

# THE RAILROAD STATION

# A Farce

IN

ONE ACT

BY

THOMAS EGERTON WILKS

**AUTHOR OF**

*The King's Wager—The Dream Spectre—The Red Crow—Wenlock of Wenlock—Death Token—Michael Erle—The Black Domino—The Wren Boys—Rinaldo Rinaldini—Lord Darnley—The Crown Prince—Roll of the Drum—Eily O'Connor—Ben the Boatswain—Lady of Lambythe—Ruby Ring—Sixteen String Jack—Woman's Love—Scarlet Mantle—Gaspard Hauser—Raffaëlle the Reprobrate—Crichton of Clunie—Captain's not a-miss—State Secrets—Jacket of Blue—The Brothers—Sudden Thoughts—'Tis She—Bamboozling—Serjeant's Wedding—My Wife's Dentist—My Valet and I—Ambassador's Lady—A Mistaken Story—The Devil's in it—Seven Clerks—The Miller of Whetstone—Raven's Nest,  
 &c. &c. &c.*

**LONDON :**

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND, W.C.,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market)

913657

## THE RAILROAD STATION.

*First produced at the Royal Olympic Theatre,  
October 3rd, 1840.*

### CHARACTERS.

MR. SAMPSON JONES	Mr. SAMUEL ROXBY.
MR. WILLIAM SMITH	Mr. BROOKES.
MR. CHARLES SMITH	Mr. STOKER.
JACK ROBINS	Mr. BALLS.
GRABBINS	Mr. HARRY.
TRAP	Mr. FLEMING.
SLEEPER	Mr. SPENCER.
SHUTUP	Mr. J. GEORGE.
MRS. WILLIAM SMITH	Mrs. GARRICK.
MRS. CHARLES SMITH	Mrs. EDMUNDS.

Male and Female Passengers, Porters, Policemen, &c.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION—45 minutes.

### COSTUMES.

JONES.—Green coat, drab trousers, short gaiters.  
 WILLIAM SMITH.—Blue coat, light waistcoat, drab breeches and gaiters,  
 low-crowned white hat.  
 CHARLES SMITH.—Frock coat, trousers, boots, hat.  
 ROBINS.—Newmarket coat, long waistcoat, drab trousers, boots, hat.  
 GRABBINS.—Modern suit, top boots.  
 TRAP.—Modern suit, shoes.  
 SLEEPER AND SHUTUP.—Railroad liveries.  
 Mrs. W. SMITH.—Flowered muslin dress, black silk mantilla, straw  
 bonnet and feather.  
 Mrs. C. SMITH.—Muslin travelling dress, white bonnet, parasol, &c.  
 PASSENGERS, &c.—Modern dresses.

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*This Farce is the property of Thomas Hailes Lacy.*

## THE RAILROAD STATION.



SCENE.—*The Waiting Room at the ——— Station. Chairs, tables, pens, ink, papers, wine glasses, &c.—window, c.—doors, R. and L.*

SLEEPER. (*at window*) Stand out of the way, there! the train will be here directly.

SHUTUP. (*without, R.*) This way, sir, this way!

*SHUTUP passes window, and enters at R. D.*

This is the waiting room—the train will be here directly.

*Exit at R. D. after having shown in MR. SAMPSON JONES, who enters slowly, staring round.*

JONES. Bless my soul alive! what a wonderful place! What a deal of money it must have taken to build it—so extensive, so grand! What a nice room this is—the nicest room I ever saw! I'll be bound there isn't such a room in all the village of Tinkerton, where my establishment is. What would Mrs. Jones say if she could see it?

SLEEPER. (*at door*) Do you expect anybody by the next train?

JONES. Yes, I expect my father.

SLEEPER. Then you had better look out, for the train is coming. (*bell rings.*)

JONES. Ah, the train coming? Now I wonder whether my father is in it! Haven't seen the old gentleman for many a long year—and now he's coming all the way from London on pur-

pose to visit me, and writes to tell me to be sure to meet him at the Railroad Station, lest he shouldn't find his way, so here I am. Oh, la! there's the train. (*whistle of engine is heard—the noise of the carriages, and the train is seen to pass swiftly by the window*) Well, I declare, it almost takes away one's breath to look at it! What would Mrs. Jones say to that?

