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**WILLIAM TELL**  
**WITH A VENGEANCE.**

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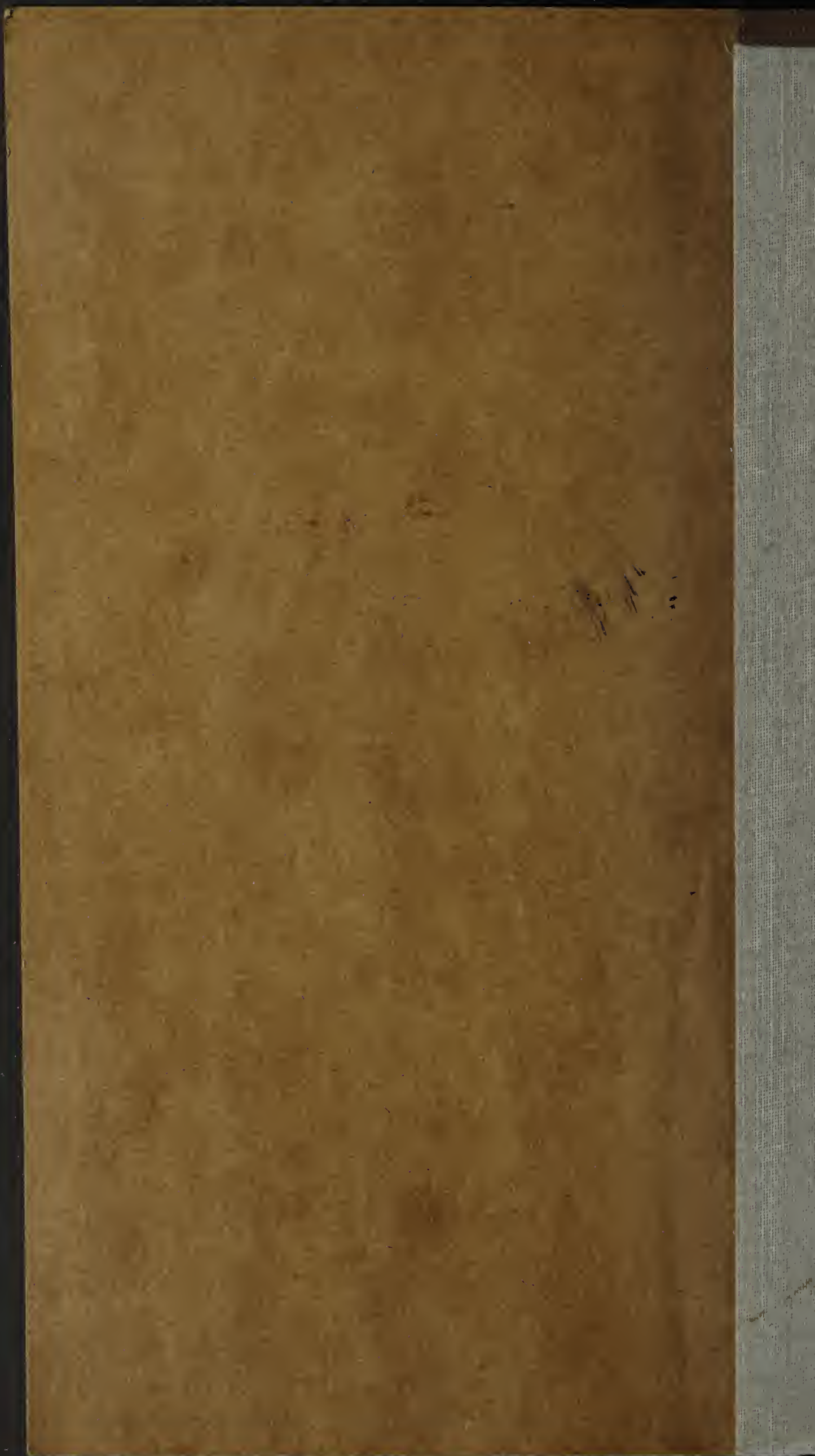
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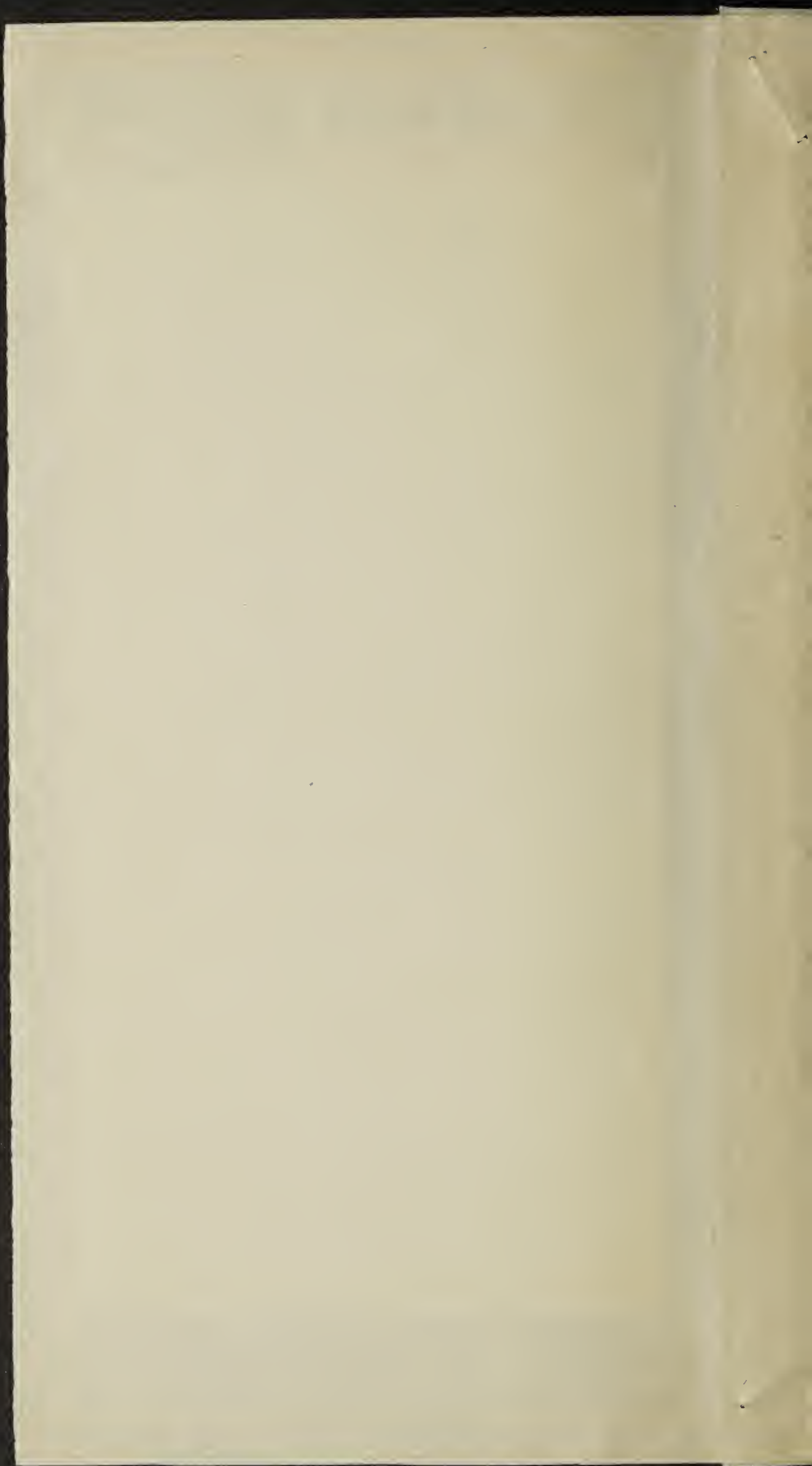
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# WILLIAM TELL,

WITH A VENGEANCE!

OR,

THE PET, THE PATRIOT, AND THE PIPPIN.

A Grand New and Original Burlesque.

BY

HENRY J. BYRON,

AUTHOR OF

*War to the Knife; The Old Story; Dundreary Married and Done For; Cinderella; Blue Beard from a New Point of Hue; Robinson Crusoe; Little Don Giovanni; Mazeppa; The Maid and the Magpie, or the Fatal Spoon; The Babes in the Wood; Bride of Abydos; Fra Diavolo; Jack the Giant Killer; Very Latest Edition of the Lady of Lyons; The Nymph of the Lurleyberg; Pilgrim of Love; The Garibaldi Excursionists; Aladdin, or the Wonderful Scamp; Esmeralda, or the Sensation Goat; Goldenhair the Good; Ivanhoe in Accordance, etc.; Beauty and the Beast; Rival Othellos; Whittington and his Cat; Puss in a New Pair of Boots; Miss Eily O'Connor; George de Barnwell; Our Sea-side Lodgings; The Rosebud of Stinging-nettle Farm; The Sensation Fork; My Wife and I; Beautiful Haidee, or the Sea Nymph and the Sallee Rovers; Ill Treated Il Trovatore; The Motto: "I am all there!" St. George and the Dragon; Lady Belle Belle; Orpheus and Eurydice, or the Young Gentleman who charmed the Rocks; 1863, or the Sensations of the Past Year; Mazourka, or the Stick, the Pole, and the Tartar; The "Grin" Bushes; Lion and the Unicorn; Sensation Dramas for the Back Drawing Room; Princess Springtime, or the Envoy that Stole the King's Daughter; La! Sonnambula! or the Supper, the Sleeper, and the Merry Swiss Boy; Pan; Lucia di Lammermoor; Der Freischutz, or the Belle, the Bill, and the Ball; Pandora's Box; A Hundred Thousand Pounds; The Lancashire Lass; &c., &c.*

PART AUTHOR OF

*The Miller and his Men; Valentine and Orson; & Forty Thieves (Savage Club).*

LONDON:

SAMUEL FRENCH

PUBLISHER,

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NEW YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH & SON

PUBLISHERS,

122, NASSAU STREET.



First performed at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool (under the management of Mr. H. J. Byron) on Wednesday, 4th September, 1867; and at the Royal Strand Theatre (under the management of Mrs. Swanborough) on Saturday, the 5th day of October, 1867.

# MYRTLE AND MABEL

WITH A VENGEANCE!

OR, THE PET, THE PATRIOT, AND THE PIPPIN.

The Music Composed, Selected, and Arranged by Mr. FRANK MUSGRAVE. New and Effective Scenery by Mr. CHARLES FENTON.

## Characters.

GESLER	<i>(the tyrannical Governor of Altorf, who exercises his rule in the City, but misses his sway in the Mountains)</i>	...	...	...	Mr. DAVID JAMES.
SARNEM	...	...	<i>(a bilious Sailor, with a secret)</i>	...	Mr. CHARLES FENTON.
WILLIAM TELL	<i>(a young Patriot, who has married an elderly Lady with a slight Incumbrance)</i>	...	...	...	Miss ADA SWANBOROUGH.
EMMA	...	...	<i>(the elderly Lady, with a slight Incumbrance)</i>	...	Mr. THOMAS THORNE.

