

WANTED, 1000 SPIRITED
YOUNG MILLINERS
FOR THE GOLD DIGGINGS!

A FARCE,

IN ONE ACT.

By J. STIRLING COYNE,

Author of "My Wife's Daughter," "Binks the Bagman,"
"Duel in the Dark," "Did you ever send your Wife
to Camberwell?" "How to Settle Accounts
with your Laundress," "Queer Subject,"
"My Friend the Captain,"
&c. &c. &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,

LONDON.

909387

*First Performed at the Royal Olympic Theatre,
on Saturday, October 2nd, 1852.*

Characters.

Mr. Singleton (<i>a Solicitor</i>)		Mr. BENDER.
Joe Baggs (<i>his Clerk</i>)		Mr. HOSKINS.
Tom Tipton (<i>a Medical Student at Guy's</i>)		Mr. COMPTON.
Selina Smith	} <i>Young Milliners</i>	Miss ELLEN TURNER.
Sophy Stokes		Miss LUCY RAFTER.
Charlotte Simpson		Miss ISABEL ADAMS.
Caroline Jones		Miss SHALDERS.
Bella Brown		Miss PITT.
Jemima Jukes		Miss S. PITT.
Angelica Tod (<i>a Milliner's Apprentice</i>)		Mrs. B. BARTLETT.

Time in Representation, Three Quarters of an Hour.

Costumes.

SINGLETON—Black suit, white neckcloth.

JOE—1st Dress: Green coat, light waistcoat and trousers.

2nd Dress: Lady's Polka body and flowered skirt, cap and flowers.

TOM—1st Dress: Black coat, broad plaid waistcoat, brown trousers with broad red stripe down sides.

2nd Dress: Old hat, shabby drab great coat.

3rd Dress: Lady's Polka body and flowered skirt, wig à la Grec, lace lappets.

ANGELICA—Extravagant bonnet, black visite, muslin dress.

MILLINERS—Neat bonnets, scarfs, shawls, aprons, and muslin or stuff dresses.

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"WANTED, 1000 YOUNG MILLINERS."

SCENE—*A Solicitor's Office, furnished in the usual manner—A large table, with papers and writing materials on it, C.—Windows R. and L. in flat, with blinds to each—Door to SINGLETON's private room, R. 3 E.—Fire-place, over which is a chimney-glass, R. 2 E.—Door of closet, L. 3 E.—Door of entrance, L. 2 E.—Nine office chairs, and one easy chair placed by fire-place R.—Lawyer's tin boxes on the floor and on shelves.*

JOB BAGGS discovered writing, L. of C. table.

BAG. (*writing and reading*) "All that and those tenements and hereditaments, situate, lying, and being in the parish of Tetteringham, situate in the county of Norfolk, as lately in the possession of John Dobbin, farmer, and bounded on the north by Coppershaw Close"—no—"on the south"—no—"on the east"—(*rising*) Hang it! I can think of nothing but the plan I have in hand. I wonder if Tom Tipton has got my note? I must have Tom's assistance to carry out my project. He's a devilish clever fellow, is Tom, though he has been for six years trying unsuccessfully to pass the College of Surgeons. When I think of the larks we have played together. Ha, ha, ha! (*laughs with suppressed glee*)

TIP. (*puts his head in at door, L. 2 E.*) Hallo, Joe! What's up? (*enters*) You're as jolly as if somebody had lent you a five-pun note, to be paid three months after convenience.

BAG. Oh, Tom, I'm glad you're come! But don't speak too loud, for the governor is in his private room there. Such a lark, Tom! I've done him—done him brown at last!

TIP. What! old Singleton—the cunningest fox in the Law List—done him? I'll shake hands with you, Joe! (*shakes hands with BAGGS*) You're not such a fool as you look. Let me hear all about it.

BAG. I've had for some time a splendid project in my mind; but I could not put it in execution without getting the governor out of the way for a whole day. Well, what do you think I do?

TIP. Something stupid, of course.

BAG. Ah!—you shall judge. The governor happens to have a rich old client down at Oxford—Tottles, he's called. Well, I get a letter written, and posted at Oxford, as from Mrs. Tottles to the governor, telling him that her husband had been taken suddenly very

ill indeed, and wanted to make his will, and go out of the world comfortably—which he could not do unless his friend Singleton came down——

TIP. Ah! Well?

BAG. The letter arrived this morning by the early post, and, strange as it may seem, the governor fell into the trap, and the infatuated individual is now packing his carpet-bag, preparing to start for Oxford.

TIP. Bravo, Joe! By Jove! I couldn't have managed it better myself. But what are you going to do when you've got the premises to yourself? Something must be done. Let me see. I know half-a-dozen of Guy's fellows that I can muster in no time. One of them sings all the comic songs popular at Evans's, and another can mix punch, and balance no end of tobacco-pipes on his nose. You play loo? Of course you do. Well, I'll bring a pack of cards; and we'll have in innumerable pots of shandygaff; and you shall lock the door, and stick a notice outside—"Back in half-an-hour"—meaning half-an-hour after no particular time; and we'll close the shutter and light the gas, and make a serious day of it, my boy! (*slaps him on the shoulder*)

BAG. Why, you see, Tom, though I am rather partial to shandy-gaff, and think you fellows of Guy's devilish pleasant company over a bowl of punch, I have a plan of my own that will interfere with yours.