VOICES. (*without*) The Royal Hotel! Dee's Hotel! Saracen's Head! The Union! The Nelson! St. George's Tavern! (*noise.*)

JONES. There's a row! (*PASSENGERS pass the window*) What a crowd of people! It's positively astonishing! I wonder whether my old father is amongst them or not? Crikey, what a lot of folks! Formerly, the coach used to be very well loaded with fourteen passengers, but now they come four hundred at a time, and room to spare. What would Mrs. Jones say to that? (*goes to window*)

*Enter* MRS. CHARLES SMITH, *R. door.*

MRS. C. At last we have arrived! I hope Charles is waiting for me, and then this plague will cease. I don't know anything more provoking to a pretty young woman—and that everybody allows I am—than when she is travelling without a male friend, to be subjected to the attentions of some stranger. All the way from London have I been suffering such an infliction from the disagreeable young man who sat opposite to me. I am sure if impudence will gain a point, he must win everything he tries for—I never saw the like of it. However, it's over now, thank goodness, and I must look out for Charles.

*Enter* JACK ROBINS, *hastily, at R. door.*

ROBINS. Which way did my goddess go? Surely I have not lost her?

MRS. C. Oh, gracious me! if he isn't following me here.

ROBINS. Ah, there she is! Sweet lady, I feared I had missed you. Pray take my arm—nay, I beg!

MRS. C. Sir, I beg I may not be teased any longer with your troublesome attentions.

JONES. (*at window*) I don't see anything of the old buffer!

ROBINS. My dear madam, pray don't name it. Consider, we are fellow travellers; only call to mind the many miles we have come together—the many risks we have run in each other's company—of the engine bursting—the carriages getting off the rail—the—(*suddenly kisses her hand—she snatches it away angrily*)

JONES. (*turns at the same moment*) Oh, dear! they're making love at a railroad pace. What would Mrs. Jones say to that?

MRS. C. Once for all, sir, I tell you I am a married woman.

ROBINS. Never mind that, I'm not particular.

MRS. C. And I every moment expect the arrival of my husband.

ROBINS. That's another matter. If your husband comes, I give you up, but under no other circumstances whatsoever will I do anything of the kind. No, dear madam, love at first sight, that soul-conquering passion, has taken entire possession of me, from the *os frontis* to the *tendon Achilles*. (*aside*) Now for a figure of speech. Yes, madam, the native of the "sweet south," or he who drinks train oil at the Northern Pole, are all—Hollo! there's somebody taking away my trunks. Stop, stop! that's my box.

*Exit hastily, R. door, and passes window, to L.*

MRS. C. What shall I do? The addresses of this young man are quite intolerable! and besides, Charles is so very jealous—if he sees anything of this, there will be such a disturbance, and, perhaps, a fight. What shall I do? Ah, he's coming back I declare! That's a very respectable middle-aged gentleman at the window, I've a great mind to ask him to interfere! I will.

JONES. I'm almost certain the old boy isn't in this train.

MRS. C. It's very awkward, but I must do it. Sir, sir!

JONES. (*advancing, L.*) Ma'am, your servant!

MRS. C. (*c.*) I shall feel particularly obliged, sir, if you—if you—

JONES. If I—I—

MRS. C. The fact is, sir, that—that—to come to the point, did you observe a young man who was here just now?

JONES. A young man? I did. (*winks*) I know, but what I know, I never say. You may confide in me—although I cannot pretend to say what Mrs. Jones would say to it.

MRS. S. You mistake, sir.

JONES. Well, really, I don't think that's very easy after what I saw.

MRS. C. That young man is a perfect stranger to me, and intrudes himself very much upon me. Now I am without a male friend here, and, therefore, take the liberty of requesting your protection from his insults.

JONES. Madam, consider it done—I'll put a stop to all this very quickly. The moment he makes his appearance I'll silence him. (*aside*) I've taken a very pretty young woman under my protection. What would Mrs. Jones say to that?

ROBINS *passes the window, L. to R.*

MRS. C. Then here he is, sir. Sir, I rely upon you!

JONES. Madam, you shall find that I never forget my word. (*passes her to L. D.*) The Jones's always keep their promises.

*Exit MRS. C. SMITH, L. door as*

JACK ROBINS enters, R. door.

ROBINS. There, that's all right! I've taken care of my luggage, now—now to look after my baggage.

JONES. Sir, I beg your pardon, but—

ROBINS. But what, sir?

JONES. Why, you must not speak to that lady again, sir.

ROBINS. The devil I mustn't! And why not, pray?

JONES. Because I don't mean you to do so.

ROBINS. You! why, do you suppose I shall allow you to interfere with me? Stand aside, sir, this moment.

JONES. He seems inclined to be violent, but I shall stick to my promise. Sir, I shall not stand aside, I shall stand exactly where I am, sir. (*aside*) Bravo! that's coming it.

