, sir, that I engaged at my own individual expense. By Jove, my eyes are full of coal dust now. Give me some water!

SPRIG. (*surprised*) Water!

MAJOR. Yes, to rinse the cinders out of my eyes!

SPRIG. Confound it! the fellow's going to *refit* here!

MAJOR. (*perceiving a glass water jug on table, filled with flowers*) Aha, this will do!

(*takes out flowers—coolly throws them away—pours water into the palm of his hand, and bathes his eyes*)

SPRIG. (*a'armed*) Mind what you're about! You're spilling the water over my new carpet.

MAJOR. (*coolly*) You can have it wiped up!

(*takes up the curtains that are laying on sofa, and dries his hands in them*)

SPRIG. (*in agony—roaring*) My new curtains! Do-o-*not*! I—I'll fetch you a towel.

MAJOR. (*coolly throwing curtains away*) Quite unnecessary! (*thumping down a chair in front of SPRIGGINS*) Sit down.

SPRIG. (*somewhat alarmed*) Thank you, I'm not at all fatigued.

MAJOR. (*imperatively*) Sit down, I say.

SPRIG. (*sitting down—aside*) I feel half inclined to send for a policeman.

MAJOR. (*sitting down*) Now then. Are you married or single?

SPRIG. (*abruptly*) Married.

MAJOR. I'm glad of it. You'll be the better able to sympathise with me. I, unfortunately, am also married.

SPRIG. Really, sir, your conversation is fascinating in the extreme, but—

MAJOR. Don't interrupt me—I was on the point of informing you that I'm a retired Major, late of the Cape Coast Slashers.

SPRIG. (*aside*) He looks his profession!

MAJOR. Having got tired of Zulu Kaffirs, and wild beast hunts, I sold out, returned to England, and in an unguarded moment, recently married a lovely young lady—the daughter of a brother officer.

SPRIG. (*aside*) Now what the devil is all this to me?

MAJOR. Well, sir, wishing to give my wife a treat, I resolved upon spending a month with her at the sea-side; we started this morning per express: in the same carriage was a young fellow, one of those infernal, insinuating, foreign-looking dogs! On reaching the refreshment station, my wife complains of hunger—I rush from the train, and purchase three bath buns; no sooner had my wife tasted one of them, than she informs me she's thirsty.

SPRIG. Well, there's nothing so very extraordinary in that!

MAJOR. Oh, you think so, do you? Just wait a moment before you give your opinion. Well, sir, forgetting that the ten minutes had already expired, I return to the refreshment room, and was just compounding for a glass of sherry and water, when—zum! zum! zum! off goes the train, with my wife and the young Frenchman!

SPRIG. (*starting*) The young Frenchman?

MAJOR. Yes, sir—the young Frenchman. They hadn't exchanged a word the whole way—and yet they had connived together to deceive me! (*angrily*) Don't you perceive, you old idiot, that my wife's need of refreshment was a mere pretext to get rid of me?

SPRIG. (*aside—alarmed*) A young Frenchman! It strikes me forcibly I've let my lodgings to the identical pair.



MAJOR. (*violently*) But I'll find them!— (*rises*) and when I do, I'll reduce them to atoms! I'll pulverise them to fine dust—I—I'll smash them like—

(*seizing the porcelain vase which stands on the table.*)

SPRIG. (*alarmed, and seizing him by the arm*) Gently, sir—that's real.

MAJOR. Pshaw! how frightened you seem about a trumpery piece of earthenware! Well, sir—(*resuming his seat*) I have just received information that persons answering to their description have been seen to enter a house on this side, and in this part of the street. I—I therefore insist upon your producing your lodgers—your female lodger especially.

SPRIG. Really, sir, this is most extraordinary conduct!

MAJOR. (*roaring*) Produce your lodger, sir! I'll not leave the house till I have closely inspected your female lodger!

(*thumps his chair violently against floor, and resumes his seat with a determined air*)

SPRIG. Confound it all! don't knock the house down!

MAJOR. (*roaring*) Produce your female lodger!

SPRIG. (*aside—trembling*) If it should prove to be the lady who arrived just now, we're all done for.

MAJOR. (*rising, and upsetting his chair*) You refuse to produce your female lodger?

*Enter MRS. SPRIGGINS, R. 3 E.*

SPRIG. (*perceiving her*) Ah, here's my wife, by Jove!—a bright idea! (*coming to R.—aloud*) Sir—*this is my female lodger!*

MAJOR. What, that individual?

MRS. S. (*aside—offended*) What does the fellow mean by individual, I wonder?

SPRIG. (*hastily—aside to his wife*) Say it's you, or it's all up with us.

MRS. S. (*aside—alarmed*) What does he mean?

MAJOR. Are you the female tenant of these apartments?

SPRIG. (*twitching her dress behind*) Say yes.

MRS. S. (*bewildered*) Y-e-e-s!

MAJOR. (*to SPRIGGINS*) Then what the devil did you mean by talking to me of a young couple? (*pointing to MRS. SPRIGGINS*) Is this your notion of juvenility?

MRS. S. (*highly incensed*) The impolite ruffian!

MAJOR. The sight of you, madam, has appeased my suspicions as far as this house is concerned. (*comes to C.*) I shall try next door, and then return to the White Hart Hotel. (*re-*

*lapsing into fury*) But as to those two, if ever I catch them, I  
—I—I'll—

*(as he is going, he runs against a chair, which he kicks violently to the back of the stage, and exit, C. D. to L., furiously.*

MRS. S. *(disdainfully)* And now, Mr. Spriggins, perhaps you'll inform me *who* this person is?

SPRIG. Who he is? Why, it strikes me, he's either the Wild Man of the Woods, or the King of the Cannibal Islands! But there's no time to lose, he'll be back again if we don't look out! *(knocking hastily at Julia's door, R. 3 E., and calling)* Hallo! Mrs. What's-your-name! I must speak with you immediately!

*Enter JULIA, from room, R. 3 E.*

JULIA. With me, sir?

SPRIG. Yes, madam—it's really too bad of you to expose a respectable man like myself, the father of a family, to the chance of being devoured alive by a roaring Ojibbeway, like your husband.

JULIA. My husband!

ANGELINA *at this moment appears at door, R. 1 E., and assumes a listening attitude.*

SPRIG. Yes, madam! Your husband, from whom it appears you have surreptitiously escaped, under cover of three Bath buns, and a glass of sherry and water.

JULIA. My husband you say has been here? Oh, why did you not tell me?

SPRIG. Because I knew better, madam—because he threatened to murder you and the young Frenchman, the partner of your flight.

ANGEL. *(aside)* What do I hear? The partner of her flight! How dreadful!

JULIA. *(indignantly)* Flight, sir! How dare you insinuate such a thing? Good heavens! what a fearful position to be placed in! And should my husband, naturally so jealous, attribute our accidental separation to premeditated design! I'll hasten to him—and explain all! Where is he staying?

SPRIG. Let me see—he said he had put up at the White Hart Hotel, at the corner of the next street.

JULIA. *(re-entering room)* I'll put on my bonnet, and seek him immediately.

*Exit, R. 3 E.*

MRS. S. Well, Mr. Spriggins, a pretty mess you've brought as into by this absurd scheme of yours! This comes of pretending you can speak French, and sticking up a palpable falsehood in your parlour window!



SPRIG. (*distracted*) Don't bother me, Mrs. Spriggins! Have you forgotten that the Frenchman's waiting for his coffee all this time? (*entreatingly*) Now go and make the kettle boil—do now—there's a ducky!

MRS. S. (*tragically*) Shades of my noble ancestors! behold not the degradation of your luckless descendant! *Exit, C. to L.*

*Re-enter JULIA, from room, R. 3 E., with her bonnet and shawl on—her bonnet is trimmed with cherry-coloured ribbons.*

JULIA. (*eagerly*) The hotel at the corner, you said, sir?

SPRIG. Yes, ma'am, I'll come down to the door, and show you where it is. (*aside*) There'll be murder done if that Cape Coast Slasher returns and finds her here! (*aloud*) This way, ma'am—this way. *Exeunt, C. D. to L.*

*The moment they are gone, ANGELINA rushes in, R. 1 E., and throws herself, in a state of great dejection, into an arm chair.*

ANGEL. Can I believe my senses? Monsieur Victor has run away with a married woman! How frightful! (*produces her pocket handkerchief*)

*Enter VICTOR, L.*

VICTOR. Enfin! they are all gone! Ah, de objet de mon adoration! My dear mees—

ANGEL. (*indignantly*) Leave me, sir—your conduct is shameful—infamous!

VICTOR. (*astonished*) Misericorde! vat have I did?

ANGEL. I have overheard all, sir! Can you deny that you came here this morning with a lady—a married lady, sir—with whom you had run away?

VICTOR. Charmante, mees, ma parole d'honneur—I see her for de first time dis morning in de railavay! (*tragically placing his hand on his heart*) On de honneur of von Frenchman, ma'amselle, I love but von lady in dis vide world, and dat is your charmante self. I swear it by dis leetle hand!

*Kneeling and kissing her hand—as he is doing so, SPRIGGINS enters at back, c. from L., with coffee pot and cup, and on perceiving the tableau before him, utters a shout of surprise.*

SPRIG. Hallo! What's all this?

ANGEL. (*tragically*) Heavens! my pa!

VICTOR. Ventrebleu! dat old hombogs again!

SPRIG. (*uttering a cry of pain*) Confound the coffee pot! I've burnt my fingers! (*puts coffee pot and tray on table*) I say, mounseer, what—a—a—what *la* devil were you doing at my daughter's feet? Explain, sir, what was your motive for assuming that shoemaker's attitude?

ICI ON PARLE FRANCAIS.

VICTOR. (*with much solemnity*) Sare, se immortal *Shak-es-peare* to say, "Brevity is se soul of wits." I have de honour to ask de hand of your female shild in marriage!

SPRIG. (*astonished*) The devil you have!

VICTOR. Yes—she love me, and I love she.

SPRIG. What, in five minutes? I must put a stop to all this! I insist upon your leaving my apartments instantly!

VICTOR. Sare, I shall do nothing of de kind. I have pay for von veek, and parbleu, for von veek I vill remain—so you must permission me to drink my café in tranquillité. (*aside*) De old hombogs! he tink he to see some green!

(*sits himself at table—pours himself out a cup of coffee, which he proceeds to drink with the greatest calmness—he is so situated that his face is turned away from the door at back*)

SPRIG. (*in a tremendous passion*) I—I shall go mad with rage!—and to think that I've brought it all upon myself through that infernal "Içi on Parle Francais!"

*Re-enter MAJOR REGULUS RATTAN, violently, c. from L.*

MAJOR. I knew the rascal was deceiving me!

SPRIG. (*aside*) Mercy upon us! Here's the roaring Objibbe-way come back again!

VICTOR. (*aside*) Ma foi! de husband of de leetle voyageuse.

MAJOR. (*to SPRIGGINS—not perceiving VICTOR*) And so, sir, you thought you'd make an ass of me, did you? But allow me to inform you, that it's not to be done, sir—it's not to be done! As I was repassing this wretched old house of yours, I happened to look up at the bed-room window—and through it, I perceived, lying on the dressing table, an article of costume which confirms my suspicions that my wife is at this very moment in your house.

VICTOR. (*aside*) My opinion is, dat sie fellow is tree sheets in sie wind-mill!

MAJOR. (*to SPRIGGINS*) Sir, I am naturally of a mild disposition! Up to the present, I flatter myself I have been calmness itself!—but have a care, sir! Dare to exasperate my natural placidity by further prevarication, and I—I—(*in a tremendous fury*) Damme, I'll pound you to a jelly! (*laying hold of him by the collar*) My wife, sir—hand her over this instant!

SPRIG. (*breaking from him*) Let go, sir, you're rumpling my front!

MAJOR. You won't? Then I'll find her myself.

(*rushes to door, R. 3 E.—kicks it open violently—crash, and exit, R.*)



SPRIG. (*dismayed*) The fellow has broken my lock! To think that wild Indians should be allowed to roam about in this manner! The police are really of no use at all!

*Re-enter MAJOR, R. 3 E., with a lady's bonnet in his hand.*

MAJOR. It's remarkably strange!—I've looked under the bed, and in all the cupboards, but no Mrs. Major Rattan.

SPRIG. Haven't I been telling you so for the last quarter of an hour?

MAJOR. (*crushing bonnet in his hand*) And yet, this infernal bonnet is a proof that she must be concealed somewhere about these dingy premises! (*punches in the crown of the bonnet*)

SPRIG. Why, confound the fellow! that's my wife's new Sunday bonnet! She forgot to remove it with her other things!

MAJOR. Your wife's! Then why the devil do you allow your wife to wear cherry-coloured ribbons, like Mrs. Major Rattan? (*angrily claps bonnet on SPRIGGIN's head*) Once more I say, where is she?

SPRIG. (*violently alarmed*) She's a—a—a—(*stammering*) she's g-o-one out!

MAJOR. (*in a voice of thunder*) Gone out! Then she has been here?

SPRIG. (*doggedly*) Well, then—yes—she has! She's just gone to the White Hart Hotel—a—a—in the hope of finding you there.

MAJOR. Rascally letter of unlettable lodgings! you're deceiving me again! Here's another apartment—I dare say she's concealed there!

(*is about to enter Victor's room, L., when VICTOR rises and places himself between the MAJOR and the door*)

VICTOR. Sap-r-r-ris-ti! You take me for von nincompoop, sare! No von shall walk into my own particular apartment.

MAJOR. (*with a tremendous start*) Fire and fury! that accursed young frog-eater! (*roaring*) Where's my wife, sir?

VICTOR. (*calmly*) Sare, I not know!

MAJOR. It's false, sir—you bribed the guard to start without me.

VICTOR. You tell von lie, sare!

MAJOR. Rascal! hand me over Mrs. Regulus Rattan!

VICTOR. (*throwing himself into a burlesque boxing attitude*) Sare, I vill box your eye!

SPRIG. (*in a violent state of alarm*) Good gracious! there'll be murder done! Dear gentlemen, if you are determined to cut one another's throats, don't do it over my new carpet!

MAJOR. (to VICTOR) Sir, you shall give me satisfaction on the spot. I never travel without my pistols!

(producing pistols from his pocket, and presenting one to VICTOR)

VICTOR. (in a furious rage) Sare, you are one enragè ros-bif bull dog!

MAJOR. Insolent puppy! You shall receive my fire across this table, in the American style! Old What's-his-name shall be second to both of us.

(VICTOR and MAJOR place themselves one on each side of the table)

SPRIG. (wringing his hands) Oh, dear—oh, dear! a duel across my best bit of mahogany! (rushing between them—roaring) Gentlemen—gentlemen! this isn't Chalk Farm!

MAJOR. Now, then, sir, are you ready?

SPRIG. (in a paroxysm of fear) Murder! fire! police!

MAJOR. Keep still, you old jackanapes, or—(suddenly looking in the direction of the window) Hallo! can I believe my eyes?  
(runs violently to window, and opens it.

Enter MRS. SPRIGGINS, C. from L.

MRS. S. Why, what on earth is the meaning of all this noise?

MAJOR. (looking out of window) Zounds and confusion! if there isn't my wife looking in at a bonnet shop! By Jupiter, she's coming here! (shuts down window violently, and breaks a pane of glass)

SPRIG. (despairingly) There goes half a crown's worth.

MAJOR. Now, then, I shall discover the truth at last. I'll conceal myself behind these window curtains, and mark me—if one of you, by word or sign intimate that I am in the room—(with calm ferocity) I—I'll blow his brains out. (conceals himself behind curtain—he occasionally clicks the lock of a pistol, as a reminder.

MRS. S. (alarmed) Mercy on us! what a ferocious monster.

SPRIG. (dolefully) If I'm not laid up after all this, it's a pity! Oh, what a fool I was ever to let lodgings—and what an idiot I was to stick up "Ici on Parle Francais!"

Enter JULIA, C. from L.

JULIA. Dear me, how very vexatious; my husband appears merely to have stopped a few minutes at the hotel, and then to have gone out no one knows where. (observing their silence and constraint) But what's the matter with you all? What do you all mean by staring at one another in this way.

SPRIG. (confused) I—I—I—don't feel exactly the thing.

JULIA. Has anything happened during my absence?



*strict silence—to SPRIGGINS*) Has my husband been here again? (*no one answers*) Have either of you seen him, I say?

SPRIG. No!

MRS. S. No!

VICTOR. No!

JULIA. So much the better, (*to VICTOR*) for if he had found you here, monsieur, there's no knowing what might have happened.

MAJOR. (*who repeatedly pops his head from behind curtains—aside*) So, she was anxious on the fellow's account; fire and fury!

JULIA. (*continuing*) My poor husband is so dreadfully jealous. (*to MRS. SPRIGGINS*) If he had even seen the friendly shake of the hand which your husband gave me just now at the door—

SPRIG. (*horribly alarmed*) It's no such thing! I—I—I didn't give you a friendly anything! (*aside—writhing*) I'm certain the monster is taking deliberate aim at me between the shoulders.

JULIA. (*appears surprised at SPRIGGINS' manner, but continues*) I'm sure you, monsieur, (*addressing VICTOR*) must have noticed how fiercely he glared at you in the train, every time you happened to look my way. (*VICTOR says nothing, but nods his head violently*) I do believe—ha, ha, ha! I do believe he was jealous of you—of you who confess that you are dying in love with the young lady you met at a ball in Paris.

MAJOR. (*aside, popping his head from between curtains*) A young lady—bal—Paris?

JULIA. (*continuing*) A young lady to whom you must indeed be deeply attached, since you have journeyed to this town for the sole purpose of seeking after her.

MAJOR. (*aside*) What's that she says? (*rushes violently towards VICTOR, and as he does so, drags down curtains*)

JULIA. (*extremely astonished*) My husband!

MRS. S. } (*in agony*) The curtains!

SPRIG. }

MAJOR. (*stumbling over curtains*) Confound your curtains! *throws them away—to VICTOR eagerly*) Is it really true that you are in love with somebody else?

VICTOR. Vat you mean, sare?

SPRIG. To be sure he is—the somebody in question happens to be my daughter.

MAJOR. Your daughter? why, you never told me you had a daughter! Produce her! produce your daughter, sir!

*Enter ANGELINA, R. 1 E., during the last words.*

SPRIG. Here she comes!

MAJOR. Hem! Ah! nice looking girl, not in the least like her father. (to ANGELINA—*impressively*) Young woman, is this seductive foreigner in love with you?

ANGEL. (*glancing archly at VICTOR*) At any rate, he says so!

VICTOR. (*rapturously approaching her*) And he mean it, too—and once more, (*turning to SPRIGGINS*) my dear old gentlemen, I pray you to accord to me se hand of your charmante female shild; my father, he vere rich—Dubois et Compagnie, Rue Saint Lazare, Paris.

MAJOR. (*hastily*) Dubois and Co., Rue St. Lazare—bless my soul—know the firm well—got a house out at the Cape! (*aside*) By Jove then, I've been making an ass of myself all this time! (*abruptly*) Take her, young man—she's yours! (*handing ANGELINA to VICTOR—pathetically*) Bless you, my children!

SPRIG. (*hastily*) Hallo! there—not quite so fast—as I'm only the young lady's father, allow me to have some share in the matter! Mrs. S. and I must talk the matter over, and if, upon inquiry, I find Mr. Dubois' description of himself to be correct, I see no reason why we shouldn't accept him as our son-in-law.

VICTOR. (*kissing ANGELINA'S hand*) Oh, bonheur!

*Enter ANNA MARIA, C. from L., with bonnet and shawl on.*

ANNA. (*with great dignity*) Please to pay me my wages, and to examine my box, for my cousin, the policeman, has called to fetch it away.

SPRIG. My good girl, we'll see about all that presently—Mrs. Spriggins, you were perfectly right—If ever I speculate again, I'll take precious good care it shan't be on my own premises, and, for the future, my only method of “letting lodgings,” will be to “let lodgings alone!”

ANNA. (*eagerly*) Let lodgings alone! then I resumes my place. (*takes off bonnet and shawl*)

SPRIG. Thankee! (*continuing*) And as for French, my dear, I give up all idea of it, whether before or after breakfast, for although my pretensions to that language have brought me a son-in-law, I am firmly convinced I shall never have it in my power conscientiously to say—(*tapping himself on the forehead*)

“ICI ON PARLE FRANCAIS!”

ANNA. MRS. S. SPRIG. ANGEL. VICTOR. JULIA. MAJOR.

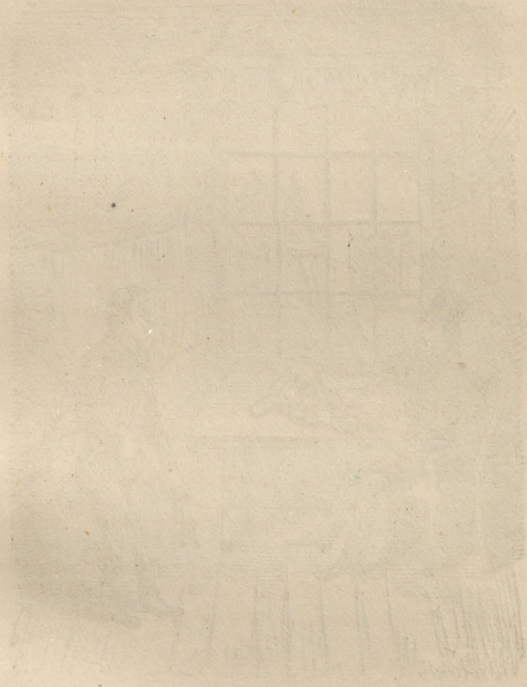
R.

L.

CURTAIN.



The title will be printed here



John H. Brown, Jr. has been named as the author of the work.

Printed

1888

The Man with the Carpet Bag.



Boots. Oh, young man,—it won't do! I knows all about you and that 'ere carpet bag!

*Scene 4.*



THE  
MAN WITH THE CARPET BAG:

*A Farce,*

*I N O N E A C T .*

BY  
GILBERT ABBOTT A'BECKETT,

AUTHOR OF

*The Mendicant, The Postilion, Jack Brag, Man-Fred, King Incog,  
Unfortunate Miss Bailey, The Revolt of the Workhouse,  
The Roof Scrambler, Figaro in London, The  
Turned Head, St. Mark's Eve,  
&c., &c.*

THOMAS HAILES LACY,  
89, STRAND, LONDON.

THE

MAN WITH THE CARPET BAG:

3

IN ONE ACT

BY THOMAS HILLIARY

THE MAN WITH THE CARPET BAG  
A PLAY IN ONE ACT  
BY THOMAS HILLIARY

THOMAS HILLIARY

OF BIRMINGHAM



## REMARKS.

---

### *The Man with the Carpet Bag.*

THIS farce turns upon an ingenious incident. It has simplicity of plot; neatness of execution; humour of dialogue; shrewdness of remark; and a natural and satisfactory conclusion. Considerable mirth is excited at the expense of the law; which the law can well afford, seeing to what expense it puts its clients.

Mr. Grab, an attorney of unscrupulous conscience, is employed to carry on the suit of "Fleece versus Pluckwell." Fleece hopes to recover certain estates from Pluckwell, on the plea that there are no deeds to entitle him to hold them. Pluckwell depends much upon a possible lucky discovery of the said deeds, and more upon the forensic eloquence of Counsellor Wrangle, who, in the event of success, is to marry his daughter with a fortune, and, per contra, without one. The dumps depend upon dad's being put out of them, by winning his cause. Now Lucifer, who, from their wickedness, must have something to do with the affairs of this world, has put the missing parchments into the possession of Grab. But Grab wants a confederate to assist him in his plans; and who so fit as Mr. Grimes, his confidential clerk?

With due caution the wily practitioner discloses the important secret to his dependant; who is to swear (to the best of his belief!) to the non-existence of the deeds.—The action will not lie, unless Grimes does! A weekly five shillings to his pound is to be the price of his perjury. The case comes on a few miles from London; and a difficulty arises as to the temporary disposal of the papers during his absence. His chambers may be searched—robbed; they must not be left there. In sight, Grimes is to be safely trusted; but out of sight, the pupil may "better the instruction" of his preceptor! It is decided that he too shall repair to the scene of action, and carry with him, not in a blue bag, which looks like a lawyer, but in a carpet bag, which looks like a gentleman! the im-

portant deeds; and that no suspicion may arise as to his respectability, he is not to know his master on his travels. Mr. Wrangle has arrived at the Hog and Hatband, an inn that stands highest and charges highest of any in the town. The brandy and water is weakly, and the newspaper daily: he sits down to discuss the one, and digest the other. Mr. Wrangle, like certain of his professional brethren, is a spice of Mr. Puff. He joins fond couples in holy matrimony that never saw one another before—murders men for a crown that are alive and merry, and gets a supplementary two-and-sixpence the next day for bringing them to life again! He is paragraphist, purveyor for the press, penny-a-liner;—one of the interminable tribe of “*We*”; a dry dog over his porter—a more dry one in print; an oracle in a small way, and portentously and pertinaciously political! In the “*Tap-Tub*” \* he recognises an extempore fratricide, perpetrated in his own chambers over an extra pint of half-and-half; and, as an appendage to the editor’s leading article, “*Ingenious Swindling!*” another flam from the same everlasting manufactory, and conceived when the waiter demurred to bring in the second glass before he touched for the first. “*Ingenious Swindling!*” is a happy flight of imagination, cautioning landlords against a perambulating prigger—a man with “a carpet bag,” who stuffs his utensil full of cabbage leaves, which he leaves in his bed-room, and supplies their vacuum with anything he can cabbage. Jests sometimes prove melancholy things: “Half the strange stories (says Johnson) you hear in the world come from people’s not understanding a joke.” The landlord of the next inn takes imagination’s flight for gospel: he marshals his household to give them warning against the man with the “carpet bag.”—Wrangle, Grab, and Grimes, arrive at the inn, where the “caution” has just made such a stir. Boots is particularly eloquent, and contributes not a little to the hilarity of the scene. All eyes are suddenly fixed on the man with the “carpet bag.” Grab and Wrangle agree to take a chop together; Grimes, too, as “Uncle pays for all!” is similarly inclined, and asks the waiter what he has got in the house. “More than you will take out of it!” is the ominous reply. He requires a bed-room: the chambermaid will let no bed-room to the man with the “carpet bag!” Grimes never felt so uncomfortable since he was

\* Lord Brougham’s appropriate cognomen for “*The Morning Advertiser*.”



ducked in the Fleet! He beckons Boots. The beneficent Boots can hardly believe he is "such a willin!" But some of your hardest rogues look the softest; and such a rogue is the man with the "carpet bag!" He is exhorted by Boots to repent, and give up his evil deeds!—He calls for a glass of brandy and water, hot—"That's cool!" cries the waiter—"and with a *silver spoon* in it!" The landlord is next appealed to: he has called for several things in his house. No doubt; but he won't carry them away with him! This is a finisher: he will leave the inn; but there are two words to that bargain. His "carpet bag" must be searched ere he is allowed to depart.—Wrangle, seeing the mischief that is likely to ensue, interferes in his behalf; and Grab, whose character and costs are in jeopardy, volunteers to be the "carpet bag" man's professional adviser. He insists that the bag shall not be searched; it is an infringement of the subject's liberty. The appearance of Mr. Pluckwell, the magistrate, brings matters to a crisis. Grimes, alarmed at the scrape he has got into, and in spite of Grab's strenuous opposition, agrees to the search. The mysterious "carpet bag" is opened, its contents are examined, and the estates finally secured to the Pluckwell family. The barrister is united to the young heiress, and the fortune gained.

The quaint sayings and home-thrusts of Grimes were given with strong effect by Mr. Mitchell. This character is entirely epigrammatic; and the hard hits against the legal profession are truly subtle and searching. Boots (ludicrously represented by little Ross) is a Trojan in a smaller degree; and the magistrate's daughter is not a whit behind hand in her anti-legal wit. "The Man with the Carpet Bag" is one of Mr. A Beckett's best productions; and, what is somewhat remarkable in modern farce, it reads well.

## Cast of the Characters,

*As performed at the Metropolitan Minor Theatres.*

	Strand, 1835.	St. James's, 1836.
<i>Pluckwell (a Magistrate)</i> . . .	Mr. Doyne.	Mr. Hollingsworth.
<i>Wrangle (a Junior Barrister)</i>	Mr. Forrester.	Mr. Forrester.
<i>Grab (an Attorney)</i> . . .	Mr. Williams.	Mr. Strickland.
<i>Grimes (the Man with the Carpet Bag)</i>	Mr. Mitchell.	Mr. Mitchell.
<i>John (Waiter at the London Inn)</i>	Mr. Dubochett.	Mr. Bishop.
<i>Mr. Stokes (Landlord)</i> . . .	Mr. Debar.	Mr. Gray.
<i>Tom { Waiters . . . . . }</i>	Mr. Kerridge.	Mr. Sidney.
<i>Fred { . . . . . }</i>	Master Horton.	Mr. Moore.
<i>Boots . . . . .</i>	Mr. Oxberry.	Mr. Gardner.
<i>Coachman . . . . .</i>	Mr. Morrelli.	Mr. Williamson.
<i>Harriet (Pluckwell's Daughter)</i>	Miss Forrester.	Miss Garrick.
<i>Chambermaid . . . . .</i>	Miss Willmott.	Miss Stuart.
<i>Barmaid . . . . .</i>	Miss Ward.	Miss Jefferson.

## Costume.

**PLUCKWELL.**—Brown coat and waistcoat—black breeches.

**WRANGLE.**—Black suit.

**GRAB.**—Black coat, waistcoat, and breeches—high black boots.

**GRIMES.**—Shabby black suit.

**JOHN.**—Blue coat—light waistcoat—pantaloons—shoes.

**MR. STOKES.**—Brown suit.

**TOM AND FRED.**—Plain walking dresses.

**BOOTS.**—Drab jacket—kerseymere breeches—worsted stockings—shoes.

**COACHMAN.**—Great coat—large hat—boots.

**HARRIET.**—White muslin—straw hat.

**CHAMBERMAID.**—Coloured gown, white apron, &c.

**BARMAID.**—Coloured gown, smart cap, &c.

## STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this Work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from personal observations, during the most recent performances.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R.C. *Right of Centre*; L.C. *Left of Centre*; D.F. *Door in the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage*; C.D.F. *Centre Door in the Flat*; R.D.F. *Right Door in the Flat*; L.D.F. *Left Door in the Flat*; R.D. *Right Door*; L.D. *Left Door*; S.E. *Second Entrance*; U.E. *Upper Entrance*; C.D. *Centre Door*.

\*.\* The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.



## THE MAN WITH THE CARPET BAG.

### ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Attorney's Office—a carpet-bag and a blue bag hanging against the wall—a table, &c.*

GRAB and GRIMES discovered—*Grab seated at the table, with deeds, papers, pens, &c.—Grimes seated on a stool at a desk, L. V. E., writing.*

*Grab.* Well, Mr. Grimes, what are you now upon?

*Grimes.* Upon the stool, sir.

*Grab.* Nonsense! Have you drawn that abstract?

*Grimes.* Yes, sir, I've done the deed.

*Grab.* Did you serve the subpoena in Pluckwell, at the suit of Fleece?

*Grimes.* Yes, sir.

*Grab.* Did you serve him at home?

*Grimes.* No, sir, I did it in a regular lawyer-like manner; I served him out.

*Grab.* That will do. Now come here; I want to talk to you. [*They come forward.*] This case of Fleece v. Pluckwell is one of great importance to the parties interested.

*Grimes.* You mean the lawyers, I suppose, sir?

*Grab.* Hear me. My client, Mr. Fleece, proceeds against Pluckwell for the recovery of certain estates, on the ground that there are no deeds in existence to entitle Pluckwell to them:—now, I have these very deeds, but I must keep them back, or the action will not be good.

*Grimes.* Yes, sir, but if you keep them back, it won't be a good action: 'twill be a bad action, won't it, sir, to keep a man out of his own property?

*Grab.* Don't dictate to me, sir! Holding back the deeds is the only thing that will make the action good in law; and that's my business.

*Grimes.* Oh, it's nothing to me, sir; I'm only the clerk.

*Grab.* Quite right, Mr. Grimes; and I shall want you to make oath, though I shall not need your presence as a witness. [*Giving a paper.*] You will find in this paper in-

structions for an affidavit to which you will have to swear; you must swear that, to the best of your knowledge, those deeds are not in existence; you must stick to that, or the action won't lie.

*Grimes.* Then, if I don't lie, the action won't lie either? But how am I to satisfy my conscience?

*Grab.* Why, I shall add five shillings a week to your salary.

*Grimes.* Thank you, sir; that will about do it.

*Grab.* And, remember, you need not know these deeds are in existence; for what proof have you? I only said so.

*Grimes.* Oh! that's no proof, sir: if you only said so, that's no evidence at all.

*Grab.* Then, again, you have only seen the outside of the papers; you are not to suppose, though you see them in my office, that the deeds are good.

*Grimes.* Certainly not, sir; good deeds in your office are not at all common.

*Grab.* Exactly so. But now, Mr. Grimes, that your conscience is eased in this particular, let me know if I really can depend upon you.

*Grimes.* Why, if you can't, sir, there's no honour among thieves; that's all I can say.

*Grab.* I believe you are grateful, Mr. Grimes, and will acknowledge you have been obliged by me.

*Grimes.* True, sir, I have been obliged by you—[*Aside.*] to do many very dirty actions!

*Grab.* I have patronized you warmly; I evinced as much interest in your welfare, as if you had been a rich client, instead of a poor dependant; you were an outcast, and I took you in.

*Grimes.* You did, sir—you took me in; and if I'd been a rich client, as you say, you wouldn't have acted otherwise.

*Grab.* Well, Grimes, I think you know me, and you know also what a professional man must be. In the law, one who is a man of business must sometimes sacrifice considerations both of feeling and honour.

*Grimes.* Yes; and you are always in business, you know, sir.

*Grab.* I confess it, Grimes; but a man in our profession must put his heart in it: when I started in business, that was my only capital.

*Grimes.* You did not risk much, then, sir.

*Grab.* Well, Grimes, never mind that; can I place reliance in your fidelity?



*Grimes.* Certainly, sir, as long as you are not in arrear with my salary.

*Grab.* Very well. Now I am going five or six miles from London to the trial of the cause "Fleece v. Pluckwell," which comes off on the home-circuit this day.

*Grimes.* Yes, sir.

*Grab.* Well, I shall want your assistance; for if Pluckwell should gain the cause, I lose my costs.

*Grimes.* Very well, sir.

*Grab.* Not at all very well. But the finding these deeds would be the only means of Fleece being beaten.

*Grimes.* Why not destroy them at once?

*Grab.* Not yet: I always think it prudent to have two strings to my bow; and while I possess these deeds, I have my client Fleece completely in my power.

*Grimes.* You wish them to be locked up, sir, till we get back?

*Grab.* No, I cannot trust them out of my reach. Suppose anything should happen in my absence, and my chambers were to be either robbed or searched, the deeds would of course come to light.

*Grimes.* There are very few lawyers would like all their deeds brought to light, sir.

*Grab.* Exactly, and these in particular; you must therefore take charge of them yourself, and bring them down with you to the trial.

*Grimes.* But can't I take charge of them in town? Why should I go out of town with you?

*Grab.* Why, the fact is, though I have had the fullest confidence in you, when I have you under my eye, duty to myself will not allow me to trust you out of my sight with those papers.

*Grimes.* [*Aside.*] The suspicious old villain! [*Aloud.*] I'm sure, sir, the length of time I've been under you ought to have made you confide in me by this time.

*Grab.* It is your length of service, under me, that is my only reason for distrusting you.

*Grimes.* Well, sir, you know best what I've learned under you; but how am I to take charge of the very deeds I'm to swear I know nothing about? Suppose I should be searched on the road?

*Grab.* The thing is impossible; you must travel as if you did not know me, and that will avoid suspicion.

*Grimes.* Yes, sir, it will look more respectable my not knowing you; but how shall I take them? In a blue bag?

*Grab.* No; a blue bag is lawyer-like; and, consequently, suspicious. We must have something that looks more as if it belonged to a gentleman.

*Grimes.* And less as if it belonged to you? I understand you, sir.

*Grab.* Take down that carpet bag; that will be the very thing.

*Grimes.* [*Taking down the carpet bag, and holding it to Grab.*] That's a good thought, sir; a carpet bag is very unsuspecting, and particularly un-lawyer-like.

*Grab.* How so? What is there so un-lawyer-like about a carpet bag?

*Grimes.* Why, sir, it puts a great deal in a very small compass.

*Grab.* Yes; it will be the very thing. [*Putting in deeds.*] Now, mind you are very cautious; don't let the deeds fall out on any account.

*Grimes.* No, I won't, sir; the papers sha'n't fall out; we'll leave the falling out to the clients.

*Grab.* Now we'll lock them up securely, that nobody may touch them.

*Grimes.* Yes, sir; put them in Chancery.

*Grab.* And I will take the key of the padlock, so that even if you were to wish to produce them against me, you wouldn't have the power.

*Grimes.* Lord, sir! you need not be so particular about the lock—I'm not going to bolt!

*Grab.* No, I know that, my dear fellow; but you might be robbed—you might go down in bad company.

*Grimes.* Well, but I'm not going with you.

*Grab.* No; and as I am not to be known by you, I may as well get on at once to the place from which the coach starts. The name of the house is the Hog and Hatband. You had better follow me there presently, but do not show yourself inside the house. [*Crossing to L.*] And, mark me: don't, on any pretext, lose your hold of the carpet bag: if any one asks you to allow him to take your luggage, say, decidedly, "No!" Wherever you are, hold the carpet bag in your hand.

*Grimes.* Very well, sir; I'll keep hold of it as firmly as a bailiff holds a man that's arrested.

*Grab.* Well, I think we understand each other now, Grimes; [*Significantly, and giving money.*] therefore, I shall leave you to study your affidavit—that is, the draft.

*Grimes.* And a precious draft it is! Must I swallow all this?



SCENE (I.) THE MAN WITH THE CARPET BAG. 13

*Grab.* Come, come, no finching. I've given you a pill with it; you have only to say certain deeds do not exist; and that they do, you have only my word. Why should you believe me?

*Grimes.* Very true, sir; why should I?

*Grab.* Exactly! You must banish such ridiculous qualms. When I entered business, I used to be tormented with several scruples of conscience; but before I'd been in it a year, I hadn't two grains. Follow me in a few minutes to the Hog and Hatband.

