

THE  
PIRATES OF PUTNEY.

A Nautical Extrabaganza,

IN ONE ACT.

BY  
CHARLES SELBY, COMEDIAN,

*(Member of the Dramatic Authors' Society),*

AUTHOR OF

The Poor Nobleman, Captain Stevens, A Day in Paris, Unfinished Gentleman,  
Catching an Heiress, Married Rake, Widow's Victim, Rifle Brigade, Tutor's  
Assistant, Jacques Strop, Hunting a Turtle, Dancing Barber, King's Gar-  
dener, Fairy Lake, Lord Bateman, Behind the Scenes, New Footman, Marceline,  
Lady and Gentleman in a Peculiarly Perplexing Predicament, Boots at the  
Swan, The Young Mother, Rival Pages, Peggy Green, Mysterious Stranger,  
Valet de Sham, Irish Dragoon, Lioness of the North, Taming a Tartar,  
Phantom Breakfast, White Sergeants, Hotel Charges, Antony and Cleopatra,  
Antony and Cleopatra Married and Settled, Taken In and Done For, Chamber  
Practice, Witch of Windermere, Fire Eater, Ask no Questions, Judgment of  
Paris, Out on the Sly, The Elves, or the Statue Bride, My Friend the Major,  
Robert Macaire, Fearful Tragedy in the Seven Dials, Drapery Question, Last  
of the Pigtales, Bonnie Fish-Wife, My Aunt's Husband, Harold Hawk, Marble  
Heart, Frederick of Prussia, Husband of my Heart, Guardian Sylph, Frank  
Fox Phipps, Little Sins and Pretty Sinners, Powder and Ball, Moral  
Philosopher, Pink of Politeness, Kyng Richard ye Thirde,  
Caught by the Ears, Paris and Pleasure, The Pet Lamb,  
&c. &c. &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,  
89, STRAND, LONDON.

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## THE PIRATES OF PUTNEY.

*First performed at the Royalty Theatre, under the management of Mrs. C. Selby, on Monday, August 31st, 1863.*

### Characters.

MR. SENECA SQUEERS ( <i>a retired Attorney</i> ) .....	Mr. W. H. STEPHENS.
MR. TIMKINS SIMCOX ( <i>an Amateur Waterman</i> ) .....	„ FELIX ROGERS.
HARRY HALCYON	„ D. JAMES.
JEM DRINKWATER	„ C. LAMBERT.
BEN SKILLAGALEE	„ T. J. ANDERSON.
GUS GOBBLE .....	„ F. OLIVER.
TOM TITTLBAT ( <i>a Coxswain, in which character she will dance a hornpipe</i> ) .....	Miss J. WILLMORE.
SMUGGINS ( <i>a Landlord</i> ) .....	Mr. PHELPS.
SELINA SQUEERS ( <i>Daughter to Squeers</i> )	Miss CAVENDISH.
MISS LEVITE	„ LANGFORD.
MISS BLOOMER	„ M. LESTER.
MISS CHUBB	„ C. GRANVILLE.
MISS FADDLE	„ E. LESLIE.
MISS SCHOTTISCHE	„ E. TURTLE.
Waiters, &c.	

### Costumes.

MR. SENECA SQUEERS.—Light pepper and salt coat, white waistcoat, nankeen trousers, broad brim white straw hat.

MR. TIMKINS SIMCOX.—Fancy amateur waterman's dress.

HARRY HALCYON.—Gentleman's morning suit, present day.

BEN SKILLAGALEE, JEM DRINKWATER, GUS GOBBLE.—Fancy watermen's dresses.

TOM TITTLBAT.—Blue jacket, pearl buttons, red Guernsey shirt, white petticoat trousers, light blue shirt trimmed with white braid, fancy hat.

SMUGGINS.—Striped linen jacket, white waistcoat, apron, light trousers.

WAITER.—Same as Smuggins.

SELINA SQUEERS.—Coloured muslin dress, fashionably made, black silk jacket, hat.

THE BELLES.—Different coloured muslin dresses and yachting jackets (of various colours) and hats.

*Time in Performance, 40 Minutes.*

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## THE PIRATES OF PUTNEY.



SCENE FIRST.—*A Room in "The Five Bells," Putney, overlooking the river, which is seen through a large French window, which opens on a balcony. The curtain rises to the air of "The Jolly Young Waterman."*

*Enter SMUGGINS, L.*

SMUG. Huzza, for the fine weather! it brings the jolly amateur young watermen out in shoals. (*calling off, L.*) Sally, my lass! put the pork gravy into the eel pies, and a little soda into the *mild* the thunder turned, and give the *pale* an extra squeeze of the camomile—must strike when the fish bite, and thirsty amateur young watermen will swallow anything.

TOM TITTLEBAT. (*without from river*) Hollo! Five Bells, ahoy! (*a boatswain's whistle is heard*) Port your helm, you lubbers, and let me have a clear sheer.

SMUG. (*looking off over balcony, C.*) It's that young devilskin, Tom Tittlebat, the bosun, as he calls himself, of the Red Rovers—and as pretty a wide-awake pup he is at every game that was ever invented since the world was the world, and the river the river.