TIP. Oh! in that case, propound it. I am open to conviction.

BAG. Here it is. (*takes a parcel of printed placards out of table drawer; and exhibits one to Tipton*) What do you think of it?

TIP. Eh? (*reads*) "Wanted, one thousand spirited young milliners"—A thousand?

BAG. Be the same more or less.

TIP. (*reads*) "One thousand spirited young milliners for the Gold Diggings. Apply personally to Mrs. Vanderpants"—Who the devil is Mrs. Vanderpants?

BAG. Never mind—go on.

TIP. (*reads*) "Apply personally to Mrs. Vanderpants, from ten o'clock in the morning until twelve at night, at 210, Lincoln's Inn Fields. Why, Joe, that's here!

BAG. Undoubtedly!

TIP. Eh? I begin to have some idea of your intentions—you're meditating a Circassian *soirée*——

BAG. Hush! You've hit upon it—a *fête artistique*.

TIP. No?

BAG. *Artistique, choregraphique, and chivalresque*——

TIP. And millineresque?

BAG. Millineresque essentially.

TIP. Joe, I've no hesitation in asserting that your idea is stupendous—I may say 'tis the volcanic and cutaneous eruption of a great mind.

BAG. Well, the next thing to do is to get out a few bills—you must help me, Tom.

TIP. Why, the fact is, I have a good many out already—but to accommodate a friend, I don't mind doing a few more. Where's your

pen and ink? (*sits at L. of table*) Hand over your papers, and I'll put as good a name on them as ever spoiled a stamp!

BAG. Pshaw! I only want you to stick them.

TIP. No, no, 'pon my life I can't do that. I'll accept them with pleasure, and you shall stick them; *secundum artem*:—that's the regular practice, I believe, at Guy's.

BAG. Will you understand me? I merely want you to stick a few of these placards.

TIP. (*rises*) Oh! I beg pardon, I was thinking of another kind of bill-sticking. Three months after date, hem! give them to me. (*takes placards*) I'll borrow an old hat and coat from the porter, and try my hand at external paper-hanging. But I say, where shall I put them up?

BAG. Oh! anywhere in the neighbourhood—on any blank wall, or pump you may find.

TIP. Pump? 'Gad, then I'll just step into Lincoln's Inn, and the College of Surgeons, where I shall find plenty of old pumps.

Exit L. 2 E.

BAG. I rather fancy I shall render myself illustrious in all future histories of England, by this *coup d'état*. There's certainly something magnificent in the notion of wanting a thousand milliners for the Gold Diggings!

Enter SINGLETON from room, R. 3 E.—He carries a carpet bag, great coat, and shawl.

SING. Eh, Baggs? What's that you're saying about the Diggings? (*puts down carpet-bag and things on chair.*)

BAG. Diggings, Sir! Oh, yes. I was observing to myself in your absence that an enterprising young man, with an industrious wife and a cradle, might do wonders at the Gold Diggings.

SING. All humbug. There are no diggings like the diggings at Westminster Hall, where, if you hit upon a good case, you may wash lots of gold out of a client. Come here, Joe. I am obliged to go down to Oxford this morning.

BAG. (*aside*) And you may thank me for the journey.

SING. Old Tottles is dying.

BAG. Dying, Sir! Dear me! That's sudden, Sir! Execution on the body—removal by *habeas corpus*—doctors can't put in bail—must leave the world, his wife, and his lawyer, Sir. But I dare say, Sir, it will be a happy release for the poor man.

SING. Yes, yes, he's been ailing for some time. Ah! by the bye, I've a letter that I must write before I go. Where are the ink and paper?

BAG. (*arranging papers on table*) Here they are Sir. (*SINGLETON sits R. of table*) But don't you think you may be late, Sir? When a man is dying, you know—

SING. He's seldom in a hurry, Joe. (*writing.*)

BAG. Ha, ha, ha! Why, no, Sir—but—(*aside*) Hang him for a stubborn old mule. I'm afraid Tom will be back before he's done. (*goes to window and looks out.*)

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SING. (*writing at table*) (*aside*) I have full ten minutes to spare before 'twill be time to start. Meanwhile I'll mingle a little pleasure with business, by answering the note I have just received from that charming creature whom I met in Kensington Gardens—a sweet, timid little innocent, fresh from the country. (*calling*) Joe, sealing-wax and a light!—And she has consented to dine with me next Sunday, at Richmond. I really believe I possess an extraordinary power of fascination over the fair sex! (*continues writing*)

BAG. Yes, Sir! (*lighting lucifer-match from box on chimney-piece*) Phew! Matches, they say, are made in heaven; but these, by their smell, must have been manufactured in a very different place. (*lights taper*)

SING. (*addressing the note*) (*aside*) "Miss Selina Smith, Post-office, Charing Cross—to be called for."

BAG. (*placing taper on table c.*) Here you are, Sir. You hold the letter, and I'll drop on the wax.

SING. Thank you!

While BAGGS is sealing letter, TOM TIPTON rushes in L., wearing an old great coat and shabby white hat—he carries a large brush in his hand.