*Grimes.* Very well, sir.

*Grab.* And, above all, never, for one moment, lose your hold of the carpet bag. [Exit, L.]

*Grimes.* My master is a thorough scoundrel; practice, they say, makes perfect, and his practice has made him a perfect rascal. Well, a man who is honest gets no business, and so he has no business to be honest; that's my argument. I consider myself a part of this office, and I think it's my duty to do as I'm directed; I'm only an instrument in Mr. Grab's hands, like a pen or a piece of paper. If he had a pen that wouldn't write, he'd cut it; and if he had a clerk that wouldn't do as he was told, he'd cut him also. I don't see that I'm to blame; I don't much like this swearing, though; but it an't like an oath—it's only an affidavit. Besides, as it's law, they'll turn it and twist it into so many shapes and phrases, that they'll almost conceal the lie in the technicalities. There's never anything directly to the purpose in a law form; and so, I dare say, I shall be able to set my hand and seal very conscientiously. Well, I shall follow Mr. Grab to the Hog and Hatband. I must remember his instructions. First, I'm never to let go the carpet bag; secondly, I'm not to know my master, but pretend to fancy that he's some respectable person, going the same road with me. Fancy Grab a respectable person! what a tremendous stretch of imagination! Why, that will be the most difficult job he ever set me to accomplish, to fancy him a gentleman!

[Exit with the carpet bag, L.]

SCENE II.—*The Coffee Room at the Hog and Hatband—two tables and two chairs.*

*Enter WRANGLE, L.*

*Wra.* It cannot be long, now, before the coach starts. I am rather impatient, for I have two suits to urge on my

arrival at the assize town. First, I have to defend old Pluckwell, at the suit of Fleece; secondly, I have to press my suit with my client's daughter; for which purpose, I also go to court, though of a more agreeable kind than any under the jurisdiction of his majesty's judges. If I gain my cause for Pluckwell, I gain a fortune with his daughter; but I am rather fearful of the result, as success depends on the production of deeds that are not forthcoming; however, I must hope for the best. [*Calling.*] Waiter!

*Enter* WAITER, L.

*Wai.* What did you please to want, sir?

*Wra.* The morning paper.

*Wai.* Do you please to take anything with it, sir?

*Wra.* With it! What do you mean? Certainly not.

*Wai.* Then the paper's engaged, if you please, sir.

*Wra.* Oh, I see! I will take something with it: you may bring me a glass of brandy and water with it, as the paper is generally rather dry.

*Wai.* I'll bring them directly, sir. Brandy and water you said—didn't you, sir?

*Wra.* Yes, yes, that will do; at all events, it will make me warm within.

*Wai.* Then, sir, you'll have it cold without. [*Exit, L.*]

*Wra.* It's very hard that a poor devil of a barrister, like me, can't come in and digest a newspaper without being forced to call for something that he has no call for; though I ought not to object to paying something for a newspaper occasionally, for I don't know how I should get on, if I didn't now and then pick up a pound or two by writing newspaper paragraphs.

*Re-enter* WAITER *with brandy and water, and a newspaper, L.*

*Wai.* Paper, sir, and brandy and water.

*Wra.* The brandy and water looks weakly.

*Wai.* Does it, sir? But the paper is daily.

*Wra.* I don't think your master has put much spirit in this.

*Wai.* I heard my master say, sir, there's an immense deal of spirit in the leading article. [*Exit, L.*]

*Wra.* Well, that's cool, upon my honour! What is there in the paper? Plenty of lies, of course; for, indeed, when the public take in a newspaper, for a newspaper to take in the public is but gratitude. I often do my share. The



SCENE II.] THE MAN WITH THE CARPET BAG. 15

other day I committed a murder for a morning paper, and laid the man out, at full length, in a ten-shilling paragraph. He was ascertained not to be dead, and I got five shillings for the contradiction, which I embellished with due denunciations of the villany of injuring a family's feelings, by a premature announcement of so melancholy a catastrophe. Here, too, I see, is one of my little paragraphs: this, however, is quite harmless, being so perfectly a fabrication that it cannot possibly do injury to any one. It might be a fact, and that's a sufficient recommendation for its introduction in a newspaper. Let's see how it reads.

[Reading.] "INGENIOUS SWINDLING.—*Innkeepers are cautioned against a man with a Carpet Bag, who travels about with no other luggage than that alluded to. He fills his carpet bag with cabbage leaves, or other rubbish, which he generally empties under his bed, and substitutes whatever valuables may come in his way—utterly regardless who may be the owner of the property. The man with the carpet bag has already visited several hotels and inns in the vicinity of London, the landlords of which have been minus several valuables, and plus only a parcel of cabbage leaves.*"

[Laughing.] Ha! ha! that reads well, and can do no mischief; it has put a few shillings into my pocket, and will put the innkeepers on the look-out for a swindler who never will arrive.

*Enter GRAB, L., followed by the WAITER.*

*Wai.* What will you please to take, sir?

*Grab.* I've just taken something.

*Wai.* Have you, sir?

*Grab.* Yes, I took my place by the coach, just as I entered.

*Wai.* [Aside.] A stingy fellow! Well, the coach may go without him, before I'd let him know it's ready. [Exit, L.]

*Grab.* I told Grimes not to make his appearance at the coffee-house; I hope he'll get down safe with the carpet bag. [Looking round—aside.] Hollo! there's some one sitting! I didn't see him.

*Wra.* Good morning, sir!

*Grab.* (R.) Good morning, sir!

*Wra.* (L.) A fine day, sir!

*Grab.* Yes, sir, but dusty.

*Wra.* Yes, it is dusty; but we must expect dust at this time of the year.

*Grab.* Yes, sir, we must look for it now.

*Wra.* No, my dear sir, we need not look for the dust, unless we want to have it in our eyes. [*Aside.*] This is but a dull fellow for conversation; I'll try and draw him out. [*Aloud.*] Have you seen the paper, sir?

*Grab.* No, sir.

*Wra.* Here is this morning's; there's nothing at all in it.

*Grab.* Thank you, sir; then I dare say it will be very amusing.

*Wra.* There was nothing done in the houses last night; nothing in the Lords, and nothing in the Commons.

*Grab.* That's nothing out of the common way, sir, at all events.

*Wra.* Are you for the assizes?

*Grab.* Yes, sir, I'm in the profession; but if they make the changes they talk about, lawyers won't be worth a straw.

*Wra.* But their clients will, sir; there'll be the great difference.

*Grab.* I presume, then, sir, if you hold those opinions, that you're no lawyer?

*Wra.* Oh, yes; I am a barrister, and I believe they're much the same.

*Grab.* Not always. But the changes I allude to will bring us into a very bad case.

*Wra.* I rather think, sir, they will keep us out of a great many bad cases.

*Grab.* You're severe, sir, upon your own profession.

*Wra.* Well, I don't owe my profession much; for I've seldom been upon my legs since I've been upon my own hands.

*Grab.* It's a bad look-out for a young man, I must admit; but you must hope to rise.

*Wra.* Yes, sir, but I am never called upon to rise: there I sit, without a common motion of course, all day, while my seniors are always upon the move, as if they had discovered the grand secret of perpetual motion.

*Grab.* Every Lord Chancellor, you will remember, has been a junior barrister.

*Wra.* Yes, sir; but every junior barrister cannot become Lord Chancellor.

*Grab.* Not exactly; but many may hope for the honour.

*Wra.* Not in these days: chancellors were never very ready to make way for their successors, and now they stick so, that one would think there was an adhesive plaister upon the woolsack.

[*A coach-horn heard without, R.—they start up.*]



SCENE III.] THE MAN WITH THE CARPET BAG. 17

*Re-enter WAITER, R.*

*Grab.* Is that the coach?

*Wai.* What have you taken, sir?

*Grab.* Nothing. Was that the coach I heard outside?

*Wai.* I can't tell what you've heard; we've something better to attend to than noises outside.

*Grab.* [*Aside.*] Insolent brute! It must be the coach. I hope Grimes will be in time, and have got the carpet bag all safe. [*Exit in a hurry, R.*]

*Wra.* Here; what have I to pay, eh?

*Wai.* A shilling, sir, if you please; and the coach waits.

*Wra.* [*Giving a shilling.*] There, there!

*Wai.* Remember the waiter, sir.

*Wra.* There, there's twopence. [*Exit, L.*]

*Wai.* I thank you, sir. Can I take any luggage for you, sir? Is there anything I can do, sir? That's enough civility for two-pence, I think! [*Walks leisurely off, L.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in Pluckwell's House.*

PLUCKWELL, L., and HARRIET, R., discovered at breakfast—*Pluckwell reading a law-book.*

*Har.* Now, my dear papa, do give over reading that nasty law-book; I'm sure it must be very dry, though you've been poring over it for the last half-hour.

*Plu.* Harriet, my dear, the matter is of great importance to our future prospects. If Fleece should succeed—if we should lose our cause—

*Har.* Then we may find cause to lament; but I am sure we are safe. Mr. Wrangle, you know, is on our side, and if eloquence can save us, we shall be triumphant.

*Plu.* Yes, my dear, I will allow that Mr. Wrangle is a very clever young man; but unless the title deeds can be produced, we are utterly undone.

*Har.* But I have full confidence in my dear Wrangle: if I were a judge, I'm sure he could persuade me to any thing.

*Plu.* That is very well, my dear; but, consider, the case is different: a judge is not a young woman.

*Har.* But I've heard that some judges are old ones; and so I'm not so very wrong in my calculation, after all.

*Plu.* Yes, my dear, but the decision is one of great importance; it requires a great exercise of sagacity, and a strict adherence to justice and impartiality.

*Har.* Oh, then, I've hopes, if it depends upon justice. I thought it depended upon law.

*Plu.* Very true, my dear; but law and justice generally go together.

*Har.* Do they? Then, I suppose, if they go together, they don't always stay together, that's all.

*Plu.* My dear, have more veneration for the legal code of your country; remember, you are a magistrate's daughter, and these sneers come with but an ill grace from you. I tell you, Harriet, that law and justice are completely wedded to each other.

*Har.* Wedded to each other! Then, at least, you'll allow that, like many other married couples, they don't always agree.

*Plu.* Ah, my dear, your sex should not interfere with these things; females now are getting as wise as the men. Why, you young women will some day be wanting to have representatives in parliament.

*Har.* And why should not young women send members in, when old women are so thoroughly represented both in the Lords and Commons?

*Plu.* Hold your tongue, my dear, I insist! I cannot sit by, as a magistrate of the county, and hear my own daughter speak in this strain.

*Har.* Well then, papa, let's drop the debate before we've come to a division. I'll get rid of it by moving the previous question: will you have another cup of tea?

*Plu.* [*Reading the book.*] I must indeed get you, my dear, to turn over a new leaf.

*Har.* Give me the book, and I will turn over a new leaf. I thought you would get tired of plodding over that one for so many hours.

*Plu.* Really, your levity on the very morning of the trial that is to decide our fate, astonishes me. Fancy the loss of our estates and our grounds: would you not repine if we had no longer our houses?—Would you not lament if we had no longer our grounds?

*Har.* Why should we lament if we have no grounds?—But do not let us meet misfortune half-way: if it is even on its road, let us rather hope some accident may happen to it, and prevent its coming to the end of its journey.

*Plu.* And indeed it will; for arrive it must, unless some unforeseen accident brings to light those deeds which are now discovered to be missed.



*Har.* Why put the worst side of the picture before us? Let us hope the deeds have been missed to be discovered.

*Plu.* Well, well, it's no use, I see, talking seriously to you; you'll see our misfortune when it's too late.

*Har.* Isn't that better than seeing it when it's too early? But I'm sure Wrangle will triumph in a good cause.

*Plu.* But the cause can't be good without the papers.

*Har.* Oh! I can't see the virtue there is in a parcel of old deeds; and I never saw one yet that didn't begin with a falsehood.

*Plu.* A falsehood, my dear! What do you mean?—Pray speak with respect of our legal documents.

*Har.* Why, now, don't all deeds begin with, "To all to whom these presents may come?"

*Plu.* Yes, my dear; that is the solemn form of our venerable law documents—"To all to whom these presents may come."

*Har.* Yes; and though paid for at the most extravagant rate, they're called presents: isn't that false?

*Plu.* No, no, my dear, it don't mean exactly that—it don't mean, you know, presents—in the sense—

*Har.* There, there—that will do. It don't mean what it says; that is the only apology you can make for it;—but never mind; let us hope, for once, that good may come out of evil.

*Plu.* [*Rising.*] Well, I must go to meet my friend Wrangle at the inn, and make arrangements with him about attending the court; our trial stands very high upon the list, and will come off early.

*Har.* Oh, how I should like to hear it! May I go with you?

*Plu.* You can, if you please, my dear; but you will have to wait a few minutes in the carriage, while I call at the inn for Wrangle.

*Har.* Oh, don't mind that; for I'm sure Wrangle's speech will be a treat. I wouldn't miss it for the world.

*Plu.* Very well, my dear. Now we must prepare; the carriage waits. If anything should occur to defeat us—let me see: [*Opening the book.*] chapter 22, section 9, 30th of George 1st. [*Exit, reading, R.*]

*Har.* My poor papa seems very nervous; but, for my part, if it were not for him, I should scarcely care which way it was decided. If in our favour, he gives me to Wrangle, out of gratitude; if against us, Wrangle must take me from necessity. If we lose our cause, I win a husband;

though I confess I'd rather bring a fortune to Wrangle, than go to him without one. But he must succeed in his profession; and if he don't one day become a chief justice, why, I'm no judge, that's all. [Exit, R.]

SCENE IV.—*The Coffee Room at a Country Inn.*

*Enter MR. STOKES, the Landlord, with a newspaper, L., followed by TOM and FRED, Waiters, the BARMAID, CHAMBERMAID, and BOOTS.*

*Stokes.* Now, then, listen to me. I have called you together, waiters, boots, barmaid, and chambermaid, for the purpose of giving you all warning——

*Omnes.* Lawk, sir! what for?

*Stokes.* Will you hear me? For the purpose of giving you all warning of the arrival of a swindler, who is said to be in the vicinity of London.

*Cham.* A swindler! I shall faint.

*Stokes.* Now attend to this. I perceive by this paper, that a swindler, with a carpet bag, is going about the country, taking off whatever valuables he can find in his way, and leaving behind a parcel of old cabbage-leaves. Now, what do you think of that?

*Tom. (R.)* It's dishonourable in the very highest degree.

*Boots.* It's a werry dirty trick to leave the cabbages, and cabbage the property.

*Stokes. (c.)* Well, I only wish, as the coach comes in, you should all be upon your guard.

*Boots. (L.)* I'll be upon the guard and coachman, too, sir, to find out whether they've brought the cabbaging chap this ere 'stablishment.

*Stokes.* Well, now, be very careful: it will be a man, recollect, with a carpet bag; if such a person should call for anything here, in the coffee-room, he is not to have it.

*Tom.* Very well, sir.

*Stokes. [To the Barmaid.]* If he wants anything at the bar, he mustn't be served.

*Boots.* A wicked chap! he'll find himself wanted at the bar, some of these ere days, if he carries on them ere games.

*Stokes.* Now you will all be on the look-out for the man with the carpet bag.

*Boots.* Von't I? Only let him ax me for the slippers: he'll find, if he does, that he has put his foot in it!

[A horn heard without, L.]



SCENE IV.] THE MAN WITH THE CARPET BAG. 21

*Stokes.* There! there's the London coach! Fly, all of you!

[*Exeunt all but Tom, who moves the tables up.*

*Enter GRAB, WRANGLE, and GRIMES, with a carpet bag, L., followed by FRED.*

*Grab.* [*Aside.*] So far, Grimes has managed the affair admirably; I see he holds close possession of the carpet bag.

*Wra.* Waiter, look to my luggage.

*Tom.* Yes, sir. [*Aside, eyeing Grimes.*] That chap looks too soft for a swindler, but the carpet bag is suspicious.—I'll try him. [*To Grimes.*] Shall I take your carpet bag, sir?

*Grimes.* [*Holding it firmly.*] Certainly not, fellow; I can take care of my own luggage.

*Tom.* [*Aside.*] It must be the man with the carpet bag. [*Exit, L.*

*Grab.* [*Aside.*] That's very right of Grimes; he knows the importance of my instructions; he pretends ignorance of me—all as I directed him.

[*Grimes retires up and sits at the table, L.*

*Wra.* That gentleman seems not disposed to join us; but as we are both engaged at the assizes, suppose we take a chop together, before going into court.

*Grab.* As you please, sir. [*Calling off.*] Here, waiter!  
[*Grab and Wrangle sit at the table, R.*

*Re-enter TOM, L.*

*Tom.* Did you call, gentlemen?

*Wra.* Let's have a chop for myself and this gentleman; and send the chambermaid.

*Tom.* The gentleman at the next table is not one of your party, is he, sir?

*Grab.* Oh, dear no; not at all.

*Wra.* Oh, no, he only came by the same coach.

*Tom.* Very well, gentlemen; then the chops shall be ready immediately.

*Grimes.* [*Aside.*] Come, I may as well do the thing genteelly, as master pays the expenses. [*Aloud.*] Here, waiter! waiter! what have you got in the house?

*Tom.* Why, a good deal more than you'll take out of the house, my friend, though you have got your carpet bag.

[*Exit, laughing, L.*  
*Grimes.* [*Aside.*] What does the fellow mean? My carpet bag seems to excite suspicion; they cannot surely

know about the deeds. I'm getting alarmed; I'll just put it out of their reach. [*Lays the bag on the table.*]

*Re-enter the CHAMBERMAID, L., who crosses and looks at Grimes with horror, as she passes towards Grab and Wrangle.*

*Cham.* Will you like to retire to arrange your dress?

*Wra.* Yes, my dear, I may as well; show me to a room, and send the Boots with a pair of slippers.

*Cham.* [*To Wrangle.*] This way, sir, if you please.— [*To Grab.*] I'll return for you presently, sir.

*Grab.* Very well.

*Grimes.* And, do you hear? I shall want a room.

*Cham.* What, you wicked wretch! do you think I'm going to let you have a room with that carpet bag?

[*Exeunt the Chambermaid and Wrangle, R.*]

*Grimes.* Master!

*Grab.* Grimes!

*Grimes.* Did you hear that?

*Grab.* Indeed I did, and I don't half like it. You surely have not mentioned to any one that it contains the deeds?

*Grimes.* Not I, sir, I'm sure; but I'm positive they suspect; for as I came through the hail, everybody eyed me as if they thought I'd been a pick pocket. Now they can't know, sir, that I'm connected with you.

*Grab.* No, Grimes; but there's something in it, you may rest assured. However, never mind what may happen; don't lose your hold of the carpet bag.

*Grimes.* Well, I won't sir; but it's a very unpleasant situation; I have not been so uncomfortable since I was ducked in the Fleet, for serving a notice of an opposition to an insolvency. [*Grab motions Grimes to be silent.*]

*Re-enter the CHAMBERMAID, R.*

*Cham.* [*To Grab.*] Now, sir, I'll show you to a room, if you please, sir? [*Exit, R.*]

*Grab.* Thank you. [*To Grimes.*] Mind, I will reward you for your firmness, if you keep fast hold of the carpet bag. [*Exit, R.*]

*Grab.* Oh, yes, I dare say; reward me for my firmness! but I don't half like it. I'm sure they suspect that I've got papers I ought not to have, and so I'm being punished for my master's evil deeds. Everybody looks daggers at me; here comes the Boots. I wonder if I shall get a civil word from him.



SCENE IV.] THE MAN WITH THE CARPET BAG. 23

*Re-enter* BOOTS, with a boot-jack and slippers, L.—*he crosses to R., eyeing Grimes.*

*Boots.* [*Aside.*] It is the chap with the carpet bag. One wouldn't think he was such a willin by his looks; but some of the hardest wretches looks the softest; there's no judging of a man's mind by its outside appearance, any more than you can judge of a shoe's sole by the upper leather.

*Grimes.* Hollo! here, Boots!

*Boots.* Oh, young man—it won't do! I knows all about you, and tha: ere carpet bag.

*Grimes.* [*Aside.*] What does he mean? Can he suspect it contains the papers? [*Aloud.*] What do you mean, fellow, by your remark upon this carpet bag? What is there in a carpet bag?

*Boots.* You know best what there is in the bag. Ah, young man! why don't you give up your evil deeds?

*Grimes.* [*Aside.*] Give up the deeds! He must have discovered the secret! [*Aloud.*] Leave the room, fellow! Do you think I can listen to you insults? Get out, I say!

*Boots.* Oh, I'm sure I don't want to stay with you, for I'm certain, young man, you must be in league with the old 'un. [*Exit, R.*]

*Grimes.* In league with the old one! Here's a pretty business! he has discovered my connection with Grab.—I'm lost! At all events, I'll have something to drink.— [*Calling off.*] Here, waiter! waiter!

*Re-enter* TOM, L., and crosses to R.

*Tom.* Coming, sir, coming! What! is it only you?

*Grimes.* Only me, sir! What do you mean? An't I as good as any other gentleman?

*Tom.* Come, now, young chap, none of your larks; it won't do here!

*Grimes.* Won't do here! No, and I don't wonder at its not doing here, if you treat your customers in this manner. Bring me a glass of brandy and water, hot, with plenty of sugar.

*Tom.* With a silver tea-spoon, I suppose, too? Come, come, I think you take it cool.

*Grimes.* No, I don't, sir, I take it hot; I want it quite hot.

*Tom.* Come, young man, you'd better be off with your carpet bag. I think you're carrying it rather too far.

*Grimes.* What have you to do with my carpet bag? and what is it to you how far I carry it?

*Re-enter STOKES, L.*

Are you the landlord of this inn, sir?

*Stokes.* Yes, I am, sir.

*Grimes.* Do you know, sir, that I have called for several things in your house?

*Stokes.* Oh, yes, sir; I believe you've called for a good many things, but you won't take them away with you.

*Grimes.* If I am to obtain no redress, I'll leave the house. *[Going.]*

*Stokes.* No, you don't, sir; we've got you—we've been looking for the man with the carpet bag.

*[Stokes and Tom collar Grimes.]*

*Grimes.* *[Struggling.]* Help! murder! thieves!

*Re-enter WRANGLE, GRAB, BOOTS, and CHAMBERMAID, R.*

*Wra.* (R. C.) What is all this disturbance?

*Grab.* (R.) What is the matter with this gentleman?—

*[Aside.]* Surely, they cannot have discovered the papers:

*Stokes.* (L. C.) Why, gentlemen, this person is the man with the carpet bag, *[All laugh.]* about whom a paragraph has lately appeared in the newspapers.

*Wra.* *[Aside.]* My paragraph! Poor fellow! I must get him out of the mess, though, somehow. *[Crosses to L.]*

*Grab.* What do you mean? what pretext have you for treating the gentleman in that way?

*Grimes.* That's what I want to know. Let me go!

*Stokes.* Oh, no, we can't do that; we must have the thing looked into.

*Grimes.* You don't look into this bag, I can tell you.

*Grab.* Certainly not; there can be no searching without warrant; so the law has laid it down.

*Boots.* (L.) If the law has laid it down, I don't see why I shouldn't take it up. Search the bag!

*Stokes, Tom, & Cham.* Search the bag!

*Wra.* *[Aside.]* This is getting serious. I must explain; yet, I suppose, he will allow the bag to be searched, and so put an end to suspicion. *[Aloud to Grimes.]* You are, sir, in an unpleasant position just now; will you allow me to advise you?

*Grimes.* You're very good, sir; anything you recommend I'll do; for I've a character to lose.

*Boots.* Have you? Well, you won't be long now losing it.

*Wra.* Silence! I would be just to you, sir, though I have not the pleasure of knowing you.



*Stokes.* We know him, sir; he's the man with the carpet bag.

*Grimes.* Well, if I am a man with the carpet bag, what is there in that?

*Boots.* Oh, you may well say, [*Pointing to the bag.*]—what is there in that!

*Grab.* [*Aside.*] This is terrible; they evidently suspect what is in the carpet bag, and I am lost!

*Grimes.* [*To Grab and Wrangle.*] I appeal to you, gentlemen, whether this is a proper way to treat a traveller?

*Wra.* I should say, certainly not.

*Grab.* Aye; certainly not.

*Omnes.* Oh—aye—aye—aye!

*Wra.* But I would recommend, that as you are unfortunately suspected of having a dishonest object in carrying that carpet bag, you should allow it to be opened, and so satisfy every one of your innocence.

*Stokes, Tom, Boots, & Cham.* Yes, yes, yes!

*Grab.* No, I can't agree to that.

*Boots.* What have you to do with it?

*Grab.* I merely interfere as a lawyer, and a friend to the unfortunate.

*Boots.* Oh, come, none of that—you can't be both!

*Wra.* Well, sir, what would you advise? Why not let him open the bag?

*Grimes.* [*To Grab.*] Well, may I, sir—I mean, do you think I had better, sir?

*Grab.* As a lawyer, I should say no.

*Boots.* Then, as an honest man, I should say yes; and there's just the difference.

*Re-enter FRED, L.*

*Fred.* [*To Wrangle.*] The gentleman whom you have expected has arrived.

*Enter PLUCKWELL, L.*

*Wra.* Ah, my dear sir! I am delighted to see you!

*Stokes.* Oh! now we shall soon understand it, for here's Mr. Pluckwell, the magistrate; he'll settle it.

*Grab.* [*Aside.*] Pluckwell! the party to the suit! I'm undone!

*Wra.* My dear sir, before going to the trial of your own cause, we would like your magisterial advice on a little point of dispute.

*Plu.* What is it? I'm sorry to see a disturbance in this respectable inn; it stands the highest in the town.

*Wra.* [*Aside.*] And charges the highest, also!

*Stokes.* The fact is, sir, here is a man——

*Grimes.* The fact is, sir, here is a scoundrel!

*Plu.* Never mind descriptions now; you need not be so particular.

*Boots.* Indeed, the man who describes that chap with the carpet bag, must not be so particular.

*Wra.* It seems, sir, that that person is suspected of being the party alluded to in that paragraph. [*Giving the newspaper to Pluckwell, who reads.*] We wish to know how to deal with him.

*Grimes.* Deal with me, indeed! If I am a scoundrel, why don't you cut with me?

*Boots.* Oh, yes, you're not going to shuffle out of it that way; we've turned up a knave.

*Plu.* Silence! I perceive the suspicion in the case of the carpet bag, and I will go into it.

*Boots.* What! the carpet bag?

*Stokes.* Silence, Boots!

*Plu.* It is rather out of form, but as I do not wish to detain a man who may be innocent, we will inquire at once into the question.

*Wra.* I think, sir, that is the best way of proceeding.

*Grab.* I think not. I can't see what right we have to inquire into this man's private affairs; I should say, discharge him at once.

*Omnes.* No, no, no! search the bag!

*Plu.* [*Sitting at the table.*] No; I will take the responsibility of inquiring into this affair; but I will see all fair. You, Mr. Wrangle, shall state the case for the prosecution, and as that gentleman has shown some little anxiety for the accused, he may conduct the defence. Now, Mr. Wrangle.

*Wra.* [*Aside.*] Poor fellow! it's all my paragraph; but he is very obstinate in refusing to open the bag.

*Plu.* Prisoner! prisoner! have you anything to say, why the carpet bag should not be opened? or have you any witnesses to prove your respectability?

*Grimes.* Why, sir—I'll call the coachman who brought me down. [*Aside.*] I gave him sixpence, which he didn't seem to expect, and I think he'll say a good word for me.

*Plu.* Very well; let the coachman be sent for.

[*Exit Fred, L.*

*Grimes.* It's very hard that I should be driven up in a corner, in this way.

*Wra.* Well, here's the coachman; let's see if he can drive you out.



*Enter COACHMAN, L.*

*Plu.* Now, prisoner, have you any questions to ask that individual?

*Grimes.* Yes, sir, if you please. Mr. Coachman, I want you to speak to my character.

*Coach.* I'd rather be excused; for I makes a point of never speaking to them as an't respectable.

*Grimes.* What do you mean by that? Didn't I give you sixpence, you vagabond?

*Wra.* Come, prisoner, you must not intimidate the witness, or ask for his evidence in your favour, on the plea of a bribe. Now, coachman, what do you know of the accused?

*Coach.* I knows nothing of him, no more than he was took up in London; and now I finds him took up here, before his worship.

*Wra.* Well, friend, but what do you know of the carpet bag?

*Grimes.* Yes, now—did you see anything suspicious in it?

*Coach.* Oh, no! you took care neither I nor anybody else should see anything suspicious in it; for you never let go of it.

*Wra.* Indeed! that's a suspicious circumstance. Did you ever take it from him?

*Coach.* Oh, yes; but he snatched it out of my hand and wouldn't let me touch it; he wouldn't even let me put it safe in the boot.

*Grimes.* [*Aside.*] Oh, that unlucky boot! there I did put my foot it. [*Aloud.*] Coachman, you have driven me to despair!

*Coach.* No, I have driven you to the assizes.

*Wra.* That will do for you, coachman. Gentlemen, this is a case of the most extraordinary kind; and, as the evidence is circumstantial, great care should be taken in receiving it. But, gentlemen, the manner in which the coachman gave his testimony is so fair, that it is impossible to doubt his word. Then, too, look at the suspicious manner in which the prisoner brought to mind the sixpenny douceur which he had given on his journey. Gentlemen, is it not an aggravation of the prisoner's delinquency, that here, in the very face of law, with justice emblomed in the magistrate—with honesty typified in the whole bearing of Boots, the chief promoter of the prosecution, and stern integrity lowering in the features of the unbought coachman,—is it



*Grab.* A magistrate is the last person who should open the bag; but you, sir, who are a disinterested party, may, I should think, inspect its contents, on a promise of secrecy. [*To Grimes, giving him the key.*] Do you consent to this?

*Grimes.* Consent to that? Oh, yes, to anything, to get out of this mess!

*Grab.* [*To Wrangle.*] You hear—he consents.

*Grimes.* [*Aside.*] What a situation to be in! It's worse than that where I was clerk to a barrister without briefs, and relied on the half-crown fees for a salary!

*Wra.* You may rely on my honour. [*Crossing to Grimes and taking the bag.*] I am a barrister; my name is Wrangle.

*Grab.* Wrangle! Give me the bag, sir! [*Crossing to r.*] I won't allow you to search it! [*All prevent Grab.*] I am a respectable attorney, and the party accused is my clerk; I'll vouch for his respectability.

*Boots.* And a precious voucher you are! Why, you're as bad as t'other one.

*Plu.* The affair begins to wear a serious complexion, as regards both parties. I insist on Mr. Wrangle searching the bag.

*Grab.* I tell you, sir, it only contains instruments.

*Boots.* Oh, yes—housebreaking instruments.

*Grab.* No, sir; legal instruments.

*Boots.* Well, an't it all the same?

*Wra.* If your story be true, there can be no harm in searching. [*He opens the bag, and the papers drop out.*] Well, the man's story seems true enough: there is nothing in the bag but a few loose papers.

*Boots.* Look inside, sir; I'm sure there's mischief; see if there an't no skeleton keys.

*Grab.* Come, deliver them up to the owners.

*Wra.* I will. What's this? "Fleece v. Pluckwell."—  
[*Handing them to Pluckwell.*] The very papers that were wanting to decide our action.

*Plu.* They are, indeed, the same.

*Grab.* [*Crossing to Grimes.*] Oh, you rascal! an't you a pretty fellow? I'll stick you on one of the office files when I get you home, and execute an endorsement on you with the large ruler!

*Plu.* You were right, Boots; the papers do contain a key, and a very important one.

*Enter FRED, L., hushering in HARRIET, who crosses to Pluckwell.*

*Har.* Lord, papa! how long you stay! I'm quite im-



patient of waiting in the carriage outside; the trial will be coming on, and we shan't have arrived in the court.

*Wra.* The trial is over: a little event, which I will explain some other time, has put us in possession of the papers we have so long desired, and the estates are secured to your family.

*Har.* Oh, my dear Wrangle! I knew you would be the means of settling the trial in our favour. By what stretch of ingenuity did you manage it?

*Wra.* It was brought about by that gentleman with the carpet bag.

*Har.* [*To Grimes.*] Oh, sir, a thousand thanks! let me throw myself at your feet. [*Kneels.*]

*Grimes.* Oh, ma'am, I don't want anything thrown at me; master's been throwing his eyeballs at me in a most terrible manner.

*Grab.* Oh, I'll pay you off, Mr. Grimes; you have lost me my character, and, what is far worse, you have lost me my bill of costs!

*Wra.* As to your character, I think your loss may be very easily repaired.

*Plu.* It is in my power for this offence to commit you both.

*Grimes.* Oh, no, don't, sir; I think we've committed ourselves.

*Wra.* Yes, it's of no use to punish them, for their villainy has not got its end; and that it will get to its end just yet, is not very probable. [*To Grab and Grimes.*] Are you satisfied with the decision we have come to?

*Grimes.* (L.) Oh! it's nothing to me; ask my master.

*Grab.* (R.) No, I'm not satisfied; but I have still power to appeal. Here is a jury already sitting. [*To the Audience.*] Permit me to make a few observations. My man here, Grimes—

*Grimes.* Oh! don't bring me into it—I have nothing to do with it!

*Wra.* [*To Grab.*] Allow me, sir; perhaps I can serve you. [*Advancing, c.*] I am sure no one here wishes to judge harshly. Ladies and gentlemen, will you allow me to move for another hearing of

THE MAN WITH THE CARPET BAG?

THE END.

Judge [to ladies and gentlemen] will you show me  
you [to Oswald] I am sure no one here wishes to  
Woe [to Oswald] Allow me, sir; perhaps I can serve  
to do either!

Oswald. Oh! don't bring me into it—I have nothing  
man here, Oswald—

[Ladies.] Permit me to make a few observations. My  
to appeal. Here is a party already sitting. [To the  
Giles. No, I'm not satisfied; but I have still power  
Giles. (c.) Oh! it's nothing to me; ask my master.

satisfied with the decision we have come to?  
yet is not very probable. [Ladies and gentlemen.] And you  
may be not get its end, and that it will get to be and just  
Woe. Yes, it's of no use to punish them, for their ill-

Giles. Oh, no, don't stir; I think we've completed  
both.

Woe. It is in my power for this office to commit you  
very easily required.

Woe. As to punishment, I think your law may be  
my bill of costs!

Woe. Oh, I'll pay you off, Mr. Giles; you have got  
terrible manner.

Woe. master's been throwing his balls at me in a most  
not; master's been throwing his balls at me in a most

Giles. Oh, my son, I don't want anything thrown at  
them myself at your loss.

Woe. [To Giles.] Oh, sir, a thousand thanks; but no  
company.

Woe. It was brought about by that gentleman with the  
of remedy did you mean?

Woe. Oh, my dear Woe! I knew you would be the  
man of settling the suit in our favor. By what means

Woe. We have so long desired, and the matter we secured  
plain some other time, but as in possession of the pa-

Woe. The trial is over; a little event, which I will ex-  
coming on, and we shall have arrived in the room.

patient of waiting in the carriage outside; the trial will be  
SCENE IV. THE MAN WITH THE CARPET BAG. 31



THE  
MILLER AND HIS MEN.

A Melo-Drama,  
IN TWO ACTS.

BY  
ISAACK POCOCK,

AUTHOR OF

"*The Robber's Wife*," "*John of Paris*," "*Hit or Miss*,"  
"*Magpie and the Maid*," &c.

THE MUSIC BY  
SIR HENRY BISHOP.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,  
89, STRAND,  
(*Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market*),  
LONDON.





ACT ONE.

DISTANT VIEW OF A MILL ON THE ELBE, BOHEMIA,  
WITH COTTAGE OF KELMAR.

ROUND—"When the Wind Blows."

**BORDERS OF THE FOREST.**

*INTERIOR OF KELMAR'S COTTAGE.*

SESTETTE—"Stay, Pr'ythee, Stay."

**THE FOREST.**

INTERIOR OF ROBBER'S CAVE BENEATH THE MILL.

CHORUS—"Fill, Boys, and Drink about," and "Now to the Forest we'll repair."

**DANCE OF ZINGARI,**

By LOUISE LECLERCQ, ARTHUR LECLERCQ, and the Corps de Ballet.

ACT TWO.

INTERIOR OF KELMAR'S COTTAGE.

THE FOREST.

A CAVE, WITH POWDER MAGAZINE.

"THE FLASK" INN.

**THE MILL.**

THE EXPLOSION AND DESTRUCTION OF THE ROBBER BAND!

MILLER AND HIS MEN.

*As originally performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. on October 21st, 1813.*

---

GRINDOFF ( <i>the Miller</i> ) .....	Mr. FARLEY.
COUNT FREDERICK FRIBERG .....	Mr. VINING.
KARL ( <i>his Servant</i> ) .....	Mr. LISTON.
LOTHAIR ( <i>a young Peasant</i> ) .....	Mr. ABBOTT.
KELMAR ( <i>an old Cottager</i> ) .....	Mr. CHAPMAN.
KRUITZ ( <i>his Son</i> ) .....	MAST. GLADSTANES.
RIBER } ( <i>Banditti</i> ) .....	{ Mr. JEFFRIES. Mr. KING. Mr. SLADER.
GOLOTZ }	
ZINGRA }	
CLAUDINE } ( <i>Kelmar's Daughters</i> ) .....	{ Miss BOOTH Miss CAREW.
LAURETTE }	
RAVINA .....	Mrs. EGERTON.

*The Miller's Men, Banditti, Officers of Count Friberg, &c.*

---

Scenery.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—River's bank. Sunset. Four rows of set owaters; ground-pieces, R. to L.; set rock, with working mill, 6th groove, L. C. Small working figures to appear on rock, with bags of flour; small boat to come from cavern beneath mill, and off R., then cross to L.; large boat to come on, L., twice. Landing bank in centre, front of ground-piece. Set cottage, R., (door practical) and lattice window.

SCENE 2.—Rocky glen, 1st groove, whalebone cut, L. C., to open and close, backed by dark piece.

SCENE 3.—Interior of cottage, 3rd groove. Set fireplace, R. 3 E. Door in flat, R. C., practical, backed with dark wood. Window, L. C., practical. Set staircase, practical, L. 3 E.

SCENE 4.—Rocky glen, (as before) 1st groove.