TOM. (*without, C.*) Back your taupsel, you Parfleet porpoise, and bring up short, or I'll run aboard of you.

*Enter TOM TITTLEBAT up stairs into balcony, C.*

Hollo! old spigot and faucet, how are you my buck o' thunder! (*cuts a nautical caper, à la T. P. Cooke, and runs down to SMUGGINGS and slaps him violently on the back*) My precious eyes! I've had a fight, any way, through a channel fleet of billy-boats and Chelsea washing tubs to get alongside of you. (*pulling up the slack of his trousers and slapping SMUGGINGS on the back and breast*) Well, and how are you, old Mopstick? As great a rogue as ever, old Doublechalk? Are any of our men up yet? (*lighting a cigar with German tinder*) How's your Sally? still all smiles and ringlets, trim waist and crinoline, eh? (*hitting him harder on the back and stomach, and knocking his straw hat over his eyes*) You old Pirate of Putney!

SMUG. That will do, Mr. Tittlebat, that will do—though you're an amateur fresh-water bosun, don't behave as sich—I arn't paid for punching, and I won't stand it gratis.

TOM. Well, well, old Swipecy, don't be cantankerous. (*snaps bon-bon cracker under his nose*) Ha, ha, ha! that's a *Cherbourg* eight-and-forty pounder. There's such a jolly party of us coming to you, to-day. Our captain's got a new boat on the stocks at Datchet, which we're going to launch and christen—splice my sister's dancing shoes, it will be such a jolly spree, old—(*about to strike him again—SMUGGINS retreats*) Never mind, I'll owe you one—such a hamper of grog, and such a bucket of pretty girls. Oh! Jemmy Johnson, squeeze me—there never was such boatful of beauties.

(*knocks Smuggins's hat over his eyes and goes up with a nautical swagger—JEM DRINKWATER, BEN SKILLAGLEE, and GUS GOBBLE call without from river—Hollo! Five Bells, ahoy! Port—sherry! Boarders away—hurroo! hurroo!*)

TOM. (*bawling with hands to mouth*) Hurroo! larboard—starboard—half a turn a head! Stop her—ease her—hurroo!

*Music—Air, "Poll, dang it, how de do?"—JEM, BEN, and GUS climb over balcony and enter with two or three more AMATEUR BOATMEN.*

JEM. Well, Tom, my hearty, here we are—as fresh as paint and as lively as juvenile muttons. Where's the captain—not shown nob yet.

TOM. (*making a salt-water bow*) No, your honor; he told me to drop down in the gig, and that he'd follow in a Hansom as soon as he'd worked up his reck'ning at the caboose, and could get the weather gauge of his mother, who was looming rather squally in the offing, (*gives a knowing wink*) Flick.

JEM. Cocoa nuts and candle grease, that looks awkward, suppose the old lady should lay him aboard, and put a stopper on his flitting.

GUS. That would be a damper.

BEN. A regular floorer.

GUS. (*smacking lips*) Such a pigeon pie and lobster salad.

JEM. (*sighing*) Such champagne and iced punch.

BEN. (*sentimentally*) Such dooced fine girls and moonlight to come home.

TOM. (*imitating the niggers*) "Such a getting up stairs and a playing on the fiddle."

JEM. At all events, we'd better refresh. Smuggins!

*Enter SMUGGINS, L. 1 E.*

Eel pies and pale.

GUS. And plenty of them—look alive, my herooster! (*throws him over to BEN, who throws him to JEM, who throws him to TOM, who runs between his legs and nearly upsets him*)

SMUG. (*in a rage*) I'll put it in the bill—I'll put it in the bill. *Exit, L.*

TOM. (*cutting a caper*) Hurroo! whack fol de riddle flick!

GUS. Now, Tom, pipe five bells, and summon our fairy passengers to our sailors' pie-house pic-nic.

*Enter SMUGGINS and WAITERS, with pies and ale, which they place on tables and exit.*

TOM. (*going to balcony—blowing whistle*) Eel pies and pale—hurrah, my beauties! tumble up, tumble up, tumble up.

*Lively Music—Enter MISS LEVITE, MISS CHUBB, MISS BLOOMER, MISS FADDLE, MISS SCHOTTISCHE, &c., &c, by balcony, R.*

BEN. (*bowing ridiculously*) Homage to beauty—welcome belles, to the Bells.

MISS L. Get out. (*tapping him on the head*) Welcome putty to Putney. *(all laugh)*

GUS. Bravo! sharp as a needle; had you there, Ben, my boy.

MISS L. Now then, who's going to solicit the inexpressible honour of taking me to the pies? (*holding out her hand*) Look sharp, somebody, or Gobble will have finished them before I sit down.

BEN. Allow me. Gentlemen, follow suit.

*(the GENTLEMEN conduct the LADIES to the tables with great ceremony, by the tips of their fingers)*

TOM. (*imitating the walk of the LADIES*) Oh, my aunt Sarah's Tom Tabby! they wibblelewobble, and back and fill like pouter pigeons—(*imitating the strut and coo of a pigeon*) ooo—ooo—ooo, &c., &c. Oh, give me a gal with a natteral clipper run fore and aft—none of your watch-spring gridirons or horse-hair works of fiction.