TIP. Phew! All right! Ha, ha, ha!

SING. Eh?—who's that?

BAG. (*embarrassed*) That, Sir? Oh! that's— (*drops some of the melting wax on SINGLETON's fingers*)

SING. Hallo!—the wax! (*jumps up, and writhes with pain, holding his finger in his mouth*) You've burnt me to the bone with the infernal wax!

BAG. (*aside to TIPTON*) What are you about?—the governor!

TIP. (*aside*) Hold hard! (*hides brush behind his back*)

SING. (*to TIPTON*) What's your business, fellow?

TIP. (*in a simple manner*) I'm a Hartist!

SING. (*pompously*) Oh! a painter, I suppose?

TIP. Yes, and glazier as well. (*shows pot and brush*)

SING. And what do you come here for?

TIP. I'm come to paint you! (*uses the action of painting*)

SING. Paint me?

TIP. Yes. How will you be done?—in plain oak or mahogany?

SING. You've made a mistake, my good fellow—you're not wanted here.

TIP. Oh! perhaps it's the other old buffer, on the floor above, that master has sent me to do up. But, I say, I don't think a brush would do you much harm here. (*looking about*) You don't look remarkable fresh. I should like to give you a coat or two.

SING. (*turns away*)

BAG. (R.) Presumptuous painter!—we want none of your coats—when we have six suits in Chancery to our back, that we hope will last us all our lives, and descend to our children after us!

TIP. (L.) Oh!—well—good bye! (*slips behind door, L. 2 E., which opens into room, and conceals himself*)

SING. Joe—my coat! Mind you don't let that fellow in here again! (*takes carpet-bag*) Be attentive to business, Joe. Go on

with the draft of Edwards's mortgage—and mind you turn off the gas at night—and have that writ served upon Jones—and—that's all. Good bye!

Exit L. 2 R.

BAG. Good bye, Sir! Take care of yourself! (*closes door, and discovers TIPTON standing behind it upright against the wall*)

TIP. (*cutting a caper*) Hooray!—the field's our own! I've put them all up, (*imitates action of sticking a bill*) in defiance of the solemn warning—"Bill-Stickers Beware!" You should see them, Joe! They're enormously attractive! The milliners can't help themselves. We shall catch them alive, like bluebottles in a grocer's window. They'll be down on us in a swarm, directly. But where's Madame Vanderpants? You know you have announced her, and she must be forthcoming.

BAG. I'm prepared for that. Madame Vanderpants is an old lady—a client of the governor's—who, having a heavy suit on hand, is obliged to come up to Town frequently, and, to save trouble, she leaves some boxes and trunks of clothes here, where she has them ready when she requires them. Now, I've selected a few articles of apparel from her store; and when I've got them on, I think I shall make a very fair sample of the sex!

TIP. You'll be a prodigious creature, Joe! But what am I to do?

BAG. Why, as you're to be my assistant, I've looked out a few things for you. (*goes up, and brings down to front a lawyer's deed box, which is on the floor at back*) Here you are in "Smith's Executors." On with these directly, or we sha'n't be ready to receive our visitors. (*gives TIPTON the box*) Go into that room there, and make haste.

TIP. Well—this beats Guy's by several chalks.

Exit with the box R. 3 R.

BAG. Now to make a clearance here. (*removing the table back*) So. (*takes a note from table*) What's this? A note, addressed to the governor, and in a female hand, that I'm not acquainted with—hem. I must see what he's been about—(*reads*)—um—um—"been thinking of you since the evening we met in Kensington Gardens"—um—um—"tender emotions"—um—um—"love, cupid—innocence"—um—um—"flattering sex"—um—um—"happy to accept invitation to dine at Richmond." Ha!—um—um. "Ever thine, SELINA SMITH." Whew! Here's a discovery. Governor going to give a dinner at Richmond to a mysterious female. Soh! I must look after the old gentleman's morals. (*puts letter in his pocket*)

Re-Enter TIPTON, dressed in female attire.

TIP. Here, Joe, will you give this gown a pull, and hook it for me.

BAG. (*assisting him*) Yes, yes. Make haste.

TIP. Oh, ho! There—you tickle me—quick. There—oh!—don't—there. I'm as easily tickled as a kitten—quick! (*twisting himself*) Oh!

BAG. Be quiet—will you?

TIP. What shameful stitching there is in the gown. You hear how it cracks—krr-rr-rr.

BAG. It's my turn to dress now. (*runs into room L. 3 E.*)

TIP. I wonder if I look interesting in my new costume. (*goes to glass over chimney piece*) Oh! d—n it! Ha, ha, ha! I forgot my moustache—that will never do. A moustache, on a lady's lip, is an anomaly on the face of it. I see I must sacrifice my capillary attraction, and have it off; and, luckily, here's Joe's razor. (*takes razor off chimney-piece, and begins to strop it on his hand, when a knock heard at door L. 2 E.*) Hallo! Here's an applicant already. (*puts razor on chimney piece*) I must defer the operation, and conceal my anomaly. (*calls*) Come in!

Enter ANGELICA, L. 2 E.

ANG. I believe Madame Vanderpants lives here?