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ALBERT ... (the slight Incumbrance) ... Miss ELISE HOLT.

ERNI (*a Patriot, w. o., 'hough scarcely ready to die for his Country, objects to Erni's living*) ... Miss WEATHERSBY.

FURST }  
MELCHTHAL } ... (Patriots pure and more than usually simple) ... Miss WALTERS.  
VERNER } ... Miss CANDILAND.  
Miss BAILEY.

ROSETTA (*Daughter of Sarnem, who thinks a good deal of herself, but more of Albert*) Miss ELIZA JOHNSTONE.

*Peasantry, ready for unpleasantry, Tag, Rag, and Bobtail in reckless profusion.*

WILLIAM TELL.

Programme of the Scenery, &c.

SCENE I.—Tell's Dwelling, with a View of Switzerland in general.

How Emma shrinks at the wash, and Albert receives his first lesson in shooting—Public meeting of the Patriots.

THE PROPOSED OUTBREAK AND CONCERTED PIECE.

SCENE II.—ANOTHER PART OF SWITZERLAND.

Lovers' vows, rows, tiffs, miffs, and makings up—How Sarnem thinks at first he will tell everything, but, on second thoughts—doesn't.

THE BREAK-UP AND THE BREAK-DOWN.



### SCENE III.—THE CRAGS AND PEAKS.

Gesler and the Grisly—A bear-faced Impostor, and marvellous Rescue—Painful Interview between the Tyrant and the Boy—Arrival of unexpected Travellers—Public excitement, at this point, wound up to such a pitch of tension that there is nothing for it but

### A GRAND OPERATIC SCENE A.

With the inevitable consequence—*Verb. Sap.*

### SCENE IV.—THE GATES OF ALTORF.

The incidents of this Scene are too painful for relation, suffice it to say, that Tell writes his wrongs—Gesler turns up anything but a trump—a public practical joke results in a *private cell*—and the scene finishes with two military extremes, being

*CORPORAL PUNISHMENT and GENERAL DESPAIR!*

### SCENE V.—AN OPEN SITUATION.

The Pole and the Rushings—The blind Governor and his def-iers—The Apple!—The Agony!—The Trial of Skill!—Arrowing situation for Father, Mother, Son, Relations, Friends, and the Audience—How Tell does not miss his mark, but secures his own, and it is hoped the Author's peace, by a final and conclusive

**HIT!!!**



# WILLIAM TELL, WITH A VENGEANCE!

OR, THE

PET, THE PATRIOT, AND THE PIPPIN.

---

SCENE FIRST.—*Mists, which clear away to Mountain Landscape. Tell's Cottage, R.*

EMMA *discovered with her back to Audience, washing at a tub, at back, c.—Music—she continues washing, wrings out things, wipes her arms, and then turns. After mists have cleared away she sings.*

*Air, "Trab, Trab."*

EMMA. (c.) All day am I a scrubbing ;  
    You see we wash at home ; -  
A popping things the tub in,  
    From morning time 'till gloam.  
And soap suds is to me  
No peculiaritee.  
    Scrub, scrub, scrub, scrub,  
    Scrub, scrub, scrub, scrub,  
For our small familee.  
My husband's dander's riz so  
    At washerwoman's bills ;  
And my dear Albert is so  
    Partickler about his frills.  
The least speck he'll behold,  
Of blue or iron mould.  
    Tub, tub, tub, tub,  
    My son and hub,  
Their ravings turn me cold.

Of all the things I hate, well, I must say,  
Which it's that weekly noosance, "washing day :"  
When one goes in for starch, and soap, and blue,  
Which it must come, of course, and come it do.

Our stock of clothing luckily ain't large,  
 As washerwomen know well how to charge,  
 When six strikes on the clock and day's beginnin',  
 I gets up sudden, and gets up the linen.  
 I put the *clo's in early*—an improvement  
 On what is termed the *early close in'* movement.  
 Here comes my Albert—what's he been about?  
 Up *with* the lark, and *at* one, I've no doubt.

*Music.*—Enter ALBERT, L.

ALBERT. (*who is smoking a cigarette*) Good morning, ma'.

EMMA. What's that the boy's a doin'—

Smoking! my child, you're going to your ruin.

ALBERT. (*crossing to R.*) I'm going to my breakfast.

EMMA. *Going?* pooh!

The question is, what you're a *coming* to.

ALBERT. Coming to? man's estate.

EMMA. Indeed; what's that?

ALBERT. The time when one begins to wear one's hat  
 Cocked on one side; to wear an eye glass *so*;  
 Not that one sees a bit the better though;  
 To twist one's moustache into two thin spikes;  
 To sneer at pastry, and declare one likes  
 A devilled biscuit, or anchovy toast,  
 Better by far than wholesome boiled or roast;  
 When the least crease in one's shirt front is frightful;  
 Most snobbish, to think anything delightful;  
 When, "not baad," is the strongest praise you hear,  
 Taking one's pleasure with a languid sneer;  
 When one goes in for clubs, latch keys, gin sling,  
 Brandy and soda, and that sort of thing. (*crosses to L.*)  
 That age, when, too oft, as one must confess,  
 Man's attained everything, but *manliness*.

EMMA. Manliness! Pooh! what business, pray, have *you*  
 with it?

You're penniless.

ALBERT. Why, what's that got to do with it?  
 Though no one trusts me—(this life long I've led it)  
 If you can *pay* for things—why, where's the *credit*?  
 I've pledged my *watch*, last week.



EMMA. A pretty trick,  
You may well say, then, that you live on *tick*.

ALBERT. Oh, bother, mother! You're a downright railer.  
I like to *see life*.

EMMA. *Sea life!* then, turn *sailor*.

ALBERT. Bother! an *archer*, is the life for *me*.  
Give me the mountain peak, the forest free;  
Give me the chamois wild, the bounding roe;  
Give me the whizzing shaft, the bending bow;  
Give me the glorious days of Robin Hood.

EMMA. I haven't got 'em, boy, or else I would.

*Duet.*

EMMA. Billy Tell, he was a brisk young fellow,  
Very full of mirth and very full of glee;  
Until in a rash moment, when my William took  
up politics,  
And went in a buster for libertee.

*No chorus, but dance across to symphony—crosses to L.*

ALBERT. (R.) Our woes are great, you will confess 'em,  
EMMA. (L.) And my clothes is as shabby as they can be;  
ALBERT. When folks have wrongs, they must redress 'em!  
EMMA. I only wish as William would redress *me*.

*Short dance to symphony—EMMA jumping up ALBERT—  
ALBERT lifting up EMMA, who exits, R.—ALBERT skips  
to L. to tune—TELL enters on note—Picture.*

TELL. D'ye call this practising? Go, fetch your bow.  
ALBERT goes into house, R.

A day is coming, when we'll let 'em know,  
We mean to shout our woes a little louder!  
Beneath the tyrant's heel we're ground to powder;  
But different powder, altogether, *to*  
That, which they think us: we're not powder blue;  
No, nor pearl powder, that expensive rare powder!  
We are not this *here*, and we're not that *hair* powder!  
With which, their lackey's heads—a lackey day!  
They pepper! No; gun-powder is the stuff,  
With which we'll blow up this inflated muff;

We'll lay the train, then find the hand to match it,  
A slow, but sure train; so he's safe to *catch* it.  
That's well.

*Enter ALBERT, with bow, from house, R.*

Your bow—unstrung! (*takes bow*) Why, what's the  
Of my observing *Bo*? [use

ALBERT. (R.) What?

TELL. (L.) To a goose!

(*beginning to string it*) Would this were Gesler!

ALBERT. Pa, with rage you shiver.

TELL. Those shafts, like us, are all kept in a quiver.

Oh, Gesler! There! (*having strung the bow, gives  
it to ALBERT, takes arrow from quiver*) Now  
then, take aim.

ALBERT. I'm nervous.

TELL. Nervous! why nervous? *Gesler* don't observe us.

ALBERT. (*dropping his arm*) Oh, bother *Gesler*!

TELL. Humph, we *will*! Stand straight.

Now hit the topmost bar of yonder gate.

ALBERT. It's newly painted, and the blow may spile.

TELL. No matter, it's *my gate*—let's see *your style*.

Now then, let go.

ALBERT. (*shoots*) Missed! I shall go clean crazy.

Another arrow, pa.

TELL. (*giving it him*) "Arrow, be aisy!"

ALBERT. (*fixes arrow—takes aim*) Now then, the gate  
once more. (*shoots*) Missed! Pa, it's *you*.

Leave off your meddlesome instructions, do.

TELL. How dare you, sir, address me at this rate?

ALBERT. Oh, go to Bath!

TELL. Bath! you can't 'Arrow-gate!

ALBERT. This time, I *will*. (*slapping his breast*)

TELL. (*with great intensity*) You *will*, if you'll but think  
That yonder gate is *Gesler*. There, don't shrink;  
Fancy the tyrant who our lives doth seek,  
Doubles our taxes every other week,—  
Prigs all our standing crops, smugs all our cattle,  
Purloins our every good, our every chattel;  
Collars our savings, too, imagine *he*  
Is standing there, instead of what you see;



Grasp tightly in your hand your faithful bow—  
One final aim!—now steady—now. (ALBERT shoots)

EMMA. (*off, R.*) Oh, oh!

TELL. (*coming down*) He's shot his mother.

ALBERT. Didn't mean it, pa.

*Enter EMMA, R., with arrow sticking in her waist.*

EMMA. (*crosses C.*) You wicked lad, to go and shoot  
your ma;

I wonder what you could have been about,

You took me for a *target*—*targit out*.

My newest bodice it has made a cleft in.

TELL. Right in?

EMMA. It's *right* in. I don't want it *left* in.

TELL. You have an angry tongue, I wish you'd school it.

ALBERT. 'Twas what we call a foul shot, ma!

EMMA. *Fowl! pull it!*

TELL. (*pointing to Emma*) Gesler, behold thy work,  
oh tyrant!

EMMA. Bother!

Gesler's a party as don't shoot his mother.

(TELL takes out the arrow)

You idle boy! 'tis time, sir, that you tried

To earn an honest trifle as a guide.

Go to the mountains, at this time of year

The travellers lose their way, and you should steer

Their footsteps to the village—go!

ALBERT.

Oh, ma'!

TELL. (*who has been brooding*) Gesler, thy doom is fixed!  
ha! ha! ha! ha!

ALBERT. The Alpine mountains are so bleak and drear.

EMMA. But travellers tip guides well, and stand 'em beer.

Upon the Alps you'll earn some tin to-day,

And every little *Alps*, as people say.

*Trio.—“Going to the Derby.”*

EMMA. We don't drive to the Derby in this foreign land,  
In this foreign land—in this foreign land;  
We don't drive to the Derby in this foreign land,  
We've no Derby, don't you see.

TELL. But night and day, our guides so gay  
For travellers who've lost their way  
Go looking on the Grands Mulets,  
For such jolly boys are we.