HARRY. (*without, L.*) Hollo! Red Rovers, ahoy!

ALL. The captain—the captain!

*Enter HARRY HALCYON, L.*

ALL. (*waving hats*) Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

BEN. Not in uniform! there's stormy weather in the offing.

HARRY. Excuse me, my dear friends, but I cannot accompany you to day—an affair of the utmost importance obliges me to remain in town.

MISS L. Oh, what a cruel disappointment. (*petting him*) Poor dear little Tommy Goodchild, he's afraid of offending his mamma—ha, ha, ha!

MISS B. (*laughing*) Dear little innocence, he shall have a dolly Polly, and ride in a coachy poachy—ha, ha, ha!

HARRY. (*gaily pinching their cheeks*) No, no, you satirical little sirens, not quite so bad as that; but, it's nevertheless a matter of great moment.

MISS L. I see, you've had a topper on the Stock Exchange, and are obliged to absquatulate.

MISS B. You've fit a *doel*, or *druv* your dog cart through a plate glass *winder*?

TOM. You've put the pot on for the Derby, or boned the knocker of Buckingham palace?

HARRY. (*laughing*) No, all safe on those points, but as we are brother sailors, and you are all pretty well acquainted with my domestic arrangements, I don't mind telling you that the great fortune I was going to marry——

MISS L. (*tossing up her head with great contempt*) Miss Squeers, the lovely and accomplished daughter of old Seneca Squeers, the pettifogging attorney of Pump-court, Temple, and Wool-sack-villa, Twickenham.

MISS B. The thinnest, stuckupist, miminipimenest bit of waxwork that ever was smothered in a crinoline.

MISS L. For whose sweet society you have so long neglected your (*vainly adjusting dress and hair*) more *personable* friends.

TOM. (*aside, imitating*) Oh, peacocks and pigs pettitoes, arn't we spoons on our photographs!

HARRY. I admit my delinquency; but it's a melancholy fact that the prize is about to be snatched from me. I have, (*conceitedly*) though it may seem incredible, a rival—a tradesman fellow—a—soap and candle maker.

MISS L. Oh, support me, Gobble, or somebody—I shall faint—so elegant and irresistible an Adonis, bowled out by a kitchen dip—what a *fatality*.

HARRY. He's very rich, that's the pull he has against me; but I've thought of a plan to get to windward of him.

MISS L. By tipping him into his melting vat, or *soaping* the *old* gentleman.

HARRY. No, by a far bolder *coup*—by giving him a wife.

MISS L. Goodness gracious! a *real* one?

HARRY. No, only make-believe for a little while; *you*, for instance, or Caroline, or Fanny.

MISS L. (*with indignation*) I beg your pardon, sir, you're quite mistaken in your parties

MISS B. and LADIES. (*imitating* MISS L.) Oh, quite—quite.

MISS L. Though we are philanthropic enough to accept little dinners and dances, and obligingly condescend to enliven your boating excursions, we're highly respectable, and have fathers and brothers officers in the army and navy.

TOM. (*aside*) And uncles and aunts field-m Marshals in the horse marines.

HARRY. Nay—nay, my little darlings, don't be indignant. (*bowing*) I never for a moment intended the slightest reflection. I merely wished to enlist your services as *brother sailors*, to aid

me to pass off a loblolly boy landlubber, who is trying to swamp me.

MISS L. Oh, if you put it to us as brother sailors, and didn't intend to affront us, we're available in any way you require.

MISS B. and LADIES, Yes, yes—in any way.

HARRY. Thanks—thanks, my charming philanthropists. This is my plan. The candle maker, whose name by the way is Simcox, is now on his road to Twickenham to sign his marriage contract with *my* intended—now the first thing to be done is to waylay and smug him.

TOM. (*rubbing hands and jumping*) Remember, remember the fifth of November—flick!

HARRY. This, Tom, I entrust to you; to show his manliness and the symmetry of his figure in a fancy nautical costume, he's pulling himself up with the tide in a wager boat; now, do you jump into our gig, run athwart his hause and capsize him. You (*to BEN and others*) be on the look out to pick him up and bring him in here—after that the ladies must take him in hand. (*looking over balcony*) There he is—look sharp, or he'll shoot the bridge and baffle us.

TOM. Sharp as a rifle shot. Flick!

*Exit by balcony, followed by BEN and others.*

HARRY. Now, my darlings, you must exert all your fascinations and persuade him to accompany you to Datchet; when there, (*to MISS LEVITE*) if my dear Emily Jane will condescend to follow my instructions, my grand *coup* shall come off, and I'll win the stakes in a canter.

(*a great noise without, and voice of SIMCOX heard in altercation with TOM and the WATERMEN outside*)

It's done—it's done. Tom's run into him like a white squall.

MISS L. Oh, poor fellow, he'll be drowned!