SCENE 5.—Cave, 4th and 5th grooves, opening in upper part of flat, R. C., with steps and platforms to descend, masked in by rocks; platforms, and steps behind opening, R. C., backed by close cave. Set rock, R. 3 E., with board on it painted "*Powder Magazine*." Rock, L. 4 E., with a lighted lamp from roof. Trap door, R. C., practical, and steps beneath, practical.



## ACT II.

SCENE 1.—Same as Scene 3. 3rd groove.

SCENE 2.—Same as Scene 4. 4th groove.

SCENE 3.—Same as Scene 5. 4th and 5th grooves.

SCENE 4.—Cottage flats, 1st groove. Sign of "Flask" over door, r. door in flat, r. c., practical, and window, l. flat, backed with hut interior.

SCENE 5.—Rocky water landscape, 7th groove. Set waters, groundpieces, set mill, l. 3 e. (to blow up into fragments) draw-bridge and portcullis, practical, from stage to mill; door in mill practical.

~~~~~  
 Properties.

## ACT I.

SCENE 1.—Six meal bags (full) brought from boat, l.; oars in boat. Some flour for millers. Small handle basket, covered with white cloth for Claudine. Pistols and daggers for Golotz and Riber.

SCENE 2.—Portmanteau, name of "Friberg" on it in brass nails, for Karl. Lightning and Rain.

SCENE 3.—Fire burning in fireplace, r. 3 e. Poker and shovel at fire. Table in centre, covered with white cloth; on it three plates, three knives and forks, plate of bread and cheese, bottle of wine, three glasses, two lighted candles in flat candlesticks. Three rustic chairs round table. Stool at fireplace, r. Basket of apples ready, l. 3 e., for Claudine. Poniard and sheath for Grindoff. Lightning, door flat, and window.

SCENE 4.—Dark handkerchief for Riber.

SCENE 5.—Old table in c.; on it three bottles of wine and twelve tin cups. Two benches and six stools on; Miller's frock, and slouched hat on wing, 2nd groove, l. Ten muskets on; daggers and pistols for robbers. Sword, daggers, and pistols for Grindoff. Dark lantern on, l. 3 e. Swords, pistols, and guns on flat, l.

## ACT II.

SCENE 1.—Plain table on centre. Three rustic chairs on. Count's sword on table. Stool at fire, r.; very little fire burning, r. 3 e., in fireplace. Dark lantern lighted, and pistol, sure to fire, for Riber. Dagger for Karl.

SCENE 2.—Same as Scene 5, Act I. Coil of small black line for Lothair. Vial (labelled poison) for Ravina. Phosphorus bottle and matches for Lothair. Miller's hat on wing, l.

SCENE 3.—Flask for Karl. Two pistols for Wolf, sure fire, r. Bone of roast beef, for Karl, e. door in flat.

SCENE 4.—Slow match laid from stage in c. to mill. Lighted torch for Ravina. Red fire and explosion, l. 3 e. Wood crash, l. 3 e. Six stuffed figures of robbers behind mill, l. Guns, swords, and belts for hussars. Disguise cloak, for Lothair. Fighting swords for Lothair and Wolf.

### Costumes.

FRIBERG.—Hussar uniform, red tights, red jacket, blue pelisse, richly laced with gold, and brown fur shako.

LOTHAIR.—*First Dress*: Light blue jacket, black tights, pantaloons, half boots, and broad-brimmed hat. *Second Dress*: Same style, in rags, and long hair, drapery. *Third Dress*: Green coat, green apron. *Fourth Dress*: Large cloak.

KELMAR.—Brown jerkin, bound with fur, gray tights, russet shoes, and gray wig.

KREUTZ.—Peasant boy; same as Lothair.

KARL.—The same uniform as Friberg; worsted lace, as a private hussar.

GRINDOFF.—*First Dress*: Light drab tunic, to cover all. *Second Dress*: red tunic, brown and black, open in the front, steel breast-plate beneath, black tight pantaloons, conical hat, no rim, eagle feather, black ankle boots.

RIBER.—Brown jacket, hat, and feather, straight, same as Grindoff.

GOLOTZ.—Black, same as Riber, hat, &c.

1ST ROBBER.—Same as Grindoff.

2ND ROBBER.—Ditto.

TWELVE ROBBERS.—Same Bohemian costume, various colours.

SIX MILLER'S MEN.—Short smock frocks, white tights, and slouched hats.

THREE MILLER'S MEN.—(Chorus)—change from miller's men to robbers.

TWELVE HUSSARS.—Same as Karl.

CLAUDINE.—Neat peasant's dress.

RAVINA.—Brown slashed shirt, trimmed with black, two brass clasps to sashes, red petticoat showing through.

LAURETTA.—Neat peasant's dress.



*There is no charge for performing this Drama.*

## THE MILLER AND HIS MEN.

---

### ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.—*The Banks of a River. On the right, in the distance, a rocky eminence, on which is a windmill at work—a cottage in front, R. 2 E.—Sunset.*

*Music.—The Miller's MEN are seen in perspective, descending the eminence—they cross the river in boats, and land near the cottage, with their sacks, singing the following*

#### *Round.*

When the wind blows,  
When the mill goes,  
Our hearts are all light and merry ;  
When the wind drops,  
When the mill stops,  
We drink and sing, hey down derry.  
*Exeunt, two in the boat, R. U. E., the rest, R.*

*Enter KELMAR, from the cottage, R. 2 E.*

KELM. What ! more sacks, more grist to the mill ! early and late the miller thrives : he that was my tenant is now my landlord ; this hovel, that once sheltered him, is now the only dwelling of bankrupt broken-hearted Kelmar—well, I strove my best against misfortune, and, thanks be to heaven, have fallen respected, even by my enemies.

*Enter CLAUDINE, with a basket, L. 2 E.*

So, Claudine, you are returned. Where stayed you so long ?

CLAUD. I was obliged to wait ere I could cross the ferry—there were other passengers.

KELM. (R. C.) Amongst whom I suppose was one in whose company time flew so fast—the sun had set before you had observed it.

CLAUD. (L. C.) No, indeed, father: since you desired me not to meet Lothair—and I told him what you had desired—I have never seen him but in the cottage here, when you were present.

KELM. You are a good girl—a dutiful child, and I believe you—you never yet deceived me.

CLAUD. Nor ever will, dear father—but——

KELM. But what?

CLAUD. I—I find it very lonely passing the borders of the forest without—without——

KELM. Without Lothair.

CLAUD. You know, 'tis dangerous, father.

KELM. Not half so dangerous as love—subdue it, child, in time.

CLAUD. But the robbers?

KELM. Robbers! what then?—they cannot injure thee or thy father—alas! we have no more to lose—yet thou hast one treasure left, innocence!—guard well thy heart, for should the fatal passion there take root, 'twill rob thee of thy peace.

CLAUD. You told me, once, love's impulse could not be resisted.

KELM. When the object is worthless, it should not be indulged.

CLAUD. Is Lothair worthless?

KELM. No; but he is poor, almost as you are.

CLAUD. Do riches without love give happiness?

KELM. Never.

CLAUD. Then I must be unhappy if I wed the miller Grindoff.

KELM. Not so—not so;—independence gives comfort, but love without competence is endless misery. You can never wed Lothair.

CLAUD. (*sighing*) I can never love the miller.

KELM. Then you shall never marry him—though to see you Grindoff's wife be the last wish of your old father's heart. Go in, child; go in, Claudine. (CLAUDINE *kisses* *is hand, and exit into cottage, R. 2 E.*) 'Tis plain her



heart is rivetted to Lothair, and honest Grindoff yet must sue in vain.

*Enter* LOTHAIR, *hastily*, L. 2 E.

LOTH. Ah! Kelmar, and alone!—where is Claudine?

KELM. At home, in her father's house—where should she be?

LOTH. Then she has escaped—she is safe, and I am happy—I did not accompany her in vain.

KELM. Accompany!—accompany!—has she then told me a falsehood? Were you with her, Lothair?

LOTH. No—ye—yes. (*aside*) I must not alarm him.

KELM. (R.) What mean these contradictions?

LOTH. She knew not I was near her—you have denied our meeting, but you cannot prevent my loving her—I have watched her daily through the village and along the borders of the forest.

KELM. I thank you; but she needs no guard; her poverty will protect her from a thief.

LOTH. (L.) Will her beauty protect her from a libertine?

KELM. Her virtue will.

LOTH. I doubt it:—what can her resistance avail against the powerful arm of villany?

KELM. Is there such a wretch?

LOTH. There is.

KELM. Lothair, Lothair! I fear you glance at the miller Grindoff. This is not well; this is not just.

LOTH. Kelmar, you wrong me; 'tis true, he is my enemy, for he bars my road to happiness. Yet I respect his character; the riches that industry has gained him he employs in assisting the unfortunate—he has protected you and your child, and I honour him.

KELM. If not to Grindoff, to whom did you allude?

LOTH. Listen:—as I crossed the hollow way in the forest, I heard a rustling in the copse. Claudine had reached the bank above. As I was following, voices, subdued and whispering, struck my ear. Her name was distinctly pronounced: "She comes," said one; "Now! now we may secure her," cried the second; and instantly two men advanced; a sudden exclamation burst from my lips, and arrested their intent; they turned to seek me,

and with dreadful imprecations vowed death to the intruder. Stretched beneath a bush of holly, I lay concealed; they passed within my reach; I scarcely breathed, while I observed them to be ruffians, uncouth and savage—they were banditti.

KELM. Banditti! Are they not yet content? All that I had—all that the hand of Providence had spared, they have deprived me of; and would they take my child?

LOTH. 'Tis plain they would. Now, Kelmar, hear the last proposal of him you have rejected. Without Claudine my life is but a blank—useless to others and wretched to myself; it shall be risked to avenge the wrongs you have suffered. I'll seek these robbers! if I should fall, your daughter will more readily obey your wish, and become the wife of Grindoff. If I should succeed, promise her to me. The reward I shall receive will secure our future comfort, and thus your fears and your objections both are satisfied.

KELM. (*affected*) Lothair, thou art a good lad, a noble lad, and worthy my daughter's love; she had been freely thine, but that by sad experience I know how keen the pangs of penury are to a parent's heart. My sorrows may descend to her when I am gone, but I have nothing to bequeath her else.

LOTH. Then you consent?

KELM. I do, I do; but pray be careful. I fear 'tis a rash attempt: you must have help.

LOTH. Then, indeed, I fail as others have before me. No, Kelmar, I must go alone, penniless, unarmed, and secretly. None but yourself must know my purpose, or my person.

KELM. Be it as you will; but pray be careful; come, thou shalt see her. (*the mill stops*)

LOTH. I'll follow; it may be my last farewell.

KELM. Come in—I see the mill has stopped. Grindoff will be here anon; he always visits me at nightfall, when labour ceases. Come.

*Exit KELMAR into the cottage R. 2 E.*

LOTH. Yes, at the peril of my life, I'll seek them. With the juice of herbs my face shall be discoloured, and, in the garb of misery, I'll throw myself within their power



—the rest I leave to Providence. (*Music*) But the miller comes.

*Exit to the cottage, R. 2 E.—the Miller appears in perspective coming from the crag in the rock—the boat disappears on the opposite side.*

*Enter the two Robbers, RIBER and GOLOTZ, hastily, R. 2 E.—they rush up to the cottage, L. 2 E., and peep in at the window.*

RIBER. (*retiring from the window*) We are too late—she has reached the cottage.

GOL. Curse on the interruption that detained us; we shall be rated for this failure.

RIBER. (R.) Hush! not so loud. (*goes again cautiously to the window of the cottage*) Ha! Lothair.

GOL. (L.) Lothair! 'twas he, then, that marred our purpose; he shall smart for't.

RIBER. Back! back! he comes. On his return he dies; he cannot pass us both.

*Music—They retire behind a tree, L. U. E.—a boat passed in the distance from the mouth of the cavern in the rock beneath the mill, L. C. to R. U. E., then R. to L., then draws up to the bank.*

*Enter GRINDOFF, THE MILLER, in the boat, who jumps ashore, L.—Re-enter LOTHAIR, at the same moment, from the cottage, R. 2 E.*

GRIN. (L., *disconcerted*) Lothair!

LOTH. (R.) Ay, my visit here displeases you, no doubt.

GRIN. Nay, we are rivals, but not enemies, I trust. We love the same girl; we strive the best we can to gain her; if you are fortunate, I'll wish you joy with all my heart; if I should have the luck on't, you'll do the same by me, I hope.

LOTH. You have little fear; I am poor, you are rich. He needn't look far that would see the end on't.

GRIN. But you are young and likely. I am honest and rough; the chances are as much yours as mine.

LOTH. Well, time will show. I bear you no enmity. Farewell! (*crosses to L.*)

GRIN. (R., *aside*) He must not pass the forest. (to LOTHAIR) Whither go you?

LOTH. (L.) To the village; I must haste, or 'twill be late ere I reach the ferry. (*it begins to grow dark*)

RIBER. (*who with GOLOTZ is watching them from L. U. E.*) He will escape us yet.

GRIN. (L. C.) Stay, my boat shall put you across the river. Besides, the evening looks stormy—come, it will save your journey half a league.

RIBER. (*aside, L. U. E.*) It will save his life.

LOTH. Well, I accept your offer, and I thank you.

GRIN. Your hand.

LOTH. Farewell!

(*he goes into the boat, and pushes off, L.*)

GRIN. So, I am rid of him; if he had met Claudine!—but she is safe—now, then, for Kelmar.

*Exit into the cottage, L. 2 E.*

*Re-enter RIBER and GOLOTZ, L. U. E.*

RIBER. Curse on this chance! we have lost him!

GOL. But a time may come.

RIBER. A time shall come, and shortly, too.

*Exeunt, L. 2 E.*

SCENE SECOND.—*The Forest—distant thunder—stage dark.*

*Enter KARL, dragging after him a portmanteau, L.*

KARL. Here's a pretty mess! here's a precious spot of work!—Pleasant upon my soul—lost in a labyrinth, without love or liquor—the sun gone down, a storm got up, and no getting out of this vile forest, turn which way you will.

COUNT. (*calling without, L.*) Halloo! Karl! Karl!

KARL. Ah, you may call and bawl, master of mine; you'll not disturb anything here but a wild boar or two, and a wolf, perhaps.

*Enter COUNT FREDERICK FRIBERG, L.*

COUNT. Karl, where are you?

KARL. (R.) Where am I! that's what I want to know—this cursed wood has a thousand turnings, and not one that turns right.



COUNT. (L.) Careless coxcomb! said you not you could remember the track?

KARL. So I should, sir, if I could find the path—but trees will grow, and since I was here last, the place has got so bushy and briery, that—that I have lost my way.

COUNT. You have lost your senses.

KARL. No, sir, I wish I had; unfortunately, my senses are all in the highest state of perfection.

COUNT. Why not use them to more effect?

KARL. I wish I'd the opportunity; my poor stomach can testify that I taste——

COUNT. What?

KARL. Nothing; it's as empty as my head: but I see danger, smell a tempest, hear the cry of wild beasts, and feel——

COUNT. How?

KARL. Particularly unpleasant. (*thunder and rain*) Oh, we are in for it: do you hear, sir?

COUNT. We must be near the river; could we but reach the ferry, 'tis but a short league to the Chateau Friberg. (*crosses, R.*)

KARL. (R.) Ah, sir, I wish we were there, and I seated in the old arm-chair in the servant's hall, talking of—holloa!

COUNT. (L.) What now?

KARL. I felt a spot of rain on my nose as big as a bullet. (*thunder and rain*) There, there, it's coming on again—seek some shelter, sir; some hollow tree, whilst I, for my sins, endeavour once more to find the way, and endure another curry-combing among these cursed brambles. Come sir. (*the storm increases*) Lor', how it rumbles—this way, sir—this way. *Exeunt, R.*

SCENE THIRD.—*A Room in the Cottage—a door, R. flat—a window, L. flat—a fire, R. 2 E.—tables, R. and L.—chairs, &c.*

GRINDOFF, L., and KELMAR, R., discovered sitting at the table, R.—*thunder and rain.*

KELM. 'Tis a rough night, miller: the thunder roars, and, by the murmuring of the flood, the mountain torrents

have descended. Poor Lothair! he'll scarcely have crossed the ferry.

GRIN. Lothair by this is safe at home, old friend; before the storm commenced I passed him in my boat across the river. (*aside*) He seems less anxious for his daughter than for this bold stripling.

KELM. Worthy man! you'll be rewarded for all such deeds hereafter. Thank heaven, Claudine is safe! Hark!  
(*thunder heard*)

GRIN. (*aside*) She is safe by this time, or I am much mistaken.

KELM. She will be here anon.

GRIN. (*aside*) I doubt that. (*to KELMAR*) Come, here's to her health, old Kelmar—, would I could once call you father!

KELM. You may do soon; but even your protection would now, I fear, be insufficient to—

GRIN. What mean you? Insufficient!

KELM. The robbers—this evening in the forest—

GRIN. (*rising*) Ha!

KELM. (*rising*) Did not Lothair, then, tell you?

GRIN. Lothair?

KELM. Yes; but all's well; be not alarmed—see, she is here.

GRIN. Here!

*Enter CLAUDINE, R.—GRINDOFF endeavours to suppress his surprise.*

GRIN. Claudine! Curse on them both!

KELM. (C.) Both! how knew you there were two?

GRIN. (L.) 'Sdeath!—you—you said robbers, did you not? They never have appeared singly; therefore, I thought you meant two.

KELM. You are right. But for Lothair they had deprived me of my child.

GRIN. How!—Did Lothair? Humph! he's a courageous youth.

CLAUD. That he is; but he's gentle, too. What has happened?

KELM. Nothing, child, nothing. (*aside to GRINDOFF*)



Do not speak on't, 'twill terrify her. Come, Claudine, now for supper. What have you brought us?

CLAUD. Thanks to the miller's bounty, plenty.

KELM. The storm increases!

KARL. (*calling without, r. door flat*) Holloa! holloa!

KELM. And hark! I hear a voice—listen!

KARL. (*calling again without, r. door flat*) Holloa!

CLAUD. The cry of some bewildered traveller.

(*the cry repeated, and a violent knock at the door, r. flat*)

KELM. Open the door.

GRIN. Not so; it may be dangerous.

KELM. Danger comes in silence and in secret; my door was never shut against the wretched while I knew prosperity, nor shall it be closed now to my fellows in misfortune. (*to CLAUDINE*) Open the door, I say.

(*the knock is repeated, and CLAUDINE opens the door*)

*Enter KARL, r. door flat, with a portmanteau.*

KARL. (c.) Why, in the name of dark nights and tempests, didn't you open the door at first? Have you no charity?

KELM. (r. c.) In our hearts plenty, in our gift but little; yet all we have is yours.

KARL. Then I'll share all you have with my master; thank you, old gentleman; you won't fare the worse for sheltering honest Karl and Count Frederick Friberg.

GRIN. (l.) Friberg!

KARL. Ay, I'll soon fetch him; he's waiting now, looking as melancholy as a mourning coach in a snow-storm, at the foot of a tree, wet as a drowned rat; so stir up the fire, bless you! clap on the kettle, give us the best eatables and drinkables you have, a clean table-cloth, a couple of warm beds, and don't stand upon ceremony; we'll accept every civility and comfort you can bestow upon us without scruple.

(*throws down the portmanteau, c., and exit, r. door flat*)

GRIN. (l.) Friberg, did he say?

CLAUD. (r.) 'Tis the young count, so long expected.

KELM. (r. c.) Can it be possible? without attendants, and at such a time, too?

GRIN. (*looking at the portmanteau, on which is the name in brass nails*) It must be the same!—Kelmar, good night. (*going up towards the door*)

KELM. Nay, not yet—the storm rages.

GRIN. I fear it may increase; besides, your visitors may not like my company; good night.

*Enter COUNT FREDERICK FRIBERG, R. door flat, jollowed by KARL—he stops suddenly, and eyes the MILLER, as if recollecting him—GRINDOFF appears to avoid his scrutiny.*

COUNT. (C.) Your kindness is well timed; we might have perished; accept my thanks. (*aside*) I should know that face.

GRIN. (L.) To me your thanks are not due.

COUNT. That voice, too!

GRIN. This house is Kelmar's.

(*KARL places the portmanteau on the table, L. U. E.*)

COUNT. Kelmar's!

KELM. (R. C.) Ay, my dear master; my fortunes have deserted me, but my attachment to your family still remains.

COUNT. Worthy old man. How happens this: the richest tenant of my late father's land—the honest, the faithful Kelmar, in a hovel?

KELM. It will chill your hearts to hear.

KARL. (*at the fire, drying and warming himself*) Then don't tell us, pray, for our bodies are cramped with cold already.

KELM. 'Tis a terrible tale.

KARL. (*advancing, L. C.*) Then, for the love of a good appetite and a dry skin, don't tell it, for I've been terrified enough in the forest to-night to last me my life.

COUNT. Be silent, Karl. (*retires to fire with KELMAR*)

GRIN. (L.) In—in the forest?

KARL. (L. C.) Ay.

GRIN. What should alarm you there?

KARL. What should alarm me there? come, that's a good one. Why, first, I lost my way; trying to find that, I lost the horses; then I tumbled into a quagmire, and nearly lost my life.

GRIN. Psha! this is of no consequence.



KARL. Isn't it? I have endured more hardships since morning than a knight-errant. My head's broken, my body's bruised, and my joints are dislocated. I hav'n't three square inches about me but what are scarified with briars and brambles; and, above all, I have not tasted a morsel of food since sunrise. Egad! instead of my making a meal of anything, I've been in constant expectation of the wolves making a meal of me.

GRIN. Is this all?

KARL. All!—No, it's not all; pretty well, too, I think. When I recovered the path, I met two polite gentlemen with long knives in their hands.

GRIN. Hey!

KARL. And because I refused a kind invitation of theirs, they were affronted, and were just on the point of ending all my troubles when up came my master.

GRIN. Well!

KARL. Well! yes, it was well indeed, for after a struggle they made off; one of them left his sting behind, though; look, here's a poker to stir up a man's courage with! (*showing a poniard*)

GRIN. A poniard!

KARL. Ay.

GRIN. (*snatching at it*) Give it me.

KARL. (*retaining the dagger*) For what? It's lawful spoil—didn't I win it in battle? No! I'll keep it as a trophy of my victory.

(*during this time, KELMAR and CLAUDINE have taken and hung up the Count's cloak, handed him a chair, and are conversing*)

GRIN. It will be safer in my possession: it may lead to a discovery of him who wore it—and——

KARL. It may—you are right—therefore I'll deliver it into the hands of Count Frederick: he'll soon ferret the rascals out; set a reward on their heads—five thousand crowns, dead or alive! that's the way to manœuvre 'em. (*poking GRINDOFF in the ribs*)

GRIN. Indeed! humph! (*turns up, L.*)

KARL. Humph! don't half like that chap—never saw such a ferocious black muzzle in my life—that miller's a rogue in grain.

COUNT. (*advancing, c.*) Nay, nay, speak of it no more. I will not take an old man's bed to ease my youthful limbs; I have slept soundly on a ruder couch—and that chair shall be my resting-place.

CLAUD. (R.) The miller's man, Riber, perhaps can entertain his excellency better;—he keeps the Flask here, on the hill, sir.

GRIN. (L. C.) His house contains but one bed.

KARL. (L.) Only one?

GRIN. And that is occupied.

KARL. The devil it is!

COUNT. It matters not; I am contented here.

KARL. That's more than I am. (*retires up, L.*)

GRIN. But stay: perchance his guest has left it; if so, 'tis at Count Frederick's service. I'll go directly and bring you word. (*aside*) I may now prevent surprise—the storm has ceased; I will return immediately.

(*unseen he drops the sheath of a dagger, L. C., and exit, R. D. F.*)

COUNT. (*eagerly*) Kelmar, tell me, who is that man?

KELMAR. (*advancing*) The richest tenant, sir, you have; what Kelmar was when you departed from Bohemia, Grindoff now is.

COUNT. Grindoff!—I remember, in my youth, a favoured servant of my father's, who resembled him in countenance and voice—the recollection is strong upon my memory, but I hope deceives me, for he was a villain who betrayed his trust.

KELM. (R. C.) I have heard the circumstance; it happened just before I entered your good father's service—his name was Wolf.

COUNT. The same.

KARL. (L.) And if this is not the same, I suspect he is a very near relation.

KELM. (*angrily*) Nay, sir, you mistake—Grindoff is my friend.—Come, Claudine, is all ready?

KARL. Oh, it's a sore subject, is it?

*Exeunt KELMAR and CLAUDINE, R*

Your friend, is he, old gentleman?—Sir—sir—

COUNT. (*who has become thoughtful*) Well! what say you?



KARL. I don't like our quarters, sir; we are in a bad neighbourhood.

COUNT. (R.) I fear we are; Kelmar's extreme poverty may have tempted him to league with—yet his daughter?

KARL. (L.) His daughter—a decoy!—nothing but a trap; don't believe her sir; we are betrayed, murdered, if we stay here. I'll endure anything, everything, if you will but depart, sir. Dark nights, bad roads, hail, rain, assassins, and—hey! what's this? (*sees and picks up the scabbard dropped by Grindoff*) Oh, Lord, what's the matter with me? My mind misgives me; and here—(*he sheathes the dagger in it and finds it fit*) fits to a hair—we are in the lion's den!

COUNT. 'Tis evident, we are snared, caught.

KARL. O, lord! don't say so.

*Re-enter KELMAR and CLAUDINE, followed by LAURETTE and KRUITZ with supper things, &c., R.*

KELM. Come, come, youngsters, bestir—spread the cloth, and—

COUNT. Kelmar, I have bethought me; at every peril, I must on to-night.

KELM. To-night!

CLAUD. Not to-night, I beseech you; you know not half your danger. (*goes to the table, L., and places her hand carelessly on the portmanteau*)

KARL. Danger! (*aside*) Cockatrice! (*to CLAUDINE*) I'll thank you for that portmanteau.

COUNT. Let it remain—it may be an object to them, 'tis none to me,—it will be safer here with honest Kelmar.

KELM. But why so sudden?

KARL. My master has recollected something that must be done to-night—or to-morrow it may be out of his power.

CLAUD. (R.) Stay till the miller returns.

KARL. Till he returns! (*aside*) Ah, the fellow's gone to get assistance, and if he comes before we escape, we shall be cut and hashed to mince-meat.

COUNT. Away! (*advancing to the door*)

*Enter GRINDOFF, suddenly, R. D. F.*

KARL. (L.) It's all over with us.

KELM. (R. C.) Well, friend, what success?

GRIN. (C.) Bad enough—the count must remain here.

COUNT. (L. C.) Must remain!

GRIN. There is no resource.

KARL. I thought so.

GRIN. To-morrow, Riber can dispose of you both.

KARL. Dispose of us! (*aside*) Ay, put us to bed with a spade—that fellow's a grave-digger.

COUNT. Then I must cross the ford to-night.

GRIN. Impossible; the torrent has swept the ferry barge from the shore, and driven it down the stream.

COUNT. Perhaps, your boat—

GRIN. Mine! 'twould be madness to resist the current now—and in the dark, too.

COUNT. What reward may tempt you?

GRIN. Not all you are worth, sir, until to-morrow.

KARL. To-morrow!—(*aside*) Ah! we are crow's meat, to a certainty.

GRIN. (*aside, looking askance around the room*) All is right: they have got the scabbard, and their suspicions now must fall on Kelmar.

*Exit GRINDOFF, R. D. F., bidding them all good night.*

COUNT. Well, we must submit to circumstances. (*aside to KARL*) Do not appear alarmed; when all is still, we may escape.

KARL. Why not now? There are only two of 'em.

COUNT. There may be others near.

*Sestette.*

CLAUD. Stay, prithee, stay—the night is dark,  
The cold wind whistles—hark! hark! hark!

COUNT. } (*together*) { We must away.

KARL. } { Pray, come away.

CLAUD. The night is dark,

The cold wind whistles.

ALL.

Hark! hark! hark!

CLAUD. Stay, prithee, stay—the way is lone,  
The ford is deep—the boat is gone.

KELM. And mountain torrents swell the flood,  
And robbers lurk within the wood.



ALL. Here { you } must stay till morning bright  
           { we }  
 Breaks through the dark and dismal night,  
 And merry sings the rising lark,  
 And hush'd the night bird—hark! hark! hark!  
 (CLAUDINE tenderly detains the COUNT—KELMAR  
 detains KARL—tableau closed in by)

SCENE FOURTH.—*The Depth of the Forest—stage dark.*

*Enter* LOTHAIK, L., *with his dress and complexion entirely changed; his appearance is extremely wretched.*

LOTH. This way, this—in the moaning of the blast, at intervals, I heard the tread of feet—and as the moon's light burst from the stormy clouds, I saw two figures glide like departed spirits to this deep glen. Now, heaven prosper me, for my attempt is desperate! (*looking off, R.*) ah, they come! (*retires, R. 2 E.*)

*Music.—Enter* RIBER, R., GOLOTZ *follows; they look around cautiously, then advance to a particular rock, L. C., which is nearly concealed by underwood and roots of trees.*

LOTH. (*advancing, R.*) Hold! (*the ROBBERS start, and eye him with ferocious surprise*) So, my purpose is accomplished—at last I have discovered you.

RIBER. (*crosses, C.*) Indeed! it will cost you dear.

LOTH. It has already—I have been hunted through the country; but now my life is safe.

RIBER. Safe!

LOTH. Ay, is it not? Would you destroy a comrade? Look at me, search me—I am unarmed, defenceless!

GOLOT. Why come you hither?

LOTH. To join your brave band—the terror of Bohemia.

RIBER. How knew you our retreat?

LOTH. No matter. In the service of Count Friberg I have been disgraced—and fly from punishment to seek revenge.

GOLOT. (*to RIBER*) How say you?

LOTH. (*aside*) They hesitate—the young Count is far

from home, and his name I may use without danger. (to the ROBBERS) Lead me to your chief.

RIBER. We will — not so fast; your sight must be concealed. (*offering to bind his forehead*)

LOTH. Ah! (*hesitates*) May I trust you?

GOLOT. Do you doubt?

RIBER. Might we not despatch you as you are?

LOTH. Enough; bind me, and lead on.

(*Music.—They conceal his sight, take each a hand, and lead LOTHAIR round the stage, interposing their swords to cause him to raise his feet and stoop his head, so that he may have no idea of their path —GOLOTZ leads LOTHAIR to the rock, L., pushes the brushwood aside, and both exeunt, followed by RIBER, watching that they are not observed*)

SCENE FIFTH.—A Cavern.

BANDITTI discovered variously employed, chiefly sitting carousing around tables on which are flasks of wine, &c. —steps rudely cut in the rock, in the background, leading to an elevated recess, c., on which is inscribed: "Powder Magazine"—other steps leading to an opening in the cave—a grated door, R.—stage light.

Chorus.—BANDITTI.

Fill, boys, and drink about,—  
Wine will banish sorrow;  
Come, drain the goblet out,  
We'll have more to-morrow.

(*the ROBBERS all rise and come forward*)

*Slow Movement.*

We live free from fear,  
In harmony here,  
Combin'd, just like brother and brother;  
And this be our toast,  
The free-booter's boast,  
Success and good-will to each other!

Chorus.

Fill, boys, &c.



*Enter RAVINA, through the grated door, R., as they conclude.*

RAVINA. What, carousing yet—sotting yet!

ZINGRA. How now, Ravina; why so churlish?

RAVINA. To sleep, I say—or wait upon yourselves. I'll stay no longer from my couch to please you. Is it not enough that I toil from daybreak, but you must disturb me ever with your midnight revelry?

ZINGRA. (R. C.) You were not wont to be so savage, woman.

RAVINA. Nor you so insolent. Look, you repent it not!

1ST ROBBER. (L. C.) Psha! heed her no more. Jealousy hath soured her.

ZINGRA. I forgive her railing.

RAVINA. Forgive!

ZINGRA. Ay! our leader seeks another mistress! and 'tis rather hard upon thee, I confess, after five year's captivity, hard service too, and now that you are accustomed to our way of life—we pity thee.

RAVINA. Pity me! I am indeed an object of compassion: five long years a captive, hopeless still of liberty. Habit has almost made my heart cold as these rude rocks that screen me from the light of heaven. Miserable lost Ravina! by dire necessity become an agent in their wickedness, yet I pine for virtue and for freedom.

ZINGRA. Leave us to our wine. Come, boys, fill all, fill full, "to our captain's bride."

ROBBER. To our captain's bride!

*(a single note on the bugle is heard from below, R. C.)*

ZINGRA. Hark! 'tis from the lower cave. *(bugle note repeated)* She comes! Ravina, look you receive her as becomes the companion of our chief—remember!

RAVINA. I shall remember. *(crosses, L.)* So, another victim to hypocrisy and guilt. Poor wretch! she loves perhaps, as I did, the miller Grindoff; but, as I do, may live to execrate the outlaw and the robber!

*(Music—the trap in the floor is thrown open)*

*Enter RIBER, through the floor, followed by GOLOTZ and  
LOTHAIR—they all advance, R.*

ROBBERS. Hail to our new companion!

RAVINA. (L.) A man!

(LOTHAIR tears the bandage from his eyes as he  
arrives in the cave—the ROBBERS start back on  
perceiving a man)

LOTH. Thanks for your welcome!

ZINGRA. Who have we here?—Speak!

RIBER. A recruit. Where is the captain?

ZINGRA. Where is the captain's bride?

RIBER. Of her hereafter. (*a bugle is heard above, L. U. E.*)

ROBBERS. Wolf! Wolf!

*Enter GRINDOFF, in robber's apparel—he descends the  
opening, and advances, C.*

ZINGRA. } Welcome, noble captain!

ROBBERS. }

GRIN. (*starts at seeing LOTHAIR, R.*) A stranger!

LOTH. (*aside*) Grindoff!

(*the ROBBERS lay hands on their swords, &c.*)

GRIN. Ha! betrayed! Who has done this?

RIBER. (*advancing, L. C.*) I brought him hither, to—

GRIN. Ribber! humph! You have executed my orders  
well, have you not? Where is Claudine?

LOTH. (R.) Claudine! (*aside*) Villain! hypocrite!

GRIN. Know you Claudine, likewise?

RIBER. She escaped us in the forest. Some meddling  
fool thwarted our intent, and—

GRIN. Silence, I know it all; a word with you pre-  
sently. Now, stranger—(*crossing to LOTHAIR*) but I  
mistake; we should be old acquaintance—my name is so  
familiar to you. What is your purpose here?

LOTH. Revenge!

GRIN. On whom?

LOTH. On one whose cruelty and oppression well  
deserve it.

GRIN. His name?

LOTH. (*aside*) Would I dare mention it!

GRIN. His name, I say?



RIBER. He complains of Count Friberg.

GRIN. Indeed! then your purpose will soon be accomplished: he arrived this night, and shelters at old Kelmar's cottage; he shall never pass the river; should he once reach the Chateau Friberg, it would be fatal to our band.

LOTH. Arrived! (*aside*) What have I done! My fatal indiscretion has destroyed him. (*to GRINDOFF*) Let him fall by my hand.

GRIN. It may tremble—it trembles now. The firmest of our band have failed. (*looking at RIBER*) Henceforth the enterprize shall be my own.

LOTH. Let me accompany you.

GRIN. Not to-night.

LOTH. To-night.

GRIN. Ay, before the dawn appears, he dies! Riber!

(*LOTHAIR clasps his hands in agony, and goes up—*

*RIBER advances, L.*)

RAVINA. (*advancing, R.*) What, more blood! must Friberg's life be added to the list?

GRIN. It must; our safety claims it.

RAV. Short-sighted man! will not his death doubly arouse the sluggish arm of justice? The whole country, hitherto kept in awe by dissension and selfish fear, will join; reflect in time; beware their retribution!

GRIN. When I need a woman's help and counsel, I'll seek it of the compassionate Ravina. Begone! (*exit*

*RAVINA, R. door*) Riber, I say!

RIBER. I await your orders.

GRIN. Look you execute them better than the last—look to't! The Count and his companion rest at Kelmar's; it must be done within an hour: arm, and attend me—at the same time I will secure Claudine—and should Kelmar's vigilance interpose to mar us, he henceforth shall be an inmate here.

LOTH. (*R.*) Oh, villain!

GRIN. (*rushing towards* *LOTHAIR*) How mean you?

LOTH. Friberg—let me go with you.

GRIN. You are too eager; I will not trust thy inexperience: trust you! what surety have we of your faith?

LOTH. My oath.

GRIN. Swear, then, never to desert the object, never

to betray the cause for which you sought our band—  
revenge on—

LOTH. On him who has deeply, basely injured me, I swear it.

GRIN. 'Tis well—your name?

LOTH. Spiller!

GRIF. (*to RIBER*) Quick! arm and attend me. (*RIBER retires, R.*) Are those sacks in the mill disposed of as I ordered?

ZINGRA. They are, captain.

GRIN. Return with the flour to-morrow, and be careful that all assume the calmness of industry and content. With such appearance, suspicion itself is blind; 'tis the safeguard of our band. Fill me a horn, and then to business. (*a ROBBER hands him a horn of wine; he drinks*)  
The Miller and his Men!

ROBBERS. (*drinking*) The Miller and his Men!

(*GRINDOFF and ROBBERS laugh heartily—GRINDOFF puts on his miller's frock, hat, &c.—RIBER, armed with pistols in his belt, advances with a dark lantern, and exeunt with GRINDOFF through the rock, L. F.*)

Chorus.—BANDITTI.

Now to the forest we repair,  
Awhile like spirits wander there;  
In darkness we secure our prey,  
And vanish at the dawn of day.

[A dance of Zingari Girls was introduced here. It was performed with much spirit by Miss Louise Leclercq and the Corps de Ballet.]

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.—*The Interior of Kelmar's Cottage, as before.*

COUNT FREDERICK FRIBERG *discovered asleep in a chair, reclining on a table near L. 2 E., and at the opposite side, near the fire, KARL is likewise seen asleep, R.—the Count's sword lies on the table, L.—the fire is nearly extinguished—stage dark—Music as the curtain rises. Enter CLAUDINE, with a lamp, down the stairs, L 2 E.*

CLAUD. All still, all silent! The Count and his com-



