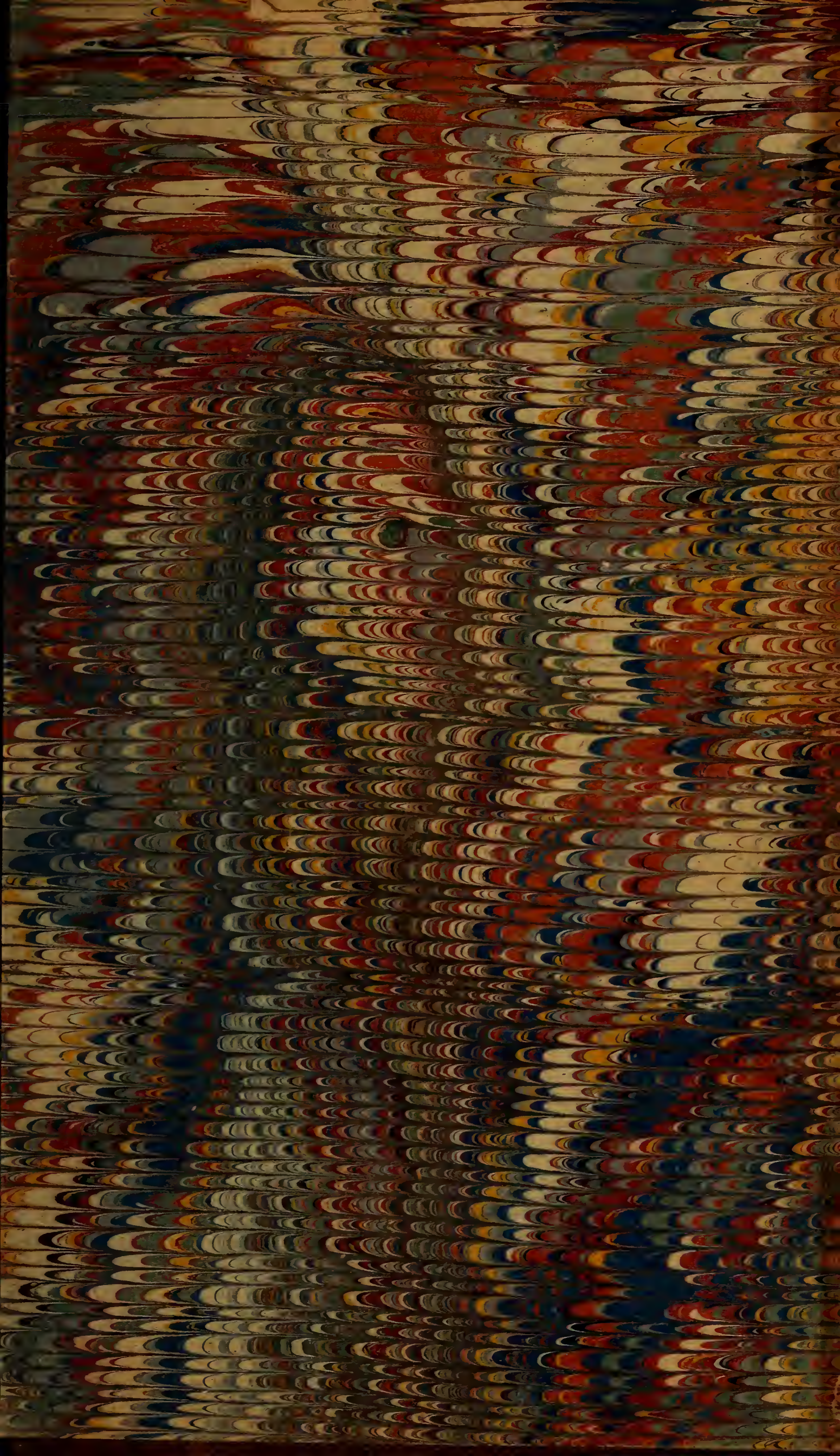


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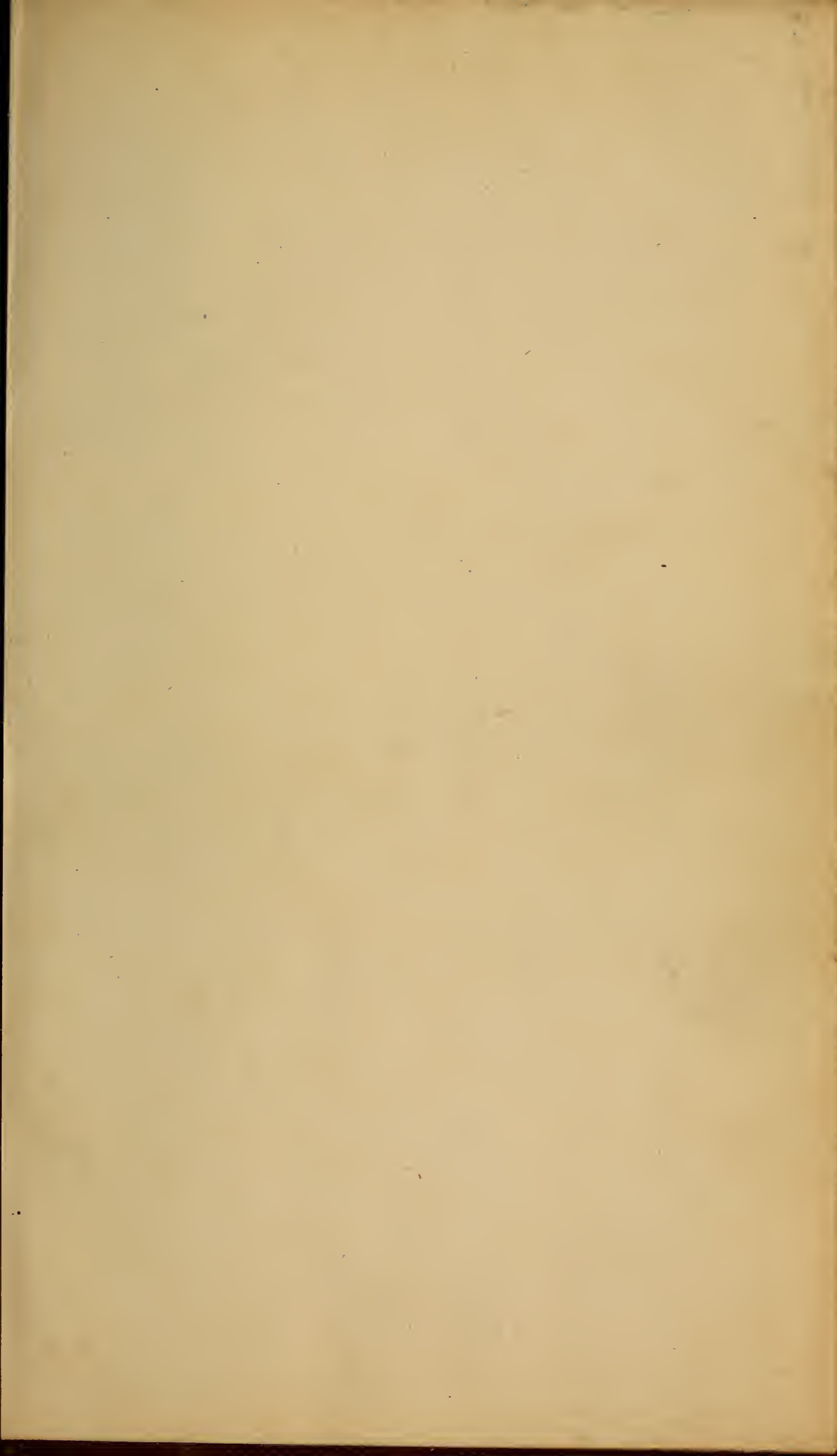


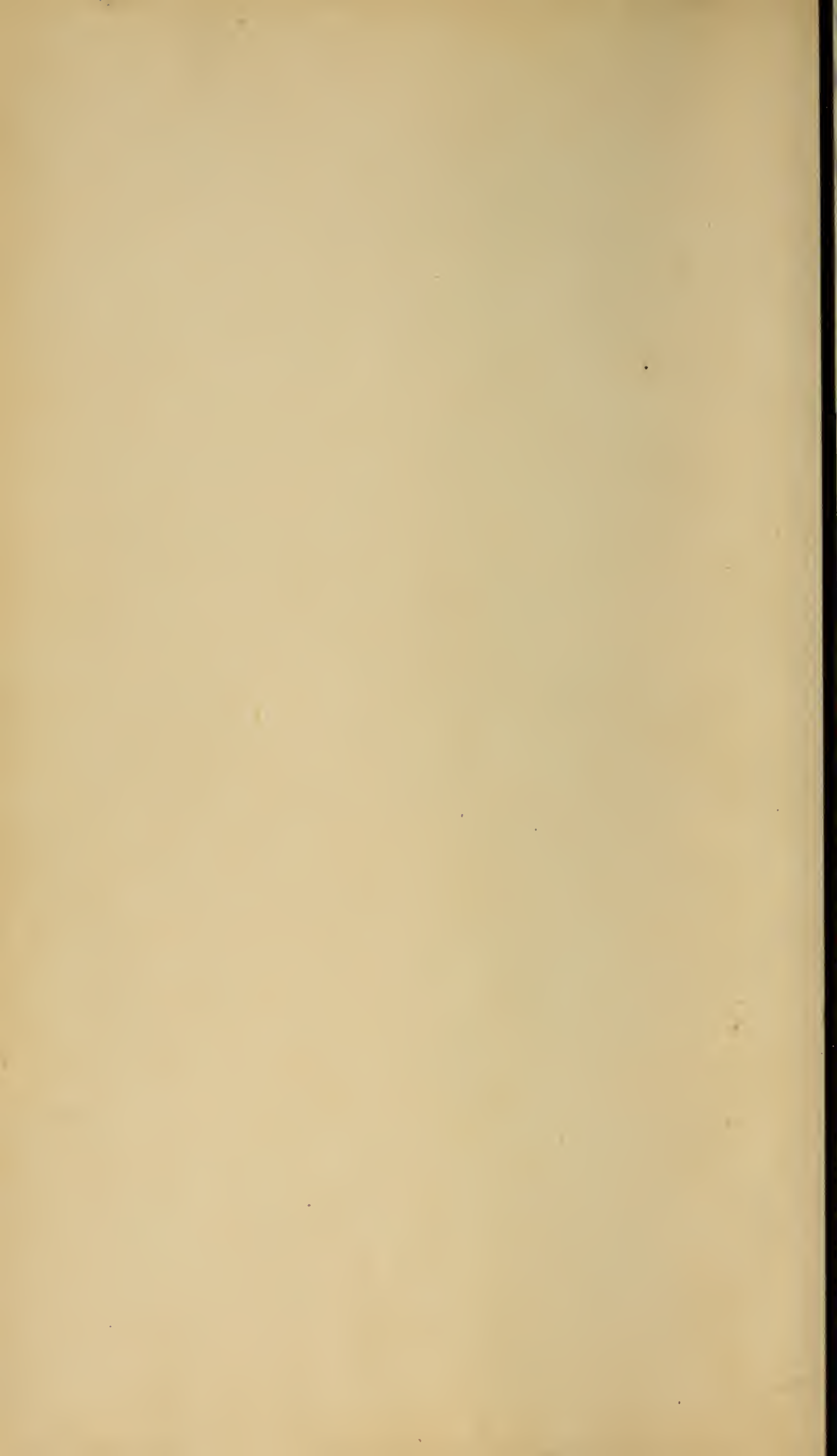
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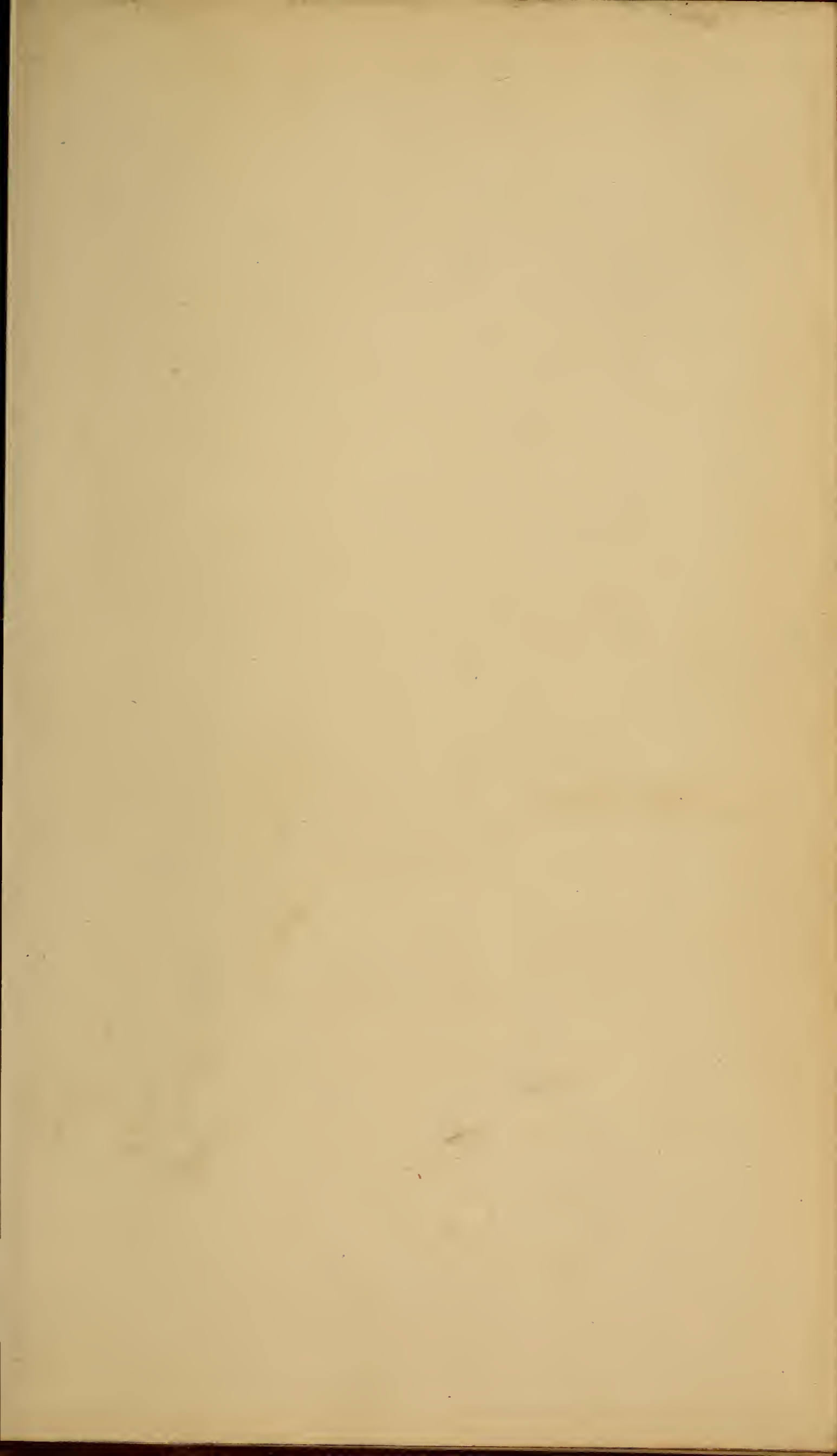
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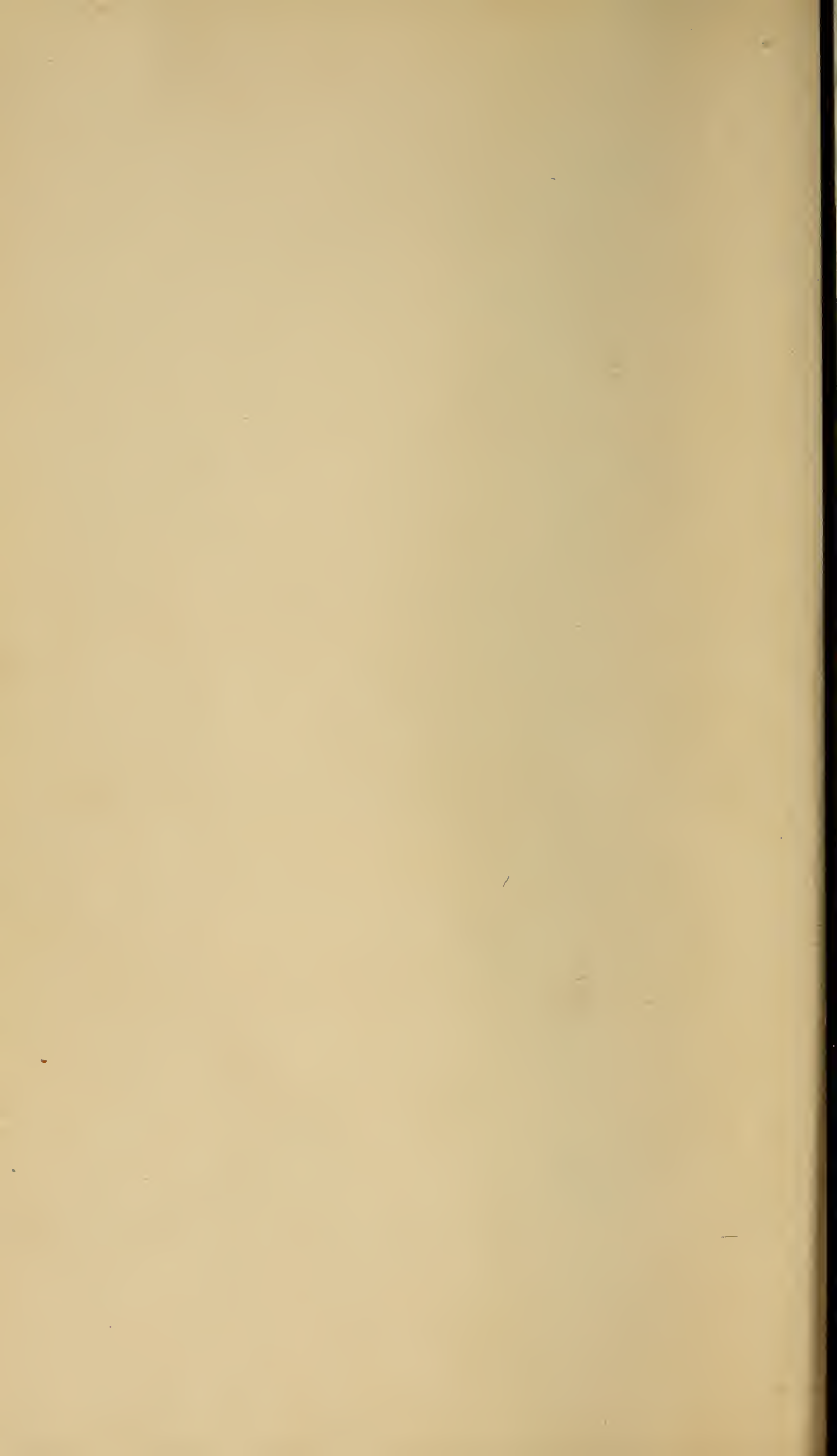
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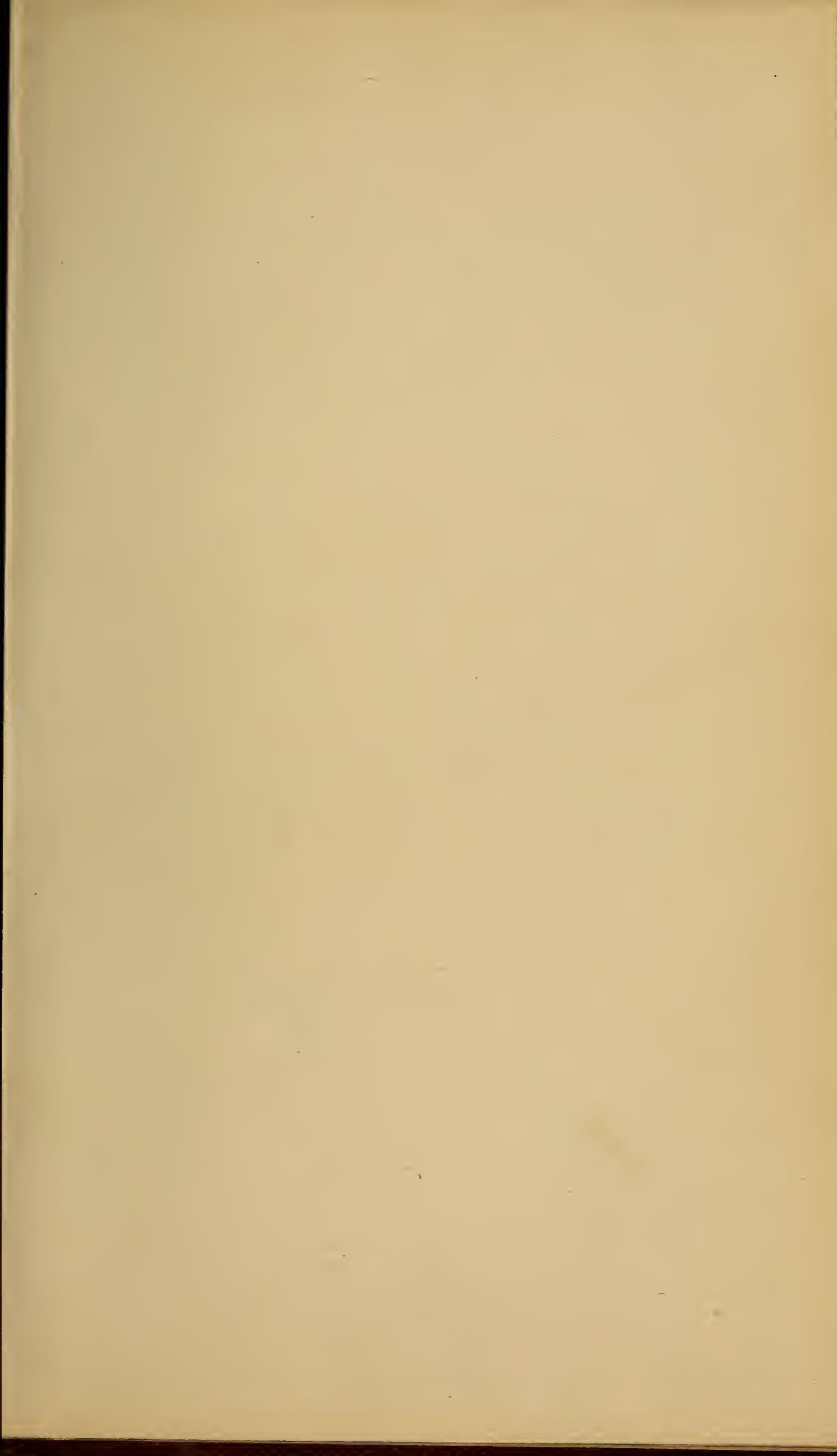