ROBINS. Can you fight?

JONES. Fight!

ROBINS. Ay, box—or with pistols, or do you prefer swords?

JONES. I'm getting into trouble here. I never fought in my life! and here's this young man going to punch me first, and pistol me afterwards. What would Mrs. Jones say to that?

ROBINS. Sir, I am very brief in my resolutions, and when they are formed, I carry them into practice as speedily. If you interfere with me, take the consequences—I fight like a professional boxer. I have actually stood up for thirteen minutes against Tom Sayers himself.

JONES. (*aside*) Tom Sayers himself! I shall get whacked

ROBINS. With a pistol I can snuff a candle at sixteen paces. So the best advice I can give you is, not to interfere.

JONES. (*aside*) And very good advice, too, and just the sort of advice I should like to take; but I've made a promise to the lady, and how to keep it I don't know.

ROBINS. With married men I never interfere. Had you been the lady's husband, there the matter would have ended with me—but I'll give way to no one else.

JONES. (*aside*) Had I been the lady's husband! Sir, I did not mean to tell you, but now there is no alternative. I am that lady's husband.

ROBINS. The devil you are!

JONES. Yes, that lady is my wife. (*aside*) What would Mrs. Jones say to that?

ROBINS. Then, sir, I have the honour of addressing Mr. Smith?

JONES. Smith! (*aside*) My name is Jones! But never mind—what does it matter whether it be Smith or Jones? they are very much alike, and both very pretty names. Yes, sir,

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my real name is Smith! (*aside*) What would Mrs. Jones say to that?

ROBINS. I see, sir, you are surprised at my knowing your name; but the fact is, I saw it just now on one of the lady's trunks. And now, sir, all I have to say is, that you are a very lucky dog to have so young, so pretty, and so fascinating a wife! I am sorry to have annoyed you, and wish you a very good day!

*Re-enter* MRS. CHARLES SMITH, *from* L. door.

JONES. Good day, sir. He thinks my wife young, pretty, and fascinating, does he? I know what Mrs. Jones would say to that!

ROBINS. Madam, I take my leave. (*aside*) She's a very pretty woman, and I wish her husband was at Jericho!

*Exit* R. door.

JONES. There, madam, you see I've got rid of him for you.

MRS. C. Sir, I am very much obliged to you. You have, indeed, kept your word, and that in a most straightforward manner.

JONES. (*aside*) Yes, but you don't know the *exact* manner.

MRS. C. Good day, sir. (*crosses, L.*)

JONES. Good day, madam. (*bows*)

MRS. C. I wish I could find Charles. I am almost confident he is waiting somewhere hereabouts for me! *Exit, R. door.*

JONES. I don't think my old daddy could possibly have come by that last train—and I suppose it will hardly be worth waiting for another.

SHUTUP *passes* window, *from* L.

I say, you sir, when will there be another train?

SHUTUP. In half an hour, sir. *Passes on, and exits, R.*

JONES. Now shall I stay or not?

JACK ROBINS and CHARLES SMITH *appear* at R. door, and PORTER *carrying* luggage.

ROBINS. There, get along, you know where to take it to.

JONES. That's the voice of I know who. If ever that furious young man should find out the deception I practised upon him, and by means of which the lady escaped, he'll pummel me to a jelly first, and pop me off afterwards—and if I was *popped*, what would Mrs. Jones say to that?

*During this, JACK ROBINS has given directions to the PORTER, who has gone off past window.*

CHARLES. Excuse my impatience, but where is this gentleman?

ROBINS. (R.) That's he, that's he—that's Smith!

CHARLES. (C.) Oh, moment of suspense! how soon now will my fate be decided! I have not seen him for many years, and to meet thus in anger. Oh, sir! (*falls on his knee to JONES*)

JONES. Eh?

CHARLES. My dearest sir!

JONES. Eh? What may please to be your business, sir, with me?

CHARLES. Oh, sir, can you forgive me?

JONES. Forgive you? Bless my soul, what's he been doing to me? Nothing respecting Mrs. Jones, I hope! Young man—young man, what have you been up to?

CHARLES. I see, sir, you do not know me.

JONES. In that, sir, you are very correct. I do not know you!

CHARLES. Surely I am right here. (*stats up*) If not, what a fool have I been making myself. I beg pardon, sir, but your name is Smith, is it not?

JONES. Smith? No, sir. (*sees ROBINS*) Oh, yes—yes, to be sure it is—my name is Smith.

CHARLES. Your wife is with you, I believe?