ALBERT. We don't drive to the Derby, &c.

CHORUS.

We don't drive, &c.

EMMA. When they drive to the Derby in a four-in-hand, &c.

TELL. As they drive away, spectators say  
That's much the best turn-out to-day.  
The Derby happens every May,  
Then such jolly boys are we.

ALBERT. As we drive to, &c.

ALL.

As we drive, &c.

*Short dance.—EMMA and ALBERT go off, R.*

TELL. Erni and Furst, Melchthal and Verner, too,  
Are coming up this afternoon—they're due!

*Horns heard from different quarters.—Enter, at different entrances, ERNI, FURST, MELCHTHAL, and VERNER—ALBERT also enters and takes his place, L.; through music TELL shakes hands; they range themselves in a row seriously—EMMA at one end with a tray—and sing.*

We're out of the way of the magistrates,  
Who haven't got a clue  
To what our little game's about,  
We've got our work to do!  
We've got our work to doo-oo-oo,  
We've got our work to doo-oo-oo,  
We're out of the way of the magistrates;  
And we've got our work to do.

*Air, "The Millingtary Band"—EMMA accompanies on tray, and at end dances into house.*

EMMA. We're a-going to tell the public that a day of  
vengeance soon

Will descend upon this Gesler to a most unpleasant tune!

ERNI. The voice of popularity he can never withstand,  
Though he's fenced in by his regiment so wonderfully  
grand,

With a brass abomination call'd a millingtary band!



TELL. Clang, clang, his cymbals twang—his cymbals  
twang—his cymbals twang!  
Doesn't he think himself slap bang  
In the middle of his model of a band.

ALBERT. But we'll cut his cruel capers, and his sauce  
we'll spoil for ever!

EMMA. In these days of penny papers, when everybody's  
clever,

It's all up with your tyranny in happy Switzerland!  
Though he's fenced in by a regiment, &c.

ERNI. Now, who shall take the chair?

TELL. (*crossing to c.*) Who take the chair?

Gesler has taken 'em, as you're aware.

My chairs and tables too—that is to say,  
A tradesman took 'em—one I couldn't pay.

(*fiercely*) But it's all Gesler! Does he die?

ALL. (*drawing daggers fiercely*) He do!

TELL. 'Tis well! 'tis well! Your hands, my gallant crew!

This tyrant, Gesler, soon shall come to grief,

Let's all be equal,—but I'll be your chief.

What do you say?

ALL. Hooray!

TELL. Hooray! 'Tis well!

Who put your great grandfather in a cell—

With no amusement, but a spider? who

Nobbles your very last October brew,

Grabs it and skips away, upon it pops,

And literally takes your malt and hops.

Who made you pay your taxes? (*to all—ALL groan*)

Who carouses,

At home, whilst he shuts up the public houses!

Who, but this most tyrannical of villings,

Makes us for every puppy pay five shillings?

Who ran to hurt us when we fell,

With furious shout and cruel yell?

Who punched our heads and made 'em swell?

Your Gesler.

Draw, archers, draw, your arrows to the head.

*Enter EMMA, in her night cap, R., others go up.*

EMMA. William, excuse me, but it's time for bed.

When gents is gents, they surely ought to know,  
As nine o'clock's the reg'lar hour to go,  
If, out of bed beyond that time, I keep,  
Somehow I never catch my beauty sleep.

*(aside to TELL)* Do let 'em go, I'm all on pins and needles,

There's nothing in the larder, 'cept black beads.

TELL. What! no cold meat?

EMMA. Meat! no!

TELL. It's very clear

If that's so, we can't hold our *meat*-ing here.

*(others come down)*

ERNI. Come to the village then.

EMMA. That man I hate.

I shall sit up for you, I beg to state.

ERNI. We're sorry we must take your husband, madam.

EMMA. Take *him!* You don't take *me.* Hem! *(aside)*

There I had 'em. *(business with tub)*

*Concerted Piece.—"Lucia."*

ERNI. Oh misfortune, sad misfortune,  
Vainly I importune—portune.

TELL. Stay, oh stay now,  
Don't away now,

Oh, my heart is pierced with anguish!

EMMA. To the meeting,  
He's retreating,

With these indi-widdy-widdy-widdles.

*Chorus.* Oh, misfortune, &c. *(Scene closes)*

SCENE SECOND—*Interior.*

*Enter ROSETTA, reading a letter, L.*

Oh, happy day; oh, happy sun and sky;  
Oh, happy trees; oh, *more* than happy I;  
Oh, happy roadway, happy fields, and hedges;  
Oh, happy ponds; thrice happy marshy sedges;  
Oh, happy birds, that gaily soar and thrill;  
Oh, happy thoughts, that do my bosom fill;



Oh, happy something! as the poet saith—  
I've no more H's, and I've lost my breath.

(takes out letter)

This is his letter, and he *must* be near,  
My dearest *Allbut* which he's *all but* here.  
Oh, when he comes, I'll hug him all to pieces,  
He'll find my *love*, like crumpled *silk*, *in-creases*.

(reads)

“Sweetest Rosetta”—that's *me*, I'm his sweetest;  
“Would that the hours 'twixt then and now were  
Fleetest of all within the calen-dar; [fleetest—  
For *then*, I'll ask your most excellent par,  
*Par excellence*, in fact, the best of paters,  
With whom, already, I've had 'tête-à-taters.'  
Whether he'll come down *handsome*, which with *you*,  
Of course, is the most easy thing to do.  
If he consents, oh joy, oh bliss;— if *not*,  
As some one, somewhere has it, you know *what*.  
There's one word, parents hate, and that is *e-lope*,  
A course we shan't be driven to, dear, *we'll 'ope*.  
Instead, *we'll ope* the subject, dear, *sedately*;—  
Yours ever, till we meet, affectionately,  
*Albut.*” *All but-ter* certain folks might say,  
But then it's oft *oc-curd*, it is his *whey*.  
Oh, here comes pa. (*hides letter hurriedly*)

*Music.*—Enter SARNEM, a bilious-looking fellow, slowly, R.

SARNEM. (*observing action, starts*) Ha, ha!

ROSET. Pa, pa!

SARNEM. P'shaw! (*quickly*) But I repeat, ha, ha!

ROSET. I think *Pashaw* is most *in-sultan*, pa,

What is there wrong?

SARNEM. What! but no matter though,

What's that I saw you hide?

ROSET. (*innocently*) *Hide!* *hide 'ont* know,  
Your wits are wandering, papa, it's clear.

SARNEM. What's that I saw you *hide there*?

ROSET. No *hide-here*.

Believe Rosetta.

SARNEM. Did you get a letter?

Speak out, you'd better, or the prisoner's *fetter*,

*Et-cetter-ah! Ha, ha!* (*folds arms and stands gloomily*)

ROSET. I will confess;  
The note I was concealing in my dress,  
It was addressed to me—from—

SARNEM. Albert Tell.

ROSET. He, who from all would bear away the bell.

SARNEM. And *you're* the belle he'd bear away from *me*.  
(*tearfully*) You, whom I've tended from your infancy,  
Through ups and downs and hardships—quantum suff,  
I was your tender——

ROSET. Tender—pooh, that's *s-tuff!*  
I've always been a model child, you know;  
Whenever I was told to bed to go,  
I never murmured; when folks came to dine,  
And I was brought in for a glass of wine,  
I never spilt it; ne'er replied, when snubbed;  
And never "made a scene," when being *tubbed*;  
Kept myself neat, when going out to tea,  
And always called nurse, "nurse," and never "*she.*"  
(*overcome*)

SARNEM. (*snivelling*) This is affecting: Albert's pa' re-  
member.

I can't forget those riots last November  
Pooh, such a union is opposed to natur'!  
Whilst I'm a *jailor*, he's a *liberator*.

ROSET. Tell's only his stepfather—don't you know?

SARNEM. And that *step father*, I refuse to go.

(*crosses to L.*)  
(*to audience*) I have a secret *here*; no matter though—  
A time *will* come—that is—precisely so.  
But for the present, *mum*.

ROSET. (R.) Yes.

SARNEM. What?

ROSET. Thought you spoke—  
You said, "*mum.*"

SARNEM. Did I? don't attempt to joke.  
You're no *mum*, you're only what a *miss* we call.

ROSET. Some parties don't think me a-*miss* at all;  
In fact, sir, in the matrimonial match,  
I should be thought no *miss*, but quite a *catch*.

SARNEM. I leave you to reflect.



ROSET. That quite a farce is !  
Reflect !

SARNEM. Reflect should all good lookin' *glasses* ;  
They are the only friends that never flatter !  
(*mysteriously*) I had a thing to say.

(ROSETTA *interested*)

SARNEM. (*with a gurgle*) Ha ! ha ! no matter.  
*Exit quickly, L.*

ROSET. Pa's gone, and I'm alone—oh, bitter cup,  
I am *a-loan* that might get *taken up* ;  
For am I not a thief, all just apart ?  
I *am* a thief—I've stolen Albert's heart ;  
But he has *mine*—he's taken it away,  
Exchange is never robbery, they say.  
Still, when the mutual felony's found out,  
We shall be both transported, past a doubt.  
'Twill be though with delight.

*Enter ERNI, R.*

Oh gracious me !

Do go away, and let a body be.

ERNI. Don't tell me thus to go away. I *am*  
Going away—to *nothing*—really, ma'am,  
And all for love of *you*, Rosetta.

ROSET. Rubbish !

ERNI. Why frown upon my aspirations hubbish !

ROSET. For *hub*-bish, please read *cub*-bish—I'm  
engaged.

ERNI. Hem, for *engaged* read—

ROSET. What ?

ERNI. Read what?—*enraged* !

ROSET. Enraged, indeed, you little wretch—what *I* ?

ERNI. Rosetta, don't into a temper fly,  
(*with impudence*) Or I shall have to kiss you.

ROSET. You ?

ERNI. Don't *brave* me,  
Or else—

ROSET. (*starting*) You insolent—oh ! some one save me !  
*Music*—ERNI *rushes at her*—*meets* ALBERT, *who*  
*swings him round, R.* ROSETTA *goes to* ALBERT,  
*L.*—*picture.*

ERNI. (*awkwardly*) Oh, how de do? I hope I see you well.

ALBERT. Respect the future Mrs. Albert Tell!  
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere.

ERNI. Oh, rage! (*turns up, R.*)

ALBERT. I'm going to the mountains, dear,  
On the look-out for travellers.

ROSET. Don't go,  
Think of the terrible amount of snow.

ERNI. Yes, it' *snow* joke. (*aside*) I hope he *will* go too—  
'Cos p'raps, up there, he'll get his mountain *due*.

ROSET. Talking of mountains *due*, this *eau de vie*,  
Will keep the cramp away, as you will see.  
To change *one* word, a small joke to obtain,  
The "eau de vie" delight in physics pain.

ALBERT. And, in this case, remarks young Albert Tell—  
It physic' *Spain* and Switzerland, as *well*.