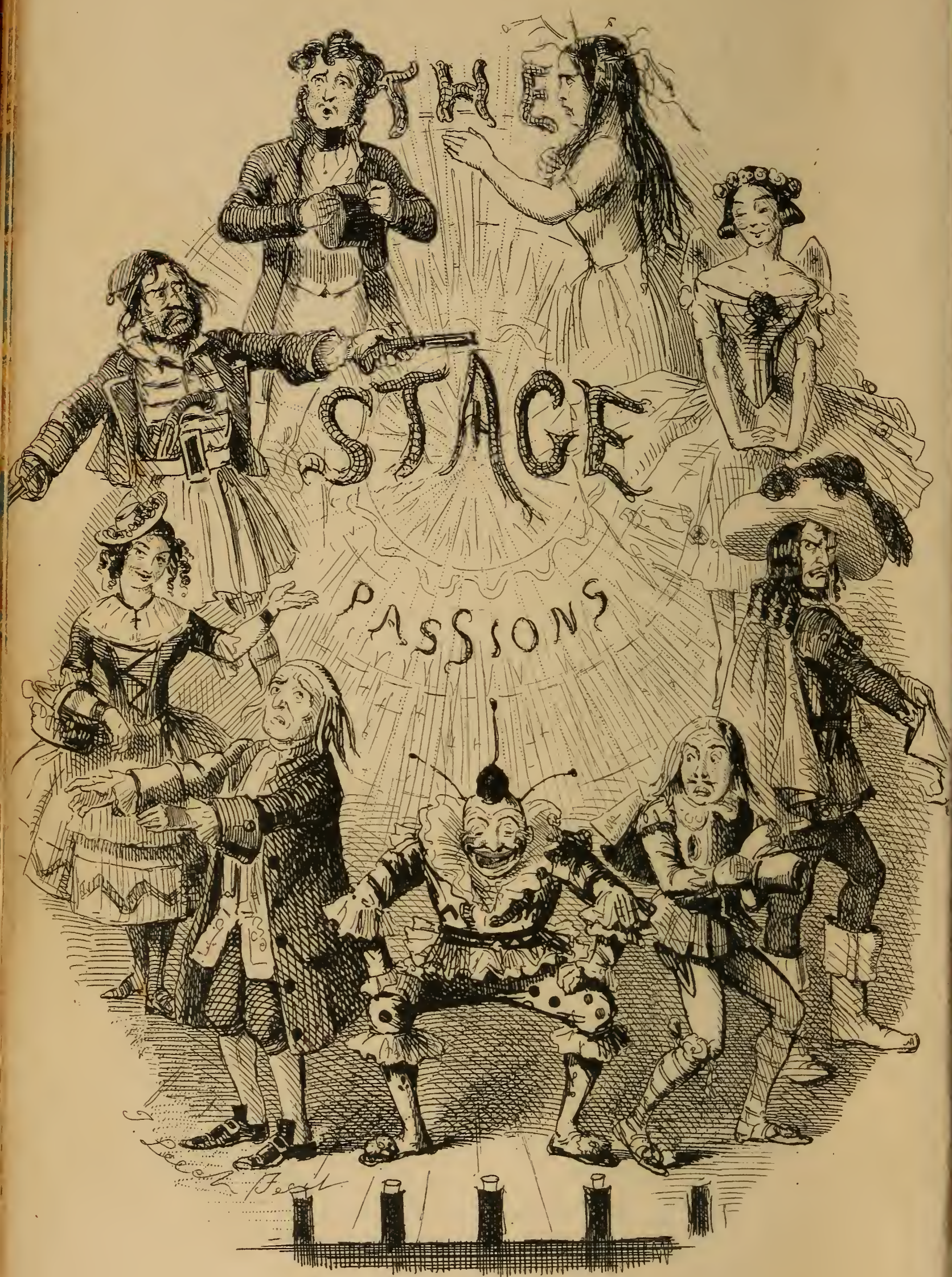












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THE QUIZZIOLOGY  
OF  
THE BRITISH DRAMA.

COMPRISING  
I.—STAGE PASSIONS.  
II.—STAGE CHARACTERS.  
III.—STAGE PLAYS.

BY  
GILBERT ABBOTT à BECKETT.



LONDON:  
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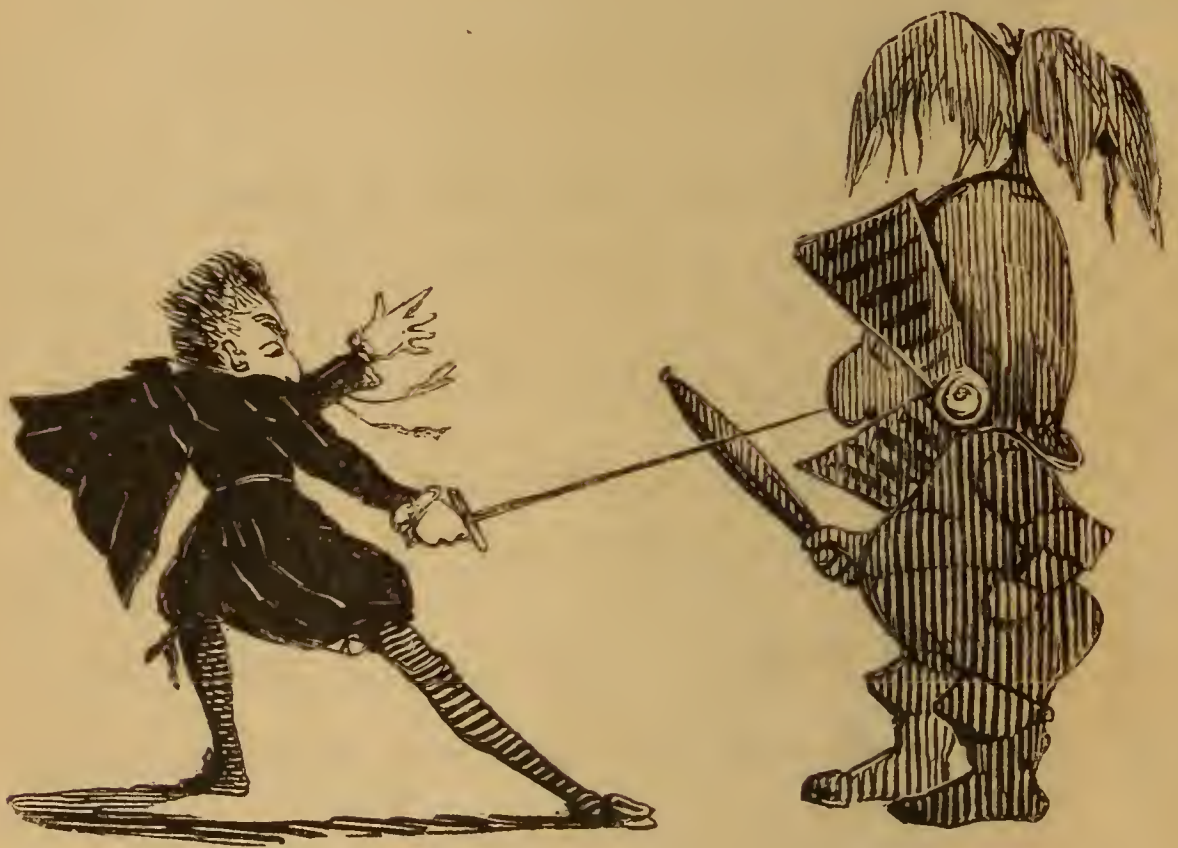
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## INTRODUCTION.

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THERE is, perhaps, no branch of our manufactures in which more skill and ingenuity are displayed than in the process employed by the British dramatist. This industrious workman is a thorough mechanic, twisting the raw material of passion into a thousand shapes, spinning the yarn of sentiment, and weaving the web of interest ; producing by his labour a variety of stuff of different degrees of quality. The object of this little work is, 1st, to describe the passions as they appear in many of our modern plays ; 2ndly, to show the characters most in use by some of our dramatic authors ; and 3rdly, to present examples of those passions and characters in operation, through the medium of scenes supposed to be selected from the works of the most popular writers for the stage.

The incident of Mr. Webster, the lessee of the Haymarket Theatre, having liberally offered, two or three years ago, the sum of five hundred pounds for the best original comedy, has been taken advantage of to assume that the scenes in this collection would have been found in the comedies sent in by the writers whose initials are given :—a supposition that is only negatived by their not having sent in any comedies at all.



THE QUIZZIOLOGY  
OF  
THE BRITISH DRAMA.

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THE STAGE PASSIONS.

AN ODE FOR MELODRAMATIC MUSIC.

---



WHEN Music, being all the rage,  
Usurp'd possession of the stage,  
The Passions, flying in a hurry,  
Took refuge at the Vic.\* and Surrey.  
Ranting, stamping, screaming, fainting,  
Faces chalking, corking, painting,  
By turns they bellow'd like the wind,  
And then to whisper had a mind,  
Till each resolved to act a part  
And give a spec'men of his art.  
All display'd, in half an hour,  
A taste of their expressive power.  
  
First Fear appear'd, its skill to try,  
With shaking hand and trembling knees,

\* *Vic.*, the title by which the patrons of the Victoria Theatre designate their favourite establishment.

Raising a very comic cry,  
 The Surrey gallery to please.

Next Anger rush'd—'tis HICKS, by Jove !  
 Loud thunder in his voice he hurls ;  
 His superhuman rage to prove,  
 He tears his long black worsted curls.

And now doth wan Despair appear.  
 He draws his breath—nor draws it mild,  
 But fiercely asks the chandelier  
 To give him back his only child.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes as bright  
 As if in very sport of pain,  
 The gas-man had laid on a light,  
 From Pleasure's equitable main :  
 (Though, where 's the company that yet  
 Could boast of such a brilliant jet ? )  
 Young Hope begins a tuneful strain,—  
 A strain she 's willing to prolong ;  
 Indulging in it all again,  
 If the kind gods *encore* the song.  
 Though, if upon a second thought,  
 They hint that she may “ cut it short,”  
 She curtsies with a solemn air,  
 And looks the picture of Despair.

No sooner had she sang, than, with a frown,  
 Revenge, that heavy man,  
 Stalk'd in, and cheering shouts of “ Bravo, Brown ! ”  
 Throughout the audience ran.  
 He gives the orchestra a withering look,  
 He draws his blood-stain'd sword,



And growls, " I mark'd it in the leader's book,  
You know I want a chord."

The orchestra wakes up at last,  
The double drums they beat,  
And the trombone gives a blast,  
Lengthening at least six feet.

At every bar, Revenge, with measured stride,  
Perambulates the stage from side to side ;  
Then hides behind the door for some one coming out,  
Who walks most unsuspectingly about,  
Follow'd by dark Revenge, who very neatly  
Contrives to keep out of his sight completely ;  
Waiting an opportunity to see  
Revenge and Victim *exeunt*, both o. p.

Next Jealousy approaches, beating flat,  
With passionate thumps, the crown of its own hat,—  
Now whining in a very love-sick tone ;  
Now showing hate in a long guttural groan.

With eyes upraised and ringlets curling,  
Pale Melancholy—Mrs. Stirling—  
Came from the prompter's little seat  
Her lamentations to repeat,  
And while she pours her pensive cries  
On all the wings and flats around,  
There is an echo in the flies,  
That seems to mock the mournful sound.  
Through box and pit the plaintive accents stole,  
Hung o'er the orchestra with fond delay,  
Through the house a charm diffusing,  
The sound not e'en the gallery losing,  
Till in the slips it dies away.

But oh ! we have at last a sprightlier tone,  
 When Cheerfulness, of motley-coloured hue,  
 Comes with that speech which Mirth has made its own,  
 Exclaiming, “ Here we are ! ” or “ How d’ye do ? ”  
 Rolling its eyes and putting out its tongue,  
 That trick to Mathews \* and to Barry dear,  
 By whom the festive somersault is flung,  
 In pantomimic glory every year.  
 For Cheerfulness is often led  
 To stand awhile upon its head,  
 Raised on a sort of fragile pole,  
 While squibs and crackers round it roll ;  
 Its gay career concluding every night  
 In Fairy Land, or in the realms of light,  
 Made by red fire celestially bright.

Last came Joy’s ecstatic trial,  
 In a ballet group advancing ;  
 For delight, without denial,  
 May be best express’d in dancing.  
 Round and round and round they go,  
 Shepherds in their satin smalls ;  
 Nymphs in stiff glazed calico,  
 Making pretty groups with shawls.  
 Every feature wears a smile,  
 Through the bright vermilion gleaming,  
 Perspiration all the while,  
 Down the happy features streaming.  
 There is no remedy on earth,  
 As a cure for dreary vapours,

\* Mathews and Barry, two stage clowns, who both allege that Grimaldi’s mantle has devolved upon them. We should recommend their tearing the mantle in two, and thus splitting the difference.

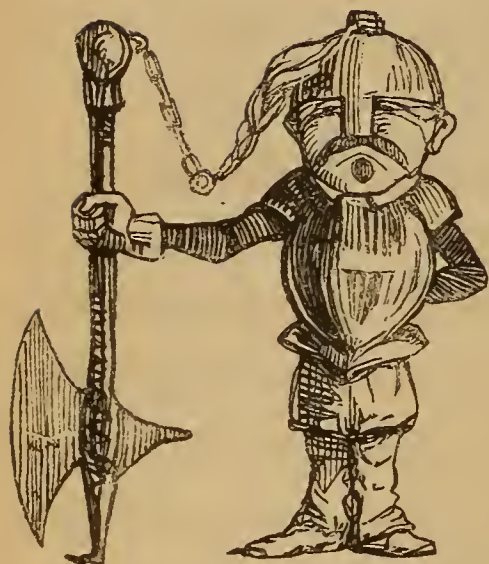
That can boast of half the worth  
Of the *Corps-de-Ballet's* capers !