HARRY. No, it's all right—Ben and Gus have caught him with the boat hook—they're hauling him in—eh, a piece of his ducks has come away, and he's in again. Oh, isn't he frightened?—all right, they've hooked him again.

MISS L. (*laughing*) Oh, what an object.

*Music—Enter BEN, GUS, and TOM, with others, supporting SIMCOX, who is very pale and haggard, with a torn piece of trousers hanging behind.*

MISS L. Good gentleman, are you drowned?

SIMCOX, (*faintly*) Not quite, but as near as a toucher—that infernal little scoundrel who ran into me—if ever I come across him again, (*violently*) I'll—

TOM. (*advancing impudently—with a nautical bow*) Here's your Panama, sir. (*giving him straw hat*) Very sorry for the

accident, but I caught a crab, and before I could recover, I was aboard of you. (*aside*) Flick!

SIMCOX. Caught a crab! Damme, I've caught my death, or pretty near it, to say nothing of being caught by the slack of my trousers with a boat-hook, which, besides giving me a fearful scratch, carried away an extensive section of the canvas. (*shows back of trousers*)

MISS L. Dear me, how distressing.

SIMCOX. Very, ma'am, a boat-hook's a very awkward instrument to be caught by, it's first cousin to the drags, and you know how *they* lay hold, ma'am, of you. (*shuddering*) Ough!

MISS L. It must be dreadful. (*giving him a chair*) Pray sit down, and take something to restore you.

SIMCOX. Thank you, ma'am, I'm much obliged. (*sits and jumps up immediately*) Oh!

MISS L. and LADIES. Eh! what's the matter?

SIMCOX. Nothing—nothing; only—I—I—for inexpressible reasons I'd rather stand. (*aside*) Oh, I forgot my appointment with Mr. Squeers. I beg your pardon, ladies and gentlemen, I'm much obliged to you for the attention you have shown me, but I've particular business at Twickenham, which compels me to take my leave. (*bows ridiculously, and going C.*)

MISS L. (*stopping him*) No—no—we cannot suffer you to go alone after your accident, we have a cutter with an awning, and (*insinuatingly*) nice soft cushions waiting for us at the stairs, (*looking at him with fascination*) if you will condescend to be our passenger we will land you (*looking at him tenderly and sighing*) safely at your destination.

SIMCOX. Oh! you are very kind, I'm sure; but—I thank you, I really couldn't think— (*aside*) She's a dooced pretty girl, and I think she's struck with me—it's astonishing how fatal I am in this costume. Ahem! I—I—I— (*MISS LEVITE looks smilingly at him—he swaggers and smiles ridiculously at her—aside*) She's dooced pretty, and no mistake—and there's no doubt I've made an impression upon her. (*swaggers—MISS LEVITE exchanges looks of intelligence with HARRY and the rest who laugh and enjoy the idea of cheating SIMCOX*)

TOM. (*aside*) Oh! you addle-pated Cochin China—it's no credit to bamboozle you—you're such a sappy.

SIMCOX. After all it's a long pull, particularly (*making wry face*) situated is I am—and the cushions, eh? I've a great mind— (*looking at MISS LEVITE sillily*)

MISS L. (*affectionately*) Now do come with us—*do*—I should be so happy. (*laughing sillily and hiding face*) He, he, he!

SIMCOX. Well—well, (*pointedly*) as you seem so much to wish it, I will accept your politeness.

TOM. (*forgetting himself*) Sold again, and got the money. Flick!



SIMCOX. (*turning*) Eh?

TOM. I said, your coming with us in our wherry was wherry funny, and that you were a *brick*.

SIMCOX. (*suspiciously*) Oh—ah! (*aside*) I don't half like that young powder monkey. I think he capsized me on purpose. (*to MISS LEVITE*) You're glad I consent to join your party?

MISS L. Glad! (*sighing*) Oh! I shall never. (*pretending confusion*) Oh! what will mamma say? (*aside*) Did you ever see such a Tom Noddy? Now then, Red Rovers, to Twickenham—aboard and away!

TOM. (*blowing whistle close to SIMCOX's ear, who starts*) Tumble up—tumble up—tumble up, Red Rovers, away!

GUS. (*with bottle and glass*) Stop—stop, the parting glass!

BEN. And the Rovers' Barcarolle. Pipe up, Tom, pull the stroke, and we'll drop in with the coal box.

*Barcarolle.*

A rover's life for me,  
My home the stormy sea,  
A path traced by the wind  
A path of joy I find.

La, la, la, la, &c.

There's beauty everywhere,  
So varied and so rare,  
And tender hearts are found  
The happy earth around.

La, la, la, la, &c.

So here's a parting glass  
To every pretty lass,  
And may each happy be,  
When far away we plough the sea.

La, la, la, la, &c.

*At the end of which all go up to exit by balcony—MISS LEVITE coquetting with SIMCOX. Scene closed in.*

SCENE SECOND.—*A Garden belonging to the Villa.*

SQUEERS. (*without, L.*) You go down to the river, Jacob, and you, Sally, run to the railway. Cook, keep back the partridges, and, Dick, run to the pastrycook's for more ice.