*Chord.*—*Enter* TELL, R., SARNEM, L., *simultaneously*,  
ROSETTA and ALBERT *embrace* for mutual protection.

TELL. (*R. corner*) Away.

SARNEM. (*R. corner*) Just so, on that we are agreed.

ERNI. Permit a mutual friend to intercede. (*goes up*)

TELL. Certainly not.

SARNEM. (*aside*) Now, p'raps, would be the time  
To tell the story of revenge and crime.

Still, on the whole, *I won't*. (*to* TELL) What's *your*  
objection?

TELL. (*conceitedly*) Low birth—do not approve of the  
connection.

SARNEM. (*with ferocity*) Low birth! And *yours*?

TELL. Deserted when a baby.

SARNEM. (*with gratified malignity*) Just so.

TELL. It's quite uncertain whom I may be.

P'raps I'm a swell.

SARNEM. P'raps it's as well you're not.

Your infancy—

TELL. A period I've forgot;—

My earliest recollections are the mountains,  
(*with fervour*) The crags, the peaks, the plateaus and the  
I know each tree,—each goat— [fountains,



- SARNEM. What, every Billy?  
 TELL. Each tiny mountain *rill*.  
 SARNEM. No, do you *rilly*?  
 Your *birth*, though, you forget? (*aside*) That slightly  
 stung.  
 TELL. Birth? well at that time I was rather young.  
 SARNEM. Ha! ha! but never mind.  
 TELL. I won't. You, sir,  
 Up to the mountains—though you may prefer  
 To Alpine kids, that pretty little dear,  
 You are not Ferguson and don't lodge here.  
 ROSET. When mountain high do mind your neck, for  
 fear—  
 ALBERT. When mountain *eye*—why I'm a mountain-*ear*.  
 SARNEM. 'Tis time we all our business went about:  
 u'd better sing a something and get out.

*Concerted Piece.—“ Oh, Mary,” and Dance.*

- TELL. I'm in a quandary,  
 Just like Mister Rarey  
 Felt when Cruiser,  
 Kicked about, and  
 Plung'd away, as parties say.  
 ROSET. When you're upon the mountain,  
 Don't tumble in a fountain.  
 ERNI. I wish he would,  
 'Twould do him good.  
 And drive his love away.  
 TELL. Oh, were he—  
 Oh, were he—  
 Not so dreadfully contrairy;  
 Oh were he—Oh were he—  
 Not so silly, as *to* love so.  
 ERNI. Mountaineering's frightful!  
 Some think it delightful  
 Or they wouldn't rove, and couldn't  
 Pass their time in Alpine climbin'.  
 ALBERT. Tumbling over ridges—  
 Slipping over bridges—

Nature is so obstinate in wild Helvetiah.  
 ERNI. No Rarey—no Rarey  
 E'er tamed filly more contrary!  
 No Rarey—no Rarey  
 Ever fought with a *worse tem.par.*  
*Dance and exeunt, L.*

SCENE THIRD.—“*Ye Crags and Peaks.*”

*Music.*—GESLER'S legs appear in the air, R.—after a kick or two the umbrella shews, then he sneezes, and comes down the sloping side of rock rapidly—red nose, comforter, and umbrella.

GESLER. I thought my boots for holding fast were rippers;  
 But they *slide* so—they might as well be *slippers*.  
 Suppose some wandering bear upon me pops,  
 Amongst these peaks and pines, and mountain tops!  
 Rocks are so plentiful—so rough and blocky,  
 This Switzerland! it's much more like *Mo-rocky*:  
 Nothing but fir trees everywhere I stirs—  
 I feel a great soft *muff* amongst the *furs*.  
 No public near—oh, for some nice hot flip!  
 With cold I'm *pinched*, but I can't get *nip*.  
*(comes further down)*

Here, on the Alps, it seems to always freeze;  
 The Alps reminds me of my *pair o' knees*,  
 Which are a trembling so, it's quite a bore;  
 I never thought my legs great shakes before,  
 For they were both too spindle-shanked by half.  
 But now I feel (*coughs*) I've got a *calf*!  
 So cold, each finger numbed and sleepy grows;  
 As for my feet, they're also *coma-toes*.  
*(calling)* Halloa! halloa! No answer do I find,  
 And this child's *call* is borne upon the wind.  
 But bear up, Gesler, man, don't be a flat.  
 Ge-Gesler, where's your courage? (*BEAR roars*) Ho!  
 what's that?

What means that roar?—that roar loud and imperial—  
 Can't say I *cotton* to that *roar* material.  
 Oh, it's a bear! (*goes, L.*) and horrible to say,  
 I do believe he's *bearing* down this way.



Don't he look hungry? What am I to do? (*a pause*)  
I've somewhere read, I don't know if it's true,  
Dead folks they never harm, but pass 'em by;  
Which the experiment I'd better try.

Just play a little music, will you, there,  
Something composed by—let's see—by *O-bear*.

(*Music—GESLER lies down—Enter the BEAR, R.—*  
*he walks round GESLER—GESLER watches BEAR*  
*turn his back, hits him with umbrella—BEAR*  
*turns—GESLER pretends to be dead—this is*  
*repeated once or twice, at length the BEAR*  
*retires, R.—GESLER looks up—hides his head—*  
*when BEAR roars—looks up again—Music very*  
*piano*)

The swindle is successful; he's retired.

The bear's an animal I once admired;

But after this, (*laughs immoderately*) I must say he's  
a fool.

I think I kept myself uncommon cool.

BEAR enters, R. 1 E., *very quietly and unperceived by*  
GESLER.

Ha, ha! he thought that I was done for quite,  
And so he went away without a bite.

This last, indeed, a most successful dodge I call.

Th' account I'll forward to the Zoo-logical  
Society. Bear's only fit for grease;

As to his *common scents*—(*laughs—BEAR has seated*  
*himself by GESLER—looks round in horror and*  
*discovers his dangerous propinquity*) Police!

(*GESLER bolts instantly—Music—pantomime rally*  
*—over bridge—pause—opens umbrella—*  
*meet—under arms, across—GESLER calls out,*  
*à la clown—slaps—GESLER gets down, L.—BEAR*  
*goes R.—Enter ALBERT—sticks him—BEAR up*  
*on bridge—into river—bang—GESLER fainting, L.*)

ALBERT. (*coming down*) Luckily I've my flask here,  
cased in wicker,

So as our Yankee friends say, "Stranger, lick'er."

(*kneels—places bottle to lips—GESLER mechanically*  
*drinks—ALBERT draws back bottle, gradually—*

GESLER *sitting up drinking—opens his eyes—moves bottle—wipes his mouth—drinks again—nods, as if drinking health—takes a long breath—music ceases*)

GESLER. Gollopshus! you're a credit to your mother.  
Not such bad *eau de vie*; I'll take another. (*takes flask*)

I looks towards you. (*drinks*)

ALBERT. (*aside*) Safe to stand some pelf.

GESLER. Uncommonly good cognac. (*drains flask*) Help yourself.

Don't stare, there's some in it.

ALBERT. Indeed there arn't.

GESLER. Oh, well, if you *can't* help yourself, you *can't*.  
I from my proper pathway, boy, had swerved;  
By rocks jammed in——

ALBERT. *Jammed!*

GESLER Yes. I'm now *preserved!*

ALBERT. Where were you going?

GESLER. Altorf! know the way?

If so, I'm rich, and can afford to pay.

ALBERT. Cut that! for me, 'tis ample satisfaction,  
To feel that I perform a virtuous action,  
'Tis true that father's poor, and mother too,  
But as to gold we all despise it. Pooh!  
What, though we're hungry, still we proudly know  
That virtue gilds our humble dwelling.

GESLER. Oh!

Wish virtue would gild *mine*, if but a portion;  
My bill for decoration was a caution.

ALBERT. What, though we're hungry, ain't we free?  
*(digs in ribs)*

GESLER. (*aside*) Uncommon!

Is your mamma a well conducted womman?  
Your pa' respectable? hem, pays his taxes?  
And doesn't grumble?

ALBERT. Grumble! why he racks his  
Poor brains, each day, to find how he can smash  
The tyrant who imposes them. A crash  
Must shortly come; and pa' will be the wrestler  
Of power, from that hateful ruffian, Gesler!



He's vowed to have his life and now it's clear  
That Gesler's doom's as good as fixed.

GESLER. (*falls against ALBERT overcome*) Oh, dear!  
(*recovering—aside*) My life's a burden; I receive  
each day

Letters anonymous, such things they say—  
They bear no signature, but threaten fearful:  
I'd one this morning, one to make me cheerful:  
Threatening within one's castle moat to souse one!  
Called me a *rat*.

ALBERT. (*who has heard last line*) Rat!

GESLER. An anony-mouse one.  
It's dreadful.

ALBERT. (*R., aside*) Who can this strange party be?

GESLER. You say your pa's so fond of liberty!  
(*blandly*) What is his name?

ALBERT. The same as mine!

GESLER. Just so.  
What's yours?

ALBERT. My pa's!

GESLER. And his?

ALBERT. His pa's!

GESLER. Halloo.

Beware, beware, you'll tempt me, perhaps too far.

ALBERT. Oh! then I'll go, and you'll *be-where* you are.

GESLER *seizes him by arm, alarmed.*

GESLER. No, no, no, don't leave me. Is this Gesler what—  
What you've described him?

ALBERT. Oh! a dreadful lot.

GESLER. Good looking?

ALBERT. Frightful, ghoulish, grim, and glum;  
The ugliest villain that—

GESLER. (*conceitedly*) Oh, hang it, come;  
I've heard he's rather, rather, ha, ha! rather t'other.  
(*swaggering conceitedly, twirling his sash*)

ALBERT. Well now, from his description, I should say  
That he was something rather like *you*.

GESLER. Eh!

Bosh! most incomprehensible of boys,  
You really, positively—(*sneeze heard, R.*)

ALBERT. (*clutching GESLER*) Ha, that noise!

(GESLER awfully alarmed—his legs give way and clutching ALBERT'S arm, he looks rapidly about trembling)

GESLER. Murder—stick by me—oh, don't go without me, I've got such lots of valleybles about me; Stay, and I'll pension all of you—the lot; I'll give you twice what Young, the poet, got. Don't go! (*leans on ALBERT'S shoulder*)

ALBERT. It was the family sneeze. (*sneeze again*) Another! Who does that sneeze belong to? Speak!

EMMA. (*without, R.*) Your mother!  
(ALBERT starts away—GESLER falls—*drum*)

ALBERT. 'Tis she!

(EMMA rushes in, falls over GESLER—coal scuttle bonnet and old fashioned cloak)

EMMA. My boy! (*they embrace—picture*) I couldn't bear to know—

As you was in the mountains, Albert, so;  
As your dear pa' was out, I came to find you—  
You've been and left your comforter behind you.

(*finds herself near GESLER—hops away in a fright*)  
Some victim to the elemental strife.

GESLER. (*still cowering*) Take everything I've got, but spare my life.

Mercy!

ALBERT. Get up, it's only mother!