panions are undisturbed! What can it mean? My father wanders from his bed, restless as myself. Alas! the infirmities of age and sorrow afflict him sorely. Night after night I throw myself upon a sleepless couch, ready to fly to his assistance, and—hush—hush! (CLAUDINE extinguishes the light, and conceals herself, L. 2 E.)

*Enter* KELMAR, R.

KELM. They sleep—sleep soundly—ere they wake, I may return from my inquiry. If Grindoff's story was correct, I still may trust him—still may the Count confide in him; but his behaviour last night, unusual and mysterious, hangs like a fearful dream upon my mind—his anxiety to leave the cottage, his agitation at the appearance of Count Friberg—but above all, his assertion that the ferry-barge was lost, disturbs me. My doubts shall soon be ended. At this lone hour I may pass the borders unperceived, and the gray dawn ~~that~~ now glimmers in the east will direct my path.

*Looks about him fearful of disturbing the sleepers, and exit, R. door in flat.*

CLAUD. (*advancing, c.*) My father appears unusually agitated. Ah, it may be! sometimes he wanders on the river's brink, watching the bright orb of day bursting from the dark trees, and breathes a prayer, a blessing for his child; yet 'tis early, very early—yet it may be—Oh, father, my dear—dear father! *Exit, R. door in flat.*

KARL. Yaw! (*snoring*) Damn the rats! Yaw, what a noise they keep up! Hey, where am I? Oh, in this infernal hovel; the night-mare has rode me into a jelly; then such horrible dreams, yaw! (*a light from the dark lantern borne by RIBER is seen passing the window, L. flat*) And such a swarm of rats—damn the rats! (*lays his hand on his poniard*) They'd better keep off, for I'm hungry enough to eat one. Bew—eu. (*shivering*) I wish it were morning. (*Music*)

*Enter* RIBER, R. door in flat; he suddenly retires, observing a light occasioned by KARL's stirring the fire with his dagger.

KARL. What's that? (*listens*) Nothing but odd noises

all night; wonder how my master can sleep for such a—  
yaw—aw! Damn the rats! (*lies down*)

*Music—Enter RIBER cautiously, R. door in flat, holding forward the lantern—GRINDOFF follows. RIBER, on seeing the COUNT, draws a poniard—he raises his arm, GRINDOFF catches it, and prevents the blow. Appropriate music.*

GRIN. Not yet; first secure my prize, Claudine; these are safe.

KARL. How the varmint swarm!

GRIN. Hush! he dreams.

RIBER. It shall be his last.

KARL. Rats, rats!

RIBER. What says he?

KARL. Rats!—they all come from the mill.

RIBER. Do they so?

KARL. Ay, set traps for 'em, poison 'em.

(*RIBER, again attempting to advance, is detained by GRINDOFF*)

GRIN. Again so rash—remember!

KARL.—I shall never forget that fellow in the forest.

RIBER. Ha! do you mark?

GRIN. Fear them not; be still till I return; he is sound; none sleep so hard as those that babble in their dreams. Stir not, I charge you; yet, should Kelmar—ay—should you hear a noise without, instantly despatch.

*Exit GRINDOFF, up the stairs, L. 2 E.*

RIBER. Enough! (*KARL wakes again—he observes RIBER, grasps his dagger, and, watching the motion of the ROBBER, acts accordingly*) This delay is madness, but I must obey. (*looking at the priming of his pistol, then towards the table—KARL drops to his position*) Hey, a sword! (*advancing to the table, L., and removing the sword*) Now, all is safe—Hark! (*a noise without, as of something falling*) 'Tis time! if this should fail, my poniard will secure him.

*Music—RIBER advances hastily, and, in the act of bringing his pistol to the level against the COUNT, is stabbed by KARL, who has arisen and closely followed his every movement; at the same moment,*



*Enter GRINDOFF, L. 2 E.,—the COUNT, rushing from the chair at the noise of the pistol, seizes him by the collar—the group stand amazed.—Tableau.*

COUNT. Speak! what means this?

KARL. (*advancing*) They've caught a tartar, sir, that's all. Hey, the miller!

GRIN. Ay!

COUNT. How came you here?

GRIN. (c.) To—to do you service.

COUNT. At such an hour!

GRIN. 'Tis never too late to do good.

COUNT. Good!

GRIN. Yes; you have been in danger.

KARL. Have we? Thank you for your news.

GRIN. You have been watched by the Banditti.

COUNT. So it appears.

KARL. But how did you know it?

GRIN. (*confused*) There is my proof. (*Pointing to the body of RIEER*)

KARL. But how the plague got you into the house?—Through a rat-hole?

COUNT. Explain.

GRIN. Few words will do that:—on my return to the mill, I found you might repose there better than in this house; at all events, I knew you would be safer in my care.

COUNT. Safer! Proceed! what mean you?

KARL. (*aside*) Safer!

GRIN. Kelmar—

COUNT. Hah!

GRIN. Had you no suspicion of him?—no mistrust of his wish to—to detain you?

COUNT. I confess, I—

GRIN. (*to KARL*) The poniard you obtained in the forest, that you refused to give me—

KARL. This?

GRIN. Is Kelmar's.

COUNT. Wretch!

KARL. I thought so; I found the sheath here.

GRIN. I knew it instantly; my suspicions were aroused—now they are confirmed: Kelmar is in league with these

marauders; I found the door open,—you still slept. I searched the house for him; he is no where to be found,—he and his daughter have absconded. Now, sir, are you satisfied?

COUNT. I am. (*goes up stage*)

KARL. I am not; I wish we were safe at home. I'm no coward by day-light, but I hate adventures of this kind in the dark. Lord, how a man may be deceived! I took you for a great rogue; but I now find you are a good Christian enough, though you are a very ill-looking man.

GRIN. Indeed; we can't all be as handsome as you are, you know.

KARL. (*pertly*) No; nor as witty as you are, you know.

GRIN. Come, sir; follow me. (*going up to door, R. C.*) You can't mistake; see, 'tis day-break: at the cottage close to the narrow bridge that passes the ravine you will find repose.

COUNT. We'll follow you. *Exit GRINDOFF, R. door in flat.*

KARL. I don't half like that fellow yet. (*gets the portmanteau from L. table*) Now, the sooner we are off the better, sir. As for this fellow, the rats may take care of him. (*CLAUDINE shrieks—heard without, R. door in flat*)

COUNT. (*drawing his sword*) Ha! a woman's voice! Karl, follow me!

KARL. What, more adventures! (*drawing his sword*) I'm ready. I say, (*to the body of RIBER*) take care of the portmanteau, will you? *Exit R. door in flat, closed in.*

SCENE SECOND.—*The Forest (1st grooves)—Stage partly dark.*

*Music.—Enter GRINDOFF, with CLAUDINE in his arms.*

COUNT. (*without R.*) Karl! Karl! follow, this way!

GRIN. (*resting, C.*) Ha, so closely pursued!—Nay, then—

*Going hastily, L., he pushes aside the leaves of the secret pass, and they disappear, L.*

*Enter COUNT FREDERICK FRIBERG, hastily, R.*

COUNT. Gone! vanished! Can it be possible? Sure, 'tis witchcraft. I was close upon him—Karl! The cries



of her he dragged with him, too, have ceased, and not the faintest echo of his retiring footsteps can be heard—Karl!

*Enter* KARL, R.

KARL. Oh, Lord! Pho! that hill's a breather! Why, where is he? Didn't you overtake him?

COUNT. No! in this spot he disappeared, and sunk, as it should seem, ghost like, into the very earth—Follow!

KARL. Follow!—Follow a will-o'-the-wisp!

COUNT. Quick—aid me to search!

KARL. Search out a ghost! Mercy on us! I'll follow you through the world, fight for you the best cock-giant robber of 'em all, but, if you're for hunting goblins, I'm off. Hey! where the devil's the woman, though? If she was a spirit, she made more noise than any lady alive.

COUNT. (L.) Perchance, the villain, so closely pursued, has destroyed his victim.

KARL. (R.) No doubt on't; he's killed her, to a certainty; nothing but death can stop a woman's tongue.

COUNT. (*having searched in vain*) From the miller we may gain assistance: Grindoff, no doubt, is acquainted with every turn and outlet of the forest; quick, attend me to the mill.

*Exeunt, L.*

KARL. Rat me if I'll run after the girl; why should I? girls never run after me. I know the tricks on 'em; they are all deceptions and full of mischief, like a barrel of gunpowder; they are like—they are like a lawsuit, and a lawsuit's like a devil's kettle, in which everything that's disagreeable is all boiled up together. None on 'em ever took delight in me, except it was to vex and jilt me. Ever since Wilhelmina slighted my passion, I have forsworn the sex, and all alone by myself have struggled through life, like a fly in treacle.

*Exit* KARL, R.

SCENE THIRD.—*The Cavern.*

*Music.*—ROBBERS discovered asleep in different parts, (R. and L.)—LOTHAIR on guard, with a carbine, stands beneath the magazine—stage partly light.

LOTH. (C.) Ere this it must be daylight—yet Grindoff

returns not—perchance their foul intent has failed—the fatal blow designed for Friberg may have fallen upon himself. How tedious drags the time, when fear, suspense, and doubt thus weigh upon the heart. Oh, Kelmar, beloved Claudine, you little know my peril. (*looks at the various groups of BANDITI, and carefully rests his carbine at the foot of the rugged steps, L. C., leading to the magazine—he advances, c.*) While yet this drunken stupor makes their sleep most death-like, let me secure a terrible, but just revenge. If their infernal purpose be accomplished, this is their reward. (*draws a coil of fuse from his bosom*) These caverns, that spread beneath the mill, have various outlets, and in the fissures of the rock the train will lie unnoticed. Could I but reach the magazine.

*Music*—LOTHAIR retires cautiously up, c.—he places his foot over the body of a ROBBER, who is seen asleep on the steps leading to the magazine—by accident he touches the carbine, which slips down—the ROBBER, being disturbed, alters his position, while LOTHAIR stands over him, and again reposes—LOTHAIR advances up the steps—as he arrives at the magazine, WOLF'S signal, the bugle, is heard from above—the ROBBERS instantly start up, and LOTHAIR, at the same moment, springs from the steps, and, seizing his carbine, stands in his previous attitude.

*Enter* WOLF (GRINDOFF), descending the steps of the opening, L., with CLAUDINE senseless in his arms.

ROBBERS. The signal!

GOL. Wolf, we rejoice with you.

LOTH. (*advancing, L.*) Have you been successful?

WOLF. (*setting down CLAUDINE*) So far, at least, I have.

LOTH. (*aside*) Claudine—merciful powers! (*to WOLF*) But Kelmar—

WOLF. Shall not long escape me—Kelmar once secure, his favourite, my redoubted rival, young Lothair, may next require attention—bear her in, Golotz. (GOLOTZ bears CLAUDINE off, R. 1 E.) Where is Ravina?

*Enter* RAVINA, R. 2 E.

Oh, you are come!



RAVINA. I am; what is your will?

WOLF. That you attend Claudine; treat her as you would treat me.

RAVINA. I will, be sure on't.

WOLF. Look you, fail not. I cannot wait her recovery.—danger surrounds us.

ROBBERS. (*advancing*) Danger!

WOLF. Ay, every one must be vigilant, every heart resolved—Riber has been stabbed.

LOTH. Then Friberg—

WOLF. Has escaped.

LOTH. Thank heaven!

WOLF. How?

LOTH. Friberg is still reserved for me.

WOLF. Be it so—your firmness shall be proved.

RAVINA. So—one act of villany is spared you; pursue your fate no farther—desist, be warned in time.

WOLF. Fool! could woman's weakness urge me to retreat, my duty to our band would now make such repentance treachery.

ROBBERS. Noble captain!

WOLF. Mark you, my comrades: Kelmar has fled; left his house—no doubt for the Chateau Friberg. The suspicions of the Count are upon *him*. All mistrust of me is banished from his mind, and I have lured him and his companion to the cottage of our lost comrade, Riber.

LOTH. How came Claudine to fall into your power?

WOLF. I encountered her alone, as I left Kelmar's cottage. She had been to seek her father; I seized the opportunity, and conveyed her to the secret pass in the forest; her cries caused me to be pursued, and one instant later I had fallen into their hands—by this time they have recovered the path-way to the mill. Spiller shall supply Riber's place—be prepared to meet them at the Flask, and prove yourself—

LOTH. The man I am; I swear it.

WOLF. Enough—I am content!

RAVINA. (R.) Content! such guilt as thine can never feel content. Never will thy corroded heart have rest—years of security have made you rash, incautious—wanton in thy

cruelty—and you will never rest until your mistaken policy destroys your band.

WOLF. No more of this—her discontent is dangerous.—Spiller! when you are prepared to leave the cavern, make fast the door; Ravina shall remain here confined until our work above is finished. (*aside to him*)

LOTH. I understand——

WOLF. Golotz and the rest—who are wont to cheer our revels with your music, be in waiting at the Flask, as travellers, wandering Savoyards, till the Count and his followers are safe within our toils; the delusion may spare us trouble. I know them resolute and fierce; and, should they once suspect, though our numbers overpower them, the purchase may cost us dear. Away—time presses—Spiller—remember——

LOTH. Fear me not—you soon shall know me.

*Exit WOLF and ROBBERS up the steps, L. in flat—LOTHAIR immediately runs up the steps to the magazine, and places the fuse within, closes the door and directs it towards the trap by which he first entered the cave, R. U. E.*

RAVINA. Now, then, hold firm, my heart and hand; one act of vengeance, one dreadful triumph, and I meet henceforth the hatred, the contempt of Wolf, without a sigh.

(*in great agitation—she advances to the table, R. U. E., and taking a vial from her bosom, pours the contents into a cup, and goes cautiously across to where CLAUDINE has been conducted.*)

RAVINA. As she revives—ere yet her bewildered senses proclaim her situation, she will drink—and——

(*LOTHAIR, who has watched the conduct of RAVINA, seizes her arm, takes away the cup, and throws it off, L.*)

LOTH. Hold, mistaken woman! is this your pity for the unfortunate—of your own sex, too?—Are you the advocate of justice and of mercy—who dare condemn the cruelty of Wolf, yet with your own hand would destroy an innocent fellow-creature, broken-hearted, helpless, and forlorn?—Oh, shame! shame!



RAVINA. (R. C.) And who is he that dares to school me thus?

LOTH. Who am I?

RAVINA. Ay! that talk of justice and of mercy, yet pant to shed the blood of Friberg!

LOTH. (*aside*) Now, dared I trust her—I must, there is no resource, for they'll be left together. (*to RAVINA*) Ravina—say, what motive urged you to attempt an act that I must believe is hateful to your nature?

RAVINA. Have I not cause—ample cause?

LOTH. I may remove it.

RAVINA. Can you remove the pangs of jealousy?

LOTH. I can—Claudine will never be the bride of Wolf.

RAVINA. Who can prevent it?

LOTH. Her husband.

RAVINA. Is it possible?

LOTH. Be convinced. Claudine, Claudine! (*Music*)

CLAUD. (*without, R.*) Ha! that voice!

LOTH. (L. C.) Claudine!

CLAUD. (*entering, R.*) 'Tis he! 'tis he! then I am safe! Ah! who are these, and in what dreadful place am I?

LOTH. Beloved Claudine, can this disguise conceal me?

CLAUD. (R.) Lothair! I was not deceived.

(*falls into his arms*)

RAVINA. (L.) Lothair!

LOTH. (C.) Ay, her affianced husband. Ravina, our lives are in your power; preserve them and save yourself; one act of glorious repentance, and the blessings of the surrounding country are yours. Observe!

(*Music—LOTHAIR points to the magazine—shows the train to RAVINA, and explains the intention—then gives a phosphorous bottle, which he shows the purpose of—she comprehends him—CLAUDINE'S action, expresses astonishment and terror—LOTHAIR opens the trap up the stage, R.*)

RAVINA. Enough, I understand.

LOTH. (*advancing*) Be careful, be cautious, I implore you;—convey the train where I may distinctly see you from without the mill; and, above all, let no anxiety of mind, no fear of failure, urge you to fire the train till I give the signal. Remember, Claudine might be the victim of such fatal indiscretion.

RAVINA. But, Wolf.

*Re-enter WOLF, who hearing his name, halts at the back of the cavern.*

LOTH. Wolf, with his guilty companions, shall fall despised and execrated. (*seeing WOLF*) Ah! (*aside to CLAUDINE*) Remove the train.

WOLF. Villain! (*c., levels a pistol at LOTHAIR, R.—RAVINA utters an exclamation of horror—CLAUDINE retreats, and removes the train to the foot of the steps*)

LOTH. (*retreating into R. corner*) Hold!—you are deceived.

WOLF. Do you acknowledge it?—But 'tis the last time. (*seizing LOTHAIR by the collar*)

LOTH. One moment.

WOLF. What further deception?

LOTH. I have used none—hear the facts.

WOLF. What are they?

LOTH. Hatred to thee—jealousy of the fair Claudine, urged this woman to attempt her life. (*points to CLAUDINE*)

WOLF. Indeed!—for what purpose was that pass disclosed? (*pointing to the trap, R.*)

LOTH. I dared not leave them together.

WOLF. Vain subterfuge—your threat of destruction on me and my companions—

LOTH. Was a mere trick, a forgery, a fabrication to appease her disappointed spirit—induce her to quit the cave, and leave Claudine in safety.

WOLF. (*going up to, and closely observing RAVINA*) Plausible hypocrite, Ravina has no weapon of destruction—how then? (*crossing back to LOTHAIR*)

LOTH. (*looking towards RAVINA, who holds up the vial, unseen by GRINDOFF*) Ah! (*aside*) We are saved. (*crossing and snatching the vial, which she had retained in her hand*) Behold, let conviction satisfy your utmost doubts.

WOLF. (*looking on the label*) Poison!—you then are honest, Wolf unjust—I can doubt no longer. (*seizes RAVINA by the arm*) Fiend! descend instantly, in darkness and despair anticipate a dreadful punishment.

(*Music—RAVINA clasps her hands in entreaty, and descends the trap, which is closed violently by WOLF*)



WOLF. Now, Spiller, follow me to the Flask. (*Music*)  
Be sure, make fast yon upper door.

(*he takes his broad miller's hat, for which he has returned—exit up steps, L. in flat, LOTHAIR following, and looking back significantly at CLAUDINE, who then advances cautiously, opens the trap, and gives the train to RAVINA—appropriate Music—RAVINA and CLAUDINE remain in attitude, the latter watching LOTHAIR, with uplifted hands*)

SCENE FOURTH.—*The Cottage of Riber—The sign of "The Flask" at the door, L. in flat.*

*Enter* COUNT. FREDERICK FRIBERG and KARL, R.

COUNT. This must be the house!

KARL. (R.) Clear as day-light; look, sir, "The Flask!" Oh, and there stands the mill! (L.) I suppose old rough-and-tough, master Grindoff, will be here presently. Well, I'm glad we are in the right road at last; for such ins and outs, and ups and downs, and circumbendibuses in that forest, I never—

COUNT. (L.) True; we may now obtain guides and assistance to pursue that ruffian!

KARL. (*aside*) Pursue again!—not to save all the she sex!—flesh and blood can't stand this.

COUNT. (*abstracted*) Yet, after so long an absence, delay is doubly irksome—could I but see her my heart doats on!

KARL. Ah! could I but see what my heart doats on.

COUNT. My sweet Laurette!

KARL. A dish of saur-kraut!

COUNT. (*crosses to R.*) Fool!

KARL. Fool! so I mustn't enjoy a good dinner even in imagination.

COUNT. Still complaining!

KARL. How can I help it, sir? I can't live upon air, as you do.

COUNT. You had plenty last night.

KARL. So I had last Christmas, sir; and what sort of a supper was it, after all?—One apple, two pears, three bunches of sour grapes, and a bowl of milk: one of your

forest meals—I can't abide such a cruel cold diet—oh, for a bumper of brandy! but, unfortunately, my digestion keeps pace with my appetite—I'm always hungry. Oh, for a bumper of brandy!

*(Music heard within the "Flask," L. in flat.*

COUNT. Hush!

KARL. What's that? Somebody tickling a guitar into fits; soft music always makes me doleful.

COUNT. Go into the house—stay; remember, I would be private.

KARL. Private—in a public-house. Oh, I understand, incog. But the miller knows you, sir.

COUNT. That's no reason all his people should.

KARL. I smoke—they'd be awed by our dignity and importance—poor things, I pity 'em—they are not used to polished society. Holloa! house! landlord! Mr. Flask.

*Enter LOTHAIR, L. door in flat, as landlord.*

KARL. Good entertainment here for man and beast, I'm told.

LOTH. You are right.

KARL. Well, here am I, and there's my master!

LOTH. You are welcome. *(aside)* I dare not say otherwise; Wolf is on the watch.

*(GRINDOFF appears, watching at a window, L. in flat)*

KARL. Have you got anything ready? *(smacking his lips)*

LOTH. Too much, I fear.

KARL. Not a bit, I'll warrant. I'm devilish sharp set.

LOTH. Well, you are just in time.

KARL. Pudding-time, I hope! have you got any meat?

LOTH. I must ask him. *(aside and looking round anxiously)* Won't your master—

KARL. No! he lives upon love; but don't be alarmed, —I'll make it worth your while; I'm six meals in arrear, and can swallow enough for both of us.

*Exit KARL, with LOTHAIR, to the "Flask," L. door in flat—GRINDOFF closes the window.*



COUNT. Yes, I'm resolved—the necessity for passing the river must by this time have urged the peasantry to re-establish the ferry—delay is needless. I'll away instantly to the Chateau Friberg, and with my own people return to redress the wrongs of my oppressed and suffering tenantry.

*Enter KARL, L. door in flat.*

COUNT. Well, your news?

KARL. Glorious!—The landlord, Mr. Flask, is a man after my own heart, a fellow of five meals a day.

COUNT. Psha! who are the musicians?

KARL. Ill-looking dogs, truly;—Savoyards, I take it; one plays on a thing like a frying-pan, the other turns something that sounds like a young grindstone.

COUNT. What else?

KARL. As fine an imitation of a shoulder of mutton as ever I clapp'd my eyes on.

*Enter KELMAR, exhausted by haste and fatigue, R.*

COUNT. Kelmar!

KELM. Ah, the Count and his companion!—Thank heaven, I am arrived in time! my master will be saved, though Claudine, my poor unhappy child, is lost. Fly, I beseech you, fly from this spot! Do not question me; this is no time for explanations; one moment longer, and you are betrayed—your lives irrecoverably sacrificed.

COUNT. Would you again deceive us?

KELM. I have been myself deceived—fatally deceived! let an old man's prayers prevail with you! Leave, oh leave this accursed place, and—

*Enter WOLF, in his miller's dress, L. door in flat, he advances, C.*

KELM. Ah, the miller! then has hope forsaken me—Yet one ray, one effort more, and—

WOLF. (C.) Thy treachery is known. (*he seizes KELMAR by the collar*)

KELM. (R.) One successful effort more, and death is welcome.

WOLF. Villain!

KELMAR. Thou art the villain—see—behold!

(*with a violent effort of strength, the old man suddenly turns upon GRINDOFF, and tears open his vest, beneath which he appears armed—WOLF, at the same instant, dashes KELMAR from him, who, impelled to R., is caught by the COUNT—the COUNT draws his sword—WOLF, L., draws pistols in each hand from his belt, and his hat falls off at the same instant—tableau—appropriate Music*)

COUNT. 'Tis he! the same! 'tis Wolf.

WOLF. Spiller! Golotz!

*Rushes out, L.*

KARL. Is it Wolf? Damn his pistols! This shall reach him. (*draws his sword, and hastens after WOLF, L.—the report of a pistol is immediately heard, L.*)

*Exit COUNT FRIBERG and KELMAR, L.—At the same moment, GOLOTZ and another ROBBER, disguised as minstrels, followed by LOTHAIR, burst from the house, L. door in flat.*

GOLOT. (L.) We are called; Wolf called us!—Ah, they have discovered him!

LOTH. 'Tis too late to follow him, he has reached the bridge.

GOLOT. Then he is safe; but see, at the foot of the hill, armed men, in the Friberg uniform, press forward to the mill.

LOTH. This way we must meet them, then; in, to the subterranean pass! *Exeunt GOLOTZ and ROBBER, to house.*

LOTH. Now, Claudine, thy sufferings shall cease, and thy father's wrongs shall be revenged. *Exit, to house.*

SCENE FIFTH.—*A near View of the Mill, c., standing on an elevated projection—from the stage a narrow bridge, to rise and fall, passes to the rock, R. C., on the platform of which stands the mill.*

*Music—Enter RAVINA, L. U. E., ascending the ravine with the fuse, which she places carefully in the crannies of the rock, L.*

RAVINA. My toil is over; the train is safe. From this spot I may receive the signal from Lothair, and, at one blow, the hapless victims of captivity and insult are amply,



dreadfully avenged. (*Music—a pistol is fired without, L. 2 E.*) Ah, Wolf! *She retires, L. U. E.*

*Enter WOLF, L., as pursued, and turning, fires his remaining pistol off, L., then hurries across the bridge, which he instantly draws up—KARL rushes on, L.*

WOLF. (*with a shout of great exultation*) Ha, ha! you strive in vain!

KARL. Cowardly rascal! you'll be caught at last.  
(*shaking his sword at WOLF*)

WOLF. By whom?

KARL. Your only friend, Beelzebub: run as fast as you will, he'll trip up your heels at last.

WOLF. Fool-hardy slave, I have sworn never to descend from this spot alive, unless with liberty.

KARL. Oh, we'll accommodate you; you shall have liberty to ascend from it; the wings of your own mill shall be the gallows, and fly with every rascal of you into the other world.

WOLF. Golotz!—Golotz, I say! (*calling towards the mill*)

*Enter COUNT FRIBERG, with KELMAR and the ATTENDANTS from the Chateau Friberg, in uniform, and armed, L., they cross to R.*

COUNT. Wretch! your escape is now impossible. Surrender to the injured laws of your country.

WOLF. Never! the brave band that now await my commands within the mill double your number. Golotz!

*Enter GOLOTZ from a small door in the mill, C.*

WOLF. Quick! let my bride appear.

*Exit GOLOTZ, C. door in flat.*

*Enter RAVINA, L. 2 E.—WOLF starts.*

RAVINA. She is here! What would you?

WOLF. Ravina!—Traitress!

RAVINA. Traitress! What, then, art thou? But I come not here to parley; ere it be too late, make one atonement for thy injuries—restore this old man's child.

KELM. Does she still live?

WOLF. She does; but not for thee, or for the youth Lothair.

RAVINA. Obdurate man! then do I know my course.

*Re-enter* LOTHAIR, *conducting* CLAUDINE *from the mill, a cloak concealing him.*

CLAUD. Oh, my dear father!

KELM. (R.) My child—Claudine! Oh, spare, in pity spare her!

WOLF. Now mark me, Count: unless you instantly withdraw your followers, and let my troop pass free, by my hand she dies!

KELM. Oh, mercy!

COUNT. Hold yet a moment!

WOLF. Withdraw your followers.

COUNT. Till thou art yielded up to justice, they never shall depart.

WOLF. For that threat, be this your recompense!

LOTH. (*throwing aside his cloak*) And this my triumph.

(*Music—LOTHAIR places himself before CLAUDINE, and receives WOLF's attack—the ROBBER is wounded, staggers back, sounds his bugle, and the mill is crowded with BANDITTI—LOTHAIR throws back the bridge, catches CLAUDINE in his arms, upon his release from WOLF, and hurries upon the bridge*)

LOTH. (*crossing the bridge with CLAUDINE in his arms*) Ravina, fire the train.

(*RAVINA instantly sets fire to the fuse, the flash of which is seen to run down the side of the rock into the gully under the bridge, and the explosion immediately takes place—KELMAR, rushing forward, catches CLAUDINE in his arms*)

Curtain.



PLATONIC ATTACHMENTS.

An Original Farce,

IN ONE ACT.

BY

BAYLE BERNARD,

AUTHOR OF "HIS LAST LEGS," "THE BOARDING  
SCHOOL," "THE PRACTICAL MAN," &c. &c.

HAILES LACY, WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,  
LONDON.

*First produced at the Royal Princess's Theatre,  
September 28, 1850.*

THISTLEDOWN..... MR. KEELEY.  
TOM RAWLINGS ..... MR. ALFRED WIGAN.  
DIGGS ..... MR. F. COOKE.  
MRS. THISTLEDOWN ..... MRS. KEELEY.  
ELLEN MILMAN ..... MISS MURRAY.  
MARY ..... MISS SOMERS.  
MAID ..... MISS CUSHNIE.

SCENE—A Cottage, near London.

Time—1850.

#### Costumes.

THISTLEDOWN.—Holland jacket, with pockets ; light trousers ; green hat.

TOM.—Modern frock jacket ; fawn coloured trousers ; light waistcoat ; white hat, to crush.

DIGGS.—Brown coat, green apron, leather breeches, gaiters.

MRS. THISTLEDOWN.—Blue spotted muslin ; lilac silk polka ; straw bonnet.

ELLEN.—Pink striped silk dress ; white bonnet.

MARY.—Blue cotton gown ; cap, and pink ribbons.

MAID.—White cotton gown ; cap, and blue ribbons.

Time of Representation—50 Minutes.



## PLATONIC ATTACHMENTS.

---

---

SCENE—*Garden of a cottage near London.—House stands R. H., verandah projecting 2nd and 3rd E.—Bedroom window above it.—Wall of garden at back.—Gate at 2nd E. V. H.—A hot-bed, with a forcing frame lying obliquely between the back wall and the gate.—A path R. H. V. E. leading behind the house.—A round table at back near the hot-house, with garden chairs, flower-stands, shrubs, &c., about the ground.—DIGGS is discovered, trimming the hot-bed.—The frame hinged, and lying open. A ring is heard at gate. MARY comes from house and opens it, receives a note, and closes it again.*

MARY. A note for my missus,—most done, Mr. Diggs ?

DIGGS. Yes, Mary, yes.

MARY. And how are all the geraniums and fuchsias to-day ?

DIG. Oh, all in good order.

MARY. Well, I'm glad to hear that, missus prizes them so ; and her plants, as you know, are all the cares she has got.

DIG. Then what a happy woman your missus must be !

MARY. Well, no doubt of that—hard to find such another. It's New Zealand with her—summer all the year round ; and no wonder either, considering her lot—such a home as she's got, and, what's more, such a husband.

DIG. True, Mary, true. (*He puts down the frame, and collects his tools.*)

MARY. Such a pattern of a man ! Who'd ever think they'd been married a year ! They're just like the couples you see at Herne Bay. And a man, too, in business—hard work'd all the day—off at nine every morning, and not home till six—you'd fancy he'd want some amusement or other. No, not a bit ; she and the garden's millions for him. He comes home with the clock—and once he's got on his gown, I don't think he'd cross the gate to see all the Horse-guards !

DIG. Well, I don't think he would.

MARY. Just give him a watering-pot, a hoe, and a spade, and he's got all the acquaintance he cares to cut in with !

DIG. Wonderful, really ; and a plain proof to me that a

wife to a man is like soil to a plant. What do you think, Mary, I've heard of your master?

MARY. Well, I don't know.

DIG. Why, that steady, and quiet, and right as he is now, he was once one of the wildest young blades about London!

MARY. My master!

DIG. Your master. I'll tell you how I know it. My cousin's a boat-builder down about Lambeth; and he says that a year ago your master belong'd to a club of young fellows who were always on the river—kept a boat at his yard.

MARY. Why, never!

DIG. It's a fact; always rowing up to Putney, on some wager or other, and never getting back till daybreak, or just before shutter-time—coming into town like the cabbages—fresh.

MARY. Goody me!

DIG. They were call'd "the Arganotics," and wore a "fleece" for a badge—which was to show that they knew how to punish all landlords.

MARY. And does my missus know this?

DIG. Why, of course she does, Mary; it's she that's reform'd him, made him give up his club, and employ his skull properly.

MARY. Well, only to think!

DIG. So, as I said before, there's the good of transplanting—a man wild is worth nothing—but clap him into fit soil, or nail him up to a brick—and he'll give you good fruit, as a matter of course.

THISTLEDOWN *is heard*, R. H. U. E.

THIS. Diggs.

MARY. There he is—got his jacket on already, though he's been home but ten minutes; and only to think he was one of them boating chaps, always on the river,—pulling some one about!

THISTLEDOWN *enters U. E. R. H. in his jacket and slippers, with a watering-pot, watering flowers at back.*

THIS. Well, Diggs, done the clipping?

DIG. Yes, sir, all finish'd.

THIS. And the gravel, you say—

DIG. Is coming to-morrow, sir.

THIS. And this time, I hope, with an allowance of sand—one doesn't wear slippers to walk upon flints. Well, you may go.

DIG. Thank you, sir. Good day, sir—I shall be here, sir, at eight. (*He goes out through the gate.*)

THIS. Missis gone to the grocer's?

MARY. Yes, sir—she said so; and here's a note, sir, been left for her—come from Mrs. Clarkson's at No. 13. (*Gives it.*)

THIS. Clarkson's, eh?



MARY. Yes, sir; but how black it's getting—I hope it won't rain?

THIS. Very hard if it does, now I've done all my watering.

MARY. Had I better go after her, sir? though there's a bad job, we've broke our umbrella. Suppose you haven't found yours, sir?

THIS. Mine, Mary?

MARY. Yes, sir, which you lost the other day—your beautiful silk one, with that splendid bone hand.

THIS. No, Mary, no—I'm afraid it's departed.

MARY. What a pity—such a nice one—(Aside) Just covered my basket. (She goes into the house.)

THIS. Pity, indeed—and more, what a shame, all things considered—a clear proof to me that, in regard to umbrellas, there's no moral sense. How could I have lent it on a more urgent occasion—such a day as it was—and so perfect a lady—a girl so well dressed, and with such elegant manners. She might have returned it in the course of a week. I gave my office address, though I said, "Never mind." It's not the value so much, it's the feeling it shows—and yet to want feeling, with a face such as hers—a manner that seemed the very soul of sincerity—an expression that, to a man of Platonic feelings, was a something angelic—and yet if even angels require umbrellas, they ought to return 'em—ought to be very thankful to meet proper friends. Suppose she'd encountered one of my old companions—one of our boating boys—such a fellow, for instance, as Mr. Tom Rawlings—she'd have been cooped up half the day in a pastrycook's shop! and there was nothing more probable—for they're always about—and yet, just to think, what my own luck has been—that in the whole year of my marriage, not one of these chaps has found out my abode. What a life they'd have led me, or rather my wife; they'd have driven her mad—have filled her poor head with all sorts of suspicions; but no, thank the stars, no such fate was in store—I've shaken 'em off, and so here, safely sheltered, I rake to some good. (He turns away R. H., and takes up rake, as RAWLINGS looks over wall on its L. H.)

RAW. Not here, by Jupiter!

THIS. And indulge no excess but at the nose of my watering pot. (Takes it up again.)

RAW. And this, by all the plagues, the last house in the road—I'll swear she entered one of them—still, to be convinced, I'll have a look round.

*He throws a leg over the wall—an umbrella without a handle under his arm—looking off L. H. THISTLEDOWN turns from R. H., putting down his can.*

THIS. There—I think you've drank enough for a temperance chairman, and so—Hallo! who's that on my wall?

RAW. (*turning*) Oho—Mr. Smith!

THIS. Pray what do you want, sir?

RAW. Want, sir—why, in the first place, an easier seat.

THIS. Seat, sir! get down, sir—do you know that's my wall?

RAW. Don't see your name on it!

THIS. You know you've no right there?

RAW. As much as the sparrows—and there's just been a flock.

THIS. If you don't get down, sir, you'll force me to help you!

RAW. Thank you for that—perhaps you'll lend me your back.

THIS. You shall have my hands first. (*Turning up his cuffs, and approaching him. Tom leans over towards him.*) Why, it isn't!

RAW. It is though.

THIS. Tom Rawlings!

RAW. Gus Thistledown! Why, you *don't* say it's you!

THIS. (*aside*) Now here's a pretty thunderbolt!

RAW. Why, you cunning old fox—have you turned up at last!

THIS. (*aside*) Turned up indeed!

RAW. Well, of all the great jokes—to come hunting a bonnet, and to pitch on your beaver! Ha! ha! ha!

*He flings the other leg over the wall.*

THIS. But this is all nonsense—I must stop him at once.

RAW. And so *this* is your nest, eh—it's *here* you've been hiding!

THIS. Mr. Rawlings, it's necessary for me to observe, sir, that—

RAW. And a snagger little cupboard I never beheld. Grow all your own greens—and I suppose they don't cost more than a shilling a-piece.

*He stands upon the wall.*

THIS. Hallo, don't do that—all the neighbours will stare at you!

RAW. Very true—not the thing—I must consider your comfort.

*He jumps down into the garden.*

THIS. (*aside*) There's a proof!

RAW. And now, how are you, old fellow? deuced glad to see you—though you have been so shabby, cutting us all without the slightest apology—and how's your wife? glad to know her.

THIS. (*aside*) Now, it's no use delaying—I must be decided. Mr. Rawlings!

RAW. Come, come, Tom, if you please.



THIS. I prefer Mr.!

RAW. And I prefer Tom!

THIS. (*aside*) Now, if I don't stick to *Mr.*, I sha'n't turn him out. To be plain, Mr. Rawlings—

RAW. Taum—Taum!

THIS. Well, then, Tom. My wife, when I married, made me promise to give up all my bachelor friends.

RAW. She did so?

THIS. She did; believing that their acquaintance wouldn't tend to her happiness.

RAW. Then all I can say is, she has very narrow ideas; and you're bound, in self-respect, to remove such a prejudice.

THIS. Perhaps so; but I'm afraid that she's too old to learn.

RAW. Or rather—is it dangerous to tell her the truth—that where we thought of one woman, you followed fifty?