TIP. (*keeping handkerchief to his mouth*) Quite correct, Ma'am. (*aside*) A devilish old bird. Pray walk in. Madame Vanderpants will be here presently. Hem! I'm her particular friend—in fact, her medical assistant,—a—when I say medical, you of course understand I allude to millinery affairs. You've come, I suppose, as—a—

ANG. A deputation, Mem, from the young ladies of Mrs. Knappit, the milliner's establishment. There are seven of us, Mem, all anxious for exportation, and as I was the youngest apprentice—

TIP. The youngest apprentice! (*aside*) There's not much precocious talent amongst them.

ANG. They said to me, "Angelica"—(*simpering*) My name's Angelica Tod—I'm a single young woman, Mem.

TIP. Single! Ahem! I perceive. (*aside*) A lamb of many summers. Well, Ma'am—I mean, my dear—my name is—(*aside*) What the deuce is my name? Ah! oh! yes!—Smithers—Miss Smithers, my love. (*ANGELICA curtseys.*)

ANG. Well, Mem, the young ladies said to me, "Angelica, dear, as your manner and your bonnet are so superior, will you have the kindness to go and enquire about this Madame Vanderpants, who wants a thousand milliners for the Diggings."

TIP. Very proper and prudent.

ANG. May I ask, then, what are the prospects for young women in our line in Australia?

TIP. Why, my dear, there's in the first place a prospect of seven thousand disconsolate diggers waiting with open arms upon the beach to receive the same number of affectionate wives.

ANG. Well, I don't think that would be a very serious objection to any of us.

TIP. Then, what with drinking rum and hunting kangaroos, the men die so fast there, that an active young woman, if she have any luck, may calculate upon six husbands per annum at least.

ANG. Oh, I'm sure the place will suit us. The young ladies are waiting for me close by—I'll fetch them directly. (*going—returns*) Oh, I had forgot! As we are unprotected females, we should like a reference, Miss Smithers.

TIP. Oh! certainly. We refer you to a—a—let me see—to the Royal College of Surgeons, or to the British Museum.

ANG. Thank you, Mem—that's quite sufficient. (*curtseys*) I'll now go and fetch the ladies.

TIP. Do so, dear; we'll be too happy to see you all. And you may as well tell them to come prepared to remain for the day, as Madame Vanderpants likes to commence her colonial training as soon as possible.

ANG. I'll tell them, Mem.

Exit 2 E.L.

TIP. Now to get off the moustache before they arrive. (*runs to chimney glass, takes razor, and commences shaving.*)

Enter BAGGS, L. 3 E.

BAG. (L.) Well, Tom, will I do?

TIP. (R.) You shouldn't interrupt a lady when she's shaving.

BAG. I beg your pardon. Have we had any applicants yet?

TIP. (*shaving*) Yes, one nibble.

BAG. Hah—is she good-looking?

TIP. That's a matter of taste.

BAG. Young?

TIP. Well—a—um—I should say—hah—tough as the devil!

BAG. The milliner?

TIP. No, no—the moustache. There, its off—there goes the glory of Guy's—the sacrifice is accomplished. (*puts down razor and turns round*) Hollo, Joe—what have you been about? You're not half dressed. Make haste—there will be a flock of young milliners here directly. Hark! I hear them on the stairs. Go and I'll entertain them till you come. (*pushing him into room, L. 3 E.*)

BAG. Well, mind, Tom, fair play—honour bright, my boy.

Exit L. 3 E.

Enter ANGELICA, SELINA, SOPHY, CAROLINE, BELLA, CHARLOTTE, and JEMIMA, L. 2 E.—each carries a work-basket.

ANG. Miss Smithers, these are the young ladies—young ladies, Miss Smithers. (*the LADIES curtsey, and TIPTON makes an awkward attempt to curtsey in return.*)

TIP. (*apart*) Confound it—I know I haven't got the back slide correctly. (*to Ladies*) He! hem! Very happy to see you, young ladies—I may say, delighted. Madame Vanderpants will be here presently—she's only blowing a cloud in her room.

SOPHY. Blowing a cloud!

LADIES. Blowing a cloud!

TIP. Ahem!—a— When I say blowing, I mean, of course, sewing—sewing a cloud, my loves. It's the newest evening costume—the *robe de vapeur*, as the French call it—quite an ethereal affair, I assure you.

LADIES. Oh, indeed!

SEL. (*crosses c.*) Excuse me, Miss, but we should like to know when we dine.

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TIP. When we dine!—Well, that depends on circumstances entirely—'tis a question that sometimes requires serious consideration!

SEL. For my part, I like my regular dinner—though I've no appetite worth naming. (*apart to others*) Mind ladies, we shan't stand being put off with an early tea for dinner!

LADIES. (L.) No, certainly not—no—no!

TIP. (*apart R.*) They've formed themselves into a provisional committee upon the dinner question. I'm afraid that's a contingency that Joe has not contemplated, for, as a sensible poet has observed, "lips though blooming, must still be fed"—and I doubt if they'd be satisfied, with a cold collation of Cases in Equity, or a lunch upon Reminders. Shakspeare, must have been in a difficulty of this sort, when he said, "oh! that we should call these delicate creatures ours, and not their appetites!"