GESLER. (*sitting up, then rises*) What?

EMMA. (*curtseying*) Which, sir, my son his comforter forgot.

GESLER. (*shrugging his shoulders and bowing grotesquely*)

His comforter to him you are, no doubt;

Likewise your husband.

EMMA. (*ogling, and turning aside*) Really, I—Oh, get out!

(*pokes him in ribs*) Your quizzing town ways make a party chuckle.

GESLER. (*aside*) Fine woman,—with a well-developed knuckle.

EMMA. (*smoothing her hair*) A handsome party, *reely!*

(GESLER takes her round waist—a little aside from ALBERT)

GESLER. What's your name?

EMMA. Which, sir, it's *Emma*, if it's all the same.



GESLER. It *isn't* all the same; you've got another.

(*one step down*) You are a wife!

EMMA. I am!

GESLER. (*another step*) Likewise a mother!

EMMA. I *are*—I, *am*!

GESLER. (*secretly and insinuatingly*) Your name's—

(*aside, letting her go*) It comes! Oh, joy!

Your name's— [one!

ALBERT. (*takes EMMA away, taking her place*) Ain't got

GESLER. (*aside*) I shall kill that boy.

ALBERT. The governor's an archer, good at game.

GESLER. How can he shoot, if he's without *an aim*?

Perhaps he shoots without a *license*, too.

EMMA. (*crossing to GESLER*) Well, sir, as folks say, *entre*

GESLER. (*starting*) Ha, ha! [*nous, he do.*

EMMA. (*hops about as if her corn was trodden on*) Oh, oh!

GESLER. (*apologising*) Excuse me, my regret is most in-

Your corn? [tense.

EMMA. No matter, its no *corn*-sequence.

Indeed, you needn't make the least apology.

(*a horn heard, all strike attitudes*)

Whence comes that horn?

ALBERT. Ain't up in *hornithology*!

GESLER. Ha, ha, 'tis Sarnem come to my assistance,

ALBERT. Sarnem!

GESLER. You may *disarn'im* in the distance.

*Enter SARNEM, L. 2 E.*

*Concerted Piece—"The Tell Gallop."\**

SARNEM. To Altorf we will go,  
With Gezzy-ler and Co.

EMMA. To Altorf we will go;  
This gent the road doth know.

GESLER. I'll down upon this low  
Young Vagabond and Co.;  
I'll down upon this vagabond, with my  
tyrannic toe.

*Dance of all the CHARACTERS and exeunt, R.*

\* Composed by FRANK MUSGRAVE, and published by SINCLAIR and Co., 40, Great Marlborough Street.

SCENE FOURTH.—*Before the Gates—Gesler's House—*  
*"Gesler" on door, black letters on brass plate.*

*Music, piano and marked—Enter TELL and ERNI, stealthily,*  
*R.—TELL looks R. and L.*

TELL. Dare we do what we said we'd do?

ERNI. We dare!

TELL. Air we prepared to do the deed?

ERNI. We air!

TELL. Swear we to act upon the square?

ERNI. We swear!

TELL. Good! 'Tis the spot! We are alone—none by—

None save those birds who to this deed are fly;  
 A deed which shall resound throughout our clime  
 As something patriotic and sublime,  
 Of which posterity will proudly talk  
 As one most truly noble. Where's the chalk?

Now for the deed for which we did assemble;  
 Gesler, thy doom is fixed! Oppressor, tremble!

*(Music during remainder of TELL's speech)*

Now, Switzerland, it is for thee alone  
 I do this virtuous deed—let it atone  
 For many crimes I have committed—see?  
 Thus do I set my foot on tyranniee.

Through ages shall this glorious action pass  
 Tyrant ter-emble! Gesler *(writes)* "is a hass!"

*Enter ROSETTA, L.*

ROSET. I've watched these fellows many a time and oft.

TELL. *(to ERNI, his hand on his shoulder)* But soft, we  
 are observed.

ERNI. Don't call me soft,  
 I ain't soft.

TELL. Go! I would avoid suspicion.

*Exit ERNI, quickly—TELL following.*

ROSET. *(interposing)* Where are you going?

TELL. *(hiding his face)* To the Exhibition! *(crosses to L.)*

ROSET. You'll wipe that door down, Tell, ere you depart.

TELL. Those burning words shall eat into his heart;  
 My hand shall not work their obliteration;  
 Through them, the rage of a half maddened nation



Bursts forth in simple eloquence—ha, ha!

ROSET. If *you* don't rub it out, I will. Oh, dear!  
Here's pa'!

*She goes to rub it out, when enter SARNEM, suddenly.—*  
*chord—SARNEM, R.—ROSETTA, C.—TELL, L.*

SARNEM. What do I see? Tell!

TELL. (*with great intensity*) Yes, indeed, no other.

In vain my patriot feelings do I smother,  
They smoulder and will out; within my breast,  
With ceaseless thump, that will not let me rest,  
Beats my rebellious heart; and wildly drumming  
Against my ribs, declares——

SARNEM.

Here's Gesler coming!

TELL bolts quickly, L. I E.

*Music.—Enter ALBERT, R., who crosses to ROSETTA—then*  
*GESLER—then EMMA, with her bonnet crushed and*  
*looking very dilapidated.*

GESLER. Well, here we are again, as says the poet;

Sarnem, I've given you instructions—go it. (*goes up*)

SARNEM. (*aside*) It likes me not, but down compunction.  
(*crosses to ROSETTA*)

EMMA. (R.)

Oh!

Why did I ever to the mountains go?

Rheumatics, rapid, o'er my system gains;

The Crystal Palace hasn't got more pains.

ROSET. (L.—to SARNEM) What do I hear? (*to GESLER*)  
No, tyrant, it can't be!

GESLER. (*seeing her*) Ha, ha! who is this damsel fair to see?  
Who is she?

SARNEM. (*trembling*) Please, my daughter. (*to her*) Get  
away!

GESLER. Certainly not. Stay! I repeat, girl, stay!

EMMA. (*aside*) A pair of stays. (*GESLER beckons to*  
*ROSETTA to approach*)

GESLER. (*chucks her under the chin*) Ha, ha!

SARNEM. (*aside, L. corner*)

Oh, rage!

ALBERT. (*having got round to R. C.*)

I say,

We don't permit folks to go on that way.

This lady is engaged to me.





- EMMA. Of our condition don't be a derider ;  
I goes into hysterics at a spider. (*kneels to GESLER*)  
Let's know our crime. Oh, Gesler, *tell us, drat it!*  
*What we've done?*
- GESLER. *Nothing ;—and you're always at it.*  
You're too free.
- EMMA. Oh, behold a parent's tear !  
'Tis in *her eye*—her rent is in *her-ear* ;  
Gesler won't get it next time of collecting,  
Unless I'm free to go.
- GESLER. This is affecting.  
(*brings out ridiculous pocket handkerchief*)
- ROSET. (*aside*) He weeps. Forth from his breast his  
*mouchoir draggin*, is.
- EMMA. Albert—Rosetta—go it—pile the agonies !  
(*ALBERT and ROSETTA, each bring out handkerchiefs*)
- GESLER. This sight unmans me.  
(*blows his nose—trombone*)
- ROSET. Here, upon my knees—
- GESLER. This is affecting—go ! (*delight of all—GESLER seeing door*)  
What's that I sees ? (*lays hold of EMMA*)
- EMMA. *What's that you seize ? It's me.*
- GESLER. I just said " go ;"  
On that permission I put my *wee-toe*.  
(*stamps on SARNEM's foot—SARNEM glowers*)
- ALBERT. What means this change ? Depart, you said,  
you'd let us.
- GESLER. *Let us ! Pooh ! let us ! Bring your heaviest fettus !*  
Some one shall pay for this. (*crosses up and down*)
- ALBERT. For what ?
- GESLER. See *there !*  
(*points to door—music*)
- ALBERT. Agony ! *pa's handwriting*, I declare.
- EMMA. My William's writing—flourishing and roomy—  
His blessed pot hooks is familiar to me.
- GESLER. He who wrote that shall swing.
- EMMA. With awe I'm dumb !
- GESLER. *Pot hooks and hangers go together, mum.*

Sarnem, I'll make the people tremble yet.  
Go, get a pole.

SARNEM. A pole?

GESLER. And on it set  
A hat. Make people bow.

ALBERT. My rage won't melt.

GESLER. A *wide awake*. My power shall be *felt*.

ROSET. Bow to a hat? a frequent act, I vow;  
To things as empty, people often bow.

GESLER. Shoot those who disobey me in the matter.

SARNEM. If any one should ask me, who's your hatter?

GESLER. No matter who's my hatter, don't you chatter.  
Smash in their pudding heads!

SARNEM. *Pudding!*

GESLER. You'd *batter*.

*Enter TELL, L.*

TELL. Emma! and Sarnem! Gesler too, all here!  
I can't go off again it's very clear;  
So I'll stay on and brave it out— in plainer  
Language, I'm wanted for the tragic scena.  
This patriot's voice, says one who knows it well,  
In the concerted piece we sing *Will Tell*.

*Concerted Piece.—Recitative, arranged by F. Musgrave.*

TELL. Oh, dear! oh, gracious!

ROSET. Oh, dear! oh, gracious!

TELL. We're all in for it;

What shall we do?

GESLER. You had best beware of Gesler—  
You had best mind your eye.

ALL. You had best, &c.

ROSET. Oh, dreadful go now!

TELL. A fearful blow now;  
Oh, yes a terrible, terrible, terrible, terrible foe now;  
Oh, sad quandary, it's quite contrairy,  
Oh, dear, it's horrible, horrible, horrible, horrible, oh—

ALL. Oh!

EMMA. Ri fol de riddle um-wack fol de riddle iddle um.



GESLER. Ri fol de riddle iddle whack fol de riddle iddle,  
Ri fol de riddle, fol de ray.

ROSET. Anthropoglossos—oh Japanesey.

SARNEM. Oh, oh, Jerusalem!

ALL. And Holborn Circus!

GESLER. You had best beware of Gesler;  
You had best mind your eye—(*chorus second time*)  
Away! away! it's break of day, to Altorf we will  
toddle oh!

Away! away! without delay, although we scarce can  
waddle oh!

We scarce can waddle, yet will toddle off to Altorf  
gaily oh!

With cold we're numb, and nearly dumb, oh yes, we  
are, mum, raily oh!

SCENE FIFTH.—*Market.*

GIRLS *with baskets of fruit*—*Ballet*—Enter SARNEM *with*  
*two MYRMIDONS*—*Ballet up*—ALL *groan.*

SARNEM. (*after ringing bell*) It's no use groaning at the  
pole, so cease,

Or else I call the aid of the *pole-ice*;

(*sticks pole, c.*)

Behold the emblem of your master's power!

To which we hope you'll be a pleasant bower,—

In fact, I might add, quite a bower of roses.

They stand defiant; I don't like their *poses*.

You needn't look so wonderfully surly.

Now then, as candidates observe, "Pole early."