Oh, Garrick, Kemble, Siddons, Kean—  
The father, not the son, I mean—  
Why are to us such men denied ?  
Why is the drama laid aside ?  
Now from those lofty patent domes,  
Where once you found congenial homes,  
Your mimic art has disappear'd,  
And music's sounds alone are heard.  
Where is your histrionic art ?  
Ask Jullien's advertising cart.  
Arise, as in the elder time,  
When acting used to be sublime ;  
Your wonders in that glorious age  
Were with the public all the rage.  
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,  
The drama still would more prevail,  
Has more attraction, done with skill,  
Is fitted more a house to fill,  
Than could be altogether found  
In worlds of mingled show and sound.



## STAGE CHARACTERS.

---



AN, in his relation to the boards of a minor theatre, is a very wonderful animal. Curious, indeed, are the creatures that breathe the dramatic air, and inhabit the set pieces of scenic life, ranging the canvass woods, and sauntering in the practicable groves, listening to the warbling

woodlark in the band, or being summoned to the field of glory by a trumpeter standing at the side scenes. Man, in this state, defies the sagacity of the ingenious Pritchard, who flies flabbergasted from the contemplation of a being so utterly subversive of all the usual theories.

Perhaps the habit of holding the mirror up to nature, may account for the upside-downishness which is so often met with in a dramatist's view of humanity ; for let the reader seize a dressing-glass—which is more convenient than a mirror—and hold it up to the ceiling—which is more come-at-able than nature—and the reflection will puzzle him as to whether he is on his head or his heels. His writing-table will appear sticking to the roof of the apartment ; the lamp in the centre of his room will seem to be standing on the floor ; and his fire will be blazing away over, instead of underneath, his chimney-piece. This practice, therefore, of holding up a mirror to any-

thing, is calculated to throw an air of topsyturviness over the object reflected; and thus, as it has been just observed, may the *bouleversement* of human nature by the minor dramatist be at once accounted for.

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### I.—THE STAGE SEAMAN.

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PERHAPS there is no finer illustration of the preceding remarks than the theatrical tar, or British seaman, whose total variation from all other seamen, British as well as foreign, causes him to stand alone; though, by-the-bye, the power of standing alone is shared by the skittle, the noun substantive, and a variety of other articles that the imagination soon gets crowded with.

The British seaman, as he used to be according to the 25th of George the Second, and as he is according to the license of the Lord Chamberlain, tells everybody he meets to “Belay, there;” which we find, by a reference to a dictionary of sea-terms, is making a rope fast by turns round a pin or coil without hitching or seizing it. He calls his legs his timbers, though timbers, in nautical language, mean ribs; and he is continually requesting that they may be shivered. He is always either on terms of easy familiarity with his captain, or particularly mutinous; and is often in love with the same young lady as his superior officer, whom, in consequence of their affections clashing, he generally cuts down to a mere hull, as he technically expresses it. He calls every elderly person a grampus, and stigmatises as a land-lubber every individual whose pursuits do not happen to be nautical. When at sea, though only a common sailor, the stage tar is the most important personage in the vessel; and

the captain frequently retires to the side of the ship—sitting, probably, on a water-barrel—in order to leave the entire deck at the service of the tar, while he indulges in a naval hornpipe. The dramatic seaman usually wears patent leather pumps and silk stockings, when on active service ; and, if we are to believe what he says, he is in the habit of sitting most unnecessarily on the main top-gallant in a storm at midnight, for the purpose of thinking of Polly. When he fights, he seldom condescends to engage less than three at a time ; and if the action has been general a moment before, he has the field all to himself, as if by general consent, directly he evinces any disposition for a combat.

If there is a battle, he wins it personally, without the aid of anybody else ; and he treats the admiral as if he were a mere cipher,—as in fact he is, for he generally comes in, when all is over, at the head of his staff, to promote the British seaman, and to tell him that his country owes him a debt of everlasting gratitude. If the tar is a married man, he invariably leaves his Polly without the means of paying her rent ; and when he returns, he generally finds her rejecting the dishonourable proposals of a man in possession, who is making advances either on his own account or as the agent of a libertine landlord. In these cases the British seaman pays out the execution with a very large purse heavily laden at both ends, which he indignantly flings at the shark, as he figuratively describes the broker's man, who goes away without counting the money or giving any receipt for it. The stage-tar sometimes carries papers in his bosom, which, as he cannot read, he does not know the purport of ; and though he has treasured them up, he has never thought it worth while to get anybody to

look at them ; but he generally pulls them out in the very nick of time, in the presence of some old nobleman, who glances at them, and exclaims, " My long-lost son ! " at the same time expanding his arms for the tar to rush into. Sometimes he carries a miniature, and finds in some titled dame a mother to match it, or pulls up the sleeve of his jacket and shows a stain of port-wine upon his arm, which establishes his right to some very extensive estates, and convicts a conscience-stricken steward of a long train of villanies. At the close of his exploits it is customary to bring in the union-jack (nobody knows why it is introduced or where it comes from), and to wave it over his head, to the air of " Rule Britannia."

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## II.—THE STAGE LADIES'-MAID.

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THE explorer of human nature, who digs into the drama as a mine in which character may be discovered, will frequently turn up a quantity of material that he will find much difficulty in accounting for. To pursue the simile of the mine—there cannot, perhaps, be a more extraordinary spade-full than that very singular lump of clay whose denomination forms the title to the present article.

Though all the world is generally admitted to be a stage, it is fortunate that all the ladies'-maids in the world are not stage ladies'-maids ; for if they were, there would be an end to all domestic discipline in every house where a ladies'-maid might happen to form a part of the establishment.

A most striking peculiarity in the position of the Stage Ladies'-maid is the ascendancy she immediately

gains over every one in the house she may have got admission into. The only person she condescends to patronise is her young mistress, whom however she never assists in anything but a love affair ; but that even is beneath her notice, unless it is clandestine, and terminates in an elopement, which she insists on having the entire conduct of. She permits no scruples of delicacy or propriety on the part of her young lady ; who, by-the-bye, seldom expresses any stronger sentiment of self-respect than such as may be implied in the words, “ Really, Betty, I tremble at the step I am about to take ; ” when the ingenious interrogatory of “ Lor ! Miss, what’s the use ? ” from the Stage Ladies’-maid, at once removes any feeling of compunction by which the stage young lady may for a moment have been influenced. There is generally a struggle going on in the mind of the latter between duty and affection, when the casting vote is demanded from the Stage Ladies’-maid, who black-balls duty at once, and gives a plumper for disobedience. The Stage Ladies’-maid nevertheless receives bribes from the representative of the duty interest, namely the heavy man, who is paid thirty shillings a-week for doing the “ respectable utility,” and talks of having just dined with the minister. While, however, she gains a knowledge of the heavy man’s plans, and accepts from him at every interview a heavy purse filled with gallery checks, as a reward for her exertions in his behalf, the Stage Ladies’-maid is urging her young mistress to rush into the threadbare arms of a half-pay captain, who makes love to her by whistling up at the window, following her into the Park, kissing her maid, and practising other elegant little arts which military men—on the stage—are ordinarily ad-



dicted to. Perhaps, however, the most curious portion of the Stage Ladies'-maid's conduct is her treatment of the master of the house, whom she keeps in a state of continual subjection, by an uninterrupted course of insult and violence. She ordinarily addresses him as an "old hunks," shakes her fist in his face, and thrusts his hat and cane into his hand,—all the while pushing him towards the door,—when she has any purpose to serve by getting rid of him. If he begins to talk, she talks him down, so that he can only splutter and say, "Whew!" but he never thinks of either giving her a month's warning, or paying her wages, and sending her about her business. The Stage Ladies'-maid has no idea of leaving the drawing-room when visitors are present, and often remains in it alone to sing a song with Swiss variations, which must be heard all over the house, to the great disturbance of the family. In dress she always excels her mistress, and frequently wears very thin white muslin over pink satin, and an apron with pockets of very *recherché* embroidery.

In conclusion, she generally marries somebody because "she don't see why she shouldn't do as her young mistress does." She sometimes unites herself to a low comic countryman, whom she has been snubbing all through the piece, but who, when he has a chance of being accepted, looks like a great fool, and says, "Well, I doant noa: thou beest woundypratty;" which is at once clutched at as an offer of marriage by the Stage Ladies'-maid, who sings a couplet, or speaks a "tag," makes a curtsy before the fall of the curtain, and retires to her dressing-room, without saying a word to the low-comic countryman, with whom she has just promised to share the remainder of her existence.

### III.—THE STAGE COUNTRYMAN.

---

IF a select committee were appointed to inquire into the state of the rural population, and a Stage Countryman were to be examined with the view of collecting facts relating to the rustic character, the select committee would be sorely puzzled to know what to make of it.

In the first place, the costume of the Stage Countryman is arranged with an eye to the picturesque rather than the practical. He frequently wears a very light sky-blue coat, with a waistcoat of the gayest chintz, as if somebody had given him a window curtain, and he had been seized with the *heureuse idée* of having a vest made out of it. He has dark-blue stockings, which are made of silk if he is the *first* countryman, but are ordinarily of grey worsted if he is only one of a party of rustics getting in the harvest, or assisting at a village festival. By the way, the dramatic mode of getting in the harvest consists in tossing about a truss of straw with property rakes at the back of the stage, and then coming forward to the front to sing a chorus. Village festivities are also of a very mild description in their theatrical form, and comprise little more than the luxury of sitting on a bench outside an alehouse door, holding in one hand a tin cup filled up above the brim with wool, which is occasionally raised to the lips, in accordance with some complimentary allusion to John Barleycorn.

To return, however, to the costume of the Stage Countryman:—The remainder is made up of a red wig and a hooked stick, with a small bundle slung across it, and a pair of dancing-pumps, in which he is always pre-

pared to walk to London, for the purpose of righting "poor sither Phœbe," or telling the "great squire" that he (the Stage Countryman) has got "feelins like," and that he (the Stage Countryman) is as good a "mon" as he (the squire): "thof he (the squire) have gotten a fine coat on his back"—a home truth which sometimes throws the squire into a state of pitiable penitence about something or other which there is no proof of his having been guilty of.

Though the dramatic rustic is vividly alive to any wrong, real or imaginary, inflicted on his own sister, he is often, as far as his own treatment of the fair sex is concerned, little better than a domestic ruffian. He is either contemptibly soft, accepting as a wife some village coquette, who has been declined on account of her flirting propensities, by some former lover, or he is brutally hard, refusing to fulfil the vows he has plighted to some unfortunate village girl, and setting the yard-dog at her if she persists in pursuing him.

The occupations of the Stage Countryman are usually of the very vaguest character. He appears to have nothing on earth to do but to avenge his sister for some wrongs not very clearly made out, bully the landlord about "fearther," who is a most unpunctual old man in the payment of his rent, flirt with village maidens, grow sentimental about poor old "mither," and "dom" the young squire.

The Stage Countryman is a character fast disappearing from the drama, and the only rusticity now introduced into theatrical pieces is confined to a Yorkshire servant, who seems to be retained in a house for the mere purpose of misunderstanding every order he receives, and grossly insulting every visitor of the family.

#### IV.—THE STAGE NEGRO.

---

THE character of the Negro, as exhibited on the stage, is a strange compound of physical and moral singularities, that are well worthy the attention of the student of human nature in its dramatic, which is certainly its most astounding form. The Stage Negro seems to be deeply imbued with the beauties of the British Constitution, and is constantly indulging in sentiments of gratitude towards England, that must be delightful to the ears of the most patriotic native of our highly-favoured isle. The Stage Negro is continually running about in an ecstasy of delight at the reflection, that, “dreckly him put him foot on British groun, him free as de air, free as Massa himself:” an announcement which is usually followed up in an early scene by the Negro receiving a variety of cuffs or kicks, (in which, by-the-bye, he seems to delight,) from some of the other characters in the drama. Sometimes the Stage Negro grows sentimental, and asks, in reference to some cruel practical joke that has been played upon him, “Whether him not a man and a brother? for though him face black as him coal, him heart white as him lily.” The old constitution-loving and sentiment-spluttering Stage Nigger is, however, rapidly disappearing from the stage; and we get, in these days, very few of those cutting allusions to the traffic in slaves, and those tender appeals to the equality of the human race, which were the charm of the dramatic negroes of our infancy. The Stage Negro has become a vulgar dancing brute, with a banjo

in his hand, and without a bit of sentiment at his heart ; a wretch constantly jumping about, wheeling about, and turning about, but wholly devoid of that solemn admiration for the British Constitution and for the liberating influence of the sands at Margate, or the shingles at Dover, which we once used to hear with a feeling of pride at being natives of a land that admitted of so much puffing on the part of our dramatists. The Stage Negro of the present day can only indulge in frivolous allusions to Miss Lucy Long, Coal Black Rose, and other light characters, or call upon some imaginary individual, of the name of Josey, to Jim along—a process that we are utterly at a loss to form any conception of.

Thus much for the moral attributes of the Stage Negro, whose physical peculiarities remain, for the most part, unchanged ; and to these we can, therefore, turn our attention, without any feeling of disappointment at the alteration which has occurred in the intellectual character. The Stage Negro still exhibits that remarkable peculiarity of the skin, which is shown by the dark colour generally finishing abruptly at the wrist, the hand being perfectly the same as that of one of the white population. The variety of hues is also very remarkable ; for while the arm is of the colour of a black worsted stocking, the face is somewhat less opaque ; and, indeed, it would appear that Nature dealt for her blacking with two different manufacturers, trying Warren for the limbs, and using Day and Martin for the features of the Stage Negro.

## V.—THE STAGE SUPERNUMERARY.

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LAS! there is not in the range of dramatic character a more striking instance of the weakness of theatrical human nature, than is presented by the Supernumerary, whose career, from the last bar of the overture to the speaking of the “tag,” is one continued course of feeble-minded vacillation, abject subservience, or abominable treachery. He is led away by a bit of bombast from any ranting hero who will ask him if he is a man, or a Briton, or a Roman, or whether the blood of his ancestors runs through his recreant veins; and he will agree, at a moment’s notice, to take part in any desperate enterprise. He will appear at one moment as the friend of freedom, dressed in green baize, pointing with a property sword to the sky borders, and joining some twenty others in an oath to rid his country of the tyrant: but he will be found five minutes afterwards rigged out in cotton velvet as a seedy noble in the *suite* of the very identical tyrant. He will swear allegiance to the House of Hapsburg, at half-past seven, and by the time the second price comes in, he will be marching as one of a select party of the friends of freedom who have taken an oath to roll the House of Hapsburg in the dust. Perhaps, like a perfidious villain as he is, he will be carrying a banner inscribed with the words, “Down with the oppressor,” on one side, while on the other—which he keeps

artfully out of sight in order to hide his treachery from the audience—are emblazoned the arms of the House of Hapsburg, of which the alleged oppressor is the chief. On the field of battle the conduct of the Stage Supernumerary is contemptible in the extreme, for he either falls down before he is hit, or takes a mean advantage of a fallen foe by striking an attitude, with his foot resting on the chest of one of the vanquished enemy.

Sometimes the Supernumerary gives himself up from seven until ten to a reckless career of crime, carousing in a canvass cave, or plundering pasteboard caravans, except at intervals during the evening, when, perhaps, to swamp the voice of conscience, he drinks half-and-half in the dressing-room, with his wicked accomplices. The face of the Supernumerary generally shows the traces of a long career of crime and burnt cork; nor is there a feature upon which remorse or rouge has not committed ravages. He frequently has his arms and legs bare, but, as if he had shrunk within himself, his skin or fleshing is frequently too large for him, and forms folds of a most extraordinary kind at the joints of his knees or elbows. Sometimes his chest is left bare, and his skin, as far as the neck, appears to be of a rich orange colour; but the throat, which is cut off, as it were, by a distinct line, is of a different shade altogether. Sometimes, when the scene is laid in India, the Supernumerary has his skin tied on to him, from which it would seem to be a theatrical theory that the darkness of colour peculiar to the negro race is owing to the use of leggings and waistcoats of black worsted.

The Stage Supernumerary is something like the antelope in his facility of descending precipices, and he will make his way with the greatest ease among rocks

that appear inaccessible. He will come from the very highest mountain-pass in two or three minutes, and he undertakes needless difficulty by going a roundabout way and traversing the same ground several times over; though he knows that the remotest peak is not a minute's walk from the footlights.

Though the Stage Supernumerary is frequently a ruffian while upon the scene, he is exceedingly harmless and humble directly he gets to the wing, when he is glad to creep into any quiet corner to avoid being ordered out of the way by the prompter, tumbled over by the call-boy, and sworn at as well as knocked down with a blow from a flat by one or two of the carpenters.

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## VI.—THE STAGE PRINCE.

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ROYALTY, on the stage, is usually very unfortunate, and the treatment it receives is, under even the most favourable circumstances, anything but what it ought to be. If the stage monarch is in the height and plenitude of his power, there is very little respect shown to him. He has to march about in processions with a pasteboard crown on his head, while the royal ermine is nothing better than flannel with tufts of worsted fastened on to it. As to his palace, though the walls are finely painted, there is scarcely one room that he can comfortably sit down in, for the apartments are usually as barren of furniture as if a distress for rent had recently cleared them. If he gives a banquet, there is nothing to eat but a quantity of artificial flowers in vases, and some imitation fruit, moulded all in one piece on a *papier mâché*



plateau ; so that, if the fruit were eatable, the plate of which it forms a part would have to be devoured with it. The stage monarch has generally very little to say, and perches himself quietly on a very uncomfortable throne raised on a rickety platform, with scarcely room for his feet ; while some individuals, turning their backs upon his Majesty, amuse themselves with dancing. He is frequently sworn at, and imperatively ordered by the stage-manager, who is a viceroy over him, to get down from his throne, that it may be dragged off at the wing by the scene-shifters just before the *fête* concludes, when the monarch sneaks in anywhere among the crowd of supernumeraries who constitute his “ people.”