BAG. (*in room L.*) I say Tom! (*the LADIES start*)

SEL. Tom!

TIP. Oh! that's Madame Vanderpants. She sometimes jocosely calls me Tom—my name is Thomasine—he, he, he!

SEL. Madame Vanderpants! Attention, ladies—form line—eyes down—hands crossed—prepare to curtsy!

LADIES *arrange themselves in a line L.*—BAGGS *then enters*
L. 3 E., *dressed.*

TIP. (*aside to BAGGS*) Call me Miss Smithers.

BAG. (*marches down C., without noticing LADIES, who continue curtseying from the moment he enters*) Miss Smithers.

TIP. (R.) Yes, Mem.

BAG. (C.) You went abroad yesterday evening, without my permission—'tis very improper—and if it occurs again, we must part. (*aside to TIPTON*) How do I look, Tom?

TIP. (*aside*) Plummy.

CAR. (*aside*) There's a horrible old giraffe! I know I shall hate her!

SEL. (*aside to ladies, munching an apple*) So shall I, if she don't let us have dinner very soon!

BAG. (*feigning to see the ladies*) Bless me! Ladies?

SEL. (L.C.) Yes, Mem, we're the spirited young women that's wanted.

BAG. Oh! I beg your pardon my dears—how many are there of you?

CAR. Six, if you please, Mem.

ANG. (L.) And the apprentice, Mem. (*curtseys*)

BAG. (*aside to TIPTON*) That's exactly half a dozen for me, and the apprentice for you, Tom!

TIP. (*apart to BAGGS*) Blow the apprentice! Excuse the emphatic observation—but I cannot avoid expressing my feelings strongly!

BAG. (R., *apart to TIPTON*) Hush! it's all right. (*to SOPHY*) What may your pretty little name be, my dear?

SOPHY. Sophy Stokes, Mem.

BAG. Pretty dear! (*kissing her, and exchanging looks with TIPTON*) (*to CAROLINE*) And how are you called, darling?

CAR. Caroline Jones, Mem.

BAG. Caroline! Ah! I once knew a Caroline—I shall love you for her sake! (*kissing her, and exchanging looks as before*)

TIP. By the bye—I remember—I once knew a Caroline, too! (*going to embrace her—BAGGS puts him back*)

BAG. No, Miss Smithers—it wasn't Caroline. (*to SELINA*) What's your name, dear?

SEL. (L.C.) Selina Smith, Mem.

BAG. (C.) Selina Smith. (*aside*) That's the name to the note I found after the governor. (*takes note out of his pocket, and examines it aside—aloud*) Selina Smith?

SEL. Yes, Mem.

BAG. Ah! (*aside*) It must be she. I'm thinking my dear, where I heard the name of Selina Smith, wasn't it at—no—yes—at Kensington Gardens?

SEL. (*embarrassed*) Kensington Gardens? (*aside*) What can she know about them?

BAG. Or could it be something about Richmond, and a dinner at the Star and Garter, that was running in my head?

SEL. (*more confused*) I—I—really can't say, Mem. (*aside*) Can she have heard of my invitation? (*goes up L.*)

BAG. (*aside*) Right. I have my thumb on the Governor. Well, young ladies, I've decided upon accepting you all,—including the apprentice, whom I place under the especial protection of Miss Smithers. (*ANGELICA L. curtsseys, and BAGGS hands her over to TIPTON, R.*) There—I know you'll be kind to the young creature.

TIP. (*turning up R., followed by ANGELICA*) I'll be—Never mind. (*she follows him about the stage at back*)

SOPHY. We're quite ready, Mem, to begin work. We've brought our baskets with us, and only want to show you what we can do.

BAG. (*apart to TIPTON*) Have you got no work for them, Tom?

TIP. (R., *apart to BAGGS*) Work—not I. Nothing but a simple fracture of a shirt button, or a dislocation of a shirt collar.

BAG. (*apart to TIPTON*) What are we to do then?

TIP. (*apart to BAGGS*) Can't you give them a large order for baby linen?

BAG. (*aside to TIPTON*) Where's the material? 'Gad, I have it—the window blinds—Hush! (*to LADIES*) Well my dears, we'll commence, when you've taken off your bonnets, shawls—

TIP. And other personal incumbrances.

BAG. In that closet (*points to closet, L. 3 E.*) you can put them away. (*all the LADIES go into closet, L. 3 E.*) Now Tom, do do as I do. (*he pulls down the white cotton blinds at one window—TIPTON does the same at the other window*) We must make work for them, somehow. (*they tear the blinds into eight pieces*) There—there—there—there. There's a fair division of labour for them, at all events.!

LADIES. (*re-enter without their bonnets from closet*)

ANG. Here we are, Mem.

BAG. (*aside*) By Jove! a lovely brigade!

TIP. And here's your work, ladies. (*giving a piece of the cotton to each*) Here's for you—and you—and you, &c.

ANG. (L., *curtseying and smirking*) And the apprentice, Mem.

TIP. Oh! the apprentice? (*gruffly*) There! (*gives her one of the pieces*)

BAG. Miss Smithers, a chair.