*Enter MR. SQUEERS, L.*

Oh dear, oh dear! half-past two, and no signs of Simcox—what with anxiety, and the heat, and scolding the servants, I'm like the ices I've provided for the luncheon, dissolving into a dew. (*fanning himself with hat—calling faintly, then violently*)

Selina! Selina! Selina! come here directly, or you'll find your father a pearl drop in the cup of a tulip. Oh, it's an awful calamity for a father to have a daughter who wishes him farther because he won't let her do as she pleases, which is, of course, to marry and make a fool of herself—eh, there's something white yonder, bobbing among the trees. (*putting up telescope*) No, it's only a boy's kite; perverse little minx, to object to my views for her happiness, just as if girls knew what was good for them—to prefer a poor, paltry—ah! there's somebody now. (*putting up glass*) Yes, yes—it is—psha, it's a donkey nibbling thistles. Selina! Selina! Selina!

*Enter SELINA, L.*

SELINA. I'm here, pa', what is your pleasure?

SQUEERS. Ask a man, who is suffering every variety of misery, what's his pleasure! Ah, that's right, snigger and chuckle and hug yourself at my disappointment, but your triumph won't be long, he'll be here presently and my wish will be accomplished.

SELINA. Oh, pa', how can you be so cruel; think of the debt of gratitude you owe Mr. Halcyon—but for his courage and gallantry you would have lost your life.

SQUEERS. Pooh, pooh! because I happened to make a false step in getting on board a steamer, and he jumped after me, and kept me up till they threw me a life buoy, am I to sacrifice you, my fortune, and everything to him? No, no—I did all that usages of good society required on such occasions—I made him a feeling speech, eloquently expressive of my gratitude; wrote a letter to the Humane Society, and recommended him for a medal; and invited him to dinner; but I never imagined he would expect me to make him my son-in-law, and give him ten thousand pounds.

SELINA. Oh, pa, I'm ashamed of you. (*crosses to C.*)

*Enter TOM TITTLBAT, disguised as a messenger to the Electric Telegraph Company, L. 1 E.*

TOM. (*loudly*) Mr. Squeers, Parchment Villa.

SQUEERS. Eh—what! a telegram?

TOM. Yes, sir. (*giving letter*) Two and six portorage—flick! I mean quick.

SQUEERS. Two and sixpence—it's an imposition, I never paid more than a shilling.

TOM. Maybe you didn't, sir, but 'lectricity's riz since the 'lantric telegraph's lost, so fork out flick—quick.

SQUEERS. Well, you're a sharp young chick.

TOM. Yes, sir, in our business we're 'bleeged to be needles.

SQUEERS. Ah! well, let's see. (*puts on spectacles and opens letter*)

TOM. (*aside to SELINA*) Don't you know me, miss—I'm Tom Tittlebat, bosun of the Red Rovers.

SELINA. Ah, you come from——

TOM. Our captain, Mr. Halcyon; we've smuggled Mr. Simcox, and have got him safe under hatches—the telegram's to bring you and your papa to see him in his glory. Oh, such a lark! (*laughing and dancing*) Ha, ha, ha!

SQUEERS. Well, this is most extraordinary. (*turning and seeing TOM*) Hollo, you young shaver, what are you laughing at?

TOM. Laughing, sir! oh dear, no. I've got a bad toothache—it screws my face nine bobble square. (*pretending to be in pain*) Oh—oh—(*suddenly altering tone*) the two and six if you please, sir, for I must mizzle.

SQUEERS. Well, well—(*giving money*) there, though I know it's a swindle.

TOM. Yes, sir—like enough, sir—write to the office. (*aside*) Sold again—flick—look out, miss, we shall have such a game. Oh, my sister's dancing shoes, won't we pay him out.

SQUEERS. (*turning*) Eh, what?

TOM. I said, sir, I must have it out—oh—oh—oh. *Exit, L.*

SELINA. Well, pa', what is it?

SQUEERS. An anonymous telegram warning me of Simcox—listen. "Mr. Squeers—You think Mr. Simcox is worthy of your daughter—you're a fool."—That's civil.—"If you wish to see him in his true character drop in upon him this afternoon at the "Swan," at Datchet, he's there with a party of bosom friends." When he ought to be here signing his wedding contract. "'A word to the wise'—he's a humbug." There, my dear, what do you think of that? Ought I to believe it?

SELINA. Certainly, pa,' I always told you he was deceitful.

SQUEERS. Well, but you see, my dear—his fortune!

SELINA. Oh! pa,' think of my happiness.

SQUEERS. I *do*, my dear, and as a prudent parent——

SELINA. Would *sell* me to a man I could never love!

SQUEERS. Well, well, I've a great mind to see if this warning be true. I confess I've misgivings—you've got your hat on—we'll go directly, (*going*) and if I find him playing you false, I'll——

SELINA. Marry me to Mr. Halcyon, there's a dear pa'.

SQUEERS. No—no—I don't promise that.

SELINA. (*coaxing him*) Oh! yes, you do, dear pa'—you only want a good excuse to break with Mr. Simcox, and make me happy.