JONES. My wife? (*sees ROBINS*) Oh, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Jones! Yes, sir, my wife is here.

CHARLES. And you are, I believe, waiting the arrival of your son?

JONES. My son? (*aside*) Why, the truth of the matter is, I was waiting for a father, not a son. (*sees ROBINS*) There's that rash young fighting man again—I must change a father into a son. Yes, yes, I am waiting the arrival of my son. (*aside*) I wonder how I came by a son?

CHARLES. Then, sir, behold him here—I am your son.

(*kneels.*)

JONES. You are my son? the deuce!

ROBINS. You are his son? The devil!

CHARLES. I am your dutiful son!

JONES. I never heard of that before. I wonder what Mrs. Jones would say to that? (*aloud*) Well, son, I am glad to see you. (*CHARLES rises*)

ROBINS. (*comes down*) What an affecting meeting! I give you joy, sir, for thus encountering so near and dear a relative. But give me leave to say that, of course this son must be by a former wife? the present Mrs. Smith—

CHARLES. You are right, sir. My poor mother has been dead for years.

JONES. (*aside*) Oh, she has, eh? I'm getting acquainted with the family affairs.



JONES. My father's wife, now, is much younger than himself—she is, of course, my step-mother.

ROBINS. Of course—and a very charming young lady she is.

CHARLES. So I hear, but have never seen her. Pray, sir, have you?

ROBINS. Oh dear, yes. She is somewhere in the station now.

CHARLES. Is it possible? and you have brought her with you, dear father, to welcome me? I thank you from my heart!

JONES. (*aside*) My mind misgives me—there'll be some row here! If that fighting fellow would but go away, I'd explain matters to Mr. Smith.

CHARLES. May I venture to regard this action as a testimony that you mean to forgive me?

JONES. (*aside*) I wonder what he's been doing!

CHARLES. Say but yes, and you make me happy, dear father!

JONES. (*aside*) I think I shall forgive him. Why shouldn't I make a fellow-being happy, when I can do so by merely saying "yes?" I will. Well, Mr. Smith—that is, I mean, my dear son, you have done very wrong—very wrong!

CHARLES. I have—I have!

JONES. But as what's done cannot be recalled, why, why, I forgive you. (*shakes hands*)

ROBINS. Bravo—bravo! said like a jolly old cock as you are. (*strikes him violently on the shoulder*) I really begin to like you. What's the matter? Ha, ha, ha! What, did I hit you rather hard? Never mind, old boy, it was only in joke.

JONES. (*aside*) In joke! Egad! if he hits like that in joke, what will be the effect when he hits in earnest? I must mind my p's and q's.

CHARLES. My dear father, I know not in words how to thank you! The sweet girl is, I think, waiting here somewhere for me—I will fetch her hither; and when you see her, I am certain you will ratify your forgiveness.

JONES. (*aside*) The sweet girl!

*Exit CHARLES, R. D.*

Oh, he's been doing wrong with some sweet girl? Ah, it's very odd, but if anything goes wrong it's sure to be caused by a woman. There's myself as a specimen!

ROBINS. I say, old boy, if the question is not an impertinent one, what has your son been doing?

JONES. (*aside*) Ah, that's the point—that's the very thing I should like to know. Why, you see, sir, the truth of the matter is, I cannot answer that question—'pon my life I cannot—if I was upon my affidavit I couldn't.

ROBINS. Well, well, don't say any more about it, I don't wish to be inquisitive; this much, however, I will say—that if

your son's sweet girl is as pretty as your own wife, you may think yourselves extremely fortunate. With your permission I shall stay and judge for myself as to that.

JONES. (*aside*) Oh, the devil! I wish he'd go. There'll be some mischief—I'm sure there will.

ROBINS. Do you know, when you first of addressed me about that lady, I had a great mind to be cantankerous with you.

JONES. You had—eh?

ROBINS. Ay, that I had; and if you hadn't turned out to be her husband, I'd had cracked your head and broken your bones—and if you had lived after all that, I'd have called you out, and shot you!

JONES. (*aside*) Bloodthirsty villain!

ROBINS. I don't like to be thwarted when I take a fancy to a young lady, I promise you; but still it's impossible to blame a husband for interfering.

JONES. (*aside*) How he keeps harping upon the husband!

ROBINS. But if anybody else: I care not whom—father, mother, brother—be he whom he may, interferes with me, (*squares*) down he goes!

JONES. (*aside*) If he should find it out, he'll kill me, and what would Mrs. Jones say to that?