(*Music.*—PEASANTS *bow till ERNI, MELCHTHAL,*  
*FURST, and VERNER come on at back*)

ERNI. They're actually bowing. They obey;

Gesler shall live to rue this wretched day.

SARNEM. I say, my sprightly friend, you only nodded,

You bow respectfully, or you'll be quodded.

Now then, another.

(PEASANT *bows*)

*Enter TELL, L.*

Come now, make your bows.

TELL. What do I see? I see we're in for rows.

- SARNEM. (*collaring ERNI*) Here, you bow down.  
 ERNI. Please, sir, it wasn't *me*.  
 TELL. Erni, you surely won't.  
 ERNI. Well, sir, you see,  
     I really—  
 SARNEM. Bow!  
 TELL. (*crosses to SARNEM*) Bow wow!  
 SARNEM. (*looking round*) Who dares to lark?  
     Come; "When I ope my lips let no dog bark."  
     (*ALL laugh derisively—SARNEM rings bell*)  
 TELL. Silence that dreadful bell!  
 SARNEM. A rescue, eh?  
     You vagabond, take that. (*about to strike ERNI*)  
 TELL. (*interposing--picture*) Well, strike away.  
 SARNEM. Hit my child's pa'-in-law as is to *be*?  
 TELL. Your daughter struck my *son*, why not strike *me*?  
     Hit me.  
 SARNEM. I can't.  
 ERNI. Ha! he's afraid.  
 ALL. Hooray!  
 TELL. I said a time would come—it's come to-day.  
     (*SARNEM rings bell—CONSPIRATORS talk pluckily*)  
     The last straw breaks the camel's back. In us  
     See thou whose state has grown from wuss to wuss,  
     Until o'erflowing in each bitter cup,  
     Our wrongs are boiling over. (*to ERNI*) Back me up;  
     D'ye think with that to crush each ardent soul?  
     Would Gesler thus appal us with a pole?  
     Take it away, or our revenge we'll slake it.  
     What say!  
 ALL. Hurray!  
 TELL. (*to SARNEM*) That hint—you'd better take it.  
     My blood is on the simmer—and of late  
     Each party here's been in a *simmer-lar* state.  
 SARNEM. (*aside*) I'm losing my position—Here you snobs,  
     Bow!  
 TELL. He's our gold, and now he wants our *bobs*.  
     We won't.  
 ALL. No!  
 SARNEM. (*aside*) Really, this is most unpleasant,  
     Perhaps, we'd best postpone it for the present.



TELL. Our blood is up; this tyranny shall down.

SARNEM, Skedaddle, if you'd save your crown.

(TELL *snatches up the pole, goes L., rushes to strike down SARNEM, GESLER enters, R., receives the blow—Picture—SARNEM, R.—GESLER, R. C.—TELL, L. C.—MOB, L.—GESLER sits up*)

TELL. Down with the nobs—in all ways we'll attack 'em!

GESLER. You may *dislike* nobs, but you needn't *crack* 'em.  
(to SARNEM) The hat, to which I fancied all had bowed,

Don't seem to have been pop'lar with the crowd.

SARNEM. It isn't pop'lar—which to own I grieve—

The pole's a poplar one, as you perceive.

GESLER. Where's the ringleader?

TELL. (*blustering forward*) Here!

GESLER. (*retiring*) Your name? quick—*tell!*

TELL. Just so!

GESLER. Just *what?*

TELL. Just *that!*

GESLER. Which?

TELL. Very well!

You've said it.

GESLER. *What?*

TELL. You'll catch it if you're keen.

GESLER. *Will you tell?*

TELL. *You Tell? Double u Tell you mean.*

GESLER. (*after a pause*) *Humph!*

TELL. No, that isn't it.

GESLER. *What!*

TELL. *Humph!*

GESLER. (*aside*) Hem! altogether,

Don't quite like the appearance of the weather.

(*all laugh—SARNEM is about to laugh, GESLER catches his eye, and he restrains himself*)

GESLER. What's there ridic'lous in that hat? take care!

TELL. Nothing ridic'lous when your head's not there.

(*all laugh—SARNEM again nearly goes off*)

GESLER. That's emblematical of me—be quick.

TELL. 'Tis emblematical of you—a stick.

(*SARNEM roars out—GESLER hits him*)

GESLER. You hold your row. I say, you seem a wag.

TELL. Of my abilities I scorn to brag;

I'm simply, p'raps, the smartest party out,  
And I've a step-son, who is p'raps about  
The smartest *after me*.

GESLER. A son!

TELL. Yes,—rather.

GESLER. You have a son—then you must be a father?

(*to SARNEM*) Fetch forth that boy! *Exit SARNEM, R.*

TELL. (*to ERNI*) Erni, I sink with fear.

Can it be Albert?

SARNEM. (*entering, L.*) Now young man, come here.

*Enter ALBERT, in chains.\**

(*chord—CONSPIRATORS give a jump—TELL, a violent start—ALBERT, ditto—GESLER dodging about, looking from one to the other—GESLER beckons SARNEM, who goes to him*)

GESLER. Ha, ha! (*to SARNEM*) Now, when the wind is southerly, I can tell

A hawk from hernshaw, Sarnem, very well;

I can from lark likewise distinguish widgeon,

Of these two birds I have a strong sus-pigeon.

This is his son. (*turns and sees TELL making signs and ALBERT returning them*) Ha, ha! (*business—brings down ALBERT*)

D'ye see your father anywhere? ha, ha!

ALBERT. It's a wise child, they say, that knows his pa'.

GESLER. D'ye see him! there are tortures ready.

ALBERT. *Are there?*

No—I'm *short sighted* and I can't see *farther*.

GESLER. Who's he?

ALBERT. My father. What that ugly chap?

SARNEM. (*aside*) This boy is evidently up to trap.

GESLER. (*aside*) We'll see. Just have that youthful party led off.

And when you've taken *him* off, take his *head* off.

(*ALBERT, TELL and CONSPIRATORS repeat action, as does GESLER—ALBERT goes to TELL—GESLER crosses to SARNEM*)

---

SARNEM.	ALBERT.	GESLER.	TELL.	CONSPIRATORS.
R.				L.



ALBERT. (*aside*) Governor, bear up. Come, I'll look after mother.

TELL. All filial feelings, Albert dearest, smother.  
Be firm.

EMMA. (*outside*) Where is he? (*business of "Ha, ha!"—ALBERT and TELL give another jump—GESLER as before*) What are they about?

SARNEM. (*aside*) It strikes me Mrs. Tell has broken out.

*Music.—enter EMMA, L., with straw in her hair, stands c.*

SARNEM. How she could break her bonds, I can't divine.

TELL. Tyrant, *she's* lost her head—I needn't *mine*.

EMMA. Where's William, Albert—both those luckless chaps?

GESLER. Somebody seize her.

EMMA. *Somebody* seize her! *Julius Cæsar*, p'raps?  
Ha, ha! (*cuts a ridiculous caper*) Where's Gesler?  
(*with furious grasp*)

GESLER. (*hops behind SARNEM*) Keep her off! She's mad!

ALBERT. (*aside*) We're done for, if she recognises dad.

EMMA. Where is my William? (*sees and recognizes TELL*)  
Ha!

GESLER. This is the son.

EMMA. William! (*seizes him round neck*)

TELL. (*coldly*) Now, ma'am—when you've completely done.

(*disengages himself*) Thank you. Who is this person?

EMMA. Person! Me!

TELL. Some slight mistake. Don't know you.

EMMA. He, he, he!

Albert, your pa disowns me.

ALBERT. Does he, though?

Why, father's miles away, as well you know.

(*nudges her—GESLER looks at them—ALBERT whistles unconcernedly*)

GESLER. (*winks, aside*) I see. (*aloud*) No doubt you're a prime shot, sir.

TELL. Well!

EMMA. Why, everybody's heard of William Tell.

(*great alarm on the parts of TELL, SARNEM, and ALBERT*)

The crack shot of the Canton, when he sups,  
His table is one mass of silver cups—  
Prizes; and then he's goblets, too, in plenty.

GESLER. Which he's won.

EMMA. Which *he's one*, pooh! which *he's twenty*.

GESLER. Bring me an apple!

ALBERT. What?

TELL. An apple?—queer!

EMMA. All's going to end apple-y, my dear.

GESLER. Ladies and gentlemen, behold this boy!

EMMA. His father's hope—likewise his mother's joy.

GESLER. Upon his head, this interesting chap'll

Balance a moderate sized eating apple;

Which with *an arrow* you will hit.

TELL. Oh, wife.

That's what I call *a narrow squeak* for life.

(TELL, *overcome*, leans on EMMA's shoulder—  
ALBERT, *plucky*, taps his chest, and stands  
*defiant*—GUARD brings on a basket of apples  
from R.)

ALBERT. All right!

(GUARD comes down with basket, L. of ALBERT)

TELL. My own brave boy, so staunch and true.

ALBERT. Go it, my pippins—here's a chap'll do!

(*selects enormous apple*)

GESLER. Why, nobody could miss *that*—let 'em bake it!

EMMA. If nobody can miss it, I shall take it.

(*takes apple and commences eating it*—GESLER  
*selects small one, holds it up*—ALBERT pretends  
*not to see it*—then shuts one eye—GUARD retires)

GESLER. Now, there's some skill in hitting *that*, you see.

ALBERT. Some skill in hitting it—it's killin me!

Down with the tyrant! (*all groan*)

GESLER. Ha! (*rushes into a crowd, and brings out a very  
small boy*) Hulking, rebellious ruffian, bully  
me!

The real fact is, you're all a deal to free;  
Load him with chains—we'll teach these chaps to scoff.  
When I say *load* him—don't you *let him off*.  
Now lead this other traitor forth, and put him  
Under yon tree, and let's see if you'll shoot him.



TELL. (*to ALBERT, taking his hand*) Albert, don't shake—  
all chance that would destroy;  
You've never been a very steady boy.  
Remember that my aim's as true as steel,  
Albert, my noble fellow—how d'ye feel?  
Your poor step father's pride, your mother's pet.

ALBERT. First rate.

TELL. Fust rate! "Then we'll frustrate him yet."

*Enter ROSETTA, L.*

*Concerted Piece (sung with great expression).*

TELL. Terrible thing to do, terrible thing to do,  
Terrible thing to do, to do, to doo-oo.

ROSET. Horrible act you'll rue, horrible act you'll rue,  
Horrible act you'll rue-oo-oo-oo.

EMMA. Hoopity dooden doo, hoopity dooden doo,  
Hoopity dooden doo-oo-oo.

GESLER. Villanous hullabaloo, shut up you,  
Vagabond crew—  
Shallabala, baloo, baloo.

ALL. (*coming down, demonstrating*) Rub-a-dnb, rub-a-dub,  
Rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub,  
Rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub, dido,  
Row-de-dow, row-de-dow,  
Row-de-dowdy, dowdy, dow, dow, dow.

TELL. Oh!

Cavilling now won't do, cavilling now won't do,  
Cavilling now won't doo-oo-oo-oooh-oo.