THIS. Yes, sir, Platonically.

RAW. Oh, ah,—of course.

THIS. Platonically, sir; I admired the whole sex—but that was the result of my great sense of beauty—my esthetical sense—which distinguished the Greeks—a taste merely mental, as you are well aware—a mere case of fancy—not one of the heart.

RAW. Oh, very fine!

THIS. But I say, sir, it was; my heart was my Sarah's—and so long as 'twas true, I don't see the harm, if my mind loved a thousand—if I kept a whole harem inside—inside of my skull.

RAW. And do you go on with your harem?

THIS. Oh, no; when I married, I resigned it, of course; in addition to which, my wife is just one of those sensitive beings—

RAW. Who'd pull your ears if she caught you at any such nonsense. I thought she looked jealous the morning I passed you.

THIS. You passed us—

RAW. Yes; coming down Newgate Street, ten days ago.

THIS. (*aside*) Why, never!

RAW. And more, when I met you, the day after that, holding an umbrella over her, close to the Bank.

THIS. (*aside*) Now, only to think that—

RAW. I said to myself, then, Mrs. Gus has the whip, and if ever he shies, won't he get it superbly.

THIS. (*aside*) And if Sarah comes, he'll blab; and—I must move him at once. Mr. Rawlings, having frankly explained my position—

RAW. Yes, yes—

THIS. And the pledge I am under to an excellent wife—

RAW. You expect me to go; well, don't be alarmed. I shall now merely ask a few questions on business—

THIS. Oh, very good.

RAW. Respecting a party who's living about here.

THIS. Very happy, I'm sure—

RAW. A person, I must tell you, I've long been pursuing—a sweet little creature, that—

THIS. A woman?

RAW. Of course.

*THISTLEDOWN goes to the gate, and opens it.*

THIS. You'll oblige me, Mr. Rawlings, by quitting my garden.

RAW. What's the matter now?

THIS. Matter, indeed! this house, sir, is the abode of domestic felicity, and I call upon you to respect such a shrine!

RAW. And who says, I don't? how do you know but I'm going to repeat your example—

THIS. My example!

RAW. But that I also am tired of a vagabond life—want to settle, and let my dregs go to the bottom.

THIS. Oh, if that's your design—

RAW. You'll assist it, of course—so I concluded; and now, then, sit down, and hear the whole story.

*He throws his umbrella at the back of the melon bed, then brings forward stools, and pulls THISTLEDOWN beside him.*

THIS. (*aside*) Plague take his story—if Sarah should come!

RAW. Hear the whole history of my revolution.

THIS. No, no, not the whole—just the leading particulars.

RAW. Well, then, to begin. My governor's lawyer is a neighbour of yours, a fellow named Clarkson—you know him, of course.

THIS. I think so—I think so.

RAW. Think so—you must—why, he's only next door.

THIS. Well, then, I do—will you go on?

RAW. Well; he's ill with the gout; so I've had to call on him lately on money affairs—and each time I did, I met in one of your lanes—a girl that I tumbled deep seas into love with.

THIS. Well, don't stop in our lanes.

RAW. A girl, with that charming, plump, sociable look, that exactly conveys my ideal of wife.

THIS. (*aside*) Something like Sarah!

RAW. A look all of sunshine, affection, content—a figure, whose roundness was not without grace—and a dress always tasteful, whether in a quiet blue shawl, or a robin-tailed polka!

THIS. (*aside*) A robin-tailed polka—why, she's got one!

RAW. Well, I spoke to her, of course; mistook her, as usual, for Miss Smith, of Brighton; and I'm bound to say, she repulsed me—only a repulse, you know, Gus, is to be taken two ways—either as a wish you should go, or that the attack be repeated.

THIS. Repeated?



RAW. Exactly—just as to cuff down a dog is to make him jump higher; and so, though it's true all her words were repellent, I still thought that her manner was rather inviting.

THIS. The devil it was!

RAW. Yes; but yet, for all that, I couldn't find out her name, or follow her as I might; her mysterious abode—she always gave me the slip—as she again did to-day, when on coming to Clarkson's, we suddenly met, and—Eh! why, who's that? (*Jumping up, he looks through the gate, pulling THIS towards him.*)

THIS. (*jumping up*) Who—where?

RAW. There—yonder—now, crossing the road.

THIS. Where? I don't see—

RAW. Yes, 'tis the robin-tailed polka! I'll catch her this time, if it's over glass bottles. (*He runs off through the gate.*)

THIS. Here—hallo—stop, stop, sir—that lady's my wife! Why, I'm not in my senses! my Sarah inviting this fellow's attentions, whilst I was away—hard at work at my labours; my heart only propped by the thought of its treasure—all its joys centering there—seeing no form but hers. (*Looking off.*) Can't see either of 'em. I must be after 'em. Here, Mary, my coat. (*He rushes into the house.*)

Mrs. T. *comes through the gate rapidly, and closing it, falls against it, breathless.*

Mrs. T. Alive! and that's all—another foot would have killed me; that wretch would have been actually guilty of murder! and respectable women can be treated in this way—in a land they call civilized! Against the law to hunt cattle—but you *may* hunt a woman! And to swear he'd have my name, or he'd break down the gate—the monster! not caring a pin which he damaged—so really if I hadn't escaped by hard running—(*the gate pushes open, she shuts it again*)—Ah, there he is. Go along, sir, go along. Begone, I command you—if you don't, I'll cry out; there are policemen about—I can make my voice heard. Go along, sir, I say. Oh, you wretch—oh, you villain! Oh—oh—oh—oh!

RAWLINGS *pushes the gate open, and puts his head in, then pulls it back, leaving his hat jammed. THISTLEDOWN comes from the house—his coat over his jacket.*

THIS. Sarah!

Mrs. T. Augustus!

RAW. (*looking in*) What's this—his wife!

*She advances, regaining her composure, and turns upon TOM, who enters.*

Mrs. T. Yes, sir, his wife! And now, what have you to say?

THIS. Yes, sir, his wife; and now, what do you say?

RAW. Say—why, that I thought that the lady in Newgate Street—

THISTLEDOWN *crosses and stops him.*

THIS. Hang Newgate Street, sir—what's that to the question? This is the lady you've been annoying so grossly—following and persecuting for more than a week past.

MRS. T. And how did you know that, pray?

THIS. How? why, because—

RAW. Because, madam, I told him five minutes ago—when I rejoiced to renew an old comrade's acquaintance; and though I little knew then what a victim I'd been—

MRS. T. A victim, indeed! You, sir!

RAW. Of course, madam—I, through not knowing your name—just see what you've cost me—a very fine pair of boots, owing to your infamous lanes—and a hat that you've made only fit for the Opera.

MRS. T. Why, the calculating, sordid, contemptible wretch!

RAW. The condition you've put me in is really quite horrible—horrible for a man of business, who has got an appointment with Mr. Clarkson, and one of his principal clients; so you'll allow me to retire, and make myself tidy. (*Crossing to enter the house, she stops him.*)

MRS. T. Oh, of course; and you'll find down the road a very excellent pump!

RAW. Pump!

THIS. With a flagstone beside it that will serve for a wash-stand.

RAW. There's a pump, too, in Newgate Street—perhaps Mr. Thistledown would like a splash there.

THIS. Ahem! Well, as you've got an appointment, as you've business to attend to, you may as well appear decent. You can go to my room, sir—go to my room.

RAW. (*aside*) Thought that shot would tell. Lost my wife, that's a bore—but I suppose I shall get another—can't have been given these virtuous feelings for nothing. That's your room, I suppose—only one thing to ask—what's your soap—hope it's honey? (*He goes into the house.*)

MRS. T. And so, Mr. Thistledown!

THIS. And so, Mrs. Thistledown!

MRS. T. I thought, sir, when I consented to hazard my happiness by a union with you, you pledged me your word that not one of your acquaintance should ever enter your doors?

THIS. Well, and he didn't—he came over the wall!

MRS. T. But you allowed him to stay, and I dare say encouraged him.

THIS. On the point of encouraging, I think you might say something.

MRS. T. I, Mr. Thistledown!



THIS. You, madam—you—for though you did hide your name, your manner, it seems, was by no means forbidding.

MRS. T. Not forbidding! A slander, sir—I did all but scream. I didn't run home, because I didn't want the fellow to know where I lived; but do you suppose I took no precautions—that I didn't speak to the policeman, and to make the man vigilant give him his dinner and tea here for almost a week!

THIS. Then of course—you did everything that lay in your power, and if you did keep it secret—why—

MRS. T. Why did I do that, sir? wasn't that because I didn't wish to prevent your enjoyment?

THIS. My enjoyment!

MRS. T. Of course. I knew when all was told how you'd long to thump the fellow, and how cruel 'twould be to give you any false hopes; so I said to the policeman, let's be sure of this man, and then my dear husband won't trouble you further; and now, thank the stars, here's the wretch in your house.

THIS. Why—why, true; but you see, it's just that that protects him—amongst the savagest nations, the roof is protection.

MRS. T. Well, he won't have it always—you can follow him out.

THIS. Well, I admit that in justice, perhaps love, I ought.

MRS. T. Ought, sir—you ought—when he's insulted your wife?

THIS. Yes, but when we punish, we ought to reform; and would thumping cure him? that's just the point—is physical force the resource of our times? No, no—it's gone by—no beating him, love—I really couldn't do it.

MRS. T. Then what will you do?

THIS. Reason with him, dearest—appeal to his feelings; and after all, I don't think he's deficient in heart—it's his manner's his vice—and I don't dispute that—I certainly admit—that he is—rather—free.

*TOM puts his head out of bedroom window, washing himself.*

RAW. I say, Gus, where do you keep your soft towels—these are so horribly coarse, you might curry a horse with 'em?

THIS. Well, put 'em down, who wants you to use them?

RAW. If there was any convenience, I'd fancy a bath—

MRS. T. A bath, sir—a bath! there's a parochial establishment at the end of the lane!

RAW. But your washing apparatus is sadly deficient—pan like a pie-dish (*he holds it up*). Wonder how you manage to keep yourself decent. (*He disappears. Mrs. T. stands in a reverie.*)

THIS. And the neighbours all looking—I must go to that fellow, or—

Mrs. T. Augustus—

THIS. Well, love—

Mrs. T. What a thought has just struck me! I told you who I met yesterday, crossing the Park—

THIS. Some school friend of yours—

Mrs. T. Yes, Ellen Milman, who's living at Weymouth—

THIS. And who's just come to town—to—

Mrs. T. To see her trustee—and what do you think she told me—that some scamp of a fellow has been worrying her—

THIS. Her!

Mrs. T. In just my own manner—met her first in Moorfields, and would insist upon seeing her back to Queen Square.

THIS. (*aside*) Good powers!

Mrs. T. And again, the next day—when it happening to rain, would find her a 'bus, and even lend her his umbrella—to return when she pleased—

THIS. (*aside*) Now, was ever poor devil so—

Mrs. T. The craft of that trick—believing, of course, she'd return it in person, and so give him a chance of another encounter.

THIS. Now really, my love, I—

Mrs. T. Now, isn't it monstrous, that a poor girl can't go out, but some wolf on two legs must be laying a trap for her?

THIS. Now, Sarah, it's really most painful to hear you. Why, mightn't this man have done it all from humanity?

Mrs. T. Humanity, indeed!

THIS. Why, you say it was raining—and she's young and delicate!

Mrs. T. Now, you know he's a wretch—and how can you defend him?

THIS. But I really must, Sarah. Take the facts of the case. Here's a delicate girl in the slop of the city—the rain pouring torrents—the 'bus a mile off. Why, if a man at such a moment had no right to advance—to protect helpless woman to the door of a coach—

Mrs. T. There was no need, I suppose, he should call her an angel, and squeeze her sweet hand as he assisted her in.

THIS. Why—ahem!

Mrs. T. Oh, the treacherous snake—how I wish I were a magistrate for only one day, to give all such misleaders their proper employment!

THIS. (*aside*) No need in my case—I'm committed enough!

Mrs. T. So I strongly advised Ellen to tell her trustee, or at least his solicitor—and, talking of him, I forgot to tell you, that—that his lawyer's Mr. Clarkson, at No. 13.

THIS. Clarkson—

Mrs. T. Our neighbour; and Ellen didn't know, but some day or other she'd have to pay him a visit.

THIS. Well, talking of Clarkson, here's a note from his wife.



Mrs. T. A note from his wife!

THIS. Which was left an hour ago—and I was going to observe that—(*He gives it to her, and as she turns away with it, Tom looks again from the window, brushing his head.*)

RAW. I say, Gus, where's your hair oil?

THIS. Oil, indeed—oil, sir! Are you going to stick there all day?

RAW. I can't call your girl—for she's brushing my boots!

Mrs. T. Brushing 'em—well, it's a wonder to me you haven't borrowed a pair!

RAW. I've got it. You see, after Clarkson's I've to call on a lady—a client of his—that we're buying stock for; and, as that is the case—Ah, faugh—what horrible stuff—smells like tallow and turpentine!—Never use it again—an utter disgrace to you. (*He throws the bottle over the wall.*)

THIS. Hollo—what are you at, sir? leave my room instantly!

RAW. Yes, I've quite done, let me make the place tidy—towels all wet—but here's a grand place to dry 'em—(*He spreads them on the verandah, then goes in.*)

THIS. Dry 'em—be hung, sir—that's not a laundry! Stop, sir, I say—will you have done, sir? Oh, it's no use—I must tackle this fellow—I must go in, at all hazards, and bundle him out—(*He is going in—Mrs. T. turns eagerly.*)

Mrs. T. Augustus—

THIS. Directly—can't stop till I've settled him—

Mrs. T. But you must stop—you must—this news is so charming. This note comes from Ellen.

THIS. Ellen!

Mrs. T. Herself—she's now at the Clarkson's.

THIS. What do you say?

Mrs. T. Now—called there on business—was forced to stay dinner—and she says, in the evening she's coming round here.

THIS. Here! (*He staggers against the verandah.*)

Mrs. T. What's the matter?

THIS. The—the pleasure's so sudden—and then, in addition—

Mrs. T. I know what has struck you—the same thought as me—that this scamp who's annoyed her is your dear friend up-stairs!

THIS. What, Rawlings?

Mrs. T. Himself,—if he'd worry one woman, why not another?

THIS. Well, certainly, it's possible—

Mrs. T. But he sha'n't tease her here—he shall turn out. And now, isn't this charming—when I didn't expect her for a couple of weeks? and she's so anxious to see you—and I know that your pleasure will be equal to hers.

THIS. Oh, of course, love, of course. I can't say what I feel!

Mrs. T. And she wants also to see our place, our flowers and plants, and my pet of a melon!

THIS. Yes, love—the melon—

Mrs. T. Which I said was coming forward, though not without forcing.

THIS. (*aside*) That will be *my* case.

Mrs. T. And she'll be here at seven—why, it must be that now—and there's nothing prepared! Here, Mary, tea! tea! (*She runs into the house.*)

THIS. Arsenic for me—and of forty rat power! Now all must be known—and all the reasoning in the world won't convince her I'm innocent! A suspicion in her is like a matter in Chancery—it never comes out again! What's to be done? I can't meet the girl—if I do I am picketed—I've a spike at my soul for the rest of my days—and yet I can't go—without a pretext—or my flight is suspicious—my absence condemns me as much as my presence—and—

RAWLINGS *comes from the house drawing on his gloves.*

RAW. Ha! ha! And so, Gus, your Newgate Street beauty is coming to see you?

THIS. Now don't be a fiend!

RAW. Whilst it seems I'm the wretch who's annoyed her so much?—so you'll have a comfortable evening; and as I must be off—as indeed 'twould be wrong if I stopped any longer—why—

*Crossing to the gate. THIS. seizes him.*

THIS. What! You'll desert me—desert an old friend?

RAW. Why, ain't I turned out!

THIS. But don't be revengeful—crush me in return with a fine magnanimity!

RAW. Well—but I must go!

THIS. Think of old times, Tom—of our old “Argonautics”—when we rowed in one boat, and pulled always together!

RAW. But you see, Gus, I'm wanted.

THIS. But can't you remain—till this girl has arrived—and invent some excuse—for my sudden departure?

RAW. I can't—'pon my word—besides, 'twould be a lie—and you wouldn't have me tell a lie?

THIS. Oh, wouldn't I!

RAW. As I told you before—after Clarkson I've to see a lady—a client of his—that we're buying stock for. I've a letter to give her—which she must have to-night—and as it's as far as Queen Square—

THIS. Queen Square! What's her name?

RAW. Well, it's something like—

THIS. Milman?

RAW. Yes—Milman!



THIS. Why, that's the very girl—that's her we expect!

RAW. It is!

THIS. Yes—it is; so how singularly lucky—for now you *must* stop to deliver your letter!

RAW. Well, really—how odd!

THIS. And I can be off—so you'll think of an excuse—and I'll go to the tavern at the end of the lane—and as you go by—you can step in and tell me—so I won't delay, Tom—I think that would be foolish—I'll make matters sure by my instant departure—and—(*Going to the gate. A violent ring is heard. He looks through the wicket, and closes it quickly.*) Tom!

RAW. What's the matter?

THIS. By all that's fatal, she's here!

RAW. At the gate?

THIS. At the gate! I'm ruined—caught—lost!

RAW. Oh, nonsense! hide somewhere—hide till she's past.

THIS. But where, in a spot that's as open as honesty?

RAW. What's this? (*He goes to the forcing frame.*)

THIS. Our melon bed!

RAW. Plenty of room, I see—get under here!

THIS. I shall crush Sarah's darling—

RAW. It's her darling's at stake!

*Another ring is heard. Mrs. T. calls within.*

Mrs. T. Mary! Mary! the gate!

RAW. Both are coming now—and they'll clip you between them like two halves of a scissors!

RAWLINGS *lifting up the frame by one end, THISTLEDOWN gets under it at the other, and RAWLINGS lowering it, sits down on it, as Mrs. T. comes from the house, and ELLEN entering, they embrace.*

Mrs. T. Ah, my dear Ellen! how kind this is of you! Need I say how much pleasure this gives to us both!

ELLEN. Be assured, my dear friend, not more than to me!

Mrs. T. And so unexpected! it's really delightful! Well—you find us all alone, and most happy to see you.

ELLEN. And so, this is your place—and what a sweet one, indeed!

Mrs. T. I thought you'd be pleased with it—but where's Augustus? Augustus!

*Turning, she sees RAWLINGS, who rises and bows.*

RAW. Mr. Thistledown, madam, has been called away for a moment.

Mrs. T. Called away, sir!

RAW. By a sudden emergency, that was rather imperative.

Mrs. T. And pray, how do you remain, sir?

*THIS. raises the frame, and puts a brick under it.*

RAW. Why, I remain, madam, for a great gratification—

that of enjoying the honour of an introduction to Miss Milman.

Mrs. T. To Miss Milman, indeed!

RAW. For whom I've a letter from a firm in the City—which I believe she has heard of—Armstrong and Brothers.

ELLEN. Armstrong and Brothers! Of course—they are my brokers.

RAW. Then, as I'm in their employ—she will perceive that they attach to this note some importance, as I was desired to place it in her own hands this evening.

ELLEN. They are very kind, really!

RAW. And I trust I may add, that any other aid of mine, Miss Milman has merely to name, to command.

ELLEN. Well, how very obliging! This is really most fortunate! Do you know, Sarah, this note I was expecting most anxiously—so, if you'll allow me, I'll read it whilst I take off my bonnet.

Mrs. T. Certainly, love—certainly!

ELLEN. And perhaps you will remain, sir, till I've learnt its contents?

RAW. A duty, Miss Milman, which, need I say, is a happiness!

ELLEN goes into the house.

Mrs. T. (*aside*) Well—there's something about this strange plague of a man which deprives me of my senses!

*She enters the house slowly, looking at Tom. This looks from under the frame.*

RAW. And so that's the girl! and what a positive angel! what a synopsis of everything precious in woman!

THIS. Well, Tom, are they gone?

RAW. Young, graceful, gentle—with six thousand pounds!

THIS. For I've had forcing enough—another five minutes, and I think I should sprout.

RAW. With a mind, too, so practical, clear, and decisive!

THIS. Why, Tom, do you hear me?

RAW. Be quiet—lie down, sir! A girl who, it's plain, could—

THIS. Be quiet, indeed!

RAW. Could make life an Eden—could fence—shut it in—

THIS. Do you mean to let me out?

RAW. Could bestow on it joys that would need a new frame!

THIS. Well, I'll get out of mine, if I break it in pieces!

*He lifts the frame up to push it over. MARY comes from house with tea-things, which she places on the table—and he falls back again.*

MARY. Tea, if you please, sir—which, as the evening's so warm, you're to have in the garden.



*She arranges the table, then goes off.* RAWLINGS paces the ground.

RAW. Wives! talk of wives—why, there's their perfection—the woman of all others that I should desire! What a home she'd secure! what a friend—what a boat—a wherry, in which I'd back myself against the whole river!—a hundred a side—up to Putney and back! I see the scene now! (*Dropping into a chair, he rows, shoving it back.* THIS, *looking at him as he approaches.*) Banks and bridges all crowded—flags and handkerchiefs waving—I in mid stream—lying down to my work—steady and easy—she walks away now—six feet to a stroke—till I hear the shout raised—

THIS. Hallo! you'll be over me!

ELLEN and Mrs. T. return from the house. TOM jumps up and presents his chair.

ELLEN. I have to inform you that this note was of the utmost importance, for it names an hour to-morrow when I'm to see Mr. Armstrong.

RAW. Exactly, Miss Milman—and if you'll allow me a moment, I think I can furnish some further particulars.

ELLEN. Indeed! Well, then, Sarah, I'm sure you'll excuse me.

*He leads her to the table, where they sit, she at the back,*  
he L. H.

Mrs. T. Well! I suppose I'm awake—but I can scarcely believe it! Here's a man who for a whole fortnight makes my being a burthen—hunts me about all these lanes as if I'd been a stray cat—and when I thought he was gone—and some enjoyment was coming—a quiet hour's talk with an old and dear friend—here he sticks, and whips her off as he would his own hat—and she to say it's not he who's been following her about—whose umbrella she's brought down to Clarkson's to-day—I don't believe a word of it!

MARY comes with teapot from the house, places it on the table, and goes off.

MARY. Now, ma'am, it's all ready.

Mrs. T. And now, I suppose, he must stop, as he's here on her business—and to pour out for that fellow—it's really enough to give the teapot an apoplexy! Now, Ellen—ready?

ELLEN. Yes, Sarah—thank you—but your friend, you must know, is so very obliging!

Mrs. T. Oh, very—no doubt—wonderful the way in which he'll serve a woman!

*She sits R. H. of table.* THIS, *lifts up the frame, and replaces the brick.*

ELLEN. But where's Mr. Thistledown?

RAW. Ah! where's our friend Thistledown?

MRS. T. Well—it's really very odd—quite unaccountable he hasn't returned—Mary! Mary! do you know where's your master?

MARY. (*in the house*) No, ma'am, I don't.

MRS. T. Can't think where he's got to!

THIS. (*aside*) Lucky for me!

MRS. T. What in the world he can be possibly doing!

THIS. (*aside*) Smothering at present!

RAW. Well, how very delightful! tea in a garden—of all summer pleasures my greatest enjoyment! Miss Milman, some cake—my dear Mrs. Thistledown, allow me to assist you!

MRS. T. (*snatching it*) Oh, thank you!

RAW. Capital cake! eat any amount of it!

MRS. T. (*aside*) So it appears!

RAW. Muffins so light, too—and so famously buttered! Do you know, my dear madam, I think there's a great art in buttering!

MRS. T. And you seem to have studied it!

THIS. (*aside*) Now, who is he flirting with—that girl, or my wife?

RAW. My dear Mrs. Thistledown, I'll take some more tea!

MRS. T. (*aside*) I wish it was Camomile!

THIS. (*aside*) Tom, I should like some—I'm dreadfully hot!

RAW. (*aside*) There, then! (*He throws the grounds over the open frame. THIS. sneezes and disappears.*)

MRS. T. What's that—the cat?

RAW. The cat! well, it certainly sounded like some unhappy animal!

MRS. T. He's been out in the rain again—that fellow will never stop at home as he ought!

RAW. (*aside*) Do you hear that, you villain! Been to the Opera, Miss Milman—the Horticultural, of course—the ladies' own fête—though they're really very cruel—go there on purpose to eclipse the poor flowers—don't you think so, Miss Milman?—isn't it now really your candid opinion that—(*Leaning towards her, he lowers his voice.*)

MRS. T. Why, the creature's making love to her—actually making love to her—before my own face! Oh, I'll soon settle that—so—I—I beg pardon—

RAW. (*turning, with a plate*) Muffins, did you say, madam?

MRS. T. No, sir—nor butter! Ellen—there's the garden, remember—you've to see my plants yet—and what's more, my melon!

RAW. Your melon, did you say, madam?

MRS. T. Yes, sir—my melon—which I've got in the frame here.

TOM tries to knock away the brick with the rake.

ELLEN. And which, I think you informed me, was not very forward?



Mrs. T. Not yet—but I expect it will come up very soon!

RAW. (*aside, rising*) So do I—I must stop her!

Mrs. T. (*rising*) And so, if you like, you shall see my little duck first! (*Going to cross—he encounters her.*)

RAW. I beg pardon, Mrs. Thistle-down—but—

Mrs. T. Well, sir—what now?

RAW. Do you think it quite wise to uncover it to-night?

Mrs. T. What's that to you, sir, if I choose to do it?

RAW. But what if the exposure just now be injurious?

Mrs. T. I beg you will stand away, sir, and let me do as I like!

RAW. But I assure you, you're wrong—you don't know what you're doing!

Mrs. T. Doing as I please, sir—within my own garden! Stand aside, sir—I command you! Not see my own property! (*Going to the frame, and lifting it violently. She screams, throws it back, and THIS, raising his head, she lowers hers to meet it.*) What do I see!

RAW. What you expected—your melon come up!

ELLEN. Why, I can't believe my senses! is that Mr. Thistle-down?

RAW. Yes, miss—himself! and your wonder, of course, is, at his present position!

Mrs. T. Which position he will now oblige us all by explaining!

THIS. And in the first place, perhaps, will be allowed to get out of—(*He rises and advances, shaking his legs.*)

Mrs. T. Well, sir—this mystery! I wish to be cool!

THIS. So do I—after half an hour's baking!

Mrs. T. I beg you will be explicit—will be candid, Mr. Thistle-down! I trust, for all our sakes, there's nothing crooked about you!

THIS. Well, I fancy there is!

Mrs. T. There is, sir! there is!

THIS. Yes—I think there's a worm up the leg of my trousers!

*The gate bell rings. She looks off.*

Mrs. T. Come in!

A SERVANT appears at the gate, with THISTLE-DOWN'S umbrella—the bone hands.

SERV. If you please, ma'am, is Miss Milman here?

ELLEN. (*crossing to her*) Yes—I am she.

SERV. Well, ma'am, Mr. Clarkson sends his compliments, and wishes to see you again this evening as soon as convenient.

ELLEN. Indeed!

SERV. And as it looks very threatening, he has sent your umbrella. (*She places it against the wall, handle downwards, and goes out again.*)

ELLEN. Well—how very provoking! I fear I must go—but if possible, Sarah, I will see you to-morrow—so I'll step in for my bonnet, which I left in your room.

RAW. And if Miss Milman will permit me, I shall be proud to attend her.

ELLEN bows, and goes into the house.

MRS. T. Indeed, Mr. Rawlings, you shall do no such thing!

RAW. I shall not, madam!

MRS. T. No, sir—my husband will accompany that young lady home!

THIS. I, my love!

MRS. T. You, sir—you alone shall escort her!

THIS. Oh, with pleasure, if you wish it!

MRS. T. By your side I shall feel that my young friend is safe. So you will go in, Augustus, and make yourself tidy.

THIS. (*aside*) And there see the girl—have a full explanation—and make all secure! Capital! famous! she'll worm out nothing, after all—though talking of worms—this is very unpleasant! (*He goes in, wriggling his leg.*)

MRS. T. And now, Mr. Rawlings, let you and I come to a clear understanding. I see your design, sir—you want a fresh victim—but that lady's my friend, sir—a dear and good girl, sir—and your infamous scheme shall not be permitted!

RAW. Well—if my scheme's infamous, you've tried it yourself! I wish to marry that lady, as I happen to love her.

MRS. T. Love her, indeed! Why, it's not an hour ago that you swore you loved me!

RAW. Well—and what of that, madam?

MRS. T. What of that, sir!

RAW. The human mind, you're aware, is a very wonderful organ!

MRS. T. You're a thorough deceiver—and so now I'll be plain with you—unless you depart, sir, and give me your word never to molest her again, I'll tell her at once of your conduct to me, and so give her cause to take care of herself!

RAW. (*aside*) Confound the woman! that might be awkward!

MRS. T. So now take your choice, sir—either go, or be known!

RAW. (*aside*) I see I must compromise. Well, then, Mrs. Thistledown—since you wish me to go—

MRS. T. You consent—very good! 'tis your only atonement—and so, there's your umbrella—which you lent my young friend—and which, taken to Clarkson's, has just been sent after her.

RAW. (*aside*) Her husband's! and so now comes explosion the second!

*She goes to the wall, and takes it, looking at him.*



Mrs. T. So take it, young man—and hereafter, when you encounter one of our feeble sex—hereafter, when destined to meet helpless woman—when your eye, sir, I say, meets a form that—a form—(*Extending it, she observes—examines—opens—holds it up—and at length exclaims*) Ours!

ELLEN *comes from the house in her bonnet.*

ELLEN. Now, Sarah—I'm ready—but I have a few words to say—just a few before parting—so, if Mr. Rawlings will excuse us—

TOM *drawing the umbrella from her, she stares at its handle.*

Mrs. T. (*aside*) Ours—our own! And can it then be—that—that he—that is—you—that is—he—Oh, my dear Ellen! I'm very unwell!

ELLEN *leads her off* R. H. 1st E., *as THIS. comes from the house dressed.*

THIS. Ha! ha! hurrah, Tom! hurrah! wish me joy! It's all right—I've seen her—told her all—and the dear, noble soul sees my position, and will never betray me! So I'm safe—I'm secure—Mrs. T. will know nothing—and—(*Dancing about. TOM presents the umbrella—the handle towards him*)—What's that?

RAW. Your umbrella—which she brought down to Clarkson's—which has followed her here—and here has found its way into the hands of your wife—Gus—you're provided for! (*He gives him the umbrella, and goes to the back.*)

THIS. And so, like a bad deed, it has found me out after all! When I thought all secure—and the storm had blown over—down comes the bolt—and I'm prostrate for ever! (*He drops his head on the handle.*)

RAWLINGS *advances—his own umbrella, (which he has picked up at back,) under his arm.*

RAW. And yet it's hard, too—for he's been punished enough—I ought to get him out of it—only how—that's the point! Is there no way—so alike—so—eh!—Gus—I've a thought! (*He snatches THISTLEDOWN'S umbrella, and compares the two.*)

THIS. Don't plague me—don't plague a poor wretch under sentence!

RAW. But there's chance of a reprieve! Will this handle come off?

THIS. Come off!

RAW. Yes—will it unscrew? (*Tries it.*) By Jove, it will! and now the point is—will it go on to mine—which you see doesn't boast one? (*Tries it.*) Three cheers! it does—so now all we've to do, is to get rid of your own, and—ahem!—here she comes!

*He throws THISTLEDOWN'S umbrella over the wall, and tucks his own under his arm. ELLEN and MRS. T. return.*

ELLEN. And now, Mr. Thistledown, I've to bid you good day—and to tell you I've arranged to repeat my visit next week—

MRS. T. And that Mr. Rawlings will be kind enough to accompany you home.

RAW. You couldn't honour him more! So good day, Mrs. Thistledown—good day to you, Gus—see you again shortly! Now, Miss Milman, I'm quite at your service—and—

*Giving her his left arm, and going off with her, the umbrella tucked under his right arm, MRS. THISTLEDOWN draws it out.*

MRS. T. I beg pardon, Mr. Rawlings—but I think this is ours!

RAW. Yours, my dear madam!

MRS. T. Ours, sir!

RAW. Well, I know so it struck you a moment ago—but—

MRS. T. Mr. Thistledown—I presume *you* can speak to that fact?

THIS. Well—it certainly resembles the one that I lost!

MRS. T. Resembles! it's the same, sir, (*aside*) which you lent to Miss Milman the day that it rained—and she now has brought back! All is known, sir—all is known!

RAW. Well, the point is soon settled—for knowing that umbrellas are uncertain possessions—and not being able to afford a new one a week—I adopted the resource of putting my name upon mine.

MRS. T. Your name, sir!

RAW. My name—in very elegant letters that I cut on the spike—and if you'll be kind enough to examine that little projection, I think you'll read as follows:—"Thomas John Rawlings, 170, Simmery Axe."

MRS. T. *turns up the spike, and RAWLINGS turns the umbrella round, as she reads.*

MRS. T. Thomas—John—Rawlings—170—Simmery Axe. RAWLINGS *draws it away from her, and tucks it under his arm again.*

RAW. Quite correct, you perceive—and now, Miss Milman, this little error's cleared up, I think you and I may bid our good friends adieu. (*They go out through the gate.*)

MRS. T. *remains looking on the ground. THIS. turns away, folding his arms.*

MRS. T. Well—were ever human senses so mocked in this world! Wouldn't I—wouldn't any one have sworn 'twas the same!

THIS. (*aside*) Now, then, for my turn!



Mrs. T. Wasn't it just the same colour—the same size—the same hand—that curious bone hand!—could I think there were two of 'em!

THIS. (*solemnly*) And has it—come—to this!

Mrs. T. What does he say!

THIS. For this—did I surrender old friends and enjoyments—our Boat Club—our suppers—the Coal Hole—the river—Mrs. T. Well—but Augustus—

THIS. Those bright summer evenings—when we rowed where we pleased—drank what liquor we liked—and slept wherever 'twas possible!

Mrs. T. Why, true—but Augustus—

THIS. Were ye all given up—for one being—one home—and am I now charged with treachery—is this my reward!

Mrs. T. Well, I know 'twas very wrong—and so I hope you'll forgive me!

THIS. What, forgive a jealousy that may come back to-morrow!

Mrs. T. Oh, but it sha'n't—overlook it this time, and I promise you that my confidence shall be equal to yours!

THIS. I am but a man—well, Sarah—there! (*He opens his arms—she runs into them.*)

Mrs. T. Ah, my dear Augustus! and now it's all past!

*TOM and ELLEN return through gate.*

RAW. Gus, we're sent back again—Clarkson and his wife want you and Mrs. T. to come in and spend the evening.

Mrs. T. To spend the evening!

ELLEN. Yes, Sarah—yes—Mrs. Clarkson is most anxious to make your acquaintance—and she has strictly enjoined me to take no denial.

Mrs. T. Well, shall we go, love?

THIS. Yes, if you like, darling!

Mrs. T. Here, Mary! my bonnet and shawl!

*The ladies go to the back conversing. MARY, after a moment, comes out with shawl and bonnet, which Mrs. T. puts on. TOM advances with THISTLEDOWN.*

RAW. Well, Gus, all right?

THIS. Quite so, Tom—quite! We are like a broken leg that's been mended—stronger than ever!

RAW. So 'twas not a bad shift, you see. (*Tapping the hand.*)

THIS. A bad un—'twas wonderful! I never saw your "address" used to greater advantage! (*Pointing to spike.*)

RAW. Well—and now you'll take care to lend no more umbrellas!

THIS. Catch me at it, Thomas!

Mrs. T. (*at back*) Now, Augustus—I'm ready!

THIS. Yes, darling, yes! I'll just get my hat. Mary, my hat!

TOM joining the ladies, they take his arm and go out through the gate, as MARY goes into house, and THISTLEDOWN advances.

—And say only one word—Gentlemen—gentlemen—perhaps it may bewrong a man lending umbrellas—perhaps so—it may be;—but *Ladies*—if a gentleman *does* lend an umbrella, the least you can do is to send it back privately—privately!

Mrs. T. looks in through the gate. MARY comes from house with his hat.

Mrs. T. Augustus! are you coming?

THIS. Coming, my darling! I say again—*privately!*  
(He seizes his hat, and runs out after her.)

### Curtain.



THE  
TWO BONNYCASTLES.

A Farce.

IN ONE ACT.

BY

JOHN MADDISON MORTON,

AUTHOR OF

*"Grimshaw, Bagshaw and Bradshaw," "Box and Cox," "A Hopeless Passion," "Slasher and Crasher," "Double-bedded Room," "John Dobbs," "Betsy Baker," "My Precious Betsy," "Your Life's in Danger," "Friend Waggles," &c., &c., &c.*

THOMAS HAILES LACY,  
WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,  
LONDON.

*First performed at the Theatre Royal Haymarket,  
on Tuesday, November 11, 1851.*

CHARACTERS.

MR. SMUGGINS ..... MR. LAMBERT.  
MR. JOHN JAMES JOHNSON... MR. HOWE.  
MR. BONNYCASTLE *alias*  
    MR. JEREMIAH JORUM .... MR. BUCKSTONE.  
MRS. BONNYCASTLE ..... MRS. BUCKINGHAM.  
HELEN (*Niece to Smuggins*)..... MISS A. VINING.  
PATTY ..... MRS. CAULFIELD.