SLEEPER. (*without*) The train won't be long before it arrives. This way, sir!

*Appears at door, R. with Mr. WILLIAM SMITH.*

SMITH. Very well, I'll wait for it; but stay, perhaps he came by the last train. Are all the passengers who did so gone away?

SLEEPER. No, sir, these gentlemen came by it. What name did you say?

SMITH. Smith! I expect my son.

SLEEPER. Is your name Smith, sir? (*to ROBINS*)

ROBINS. No, that's Smith! (*points to JONES*)

SLEEPER. Thank you, sir! Ah, I recollect that gentleman—he told me he was waiting for his father.

SMITH. Which is he?

SLEEPER. That, sir! (*points to JONES*) You'll find it all right, sir!

*Exit R. D.—MR. SMITH down R. ROBINS swaggers at back.*

SMITH. Can that be my son, Charles! if it is he has aged greatly, and looks almost—nay, quite as old as I do.

JONES. What's that old gentleman staring at me for?

SMITH. I am not certain, sir, that I am right, but if you be the party I think you are, you are waiting for your father?

JONES. You are quite right, sir, I am waiting for my father.

SMITH. Then, sir, at once behold him—I am he!

JONES. You! why, you don't look half as old as I had expected to see you. Come to my arms, my dear father!

SMITH. Hold, sir! first let me consider whether you merit a favourable reception or not.

JONES. (*aside*) What's the old man got in his head now?

ROBINS. Hollo! why, Smith's met with his father. He don't seem overjoyed.

SMITH. Have you acted right towards me? answer me that.

JONES. Well, I don't know that I've done anything wrong to you—I've always sent a turkey in return for the barrel of oysters at Christmas. (*aside*) What does he mean?

SMITH. This trickery is worse than all! Answer me this, are you not married?

JONES. Married! why, of course I am—you know that very well.

SMITH. I do know it very well, but no thanks to you! Now hear me, sir—hear my resolve. By that marriage you have sacrificed my favour for ever, and every penny of my property shall be willed away from you!

JONES. My eye! what will Mrs. Jones say to that?

ROBINS. Eh? (*to JONES*) That's bad—try to mollify him.

JONES. My dear father, only hear—

SMITH. I'll not hear a word!

ROBINS. Shall I speak to him?

JONES. No, no, by no manner of means! (*aside*) He'll find out the difference of names. Pray don't trouble yourself.

ROBERT. Nay, nay, in friendship we think not of trouble. (*crosses to C.—to SMITH*) My dear sir, be calm!

SMITH. Pray, sir, who are you?

ROBINS. I'm the particular bosom-friend of this gentleman, and I assure you—

SMITH. I'll not hear another word from you, sir?

ROBINS. Now, my dear Mr. Smith—

JONES. (*aside*) There he goes *Smithing* it. Oh, my back and my bones!

SMITH. Do not you interfere, sir; I have changed my mind. I will hear his explanation.

ROBINS. Hurrah—hurrah! Do you hear that, Smith? Down on your marrowbones, and thank the old gentleman. It's all my doing, but never mind that—down on your knees! (*forces him down*) ask pardon!

JONES. Charles! (*aside*) My name's Sampson; but it don't matter.

SMITH. I say I repeat it. It grieves me to see you in that situation.

JONES. Does it? then give me a hand up!

ROBINS. I will, my boy! (*aside to JONES*) I say, I can see the old fellow has more than half a mind to forgive you, so mind what you're about, and pitch it strong to him about your grief and penitence!

JONES. (*aside*) Well, but I don't know what I've done.

ROBINS. (*aside to him*) You don't? Well, that's very odd.

JONES. (*aside to him*) Isn't it?

SMITH. Well, sir, now for your explanation.

ROBINS. (*aside to him*) Now, your explanation.

JONES. (*aside to him*) What shall I say?

ROBINS. (*aside to him*) Anything, only go on.

SMITH. Proceed at once to your defence, Charles Smith.

JONES. Smith! What, is your name Smith?

SMITH. Of course it is. What did you suppose it was?

ROBINS. What other name could he have?

JONES. True, true! (*aside*) I'm getting bewildered!

SMITH. Isn't your name Smith?

JONES. Smith? no! (*sees ROBINS*) Oh, yes, my name's Smith.

SMITH. And you came her to meet your father! The case is clear enough.

ROBINS. Oh, yes, quite clear. Smith!

JONES. (*aside*) Then this is another of the Smith's—how they do worry me. I shall die of *Smithism*!

SMITH. I can hold no longer—he is my only boy. Charles, I forgive you! Come to my arms—come to your father's heart.