ALBERT. Archery'll pull us through, archery'll pull us  
through;

Archery'll pull us through, oo-oo-oo.

SARNEM. Regular case of su—regular case of su—

ERNI. Regular case of suicide for *you*.

EMMA. (*slower*) Calomel and tolu, riddle kim dinky doo,  
Paddle your own canoe, *canoe*.

ALL. Rub-a-dub, &c.

(ALBERT *goes off*—GESLER *coming down to sym-*  
*phony—he sings*—ALL *listening intently*)

*Air, "Pal o' mine."*

GESLER. My dear boys,  
My dear boys,  
It's, it's a fad of mine,  
It's a fad of mine;  
My dear boys, my dear boys,  
It's a fad, a fad of mine.

ALL. My dear boys, &c.

(ALL dance to repeat, jumping down on last note—  
Symphony played through dialogue—TELL pre-  
pares to shoot—EVERYBODY simultaneously pulls  
out telescope, and looks off at ALBERT)

GESLER. He falters.

ERNI. No, he don't.

ROSET. He's turning blue—

Now white—now green.

(TELL shoots—ALBERT crows, "Cock a doodle doo!"  
—ALL rush down L., except SARNEM, EMMA and  
GESLER, who go R.)

SARNEM. Hit.

TELL. What! My boy?

SARNEM. The apple. Wondrous shot!

TELL. (*turning fiercely on GESLER*) Tyrant!

GESLER. Hulloo!

TELL. Another one I've got,

See here, it is for you! tyrannic lot!

(*adjusting arrow to bow*)

GESLER. Murder! (*putting EMMA before him*)

TELL. That subterfuge shan't shield ye.

EMMA. Oh!

Where's the police.

GESLER (*snatching a sword from SARNEM, and rushing  
upon TELL*) Come on! detested foe!

(*ERNI gives TELL a sword*)

ALBERT. Our pa shall win. Go it, my bricksy wicksies.

A broadsword combat—Hicks's favourite "sixes."

(TELL gives GESLER a tremendous blow—GESLER  
falls)



GESLER. (*on ground*) Gesler's fate's sealed—so fell a blow  
you caught him.

Wherever did you learn to fight?

EMMA. (*curtseying*) *I taught him.*

His present prime state of efficiencce  
Results from frequent practising with me.

TELL. Upon the tyrant now I'll set my heel.

ERNI. What 'tis to be ground down, Bill, let him feel.

ROSET. Contented be with what you just did deal him.  
He must feel very sore.

TELL. *Sore!* I shall *heel* him.

(*going to do so—SARNEM interposes, crossing to TELL*)

SARNEM. The time has now arrived when I should tell  
The secret dire that doth my bosom swell.  
Gesler, you had a child!

GESLER. I had, an only one—  
He vanished; and my life has been a lonely one.  
His loss completely soured my loving natur'.  
The child, the nurse, and the perambulator  
Fell into a ravine one morning, smack;  
They literally went down in a *crack*.

SARNEM. 'Tis true, the child went down, but then you see,  
Though he *went down*, he was *brought up* by me.

GESLER. Never!

TELL. What's this? my childhood I forget!  
Nevertheless—but still—that is—and *yet*.

EMMA. Good. Very clear. (*applauding*)

SARNEM. Yes, though perhaps bewilderin',  
I brought him up like one of my own *childerin'*.  
Behold him, *there!*

GESLER. Where?

SARNEM. Here.

GESLER. Here—where?

SARNEM. There. (*folding his arms*)

GESLER. Bother!

SARNEM. Why don't you see the likeness to his mother?

GESLER. (*looking round vaguely*) Her living image—  
which is it you mean?

TELL. Me?

GESLER. He? *the*—

SARNEM. *Oui*,—distressing scene!

TELL. It seems that I'm your son.

GESLER.

Ha, ha! my child.

(*they embrace*)

EMMA. 'Scuse me, I'm getting just the least bit wild.

(*to GESLER*) If Dick's father is Tom's son——

ALL. Yes, yes.

EMMA. What relation are you to me?

(*ALL intent*)

GESLER.

Mother-in-law!

(*GESLER and EMMA make a mutual rush—GESLER misses her and embraces ERNI, R.—EMMA embraces somebody else, L.—both are flung off, indignantly*)

ROSET. (*to ALBERT, coquettishly*) Now your stepfather proves the governor's son,

Against your wedding me it's two to one.

ALBERT. (*his arm round her*) "Two to one bar one," dear, to quote the ring—a,

That *one* is *you* and on that tiny finga,

The *ring* will Albert *pop*, if you'll but let it;—

(*aside*) Though something else he first must *pop* to get it.

Are we all happy?

EMMA.

Oh yes, *all*.

SARNEM.

But *me*:

I shall retire to solitude and tea;

My tastes are gloomy, spectral, dark, and mopy,

*Miss Anne Radcliffe*, yes, and *Miss-An-Thropy*.

TELL. But ere our piece is quite concluded, *you*

Must lend your kindly aid to pull us through;

The hour we've passed we'll scarce consider waste,

That's if our apple sauce is to your taste.

EMMA. Hem! apple sauce goes nicely with roast pork.

*Apples* indeed!—don't listen to his *stalk*.

ROSET. Talking of apples it would be in keepin'

If you but make a point each night to *peep-in*.'

EMMA. And to his apple remarks to add a rider,

P'lease of our merits will you be *de-cider*.

ALBERT. I see a joke with which you'd be amused,

On "*Pip's Diary*," but it's confused;

In fact, upon mature consideration,

I don't exactly see its *apply-cation*.



TELL. 'Twill not be *fruitless* if each beam and rafter  
Echo each night your *apple peals* of laughter,  
And every night I'll shoot at it once more,  
If to our apple you'll but cry *en-core*.

*Finale.—“Flying Scud Galop.”*

EMMA. Now when our curtain falls, oh pray  
Our efforts don't despise;  
Our faults forgive, likewise our play,  
Nor coldly criticize.

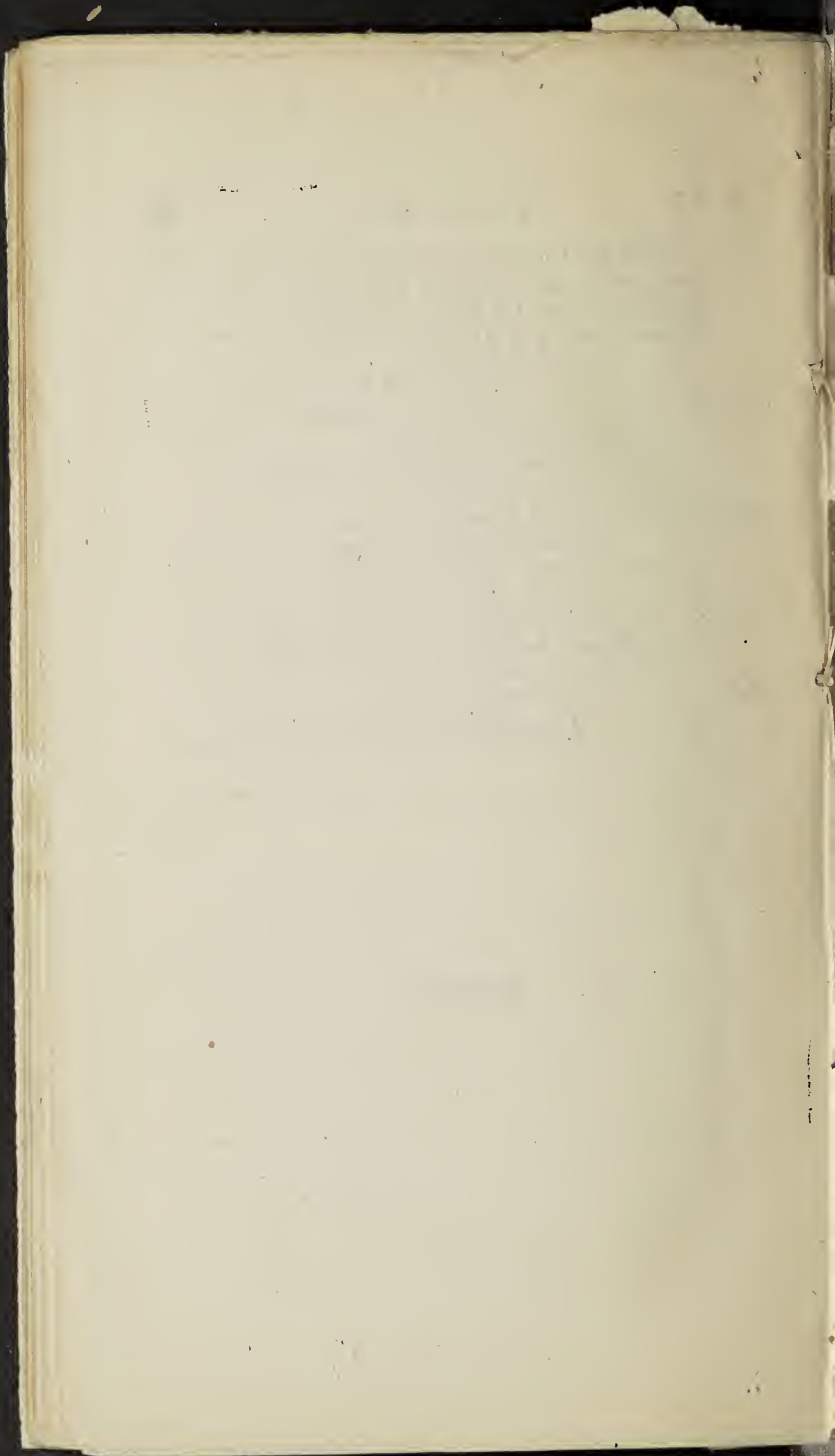
GESLER. Our author's ta'en a story old,  
Whereon to string some fun;  
Remember, if inclined to scold,  
That everything's been done.

TELL, Oh my! oh why! what is a chap to do  
When a burlesque he's got to write,  
Within a week or two.

ALL. Oh my! oh why!

(*jockey dance by CHARACTERS—picture*)

Curtain.