~~~~~  
Scene—CANTERBURY.

*Time of Representation—Forty-five Minutes.*  
~~~~~

COSTUMES.

MRS. BONNYCASTLE.—Scarlet dress, black cloak, and white bonnet.  
HELEN.—Check silk dress.  
PATTY.—Blue cotton gown.  
SMUGGINS.—Black body coat, grey trowsers.  
JOHNSON.—Black riding jacket, white palcot, white waistcoat, and red  
plaid trowsers.  
BONNYCASTLE.—Grey jacket, black waistcoat, dark trowsers.



## THE TWO BONNYCASTLES!

SCENE.—Office at Mr. SMUGGINS'. Entrance Doors, C., R. 2 E., L. 2 E., and L. 3 E., a practicable balcony, R. 3 E.; a large arm chair, two tables and chairs, high desk and stool, L., papers, &c. lying on it; lighted candles.

Enter HELEN, followed by PATTY, at door R. 2 E.

HEL. I say it's downright tyranny, and an unwarrantable interference with the liberty of the subject. (*walking about*)

PAT. (*following her*) So it is, miss! But recollect Magna Charter, miss! Remember you're a Briton, miss!—and never, never, never, never be a slave, miss.

HEL. To be married against my will! One would think Uncle Smuggins fancies himself in Turkey.

PAT. And flatters himself he can do as the Turkeys do, but we'll show him the contrary.

HEL. Oh! Patty, Patty, what would you do if you were in such a situation?

PAT. Give warning directly, miss—I mean I'd say to Mr. Smuggins: Uncle Smuggins, sooner than marry you're head clerk, Mr. Jeremiah Jorum, I'd rather—I'd rather marry somebody else.

HEL. So I've told him scores of times, but he's deaf to all I say.

PAT. Perhaps you don't *hollar*—I'd make him hear I warrant.

HEL. Something must be done, Patty, to break off this hateful match, or I shall do something desperate, I'm sure I shall.

PAT. So I would, miss! I'd marry the butcher! I *would* say the policeman, only he's been looking down our area rather more than usual lately! But how is it, miss, that your Uncle, Mr. Smuggins, has taken such a violent fancy all of a sudden to Mr. Jeremiah Jorum for a nephew-in-law?

HEL. I'm sure I don't know, except that the odious creature presented himself here about three weeks ago, saying that he was recommended for the vacant clerkship by a certain Miss Clotilda Smirk, of Hatton Garden, London, who it appears is one of Uncle Smuggins' principal clients, and no sooner was he engaged to my uncle, than my uncle engaged him to me.

PAT. And not without good reason depend on it,—it grieves me much to speak disrespectfully of your uncle, Mr. Smuggins, but as he's a very clever man, and an ornament to the legal profession, he must put up with the consequences,—it's my firm belief, miss,

that he doesn't feel disposed to part with your little fortune, and therefore gives you in marriage to Mr. Jeremiah Jorum, in order that he may keep possession of the money!

HEL. That's what I said to him, yesterday. Uncle Smuggins, said I, if it's the money you want, keep it, and marry Mr. Jorum yourself!

PAT. Nothing could be fairer. But take my advice, miss, insist on having every farthing of it, it may be useful in paying the travelling expences, in case you take it into your head to run away some of these fine mornings. (*with intention*)

HEL. Run away!

PAT. Yes, I've heard that there's a certain young man—

HEL. Hush! have you seen him?

PAT. Lor, miss, I never look at the young men!

HEL. Nor do I! I can't deny that there is a gentleman who has lately followed me about wherever I go, like my shadow, and very handsome he is too—the most elegant figure—the softest black eyes—not that I ever noticed him, in the slightest way whatever.

PAT. So it seems! But if you havn't, John the gardener has,—and he says he's sure the gentleman's in love with you!

HEL. Tell John the gardener to mind his own business for the future, and if he can find out the gentleman's name—who he is—what he is—in short everything about him, I'll give him a guinea. (*bell rings*) But there's my uncle's bell.

SMUGGINS (*without at back*) Patty, Patty.

PAT. Sir.

SMUG. Where's my wig? I can't find my wig. It's all right, I see it—it's on my head.

PAT. Ha, ha! it's lucky for master he hasn't to take his head off at night as well as his wig—he'd never know where to put his hand on it in the morning! Well I must go, miss; once more, show a proper spirit—remember you're a Briton—and never, never, never be a slave. *Exit R. 2 E.*

HEL. I *will* show a proper spirit, at any rate I'll never marry Mr. Jeremiah Jorum, that I'm determined.

*At PATTY'S exit the window is slowly opened, and JOHNSON looks in and listens.*

JOHN. Hear, hear, hear!

HEL. (*seeing him and screaming*) Ha!

JOHN. Hush! (*jumps in at window, looks cautiously round him, then suddenly and rapidly advances towards HELEN*)

HEL. Keep your distance, sir. (*retreating; aside*) It's he. (*aloud*) I repeat, sir, keep your distance, or I'll scream—

JOHN. Hear me first and scream afterwards; but first let me apologise for introducing myself to you by the window instead of the door,—the fact is, I had so often measured the height of that balcony with my eye, that I couldn't resist the desire of testing the accuracy of my calculation.

HEL. Indeed. Well, sir, since that was your *only* motive— (*piqued*)



JOHN. My only motive! Oh, madam, how little you know me! By-the-bye, that reminds me that you don't know me at all.

HEL. I beg your pardon, sir; I know you to be a bold and very forward person.

JOHN. Quite the reverse, ma'am; a more timid, bashful creature doesn't exist. But time is precious—in a word, the first moment I beheld you—now three days and a half ago—I felt an inward conviction that we were born for one another. Perhaps the same idea occurred to you, ma'am?

HEL. (*angrily*) No such thing, sir.

JOHN. I apologise! Such being the state of my feelings, madam, it became absolutely necessary that you should know them; judge, then, of my delight, when I saw that window standing invitingly open. Love gave me courage—an apple-tree did the rest—and here I am!

HEL. But you can't remain here, sir—indeed you can't.

JOHN. Very well, ma'am. I believe you saw me come into this room head first, through yonder window?—if you'll be good enough to keep your eye on me, you'll see me go out of it in the same way. (*imitating the action of jumping head first*)

HEL. No! don't be rash; you might do yourself a mischief.

JOHN. I think it's more than probable I should—but what of that, since you are insensible to the flame that rages here (*striking his right breast*)—I mean here? (*striking his left side*) I prefer a dislocated neck to a broken heart; so, as I said before—here goes! (*about to start to window*)

HEL. (*stopping him*) Stop!

JOHN. Stop?—if you insist upon it, certainly! And as there's nothing makes the time pass so agreeably as an interesting subject of conversation—I'll talk to you about myself! My surname is Johnson—my Christian names, John James; add them together, and the result is John James Johnson. My age is a little more than twenty-seven—my fortune a little less than nothing; I profess the art of medicine, and hope in time to practise what I profess! So much for my worldly advantages. My physical recommendations speak for themselves. So, now for my moral qualifications—don't be alarmed—they're few in number, so I shan't detain you long. In the first place, then, I seldom lose my temper, except when I get into a passion; I never owe a shilling, because nobody will give me credit; and I'm decidedly of a domestic turn of mind, as I don't happen to have a friend in the world. And now, ma'am, that you know the precise value of the article I offer for your acceptance, will you have me? Say "Yes," and I gain a treasure—say "No," and you lose one!

HEL. (*smiling*) Ha, ha, ha! But if I were to say "yes"—you forget one rather important feature—how are we to live?

JOHN. Live? Why, live together, of course!

HEL. You mean *starve* together! Besides, my uncle will never receive you as my suitor.

JOHN. Why, as he hasn't the honour of my acquaintance, if I were to send my card up to him, saying that the gentleman in the

hall wished to marry his niece, it's more than probable he'd request a little time to consider the proposal; but, I presume, your uncle, like the great majority of mankind, has got a nose—consequently may be led by it—at least, I've heard so.

HEL. From whom?

JOHN. From a friend of mine—one of his clients that I knew in London—a certain Miss Clotilda Smirk.

HEL. Miss Smirk no longer: she has lately married.

JOHN. I'm delighted to hear it; for, between you and me, I was afraid she had taken a fancy to me. And who's the victim—I mean the happy man?

HEL. I think my uncle said his name was Bonnycastle.

JOHN. Does your uncle know him?

HEL. No?

JOHN. He has never seen him?

HEL. No; but he says he rather expects him down here shortly, on business connected with Mrs. Bonnycastle's property.

JOHN. (*suddenly*) Egad! I have it—yes, capital!

HEL. What?

JOHN. Nothing; but if anything should occur in the course of half an hour to make you open your eyes with astonishment, don't open your lips to say so. Ask no questions; but rely on it, "if you'll remember me," "we may be happy yet."

HEL. Happy! Could you be happy, if you had to marry a man you can't endure?

JOHN. What's that? Have I got a rival?

HEL. Yes—my uncle's head clerk.

JOHN. The head clerk dies!

HEL. No, no!

JOHN. Excuse me, I must kill him—indeed I must!

BONNYCASTLE. (*without*) Very well, Mr. Smuggins, if you are not satisfied, you had better go on your own errands your own self.

HEL. Here's some one coming—make haste, fly!

JOHN. I'll soon be back—and as I said before—

HEL. Never mind what you said before—go!

JOHN. Where? Ah! here. (*goes behind window curtain, which he draws so as to conceal himself*)

*Enter BONNYCASTLE, C., with a very large blue bag, very full of papers, and a quantity of papers sticking out of his pockets and under each arm.*

BOX. (*turning and speaking off as he enters*) I repeat you had better go on your own errands your own self. (*advances to front*) I appeal to any one, is it possible for any man to display anything like agility in his movements with such a load as I have got distributed about me in various parts of my person? What I say is this—if I'm to do the work of a London Parcels Delivery Company cart, let me have the privilege of that cart; give me a horse to pull me about! (*seeing HELEN*) Ah! Miss Helen. How d'ye do, Miss Helen? You'll excuse my taking off my hat, because I can't get at it. (*trying to get his hand to his hat*)



HEL. You are loaded, indeed, Mr. Jorum! Such a very hot day, too!

BON. Hot! I've been in such a dreadful state of perspiration, that I really thought I should have run all away. I did ask a highly respectable individual in the street if he'd be kind enough to take my pocket handkerchief out of my pocket and wipe my forehead for me. He said he would; and, what's more, he did—only he forgot to put the handkerchief back again.

HEL. I presume those are papers of consequence?

BON. Of the utmost importance—or I should have dropped them long ago. *(lets them all fall on the stage)*

HEL. What are you about, Mr. Jorum? You are smothering me with dust!

BON. A thousand pardons! I'll open the window. *(runs to window)*

HEL. *(anxiously)* No—never mind!

BON. But I do mind! *(throwing open curtains)*

HEL. *(looking; then, aside)* He's gone!

BON. *(throwing window open)* There! It'll soon blow off—and, really, now I look at you, I assure you you're none so dusty!

HEL. *(recovering herself)* I was afraid you might catch cold—that's all.

BON. You're very kind; but pray don't be alarmed on my account; I've got no end of flannel on, besides hare skins—no—I rather think they're rabbit skins, because they're a sort of tortoise-shell colour. *(going to desk)*

HEL. Yes, sir, I know I am much too kind; especially as you seem determined to make me the most unfortunate of women.

BON. What? *(depositing papers, &c. on desk)*

HEL. Determined to make me the most unfortunate of women.

BON. Goodness gracious! *(coming hastily down)* I make you an unfortunate woman! I vow and protest—

HEL. Yes, sir! Have you not consented to marry me?

BON. Now, my dear Miss Helen, just let's change positions. In other words, let me be I and you be you—no—let I be me and—no—never mind—you know what I mean. Well—your uncle, Mr. Smuggins, says to me, last Monday week, as I was putting up the shutters, "Jeremiah Jorum," says he, "What do you think of my niece?" "Well," says I, going on putting up the shutters, "I think she's a stunner," says L. "You do?" says he. "I do," says I; and up went another shutter. "Then," says he, "you think she'd make a good wife?" says he, giving me a considerable slap on the shoulder. "Well," says I, giving him a prodigious poke in the ribs, "I think she would." "Then she's your's!" says he. I thought I should have dropped—as it was, I only dropped the shutter.

HEL. You should have asked time to consider.

BON. So I did. "Certainly," says he; "lots of time—I'll give you a good hour and a half," says he. "If you say Yes, I'll take you into the house—if you say No, I'll kick you out of it," and away he went!

HEL. And you said "Yes," of course.

BON. Well, they say, "Of two evils choose the least;" and I certainly did come to the conclusion that a good wife is preferable to a good kicking!

HEL. Now listen to me, sir! I don't like you—I never can like you—and if you insist on making me Mrs. Jeremiah Jorum, you—you—*you know what the consequences will be—that's all!*

*Exit, R. 2 E.*

BON. Yes, ecod! I do know what the consequences would be—the consequences would be transportation!—because I happen to have a wife already—a wife that I adore—a woman I hoped to live with for the next fifty years, and ran away from at the end of three weeks! I don't wish to boast, but I feel convinced that when the adventures of Benjamin Bonnycastle come to be known, Sinbad the Sailor will sink into utter insignificance! That man will have to hide his diminished head—in point of fact, he'll have to put it somewhere or other immediately! Now this is the state of the case:—Three weeks ago, as Mrs. Bonnycastle was rather poorly, she went down to Buxton to drink the waters; she wanted me to go too, but I didn't fancy the waters; I had drunk them before, and they didn't agree with me! Well, after I had seen her off in the evening, I thought I'd take a stroll in St. James's Park and smoke my cigar, and look at the ducks and the nursery-maids. I hadn't been there long before it came on to rain in torrents; the ducks immediately dived under water, the nursery-maids disappeared by the various gates, and I was left under the nearest tree; but, as it was getting darker and darker, and rained harder and harder, I made up my mind to run for it, and away I started at the top of my speed; but I hadn't got twenty yards yards before I came into violent collision with an individual who was making for the same gate. I hadn't the most distant idea how long it took me to recover the shock, but when I did the individual was gone—that I didn't care about—but my watch was gone, too! and that I did care about. So, off I set again—luckily caught him up, seized him by the collar with one hand—snatched my watch out of his fob with the other—and then, as, of course, there was no policeman near, I let him go—went home—lighted a candle—went up to bed—and there—I shall never forget it as long as I live!—there, the first thing I saw, lying on the dressing table, was my own watch that I had left behind me! Yes—the thing was clear—I had stopped one of Her Majesty's subjects on one of Her Majesty's highways, and robbed him! I had booked myself for Botany Bay! What was to be done? At last a brilliant idea struck me—I'd destroy the evidence of my guilt! I seized the watch, dashed it on the floor, trampled on it, and flung it into the fire, and I was safe!—at least, I thought I was, but I wasn't; for such was the state of nervous excitement that I was in, that I made a slight mistake and destroyed my own watch instead of the other! There was now only one thing to be done, and the next morning I did it. I set off for the nearest police station to state the whole circumstances of the case, when the first thing I saw



there was a hand-bill just posted up, headed "Highway Robbery—£20 Reward," with a full description of the property stolen, and offering a reward of twenty pounds for the apprehension of the offender! I rushed home again—packed up my carpet bag—left a note for Mrs. Bonnycastle, without the most distant idea of what I had written, and started off without the most remote notion where I was going to. At last I recollected hearing her mention a Mr. Smuggins, of Canterbury, as her man of business; so down I came here, with the intention of putting him in possession of the whole affair; but I got frightened, and, as he was in want of a clerk, I preferred presenting myself with a letter of introduction (which I wrote myself) from his client, the late Miss Clotilda Smirk, of Hatton Garden; he engaged me at once; and the next morning, under the assumed name of Jeremiah Jorum, I took possession of the vacant stool in his office. That's three weeks ago, and I've been sitting upon thorns ever since! I think every man and woman I see is a policeman in disguise! And now the stupid old fool wants me to marry his niece—just as if highway robbery wasn't enough, without doing a bit of bigamy! I declare I often feel inclined to knock my head against the wall!—and, what's more, I would—if it didn't hurt.

*Enter JOHNSON at c. d., with carpet bag, hat box, and umbrella.*

JOHN. (*aside as he enters*) Now then, attention! (*advances and slaps BONNYCASTLE on the shoulder, who gives a violent jump, and finds himself face to face with JOHNSON*) How are you?

BOX. (*staring wildly in JOHNSON'S face, attempts to speak, staggers, and falls into his arms.*)

JOHN. Holloa! zounds, what's the matter with you? It can't be the pleasure of seeing me again, considering I never saw you before.

BOX. (*starting up*) Of course not! ha, ha, ha! As you very properly observed, you never saw me before—in point of fact, you wouldn't hesitate to take several oaths before several magistrates that you never saw me before! The fact is, I thought at first you were a very old and valued friend of mine; but, now I look at you again, I see you're not a bit like him—he was a handsome man, he was!

JOHN. Thank ye! Can I see Mr. Smuggins?

BOX. I really don't know if Mr. Smuggins is fit to be seen!

JOHN. Never mind, I can wait. By-the-bye, can you tell me the time?

BOX. Certainly! (*taking out his watch*)

JOHN. I unfortunately lost my watch a short time ago.

BOX. (*hastily cramming watch back into his trousers' pocket*) And I quite forgot to wind mine up last night; and I've remarked that watches in general don't go so well when they're not wound up! I'll tell Mr. Smuggins you're here—by-the-bye, what name shall I say?

JOHN. (*aside*) Now for it! (*aloud*) Mr. Bonnycastle!

BOX. (*after a short pause of astonishment*) Will you be good enough to say that again, sir?

JOHN. Bonnycastle! (*aside*) What the deuce ails the man, does he suspect?

BON. (*aside*) He distinctly said Bonnycastle! but after all what of that? it may be a very common name. There are several Elephant and Castles, why shouldn't there be lots of Bonnycastles? (*aloud*) Will you be good enough to tell me how you spell Bonnycastle, sir?

JOHN. Certainly! B—

BON. Of course I know it begins with a B! I couldn't for a moment imagine it began with a Q! B, O, N, N, Y, Bonny?

JOHN. Yes! C, A, S—

BON. You're sure it isn't K, A, S?

JOHN. Pshaw!

BON. (*aside*) Perhaps he's some relation of mine—he can't be my brother—because I never had one; to be sure I once had a cousin, but he went to America and died—I've half a mind to ask him if *he* ever went to America and died!

JOHN. I see how it is—the name's strange to you! Of course it must be, since it's only recently that Clotilda became my wife.

BON. Clotilda?

JOHN. Yes, Miss Clotilda Smirk! of Hatton Garden, London.

BON. (*after a short pause, then quietly taking JOHNSON'S arm*) Now, my dear sir, let's understand one another; there's nothing like seeing one's way clearly—which I confess I don't—you mean to assert—but first do you know the nature of an oath? (*solemnly*)

JOHN. I ought—I've used a great many of 'em in my time!

BON. And yet you are prepared to assert—that Miss Clotilda Smirk—

JOHN. Is now Mrs. Bonnycastle!

BON. Exactly!

JOHN. And I am Mr. Bonnycastle!

BON. Precisely! (*suddenly*) No—that is—

JOHN. Perhaps *you* are—?

BON. Yes—that is—I mean (*aside*) if I was sure this fellow wasn't one of the detective police, I'd unmask him and expose him in all his naked deformity!

JOHN. Perhaps you knew my dear little Clotty before I married her? I call her Clotty for short!

BON. (*aside*) Clotty for short! Goodness gracious, can the inconsiderate woman have married two Bonnycastles?

JOHN. Egad! now I think of it, you may be that young fellow that used to be so sweet upon Clotty? ha, ha, ha!

BON. Oh! ha, ha! (*forcing a laugh*) A young fellow used to be sweet upon Clotty, eh?

JOHN. Before she became Mrs. Bonnycastle! By-the-bye, they say your old governor, Smuggins, was an admirer of her's, too; then there was the Chemist and Druggist on Holborn Hill, and the Tallow Chandler in Farringdon Street, besides lots of others; but you see Bonnycastle cut 'em all out after all, eh? ha, ha, ha!

(*slapping BONNYCASTLE on the back and going up*)

BON. (*forcing a very loud laugh*) Ha, ha, ha! (*aside*) Well this



is pleasant—take it altogether it's about the most agreeable quarter of an hour I ever spent in all my life!

*Enter SMUGGINS, c.*

SMUG. (to BOX.) Oh! here you are—I've found you at last, have I? (*seeing JOHNSON*) Heyday! a stranger?

JOHN. Mr. Bonnycastle, at your service! (*bowing*)

BOX. (*laughing hysterically*) Ha, ha, ha! that's right! stick to it!

SMUG. Jeremiah! behave yourself, sir! hand Mr. Bonnycastle a chair, sir!

BOX. Pooh!

SMUG. Do you hear what I say, sir? (*BONNYCASTLE kicks a chair towards JOHNSON; SMUGGINS and JOHNSON seat themselves*) And now my dear Mr. Bonnycastle—

BOX. Well? (*advancing*)

SMUG. I wish you'd speak when you're spoken to, sir! And so you're the happy husband of my sweet friend, Miss Clotilda Smirk? (*to JOHNSON*)

BOX. *Sweet friend!* come I say Smuggins! (*giving him a violent dig in the side with his elbow*)

SMUG. (*aside to BOX.*) Hush! it's all right—of course he doesn't know what desperate love I used to make to her!—ha, ha, ha! (*chuckling*) Wives don't tell their husbands everything, eh?—ha, ha, ha!

BOX. (*aside*) The very first time I catch Smuggins alone, I shall make it my immediate business to strangle him!

SMUG. (*aside to BOX.*) He's really much better looking than I expected, for when Mrs. Bonnycastle wrote to me to apprise me of her marriage, she said her husband was a perfect fright.

BOX. (*aside*) Pleasant again!

SMUG. And where is the charming Mrs. Bonnycastle? (*to JOHN.*)

JOHN. In London.

BOX. Buxton! (*shouting*)

SMUG. Will you be quiet! (*to JOHNSON*) And how is she?

JOHN. Quite well.

BOX. Poorly! (*shouting again*)

SMUG. Hold your tongue! how should you know anything about her?

JOHN. Of course, I presume, I ought to know better than you! (*to SMUGGINS*) And so you really think her charming, eh?

SMUG. (*aside to BOX.*) He asks me if I think her charming! I know she is, eh?—ha, ha, ha! very odd if I didn't, eh? (*chuckling and nudging BONNYCASTLE*)

BOX. (*aside to SMUGGINS confidentially*) If you do that again, Smuggins, I'll hit you!

SMUG. By-the-bye, Mr. Bonnycastle, this is the young man she recommended to me—of course I engaged him immediately. (*pointing to BOX. who turns away disgusted*)

JOHN. Oh! my wife recommended him did she? rather an odd thing to do without consulting me? but you know Clotty's a queer little body.

BOX. (*aside*) He says Clotty's a queer little body! I never saw anything queer!

JOHN. However, I hope you've found him civil and sober, and all that sort of thing, and more intelligent than he looks! (BOX. *again turns away disgusted*)

SMUG. Why the fact is I look over several little defects, because between you and me he's going to marry my niece, Helen! But where is she I wonder; here, Helen, Helen.

*Enter HELEN in a walking dress and bonnet, running from R. 2 E.*

HEL. Yes, uncle. (*seeing JOHNSON, starts*) Ah!

SMUG. Ah! what d'ye mean by ah!

HEL. Noth-ing—only seeing a stranger—.

SMUG. A stranger? No such thing my dear; this is Mr. Bonnycastle, the husband of my highly valued and respected client, the late Miss Clotilda Smirk. (*takes her hand*) Mr. Bonnycastle, my niece Helen!—my niece Helen, Mr. Bonnycastle!

HEL. Mr. Bonny— (*stopping on a sign from JOHNSON*)

JOHN. Now young man! (*pushing BONNYCASTLE out of his way, and going to HELEN*) A very charming person, indeed! (*taking HELEN's hand, then hastily aside to her*) I've done it—it's all right! hush!

HEL. (*aside*) Was there ever such assurance!

SMUG. (*to JOHNSON*) Of course you'll sleep here? Patty! (*calling off*) get a bed ready for Mr. Bonnycastle. By-the-bye, you want your supper? of course you do! Here Jeremiah, Jeremiah, I say! (*to BONNYCASTLE, who has gone and seated himself on the stool before the desk, pulling the papers about, smashing the pens, &c. &c.*)

BOX. Well?

SMUG. Come here, I want you!

BOX. (*shouting again*) I hear you! (*banging the lid of the desk down, and coming slowly down with the blue bag*) Here I am, what do you want? (*in the same sulky tone and manner*)

SMUG. Why, as Patty's busy, I want you to get supper for Mr. Bonnycastle—that's all.

BOX. Oh, that's all! you're sure that's all?—ha, ha, ha! (*laughing wildly*) perhaps you'd like me to clean Mr. Bonnycastle's boots, or brush Mr. Bonnycastle's hair; you're a delicious creature, Smuggins, 'pon my life you are!—ha, ha, ha! (*laughing wildly again and swinging the blue bag frantically about, hitting SMUGGINS on the back, &c.*)

SMUG. You'll oblige me, Jeremiah? I'm sure you will; you'll find the tray ready laid in the next room, so bring it in at once and have done with it! (*pushing him towards R. 2 E.*)

BOX. Well, but—

SMUG. } Now go along! (*they push him out at R. 2 E.*)

JOHN. }

JOHN. Now, Mr. Smuggins, what say you to a little stroll in the mean time?



SMUG. You must excuse me, my dear Mr. Bonnycastle, business must be attended to; but Helen, I'm sure, will be delighted.

HEL. But my dear uncle— (*hesitating*)

SMUG. 'Pshaw! don't be absurd—I insist upon it—take Mr. Bonnycastle's arm this minute, and go along—go along I say!

*Exeunt JOHNSON and HELEN, c. arm-in-arm, followed by SMUGGINS.*

*Enter PATTY, R. 2 E.*

PAT. (*speaking towards door as she enters*) I tell you once for all I can't do it, Mr. Jorum, there's the plate to clean—and the kitchen to scrub—and Mr. Bonnycastle's bed to make—and I don't know what else besides! (*a double knock*) Who can this be I wonder? (*runs out door c., then heard without*) This way, this way, marm, if you please! (*Re-enters, shewing in MRS. BONNYCASTLE, very agitated*) You wish to see Mr. Smuggins, I presume, ma'am?

MRS. B. Yes, I must see him immediately! this moment!

PAT. Sorry for that, ma'am, 'cause I rather think master's busy; perhaps his head clerk, Mr. Jeremiah Jorum, will do as well?

MRS. B. Yes, yes, send him to me this instant!

PAT. Very well, ma'am (*calling towards door, R. 2 E.*) Mr. Jorum, you're wanted!

BON. (*without*) Coming directly!

PAT. Take a seat, ma'am (*placing a chair*) You'll excuse me, ma'am, but Saturday's always such a busy day (*calling again*) make haste, Mr. Jorum!

MRS. B. What a dreadful state of agitation I am in, to be sure, and no wonder! I return home from Buxton yesterday, and find that my husband—my Bonnycastle—has suddenly and mysteriously disappeared; gone nobody knows where, nobody knows why! He was last seen alive on the very evening I left London, rushing frantically down Holborn Hill, with a carpet bag under his arm, and hasn't been heard of since: a few lines on the dressing table, out of which I could make neither head nor tail, only serve to make matters worse. So, late as it was, I started off for Canterbury this evening to consult my old friend, Mr. Smuggins, who I'm sure will leave no stone unturned to ascertain if I am a wife or a widow! Will that head clerk of his never come? ah, yes, here he is!

*Re-enter BONNYCASTLE, R. 2 E., carrying a small tray with luncheon, he carries it very carefully.*

BON. (*as he enters*) Woh! steady! bother the tray! do what I will that pepper castor will keep tumbling down (*looking up and finding himself face to face with MRS. BONNYCASTLE*) Clotilda! (*drops tray, &c., on the stage with a loud smash*)

MRS. B. Mr. Bonnycastle!

BON. (*suddenly and grasping her arm*) Hush! I'm not Bonnycastle! consider Bonnycastle as defunct—look upon Bonnycastle as a man with an extinguisher put on him!

MRS. B. 'Pshaw! explain your mysterious and suspicious conduct this moment, Mr. Bonny—

Box. Hush!

Mrs. B. Why did you leave Hatton Garden, sir, as soon as your wife's back was turned, sir? Tell me that Mr. Bonny—

Box. Hush!

Mrs. B. And what is the meaning of this gibberish I found on the dressing table when I reached home yesterday, sir? (*reading a paper which she takes out of her reticule*) "Clotilda—don't be alarmed—sudden business—horrible event—St. James's Park—innocent as a lamb—highway robbery—£20 reward—dressing table—watch—Botany Bay—carpet bag—you understand"—But I do not understand, Mr. Bonny—

Box. Hush!

Mrs. B. In short, why do I find you here? under another roof—under another name? Speak, Mr. Bonny—

Box. Hush! all shall be explained—but not now. I'll unfold my short but moving tale another time.

Mrs. B. I see, sir—yes, base man, there's another female in the case!

Box. I vow and protest—no, I don't—of course not—why shouldn't there be two females in the case as well as two males? Yes, two males, ma'am, and both of them Bonnycastles!

Mrs. B. Two Bonnycastles! ha, ha, ha! I'm sure one's enough in all conscience.

Box. If that's your opinion, ma'am, how is it that there's an individual under this very roof, at this very moment, who asserts to my very face that he's your husband—calls you Clotty for short—and says you're a queer little body?

Mrs. B. The impudent impostor! A disappointed admirer of mine, no doubt.

Box. I shouldn't wonder; he says you've had lots of 'em.

Mrs. B. "Lots of 'em!" I've a very fair share of them, sir. But I'll soon unmask this counterfeit husband!

Box. Do; but don't unmask me at the same time; because, if he should happen to turn out to be a policeman in plain clothes—instead of two husbands, I'm horribly afraid you won't have one!

Mrs. B. Will you explain? (*impatiently*)

Box. Not now. As I said before, I'll unfold my short but moving tale another time. So remember that I am still Jeremiah Jerum, Mr. Smuggins' head clerk—that you recommended me to him—and, above all—

SMUG. (*without*) A lady waiting for me?

Box. Oh lud! (*runs out at R. 2 E.*)

*Enter SMUGGINS, c., running.*

SMUG. Where is she? My dear Miss Smirk—I mean Mrs. Bonnycastle—I'm delighted to see you—in fact, such is my delight, that I— (*out of breath*)

Mrs. B. That you can't find words to express it?

SMUG. The fact is, I *am* rather out of breath—for such was my impatience to behold you again—that I actually ran every inch of the way from the other end of the passage!



Mrs. B. And very foolish of you, too, sir; recollect you're an old man.

SMUG. (*aside*) That's a pleasant observation to start with! (*aloud*) Of course you know Mr. Bonnycastle's here? How agreeably surprised he'll be!

Mrs. B. Do you think so?

SMUG. I'm sure of it; for I'm confident he doesn't expect you—at least he didn't say so.

Mrs. B. No! I certainly think I shall rather astonish him. But where is he?

SMUG. He's just gone out to take a stroll with my niece Helen. Of course, being your husband, I saw no impropriety in it, though I rather think Jeremiah didn't half like it.

Mrs. B. Jeremiah?

SMUG. Yes—Jeremiah Jorum—my clerk, that you recommended to me.

Mrs. B. True—but why should *he* take any interest in Miss Helen's proceedings?

SMUG. Why? For the best of all reasons—he's going to marry her!

Mrs. B. Marry her!

SMUG. Yes. I very soon saw that poor fellow was over head and ears in love with her—usual symptoms—glances, tender sighs, and all that sort of thing—so I took compassion on him, and proposed the match myself.

Mrs. B. And he? (*anxiously*)

SMUG. Hummed and ha'd a little at first—said he should be delighted; but there was a slight obstacle existing at present, which time would probably soon remove.

Mrs. B. (*aside*) That's me! I'm the slight obstacle! Oh, the perfidious wretch!

SMUG. However, he soon thought better of it—jumped at my proposal—and all was settled!

Mrs. B. (*aside*) The monster! But I'll be revenged!

*Enter HELEN, c.*

SMUG. Ah! here's Helen. Come here, my dear, and pay your respects to Mrs. Bonnycastle.

HEL. Mrs. Bonnycastle! (*aside*) Oh lud! what's to be done now?

SMUG. But where's Bonnycastle? What have you done with Bonnycastle?

HEL. (*confused*) I—that is—I'll run and find him—(*aside*) and put him on his guard.

SMUG. (*stopping her*) No, no, I'll find him himself! Ah! (*seeing JOHNSON, who enters at c.*) here he is.

HEL. (*aside*) He's lost! (*trying to attract JOHNSON'S attention by signs, &c.*)

Mrs. B. (*seeing him; aside*) Can it be? Yes! it is he! Johnson—the identical John James Johnson that I once had some thoughts of accepting—only he never proposed!

SMUG. Now, Bonnycastle, come along! Here's a lady wants you.

JOHN. (*advancing*) A lady? (*without seeing* MRS. BONNYCASTLE) Who? (*seeing* MRS. B.; *aside*) Clotilda! the devil!

SMUG. Hollo! Bonnycastle? (*looking at* JOHNSON, *who suddenly cocks his hat very much over his eyes*) Why, what's the matter with you, Bonnycastle? Oh! I see—it's the surprise—the sudden rapture.

JOHN. Yes—exactly—as you say, the sudden rapture! (*aside*) I've half a mind to take to my legs!

MRS. B. (*aside*) So this is the counterfeit husband, is it? Very well! Now, then, to revenge myself on the perfidious Bonnycastle! (*aloud and in a tender tone to* JOHNSON) Well, dear?

HEL. (*aside*) Dear!—she calls him dear!

MRS. B. (*in the same tone to* JOHNSON) Isn't this an agreeable surprise? or ought I to have given you notice of my arrival?—eh, dear?

JOHN. (*aside*) She's laughing at me—that's quite clear!

MRS. B. You're not angry with your "Clotty?" for where should "Clotty" be, but with her husband? (*putting her arm affectionately in* JOHNSON'S)

HEL. (*aside*) Her husband? Then he's been making a fool of me!

SMUG. (*to* JOHNSON) Come, come, Bonnycastle! kiss and be friends. I insist upon it!

JOHN. (*aside*) I'm desperate! (*aloud*) With all my heart! (*throwing his arms round* MRS. BONNYCASTLE)

*Enter* BONNYCASTLE, R. 2 E.

BOX. (*seeing them embrace*) Ha, ha, ha! (*laughing wildly and shouting*) That's right!—go it!—keep it up!—don't mind me!—ha, ha, ha! (*spinning round two or three times and dropping into* SMUGGINS' arms)

SMUG. Hollo! What's the matter? Zounds! rouse yourself! Jeremiah! (*trying in vain to make* BONNYCASTLE stand up)

HEL. (*aside*) Now for my turn. (*showing an indignant look at* JOHNSON and *running to* BONNYCASTLE) Yes, look up, Jeremiah, and lean on me.

SMUG. (*in an agony at* BONNYCASTLE'S weight) Yes, lean on her.

JOHN. No, no. (*about to interfere*)

SMUG. Zounds! don't you interfere, Bonnycastle. (*pushing him back.*)

BOX. (*suddenly jumping*) That's right, Smuggins. (*hitting him a violent slap on the back*) Well said, Smuggins. (*giving him another*) Don't you, interfere, Bonnycastle; embrace your Clotty! throw your arms round her queer little body! Smuggins embrace your husband! Helen, embrace your nephew! (*throwing his arms round* SMUGGINS, then HELEN) Again! No, not you. (*pushing* SMUGGINS violently away, then opens his arms and embraces HELEN frantically)

HEL. We'll be married to-morrow, Jeremiah! won't we, dear.

BOX. Yes, my beloved one! I say it again, my beloved one,



we will be married to-morrow—and the next day too—and the day after that!

*Enter PATTY, C. D., with lighted candles.*

PAT. (*to JOHNSON*) Your room's quite ready, sir.

SMUG. (*taking candle from PATTY*) Egad, then, as it's getting late, suppose we all go to bed. By the bye, Patty, which room is it?

PAT. The little front attic, sir.

SMUG. Pooh, pooh—that won't do at all! I have it—Jorum, you'll turn out of your room to accommodate Mr. and Mrs. Bonnycastle—I'm sure you will.

BON. (*shouting*) Pooh! No, no.

JOHN. (*hastily*) Certainly not—the front attic 'll do very well for me. (*snatching candlestick from SMUGGINS' hand, and going towards c.*)

SMUG. (*pulling him back*) Nonsense. (*taking candlestick and giving it to BONNYCASTLE*) There, run along, that's a good fellow—it's only for one night.

MRS. B. It's only for one night. Ha, ha, ha!

JOHN. Don't you hear it's only for one night? Ha, ha, ha!

SMUG. Will you go along?

JOHN.

MRS. B.

PAT.

HEL.

} Yes, go along. (*pushing him up stage*)

BON. Well, but— (*turning round and round as he is pushed up, in spite of his struggling he is forced off at c. followed by PATTY*)

SMUG. There now, Helen, wish Mr. and Mrs. Bonnycastle good night.

JOHN. (*hastily aside to HELEN*) I'll explain everything.

HEL. Silence, wretch! (*goes out at door, L. 2 E.*)

MRS. B. (*hurriedly aside to JOHNSON*) Make some excuse for remaining here—get rid of Mr. Smuggins, and I'll return as soon as the coast is clear!

SMUG. (*returning with candle and giving it to JOHNSON*) Now, Bonnycastle.

JOHN. Nonsense! we must have a glass of brandy and water. Smuggins, I shouldn't get a wink of sleep without my brandy and water.

SMUG. Eh! oh, very well, with all my heart.

MRS. B. Good night, Mr. Smuggins.

SMUG. Good night, my dear Mrs. Bonnycastle, permit me. (*handing her gallantly to D. L. 3 E., then kissing her hand, MRS. BONNYCASTLE goes out after exchanging significant looks with JOHNSON, and closes door after her*)

SMUG. Now then I'll go and mix the grog—or egad, what say you to have punch, eh, Bonnycastle? I'm a famous hand at punch—we'll have it in my little snugery here, then we shan't disturb the ladies. I'll call you when it's ready—shan't be long. (*hurries out at door R. 2 E.*)

JOHN. (*watching him out*) Now then to let Mrs. Bonnycastle know that the coast is clear. (*crossing on tiptoe to door L. 3 E.*)

BOX. (*suddenly appearing at window, R. 3 E.*) Stop, or you're a dead man! move another step towards that door and you're another dead man! (*presenting a large pistol*)

JOHN. Zounds! what the deuce have you got there?

BOX. An ingenious species of fire arms denominated a revolver—so called from its keeping continually going round and incessantly going off! (*presenting pistol again*)

JOHN. Confound it! be quiet will you? I won't move from this spot—upon my soul I won't.

BOX. I won't trust you. There. (*flinging a coil of rope into the room*)

JOHN. What's this?

BOX. The clothes line! which you'll be good enough to tie several times round your leg as tight as you can conveniently bear it!

JOHN. Zounds, sir! By what right?