His snubbed Majesty feels that he shall interfere with some Terpsichorean grouping, or destroy the final *tableau* of a *pas de deux*, if he does not get out of the way ; and he keeps backing and backing, until some of his court, irritated perhaps by the pressure of the royal heels on their plebeian corns, check his further retreat with—“ Now then, stupid ! where are you coming to ? ” But the stage monarch is not always a mere nonentity, for he sometimes takes a very active part, and develops some very remarkable traits of character. If he happens to be a king after the pattern of him known familiarly as the “ merry monarch,” though in reality a very sad dog, he gets into tavern rows, flirts with the barmaid, cheats the landlord, insults the guests, and is on the point of being subjected to merited chastisement, when some tradesman of the court—perhaps the milkman, or the butcher—recognises the King, from which it must be inferred that his Majesty is in the habit of personally taking in the milk, or ordering the meat for dinner. If the dramatists can take liberties even with royalty moulded

on the model of an English sovereign, it may be supposed that they will run into considerable rampancy when picturing one of the monarchs in miniature that are supposed to swarm on the Continent.

A foreign principedom standing like a suburban villa in its own grounds, with cavalry barracks for six horses, a large roomy outhouse for infantry, and the use of a paddock for an occasional review, may admit of considerable latitude in the way of dramatic treatment, for no one knows whether it is right or wrong ; and it may be, therefore, perfectly *en règle* for the small fry of sovereigns to do the sort of things that on the stage we find them doing. Thus it may be very natural for an Italian prince to go away from his dominions, leaving the government in the hands of a younger brother or an uncle, who spreads a report of the death of the “rightful heir,” when the “rightful heir” might settle the business with the “wrongful heir” by simply coming forward. He, however, prefers sneaking about the outskirts of a forest, with one “trusty retainer,” and falling in love with the daughter of some dealer in firewood, who comes home every evening to talk sentiment about his child, after having been employed all day in felling timber that does not belong to him.

The Stage Prince, when he does make up his mind to claim his rights, issues no proclamation ; but muffles himself up in an enormous cloak that he may not be known, and arrives in his own territories during some *fête* that is being given by the “wrongful heir” to celebrate the feast of the grottos, (*quære*, oyster-day ?) or anything else which makes a line in the play-bill and admits of an incidental ballet. The “rightful heir” keeps judiciously in the background during the dancing,

and the “wrongful heir” eyes him without knowing why; and in the intervals of the festivities comes mysteriously forward to tell the orchestra that “he don’t know how it is, but something seems to weigh at his heart;” and he will occasionally inquire politely of Conscience when it will allow peace to enter the guilty breast, from which it has hitherto been a prohibited article. He will ever and anon eye the “rightful heir” with a suspicion for which he—or any one else—cannot account; and ultimately he will make some observation from which the stranger in the cloak will dissent; and high words will ensue, in which the “rightful heir” will be addressed as “Caitiff!” and asked by what right he interrupts the festival. Every one will gather round, but no one will know the “rightful heir,” until, throwing off his cloak, he develops a blaze of orders, including a terrific freemason’s star and a quantity of ornaments in paste, that he has purchased from having seen them ticketed up “Cheap” at a pawnbroker’s.

The discovery of the orders, accompanied by a sudden throwing off of the hat, will cause all to go down on their knees, the courtiers exclaiming “Sire!” the female peasants murmuring out “the Prince,” and turning round to each other with “My gracious!” “Only think!” “Did you ever!” &c., in a series of facetious asides; while the male peasants shout “Our long-lost lord!” The supernumeraries, who can only be intrusted with a single word, cry simply “Sire!” and the discomfited “wrongful heir,” covering his face in shame, and leaving the blushes to mantle under his cloak, mutters out “My liege!” while the chorus-singers burst into a concluding strain of joy, love, and loyalty.

## VII.—THE STAGE LOVER.

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THE passion of love developes itself on the stage in various ways, and every different species of dramatic production has a peculiar kind of Stage Lover. The tragedy lover is addicted to the very inconvenient practice of loving above his station ; and he is continually going about asking the woods, the groves, the valleys, and the hills why he was “lowly born ;” a question which the said woods, groves, valleys, and hills are not in the habit of answering. He usually rushes to the wars, and comes home with a colonel’s commission ; bragging that he has crushed the haughty Ottomite, or rolled the audacious Libyan in the dust of his native desert. In consequence of this crushing and rolling he offers his hand with confidence to the high-born maid, who had previously spurned him from her foot ; and he generally chooses the occasion of a banquet given in honour of her intended marriage to somebody else as the most fitting opportunity for popping the question. Having succeeded in his suit he frequently sets out to crush some more Ottomites, or roll the audacious Libyan in some more dust, when he allows himself to be made very jealous by anonymous letters, and he abruptly leaves the army to lead itself, in order that he may go home and tax his wife with her infidelity. On arriving *chez lui* the tragedy lover not unfrequently finds his wife engaged in conversation with her own brother, who won’t say he is her brother, but prefers fighting a duel with the tragedy lover ; and the latter returns to his wife with a fatal wound, just in time to die in her arms, which sends her

raving mad ; while the brother, in a fit of remorse, commits suicide.

The operatic lover bears some resemblance to the lover we have just disposed of ; though he usually confines his violence to tearing up marriage contracts, stamping on the bits, shaking his fist in his rival's face, and rushing out with a drawn sword, shrieking as he makes his exit, to the highest pitch of his *falsetto*. When the course of his love happens to run tolerably smooth, he indulges in poetical declarations of his affection, which he compares to a variety of objects, in a strain resembling the following :—

Like to the golden orb of day,  
Which sets upon the main ;  
Going awhile at night away,  
And coming back again.  
Or like the little polar star,  
That guides the ship at sea :  
The constant friend of ev'ry tar—  
Such is my love for thee.

A beacon to a fainting crew,  
To point the way to land ;  
A drop of precious mountain dew  
On Afric's burning sand.  
The avalanche which ne'er can fall,  
Wherever it may be,  
Without its overwhelming all—  
Such is my love for thee.

The lover of the *ballet* belongs to quite another class. He usually expresses his affection by *pirouettes* ; and having heard that it is love which makes the world go round, he thinks probably that his spinning may be taken as a proof of his sincerity. The lover in the *ballet*

evinces his affection very frequently by allowing the object of his choice to drop into his arms with one of her legs in the air, or to fall suddenly with all her weight into his open hand, while he, supported on only one knee, bears the burden with a smile, though every muscle is on the strain, and it costs him the most intense exertion to maintain his equilibrium. The lovers in a *ballet* are generally torn apart by the rude hands of parents, who however wait for the conclusion of a *pas de deux* before they interpose their authority, which they take care to exercise within proper Terpsichorean limits—always giving the young couple time to fall into a graceful attitude, and receive whatever applause the public may seem disposed to bestow on it.

The comedy lover goes by the technical name of the “walking gentleman,” a title probably derived from his always having his hat in his hand, as if he would shortly have to walk off at the instigation of some unreasonable father or testy guardian. The comedy lover is very much addicted to ducks and dissatisfaction, wearing white trousers in all weathers, and finding fault upon all occasions with the object of his choice, without any reason for doing so. If the lady is in good spirits, the following is the sort of speech the comedy lover will address to her:—“Nay, Laura, I do not like this gaiety. The volatile head bespeaks the hollow heart; and if you would smile on *me* to-day, you might bestow your sunshine on *another* to-morrow. Believe me, Laura, that though we may admire the gadfly for its wings, we shall never seek it for its society; and though we may chase the butterfly for its colours, we cherish the canary for its constancy. You weep, Laura—nay, I did not mean to distress you, though I had rather bring tears from

your eyes than allow levity to remain at your heart ; for steadiness of character is a brighter gem than the most glittering gew-gaw. I will leave you now, Laura, and remember, that even should fate divide us, you have no truer friend than Arthur Turniptop."

The farce lover is the lowest in the dramatic scale, for he is not unfrequently a scamp, and it would sometimes be difficult to distinguish him from a swindler. He is usually wholly destitute of means, and quite averse to any respectable occupation. He seldom enters a house like a gentleman, but sneaks in by the assistance of a pert and dishonest maid, or comes like a thief over a garden wall, or through an open window. If the master of the house should be heard approaching, the farce lover gets under the table, or crams himself into a cupboard already full of crockery, some of which he begins to break as if to make his place of concealment known to the "old man," who, instead of going at once to ascertain the cause, walks away to fetch a blunderbuss, a red-hot poker, or some other equally murderous instrument, which he would certainly be hanged for making effective use of. While he is gone the farce lover takes the opportunity of leaping from the window, instead of quietly going out at the door, and the "old man," after threatening to fire into the cupboard, bursts it open, and concludes that, as there is no one there, a mouse must have made all the noise, and done all the mischief. The farce lover usually parts from the object of his affections with great spirit and vivacity, although he has just before been lispng out something very sentimental about fate presenting "inthuperable obthtacles" to his union.

## VIII.—THE STAGE ASSASSIN.

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NEVER having had the privilege of an acquaintance with a real assassin—a distinction which, if he happens to be caught and condemned, is in these days apparently much coveted—we are unable to say whether the assassin of the stage bears a reasonable resemblance to the genuine article. We regret, however, to find that the old original Stage Assassin is fast fading away, and is almost entirely superseded in the dramatic world by a smooth-faced sort of villain, who is recognised by the patrons of the theatres “over the water,” as the hero of domestic tragedy. We confess we have a preference for the “fine old Stage Assassin, all of the olden time”—the regular minor melodramatic murderer, with a voice hoarse from an accumulation of colds supposed to have been caught in a long course of crime carried on at midnight, among cut woods and canvass caverns. We prefer his ample crop of black worsted, falling in raven ringlets half-way down his back, to the hair of the modern Stage Assassin, whose locks are “gracefully curled” like the celebrated little volume of smoke in the old song of the Woodpecker. The head-dress of the former is characteristic of the dark thoughts that are passing through the wearer’s brain, but the latter’s well Macassared hair confounds the distinctions between innocence and guilt; for if the assassin can have recourse to a cut and curl, how are we to know and beware of him? Is it not enough to make us start back in horror from the wax heads in the barbers’ windows, and to look with suspicion on the innocent shop-boy or clerk, who having just paid



his monthly sixpence for having his hair cut, has undergone the operation of the irons because there is no extra charge, and he likes to get as much as he can for his money ?

The old Stage Assassin is however not quite extinct ; and ere he vanishes altogether we will paint him in his true colour. As that colour happens to be particularly black, we cannot have anything more appropriate than ink to paint with. The face of the Stage Assassin is ploughed up with enormous furrows, to add no doubt to the harrowing nature of his aspect. His forehead has as many lines running across it as a Grand Junction Railway ; and burnt cork, the theatrical substitute for care, has traced a long train of guilt from one terminus to the other of his countenance. His cheeks are blanched with that chalk which on the stage does the work of conscience, and his eyes are blackened by that want of mental repose which Indian ink so effectually indicates. The career of the Stage Assassin affords a curious illustration of the rapidity with which a downward course of guilt is accomplished. He enters without having any murderous object, when chance throws him in the way of a wicked nobleman who wants to get rid of a good nobleman, on account of some family feud between their respective ancestors in a former century. The wicked nobleman seldom makes any proposal in specific terms, but the Stage Assassin is very apt ; and a few winks, a groan or two, some exclamations about scotching a snake, followed up by the exhibition of an enormous purse, with a little whispering into the Stage Assassin's ear, are quite sufficient to furnish him with the particulars of the task he is about to enter upon.

Having become acquainted with the person of his con-

templated victim, the Stage Assassin is constantly at his heels, but never gets near enough to despatch him—and generally comes on exclaiming, “Ha! he turns into the wood; he goes across the copse; now yon thicket shades him; he emerges from the wood; again he’s out of sight! Curses on him, he has eluded me this time;”—and the Stage Assassin immediately steals off in an opposite direction to that which the victim is supposed to have taken. Sometimes the Stage Assassin succeeds in getting close behind the good nobleman without being seen, when it is usual for him to go through sundry evolutions with his dagger, each of which is more difficult than to kill the intended victim at once; but this superfluous foolery is kept up till the latter turns abruptly round, and the Stage Assassin—managing to conceal his weapon—makes a most obsequious bow to the good nobleman, who walks coolly out as if nothing had happened, while the assassin follows with a variety of threatening gestures.

It sometimes happens that the victim is caught in a storm on the borders of his own estate, when he turns into a wretched hovel to pass the night on a Windsor chair, with his arm arranged as a bolster for his head, which he reposes on a little round kitchen tea-table. The Stage Assassin usually contrives to come to the window, which he opens gently in the first instance, but after looking in, he suddenly slams it violently with a noise which is echoed by an enormous drum; and the victim, waking up, looks round in every direction but the right, and, making a casual observation on high winds, he goes off to sleep again. The Stage Assassin looks again through the window, and contrives to enter unheard, but he must needs take several strides about

the room, in the course of which he wilfully upsets a chair, and creeps under the table. This noise being also responded to by a loud crash on the drum, the victim starts up and observes that “*Surely* he heard a noise.” He even proceeds to look under the table, but the assassin creeps out, and contrives to dodge the victim, who, having indulged in a short soliloquy on storms, settles down to go to sleep again.

He is what is termed “off” in no time, and the assassin then goes seriously to work, by taking hold of the victim’s cloak, which causes the good nobleman to wake up to a sudden sense of his situation. With a degree of tact for which his former proceedings had not prepared us, the victim contrives to slip out of the cloak, and glide away altogether from the room; when the Stage Assassin with his eyes averted—a movement no doubt designed to indicate his being slightly conscience-stricken—plunges the weapon into the cloak, which he kills at least half-a-dozen times, as if to make sure that the deed is done, and then retires with the comfortable conviction that he has earned his money.

The intended victim seldom takes any public notice of the attempt upon his life, but prefers the secret satisfaction of confounding the wicked nobleman by appearing in the last scene, when the Stage Assassin, having got the bribe without doing the work, is often seized with remorse, and denounces the wicked nobleman, who gives a savage scowl, and takes his place gloomily between two supernumeraries, in token of his being prepared to resign himself into the hands of justice. The good nobleman is occasionally so charmed with the change in the Stage Assassin’s conduct, that a cottage and a permanent income to keep it up, are placed by the former

at the latter's service, as a premium for having stabbed an old cloak by mistake, taken a large sum for what he has not done, and betrayed the individual who paid for his services. "No money returned" is, however, no less the motto of the Stage Assassin, than of the stage manager.

Though it is certainly the province of the character we have been describing to harrow up the audience by his hideous aspect, it is possible to carry the matter a little too far, as was once the case at a theatre, where the assassin had "made up" so frightfully well, that on his first entrance he sent all his fellow-performers terrified off the stage, threw the whole orchestra into fits by his awful aspect, and, what was worse than all, scared away the audience.

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#### IX.—THE STAGE STEWARD.

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THE Stage Steward is generally a compound of some of the most opposite qualities. He is a kind of walking dramatic cruet-stand, in which the vinegar of soured temper, the salad oil of better feelings, the pepper of irritability, and the mustard of a gnawing conscience are mixed together in about equal quantities.

The Stage Steward has generally embezzled the whole of his master's property, and has not unfrequently sent the infant heir on a voyage of discovery down a stream in a wicker basket, some five-and-twenty years before the play begins, with the intention of drowning him. The basket usually drifts ashore in the garden of some old cottager, who adopts the infant heir without knowing who he is ; but the child has generally a bundle of title-

deeds concealed in his bib, or tucked in his tucker. These are always carefully preserved, but never produced until it is necessary for the purposes of the dramatist.

We must not, however, forget that it is the Stage Steward, rather than his victim, who is the subject of our present analysis. The Stage Steward has almost always in his confidence some desperate character, who comes every now and then to threaten exposure, unless he receives a considerable sum of money, which the Stage Steward always pays to him. There never seems to have been any actual necessity for the coalition, but it is generally thought expedient for the dramatic interest of a play in which there is a Stage Steward, that he should be pounced upon repeatedly in the height of his prosperity, by a person who gives demoniac laughs, and exclaims "Ha! ha! ha!" or hints to the Steward sarcastically, that they are "old friends," and that he, the accomplice, will stick to the Stage Steward "through life," for that he disapproves the principle of "old pals deserting one another because circumstances have somewhat changed with both of them."

Though the Stage Steward has usually no authority to show, he succeeds in doing what he likes with the estates, receiving all the rents and accounting to nobody, simply on the strength of the heir not having made his appearance,—as if the next of kin would not have been down upon the Steward for the assets, when it was believed that something had happened to the rightful owner of the property. The Stage Steward not unfrequently has an only daughter, whom he tenderly twaddles over, calling her "a green spot," "a lily," or a "lady-bird," and comparing himself to the trunk of an old tree, struck by lightning some hundred years ago, but

freshened up by a sprig of jasmine twining round it. This daughter sometimes happens to have met a young peasant on the outskirts of the park, who says that something tells him he is something or other very great ; but what that something is that has told him, or what is the other something he fancies he may be, never transpires. When the Stage Steward discovers the acquaintance made by his daughter, he generally begins cursing his child, and talking haughtily to the peasant, until tracing a spot on his arm, or a mole on his forehead, the Stage Steward commences raving and ranting, concluding by throwing himself at his young master's feet. The accomplice then rushes in with the title-deeds, which he has found under a stone in the ruins of a castle, and a marriage is got up between the Steward's daughter and the heir, who forgives everybody everything, and even appoints the accomplice to a lucrative and responsible situation on the estate. The Stage Steward then comes forward to tell the audience that honesty is the best policy, and the curtain falls.