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## CONTENTS.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
Amateur Operas .. .. .	36	Miscellaneous Plays .. .. .	20
Amateur Plays .. .. .	26	Miscellaneous Works .. .. .	23
Articles needed by Amateurs .. .. .	45	Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works .. .. .	31
Bits of Burlesques.. .. .	32	Music for Sale.. .. .	37
Bound Set of Plays .. .. .	23	Music to Loan .. .. .	24
Brough's Burlesques .. .. .	36	Nigger Jokes and Stump Speeches .. .. .	34
Bulwer Lytton's Plays.. .. .	22	Operettas .. .. .	31
Burnt Cork .. .. .	45	Pantomimes .. .. .	22
Charades .. .. .	32	Parlour Comedies .. .. .	35
Comic Dramas for Male Characters.. .. .	36	Parlour Magic .. .. .	35
Costumes, Male .. .. .	39	Parlour Pantomimes .. .. .	38
Costumes, Female.. .. .	42	Pieces of Plesantry .. .. .	32
Cumberland's Edition .. .. .	15	Reciters and Speakers .. .. .	38
Darkey Drama .. .. .	33	Ristori's Plays.. .. .	23
Dramas for Boys .. .. .	36	Round Games.. .. .	35
English Operas .. .. .	37	Rouge .. .. .	46
Ethiopian Dramas.. .. .	33	Scenes for Amateurs .. .. .	23
Evening's Entertainment .. .. .	34	Scriptural Plays .. .. .	36
Fairy and Home Plays.. .. .	34	Sensation Dramas .. .. .	32
French Opera Bouffe's.. .. .	36	Sensation Series .. .. .	32
French's (Late Lacy's) Edition .. .. .	2	Serio-Comic Dramas. Male Characters .. .. .	36
French's Standard and Minor Drama .. .. .	13	Shadow Pantomimes .. .. .	37
Guide Books .. .. .	35	Shakespearian Costumes .. .. .	47
Italian Operas.. .. .	36	Shakespeare's Plays .. .. .	22
Juvenile Plays .. .. .	34	Tableaux Lights .. .. .	45
Knight's Cabinet Shakespeare .. .. .	23	Tableaux Vivants .. .. .	48
Ladies' Plays .. .. .	35	Temperance Plays.. .. .	30
Lightning for Private Theatricals .. .. .	46	Tom Taylor's Comedies .. .. .	22
Make-up Book .. .. .	48	Vocal Music of Shakespeare's Plays .. .. .	37
Make-up Box .. .. .	48	Wigs, Beards, Moustaches, &c... .. .	47
Male Character Pieces.. .. .	31	Works on Costumes .. .. .	47

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- 1554 Plague of my Life
- 1555 Atonement. Les Mis-
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- 1559 Cain Boy
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- 1561 Caught in his own Trap
- 1562 Laid up in Port
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- 1569 Sixteen String Jack
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- 1591 The Bridal Wreath
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- 1593 Tom Bowling
- 1594 Narcisse the Vagrant
- 1595 Every one has his fault
- 1596 The Devil's Ducat
- 1597 Parted
- 1598 Love and Honour
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- 1600 Mary's Dream
- 1601 Bitter Reckoning
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- 1603 Headless Horseman
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- 1605 Eileen Oge

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- 1606 Cracked Heads burl.
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- 1608 Bathing
- 1609 Ladies Battle
- 1610 An Old Score
- 1611 For Honor Sake
- 1612 My Sister from India
- 1613 Our Bitterest Foe
- 1614 Maria Martin
- 1615 Among the Relics
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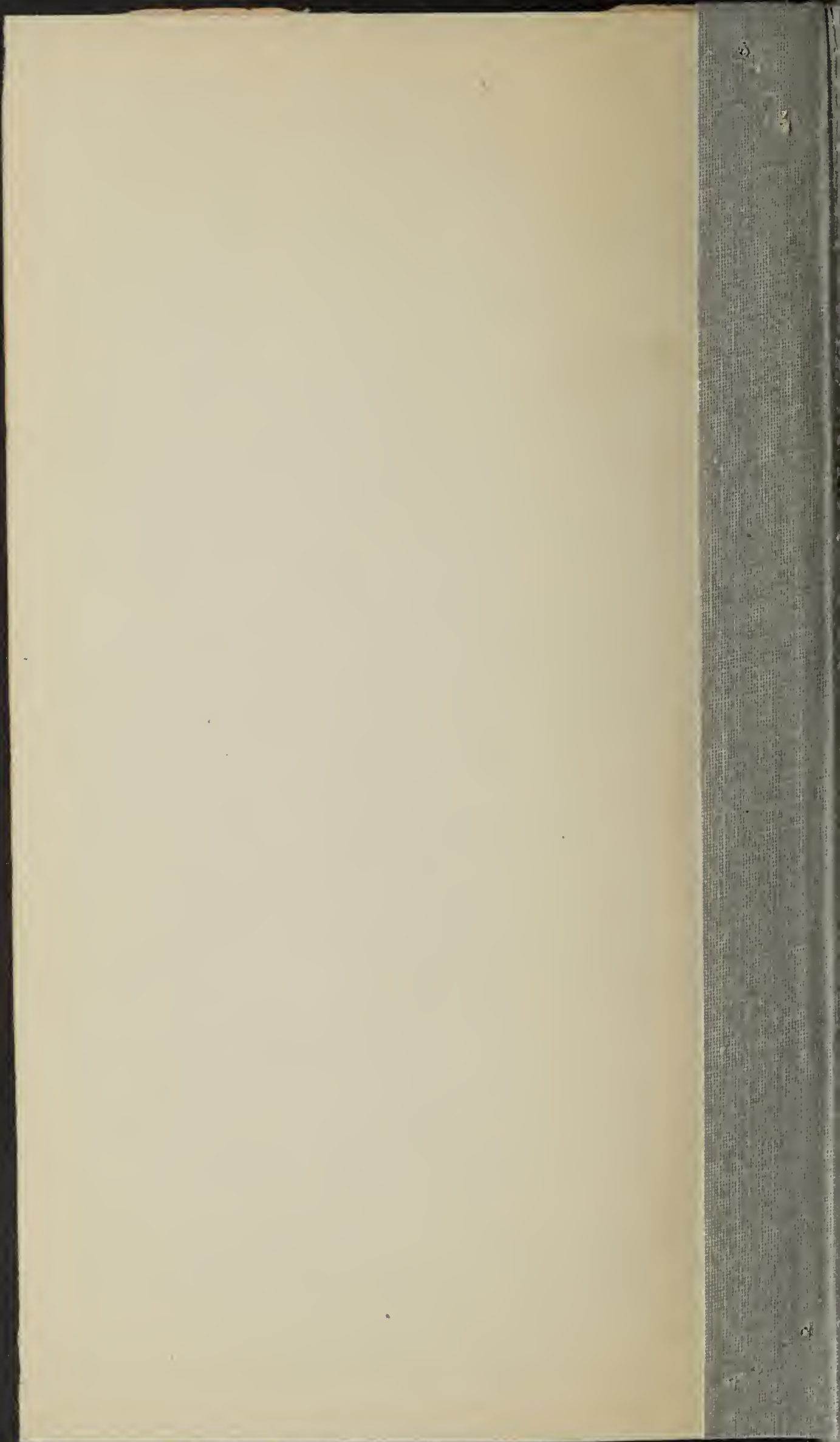
- 1651 Who'll lend me a Wife
- 1652 Extremes meet
- 1653 Bould Soger Boy
- 1654 Golden Plough
- 1655 Sweethearts
- 1656 Little Back Parlour
- 1657 Anchor of Hope
- 1658 Home Again
- 1659 Sylvester Daggerwood
- 1660 Tale of a Comet
- 1661 Deep Red Rover, Br
- 1662 Unprotected Female
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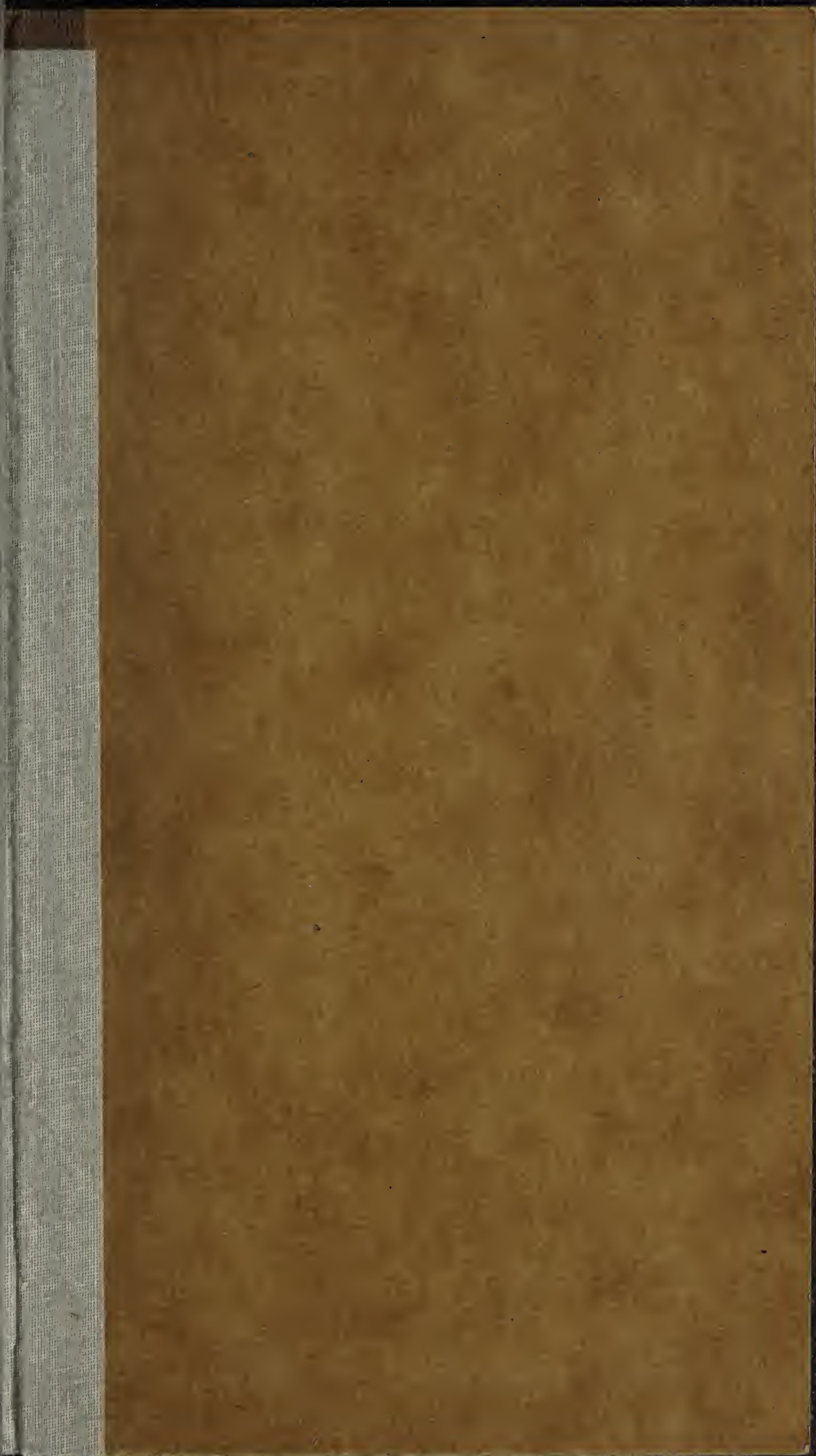
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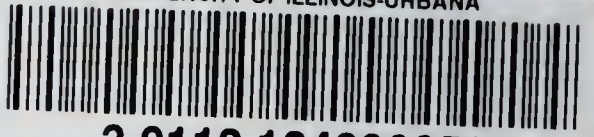








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