BOX. By the right of my revolver! (*presenting pistol*)

JOHN. Very well. (*ties one end of the rope round his leg*) There—now are you satisfied?

BOX. I'll tell you directly. (*giving him a violent jerk*) Yes, that'll do—and now, mind what you're about—recollect I'm under the window, with the clothes line in one hand and the revolver in the other. (*disappears*)

JOHN. (*watching him disappear*) Now then for Mrs. Bonnycastle. (*moves quickly towards door and is suddenly pulled back again by the rope*)

*Enter MRS. BONNYCASTLE, cautiously, at door L. 3 E.*

MRS. B. (*looking in and in a low voice*) Is Mr. Smuggins gone?

JOHN. Yes, but first let me close the door. (*goes and shuts door, R. 2 E.*) Now, my dear madam. (*hurriedly crossing towards Mrs. BONNYCASTLE, is pulled back again by the rope*)

MRS. B. (*advancing*) And now, Mr. Johnson, perhaps you'll condescend to explain your extraordinary conduct, sir.

JOHN. In as few words as possible! Passing through Canterbury I accidentally saw Mr. Smuggins' charming niece, and hearing of your recent marriage, and not dreaming of the possibility of your arrival, I certainly did take the liberty of borrowing the respectable name of Bonnycastle, as the means of introducing myself under Smuggins's roof. It was wrong—dreadfully wrong—but you forgive me?—say you forgive me—(*advancing towards her is pulled back again*)

MRS. B. Well, since you plead love as an excuse, I suppose I musn't be inexorable—so there's my hand. (*holding out her hand*)

JOHN. A thousand thanks! (*advancing to take her hand is suddenly and violently pulled back again, aside*) Oh, confound it! I'm not going to be tied by the leg in this sort of way! (*unfastens the rope from his leg and ties it to the leg of the arm chair, which is standing near him*)



Mrs. B. But now—what's to be done? Mr. Smuggins firmly believes us man and wife!

JOHN. And Helen, in a fit of indignation against me, has consented to marry that odious ill-looking head clerk of his!

Mrs. B. Ha, ha, ha! don't abuse poor Mr. Jorum; depend upon it he'll never marry Helen.

JOHN. You make me the happiest of men! (*kissing her hand repeatedly and earnestly, immediately there's a violent tug at the arm chair*)

Mrs. B. What's that? (*starting*)

JOHN. Nothing! the wind I suppose! (*leaning on the arm chair and trying to keep it in its place in spite of the violent tugging*)

SMUG. (*without*) Now Bonnycastle! it's all ready—come along.

Mrs. B. Mr. Smuggins' voice—

JOHN. Where shall I go? ah, here! (*about to run in room, L. 3 E.*)

Mrs. B. (*stopping him*) No—no! but I must make him believe you are there! leave that to me! by that door—make haste!

(*JOHNSON opens c. d. and runs out, Mrs. B. runs out, L. 3 E.*)

*Enter SMUGGINS carrying a tray on which is a bowl of punch and two glasses.*

SMUG. (*as he enters*) Here it is Bonnycastle—smoking hot! and if you don't say it's remarkable pleasant tippie—holloa! why where the deuce is he? (*placing the tray on table*)

Mrs. B. (*from within and as if addressing somebody*) Very well, my dear, I'll explain everything to Mr. Smuggins.

*Enter Mrs. BONNYCASTLE, L. 3 E.*

SMUG. Heyday, anything the matter with Bonnycastle?

Mrs. B. One of his sudden attacks of headache, poor fellow, so I persuaded him to go to bed!

SMUG. Egad! then, my dear Mrs. Bonnycastle, you must help me drink the punch—you must indeed! just one glass—it'll do you a world of good—there! (*making Mrs. BONNYCASTLE sit down on l. side of table*) Where the deuce is the chair? oh, there it is! (*going towards window for arm chair, which he brings down to r. side of the table, while he helps Mrs. BONNYCASTLE to punch*) There! (*giving glass to Mrs. BONNYCASTLE, and the moment he seats himself the chair is again pulled away and he falls on the stage, pulling the table cloth, candles, &c. &c. down with him*) Zounds! help! murder! (*Mrs. BONNYCASTLE runs into room, L. 3 E., BONNYCASTLE jumps in from window*)

BOX. Good gracious! I hope I havn't gone and done him a mischief, I know that last pull of mine was rather a powerful one. Oh, here he is! (*lifting SMUGGINS up*) I didn't mean to hurt you—'pon my life I didn't! but if I have dislocated your leg say so, and I'll apologise—I can't say more! Holloa, it's Smuggins! Then where is he?—where is he I say? (*shaking SMUGGINS violently*)

SMUG. He? who? Bonnycastle?

BOX. No—yes—of course—Bonnycastle!

SMUG. Oh, poor fellow, he's fast asleep by this time I hope!

BON. Fast asleep? where?

SMUG. Where? why in bed of course! (*pointing in the direction of door, L. 3 E.*)

BON. Ah! (*rushing to door, L. 3 E., and going on his knees looks through the keyhole*)

SMUG. (*following him and trying to pull him away*) How dare you, sir? for shame of yourself, Jeremiah!

BON. (*shouting*) I'm not Jeremiah!

SMUG. Don't make such a noise, or you'll wake poor Bonnycastle.

BON. He's not poor Bonnycastle—I'm poor Bonnycastle!

SMUG. Pooh! how can that be, when you're going to marry my niece, Helen?

BON. I'm not going to marry your niece Helen! That for your niece Helen! (*snapping his fingers close to SMUGGINS' nose*) Marry your niece Helen yourself! Open the door! (*shouting and banging at door R. 2 E.*) Open it this moment, or I'll get Hobbs to pick the lock! (*the door opens, and MRS. BONNYCASTLE enters with candle; BONNYCASTLE rushes frantically into the room; at the same moment HELEN enters from L. 1 E., and JOHNSON from C.*)

MRS. B. }

HEL. }

JOHN. }

} What's the matter?

BON. (*from within*) He's not here! (*rushing on*) He's not there! but what of that?—here's his hat—no! it's a bonnet! (*sheving bonnet*) Oh! Clotilda, pardon my insane suspicions!—it was entirely the fault of that stupid old Smuggins. Say you forgive me! (*clasping his hands together and crushing the bonnet; then embraces Mrs. B.*)

SMUG. Hollo! Here, Bonnycastle! Don't you see? A fellow kissing your wife under your very nose! (*turning and seeing JOHNSON, who, after a few hurried words of explanation to HELEN, is embracing her*) Hollo! what does it all mean?

MRS. B. It means, my dear Mr. Smuggins, that there have been a few slight mistakes, which, with your permission, I will explain. In the first place, that gentleman (*pointing to JOHNSON*) is not my husband—that's one great mistake! This gentleman is my husband. (*taking BONNYCASTLE'S hand*)

BON. And that's another great mistake!

SMUG. (*to JOHNSON*) Then, since you're not Mr. Bonnycastle, perhaps you'll condescend to inform me who you are?

JOHN. Mr. John James Johnson, at your service.

MRS. B. A friend of mine, Mr. Smuggins, and so ardent an admirer of Miss Helen, that he couldn't resist the temptation of borrowing my husband's name, in order to—

SMUG. Swindle me out of my niece, eh? Well, they say all's fair in love; so give me your hand, Bonnycastle—I mean Thompson—I should say, Johnson! And if Helen has no objection—

HEL. I must have ample time to consider, uncle—so, there's my hand, sir! (*giving her hand to JOHNSON*)

SMUG. This is all very well as far as it goes; but (*to BONNYCASTLE*) if you are Bonnycastle, and this lady's husband—and I



suppose she knows something about it—how is it that you come down here and perch yourself on that stool for three weeks as Jeremiah Jorum?

Mrs. B. Yes, Mr. Bonnycastle; I require that explanation, as well as Mr. Smuggins.

Box. Then you shall have it. Come here, all of you. (*they all surround him*) Of course we're friends—bosom friends—and if I unfold my short but moving tale, you won't let it go any further?—I mean my tale. Then listen! It has been remarked by no end of clever people, as well as myself, that man is the creature of circumstances. That's my case! What drove me and my carpet bag from Hatton Garden—down Holborn Hill—up Snow Hill—down Cheapside, and over London Bridge—to the South Eastern Railway Terminus? What made me cease to be a Bonnycastle, and become a Jorum—a wretched clerk of a wretched lawyer? A trifle—a mere trifle—and here it is! (*drawing watch out of his pocket*)

JOHN. Hollo! (*recognising watch*) How did you get that watch?

Mrs. B. Yes? it isn't your's, Benjamin, dear.

JOHN. No! it's mine, Benjamin, dear!

Box. Your's? Say it again!

JOHN. Mine; I lost it three weeks ago.

Box. In St. James's Park?

JOHN. Yes.

Box. Highway robbery?

JOHN. Yes.

Box. Twenty pounds reward?

JOHN. Yes, for the apprehension of the ruffian.

Box. Ha, ha, ha! capital! it's all right—hurrah!

JOHN. Zounds! what do you mean?

Box. I mean that I'm the ruffian—I give myself up—so hand over the twenty pounds.

OMNES. You? explain!

Box. I can't now! all I say—and I say it emphatically—is that I am not a highway robber—I scorn the action—especially for such a trumpety old copper-gilt concern as this. I've got a host of friends here to prove that the charge is utterly groundless, not that I mind it—I rather like it (*to audience*) I think it's a thing to laugh at—don't you? In short, if you'll back me up, I'll let everybody know that this little affair of the Two Bonnycastles is capital good fun! may I?—it's all right—hurrah! (*swings watch about*)

|        |          |        |         |           |
|--------|----------|--------|---------|-----------|
| HELEN. | JOHNSON. | MR. B. | MRS. B. | SMUGGINS. |
| R.     |          |        |         | L.        |

Curtain.





# GOOD FOR NOTHING.

A Comic Drama,

IN ONE ACT.

BY

JOHN B. BUCKSTONE,

MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,

LONDON.

*First Performed at the Theatre Royal Haymarket,  
on Tuesday, February 4th, 1851.*

---

### Characters.

|                                            |                   |
|--------------------------------------------|-------------------|
| TOM DIBBLES ( <i>a Gardener</i> ) . . .    | Mr. BUCKSTONE.    |
| HARRY COLLIER ( <i>a Railway Fireman</i> ) | Mr. HOWE.         |
| CHARLEY ( <i>a Carpenter</i> ) . . .       | Mr. PARSELLE.     |
| YOUNG MR. SIMPSON . . . . .                | Mr. CLARK.        |
| SERVANT . . . . .                          | Mr. ELLIS.        |
| NAN . . . . .                              | Mrs. FITZWILLIAM. |

---

### Costumes.

- TOM DIBBLES.—Linen check jacket, green striped double-breasted waistcoat, corderoy trousers, and old black hat, thick bluchers.
- HARRY COLLIER.—Pilot coat, over a corded jacket, waistcoat, and trousers, black hair and whiskers, fur cap, Wellington boots.
- CHARLEY.—Neat working carpenter's jacket, apron and trowsers, brown paper cap.
- YOUNG MR. SIMPSON.—*1st dress*; Fashionable coloured coat, white hat, trousers, &c. A double dress, the facsimile of the first, the coat split up the back, and covered with dirt.
- NAN.—*1st dress*; Dark coloured cotton frock, pinafore, flaxen hair quite rough and straight across the forehead, laced boots, white stockings. *2nd dress*; The pinafore taken off, the hair nicely combed and parted, little straw bonnet with cherry coloured ribbands.



## GOOD FOR NOTHING.

---

SCENE.—*A Room in a Cottage at Windsor—A door in the centre, opening into the street; on R.H. of door a window; on L.H. of door a bench, on which is a jug of water, a brown wash-hand basin, and a large lump of yellow soap—Over the back of a wooden chair, hangs a rough towel; a shoe-brush and a comb in the chair—Over the bench at the back is a little broken looking-glass—A door, L.H. 3 E.—A fire-place, L.H. 2 E., with fender, fire irons, &c.—On the wall, L.H. 3 E., a little book shelf, with a few books on it—A cupboard, R.H. 2 E.—A common table, with a drawer in it, near the centre of the stage; wooden chairs and a stool, and other articles of humble furniture.*

YOUNG MR. SIMPSON *opens the door in c., and looks in.*

SIMP. As usual! nobody in the way! (*advances, and knocks on the table*) Anybody at home? Of course not,—the house left to take care of itself, as it always is, while that precious daughter, as they call her, of my father's two tenants, who rent this house, is playing in the streets. These people must be got rid of—they're by no means respectable, and as for the furniture, nothing can be more disreputable. What rubbish! the tables and chairs all notched and cut—plates and dishes, too, all cracked. My father will be lucky if he finds enough on the premises to cover the arrears of rent.

CHARLEY *appears at the door, a carpenter's basket with tools, &c., on his shoulders.*

CHAR. Tom or Harry at home?

SIMP. At home? no! I came here with a message from my father the landlord, and I can't find any one to give it to.

CHAR. (L.) Give it to me; one of them is sure to be in presently, and as I mean to wait a bit, I can tell 'em for you.

SIMP. (R.) Then please to inform them that my father sent me for the half-year's rent over-due, and if it's not forthcoming in one hour from this time, they must take the consequences.

CHAR. They'll pay, don't be afraid.

SIMP. Whether they do or not we want to get rid of them, as we don't intend for the future to let our house to any but respectable people.

CHAR. They're honest and hard-working—

SIMP. That's not respectability!

CHAR. What is?

SIMP. People that are punctual in their payments and are never seen in an alehouse. Besides, there's that girl they have adopted—the neighbours all say she's quite a nuisance—knocking at doors and running away, throwing stones—I received such a thump on the head the other day from one, that I didn't know what I was about for a week—breaking windows, and continually playing with all the boys in the parish. Respectable people don't like it. Good morning! it's now twelve o'clock—I shall be here again in an hour for the rent, and must have it. Give my compliments to your sister!

*Exit D.F.*

CHAR. He's quite right about Nan, and it's really a great pity she's so neglected—I'm sure she has a good heart, and with a little care might be made a very nice girl. But Tom and Harry are always squabbling about her—one wants her to be this, the other that—one won't have her corrected, the other says she ought to be; meantime, she is left to run about as wild as a colt, is taught nothing, while her manners and her language are neither those of a girl or a boy. I think it's time somebody ought to speak seriously to them about her, and as I'm a friend of all parties, hang me if I don't! (*crosses to R.*)

*Enter HARRY, D.F., down L.*

HARRY. Ah, Charley! you here? I've just run my two



expresses, and have come home to dinner. Where's Nan?

CHAR. About the streets as usual.

HARRY. Ah! I wish I could have *my* way—I'd make a very different girl of her. But whatever I propose, Tom objects to, and we get to words, and though he's a little fellow, he's sometimes so violent that I give in for a quiet life, yet, if I liked I could soon shut up *his* steam.

CHAR. I know you both mean well, and adopted her from the best motives.

HARRY. (*violently*) But I tell you she's getting very troublesome, and has quite the upper hand of both of us.

CHAR. You needn't go into a passion with me.

HARRY. I like to speak my mind right out at once, even if I check my speed afterwards. Now Tom always begins as cool as a cucumber, saying he's not going into a passion, and all the while he keeps poking his fire, and heaping on coals, till he makes such a blaze—and having no safety valve, burst goes the boiler and over goes the train.

CHAR. Tom asked me to pick a bit with you to-day, and after I've been on a little business I shall come back and have a talk with you about the girl.

HARRY. I wish you would, and get something settled—she's very fond of us I know, though now and then I think she likes Tom best, and that makes me savage; but when I think of her poor grandfather, I feel as if I could put up with anything. You didn't know him, poor fellow! he was a waterman here, and Nan being without father or mother, he was her only relation, one day at a regatta, we were all in a boat together, and through some stupidity of mine or Tom's, I don't know which, the boat upset and the poor old man was drowned, and so we took Nan to bring up and take care of between us.

*TOM heard without, calling to Nan.*

TOM. (*without*) Come down that ladder directly—come down, I say—come down!

HARRY. There she is again, at some mischief or other.

*Enter TOM, D.F., a large cabbage in his hand—comes down c.*

TOM. Now I don't want to put myself or any body else out of the way, and for the future I don't mean to get

angry about anything, because it's not my nature, and it makes me ill! but I must observe, and I do so quietly and calmly, if *something*, I don't care what, is not settled this very day about that girl, if something is not done to keep her out of mischief, and to teach her to earn her livelihood—I'm not going into a passion—no! but if we don't come to some agreement, as sure as I dash this cabbage on the ground, I'll smash everything in the house to shivers.

HARRY. (*violently*) It's *all* your fault, it *is*. You never will correct her, you let her do whatever she likes, and when you take her to task, and she quietly tells you the truth of things, instead of speaking properly, you laugh at her, she of course thinks there can be no harm in her tricks, and goes on again worse than ever. Now is that right Charley?

TOM. I'm glad, Harry, that you have the good sense to talk quietly on the subject, because people can never be determined—never can come to any understanding of anything, unless they're perfectly cool, and by jingo—

CHAR. (*crosses to c. interrupting*) Now stop a moment, we'll talk this all over after dinner; in the meantime I've got a message for you. Your landlord's son has been here, he says the half-year's rent must be paid to-day, or you'll both be in trouble.

TOM. I don't know what we are to do; all that I had got towards it, I lent to a poor woman, a fortnight ago, who was in great distress; she said she would be sure to pay me as yesterday, and when I called to-day, I found her worse off than ever. It's always the way.

HARRY. (L.) I've made a precious fool of *myself*. I became security for one of the fellows on our line; he went off to Scotland, and if I had not paid half of it a month ago, I should have been locked up and have had all my hair cut off; and I don't know now what they'll do to me if I don't get five pounds to pay the rest to-day.

CHAR. (c.) You're in a pretty plight, then; and I'm sorry to say I can't help you, for I parted with all my ready money last Saturday to pay for the things I've bought in setting my sister up in business.

HARRY. Suppose we take the money we've saved up towards putting Nan 'prentice to something—we've been



a long time adding to it. I dare say there's six or seven pounds in the box, and we'd soon make it up again.

TOM. (*crossing to c.*) Now listen to me quietly—we've both stinted ourselves often, to keep our promise to put by a little every week to place Nan out in the world—through a great many temptations we've never touched that little hoard; it's all very well to say we'll soon make it up again, but we never *do*—we may *think* to do it, but it's all bubble and squeak, it can't be done: and I say calmly, and in the softest tone of voice possible, if one penny of that money is touched but for what it was meant for, I'll kick him that does it over the bridge, and back again, and all round the town, as I'd kick this cabbage! (*kicks the cabbage about the Stage, and throws himself into a chair*)

HARRY. Well, then, settle what she's to be at once, and get rid of the money.

TOM. That's what I want. Now let us talk over the matter calmly, because letting her go on from week to week in this way won't do.

HARRY. Of course it won't; especially spoiling her as you do.

TOM. I don't spoil her—it's *you*!

HARRY. Oh, that's very good! Didn't she come home the other day wet through and through? and, though she wouldn't say how she came so, she had tumbled into the river, I'm sure of it.

TOM. Well, now, don't rake up that again. If she *did* fall in the river, what o' that? people *do* fall in rivers sometimes. But what the deuce—I thought we were to settle what she's to *be*?

HARRY. Then go on.

TOM. Very well; I've been speaking to a very respectable laundress about her.

HARRY. She sha'n't be a laundress!

TOM. Well, I'll argue the matter quietly—what the deuce would you have her?

HARRY. (*loudly*) Something genteel and clean—the superintendant of a first-class refreshment room on one of the great lines.

TOM. Nonsense! that won't suit her! To be laced and titivated, and wrap up tarts in whitey-brown paper, and

hand boiling hot soup and scalding tea to hungry passengers, with a minute and a half to swallow 'em in, won't do.

CHAR. How can you settle on what she's to be when you haven't yet taught her to read?

HARRY. I have often told Tom so!

TOM. I'm sure she's been sent to two or three old women, but she didn't take to it, and it seemed to worry her. It's no use forcing learning; you can't knock it into people's heads—I never could knock it into mine, I know, and I don't think I'm much the worse for it, am I?

*Loud shouts heard without, and cries of "Give it him! That's right!"—MR. SIMPSON heard, calling out, "Be quiet! Police! police!"—He appears at the door, covered with mud, his hat broken and knocked over his eyes, and a dab of mud on his face.*

SIMP. Here's a state I'm in! look at me! look at me!

TOM. What's the matter?

HARRY. Who's done this?

SIMP. Who's done it? Can you ask such a question? Why, your precious daughter as you call her, and I demand her immediate punishment. It's infamous! shameful!

TOM. Where is she?

SIMP. Outside the door. (*crosses to R.H.*)

TOM. (*calling*) Nan!

HARRY. Come in! come in directly!

*NAN enters, D.F., with her pinafore all awry, a head of hair cut like a boy's, laced up boots, and her frock torn in several places—She advances sheepishly, and with apprehension, down the centre.*

TOM. Come here! It's now high time there should be something settled with *you*; there must be an end to all this—and, though I mean only to talk in a gentle manner to you, you mustn't think I'm not angry, because I *am*, and for the future it's fit you should know, the more gently I speak the more I mean what I say—so now I ask you calmly, what *the* devil have you been doing?

NAN. It was all *his* fault! (*pointing to SIMPSON*)

SIMP. How dare you say so? how dare—



TOM. Mr. Simpson, leave her to me and Harry, we are the proper persons to talk to her, and it's only by mildness.

SIMP. But allow me——

TOM. (*loudly*) Hold your tongue!

HARRY. No, let him speak—let him make his complaint: how can we learn who's right and who's wrong, if we don't hear both sides?

TOM. (*to SIMPSON*) Go on, then.

SIMP. I was coming along very quietly, with another message to you from my father, and was only thinking of what I had to say, when I suddenly found my toes jumped upon, my person knocked this way and that, and my hat driven over my eyes with great violence. I tried to escape, but it was no use—the faster I ran the faster I was followed, while the shower of stones that rattled about me was positively alarming. But if you doubt what I say, look at me!

TOM. And Nan did all this?

SIMP. With the aid of her companions.

TOM. And what have you to say to this? Now I speak to you as if I was *really* your father. (*loudly*) What have you to say?

HARRY. Don't frighten the girl—let's hear her story, and then see what's to be done. Now, Nan, don't be afraid—speak, only mind you tell truth.

CHAR. She wont tell anything else, take *my* word for that.

NAN. (*in a low tone*) I was only playing.

TOM. Louder! speak louder!

NAN. I was only playing at hop-scotch with Billy Purvis, next door, and the doctor's boy, and the young gentleman at the coal-shed, it was my turn to pitch the nicker, and I did, and I kick'd it all through to the last base, without even stopping on a line or going out at the corners, and I was getting so tired, for you must do it all on one leg you know, 'cause if you come down on t'other leg you're out.

TOM. Yes, I recollect when I was a boy——

HARRY. (*interested*) So do I, go on Nan.

NAN. Well, just as I was winning the game, and no cheating, and was hopping with the nicker on my toe, so—— (*hopping*)

TOM. Ah, yes, I know.

HARRY. Well?

NAN. Who should come by, but young Mr. Simpson, I suppose he couldn't see where he was going, for he push'd up against me, and made me lose the game, and just as I was winning—nobody likes *that* you know---so I gave *him* a push, and he fell against Billy, then Billy pushed him against the young gentleman at the coal-shed, then he got push'd from one to the other, till we all had such a capital game with him at "none o' *my* child"---then he got savage and that's just what we wanted; and then he hit next door, and next door hit him again; then we made a ring to see fair play, but young Mister Simpson turned cowardly custard, and something was thrown at him, then he run away, and we all run after him, and pelted him, and, *then* the more we pelted the more we wanted to, and then he run in here, and here he is—and oh! it was *such* fun.

TOM. (*laughing*) Ha, ha! lord, how I wish I'd been among 'em.

HARRY. Ha, ha! So do I; I'd ha' given anything—

NAN. Oh! don't I wish you had! he'd ha' been served out ten times worse.

TOM. Ha, ha, ha! capital?

HARRY. Fine! ha, ha!

NAN. Wasn't it? ha, ha, ha!

CHAR. (*shaking his head*) And this is what you call correcting her, is it?

TOM. Oh, ah! (*to NAN*) Now you must know that all this was very wrong, and (*smothering a laugh*) I'm very angry—and—and— Upon my soul I can't say anything to her!

SIMP. I thought as much—however, I shall take another course, and I must say, I consider you a vulgar set of people altogether, and the sooner the parish is rid of such rubbish the better.

TOM. (*crossing to SIMPSON*) Now, I'm going to talk to you like a father, and give you a little gentle advice. When a person comes to make a complaint, or ask a favour, he should keep a civil tongue in his head, for being sarcy is not the way to get what he wants. Now, I intend to speak very mildly. You told *your* tale, then we heard the other, and meant to do you justice; but when you come to



talk about vulgar people, and ridding the parish of rubbish, I can only say you're a miserable, half-starved, two-forked parsnip, and if you don't instantly get out of this house, I'll kick you out.

SIMP. (*crosses to c. and retreating to the door*) You shall hear from me again.

TOM. Get out! (*kicking at him*) get out! (*comes down R.C.*)

SIMP. (*going out at the door*) You shall hear from me very soon!

NAN. (*running to the door and calling after him*) Tell tale tit! when will you call again? ha, ha! (*coming down*) he hasn't got much by coming here.

TOM. I didn't lose my temper then, did I? No, when you want a person to understand what you mean, there's nothing like keeping cool, a little priggish, confounded— (*to NAN who is on the L.H., winding up a top*) I must have some talk with you another time. Now I'll go and see about getting this rent together---I think I know two or three good fellows that will lend me a helping hand, and I can't expect much mercy from the landlord now. You'll have your bit o' dinner with us, Charley, at any rate, and Harry, if I can get something to help you, I will! (*at the door and speaking to NAN*) Now none of your tricks while I'm gone ---because I won't have it.

*Exit TOM, D.F., and L.H.*

HARRY. I'll go and see what I can do, for we are both in a a terrible scrape; and if I can't get five pounds between this and three o'clock I don't think I shall be driving my engine to-morrow. Shan't be gone long, Charley. Mind you keep in doors, Miss.

*Exit HARRY, D.F., and R.H.*

CHAR. (*crosses to her*) Well, Nan, I don't wish to talk unkindly to you, because it's not altogether your fault that you're so wild, and unlike what a young woman ought to be. Your two fathers are more to blame than you are.

NAN. You had better not speak against my fathers; for when I hear any thing of them I don't like, my finger's double up as tight as a ball, and I feel as if I could knock any one down; and I should'nt like to feel so to you---so you'd better be quiet.

CHAR. I like you for that, Nan. I like to see every body stand up for those who belong to them, or have been kind to them---right or wrong.

NAN. So do I, and I always *will* too.

CHAR. It's a great pity a girl of your spirit is not made to be useful.

NAN. I *am* useful sometimes. I often fetch the beer, and take a good drink on the way for my trouble; and when I'm sent for a loaf you should only see how I pick it all round. Oh, I do love to pick a loaf!---it seems always much nicer than having a good slice.

CHAR. It's very wrong to do it I can tell you.

NAN. Is it? I don't think so.

CHAR. No, because you're never properly corrected.

NAN. Oh, stuff! I hate people always saying to me you mustn't do this and you mustn't do that; I like to do just as I please. I know the more I'm told *not* to do a thing the more I feel the want to do it, and I'm never easy till it's done either.

CHAR. Ah, Nan, I wish I had the charge of you!

NAN. Lord! do you, Charley?

CHAR. I think I could improve you, and in time make you fit to be some honest fellow's wife. Now, there's a young woman that I admire *very* much---she's not handsome, but she takes a pride in herself as a girl ought.

NAN. (*staring at CHARLEY*) What does she do?

CHAR. In the first place, she's always tidy and fit to be seen.

NAN. Oh! and you don't think I *am*?

CHAR. Not exactly.

NAN. What more is she?

CHAR. She hasn't a very fine head of hair, but by often properly combing and brushing it, she manages to make it look very nice.

NAN. I only take my fingers to mine.

CHAR. And though I've seen a much prettier mouth than she has, yet she keeps her teeth so white, that it's always worth while to make her laugh, if only to get a look at them.

NAN. I don't know whether you'd find it worth while to make me laugh, for I've never thought of *my* teeth, but I



know they're good 'uns, if it's only by the crusts I can bite and the nuts I crack, sometimes, hard as marbles,

CHAR. Then her hands are always clean!

NAN. Oh, dear! I've been throwing stones, mine can't be very clean, (*hiding her hands under her pinafore*)

CHAR. And she's so clever with her needle, and wears such pretty caps, and all of her own making!

NAN. Clever with her needle! I once learnt to gobble-stitch.

CHAR. When I walk out with her on a Sunday she looks so fresh and nice with her neat little shoe, and her white cotton stockings, and her smart little straw bonnet with cherry colored ribands, that I feel quite proud of her.

NAN. You wouldn't like to walk out with me on a Sunday!

CHAR. Not as you are now.

NAN. And that's pretty well as I always am---though I've got a cap and a bonnet, but I never think of putting 'em on; well, and this young lady---

CHAR. Writes and reads, I once read a beautiful letter she sent!

NAN. To you?

CHAR. Yes!

NAN. Then you like her very much!

CHAR. I'm very fond of her.

NAN. Are you? (*thoughtfully*)

CHAR. Indeed, I am; well, good bye for a few minutes, I'm coming again presently, good bye, won't you shake hands?

NAN. No, I don't like to now, because my hands are not at all like that young lady's,

CHAR. Very well, I shall see you again in a few minutes' good bye. *Exit D.F.*

NAN. Good bye---a pretty cap, and white stockings, neat little shoes, straw bonnet and ribbands, and clean hands, and a walk out on a Sunday, I never thought of being anything like that, but I never tried. He said he admires her, is very fond of her, I don't think anybody will ever admire me, and I begin to fancy I don't admire myself much. I feel so unhappy! because Charley has always spoken very kindly to me, has given me apples, and has often taken

my part, when everybody's been speaking against me and so I don't like to hear him say he admires anybody; no, it makes my heart feel all at once like a lump o' lead Oh! and such spiteful thoughts seem coming over me that I think if I knew who this young lady was I could snatch her cap off her head, and eat it.

*A knock at the door—NAN opens it—A LIVERY SERVANT appears.*

SERVANT. Are the people of the house at home?

NAN. No.

SERVANT. When will they be in?

NAN. Soon.

SERVANT. Here's a letter for them. Take care of it, it's particular.

*He hands NAN a letter, and disappears—She closes the door.*

NAN. I wish I could read what's on this! I never felt to care about reading before! I couldn't write a beautiful letter to anybody if I was to try ever so. I hate letters! (*pulling open the table drawer*) There! (*throwing the letter into the drawer*) And there! (*shutting the drawer up violently*), I wish I had twopence---I'd run away. (*sits on a stool L. of table, in thought*)

*Enter TOM, D.F. from L.*

TOM. Hallo, Nan! what's the matter?

NAN. Nothing, I was only thinking.

TOM. That's something new for you! Confound it! I can't get the money to pay this rent anywhere. I've often befriended people when I had the means, and I thought I might get help in return when I wanted it; but nobody seems to have nothing now---everybody's Very short!—Have just paid this and—Just paid that! and Very sorry! ---and that's all.

*He sits in a chair, R.C.---NAN rises and goes to him.*

NAN. What are you thinking of?

TOM. Nothing that you can understand.

NAN. Well, then, you ought to make me! I don't like



always feeling that I'm no use to anybody and good for nothing. Something vexes you, I know, and you ought to tell me what it *is*; and if I can't make it out once I *shall* soon, if you try---I ain't a fool.

TOM. I will then. We can't pay the rent! you know what that is---and somebody's coming here to take away everything to pay it!

NAN. What, take away this table, and that stool, and---

TOM. Don't you hear? everything! and then turn us out, with no place to go to.

NAN. Turn us out? into the streets where I am always playing?

TOM. Yes.

NAN. Oh! I never thought there was anything like that to come---I only knew here was a house, and there was this, and here was that, and there they'd be as long as ever we liked. And you've got no money?

TOM. No.

NAN. And that's what people call trouble, isn't it?

TOM. Yes, I should think it was!

NAN. Then why didn't you bring me up to be of use? why didn't you put me in the way of doing something that might bring in a little?---if it had been ever so little it would have helped, and then I should have felt proud and happy---and now I feel like a weed in a garden, fit for nothing but to be pulled up by the roots and thrown over the wall.

TOM. Hollo! do you know who you're talking to? do you know who I am? Now I don't want to speak above a whisper, or put myself at all out of the way, but I'll be hanged if you ain't talking to me as if you was bringing *me* up, as if I was *your* adopted child, as if you was *somebody* and I was *nobody*; and if it wasn't for fear the people next door might hear me, I'd speak out as I ought to do, and say I won't have it! (*very loudly*)

*Enter HARRY, D.F.---comes down L.*

HARRY. What's the matter now? letting the steam off again, always in a passion.

TOM. I was only quietly cutting down a young shrub that was growing too fast.

HARRY. That's what you're always doing, and you'll cut away till there's nothing left, that will be the end of it.

TOM. Henry!

HARRY. Now don't call me Henry, I don't like it, for I know when you call me so, what line you want to work on; but I can tell you I'm now as much out of temper as you are, and if we both run on the same rail, I shall clap on the thimble---yes, and then there'll be a smash!

TOM. Henry!

HARRY. I tell you I'm in trouble---we're both in trouble, and as we not only can't help one another, but can't agree, the best way will be to part.

TOM. Henry!

HARRY. I won't be called Henry. (*crosses to R.*)

TOM. It's your name, Henry, and when I speak in that fashion, it's only to shew you how genteel and mild I can be if I like. Henry, be quiet, I want to talk to you like a father. You have named parting---very well, as we shall neither of us have a roof over our heads very soon, I think it's the wisest thing to do; all that remains to be settled is, what's to become of Nan? There, haven't I spoken gently---haven't I kept my temper? (*crosses to L.*)

HARRY, (*R.*) Nan, we are going to part company, who will you live with?

TOM. Or in other words, which do you love best?

NAN. (*C. to HARRY sitting on table*) When you are finishing what you say, I love *you* best, and I love *you* best (*to TOM*) when you're *beginning* to speak; but at all times I love you both dearly, and though I am but a poor girl who has been taught nothing, yet I *do* think when those who have always been together, and who have loved one another get into trouble, that's the very time they ought to stand *by* one another. Yes, and to begin *then* to talk about parting, is cowardly; yes, and you may be angry with me for what I've said if you like, but I couldn't help it, it was all here (*touching her head*) and now it's all there. (*pointing to TOM and HARRY*)

TOM. Henry! (*sobbing, crosses to R.C.*)

HARRY. Thomas! (*sobbing*)

TOM. Let us go and take a quiet walk round the garden, and talk the matter over. (*crossing to R.H*) It's the best



way; we have been very good friends, hav'nt we Harry?

HARRY. Yes! (*affected*) very!

TOM. Now don't fly out again; and we have liked one another very much; and I think what Nan has said is very right, and it gives me a notion she knows more than you and I put together. Now stop you here for a few minutes; now let's see what can be done for the best. I shouldn't like to *part* with you Harry.

HARRY. I shouldn't like to part part with *you*. Such friends and companions, Tom.

TOM. After so many years acquaintance.

HARRY. Fighting one another's battles.

TOM. Ah!

HARRY. Ah!

TOM. Come along Harry.

*They go off arm in arm, and very affectionately,*  
R.H. 1 E.

NAN. Good fellows, both of 'em. Oh! how I wish I could do something to help; something good for them. Can't I set about and see what's to be done, and do it? Yes, there's the money in the box; they have saved it for me, and they won't touch it because it's mine. *Mine---* well if it's mine---haven't I a right to do what I like with it? No harm to take my own---should think not indeed. (*she goes to the cupboard on the R.H., takes out a money box, and shakes it*) There's plenty here; and if they'll take this for the rent they shall have it, and that will be *one* trouble got over;---well, that's the way to get rid of 'em---one down and the one come on; and if one keeps on doing so, and don't flinch, what bushels of trouble may be clear'd away in time. Stop, I don't like now to go out as I am. If Charley was to meet me he wouldn't feel proud of knowing me. Oh! there's my new bonnet and cap! (*runs to the cupboard and brings out a band-box---she opens it*) Here's the bonnet. Oh! and with a sherry colored ribband on it---well that *is* prime, here's the cap, and here's an apron, and one of Tom's pocket handkerchiefs, all clean and nice. (*she brings forward the looking-glass, and places it against the band-box on the table, then looks at herself in it*) Well, I never could have looked in the