(*they embrace.*)

ROBINS. Delightful—delightful! and to think that I should have brought it about. Oh, happy moment. Father and son, accept my blessing! (*embraces them both at once*)

SMITH. And now tell me—who is it you have married?

JONES. Married!

ROBINS. Oh, I see it all now. A screw loose with the old file about your marrying a young wife.

SMITH. What was her name?

JONES. Her name? Now I'm in a regular fix. Mrs. Jones's name was Sally Simpson, but there's a question whether that will do for Mrs. Smith.

MRS. SMITH. (*without R.*) Mr. Smith—Mr. Smith!

ROBINS. (*to JONES*) There's somebody else wants you.

JONES. The devil there is! I shall go mad! (*crosses to L.*)

SMITH. No, sir, I rather think it is I who am wanted there. (*goes to door*) Yes, 'tis as I thought. Your step-mother, whom I brought with me to see you, is coming this way.

JONES. Another relation, by the powers!

ROBINS. Why, Smith, you'll have all your family here after a bit!

*Enter MRS. SMITH, R. D.—SMITH brings her down, R.*

MRS. S. Oh, my dear William, there's something wrong going on, I'm sure there is. All the people here are in such a bustle.

SMITH. Never mind that!

MRS. S. Tell me—have you found your son?

SMITH. I have!

MRS. S. And where is the youth?

SMITH. That's he!

MRS. S. That! bless me, he looks very old! (*crosses to L.*) Well, Charles, although I never saw you before, you are heartily welcome to me. (*kisses him*)

ROBINS. (*hides his face*) Oh, dear! oh, fie! oh, naughty!

JONES. Thank you, madam!

ROBINS. (*aside to him*) I say, old boy, that kiss ought to have been mine, considering the trouble I have taken about you.

JONES. (*aside*) Curse your trouble! the further I go, the deeper I sink. That old gentleman will kick up a row about my kissing his wife, if he finds out I'm not his son.

*Enter SLEEPER and GRABBINS, R. D.*

Here are some more people—I wonder if they want Smith?

SLEEPER. Madam and gentlemen, I don't wish to alarm you, but—

MRS. S. (*interrupts*) There, I told you something was the matter!

SLEEPER. But a lunatic has escaped from his keepers.

MRS. S. Mercy on us!

SLEEPER. He's somewhere about these buildings, and it is to be feared that he has gained possession of a knife.

(*MRS. SMITH screams.*)

JONES. Of a knife! (*aside*) I'll be bound he'll want Smith!

SLEEPER. Do you know him! (*to GRABBINS*)

GRAB. I never saw him. The man who had him in charge, and who was to deliver him to me, is looking over the other part of the station; but nothing will be easier than to know him, for he is furious in his manner, and stamps violently.

MRS. S. Oh, good gracious!

SLEEPER. Come this way, he may have got into these rooms.

*Exit with GRABBINS, L. D.*

ROBINS. If we see him, we'll let you know.

SMITH. Now, my dear Mrs. Smith, pray be composed—he won't hurt us!

MRS. S. Oh, dear, I hope we shall not see anything of him—I have such a horror of mad people. Well, Charles, (*crosses to him*) So you've got married?

JONES. Yes, ma'am! (*aside*) a very, very long time ago.

MRS. S. And what sort of a woman is your wife? is she young and pretty?

ROBINS. Indeed, my dear madam, I can assure you she is both one and the other—I can answer for that.

MRS. S. Really! (*to SMITH*) Who is this gentleman?

SMITH. A very particular friend of my son's. Have you seen her, then, sir?

ROBINS. I have had that honour. She is here in the station now!

SMITH. Indeed! then, son, bring her here at once.

ROBINS. Nay, nay, nay, Smith, my dear friend, don't leave your kind parents—I'll go and fetch her.

JONES. Stay—stop! mind what you're at—don't be rash. (*aside*) All will be discovered—don't go. (*to him*) Yet stay—he shall go; and while he's away, I'll tell the whole truth to Mr. and Mrs. Smith, and get them to befriend me. (*aside*) Yes, go bring her here—I'm in a fever!

SMITH. I'm all impatience to see her! I trust you have not made an unworthy choice!

MRS. S. I hope not, too!

JONES. Go along—fetch her here!

ROBINS. I'll go this very moment, and be back with all the speed possible! (*runs towards door*)

JONES. Now's the time to confess the truth!

MRS. CHARLES SMITH *appears at door, R.*

ROBINS. How very fortunate! here is Mrs. Smith herself!