Sometimes we find the Stage Steward in the service of a gloomy nobleman, who is possessed of a large deal box, like a sea-chest, from which he has been once seen to take a dagger wrapped up in a piece of rag stained with blood—a circumstance of which the Stage Steward avails himself to sit down in his master's presence, and indulge in other paltry pieces of impertinence. The Stage Steward occasionally tears from the bosom of the nobleman a confession of a murder—a document which the latter always carries about, signed and sealed, in his breast-pocket. Having obtained possession of this instrument, the Stage Steward commits sundry acts of extortion, by pulling it out and brandishing it before the eyes of the

nobleman, who instantly consents to make over a moiety of his possessions to his tyrannical servant. It, however, generally happens that the blood-stained dagger which has been so carefully preserved, did not do its business



effectually, for a long-lost nephew comes from abroad with a scar as the evidence of his having once received a wound, and the confession is consequently so much waste paper, while the cognovit stamp necessary to make it a legal document is money thrown away, in addition to

all the cost of copying. The arrival of the nephew does not seem much to alter the position of the nobleman, who asks and obtains forgiveness ; but the Stage Steward generally gets his *congé*, and goes off predicting the downfall of the proud house of Whoppemoff.



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## SCENE FROM "THE HUSBAND."

BY J——S S——N K——S.

AUTHOR OF "THE WIFE."

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THE following scene is not, perhaps, in the happiest vein of the writer's great dramatic genius; but it, nevertheless, contains some of those points of style for which he is conspicuous. His predilection for making his high-born heroines fall deeply in love with humble heroes, is here happily combined with another of his characteristics—that of making his women the wooers of his men—instead of allowing his men to be the suitors to his women. The little incident of the storm and the umbrella, is evidently founded on the hurricane and the standing up under the tree in the author's play of "Love;" though, we think, of the two, the situation in the following scene is rather the better; for there is certainly more scope for by-play and the niceties of the dramatic art, under an umbrella, than could possibly be shown with effect beneath a rock, or a fixed tree, at the back of a large stage, like that of Covent Garden Theatre.

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SCENE—*A Park. Enter the COUNTESS OF SUMMERTON walking, and JOHN the Footman, attending her.*

*Countess.* Oh why did nature make of me a Countess,  
And yet make him a common serving man? (*Looking  
round at him*).

Is that a form to serve? Deuce take his leg!  
That leg is always running in my mind.

*John (advancing).* I thought my lady spoke.

*Countess.* You thought, indeed!

What right have you to think? 'Tis not your place,  
Your office is to serve.

*John.* I would no better (*he retires back*).

*Countess.* Why, hang the fellow, how that air becomes him!

His very modesty abashes me ;  
And yet his boldness might embarrass more.  
Come hither, John.

*John.* My lady!

*Countess.* Will you come ?  
I said come hither, and you cry, " My lady !"  
As if " My lady " meant to say, " I come."

*John.* My wish, my lady, was to study thine :  
So thou wouldst see if thou couldst read my heart.

*Countess.* Thy heart ! And what is that ? A foot-  
man's heart ?

Hast thou a heart at all ? Or, if thou hast,  
Is it a heart that thou canst call thine own ?

*John.* If I can call mine own what I have lost,  
Then still my heart is mine, though I have lost it.

*Countess.* I 'd like to know what thou dost call a heart.

*John.* It is a thing of weakness, yet of strength,  
Yielding but firm—'tis soft, and yet 'tis hard.  
But when 'tis not one's own, 'tis harder still.

*Countess (aside).* Why, how the knave describes my  
You talk too freely, sir. [very self.

*John.* O lady ! lady !

*Countess.* Beware, sir, how you do mistake my speech.  
Thou art a varlet, arrant serving knave,  
And I a Countess, great, and nobly born.  
What right hast thou to wear thy shoulder-knot  
With such a jaunty and chivalric air ;  
As if it were thy buckler, not thy badge,  
Emblem of knighthood, not of servitude ?  
Who was it taught thee, sirrah, to obey  
With such a high-bred air of courtesy,

That seems to fit thee rather to command ?  
 Or if these are the gifts of Nature, sir,  
 Why did not Nature crown her work at once,  
 And make thee, not a footman, but a lord—  
 A Baron—Earl—a Marquis—nay, a Duke ?

*John.* I'm not of Nature the apologist—  
 Nor know I why her works she has not crown'd.  
 But this I know, we shall be crown'd ourselves,  
 And by the hand of Nature—for I swear,  
 A storm begins to break above our heads,  
 Crowning our crowns with precious stones of hail (*the  
 storm rises*).

*Countess.* Yet, there you stand, as fast as adamant,  
 Immoveable as rock, and dull as stone.

*John (offering an umbrella).* I beg my lady's pardon ;  
 but her eye  
 Made me forget the lightning's vivid flash,  
 And to my ear her speech did drown the thunder.  
 For sound and vision touch in vain the sense,  
 Unless they reach the mind ; the mental whisper  
 Is heard amid the battle's loudest din.  
 'Tis not the largest object fills the sight :  
 The eye may rest upon a thousand forms,  
 And yet see only one. Ay, even now,  
 Trees, meadows, gardens, lie before my vision,  
 While nothing I behold but——

*Countess (coolly).* Sir, the rain !  
 You carry that umbrella in your hand,  
 While I'm unshelter'd. You forget your station.

*John (giving the umbrella).* No, not my station—I  
 forgot myself ;  
 My station, lady, is to be your slave.  
 Were I a Duke 'twould be my station still. [*He retires up.*]

*Countess (putting up the umbrella, and looking occasionally at JOHN from under it).* How noble is his speech, how proud his gait!

How well he bears the storm! The pelting rain  
Dashes in vain against his lofty brow.

He shakes it from him as the lion shakes  
The moisture from his mane. Heaven! how it pours,  
Yet here I stand alone beneath this silk,  
Whose wide expanse would amply shelter two,  
While he gets wet, because he is—my servant—  
A victim to conventionalities.

What is the world to me—I to the world—  
That I should be its slave—its abject slave?

No, no! let Nature leap upon her throne—

That throne the human heart. Come hither, John.

*John (running forward).* I thought my lady called.

Oh! was I right?

*Countess (endeavouring to assume a cold dignity).* Sir,  
you were right—yet you were also wrong.

Right in the thought that I did summon you—

Wrong in your manner of approaching me.

I called you, sirrah, to fulfil your duty.

Are you aware I'm holding this umbrella.

*John (taking it and holding it over the COUNTESS).* Your  
pardon, lady.

*Countess.* Come a little nearer;

The drippings, sirrah, fall upon my dress.

Nay, do not stretch your arm to such a length;

A distant weight is always heavier far

Than one that's near; an ounce upon a steelyard,

By moving on one inch becomes a pound.

Come nearer to me—nearer, sirrah, still;

Not that I wish you should approach me, sir,

Except to make the weight that 's in your hand  
More easy to be borne.

*John (drawing nearer).* I feel no weight,  
At least none in my hand. (*Aside*) Keep up, my heart!

*Countess.* Oh! this is more than I can longer bear.  
The rain comes faster every moment down,  
And he is getting soaked; it must not be.  
Come nearer, nearer, nearer, nearer still. (*Clinging to  
him*).

This is distraction in its wildest sense!  
I cannot bear to see the thing I love——

*John (with intense passion).* The thing you love! Oh  
say those words again!

Repeat them till the very tongue drops down  
Between the aching jaws; then let the lips  
In a mild murmur take the accents up;  
And when no more the weary lips can move,  
Let echo whisper still, "The thing you love!"

*Countess.* My secret 's known at last; now let it die;  
Strangle it in its birth; hearts will be hearts;  
And love will still be love—but there an end:  
The storm is over; walk behind me, sirrah.

[*He retires several paces behind her.*]

*Countess (with intense emotion, as she goes out).* Beat,  
heart! thy throbbings meet no human eye!  
Down tears! betrayers of the inmost soul!  
'Tis but one effort more, (*with a tremendous effort to  
maintain her calmness*).

John, follow me!

[*She bursts into tears and rushes off the stage, JOHN rushing  
wildly after her.*]

# HUMBUGS OF THE HOUR.

BY D—S J—D.

AUTHOR OF "BUBBLES OF THE DAY."

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THE comedy from which the following scene is taken, like many of the works of its author, is very severe upon the lawyers; and the dramatist, in his desire to lash, makes the attorney—his principal character—occasionally lash himself with extraordinary bitterness. This the author would, no doubt, defend, by asserting that it is in the nature of the scorpion to dart his sting into his own back; at least such may be his excuse if he thinks a scorpion black enough and venomous enough to bear out the comparison. It would appear to be an error in this comedy, that Joe, the errand-boy, is as smart upon his master as his master is upon him; but it is, perhaps, a piece of ungrateful hyper-criticism to complain of a dramatist for putting wit into the mouths of all his characters, when to put it into the mouths of any is a difficulty that some of the writers for the stage in the present day appear to find insurmountable.

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SCENE—*A Lawyer's Office.* CORMORANT (*a Lawyer*) seated at a Table. TOOL (*his articulated Clerk*) sorting Papers near him. JOE (*an Errand-boy*) in attendance.

*Cormorant.* Now, Tool, double the sum total of those costs, and then send in the bill to Softly.

*Tool.* Very well, sir. But what if they should insist on a taxation?

*Cormorant.* What if they do? Graball and Co. are on the other side, and they will consent to anything. Lawyers



are like cog-wheels, which, while turning apparently different ways, are both grinding for the same object.

*Joe.* Or rather like the paddles of a steam-boat, which, though they are on different sides, generally go in the same direction.

*Cormorant.* You are right, Joe; and, like the paddles of a steamer, it is hot water that keeps them going.

*Tool.* Blinker will be here presently, sir, about the unclaimed dividends. He has left the forged will.

*Cormorant.* In the name of Mammon, silence! We are not to know that a will is forged; our duty is simply ministerial. We are the mere instruments in the hands of Blinker.

*Tool.* True; but if he is the Vulcan of Doctors' Commons we are at least the Cyclops.

*Joe.* Or, at all events, if we do not strike the iron we provide the brass, and so show our metal.

*Cormorant.* I like your philosophy, Joe. A boy who at your age can joke with a toothsome smacking of the real relish upon the rascalities of an attorney's office is destined for the woolsack. But you were born in the house, and imbibed roguery with your mother's milk.

*Joe.* My mother having eaten your bread—I've heard her say it was not *manna*—the roguery I imbibed in my youth is easily accounted for.

*Cormorant.* Well! I want no gratitude. I could well spare all you got.

*Tool.* And your generosity seems to have been fruitful even to yourself, for you have grown richer in the very commodity you bestowed with a hand so bountiful.

*Cormorant.* Has my brother Jonas, the sheriff's officer, been here to-day?

*Joe.* I've not seen him, sir.

*Cormorant.* He was to have taken my client Spooney in execution on a false judgment yesterday, and I was to have lent him the money at a ruinous interest, until we could bring an action for false imprisonment, which I was to advise him to settle just before going to trial, and so pocket the whole of the costs.

*Tool.* But might he not have objected to abandon the chance of gain for the certainty of loss?

*Cormorant.* Hum!—he was a client of mine. Besides, could we not have transferred the doubt to the pleadings, and by uncertainty in the declaration have given a certainty to the issue? But where is my brother the auctioneer? He should have been here by this time.

*Tool.* You sent him to sell up the widow in Pentonville, and knock down, without reserve, the orphan family at Knightsbridge.

*Cormorant.* Well, and hasn't he had plenty of time to have done all that? The widow's goods were plethoric; there was some meat upon them. But the orphans ought to have been short work, for I had plucked their father to the bone before they buried him.

*Joe.* Did he leave a will, sir?

*Cormorant.* Do you think, Joe, I'd ever let a client of mine be reduced to such a very disagreeable necessity? No, no; I always take care of that, by administering to all he has myself, in his own lifetime. By-the-bye, Timkins looks consumptive, and has still got a little house-property left. I must have it before he goes, for I detest an unjust tax, and I have the greatest contempt for the legacy duty. Timkins's relatives shall not be saddled with that burden at any rate, if my professional skill is of any use to me.

*Tool.* What is to be done with Jones's overdue bill for twenty pounds?

*Cormorant.* It's been three years unpaid, has it not?

*Tool.* Three years and four months yesterday.

*Cormorant.* Then add an 0 to the twenty, and write to him for two hundred. I dare say he's got a bill for that amount somewhere, and if he hasn't it don't much signify.

*Tool.* But if he should get a scent of the imposition?

*Cormorant.* Pshaw! it's not civet. Put half a dozen names on the back of the bill, and then, of course, we can't answer for what may have been done to it, in the course of its circulation.

*Joe.* Besides, you know sir, by putting an additional 0, we in reality add nothing.

*Cormorant (laughing).* Very good, Joe. Egad! you're a capital fellow; you shall have the serving of the next writ. I know you admire the stern humanities. It's five miles to walk, and the defendant has sworn he'll half kill the scoundrel who attempts to serve him. But what of that, Joe? that's nothing, is it? ha, ha! "The labour we delight in, physic's pain." The poet was right there, Joe, wasn't he? Come along Joe, I shall make a man of you in time. With your roguery, you may hope to be at the head of your profession.

*Joe.* Then how is it that you are almost at the bottom of yours?

*Cormorant.* Because extremes meet sometimes, I suppose, Joe. [Exeunt CORMORANT and JOE.]

*Tool.* If extremes meet, I don't wonder that there's such a close connection between you and me, for you are the extremest villain, and I the greatest ass in existence. But stop a little bit, Mr. Cormorant; I'm nearly out of my time: yours has yet to come. [Exit TOOL.]

## SCENE FROM "THE TEMPLARS."

BY SERJNT. T—F—D.

AUTHOR OF "ION."

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THE dramatic Muse may be justly proud of the homage of this gentleman, who has raised an altar to her in the Court of Common Pleas, and allowed the brain of the poet to burst out from beneath the coif of the Serjeant. It is to be regretted, that, as somebody is said to have said of somebody else, he gave to parties what was meant for mankind. The Author of "Ion," by failing to carry off Mr. Webster's prize—a result that his necessary attention to his profession has, no doubt, occasioned—must be considered to have given to Westminster Hall what was meant for the Haymarket. His love of forums and classic fanes has led him to lay his principal scene in the Temple, though he has not been enabled to carry out to the full extent the same classical idea which induced him to turn John into Ion, and Thomas (*vide* the "Athenian Captive") into Thoas. Still his choice of subject, and a richness of classical illustration, worthy of the very best editions of Lemprière, will, it is to be hoped, stamp the following scene as not unworthy to be classed among the learned Serjeant's former productions.

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SCENE—*The Interior of the Temple. Benchers on the right, Barristers on the left, and Students in the centre. MACDONALD and AUGUSTUS reading from a slip of parchment. JULIUS standing near.*

*Chief Bencher.* The noble exercise is now performed,—  
Exercise worthy of old Saxon pile,  
And student ardent for pursuit of fame.

Benchers and barristers! men of high thoughts,  
 To solemn work of justice given up,  
 As thoroughly as Hannibal to hate  
 Of Carthagenia's sons. These signs around—  
 Old windows mellow with the deep-stained glass,  
 Armorial emblems mocking Time's advance  
 With vivid colouring; deep as was the blush  
 That young Latona wore, when driven out,  
 By jealous Juno, from the realms above,  
 Till lighting, as the classic story goes,  
 On Delos' isle, by Neptune's friendly care  
 She found a home in the Ægean sea.

*Steward.* The oath is now administered.

*Julius.*

'Tis well,

And we are called, Augustus and myself,  
 Macdonald also: called all to the bar.

*Steward.* 'Tis true!

*Chief Bencher.* Know ye the path ye have to tread?  
 I'd tell it; but perchance I have no need.

*Augustus.* We know it well. Though orient is the sun  
 That shines upon our adolescent brows,  
 Still we have seen the circumambient clouds  
 Obscuring future path; as if old Nox,  
 Oldest of all the gods, daughter of Chaos,  
 And sister to dark-fronted Erebus,  
 Were heaping cumulative shadows up,  
 To make obscure the way that lies before.  
 But Julius speak. Why are you silent?

*Julius.*

Why?

When hearts are full there is no way for words.  
 'Tis true that Cadmus, by Minerva's aid,  
 Did rear a crop of men from dragons' teeth,  
 To teeming Terra's infinite surprise.

Still human hearts are not of earthy stuff,  
 And what they bear, they bear: unlike the earth,  
 Which, in the act of bearing, grows more free,  
 As did the goddess Hercules that bore ;  
 Alcmena was her name ; Amphitryon's wife.  
 Amphitryon was the Theban monarch called.

*Macdonald.* Pardon me, noble benchers, if I ask  
 A boon, like that which Phaëton implored  
 From Phœbus, his own sire.

*First Bencher.* What is that?

The rash youth Phaëton made rash request.  
 It was to drive the chariot of the sun.  
 The which the god permitting, down he came ;  
 And buried in the ever-classic Po  
 The hot-brained Phaëton his sisters three  
 Did on the river's bank for aye lament.  
 If your request at all resembles that,  
 We must not grant it.

*Macdonald.* All I ask is this :  
 In mine own chariot let me drive you home.

*First Bencher.* 'Tis well! This high assemblage we  
 dissolve.

Come lead me out, for I am very old.  
 When will the dawn of second childhood come  
 Over the spirit, like a heaven-born light  
 Breaking beneath the darkness of old age?  
 Why is it thus? Are frames less strong than wills?

*Julius.* You'd better ask that question of the hills.

*First Bencher.* I've done so, sir, and vain it ever proves.

*Macdonald.* Then if the hills won't serve you, try the  
 groves.

*The scene closes in.*

# THE ABSURDITIES OF A DAY.

BY J. R. P——E.

AUTHOR OF "FOLLIES OF A NIGHT."

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WE think it is Hamlet, who, on a strolling company being introduced to him, makes some very pertinent observations on the stage, and who, in giving directions for disposing of the poor players, desires his attendants to "see that they be well furnished." This point, in addition to his great merits of ingenuity in the construction of his plots, and neatness, frequently aided by brilliancy, in his dialogue, appears to have struck forcibly on the mind of Mr. J. R. P., who has done for the stage what Eamons and Co., the furniture dealers, propose to do for "Persons about to marry." He may, in fact, be called the great Upholder of the Drama.