glass before, not to take any notice. I don't look at all like a young lady, I'll try and alter myself a little; I can but try. (*she goes to the bench at the back, pours some water into a bason, takes off pinafore, and with the large piece of yellow soap washes her hands*) No wonder Charley wouldn't like to walk out with me---my hands look very well now. (*dries them with the towel lying across the chair, then wipes her face*) There! now for my hair! (*takes up a shoe brush and comb*) I don't think this is a right brush; it's what they clean the shoes with, but it will be better than none. (*brushes her hair at the glass*) Now for the comb! (*parts her hair, and places it in bands*) There! that's better---oh, much better! Now for the cap! (*puts it on*) Oh, that's better still! What am I to do with these rags in my frock? Stop, here's a pin, I can pin that up; oh, and the apron will hide all---that's capital! (*ties on the apron*) nobody can see anything now. Now for Tom's handkerchief! (*puts the handkerchief over her shoulders*) There! and my bonnet. (*puts on the bonnet*) Oh! I wish Charley could see me now. Oh! how nice I do feel! I haven't very white cotton stockings, and my shoes are not very neat---I'll alter them as soon as I can. Now for my money-box. (*puts it under her arm*) If I meet any boys I shall only just nod to them, and I mean to walk quite in a different way to what I did; and if I do but meet Charley, I think he'll say there are more young ladies than one in the world.

*She walks very primly round the Stage, and goes off, D.F.---TOM and HARRY return, R.H. 1 E.*

TOM. Now it's all settled, you say you are sure to be locked up?

HARRY. If I can't get five pounds by three o'clock!

TOM. And we are sure to be turned adrift here, so I say let everything go, let 'em clear everything off, and if you are in prison I'll work day and night to get you free again, and take care of Nan at the same time.

HARRY. Anything you think best, Tom.

TOM. It's the only way Harry, there, give me your hand my boy, we're friends again, and will stick to one another



as long as we've breath in our bodies. (*they shake hands warmly*)

*Enter CHARLEY D.F.*

CHAR. (*comes down c.*) Ah! that's right, when friends are in trouble that's what ought to be, now I tell you what I've been thinking of, you had better come to my house to-day, to be out of the way of all this bother, and bring Nan with you; where is she?

TOM. (*calling L.*) Nan!

HARRY. (*calling*) Nan! (*goes up and comes down, R.C.*) not at home! out again as usual, in the streets or in the river, it's all one to her, I know she *fell* in the river the other day, though she wouldn't own it.

CHAR. Because you didn't go the right way to get the truth out of her.

TOM. Nan! upon my soul if that girl isn't enough to drive anybody crazy, I never meant to work myself into a rage again, but this running out into the streets at such a time too---Nan! (*calling out loudly*)

NAN *re-appears, D.F.*

NAN. Here I am

*She walks down the stage in the same way she went off, and stands between TOM and CHARLEY.*

TOM. Hollo! who are you?

HARRY. Nan!

CHAR. Why, Nan! this *is* a change for the better.

NAN. I thought you'd say so, and there'll be a greater change still presently, Charley;—somebody else can wear a cap and a bonnet with a cherry colored riband, ah!

TOM. Where have you been?

NAN. To pay the rent!

TOM.

and } What?

HARRY. }

NAN. Look at this piece of paper, you can't read it (*to TOM*) look at it Harry.

HARRY. (*taking the paper*) A receipt in full.

TOM. Why, Nan? what is the meaning of all this? stop, let me speak, because I know how. Now I ask you in the quietest, in the most gentle manner possible—where the devil did you get the money?

NAN. (C.) Got it from myself, (*showing the money-box*) look, it's empty now, but there was more than enough, and I've something left besides, and I've got it in my pocket, and I mean to buy a nice white pair of stockings and neat shoes with it. (*looking at CHARLEY*)

HARRY. What business had you to take the money we saved!

TOM. Let *me* speak, I don't want to hurt your feelings, Nan, or to frighten you, but in taking what was in that box without asking, without at all saying anything to either of us, I can only tell you you've been and gone and committed bigamy.

HARRY. (R.C., *loudly*) Burglary!

TOM. (L.) It's all the same.

NAN. And that's something wrong isn't it?—I didn't mean to do that, that I didn't, (*sobbing*) you've often said it was all for me, and so I thought it was mine, and I could do as I liked, if I had spent it in anything, or given it away, that would have been wrong I know, but to get you out of trouble I thought was right.

CHAR. And it *was* right, Nan---your own good and generous heart *told* you it was right---and the heart, if you have one, never tells you wrong, Nan; and if your two fathers can't *see* it was right, all I can say of them is, that they're a couple of fools.

TOM. Well, I think it was *good* of her, after all; not like as if she had spent it on herself---it was for *us*, you know Harry, and---and I think I've got a fly in my eye! (*sobbing*)

HARRY. And I've got another! (*sobbing*)

TOM. (*wiping NAN's eyes*) Don't you cry, Nan, it's all right, only I almost wish that we had got Harry out of *his* trouble first.

NAN. I've got some left---here it is. (*feeling in her pocket and producing some silver*) One, two, three, four five shillings.

TOM. It's five pounds Harry wants.



NAN. And that's a great deal *more*, isn't it? Stop, I'll put all this away safely---it will help, and every little does *that*, you know. I've broken the bank, so I'll put the money in the table-drawer, (*opening the table-drawer*) and then we'll set our heads together and see what can be done for the *next* trouble. Oh! here's a letter for one of you---it was left here for the people of the house. (*taking out the letter she had placed in the drawer, which she gives to HARRY,*

TOM. More trouble, I suppose.

HARRY. My execution, perhaps. (*opening the letter*) Eh? hollo! a five pound note!

TOM. A what?

HARRY. A five pound note.

TOM. Lord! (*takes it*)

HARRY. Stop, let me read. (*reads*) "The enclosed is for a young girl residing with you, whom the donors have been unable to trace out till to-day---it is a trifling reward for her presence of mind and courage. A servant will call in the evening to take her to those who will befriend her through life."

TOM. Does that mean you, Nan?

CHAR. Of course it does---I've heard of it. Tell 'em all about it.

NAN. I will! I didn't like before, but I will now. But *do* let me look at the money. (*Tom gives her the note*) And is this five pounds? oh my! mine, really *mine*, and given to me? Oh!- ha, ha!--I am so happy!

TOM. What have you done?

NAN. I was playing on the towing path of the river last Tuesday---

HARRY. The day you came home wet through, you naughty girl.

NAN. Yes; and there was a young woman there had put a child down on the bank to run about by itself, while she talked to: oh! such a tall soldier. Well, it was high tide, and the little thing went to pluck some grass on the brink of the river, when she fell in. The young woman screamed and fainted away, and I screamed and jumped in; and I was almost up to here (*putting her hand under her chin*), but I held fast by a log with one hand, and managed to get tight hold of the child by the other, and

I scrambled out, and the child was safe, and I gave it to the young woman, and some people saw me; but I was so frightened that I took to my heels and ran away, and that's how I came home all wet, but I wouldn't tell how it happened, for I thought I should be scolded, or never let go out again; and this is what I've got for it! and here—here, dear Harry, take it and get out of *your* trouble as soon as ever you can. (*gives the note to HARRY*)

HARRY. Oh, Nan!

TOM. Oh, Nan!

CHAR. Oh, Nan!

NAN. Oh, I'm so happy! ha, ha! I'm good for something at last, ain't I?

TOM. Well, I don't want to be violent—I don't want to speak only in the gentlest way in the world—but I will say, after all, you're a regular out-and-out good girl, and I'm only sorry I ain't your natural born father, and I'd say a great deal more, only I—I (*affected*) I feel I can't.

HARRY. (*affected*) No more can I, except she is a good girl.

CHAR. (*also affected*) Didn't I, always say she was?

NAN. (*affected*) I—I know you did, Charley!

TOM. Here we are, all snivelling again. Never mind it will do us good—the ground's all the better for rain now and then, and brings what's good out of it. Now Nan I must give you a kiss. (*kisses NAN*)

HARRY. And me! (*kisses her*)

CHAR. (*crosses to her*) And me.

NAN. No!—what would the young lady say that you admire so?

CHAR. Say? that she admired *you*—and would kiss you heartily herself; for she is *also* good and generous, and though she's my sister—

NAN. Your sister? Oh Charley!

CHAR. Yes, and I've set her up in business, and she's a dress maker; and she shall teach *you* the business in the day, and I'll teach you reading in the evening.

NAN. Will you? then there'll be one thing you *needn't* teach me, and that will be how to love you dearly.

TOM. Hollo, hollo! I don't want to say much, but I think you might ask leave, 'specially if you are going to



love any body better than us, who have taken so much care of you——

CHAR. But suppose in proper time she should give *me* the right to take care of her, and for life?

TOM. What, be your wife?

CHAR. Yes.

TOM. Then I can only say, and in the mildest manner possible—That she'll make a good 'un!

CHAR. And I think you *will* give me that right, Nan.

NAN. I'm afraid I shall have to be changed a great deal more before *that* can happen, but I'll do my best to *deserve* every good that can come to me—I can't say any more than that, and though I feel at one time I was indeed, Good for Nothing; yet if you (*to the Audience*) will only go about and tell people that at last I *am* good for something, why——

TOM. Let me speak. (*to the Audience*) I wish to talk to you like a father. Come here, Nan. (*leading her forward*) Good for something? of course—everybody's good for something if taken care of. Many of our choicest flowers were wild once; and when Nature does so much, I maintain we ought to help nature whenever we can, and do as much in return. We've found out Nature's done something for Nan, and so we are going to do something now to help nature, ain't we, Nan? of course. Therefore I say, quietly and calmly, if you think with me, and will help us by your approval of what we've done, and see there's a little truth in it, then neither that, nor Harry, nor Charley, nor Nan here, nor me, nor any one present at this moment, can by any possibility *be*

“GOOD FOR NOTHING!”

HARRY.

NAN.

TOM.

CHARLEY.

CURTAIN.





A KISS IN THE DARK.

A Farce.

IN ONE ACT.

BY

JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE,

*Member of the Dramatic Authors' Society.*

THOMAS HAILES LACY,  
WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,  
LONDON.

## ADVERTISEMENT

"A KISS IN THE DARK" is original, which is perhaps its best recommendation, and only necessary to state at this moment, in consequence of the probable International Copyright Law.

*First performed at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket,  
On Saturday, June 13th, 1840.*

### CHARACTERS.

|                         | Original Cast.     | March, 1852.     |
|-------------------------|--------------------|------------------|
| MR. SELIM PETTIBONE ... | MR. BUCKSTONE ...  | MR. BUCKSTONE.   |
| FRANK FATHOM .....      | MR. J. WEBSTER ... | MR. HOWE.        |
| MRS. PETTIBONE .....    | MRS. CLIFFORD ...  | MRS. BUCKINGHAM. |
| MARY ... ..             | MISS MATLEY ... .. | MRS. CAULFIELD.  |
| UNKNOWN FEMALE .....    | MISS PARTRIDGE ... | MISS A. WOULDs.  |

### COSTUMES.

PETTIBONE—Green Newmarket coat, white vest, nankeen trowsers, boots, hat and gloves.

FRANK—Travelling cloak, dark surtout, white trowsers, boots.

MRS. PETTIBONE—White muslin dress.

MARY—Cotton dress and cap.

UNKNOWN FEMALE—Silk dress, shawl, bonnet and veil.

*Time in representation, 40 minutes.*



## A KISS IN THE DARK!



SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Villa of Mr. PETTIBONE at Clapham. Entrance at back, leading to Garden. In the flat L. H. are the windows of a Conservatory. Doors R. and L. Table and chairs, sofa, table, R., with writing materials and inkstand.*

MRS. PETTIBONE *discovered at table, R., writing.*

MRS. P. I must complete the inventory of my present collection of curiosities this evening, as I shall gain such an addition to my museum on the arrival of my husband's friend, Mr. Fathom, that I shall be unable to recollect all the names and uses of my little wonders unless they are carefully written down. (*writes*) "No. 22—A bit of the blarney used at Cork. 23—The ashes of the first pipe of tobacco smoked in England. 24, is—(*gate bell rings without, L.*) A ring at the gate bell! Can't be he? Seven o'clock is the precise moment for Mr. P.—perhaps it is Mr. Fathom.

*Enter MARY, L.*

MARY. The gentleman, ma'am, that you've been expecting from foreign parts—he has just drove up to the gate, and is putting such a quantity of queer things into the hall.

MRS. P. My presents, no doubt. I thought he'd be here to-night—pray ask him in. (*Exit MARY, L.*) I shall now be completely set up with all sorts of Indian articles, tomahawks, and scalps, and war clubs, and everything wonderful!

*Enter FRANK FATHOM, L., in a travelling dress, cloak, cap, &c.*

FRANK. Oh, my dear madam—rejoiced to see you! (*puts cap, &c. on sofa, L.*)

MRS. P. How do you do? Lord, how brown you are! and how travelling alters people!—you look so improved, so expanded, I may say. (*gets over to L.*) Pray sit down. (*places his chair, R.*) Pettibone will be so glad you are come; he has been talking of you, and looking for the arrival of packets every day. (*seats herself, L.*) And are you quite well?

FRANK. Quite well, ma'am—rather fatigued—just arrived from Bristol.

MRS. P. And you've been travelling in America, and have come home in the Great Western? What a deal you must have seen! How Pettibone will devour your narratives!

FRANK. He must have a good digestion, then; for the wonders I have met with have been astounding. Oh! Mrs. P., think of log huts—waterfalls—mosquitoes—canvas-back ducks—corderoy roads—niggers—canals—swamps—dollars and mint juleps!

MRS. P. Dear me!

FRANK. I've matter enough to keep you and Pettibone wide awake every night for the next six weeks.

MRS. P. And my promised curiosities?

FRANK. They are in the hall: a beautiful buffalo skin—a pipe of peace for you to smoke; when you've tift with Pettibone, and want to make it up, you must take a puff at it—there's a pair of snow shoes and a scalping knife—I'll show you how the Indians take off the scalp when Pettibone comes home.

MRS. P. How charming!

FRANK. You've a smart little place here, I see. You were just married, and moving into it, when I left England. A small conservatory, too, eh?—garden before and behind—snug distance from the road—and everything comfortable.

(*rises, looks about, up stage, and comes down, L.*)

MRS. P. We are very comfortable indeed; Pettibone never stays out—comes home regularly from the City at seven o'clock—then we tea, and talk, and play double-dummy—sometimes he sings pretty love songs, and says he's never so happy as when his boots are off, his slippers on, and he is taking his repose on the sofa.

FRANK. What a sweet picture of domestic comfort! And P. makes a good husband, does he?

MRS. P. Excellent.



FRANK. What a gay little man he was when I first met him at the Lord Mayor's ball! what a favourite, too, with the ladies!

MRS. P. Oh! he's left all that off now—quite changed, bless you—he continually tells me that, on his honour, he don't think there's such another woman in the world as I am.  
Hark! (*clock strikes seven*)

FRANK. At what?

MRS. P. The clock striking seven: he won't be long now; he's never more than three or four minutes over. (*gate bell rings, L.*) There! he's punctual to a minute.

(*PETTIBONE sings, L., "I love her how I love her"*)

FRANK. And singing, too, like a nightingale.

*Enter PETTIBONE, L.*

PET. Ah, my boy, how d'ye do? I thought you had arrived, by the queer things I saw in the hall—so glad to see you—Betsy, give me a kiss. (*crossing to c.*) Don't laugh at me; I never go out and never come in without going through this little ceremony; mind you always do the same, when you get a wife, my boy; it keeps up the little cuddlybilities of domestic bliss, eh?—prevents the water in the tea urn of matrimony ever getting quite cold—keeps it always a little on the simmer, eh?

FRANK. And often saves you from getting into *hot* water, eh?  
PET. That's good, by jingo! give me your hand. You haven't brought home a wife amongst your curiosities, have you?

FRANK. Oh! no, no. (*aside*) Because I left one behind me.

PET. Time enough for that, eh? And now, Betsy—boot-jack! (*Mrs. P. crosses, L.*) Ah! stop—I must show Frank my dahlias before it's quite dark, and take him round the garden—such a nice garden!—you should see me and Betsy, at seven o'clock in the morning, I'm in my morning gown, and Betsy in something with a frill round it, catching snails—Betsy catches snails beautifully, and throws 'em over the wall into the next garden—then we weed and rake—much better than our Mansion House ball raking. What rum times they were, eh? Lord, I wonder what's become of Miss Dumbleby?

MRS. P. Selim, dear, no allusions to old flames—I don't like it.

PET. (*aside to FRANK*) You see what a happy fellow I am—quite right, Betsy, dear—quite right—when we light up the torch of Hymen, we should always extinguish our old links, eh? Ha! ha! ha! to be sure.

MRS. P. I'll just step into the hall and look at my presents; there are snow shoes and a scalping knife, dear. Mr. Fathom is going to shew me how the scalp is taken off—you'll lend him your head to exemplify, won't you, dear?

PET. Oh! I dare say.

MRS. P. To please me won't you, dear?

PET. Yes, dear. (*exit MRS. P., L.*) My boy, that's a dear creature—such a temper—no frowning—no shying plates—oh, no, none of that here, and such high notions—devilish high—I sometimes think she ought to be a queen of some place or other, instead of the wife of a little anxious stock broker.

FRANK. She's a fine woman.

PET. Now isn't she?

FRANK. And you ought to be—no doubt you are—a happy fellow?

PET. Yes.

FRANK. Completely happy?

PET. Why, no—um—as to the word completely, in its dictionary sense, I don't think I can altogether use it in my case.

FRANK. Indeed!

PET. It's all my own fault,—I can't help tormenting myself.

FRANK. With what?

PET. The metaphysics of matrimony.

FRANK. What do you mean by metaphysics?

PET. I mean by metaphysics, what I can't explain and you can't understand—human nature, and inconsistency, and all that. Frank, you and I are old friends—look at me—am I handsome?

FRANK. Certainly not.

PET. Six feet high?

FRANK. Quite the reverse.

PET. Have I anything engaging in my manner?

FRANK. Not that I can perceive.

PET. Oh, you are right; I asked a plain question, and I've got a very plain answer. Now, what could a fine, handsome, intellectual, queen-like woman as Mrs. P. is, see in me to marry me? Eh? Now think of the metaphysics of ma-



trimony, and imagine what my thoughts must be when I lay awake on my pillow at two o'clock in the morning sometimes.

FRANK. You don't mean to say you are jealous of her?

PET. No, though to be sure I am in the City all day, and she is here alone all day.

FRANK. Very true.

PET. Ah! now you begin to enter into my feelings, a thought has struck me. You, my boy, were an old beau of my wife's, only I cut you out, how I should like—Lord! how I should like—(PETTIBONE *is speaking in an undertone—Mrs. PETTIBONE is re-entering L.—stops on seeing them, and listens*)

FRANK. What?

PET. To put my Betsy to the test, and see how she would behave to a man that would dare to make love to her, will you try?

FRANK. I!

PET. You! Make yourself agreeable to her—touch upon your early feelings—pity her being alone all day—talk of your travels—sigh—ask her if she is really happy—eh? What do you think? I'm sure she'd knock you down; but you wouldn't mind that to serve me.

FRANK. Rather a dangerous position to place me in!

PET. I'll give you every opportunity, upon my life I will; do, it will make me so happy; you're a good looking fellow you know—a fine dashing manner with you—try—do—do.

FRANK. If it will serve to make your happiness complete.

PET. It would now—it would.

FRANK. I'll do my best.

PET. There's a good fellow (MRS. P. *withdraws, threatening PETTIBONE*) we shall have such a laugh when it's over.

FRANK. Perhaps not.

PET. Eh!

FRANK. Perhaps she might encourage me.

PET. Oh no, no, she wouldn't—oh don't mention it; I should explode—die of self-combustion; but she won't, no, no—you'll have such a box on the ears—a stinger; I know you will.

MRS. P. (*without*) Be careful of them, Mary.

PET. There she is—I'll give you half an hour at once, while supper is getting ready.

*Enter* MRS. PETTIBONE L.

MRS. P. Well, my dear Mr. Fathom, I'm delighted with my presents, with the war club especially; take care P. that you never offend me; I could fell you to the ground with the slightest tap; your kind thought of me, Mr. Fathom, while you were far away has really affected me.

PET. Dear fellow, isn't he, Betsy?

MRS. P. Indeed he is—it is such thought—such attention, that has such influence over our sex.

FRANK. I hope, dear madam, that your wishes will often occupy my thoughts, and command my attention.

PET. (*aside to FRANK*) Ah that's it—something in that way—be delicate though.

FRANK. It makes me so happy, placed as we were in early life, to see you thus surrounded by every comfort; yet when I sometimes think of my disappointment, I—I. Ah! well I won't talk about it. (*aside to PETTIBONE*) Is that what you mean?

PET. Yes, yes, only put in a little more ardour—go it.

MRS. P. (*sighing*) Ah, my dear sir, memory has its regrets as well as pleasures.

PET. (*aside*) What? eh!—what does she mean by that observation and that sigh? Surely she ain't sorry she's Mrs. P.—oh, good heavens, if she was——

MRS. P. I hope you are going to make a long stay; P. has had a room fitted up purposely for you. (*FRANK and MRS. P. go up and change sides.*)

PET. Only calls one P.; the first time she ever uttered that letter without the word dear; she is certainly looking at him very oddly, or it may be only my fancy—it is—it must—Betsy—Betsy—dear (*crosses to c.*) I'm going to the nursery.

FRANK. What a family man?

PET. No, the nursery garden where the bulbs are—not the nursery where the babbies are. I've ordered some—some plants, I shan't stay long.

MRS. P. Oh, pray don't hurry yourself, I have company *now* you know—when I'm alone I'm always anxious for your return; but when one has a friend here, and such an old friend too as Mr. Fathom, the little half hours slip by in a minute.



PET. Oh, her little half hours slip by in a minute, ah! ha! ha! of course—of course (*aside to FRANK*) you needn't go very far—just touch upon the topic, that's all—she'll resent it I know—but—but——

FRANK. I'm to put her to the test at all events.

PET. Oh, certainly; but don't be too savage, that's all—you understand.

MRS. P. (*aside*) I'm to be put to the test, am I?—very well, sir. Are you not going, my dear?

PET. Oh, she calls me *dear* at last; but sometimes loving expressions are used the more to deceive—yes, Betsy, I'm going—shall be absent about half an hour, not longer (*going*) good bye (*aside*) I wish I could *see*, be an *eye witness* how she'd act—I will—I have it—good bye (*going*) oh, my kiss (*puts on his hat and hurries off L. after kissing Mrs. P.*)

FRANK. Good creature that, but very odd—though he seems affectionate, and certainly is fond of you.

MRS. P. Yes, I've very few complaints to make; he's pretty well, as husbands go.

FRANK. (*seated*) Now for my task—well, Elizabeth, how familiar it sounds to call you by that name, and what a variety of recollections it brings to one's mind.

MRS. P. Ah! when I received your first letter. (*PET. appears in conservatory at back watching them.*)

FRANK. Didn't I write it in a beautiful hand? and how I trembled when I had fairly given sixpence to a boy to deliver it. (*they are seated at some distance, but advance closer to each other, PETTIBONE watching.*)

MRS. P. And though I didn't reply to it, there was a sincerity in its tone that always pleased me.

FRANK. (*aside*) Upon my word she seems really to speak with regret; well, I must proceed at any rate—(*they draw their chairs nearer, PET. agonised*)—how was it I made so little impression on you? how was it that Pettibone became the happy man? You can tell me now.

MRS. P. You flirted so.

FRANK. Did I?

MRS. P. And seemed to be taken with every fresh face you met.

FRANK. Consider what was my age—nineteen—we are all coxcombs at that age, and perhaps—perhaps (*they draw their chairs closer, PET. clasps his hands in despair*) your ap-

parent coldness made me affect to admire another merely to provoke you, and let you see I was not breaking my heart, and—and—(*takes her hand*) well I wish you every happiness. (*he kisses her hand*—PET. *smashes a pane of glass and disappears*—FRANK and MRS. PET. *start up*)

MRS. P. What's that?

FRANK. A pane of glass broken.

MRS. P. It is those tiresome children in the next village always throwing stones. (*loud ringing of a bell*) There's P. come back, how vexed he will be.

*Enter PETTIBONE L. affecting to sing.*

PET. Tol lol de lol, &c. I'm come back (*sings*) I'm come back—what's the matter, Betsy? you seem confused.

MRS. P. I've been startled.

PET. Indeed!

MRS. P. While talking with our friend some one threw a stone through one of the panes of the conservatory.

PET. Oh, was that all; never mind, Betsy.

MRS. P. Yes, dear.

PET. Bring me a carving-knife—I mean a corkscrew—when I say a carving-knife I always mean a corkscrew, I want to open some hock—it's in your room—don't stand staring at me as if you didn't know what I meant—do as I bid you.

MRS. P. Well, I'm sure (*flounces into room, R.*)

PET. (*eagerly to FRANK*) Well, have you said anything? made any advances?

FRANK. (*aside*) I can never tell him how they were received, I'm quite astonished.

PET. Why don't you answer me?

FRANK. You were gone such a short time.

PET. (*aside*) Quite long enough—quite long enough.

FRANK. I spoke of my early attachment.

PET. Well?

FRANK. She—

PET. Yes.

FRANK. Stared vacantly at me, and said—

PET. (*very eagerly*) What?

FRANK. Nothing.

PET. Oh.

FRANK. Then I asked her how she came to prefer you—

PET. What did she say?



FRANK. Said that I was too fickle for her.

PET. And what did she do then?

FRANK. Nothing.

PET. (*aside*) That's a lie!—Did you get close to her?

FRANK. Yes.

PET. And did she get close to you?

FRANK. (*hesitating*) No.

PET. (*aside*) Another lie!—he's deceiving me, but I'll keep my feelings down and—and—did you take her hand?

FRANK. Yes.

PET. And did she snatch it away again?

FRANK. Yes.

PET. (*aside*) Another lie—a diabolical lie—and told you she'd tell me? I knew she would, I was convinced she would, ha, ha, ha!—now I'm happy—what a miserable devil I am—oh what villainy (*aside*) what treachery! Well I watch'd 'em—I shall now know how to act.

FRANK. (*aside*) Mrs. P.'s conduct is very strange, I can't tell him the truth—'tis impossible—well it's his own fault, not mine. Excuse me for a moment, I'm going to bring in my presents, and see my box placed in my room—don't trouble yourself, the servants will shew me—poor P. I pity him. *Exit L.*

PET. He's confused—he hurries from my presence—no wonder—oh what falsehood I've been told—she stare at him vacantly—she snatch her hand away, when I with my own eyes saw him kiss it. This accounts for his presents—his scalping knives and tomahawks—I may use 'em in a way they won't like.

*Enter MARY, L. with table cloth.*

PET. Mary.

MARY. Yes, sir.

PET. I'm in the City all day.

MARY. Yes, sir.

PET. How does your mistress pass her time?

MARY. Sometimes one way—sometimes another.

PET. Explain.

MARY. Works a bit and scolds a bit, and sits at the bedroom window a bit.

PET. (*aside*) Of course—to be admired—to be nodded at by the young fellows passing the house on the tops of the

omnibusses—when the fellows see a fine woman sitting at her bed-room window working, they always nod to them, and kiss their hands to them—I know their tricks—I've done it myself. Bring candles.

MARY. Yes, sir (*aside*) what's the matter with him to-night.

*Exit L.*

*Enter* MRS. PETTIBONE, R. D., *with a penknife and pen.*

MRS. P. P., dear.

PET. Yes, dear.

MRS. P. (*going to writing-table*) I wish you'd mend me some pens before you go to town in the morning.

PET. I will (*aside*) going to write to him, no doubt—and I'm to mend the pens—I'll split 'em all up. Betsy.

MRS. P. Yes, dear.

PET. Nice fellow, Fathom, isn't he?

MRS. P. Tolerable.

PET. Don't you think him very handsome?

MRS. P. So, so.

PET. Ain't you sorry you didn't have him?

MRS. P. What an idea (*goes to table and writes*).

PET. Affects to be indifferent—oh, what horrid duplicity—now she's writing a note to him—I don't care, tol, de, lol, lol, &c.—I don't care, tol, de, lol, lol, &c. (*while singing he gets near her, she draws blotting paper over her writing*)

MRS. P. Now you know I never like to be looked at while writing.

PET. Makes you nervous, I suppose?

MRS. P. Yes.

PET. And then you can't spell your words correctly. (MARY *enters, L., with two candles and snuffers—she places them on table—FATHOM enters, L.—MARY exits, L.—Mrs. P. has folded note.*)

PET. It is a note she has been writing—now who can it be for? Well, Frank, seen your room—comfortable, isn't it?

FRANK. Very, indeed.

PET. You shall have supper directly—chops!—d'ye like chops? (*fiercely*)

FRANK. Very much, indeed.

PET. I should choke if I were to try to eat. (MRS. P. *is seated R. of table—MR. PET. in C.—FRANK L.—PETTIBONE*



*alternately watches them till he detects Mrs. P. holding up the note, intimating to FRANK that it is for him)*

PET. That note *is* for him. (*starting up*) An assignation—of course it is. Never mind, I'll find them out. I'm going out again, only for a few minutes—supper won't be ready just yet—I may be five minutes, perhaps ten.

MRS. P. Don't be very long, dear.

PET. No, dear.

*Exit, L.*

FRANK. Is he often so restless?

MRS. P. Oh! dear, no; the fact is—come near me. (*they draw their chairs close—PET. darts in—they retreat, apparently confused*)

PET. Oh, I was going without my hat—that's all. (*aside*) I nearly caught them. (*looks at them suspiciously*) Now I'm off. (*takes his hat, and exits L.*)

MRS. P. (*giving note*) Peruse this at your earliest opportunity. (*PET. again darts in just in time to see Mrs. P. give FRANK the note*)

PET. The note was for him, sure enough. Very well—go on—there'll be murder presently.

MRS. P. Back again, dear?

PET. Yes, I forgot—I felt—I thought—Lord! I've got it in my hand.

*Exit, L.*

FRANK. (*reading note*) "Continue your attentions." Certainly, as you request it. (*draws close to her; PETTIBONE again darts in; they retreat as before*)

PET. Shan't go out at all—I tell you I shan't go out at all—to-morrow will do. (*sits in centre*) You've done as I bid you, I see—eh?—ah, ah, ah! (*aside*) I think the last time I left the room he kissed her! I could almost swear I heard the squeak of a little kiss. Oh, if I could be convinced! I'll conceal my feelings till I'm quite satisfied—quite sure; and then—; Betsy, dear, if that note you were writing just now, is for any one in the City, I'll leave it for you.

MRS. P. No, no, thank you, it is not worth the trouble, and you wouldn't be so mean as to defraud the revenue of a penny.

PET. How they look at each other; I've a great mind to jump up and tell 'em both how they've deceived me. No I won't. I'll set a trap for them—show 'em what they are; ah! a good thought—I have it.

MRS. P. Selim, what's the matter with you this evening ?

PET. Nothing ; I've been vexed—City business. I think, as I have a moment to spare, I'll drop a note to the wine-merchant about the empty bottles, (*takes inkstand to L. table*) he ought to fetch 'em away, or I shall be charged for 'em. What horrid candles ! (*snuffs one out*) Why did I go to the expense of a handsome lamp, when you will burn candles. (*In trying to light it, he purposely extinguishes the other ; stage dark*)

MRS. P. P., dear, how clumsy you are.

PET. Sit still—I'll get a light ; Mary's cooking—I'll get a light. (*he pours some ink on his pocket-handkerchief, and in passing MRS. P., contrives to leave a large patch on her nose*)

MRS. P. P., what are you doing ?

PET. Nothing, dear, nothing ; sit still. I'll fetch a light.

*Exit, L.*

FRANK. Is it really your wish that I should continue my attentions ? (*getting close to her*) 'Gad, she's a fine woman, and I never in my life could be in the dark with one, without giving her a kiss ; and, encouraged as I am, who could resist ? (*attempts to kiss her*)

MRS. P. Don't, don't ; I won't allow it ; how can you be so foolish ? (*kisses her, and blacks his nose*) Go away, here's P. (*lights up ; FRANK returns to his chair as P. enters L., stands between them moonstruck at seeing FRANK's face, he trembles, places one candle on the table, and seizes MRS. P.'s arm*)

PET. Woman, look at that man—look at his nose. Now go to your room—to the glass, and look at your own ! come, madam, come. (*he drags her off ; R. D.*)

FRANK. Very strange conduct ; however, my poor friend is severely punished for the pains he has taken to test his wife's constancy. What am I to do ? I can never truly tell him how my advances have been received ; he's mad.

*Enter MARY, L.*

MARY. You're wanted, sir.

FRANK. (*with his back to MARY*) Who is it ?

MARY. A post-boy wishes to see you, sir.

FRANK. I'll speak to him at once. (*turns, MARY laughs at him*)  
What are you laughing at ?



MARY. Your nose, sir! it's all over ink—ha, ha, ha!

FRANK. Then I'll make it marking ink. (*kisses her, and blacks her face; she exits indignantly*) Egad! the girl's right. How, how could this happen? and Mrs. P.'s face, too; now I understand P.'s rage, and he must know all. Poor P.! Let me see the post-boy, and then to confirm my poor friend's misery. *Exit, L. D.*

*Enter PETTIBONE, R. D.*

PET. Now, sir, I'm for *you*, He's gone—gone to elude my vengeance. As for Mrs. P., I never could have believed her so hardened; don't shed a tear—won't speak a word. I want to have a good row about it. Oh, Betsy! how could you?—Oh! what shall I do? what shall I do? I'll set fire to the villa—I'll do something that shall be the talk of the whole City—nay, the West-end shall hear of it.

*Enter MARY, L.*

Mary, where's that man?

MARY. What man, sir?

PET. The viper.

MARY. I haven't seen any viper, sir.

PET. (*sees MARY'S nose*) He's been at the maid—Oh, what a libertine! You know who I mean—the man with the curiosities.

MARY. Oh! yes, of course; he's gone to the inn with the post-boy.

ET. Post-boy! with a post-boy!—they're going to elope. I've a brace of pistols, that I bought to shoot the cats, when I took a pride in my garden. I'll load 'em both to the muzzle, and fire through and through him and her too. Mary, remain you here, and watch the door of that room—I'm going to look for my pistols.

MARY. (*frightened*) Oh, sir.

PET. Aye, my pistols! if your missus comes from her room, say I'm gone out for the night—I'm gone out for a week—I don't think I shall ever come home any more—now for vengeance. *Exit at back.*

MARY. What can be the matter? it's very strange; master seems to have gone mad all at once, and such a quiet little gentleman as he used to be. (*gate bell rings, L.*) Some one at the gate, perhaps it's the viper, as master calls him,

come back again. I declare the supper will be quite spoiled. (*takes the light and exits, L.; stage dark; Mrs. P. looks from her room, R.*)

MRS. P. No one here? I heard P. talking of pistols; where can he be? Some one comes—Mr. Fathom, perhaps—I'll retire to my own room again. *Exit, L.*

*Enter MARY, carrying box, and showing in a LADY veiled and wrapped in shawl; she places box on table, and hands the LADY a chair*

MARY. Pray sit down, ma'am, the wind has blown my light out; I'll soon get another; your box is on the table; I shall not be a minute. *Exit, L.*

*PETTIBONE appears at back with two large pistols.*

PET. Gracious powers! what figure is that? 'Tis Betsy wrapped in her bonnet and shawl, waiting in the dark to elope with that fellow; and what's this? her box corded up with all her little things ready (*runs to LADY, and seizes her*) oh, you traitress! you horrid woman! none of your nonsense, you are not going to run away from me in this manner; don't struggle; it's no use; I'm as strong as a lion. There are two pistols on the table, and we'll go to destruction together. (*The LADY screams at his violence—MARY rushes in with lights—stage light—followed by FRANK, L.—MRS. P. comes from her room, R.—PETTIBONE surveys them all in surprise and dismay*)

LADY. (*unveiling*) Sir!

MARY. Master!

MRS. P. P. dear!

PET. Not Betsy!—the lady I've pulled about so—not Betsy! Who are you, madam? Explain before I faint away—who are you?

FRANK. That lady, sir, is my wife. (*FRANK and LADY embrace*)

PET. Your wife! and really you are not going to elope? you are still your own Pettibone's?—but that kiss in the dark, madam! what can remove that stain?

MRS. P. My candid confession—

PET. Of what?

MRS. PET. That I overheard the test by which I was to be tried, and knowing in my heart that I did not deserve such



a trial, I was resolved, as you had thought proper to suspect me without a cause, for once to give you a reason for your jealousy.

PET. (*on his knees*) Oh, Betsy, forgive me.

FRANK. This lady was married clandestinely to me before I left England for America; she is here to meet me with the welcome news that our marriage need no longer be kept a secret, and to-morrow a post-chaise shall take us to our happy home.

PET. (*rising*) Oh, my dear boy, you shall stay for a week and witness our renewed domestic felicity. (*shakes hands with LADY*) How d'ye do, madam?—very glad to see you madam. (*kisses her*)

FRANK. Hallo! sir!

PET. All right, my boy; now we've balanced the book, for you'll forgive me, dear; I'll never be such a noodle again. Come, Betsy, dear, kiss your P. and make him happy; I'll buy you a new satin dress. (*she kisses him*) Hurra! I'm forgiven at last; and if you (*to the audience*) will be equally forgiving, and I think you will, for if I know human nature well, there's not one amongst you can lay your hands upon your hearts and say you do not like "A KISS IN THE DARK."

R.

MARY.

L.

MRS. P.

PET.

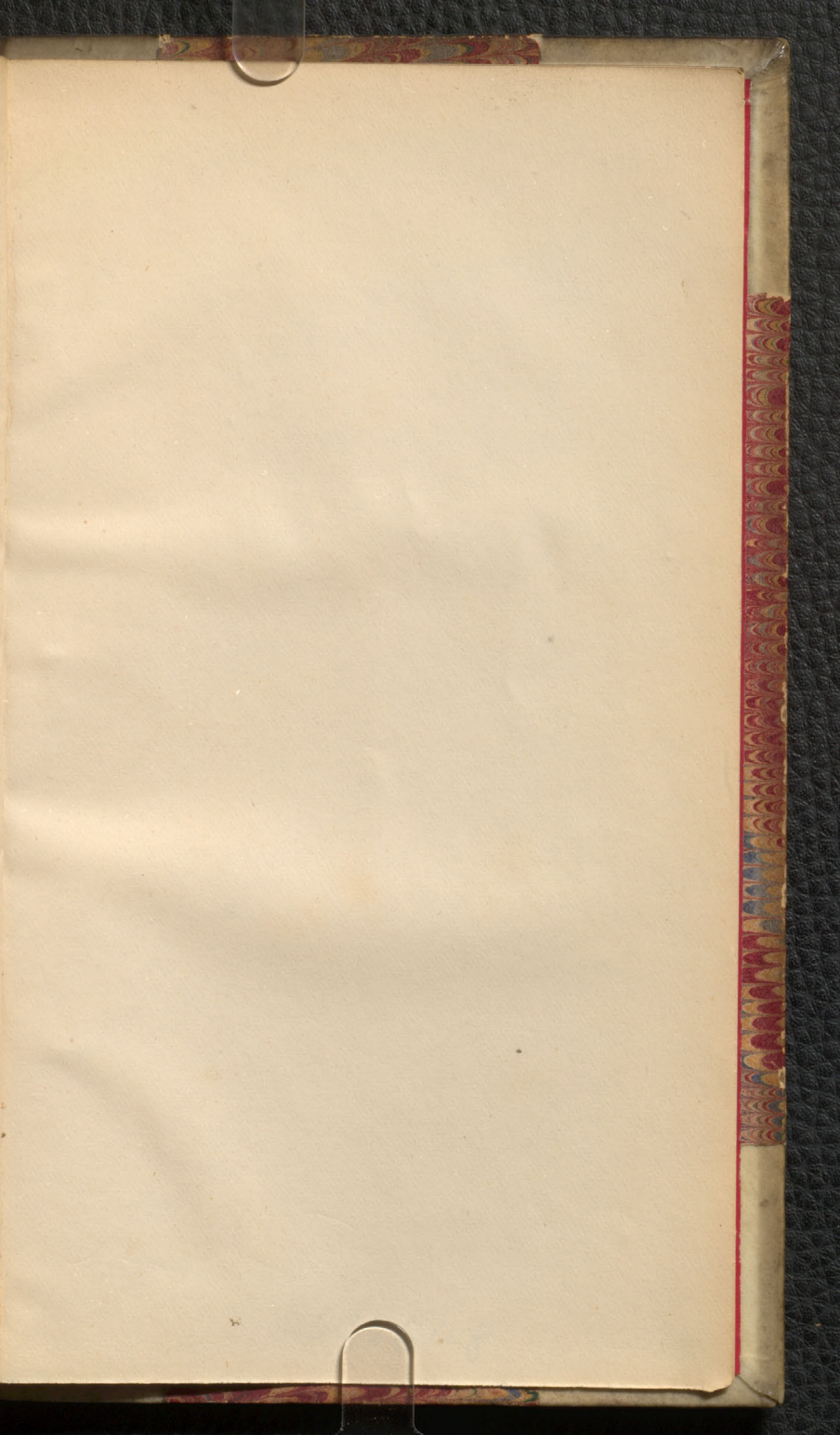
LADY.

FRANK.

Curtain.











3605648

400





MCGILL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

7D

\* PR1243

L3

9L11

vol. 3

435433

NOT FOR CIRCULATION