TIPTON *gets two chairs, and places them c.—LADIES get chairs, and form in a line on each side of BAGGS and TIPTON.**

TIP. Now, ladies, commence your industrial operations.

SEL. (*seated L. of TIPTON*) What are we to do, Mem? The work is not cut out.

BAG. (*seated R.C.*) Eh?—hem!

TIP. (*seated L.C.*) Why, no. The fact is, our cutter broke her arm last week, pouring out some remarkably strong tea for the ladies.

LADIES. Oh!—oh! Poor soul! What a pity!

BAG. But we're not particular, my dears. Back-stitch those pieces up one side and down the other, and put a herring-bone hem along the back seam—and—and—that will do.

TIP. And if you find the work refractory, you had better whip it.

BAG. (*apart to TIPTON*) I feel I'm getting rather spoony about Sophy. What an eye she has!

TIP. (*apart to BAGGS*) Ah! but Selina has two eyes, you dog!

SOPHY. (*seated R. of BAGGS*) Don't you work, Miss Smithers?

TIP. I rather think I do—chiefly fancy work—some of it would astonish you. I was reckoned one of the fastest hands, at Guy's.

BAG. (*aside*) Guy's? What are you about? (*gives him a sly kick on the leg*)

TIP. Oh! d——n it! (*hops about as in pain—The LADIES rise in alarm*) oh—oh!

LADIES. What's the matter, Miss Smithers?

TIP. (*rubbing his leg*) Oh, oh! nothing—only a cramp that sometimes seizes me. A-a-h! (*apart to BAGGS*) Hang it, Joe! you need not have given me such a severe hint!

ANG. (*seated L., apart to LADIES*) La! Don't Miss Smithers swear uncommon strong?

LADIES. (*apart*) Don't she!

TIP. Can any young lady lend me a needle? (*they all offer him needles—he takes two*) Thank you, my little dears! (*to BAGGS*) Here's one for you.

BAG. Bless me! Where have I put my glasses? (*takes a pair of spectacles out of his pocket, and puts them on*)

BAGGS and TIPTON *take thread, and coming down in front, make several ludicrous attempts to thread their needles.*

BAG. (*half apart*) Dash it!

TIP. (*half apart*) Hang it!

* JEM.—BEL.—SOPHY.—BAGGS.—TIPTON.—SEL.—CHAR.—CAR.—ANG.
R. L.

BAG. Can't you do it, Tom?

TIP. No!

BAG. (*aside*) Neither can I.

TIP. (*aside*) Hold—hah! ah! I've done it.

BAG. (*aside*) You don't mean that—let me see? (*takes the threaded needle from TIPTON*) Thank you. There you can have mine. (*sticks his needle in TIPTON'S shoulder*)

TIP. (*jumping away*) Hoh! Come, I say. (*takes stage L.*)

BAG. Miss Smithers—have you any idea what I've done with my Ladies' Companion? (*rises*) Could I have put it in your work basket, Miss. Smith? (*opens SELINA'S work basket, and produces a lobster*) Oh! a most remarkable Ladies' Companion as ever I saw!

SEL. (*rises*) It's only a lobster, Mem—a present from a friend, who knows my delicate appetite.

BAG. All surreptitious lobsters are confiscated in this establishment. (*gives it to TIPTON*)

SEL. I protest against such an invasion upon private property!

LADIES. (*rising*) We all protest!

BAG. Private rights must always yield to the public weal!

LADIES. Shame!—robbery!—shame! Oh!

BAG. But to show my disinterested feelings, we'll have the lobster at supper!

SEL. Oh!—if there's to be supper—I'm satisfied. (*LADIES sit*) But, pray, Mem, when shall we have dinner?

BAG. Well—I've not determined yet. (*sits beside SOPHY*) Dear me, if I haven't lost my thimble.

SOPHY. I've one here, if it will suit you, Mem?

BAG. Thank you, my love. (*puts it on his thumb*)

SOPHY. Good gracious, Mem, you have put your thimble on your thumb.

BAG. Ah! So I have. It pushes better that way. (*LADIES laugh*)

TIP. (*looking over SELINA'S shoulder*) Well, and how are you getting on, my dear? Ah!—very well—very well indeed. (*pinches her—she screams*)

BAG. What's that?

TIP. Only a spider that I found on Miss Stoke's dress. (*pretending to crush it with his foot*) There—the presumptuous animal is defunct.

BAG. This house is full of spiders. Is not that another, I see there? (*pretending to see a spider on SOPHY'S shoulder*)

ANG. (*screaming in alarm*) Oh! Where, where? (*she rushes into TIPTON'S arms*) Where?

TIP. (*perceiving that it is ANGELICA*) Eh! Not here. (*pushes her away*) No, no.

CAR. (*taking her work to BAGGS*) Does that work please you, Mem?

BAG. (*examining work*) Beautiful. Come here, my dear. Merit shall not go unrewarded. (*kisses her*)

CAR. (*R.C., rubbing her cheek*) Bless me, Madame Vanderpants has a chin like a nutmeg-grater.

TIP. I must also reward meritorious industry. (*turns to embrace SELINA—ANGELICA interposes, and he finds her in his arms---aside*) Oh! Confound the apprentice! (*pushes her away---a knock at the door L. 2 E.—BAGGS and TIPTON come forward*)

BAG. (*aside*) Who the devil can it be? (*crosses to door*) Who's there?