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*The stage represents a splendidly-furnished drawing-room. There are two windows in the flat, each with a gilt cornice, in the style of Louis Quatorze; the curtains are of satin damask, and there is a deep fringe over the top (this fringe must be exactly one foot in depth, for a good deal of the interest of the piece is wound up in it; the cornices must also be massive, for the incidents hang upon them). In the centre of the stage is a round table with gilt claws, and on the top is a light-blue silk embroidered cover. Between the windows is a practicable mantel-piece, with a French clock upon it, which must strike the quarters; for it must be heard twice in the course of the scene, as there is a joke that depends upon the striking of the clock twice within a quarter of an hour. On the table is a copy of the "Court Journal," the "Book of Beauty" for last year, and a Camellia japonica in a small Dresden china flower-vase. The carpet is a real Axminster, and a pier glass stands at the back of the clock, running from the bottom of the stage to the top, so that the heroine may see*

herself in it at full length, as her principal sentiment depends upon this effect being fully realised. The chairs are en suite with the curtains, the frames matching the cornices. There are several copies in alabaster of the Laocoon, the Venus de Medicis, the Dying Gladiator, the Three Graces, and other well-known pieces of sculpture scattered about the room, which must be highly scented with eau-de-cologne, so that the odour may reach the back row in the upper gallery. On the rising of the curtain, LADY DE STANVILLE is sitting with three spaniels of King Charles's breed lying at her feet; LORD DE STANVILLE is eating a biscuit devilled in champagne; and HONORIA DE STANVILLE is playing the Polka on a Broadwood's piano, while DASHINGTON is practising a few of the attitudes to the music before the pier glass.

When the music ceases, the clock on the mantel-piece strikes twelve, commencing with the chimes for the quarters, and then striking the twelve for the hour with the timbrel, which is now added to all the Parisian time-pieces.

*Dashington.* Twelve o'clock, upon my imperial. Why, I'd bet a pair of Houbigant's last importation to a *petit bâton* of the *cir de moustache*, that if I were to devote three more of my precious hours to this *maladetta Polka*, I should be none the nearer to it than San Giovanni di Laterano at Rome is to the Punjaub.\*

*Honoria.* I must own you are rather *gauche*. But I will make Thalberg tell me all about it when he comes to give me my *leçon de musique*. He has seen those odious Bohemians dancing it all over their horrid country.

*Dashington.* What a dreadful infliction! By-the-bye,

\* San Giovanni di Laterano is one of the churches of the Eternal City, as Rome is frequently called.—(Vide "Pinnock's Catechism of Modern Geography.") The Punjaub is somewhere near the seat of the late war. I forget exactly where, and I have not time to look over the daily papers in which it is alluded to; but I refer the curious reader to the "Times," the "Herald," the "Chronicle," the "Post," or the "Advertiser."



is not Thalberg the fellow who nearly frightened me into fits, by thumping a great piano to the very verge of annihilation at that wretched alternation of instrumental and vocal murder, which some animal with an Italian name had the audacity to call a concert?

*Honoriam*. I believe Thalberg did play on the occasion you allude to.

*Dashington*. You may call it play, but may I never bask in the *sorriso della bellezza* again, if I did not think it the hardest work I ever endured to listen to it. It was nearly as bad as having to support upon my fragile arm that odious old Duchess of Battersea, when that superannuated nuisance, the Ex-Chancellor, thrust her upon me as a cargo to be conveyed to the dining-room.

*Honoriam*. Oh, you are a confirmed quiz. Mama, listen to Dashington: he don't like Thalberg.

*Lady de S.* Mr. Dashington, my dear Honoriam is *un peu sévère*. He is one of those hypercritics whom society is apt to spoil, by giving to his sneer the weight of a sentence. His sarcasm, my love, may be compared to those pretty little moss roses we saw in the Duke's conservatory last spring; or perhaps to this *Camellia japonica*, which Israel sent me from Covent Garden this morning—it blows, and goes.

*Honoriam*. I do not understand you, mama. Am I to infer that you disapprove of Mr. Dashington's style? Is there anything *mauvais* in his *ton*? Or do you think there is *trop de légèreté* in his character?

*Lady de S.* No, my dear; I should be sorry to accuse him of *légèreté* on such slight grounds. But your papa has finished his devil, and will be ready to talk with us about the day's arrangement. (*Approaching LORD DE STANVILLE*). Now, my love, that you have disposed of

your *goûtè diabolique*, perhaps Honoria and I may claim your attention ?

*Lord de S.* My dear Lady de Stanville, you are always claiming my attention, when the nation seems to require it.

*Honoria.* My dear papa, I wish there were no such things as nations ; for you are always full of the nation when we want you to talk about some little *affaire de plaisir*.

*Dashington.* *Vous avez raison, ma chère.* Politics are only fit to be talked over by great coarse men, with some horrible liquid placed before them in frightful vessels made of pewter.

*Lord de S.* There is your error, Dashington. It is the coarse men, with the frightful vessels made of pewter—your patriots, with their pint pots before them—that do all the mischief. If the constitution had been preserved in champagne, we never should have seen it so swamped in half-and-half, as I told the Premier as lately as yesterday.

*Honoria.* Well, papa ! I hope the Premier will act upon your information.

*Lord de S. (smiling).* Ah, Honoria ! Dashington, I see, has inoculated you with some of his own disrespect for the British bulwarks. But be assured, my dear child, we shall never sneer stability into the throne, nor extinguish the flame of revolution by an epigram (*the clock strikes a quarter past 12*). I wish Dashington would imitate that clock, and give us occasionally some quarter.\*

\* It will be observed, that this is the joke which renders it necessary that the clock on the mantel-piece should strike all the quarters ; and the preceding dialogue must be so timed that the point of the joke comes in precisely at the proper moment.

*Dashington.* I own that I am apt to be *un poco terrible*, when I speak of politics ; but, really, I had such a complete *dégoût*, when my imbecile old uncle, the Viscount, would insist on sending me into that odious House of Commons, where the wretches go to sleep in their hats instead of their nightcaps, that I hate the very name of Whig or Tory.

*Lady de S.* Well, Honoria ! we will leave the gentlemen to dispose of the nation at their own convenience. I must go to the Bank, and give it to Herries well, for letting me overdraw my account so awfully. I must then abuse Antrobus for sending us such dreadfully strong tea, and afterwards call on Storr, to desire him to send Mortimer down to look at the point of your papa's pencil-case. Good morning, Mr. Dashington.

*Dashington.* *A revederci.* I kiss the tip of your *troisième doigt*. [LADY DE STANVILLE and HONORIA *exeunt*.

*Lord de S.* Dashington, a word with you. I cannot be insensible to the fact that Honoria loves you, and doats on you with all that devotion which a young and tender-hearted creature, just gushing into womanhood, is sure to feel towards the one object who first elicits from her that passion which, for weal or woe, is to make or mar her future existence.

*Dashington.* *Très-bien.* Proceed. Your lordship interests me. *Parole d'honneur.*

*Lord de S.* When that fair creature's mother first placed her infant form in my enraptured arms, I swore an oath, Dashington——

*Dashington.* *Parbleu !* What a horrid, naughty thing to do at such an interesting, I may almost say, such a holy moment.

*Lord de S.* (*sternly*). You mistake me, sir.

*Dashington* (*aside*). *J'ai mis mon pied dedans.* (*Aloud*).  
I beg your lordship's pardon.

*Lord de S.* It is granted. Well, to resume my story.  
Where was I?

*Dashington.* Holding your baby, and swearing an oath.

*Lord de S.* Right, right; so I was, *Dashington*. The oath I swore was this:—Never to crush that bud, when it should become a blossom; never to tear away that tendril when it should have become a branch; never to plant a dagger in that breast, so fair, so young, so innocent.

*Dashington.* I admire you for your good intentions. They do you credit; and though I may seem the mere *papillion* of the moment, believe me, my lord, I have a protecting wing for *Honorina*, which she may safely nestle under.

*Lord de S.* This language, indeed, delights me. In the words of the wary *Richelieu*, *c'est bien*.

*Dashington.* But let me bring to your mind the king's\* reply to him.

*Lord de S.* Another time, *Dashington*. Now to look for the ladies. [*Exeunt* LORD DE S. and DASHINGTON.]

\* The king's reply I do not know, and if I did, I think it would only have impeded the action of the piece to have introduced it. In *Maunder's "Treasury of History"* I find nothing at all like it; and *Boyle's "Chronology"* is equally silent. The "*Penny Cyclopaedia*" is rather more satisfactory; and the whole of the article on *Richelieu* in that work will repay the reader who happens to be ignorant of the wily statesman's character.

# JANE JENKINS ;

OR,

THE GHOST OF THE BACK DRAWING-ROOM.

BY E. F——ZB——LL.

AUTHOR OF " JONATHAN BRADFORD ; OR, THE MURDER AT THE  
ROADSIDE INN."

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THIS gentleman's works stand in the same relation to the dramatic literature of the country as that in which the " Chamber of Horrors," at Madame Tussaud's, may be said to stand with reference to the rest of the collection. No man has done more with the stage ; for, while ordinary dramatists confine themselves to a single scene, the Author of " Jonathan Bradford " represents four at once ; in which tragedy on the first floor is combined with comedy on the basement ; or farce in the two-pair harmonises with opera in the attic. In the following scene he has gone even beyond himself, for he has added a sort of sepulchral ballet in the back drawing-room, to the usual apartments within which he has hitherto circumscribed his extraordinary genius.

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*The stage represents a house with the front taken off, so as to show at one view the front parlour, the entrance hall, the front drawing-room with folding doors (shut), and the front attic. JANE JENKINS sitting in the drawing-room reading. SUSAN SAUCEBOX in the attic mending a pair of stockings.*

*Jane Jenkins (in the drawing-room).* Another hour gone in reading, and Harry not returned. Oh, man, man ! How little do you know the heart of woman ! Your selfish love is like the impetuous surge dashing

against the flinty rocks of the briny ocean ; but hers is pure, deep, and disinterested as the pearl that lies at the bottom.

[*Goes on reading to herself.*

*Susan Saucebox (in the attic).* Well, that stocking is heeled, and if I could heal the lacerated feelings of my poor missus as easy as I 've done that, I should be worth another pound in wages, and tea and sugar into the bargain—that I should. It's too bad of master to stop out as he does, keeping me up and knocking missus down so low that she'll mope herself to death. It sets me all of a tremble to think of it. Oh lor! (*screams*) what was that? I'm sure I heard something. It couldn't have been the cat, for he's out for the evening ; it warn't missus's bell, because it didn't ring ; perhaps it was my Peter giving me the signal, by sending a pea, through a pea-shooter, against the window. Poor fellow ! I mustn't leave him in the cold, if it is him, and so I'll run down at a wenter and let him in.

[*Exit from the attic.*

*Jane (in the drawing-room).* I'm sure I heard a noise. I am not given to fancy, for my heart has been too much used to reality—real suffering—to think of that. No. Could it be Harry? Oh! if I thought it could, I'd borrow the wings of Mercury, and fly to the street door to let him in, as the moth flies to the candle that consumes it. No, no, it would be too much happiness. It cannot be: Harry never comes home till the morning now. I'll e'en read awhile longer.

[*Goes on reading. A gentle knocking is heard at the hall door.*

*Enter SUSAN SAUCEBOX on tip-toe into the hall.*

*Susan.* Well, here I am. I've managed to pass the drawing-room door, and get into the hall. When a

servant of all-work wants to do anything without her missus hearing her, she should always go on tip-toe; that's what makes me stand so high as I do. (*A noise is heard at the street door.*) Oh! what was that?

[*She gives one very loud scream. JANE in the drawing-room starts up, listens a moment, and then exclaiming "It must have been the wind!" goes on reading.*

*Susan (still in the passage).* Oh, what a fool I am, to be sure; it was only Peter.—Who else could it be? (*The street door is forced open, and LORD DAGGERLY, with BLACK FRANK the Bargeman, both masked, enter the hall. SUSAN is about to scream when LORD DAGGERLY holds a pistol to her head, and BLACK FRANK places a cutlass near her throat; she shrinks from it, all round the stage. BLACK FRANK follows her with a sword in his hand, but suddenly stops and looks at SUSAN.*

*Black Frank.* Why, Susey, is that you, my gal?

*Susan.* Black Frank! Why, I thought you'd been comfortably hanged, drawn, and quartered these four years. Why, where did you spring from?

*Black Frank.* Never you mind. You ask no questions and you'll hear no lies.

*Susan.* But what has become of you all this time?

*Black Frank.* I've been upon my travels, ha, ha, ha! (*To DAGGERLY.*) Hav'n't I, my lord?

*Susan.* My lord! why, is that a real live actual lord? I never saw a lord before. How d'ye do, my lord?

*Daggerly.* Hush! I must not be known. (*Aside.*) This fellow's familiarity may ruin all; but I have embarked thus far in the road of guilt, and come what may I must go through with it. Oh! if the world could only read the torments written in letters of adamant on this blackened heart, the innocent would

shrink from me, and even the guilty would greet me with that look of calm contempt which seems to say "There goes the assassin of his brother's heir, the usurper of his nephew's property." (*During this speech BLACK FRANK and SUSAN have been talking together, and they now both come down to the front.*)

*Susan.* No, but I won't, Mr. Frank.

*Black Frank.* Yes, but you will, Mrs. Susan.

*Susan.* I shalln't, and I can't, and I won't now—that's more.

*Black Frank.* Oh, but you will, and you can, and you shall, and no less. (*He kisses her; she runs off the stage, and he runs after her.*)

*Jane (in the drawing-room).* All's quiet now. I'll try to sleep, and when Harry comes I'll welcome him with a sweet smile, like that which the balmy south pours upon the bounteous earth; or as the sun, constant to the sunflower, illumining all it rests upon. (*She sinks to sleep; slow music.*)

*Daggerly.* Now for my bloody purpose. The title-deeds, I know, are put away in the room above. If I am thwarted, blood must be spilled—but whose blood—ha! ha! ha! ha!—not mine—not mine. (*Rushes off frantically towards the drawing-room.*)

*Re-enter BLACK FRANK and SUSAN.*

*Susan.* I wish you'd mend your ways.

*Black Frank.* You'd better ask the parish to do that.

*Susan.* Oh, you are such a wag! Now what would you say if I were to accept you?

*Black Frank.* Say! Why, that you were a regular trump; and then I'd retire, and then we could keep a little farm together.



*Duet—BLACK FRANK and SUSAN.*

“When a little farm we keep,” &c. ’

[*At the end of the duet both go off together.*]

*Daggerly (opening the drawing-room door, and entering). All 's quiet. She sleeps. The title-deeds, I know, are kept beneath that very sofa. How to obtain them I know not. There is but one way (he draws his dagger, and goes towards JANE to stab her). How like my mother! (He turns away). No, no, no. I cannot. I must not. (He throws the dagger down, and JANE starts up at the noise. She looks round the room very slowly, so that DAGGERLY is able to elude her glance by keeping just behind the part of the room she is looking at. She goes to sleep again, when he forces up the lid of a box with the point of his dagger. A skeleton springs up with a will in his hand, pointing to the signature, which is written in blood. DAGGERLY swoons in the skeleton's arms, and both fall together into the box, which closes with a spring. JANE wakes up, and HARRY entering at the moment, they lock each other in each other's arms. BLACK FRANK and SUSAN rush in to form a picture. Blue fire, and the curtain falls.*

# FLOREAT ETONA.

BY D. L. B—T.

AUTHOR OF "ALMA MATER."

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THE Author of the following scene has had the felicitous idea of making the head-master of Eton not a mere dull pedant, but a decided wag, though his jokes partake of the property of "Antiquity," which Gray, in his Ode on Eton College, has very properly attributed to its "towers." The rich practical joking which contributed so much to the success of "London Assurance" has been introduced here with good effect, and the top of the gas lamp being larger than the knockers brought in by the hero of his former play, proves that the author's ideas have greatly expanded since he first burst upon the public as one of that almost extinct species—the writer of a successful Five Act Comedy.

There is a good deal of freshness imparted, by the description of a Fox-hunt, which places Reynard quite in an original point of view; and the Author's admitted mastership of the dramatic art of surprise is admirably brought out by the new mode in which the Fox is ultimately captured.

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SCENE—*A Room in the House of one of the Dames. Enter LORD MORTON with the Reverend PETER PAIDWELL, his tutor. PAIDWELL has got the top of a gas-lamp in his hand, and MORTON a basket of apples. They are both laughing immoderately.*

*Lord Morton.* Well, my worthy tutor! We have had a splendid morning's study. We have been reading the Book of Life, my Reverend Mentor, or, rather, tormentor; and that's better than all the foolscap in the universe.

*Paidwell.* Why, yes, my lord ; there 's some truth in that. As Cæsar said—

*Lord Morton.* Hang Cæsar. What am I to do with this basket of apples—for here comes the Doctor ?

*Paidwell.* The Doctor ! Where shall I go ? What shall I do ?

*Lord Morton.* As to going, go nowhere ; and as to doing, do as I do.

*Paidwell.* But the Doctor ! What shall I say to him ?

*Lord Morton.* Wait till you hear what he 's got to say to you. Ahem ! (*Coughs*).

*Enter the DOCTOR.*

*The Doctor.* Why, how is this ? Not at your studies, Lord Morton ? You should not make yourself such an *as in præsentis*, if you expect to have any *ease in futuro*. I never see you without thinking of Virgil's line—*Arma virumque cano*—because the last word of the three appears to me to represent a thing you stand very much in need of.

*Lord Morton.* There you 're wrong, Doctor. Isn't the Doctor quite in error, Mr. Paidwell ?

*The Doctor.* Mr. Paidwell, I didn't see you before. I hope your pupil is pursuing his studies (*seeing the apple-basket in LORD MORTON'S hand*). But, bless me ! What has he got there ?

*Lord Morton.* These, sir—these are *Poma*. The Latins, sir, called them *Poma*. We call them apples. Would you like to taste one, Doctor ? (*Cramming one into the DOCTOR'S mouth*).

*The Doctor.* No, no, thank you (*munching the apple, and almost unable to speak*). No, no, I—I—I—

*Lord Morton (aside to PAIDWELL).* We must get rid of him. Don't let him speak a word.