JONES. Here! where? I'm obfuscated!

MRS. C. I cannot find my husband anywhere!

ROBINS. He is here, my dear Mrs. Smith—here in this very room; and what is more, his father and mother-in-law are here likewise.

MRS. C. Is it possible?

ROBINS. Fact! allow me to introduce you.

MRS. C. Heavens! how agitated I am!

ROBINS. Be composed—it's all right! you will be forgiven—your husband has been forgiven; but he has been upon his knees, and you had better do the same. (*she kneels to SMITH*) Bless me! how busy I am with the Smiths.

JONES. (*aside*) A devilish deal too busy, I think.

MRS. C. My dear father-in-law, pray forgive my marrying your son—

ROBINS. Who stands yonder.

MRS. C. Who stands yonder, without your consent.

(*speaks without looking round towards ROBINS.*)

MRS. S. She's a very charming young woman!

SMITH. A very charming young woman! (*raises and kisses her*) My dear child, you are forgiven!

MRS. S. Yes, that you are!

JONES. (*aside*) I wish I could run away!

ROBINS. (*aside to JONES*) I say, did you see that? It's all right—I've arranged matters for you.

JONES. (*aside*) Confound you, and your arranging too, say I!

SMITH. Charles, my son, come here!

JONES. (*aside*) What the devil am I to do?

SMITH. Come hither, Charles, and I will join your hand to that of your wife myself.

ROBINS. Are you deaf? why don't you go?

JONES. Oh laud—oh laud! What will Mrs. Jones say to this?

SMITH. Charles appears abstracted; go, my dear, and speak to him!

MRS. C. I don't see Charles!

JONES. (*aside*) You'd be clever if you did!

ROBINS. Here he is, standing behind me—perhaps you did not see him! (*passes her over to L.*)

MRS. S. I don't see him now. This gentleman—

JONES. (*aside*) There's only one chance remains—I must try it! (*aside to her*) My dear madam, I am going to make a strange request, but you must excuse it. For the sake of us all, allow me to pass for five minutes as your husband. (*aside*) What would Mrs. Jones say to this?

MRS. C. What do I hear? Monstrous villainy! Sir, I scorn you and your infamous proposal!

ROBINS. Hollo! Smith and his wife are at high words.

JONES. 'Pon my life I didn't mean anything wrong!

MRS. C. Don't speak to me, wretch! You are a disgrace to society!

JONES. What would Mrs. Jones say to that?

*Enter CHARLES SMITH, R. D.*

CHARLES. Ah, my dear father!

SMITH. Father! what, has my son such a boy as that?

MRS. C. Ah, my dear Charles!

JONES. Here's a lot of relations I have stumbled upon!

ROBINS. Egad, you may say that. Here's your father—

JONES. And mother—

ROBINS. And wife—

JONES. And son!

ROBINS. Happy man! What a nice family party!

CHARLES. My dearest, here is my father.

MRS. C. I have seen him—he has forgiven us.

CHARLES. (to JONES) Dear father, do join our hands yourself!

SMITH. What do I hear?

MRS. S. What did he say?

ROBINS. What do I see?

MRS. C. Why, Charles, is that your father?

CHARLES. I believe so.

MRS. C. Why, it's not two minutes since that very man wished me to let him pass as my husband.

CHARLES. Is it possible?

MRS. S. Mercy on us!

SMITH. I begin to suspect that *that* is my son!

MRS. C. That is your father. (*pointing to SMITH*)

ROBINS. No, no, that is your father! (*pointing to JONES*)

CHARLES. I'll be hanged if I know *which* is my father!

ROBINS. You'd be a wise child if you did!

JONES. I can bear this no longer. I'll fight my way, but—let me go—let me go!

CHARLES. You shall not move one step until all is explained!

SMITH. Mr. Smith, explain!

ROBINS. Explain, Mr. Smith!

JONES. I will go out—let me go!

SMITH. This is some base impostor!

CHARLES. If he be not my father, nothing could excuse such conduct but sheer insanity!

ROBINS. Insanity! I have it! This is the lunatic escaped from his keepers! (*LADIES scream*)

JONES. (C.) Hear me all—I will be heard! (*stamps*)

ROBINS. They said he'd stamp and rave. Help, help! save yourselves. (*LADIES scream—all run in different directions*)

JONES. Listen to me—(*whenever he approaches any of them, they get away hastily*) Where's my card case? I'll show you who I am, at all risks! (*feels in his pockets*)

ROBINS. He's fumbling for his knife—help, help!