MRS. KNAPPIT *speaks outside L.*

MRS. K. Mrs. Knappit, the Milliner.

BAG. Mrs. Knappit?

SEL. (*to LADIES, in a suppressed tone*) Mrs. Knappit! our mistress!

LADIES. (*express alarm*) O-o-h!

MRS. K. (*outside*) I understand that some of my young ladies are here?

LADIES. (*in a suppressed tone*) O-o-h!

TIP. Young ladies here, Ma'am? What an idea! We're moral young men—a couple of betting-list-keepers, who have retired in disgust from the honesty of the world; (*while he speaks, BAGGS conducts the LADIES to the door R. 3 E., pushes them in, and shuts it*) and we've registered a vow, Ma'am, not to let any female enter our melancholy abode!

MRS. K. (*outside*) Oh dear! I beg your pardon, gentlemen—very sorry—but good morning—good morning.

TIP. Adieu! Ma'am—farewell—mind the two steps, Ma'am. (*turning off with a pirouette*) Tol de rol—she's off!

BAG. (*meets him dancing*) Tom, I've an idea. During the temporary absence of the ladies, may we not have a pipe?

TIP. The very thing I was about to propose—I've got my fumi-gator here. (*produces a pipe from his apron pocket—both sit c.*)

BAG. And I mine. (*takes pipe from pocket*)

TIP. (*lighting piece of German tinder against sole of his shoe*) Have a light, Joe?

BAG. (*doing the same*) Thank you, I have got it. (*light their pipes*)

TIP. Joe—(*puff*) I say, the smell of the tobacco may discover us—(*puff*) eh?

BAG. Nonsense! (*puff*) Tobacco has no smell! (*puff*)

TIP. (*puff*) I'm glad of that. (*puff*)

SELINA *enters cautiously, R. 3 E.*

SEL. Mrs. Vanderpants!

Both jump up suddenly—TIPTON crosses to R., and throws away his pipe—BAGGS puts his in his pocket—Both blow to disperse the cloud of smoke.

SEL. (*coming down R.*) Is she gone?

TIP. Yes, we persuaded her to go.

SEL. I never was so frightened in my life! (*sniffs*) Eh? Bless me—there's been some one smoking here!

TIP. (C.) }
BAG. (L.) } Smoking? (*both sniff*)

SEL. Don't you smell it?

BOTH. No.

TIP. Yet now I fancy I perceive a delicate perfume of roses. (*apart to BAGGS*) Joe, you're on fire!

BAG. (*jumps—aside*) The devil I am? Oh! 'tis the rascally pipe! (*snatches pipe hastily out of his pocket, and throws it away. While this takes place, the other LADIES enter from room, R. 3 H., and take their places on R. of stage, each holding something concealed behind her—TIPTON and BAGGS on L.*)

SOPHY. Mrs. Vanderpants, we've discovered a something in that room that has alarmed our delicacy, Mem.

BAG. Your delicacy, child?

SOPHY. Yes, Mem. Do ladies usually wear Wellington boots?

SOPHY and BELLA each produce a boot.

CAR. Or is it the fashion for our sex to amuse themselves with boxing-gloves—so?

CAROLINE and JEMIMA produce two pair of boxing-gloves on their hands—they place themselves in a pugilistic attitude.

CHAR. Or to play upon the post-horn? (*produces horn, upon which she blows a discordant note—SELINA goes to chimney-piece, and returns with razor*)

ANG. Or to wear such a hat as this? (*produces wide-awake hat, which she claps on her head*)

SEL. And I should like to know what business a correct female can have with a razor. (*exhibits razor*)

LADIES. O-o-h!—ah!

BAG. Miss Smithers, explain.

TIP. Me explain?

BAG. (*aside to TIPTON*) Hush!—it's all right! Say something.

TIP. (L., *affecting modesty*) Well, Mem, I'll tell the truth. There is a young man comes here sometimes—to—to—tea.

BAG. A man? Oh! support me, ladies! (*totters, and is supported by LADIES*)

TIP. Oh, Mem, but it's all correct, I'll assure you! We've put up the banns; and he's quite a respectable young gent—a medical student, Mem.

BAG. A medical student? Unhappy young woman!

TIP. A student of Guy's, Mem.

BAG. A student of Guy's. Worse and worse—'tis really so shocking—I—Oh, oh! (*pretending to faint—the ladies surround him*)

SOPHY. She's fainted—

SEL.
and } Cold water!

LADIES. }

ANGELICA runs into room R. 3 H.

SEL. Poor dear! The shock has done it.

SOPHY. Open her dress!

CAR. Cut her stays! (*they pull off BAGGS's cap and corsage, the skirts of the gown only remaining; he appears as a man down to the waist; ANGELICA returns from room R. carrying a water jug*)

ANG. Here—here's the water. (*dashes it in his face*)

BAG. Pooh—wooh! Zounds. (*jumping up*)

LADIES. (*screaming and retreating*) Gracious—it's a man!

TIP. A man—a monster. (*slips into room R. 3 E.*)

SEL. Ladies—if you have the spirit of ladies—you must punish the impostor.