SQUEERS. (*relenting*) No—no—I don't.

SELINA. Oh! yes you *do*, dear, dear pa'.

SQUEERS. I don't.

SELINA. You do.

SQUEERS. Oh! you coaxing little gipsy—I don't—I don't.

SELINA. You do—you do! *Exeunt, R.*

SCENE THIRD.—*The River Side at Datchet—practicable water—the opposite bank the village, &c. Music—The Scene opens on a gay and animated tableau—a new wherry suspended by poles in C. of stage, in which MISS LEVITE and others are seated—HARRY, GUS, BEN, JEM, &c. swing the boat with garlands.*

*Chorus.*

So here's a parting glass  
To every pretty lass,  
And may each happy be  
When far away we plough the sea.

HARRY. Bravo! my gallant Rovers—success to (*pointing to boat*) the White Squall—the skimmer of the Thames—the Petrel of Putney!

ALL. (*shout*) Hurrah! &c.

*Enter TOM TITTEBAT, L., boatswain's dress.*

TOM. Square the yards, and bouse up taut, my noble commanders, I delivered the telegram, and the enemy's bearing down upon us—going large before the wind—top-gallants—sky-scrapers, and moon-rakers. Flick!

HARRY. That's your sort, young Flibberty-jibbet. (*to MISS LEVITE and LADIES*) How's your patient, pretty mermaids?

MISS L. (*removing cloak and showing SIMCOX asleep in boat*) As well as can be expected—sweetly slumbering under the influences of a champagne lunch and a patent (*shaking boat*) somniferator.

HARRY. It's time to rouse him and prepare for the attack—leave him a clear ship, and hurrah! for the boarders.

(*Music—the GENTLEMEN assist the LADIES to descend during the following dialogue—the GENTLEMEN twist the garland round SIMCOX's arms and give the ends to the LADIES, who place themselves in the position of sailors about to heave on a rope*)

*Enter MR. SQUEERS and SELINA, L.*

SQUEERS. This is "The Swan," and sure enough here's a party of amateur watermen and their ladies, but (*looking round*) I don't see Simcox.

SELINA. Oh! you may be sure he is not far off. Let us sit down in this arbour and see the sports.

SQUEERS. Miss Squeers, perhaps you'll be kind enough to

remember that I have not brought you here to amuse yourself with viewing aquatic sports, but to obtain evidence against a truant lover; but as the weather is warm, and you are tired, I don't mind sitting down for a few minutes, and giving you some slight refreshment. (*sitting in arbour and striking table*) Waiter!

*Enter WAITER from house, L.*

WAITER. What's your pleasure, sir?

SQUEERS. A glass of grog.

WAITER. Yes—yes—directly, sir. (*going towards house*)

SQUEERS. Without spirit, sugar, or lemon.

WAITER. Yes, sir—directly, sir. (*calling*) A glass of water with a cinder in it. *Exit into house, L.*

HARRY. Now, all together with a will.

(SIMCOX snores—LADIES pull the garlands—SIMCOX sits up, very drunk)

SELINA. See—see, papa, where he is.

SQUEERS. And evidently intoxicated—oh, the scoundrel.

SIMCOX. Hollo, hollo! where am I? eh! oh dear, I've drifted out to sea. (*they sway the boat*) Oh dear, oh dear—there's a storm. (*holding*) I shall be capsized and drowned—oh dear, steward—steward. (*looking over the side of the boat*) Eh! oh! I'm ashore—but where? where? (*seeing LADIES, &c.*) Oh! I know, it's the Elysian fields—I'm a sort of Sardanapalus or Don Giovanni. (*singing from Don Giovanni*) Hollo! I'm a little top heavy. (*laughing sillily*) Would you oblige me by keeping the boat steady for half a minute—I think I should feel firmer on terra firma. (*tries to get out—the LADIES jerk the boat, he falls out, is caught by HARRY, GUS, &c.*)

TOM. All right, governor, port your helm—steady she goes.

(*the GENTLEMEN put SIMCOX on his feet, he's still drunk—*

MR. SQUEERS and SELINA observe him)

SELINA. Dreadful— isn't it, pa'?

SQUEERS. Shocking—he's several sheets in the wind at the very least.

SIMCOX. Thank you, thank you—now I'm as right as a trivet—hollo, hollo! there's a vibration even here. (*laughing*) If I should be called upon to give evidence before the Insanity Commission as to the state of the Thames just now, I should say that it is decidedly inebriated—and that the oscillations attendant on that happy state are distinctly felt on the banks.

TOM. (*blowing whistle*) Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

(*all shout three times*)

SIMCOX. (*seeing SQUEERS and SELINA*) Ah! how are you, old six and eightpence. Selina, my darling, how are you? (*laughing*) I'm pretty well, I thank you. (*singing*) "Three cheers for the red, white, and blue."

SQUEERS. Come, Selina, come—we've seen enough. Mr. Simcox, I'm surprised at you—how is it I find you in this ungentlemanly state?