(*they all cry for help—JACK ROBINS protects himself with a chair—CHARLES stands before the LADIES—SMITH runs out at s R., and stands at window watching—MRS. SMITH gets behind table.*)



SLEEPER and GRABBINS enter, L.

That's he—that's the lunatic—seize him!

SMITH. (*at window*) Upon him, lads—seize him!

(GRABBINS and SLEEPER lay hold of JONES, who struggles.

JONES. Help, help—fire, fire!

(*in the struggle his hat and wig fall off, and shows his bald head.*

ROBINS. Look at that—he's had his head shaved!

GRAB. Trap, bring the straight waistcoat—here's the man!

JONES. I won't have any more waistcoats—I have got two on already. Help—help!

TRAP enters R. D with waistcoat.

GRAB. Come along—put it on!

TRAP. Hey! what's all this? That's not the man.

ALL. Not the man!

(*they loose their hold of JONES, who sinks exhausted into a chair—SMITH enters—GRABBINS and SLEEPER rush out hastily, meeting him at door, and push him round.*

ROBINS. Why, then, if he's neither the real Mr. Smith, nor the real lunatic, who the deuce is he?

JONES. I'm an unfortunate man—I've been most cruelly used! What do you think Mrs. Jones would say to it?

ROBINS. You are a vile impostor! How dare you tell me that you were Mr. Smith?

JONES. (*rising*) Hear me—

SMITH. (R.) How dare you say you were my son?

CHARLES. (L.) How dare you say you were my father?

MRS. S. (R.) How dare you say I was your mother?

MRS. C. (L.) How dare you say I was your wife?

ALL. Shame!

CHARLES. I am Charles Smith—

MRS. C. And I am his wife!

SMITH. Then I've got my real son at last. Come to my arms! (*CHARLES goes to SMITH, R. and they retire up*)

MRS. S. And you, daughter, come to mine! (*goes L. and retires up with MRS. CHARLES*)

ROBINS. (*going to JONES, C.*) I say, my lad, I've got an account to settle with you.

JONES. Don't—don't press upon a fallen man. (*rises*) Consider what I have suffered!

SMITH. (*advancing R.*) Scoundrel! will you explain?

JONES. I'm no scoundrel, but I will explain! (*they all advance—CHARLES and MRS. CHARLES L.—SMITH and MRS. SMITH, R.—JACK ROBINS, L. C.*) My name is Jones—I'm a respectable linendraper, of Tinkerton. I came here to meet my

father, who is coming from London. That lady asked me prevent the attentions offered to her by this particular friend of mine, whom I never saw before. I promised to do so—he wouldn't be persuaded to do anything of the kind—said he'd give way to nobody but the lady's husband. To keep my promise to her, I said I was her husband to *him*. Fatal error! oh dear—I faint! (*sinks into chair*)

SMITH. I see it all!

CHARLES. And so do I! and this worthy man deserves commendation, instead of blame. My dear sir, pray forgive me.

SMITH. And pray forgive me!

MRS. S. And me!

MRS. C. And me! (*bell rings train passes window, L. to R.*)

ROBINS. And I see it all! and besides, I see what a deal of trouble I have occasioned a simple-minded, good-natured fellow, by my admiration of a married lady. Henceforth I shall take warning by this lesson, and most decidedly reform. (*to JONES*) My dear sir, you must excuse and forgive me, too!

JONES. And you, too! No pistol, no broken bones, no Tom Sayers.

ROBIN. None—none at all! (*they shake hands*)

JONES. Then now I'm beginning to recover.

SLEEPER. (*at window*) Here's an elderly gentleman from London wants Mr. Sampson Jones!

JONES. That's me—the old man's come at last! I must go and welcome him. I leave you all happy.

ALL. Good bye—good bye!

JONES. Good bye. I beg your pardon, Mr. Charles, but I think—ahem!

ROBINS. Oh, yes, you may take one.

JONES. May I? (*kisses Mrs. CHARLES SMITH*) What would Mrs. Jones say to that? I think I'm entitled to it. And now it's all right—Yet stay! is it all right? That is a question (*to the AUDIENCE*) which you must decide. Let us hope you will look with smiling approval upon our adventures in the  
RAILROAD STATION.

MR. W. S. MRS. W. S. ROBINS. JONES. MRS. C. S. MR. C. S.  
R. CURTAIN. L.



## The Railroad Station.

JACK ROBINS' 'Tis all right, you will be forgiven, your husband has been forgiven; *(She kneels to Mr William Smith)* Bless me! how busy I am with the Smiths. —

*Act I. Scene. Last.*