SOPHY. Pinch him to death!

ANG. Tickle him into fits!

CAR. Scratch his eyes out!

SEL. No, no. Let all do as I do—prepare needles. (*the ladies take their needles out of their work*) Present needles! (*they present needles at BAGGS*)

BAG. What are you about, ladies?

SEL. Charge needles! (*they prick him with their needles on all sides*)

BAG. Oh! The devil—spare me. Oh! I say—for heaven's sake—there, have done—do—ladies. I'm not a bag of bran. Oh, oh, oh! (*breaks from them, and rushes into closet L. 3 E.*)

SEL. Follow him—don't let him escape. (*they pursue him into the closet; his exclamations and remonstrances are heard inside; TIPTON then enters from room R.; he has put off his female attire, except the head-dress*)

TIP. What a pack of little demons. (*a cheer from the ladies is heard from closet L.*) There they go. If I could find my coat I'd be off. (*seeking for it; at this moment BAGGS is hauled in by the ladies; bound with their scarfs and shawls; TIPTON conceals himself behind arm chair; BAGGS is now in his own clothes*)

BAG. I demand quarter.

LADIES. No quarter—no quarter. (*they push him into chair L.C., and proceed to tie him in it*)

BAG. Charming Selina—have pity on me!

SEL. (*perceives TIPTON hid behind chair*) Oh! There's the other tiger lying in ambush, to spring upon his victims!

TIP. Me a tiger? I deny it! I'm a trembling fawn—an innocent lamb—a— (*moving towards L.*)

The LADIES seize and tie him (with the pieces they have been sewing) in chair, R.

TIP. Help! murder!

SEL. Stop his mouth!

TIP. (*struggling*) Would you stifle the voice of the people?

Enter MR. SINGLETON, with carpet-bag, L. 2 E.

SING. Ha!—ladies! A female invasion! My clerk Joe Baggs, and that rascal Tom Tipton! What brought you all here?

ANG. (R.) This, Sir. (*displays one of the placards, which SINGLETON reads—They unbind TIPTON and BAGGS*)

SEL. (*aside*) I'll be hanged if it isn't the old gentleman that I was to dine with, at Richmond, next Sunday!

SING. (L.) What's this? (*reading placard*) "Milliners for the Gold Diggings"—um!—"apply"—um!—"to Mrs. Vanderpants." My respected client! Where is she?

BAG. (L.C.) (*timidly*) I'm that penitent individual, Sir.

TIP. And I'm her unhappy friend, Miss Smithers, Sir.

SING. Oh indeed! Now I understand the hoax. This is why you wished me to go to Oxford. Why, the first man I met on the platform at the Station was old Tottles, alive and well. Then I shall have the pleasure of confiding Mrs. Vanderpants, and her friend, to the custody of the police—directly. (*going*) I'll make an example of them.

BAG. A word with you, Sir, first. (*draws him to c., and taking SELINA'S note from his pocket, shows it to him*) You know that note, Sir?—

SING. (*aside*) Selina Smith's. How the deuce did I lose it?

BAG. Never mind, Governor—don't be alarmed—let's cry quits, and I'll be secret.

SING. (*as from sudden thought*) I know nothing about it!

SEL. (*coming down L.*) Nothing about it? Not about me, Sir?

SING. (*aside*) Eh? The deponent herself—hem! ha!—there's no twisting out of this! Well! ha, ha, ha! Hush-h! My character—preserve my character, and all shall be forgiven! There—I don't want to know what you've been doing—don't tell me—I'll go and dine at a tavern!

BAG. Dine at a tavern—when I have ordered a splendid cold collation and a dozen of champagne?

SEL.

and

LADIES.

} Bravo!—bravo!

BAG. Which my worthy governor here insists he shall pay for.

LADIES. Oh! Bravo!—bravo!—bravo! (*clapping their hands*) Encore!

TIP. You're an honour to the country that gave you birth, and to the boots in which you stand! We've taken some slight liberties with you, Sir; but if you'll forgive us, we'll drink your health, and your own Champagne, with enthusiastic applause!

SING. Forgive you? Never! I'll be—

BAG. (*aside to SINGLETON*) Hem! Selina Smith!

SING. Ah!—hem! Selina! Yes, yes—I forgive you! (*aside*) And be hanged to you!

TIP. We're much obliged! (*to LADIES*) Ladies, may we— Ah! bless their dear little hearts—they have smiled our pardon before I asked it. And now to make our last appeal to a liberal and enlightened British Public. (*to the AUDIENCE*) Ladies and gentlemen—pray don't mention what has passed here to-night,—except to friends

18 "WANTED, 1000 YOUNG MILLINERS."

who, like you, can forgive our follies, laugh at our larks, and make our little Theatre a real Gold Diggings for these Spirited Young Milliners, who beg to drop you a grateful curtsy before we drop the Curtain.

TIPTON and BAGGS bow—*The LADIES advance in line, and curtsy profoundly to the AUDIENCE as Curtain descends.*

JEM. CHAR. CAR. TIP. BAG. SOPHY. BEL. SING. SEL.

R.

Curtain.

L.

FR

"Alce