SIMCOX. Ungentlemanly state—(*staggers up against SQUEERS—TOM prevents him from falling*) I deny—indignantly deny—the degrading aspersion. I've been drinking champagne, sir—Clicot's best—and I'll maintain that a man who becomes obfuscated under the influence of such a benign and expensive beverage, is in a *gentlemanly* state—a *noblemanly* state—in fact, a highly respectable state, sir. (*singing and dancing*) “Hurrah for the red, white, and blue.”

SQUEERS. Come, come, Selina—this is not a scene for you.

SELINA. Yes it is, pa', for it shows me what I am to expect when I am married.

SQUEERS. Mr. Simcox, I request, sir, that you will immediately return to London. I never saw propriety so shamefully outraged by a gentleman who should know better, and is on the point of becoming my son-in-law.

SIMCOX. My dear, respectable, and respected matrimonial parent, you're too pre—pre—cipitate in your conclusions; allow me to rub a lucifer and enlighten your dilapidated understanding. In the first place, you see, there's no mistake about it, I'm very drunk; very well, that's allowed—well, then you see I've made some agreeable—(*smiling at LADIES*) I may say, charming acquaintances.

SQUEERS. Shut your eyes, Selina—I insist on your not seeing this impropriety.

SELINA. No, no, pa', I'm learning another lesson.

SIMCOX. Having met with what they call an accidental collision—but which, between you and me and the Morning Post, I think for certain reasons (*looking affectionately at Miss LEVITE*) was an intentional capsize—for I was pitched head over heels into the river, and was hauled out again with a boat hook in the slack of my—ducks—which—never mind—made me feel uncomfortable at the time. My sweet young friends here, taking compassion on my forlorn condition, gave me a soft seat in their boat and brought me here, where I've been feasted like a prince on lobster salad, game pies, and champagne, until—ha, ha, ha! (*singing*) “Hurrah for the red, white, and blue.” Let's have a dance, old boy—a *naughty-gal* hornpipe—eh, my darling Selina, and we'll make it (*trying to put his arm round her*) pas de ducks.

SQUEERS. (*with umbrella*) Keep off, sir—keep off, I'm disgusted with you, and so is Selina. Come home, my dear, come home. Oh, you pirate—you corsair. (*threatening him with umbrella*)

SIMCOX. (*laughing and singing*) “Hurrah for the red, white

and blue." Foot it, old boy—foot it. (*seizes umbrella and tries to pull it away*) Yo ho—heave ho—yo ho, &c., &c.

SQUEERS. (*pulling*) Let go, sir—let go. (*the stick comes from the umbrella; and SIMCOX who has been pulling violently, falls backwards; MR. SQUEERS at the same time is near falling, but is saved by SELINA—in a rage, flourishing stick of umbrella*) Oh, you—you drunken vagabond—you—you—you—

TOM. (*knocks hat over MR. SQUEERS' eyes*) Flick! Hurrah for the red, white, and blue. (*the LADIES and WATERMEN raise SIMCOX*)

SQUEERS. (*furiously*) Oh, you lawless scoundrels—you—you—I'll make you pay for this. (*pulls SELINA off, amid the jeers of all*)

SIMCOX. Go to Bath, you old fool, and have your head shaved.

HARRY. Now, my stormy petrels—clear decks for action! Pipe all hands for a caper.

TOM. Aye, aye, your honour! (*blows whistle*) Toe and heelers ahoy! stretch along your flying jibs—stand by your lifts and braces, and hurrah for a *naughty gal* hornpipe!

(*hornpipe by all the Characters, in which SIMCOX takes a prominent part, dancing with MISS LEVITE, an eccentric drunken pas, after the manner of Mr. Leclercq in "Jack's Return from Canton." At the conclusion he falls, and is placed in a chair and carried towards the house, in procession Barcarolle—and closed in*)

SCENE FOURTH.—*The Garden. Same as Scene Second.*

*Enter MR. SQUEERS and SELINA, L.*

SQUEERS. Oh, the profligate drunken ruffian!

SELINA. Yes, pa', and everything else that's hateful and disreputable. Oh, what an escape I've had! if you had forced me to marry him, oh, pa! in a very short time I should have been obliged to have had him up in the Matrimonial Grief Court, before Mr. Mustard and Cresswell.

SQUEERS. It is indeed dreadful to speculate to what lengths he might have carried his misconduct; and I, as a father who loves his child, am glad that I—yet, confound him—he's very well to do in the world, and I shall not easily find so good a match for you; for you see, my dear, the candles place his matrimonial qualifications in so *strong* a light, that I, as an attorney and a *prudent* father, I think—

SELINA. Oh, pa, I'm ashamed of you! would you, for the sake of a few paltry hundred pounds, made by melting kitchen stuff, make me miserable for life?

SQUEERS. Pooh, pooh—romantic folly, fit only for a story



book and domestic dramas. Who ever heard of people being miserable with a fine house and a carriage, and two thousand a year?

SELINA. But love, pa! love! without that even Claude Melnotte's palace, and a dozen carriages, and twenty thousand a year would be—

SQUEERS. Silly puss—prudent marriages are like saving bank deposits; present sacrifices, for future comforts—umbrellas and cork soles for rainy days.