*Paidwell (aside to MORTON).* I'll tackle him a bit. All you've got to do is to cram an apple into his mouth, whenever he opens it with the intention of saying anything. (*To the DOCTOR*). You see, Doctor, I thought it necessary that our young friend here should taste the fruits of education.

*The Doctor.* But apples, sir, are not the fruits—

[*LORD MORTON thrusts an apple into the DOCTOR's mouth.*

*Lord Morton.* Apples not the fruits? Taste them, Doctor. Try another.

[*The DOCTOR runs to the back of the stage, munching, with LORD MORTON after him.*

*Paidwell.* You see, Doctor, there are in these days so many new lights, that they require looking into.

*Doctor.* They do.

*Lord Morton.* An apple, Doctor?

*Doctor.* No, thank you (*he retreats a little*).

*Paidwell.* As I was saying, Doctor, the new lights must be looked into.

*Doctor.* They must. (*LORD MORTON holds up an apple, and the DOCTOR slips away*).

*Paidwell.* Well, Doctor, if you look into a light, whether new or old, you must take the top off; so I took the top off one of the gas-lamps in the town, and here it is; look at it. (*Puts it on the DOCTOR's head; LORD MORTON jams it furiously down. The DOCTOR tries in vain to get off the top of the lamp, which fits tightly on to his head; he rushes about the stage frantically, without being able to see, and LORD MORTON continues pelting him with apples. At length the DOCTOR runs off, LORD MORTON throwing the basket after him*).

*Lord Morton.* Ha, ha, ha ! Well, I never had a fancy for doctor's stuff ; and, as I leave to-morrow, I thought I'd convince the Doctor of my good taste before I quitted him.

*Paidwell.* Ha, ha, ha ! I shall get my dismissal ; and your Lordship will, of course, fulfil your promise about the chaplaincy to your uncle, the Duke.

*Lord Morton.* Ay, that I will. You are a worthy fellow, Paidwell, and your heart is in the right place, if your head is not. I wouldn't give a straw for your puritanical parsons—fellows with prayers upon their lips and humbug in their hearts. No, no ; give me the clergyman who can hunt the fox. What so inspiring as a fox-hunt ! Yoicks ! yoicks ! go the hunters. On, boys, on ! The pack is on the scent. That's right, Pincher ; that dry ditch will give us a fox, for a pound. They've started him. There he goes ! See how sily old Reynard sits down to count the number of the dogs before they come up to him. Now he's off ! Yoicks ! yoicks ! slapping away across the main road, never stopping to look at the mile-stone, but flying right over it, pack and all, like waves over the sand at low water. Now they slacken their pace—how beautiful ! There they go, along the side of the hedge, undulating gently, like so many zephyrs floating towards their home in the west ! Yoicks ! yoicks ! They're off again ! Reynard will be too much for them this time. Mark how he looks round, and winks at the dog nearest to him. Now they give tongue. Ha ! they'll have him now ! But no, the turn in yonder copse has proved a harbour of refuge. Yet, stay—what's that ? A shepherd's dog, turning round the corner, meets Reynard face to face, and all is over. There, Paidwell, let any man, after that, say, if he dare, that he despises fox-hunting.

*Paidwell.* I do not. I believe it to be one of the bulwarks of the constitution.

*Lord Morton.* You're right, Paidwell. I never see one of those honest old faces cased in leather breeches, and hear those invigorating cries of yoicks!—whether in the baritone of manhood or the falsetto of extreme age—without thanking Providence that there are still a few British hearts left beneath the buttoned-up blue coats of the English country gentlemen.

*Paidwell.* Your sentiments do you credit, my Lord; and though the exuberance of your spirits sometimes induces you to deprive a citizen of his street-door knocker, what are a few knockers more or less when weighed in the scale of the British constitution—that palladium at once of the peasant and the peer, the yeoman and the earl, the prince and the people!

[*Exeunt PAIDWELL and LORD MORTON, arm-in-arm.*]

# A STORY OF LONDON.

BY LE—H H—T;

AUTHOR OF “A LEGEND OF FLORENCE.”

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THE scene from the Comedy sent in by this gentleman is enriched with a variety of metre and a homeliness of illustration, imparting such an air of truthfulness to the composition that we fancy it is not poetry we are reading, but prose. As every line commences with a capital letter, we become convinced—if we go on long enough—that we are perusing verse; and when we put down the book, we feel satisfied, by the mystifying influence exercised over ourselves, that the poet, like Iago, “means more—much more—than he unfolds.” The Comedy, from which we have quoted, must have been one of those select few that puzzled the Committee for a very considerable time. We confess that the one scene has puzzled us, and we can therefore sympathise with the individuals who had to form an opinion of five acts of similar material.

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SCENE—*The exterior of the Tusculum Villas in the Surrey New Road. A Daisy in the foreground, and Polyanthus in pots at the side of the stage.*

*Enter SMITH and BROWN.*

*Smith.* Have you seen Robinson—that very best of Good worthy fellows—one of your men that we can Trust with our lives?

*Brown.* No, sir; I have not seen him; I thought the morning air he would have wished to Taste, as it only can be tasted, early, Before the noon.

*Smith.* Can he be housed ?

*Brown.* It seems so,  
For if he were not housed, it's very probable  
He would be out of doors, scenting the morning  
Air through his freshened nostrils.

*Smith.* Ay ! that's like him ;  
I've known him over a posy of field flowers,  
Nothing but marigolds, buttercups, and a few  
Poppies—an hour ponder.

*Brown.* He loves the country.

*Smith.* Ay, that he does.

*Brown.* I'd rather be unhearted,  
Incapable of pleasant old affections,  
Than lose my relish for the meadows or  
The honest hedge that defends them from intruders—  
As errant cow, or some too rampant pony,  
Turned out to grass into its rightful owner's  
Paddock, and prancing wildly into that of  
His master's neighbour.

*Smith.* Robinson is the merriest  
Dog in the place, and few that I know are like him.

*Brown.* He's an old fellow after my own heart ;  
I like to see him over a book, with his eye  
Not on the page, but bent on mental vision,  
Pompted by pithy sentence, which he read  
A quarter of an hour ago and dwells on still :  
They call it dreaming—they—the world I mean ;  
Because they do not understand it. Robinson  
Is one of those uncomprehended creatures  
That people can't make out ; he's heaped up virtues.

*Smith.* This is his house, if I am not mistaken,  
His daisy that, and those his polyanthus.

*Brown.* They are : the house he calls his little  
Tusculum,



For he respects classical names, and why  
 Should he not do so, if the custom likes him?  
 I've heard him say he fancies himself Cicero,  
 When looking out of his window, on to the bed  
 Of flowers. But then an omnibus passing by,  
 Making a dust, reminds him he is also  
 Nothing but common dust—much commoner  
 Than the great dust that Cicero was made of.

[*A chirp heard in the distance.*

*Smith.* Was that the lark?

*Brown.* It sounded very like one.

The lark is like the cousin to the linnet.  
 The family of birds, with sounds familiar,  
 Seem all alike to me when they're all singing.  
 The grasshopper is a relation of the cricket,  
 One in the fields—raising all day a merry  
 Chirrup; the other in doors. He breaks forth at night,  
 Down in the kitchen—tuneful, too, on the hearth.

*Smith.* This pleasant conversing we must no more  
 Indulge—for labour is the lot of man.  
 Nature is nature—business is also business.  
 So let us in to call on Robinson.  
 I've words to say to him—not over sugary.  
 He owes me twenty pounds; and I must now  
 Have it, by hook or crook.

*Jones.* The world's ill used him;  
 So it appears to me extremely probable,  
 That if at all you get it—which much I doubt,  
 'Twill be as you have purposed—with a hook.

[*Exeunt together into the house.*

# THE SCHOOL FOR SENTIMENT;

OR,

THE TAR! THE TEAR!! AND THE TILBURY!!!

BY G——T A——T a'B——T.

AUTHOR OF "THE SEMINARY FOR SENSIBILITY," AND OTHER  
MS. DRAMAS.

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THE extreme conciseness of this gentleman's style enables us to print his Comedy entire; and when we see the wide range of subjects it embraces; the rough honesty of the tar; the recklessness of the libertine lord; the abiding endurance of the patient girl; the affectionate bluntness of the admiral her father; the merry promptness of the coxswain to indulge in one of those hornpipes which constitute the distinctive character of the British seaman;—when we see so much genuine nature, such pathos, such a wholesome enthusiasm for English commerce, such a nice feeling for the peerage, which makes the libertine lord repent in the fourth act;—when we see all this, we are only surprised that the Comedy is in this collection instead of being acted on the boards of the Haymarket. Whether the fine and healthy tone of British sentiment, whether the well-turned compliments to the English merchant, would have told in the present day of artificial institutions, may be doubtful; but with all respect for the Committee who rejected the "School for Sentiment," we think the experiment was worth trying. Perhaps Mr. Webster may yet be tempted to cast a piece, so evidently written with an eye to his present company.

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## ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE—A Room.

*Enter TOM.*

So my young master's going to sea. Well, if he can see anything in the sea, I can't. Oh, here he comes.

*Enter HERBERT.*

*Tom.* So you actually go, sir ?

*Herbert.* Yes, Tom ! Go I must, for the man who, when his country requires his arm, refuses to give his heart, is a poltroon, Tom—a poltroon.

*Tom.* Ay, sir ; but you have given your heart elsewhere. Miss Emily, sir.

*Herbert.* Ah ! Tom—that name has touched a thousand chords in my bosom—don't mention Emily, unless you wish to unman me, Tom !—(*He weeps.*)

*Tom.* Nay, sir ; I never meant this.

*Enter the Coxswain.*

*Coxswain dances a naval hornpipe, while TOM and HERBERT talk aside.*

*Herbert.* Well, Coxswain, is the ship ready ? Have you reefed your best bower ?

*Coxswain hitches up his trowsers, and bows.*

*Herbert.* Then, hurrah for Old England !

*Tom.* Hurrah ! [*Exeunt.*

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## ACT THE SECOND.

*SCENE—A splendid Drawing-room.*

*Enter EMILY, with a telescope.*

*Emily.* Ha, what is splendour ? Nothing ! My heart tells me so ; and the heart of woman, like the loadstone, never deceives.

*Enter Servant, who announces LORD TINDER, and Exit.*

*Emily.* Ah ! let me give one look towards the ship that contains my own Herbert. Alas ! no longer mine, but his country's—(*Looks through telescope.*)

*Enter* LORD TINDER.

*Lord T.* Ah, Miss Emily—surveying the beauties of nature? Happy, happy telescope!—would I were that telescope!

*Emily.* You are a telescope, my Lord; for I see through you.

*Lord T.* Ha, ha! Very good. You are severe, Miss Emily.

*Emily.* My Lord, do not insult me. Though I am the humble daughter of a merchant, let me tell you, my Lord, that England owes everything to her commerce; and there is no higher eulogy can be pronounced on man, than to say he is a British Trader.

*Lord T.* But, Miss Emily—

*Emily.* Nay, my Lord—hear me out. Your wealth I despise; your rank I might respect, but your advances I loathe, and your pretensions I reject with all a woman's scorn, and more than a woman's firmness. [*Exit* EMILY.

*Lord T.* Well, I'm sure, a pretty business this, truly. 'Pon honour! [*Exit.*

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### ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE—*The Cabin of a Ship.*

*Enter* HERBERT and the ADMIRAL.

*Admiral.* True, very true, young man. Shiver my old timbers—but it's very true.

*Herbert.* Well then, sir, may I still cherish the hope of your daughter Emily's hand?

*Admiral.* Cherish the fiddlestick! Splice my old figure-head, if I ever heard the like. What! on the eve of an action, when every breeze that blows abaft the

binnacle is like the voice of a little cherub that sits up aloft urging us to put forth all our force for Britannia?

*Herbert.* Sir, I feel as you do; but you are not in love.

*Admiral.* Love! ods tarpaulins, rope-ladders, mast-heads, mainsails, and marline-spikes! what does the fellow mean?—(*Taking his hand*). Well, well, boy; let's get the enemy fairly put under hatches, and then we'll talk about it.

*Herbert.* Thanks, sir—a thousand thanks.

*Admiral.* Come, come, don't stand palavering here. To the deck, to the deck—for the man who, while the British Lion is roaring out for assistance, would stand thinking about himself, is unworthy of the name of a British Seaman. [*Exeunt arm-in-arm.*]

## ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE—*A Street in London.*

*Enter LORD TINDER and SCAMP.*

*Lord T.* Well, Scamp, is everything ready?

*Scamp.* It is, my Lord.

*Lord T.* And the tilbury in which I am to carry off the girl?

*Scamp.* It is, my Lord.

*Lord T.* You are a precious scoundrel, Scamp.

*Scamp.* I am, my Lord. [*Exit SCAMP.*]

*Lord T.* Now then, for my plot. It is an awkward business, and I feel I am acting a part unworthy of the high character of a British nobleman.

*Enter HERBERT.*

*Herbert (starting).* You here, my Lord?

*Lord T.* Yes, it's I. 'Pon honour!

*Herbert.* My Lord, I cannot see the honour of persecuting an amiable girl, or trifling with the young affections of a virtuous female.

*Lord T.* But, sir—this language to me—a Peer of the realm. 'Pon honour!

*Herbert.* Nay, my Lord, though you were ten thousand Peers, I would assert the dignity of British manhood; and with the last gasp of my breath contend for the honour and safeguard of lovely innocence. We shall meet again, my Lord. Till then, farewell; and remember, my Lord, that the purity of the female heart is brighter than any gem that the proudest noble wears in his glittering but hollow coronet. [*Exit.*

*Lord T.* Severe! 'Pon honour! Perhaps, after all, the fellow is right. Well, well, he shall see that the fickleness of the butterfly need not be accompanied with the sting of the wasp or the venom of the adder; and he shall find that generosity, like a thing mislaid, is often found where we least expected to discover it. [*Exit.*

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## ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE—A *Ball-room.*

*Guests dancing, Servants handing round refreshments. EMILY at the window looking earnestly through a telescope.*

*Emily (coming forward).* How these odious sounds of gaiety afflict my heart! What is wealth?—a bauble, that we have to-day, and find flown to-morrow.—(*Cheering is heard without.*)—Those sounds—what can it mean? It cannot—yes it may—no—no—it would

be too much—too much happiness.—(*Sinks on a sofa.*  
*The guests resume the dance.*)

*Enter the ADMIRAL and HERBERT.*

*Admiral.* Blister my old figure-head, but this is a good idea of Emily, to receive her old sea-horse of a father with a ball.

*Herbert (seeing Emily).* Why, what is that? Ha! it is—it is her sylph-like form; but see—the gushing blood has left her cheeks—her hand is cold, her lips are motionless—She is—dead—(*seizing the ADMIRAL.*) Unhappy old man—you—you—have murdered your child.

*Admiral.* I know I have! Why did I refuse my consent to your marriage until after our return from sea? Why did I? Oh, why did I?

*Herbert.* Ah! old man! Why did you?

*Enter LORD TINDER.*

*Herbert.* My Lord, this intrusion is indecent. Behold your work! (*points to EMILY, who suddenly recovers.* HERBERT *rushes into her arms; both scream with joy.* *The ADMIRAL begins to dance, and sings snatches of an old naval song.*)

*Lord T.* Well, I'm at sea. 'Pon honour! I came to relinquish my claims to Miss Emily's hand.

*Herbert.* Did you, my Lord? Then take mine; and the Peer need never be ashamed to grasp in friendship the hand of the honest seaman.

*Admiral.* Hollo there! Not so fast. Haul in your yard-arms a little bit. Am I not to be consulted?

*Emily (chucking him under the chin).* Nay, papa, you know you're such a kind—good—amiable—handsome—

*Admiral.* Whew! (*kissing her.*) Oh, you little bag-

gage. (*To HERBERT.*) There, my boy! take her; but mind! only a hundred thousand down, and when Davy Jones invites your old father to his locker—(*weeps*).

*Herbert.* Nay, sir, don't talk thus.

*Emily* (*wiping her eyes*). You make me sad.

*Admiral.* Well, well, child. Let's hope that all our friends around will forgive

THE TAR.

*Emily.* And sympathise with

THE TEAR.

*Lord T.* And say not a word about

THE TILBURY.



# GRANDMOTHER BROWNWIG.

BY M—K L——N.

AUTHOR OF "GRANDFATHER WHITEHEAD."

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THIS gentleman, with a highly creditable respect for age, has given dramatic vitality to "Grandfather Whitehead" and "Old Parr," whose name will go down to posterity in connection with the "Life Pills," which our author probably had in his eye (we hope he never had any in his mouth), when he wrote the last-named drama. It is understood that M. L., after having exhausted the annals of modern longevity, will seize on the venerable Methuselah, and drag him through all the exciting incidents of a five-act play for the Haymarket. If, however, he has a tendency to old age in his heroes, it must in justice to him be allowed that he rushes into the other extreme—avoiding the venerable and seeking for the new—in his jokes and his incidents.

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SCENE.—*The outside of a Cottage. WELLWORTH pruning a goose-berry-bush in the centre.*

*Wellworth.* Another thorn run into my finger! Well, it can't be helped. Where there is fruit, we ought to be satisfied with the good we find, and not care for the sharp things that we may encounter in getting to it. I wonder where poor old Grandmother Brownwig can have got to. Bless her! I never look upon her venerable hairs, brown with nearly ninety autumns, but I feel a something gushing into my eyes, Hang it! it can't be a tear; no, no! Stephen Wellworth is too much of a man for that.

*CICELY enters from behind, and, seeing WELLWORTH, stands at the back unobserved.*

I wish that Cicely were here. I don't know how it is,

but I love that girl, though I 'm too proud to tell her so; for she 's well to do, and I 'm poor. If I were rich, I 'd tell her my mind in a moment.

*Cicely* (*advancing*). And Cicely knows your mind, Stephen; and loves you all the better for this little avowal than for all the compliments that you could have offered to her face.

*Wellworth*. Why, Cicely, I didn't expect this.