SELINA. Yes, but to be continually carrying our gingham under our arm, particularly in the sunshine, when a pink parasol is the fashion, and stamping about in thick highlows, when the weather warrants bronze, is very trying to the youthful mind.

SQUEERS. Ah! you'll thank me for my care of you by-and-bye; so I shall look over Mr Simcox's little discretion, and when you are married, you can wean him from his flighty ways, and reform him; that's far better than making a disturbance for a youthful frolic, and letting his money go out of the family.

SELINA. Then, pa', you'll force me to show a spirit and act for myself; so, once for all, take notice (*firmly*) that I *won't* marry him, under *any* circumstances.

SQUEERS. Selina—Miss Squeers! (*with comic dignity*) Do you happen to recollect that I am your father?

SELINA. As long as you remembered I was your daughter, sir, I was happy in giving you that title, but now—

SQUEERS. (*in a rage*) Very well, miss, very well, I know what you mean by this perverseness; but do as you please, follow your foolish inclination, and marry that poodle, swimming fellow; you've my free consent—marry him, marry him directly, I shall be delighted to get you off my hands.

SELINA. (*seizing both his hands, shaking them violently, and hugging him*) Oh, thank you, dear pa! thank you, thank you a thousand times! I'll run back and tell him of your kindness. Oh, thank you, thank you, you've made me so happy! *Runs off, R.*

SQUEERS. Well, that's cool, upon my life—the artful little gipsy! (*calling*) Here, here, Selina, Selina! come back, I didn't mean—zounds! stop that young lady in the pork-pie hat—stop her, stop her! Selina, Selina! Parsons and pigeon pies! she'll be married and settled before I can forbid the banns—Selina, Selina! *Exit running, R.*

SCENE FIFTH.—*The River side at Datchet (same as Scene Third).*

*All the characters discovered—SIMCOX asleep in bottom of boat—all shout as the scene opens—enter SELINA, L.*

SELINA. Oh, Harry, dear Harry!



*Enter MR. SQUEERS, L.*

SQUEERS. Come here, you baggage.

SELINA. Now, pa', as you must perceive Mr. Simcox's indiscretions are incurable, won't you be generous and make me happy?

SQUEERS. Well, well, I confess I'm getting pretty nearly cured of my diphtheria, and as you seem to have made up your mind on the matter, why, as a foolish father who loves his daughter, I—

SELINA. (*shaking both his hands and hugging him as before*) Oh, thank you, dear, dear pa'! thank you!

SQUEERS. No, no, don't be so precipitate; I don't consent yet. (*abruptly to HARRY*) Sir, the question I am about to ask you under any other circumstances might be deemed impertinent, but, situated as we are at present, it is of vital importance and perfectly justifiable. My daughter tells me you love her, and she endorses the assertion by stating that she loves you. Now, sir, as a man and a father, I ask you—no, no, I mean as a father and an attorney, I ask you, as a man and a bachelor, have you the means of supporting a wife?

HARRY. I have—ample; and though at the present moment I cannot afford to keep an expensive establishment, I shall shortly be in possession of an estate of three thousand a year.

SQUEERS. I'm satisfied. Land is better than kitchen stuff all the world over, and as an attorney I am accustomed to deal more with deeds than words, and as an affectionate father, I feel I am securing the happiness of my child. There, there, bless you both, my children!

SELINA. Oh! dear pa'—dear Harry! (*they embrace*)

SIMCOX. (*sits up in boat*) Eh! hollo! what's all this—one of the pirates hugging my wife?

SQUEERS. Your wife, you contemptible little rushlight; she's the wife of a better man.

SIMCOX. A buttermilk! Oh! Selina! you'd better have stuck to sparmecity; but there's no accounting for tastes—a pretty dance you've led me amongst you. What satisfaction am I to have for all my sufferings—a capsize in the river—a prob with a boat hook—a headache—a fright and the loss of my wife—

AIL. (*laughing*) Dreadful! shocking!

SIMCOX. Barbarians! has the march of crinoline gone upwards, and steeled your bosoms like your muslins?—is there no heart that pities me?

MISS L. Well, I'm not sure that mine doesn't, a little; and if you were not so silly, and such a guy, I might, perhaps—

SIMCOX. Oh! wait till you see me in my uniform as a

Corporal in the West Diddlesex Congreves. I flatter myself I am then rather, a double extra "short four"—and as to my silliness, I can bring witnesses to prove I'm not near the sappy I look.

MISS L. Well then, if you're very pressing, and mean honourable, I don't mind taking pity on you.

SIMCOX. That's your sort—come over—I'm your man. (*embraces her*)

TOM. Sold again, and got the money—flick!

SIMCOX. Eh! that bosun scoundrel again! Oh! if I catch him. Oh! you young devilskin! how shamefully I've been treated by all parties!

HARRY. You have indeed; never mind, forget and forgive—all's fair in love and war—so let's shake hands and be friends.

*Chorus.*

So here's a parting glass,  
To every pretty lass!  
And may each happy be,  
When far away we plough the sea.

**Curtain.**