*Cicely*. And why not, Stephen? You would have been frank with me, but for your pride. I would not see it humbled, so I have been frank with you. Woman's gentler nature is more fitted to acknowledge the weakness of her heart; and when she really loves, she would scorn, for the mere gratification of vanity, to extort from his nobler spirit an avowal which, if her affection be really strong, she can well afford to make without humility.

*Wellworth*. Thank you—thank you, Cicely. Then henceforth we understand each other. But what if poor old Grandmother Brownwig should object to our union.

*Cicely*. She object? No, Stephen, there is no fear that she will object, unless she sees reason for objecting; and then we ought not to press it.

*Wellworth*. Why, no; and yet I don't see what Grandmother Brownwig has to do with it. I'm not going to marry her, you know.

*Cicely*. Very true, Stephen. But I know your own better judgment will some day say that I was right. Now, believe what I tell you. You will—I know you will.

*Wellworth*. Well, well: don't let us talk about that any more just now. But here comes the old lady, and with her that hungry fellow, Sharpshoes. Why, I

really think he 'd eat an elephant, if anybody would lend him a saucepan to boil it in.

*Cicely.* It 's not his appetite that I object to, Stephen, for that is a part of our nature ; and nothing that nature gives ought to be the subject of a sneer.

*Wellworth.* I didn't sneer at him, Cicely. I only said his twist was a tolerably voracious one.

*Enter SHARPSHOES and GRANDMOTHER BROWNWIG.*

*Grandmother B.* Hi ! hi ! Ah ! ah ! Let me see ; that was fifty-seven years ago last Candlemas. I remember it very well ; because on that day I lent Master Sparrowgrass—no, it wasn't Master Sparrowgrass neither ; it must have been old Dame Fortyman.

*Sharpshoes.* Well, now, never mind Master Sparrowgrass ; you asked me to dinner, Mrs. Brownwig, and though I 've taken off my great-coat, my appetite still clings to me. If we are to have some of your old recollections, bring them on with the dinner ; and while you indulge your memory, let me discuss the mutton.

*Grandmother B.* Hi ! hi ! You 're a witty dog, Master Sharpshoes,—just like old Peter the serving-man, who used to live at the large hostel in the village. He was a wag (*chuckles*). Oh ! what a rare old joke that was he used to tell about—but it 's quite gone now—quite gone—all gone.

*Sharpshoes.* And so much the better, Grandmother Brownwig, if it was an old one ; old jokes, the sooner they 're gone the better.

*Wellworth (coming forward).* I 've heard you make some new ones, Mr. Sharpshoes, that you would have been glad to have found gone ; but you could not get them to go at all—ha ! ha ! ha ! (*They all laugh at SHARPSHOES, who retires up rather angry.*)

*Cicely.* My good grandmother, how do you feel this morning? Wellworth and I were just saying—that—that—

*Grandmother B.* Well, child, go on; what were you just saying?

*Wellworth.* Why you see, grandmother, we thought that if we could persuade you to let us just——

*Grandmother B.* Ha! ha! I see—just to turn the poor old woman out of doors. (*Weeps*). Well, well, I dare say I'm very troublesome, but that's not my fault—it's my misfortune.

*Cicely (sobbing).* Poor! Poor! Poor! Grandmother!

*Wellworth (stifling his emotion).* Oh! (*recovering himself gradually*). No, grandmother, we never could have meant that. Hang it, no! If I had but a crust you should be welcome to it.

*Sharpshoes (coming forward).* What's that about crusts? I'm ready for anything, from a sirloin to a sandwich.

*Grandmother B.* Crusts—sirloins—sandwiches. Ay, ay, I remember—in the reign of William the Fourth; no, it was George, I think.

*Cicely.* Never mind George the Fourth, grandmother; it was of our marriage we wished to speak; I thought, and Stephen thought, that—that—. Didn't you think so, Stephen.

*Well.* Oh, yes, exactly! that was my idea completely.

*Grandmother B.* Hi, hi! Ha, ha, ha! I see all about it; I was young once, and could sing, "Young Love lived once in an humble shed." (*Sings a part of the song in a very feeble voice*). But no, that's all gone now, and past—69 years ago last Bartlemy. Come, let's go in and talk about it, softly, softly, softly.

[*They lead her in, and the orchestra plays part of the air of "Young Love lived once in a humble shed," to finish the scene.*

## “SCENE FROM CREDIT.”

BY SIR E. B. L——N, BART.

AUTHOR OF “MONEY.”

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THIS remarkable writer throws about the riches of reading with the sportive facility of a Cræsus throwing handfuls of copper amongst a grateful crowd. His pleasant method of alluding to what great philosophers said or thought, without boring us with what they really did think or say, is a happy device, saving the writer the labour of looking the matter up, and the reader the weariness of perusing it. How much better it is to tell us that such a philosopher spoke the truth than to inflict upon us what, if it is the truth, must of necessity be commonplace! For it may be taken for granted that if a thing has been said a thousand years ago, we shall find, when it is repeated to us, that we have merely been going through the form of a new introduction to an old acquaintance—a process which the severest stickler for ceremony would regard as utter waste of time, to say the least of it. The Author of two of the most deservedly successful of modern dramas can well afford to have written one of the Rejected Comedies.

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SCENE—*A Library.* STAVELY *discovered reading.*

*Stavely (putting down his book).* Anastasius was certainly right, and Euripides almost as certainly wrong. Yet it is difficult to decide between them. I had rather hold with the Roman bard who, when he was told that Phidias—*(enter a Servant).* 'Sdeath, sir, did I not say I was at home to no one?

*Servant.* I thought, sir; that to Mr. Wentworth——

*Stavely (hurriedly).* Wentworth, Wentworth. How dare you come without him?

*Servant.* I have not, sir ; he is at the door.

[*STAVELY starts up. WENTWORTH enters. They rush into each other's arms, and the Servant bows and retires.*]

*Stavely.* How are you, Wentworth, my old companion at Eton, my chum at college, and my friend everywhere ?

*Wentworth.* And, indeed, your friend has been almost everywhere since he saw you last.

*Stavely.* Sit down, my good fellow, and tell me all about it. Stokes ! (*enter Servant*), some claret.

[*Exit Servant.*]

[*They draw their chairs to the front of the stage, and sit.*]

*Wentworth.* Well, Stavely, since I last dined with you at the Club, I have wandered over Italy ; I have conversed with the spirit of the Cæsars in the Colosseum ; drank to the memory of Hannibal in the middle of the Alps ; bathed on the shore of Baiæ, and read Pliny on the top of Mount Vesuvius.\*

*Stavely.* What luxury, what truly classic enjoyment, But it is like my friend. The noble Wentworth always had a soul for the great men—it is hardly impiety to call them the gods—who made the Augustan age a proverb to ages yet unborn.

*Wentworth.* And you, Stavely, how has time passed with you ?

*Stavely.* As the sand passes the hour-glass, with a slow but sure tendency to reach—at last—the end.

*Wentworth.* What ! Still as melancholy as ever ? Still that strange but good-hearted idealist I knew at college.

*Stavely.* No ! Wentworth, I am not now an idealist.

\* Pliny, as the classical student will be aware, was buried in the ashes of Vesuvius during an eruption. The mountain which was then his tomb, has since become his monument.

I was, I confess it. But I have read Hobbes, and become convinced of my error. Do you recollect that beautiful passage, by-the-bye, in the third chapter?

*Wentworth.* I do; and I have often dwelt upon it; often wished that Stavely might see it, and that Stavely might become a convert to its doctrine.

*Stavely.* And Stavely is a convert, ay, a zealous one; for your apostate is always more enthusiastic than your born bigot. Did you never observe that in nature the tide ebbs faster than it flows; the fruit goes to nothing much more rapidly than it came to something; the bird returns to its nest with a fleeter wing than it quitted it; and the horse that leaves the stable with a sluggish pace, will often gallop home again?

*Wentworth.* I see you have studied nature with a keen eye. Believe me, it is the only book that really teaches. There is more to be learnt from one leaf of a tree, than fifty leaves of foolscap.

*Stavely.* That depends upon how we read it. Some take a leaf in the hand, only to crush it. Some to steal from it its grateful odour. Some to mix its verdure with the garish flower; but, alas! how few—how very few—take a leaf as a thing to study—to peruse again and again—to put by at night, and to recur to it in the morning—to trace its smallest veins—its minutest vessels. That is indeed taking a leaf out of the book of nature.

*Wentworth.* So my friend has become a botanist?

*Stavely (laughing).* No, no, not quite a botanist. Indeed the flowers I have paid attention to lately belong to Apollo rather than to the fragrant goddess who presides over the horticultural *fêtes* at Chiswick. Flora has been very secondary to the Muses. I have written a poem.

*Wentworth.* A poem! What pleasure the announcement affords me! I always knew that Stavely, my friend, my companion, with his high and lofty imaginings, was not destined to remain mute and inglorious for ever. What pleasure Caroline will experience at the news!

*Stavely.* Caroline—yes—why—oh! that is—I mean—No—I am sorry that you mentioned Caroline.

*Wentworth.* And why should you be sorry? Caroline is my sister. You are my friend. Why should we refrain from speaking of one whom both of us love?

*Stavely.* Why—ye—yes, that's very true, but Caroline has been accustomed to affluence. I am not rich. Caroline receives adulation from the proud and nobly born. I am an humble member of the middle class. A gentleman, it is true, but one of the gentlemen of nature—not of the "Court Guide." Caroline may feel that pride is a passion, not a principle, and is therefore more sensitive to wounds. These are the only reasons that I had for wishing you not to speak of Caroline.

*Wentworth.* Well, well, that's all very well, but she is my sister; and if the relationship is anything but a mere name, I can read her heart, as I interpret my own. Stavely, I am convinced that that girl loves you with an intensity that woman alone knows how to love with, and even she but once. I have no faith in your second affections; they are like the flame that follows the lightning. It illuminates but it never warms. The first may scorch, may tear, may even destroy, but it hits, Stavely, and where it strikes first it remains to the last; where it falls once it lies for ever. Come, let us go together and seek her.

*Stavely.* Is she then in town—and—and—and—at hand. Is Caroline—I mean your sister—is she near us



at this moment—I mean now—that is, while I am speaking—is—is—Caroline?

*Wentworth (dragging him off and laughing).* Come, come, my good fellow, this confusion of yours will confound me presently. If you don't make yourself better understood by Caroline than you are by me, with all my faith in her I should fear some misunderstanding between you (*forcing him off*). Come, come.

*Stavely (as he is being dragged off).* This is too much (*a pull from Wentworth*)—my bene—(*another pull*)—factor—my f—(*another pull*) my friend! [*Exeunt.*

## A SCENE FROM AN UNPUBLISHED TRAGEDY.

THE STAGE REPRESENTS A TEA-GARDEN IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD  
OF LONDON.

---

THE following scene is from an unpublished tragedy, the authorship of which can be assigned to no living writer. It combines much of the philosophising spirit of one, a great deal of the mystery of a second, and all that terseness for which a third is so eminent. Who the first, second, and third are, to whom we allude, it would not perhaps be delicate to indicate. We must leave the reader to come to a conclusion, which he is sure to do if he reads the following concluding portion of this little work.

---

*Enter RINALDO, disguised as a Waiter.*

*Rinaldo (musing).* It must be—no, it mustn't—yes,  
it must,  
Though “ must ” might after all be only “ may ; ”  
But “ may ” and “ must ” are very much alike,  
And after all what “ must ” be “ may ” be too.  
Onwards I drag my miserable life,  
My large estates in Italy are sold,  
My title to a Marquisate is lost,  
My wife and children I have left behind,  
My creditors have sought for me in vain,  
While I—but 'tis no matter—I am here.

*Enter JENKINS at the back of the Stage.*

*Jenkins.* Waiter—a glass of gin-and-water, hot!

*Rinaldo (not seeing him).* Alas—my native land! Thy limpid streams—

Thy marble palaces—thy verdant vales:

Thy laughing rivers, thy sequestered groves—

Thy lofty mountains—thy delightful slopes—

Thy hills, thy pine-apples, thy—

*Jenkins (striking him on the back).* Hollo! Waiter!

*Rinaldo (seizing him by the throat).* Caitiff! If thou hadst known the ancient honour

That, starlike, deck'd the old ancestral line

To which Rinaldo owes his proud descent,

Thou wouldst not dare—

[*Recollecting himself, and releasing JENKINS.*

Excuse me, sir, your orders?

*Jenkins.* I ordered gin-and-water.

*Rinaldo (hurriedly).* Cold without?

*Jenkins.* Warm with—

RINALDO (*musings*).

Ay, it is better warm than cold.

*Jenkins.* I did not ask thee which was better, sirrah, I only bid thee bring me what I wish'd.

RINALDO (*with much emotion*).

Behold that tree! it hath a goodly air,

And seems to tower in native majesty

Towards the very sky, as if 'twould clutch

Within its branches even heaven itself.

While ever and anon the light-winged bird

Darts from the vaulted dome of azure blue,  
 And, like a thing of light and loveliness,  
 Descends at last upon the withered branch  
 Of that old tree—and makes its humble home  
 In a mere common nest of casual straw,  
 Lined with the fleecy treasures left behind  
 By foolish sheep, in browsing near a hedge.

[A long pause.]

*Jenkins.* Proceed! Your story interests me much.

*Rinaldo.* It is no story—it is bitter truth;  
 For truth is bitter, call it what you will;  
 And in its bitterness there is a taste  
 Which years of after-sweetness can't wash out.  
 Hast tasted bitterness?

*Jenkins.* Waiter! I should think so!

*Rinaldo.* "Waiter"—thou hast touched a hundred  
 thousand chords  
 Within my bosom. Strained them all at once,  
 And with the discord almost cracked my heart.

*Jenkins.* Be calm—

RINALDO (*laughing hysterically*).

Be calm! I think you said "be calm."  
 Go ask the avalanche, just as it falls,  
 To think it over, and continue fixed.  
 Bid the wild wave restrain its violence,  
 And lie quite flat upon the boundless sea.  
 Demand of the loud thunder, when it roars,  
 To be so good as just to hold its tongue.  
 Entreat the vivid lightning not to flash.—  
 When such requests you've regularly made,  
 And they've been every one attended to,  
 Then, if you come and ask me—I'll be calm.

*Jenkins.* Will you ?

*Rinaldo.* As Heaven 's my witness, sir, I will !

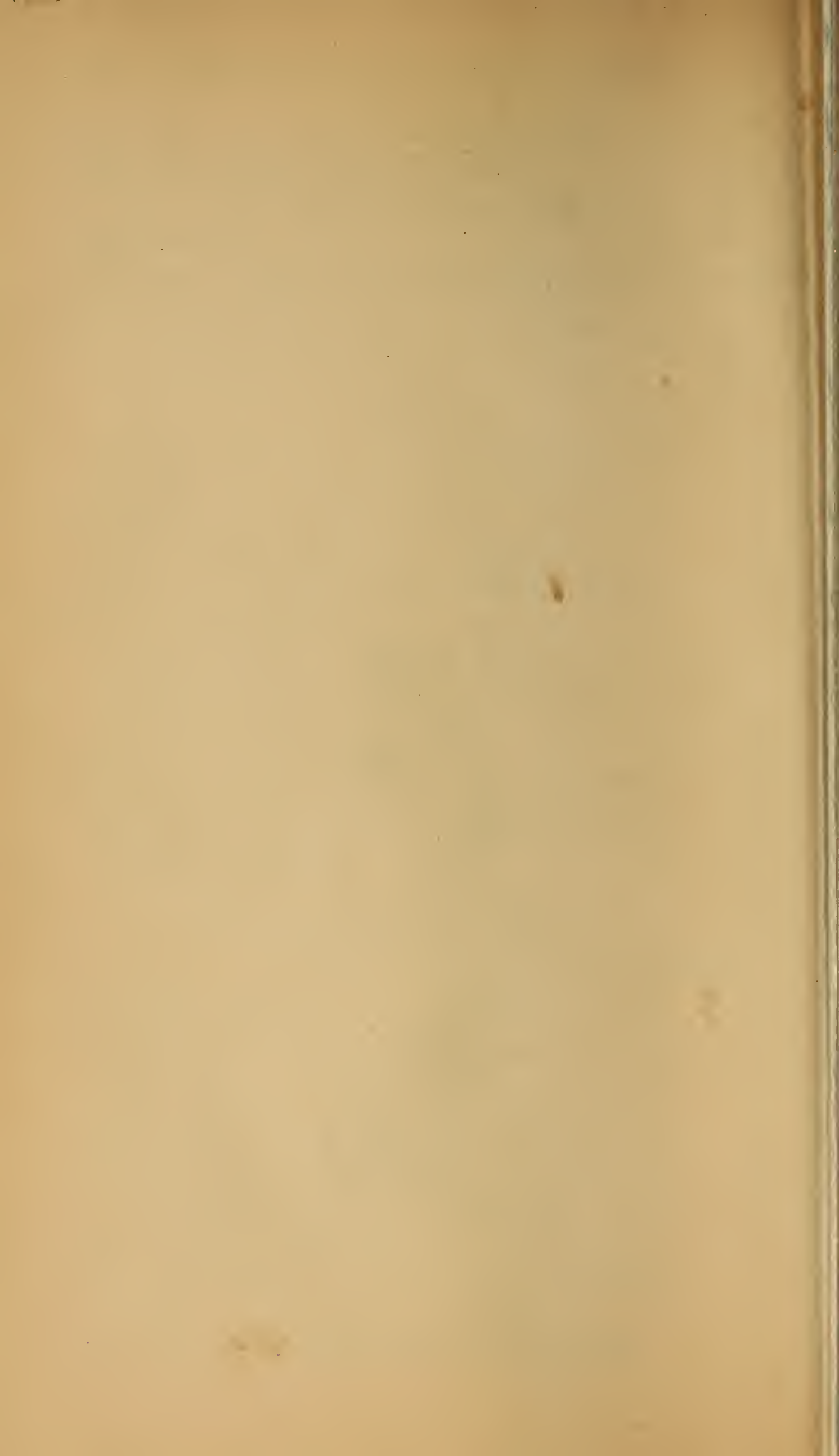
*Jenkins.* But now the gin-and-water—

*Rinaldo.* You are right.


More gin-and-water must be drunk to-night. [*Exeunt.*

THE END.









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