



Fig. 129

The Mummy.

TOBY (comes forward with pint & pipe.) now this is what I term woman's devotion.
CAPTAIN CANTER Conceal yourself, here comes the enemy.

Scene 2.

THE
M U M M Y.

A Farce

IN ONE ACT.

BY

BAYLE BERNARD,

AUTHOR OF

*The Farmer's Story, The Middy Ashore, Maiden's Fame, The Man
about Town, Lucille, Platonic Attachments, Conquering Game,
Evil Genius, Life's Trials, Balance of Comfort, Storm in
a Tea Cup, Practical Man, Marie Ducange, St. Mary's
Ecc, Dumb Belle, Four Sisters, Yankee Pedlar,
Boarding School, Trecannon, Irish Attorney,
His Last Legs, &c., &c.*

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market,)

LONDON.

913743

MUMMY.

First produced at the Lyceum Theatre, 1833.

Characters.

	English Opera.	Adelphi.
MR. MANDRAGON	Mr. WILLIAMS. ...	Mr. W. BENNET.
CAPTAIN CANTER	Mr. J. BLAND. ...	Mr. HEMMING.
OLD TRAMP	Mr. MINTON. ...	Mr. BAYNE.
TOBY TRAMP	Mr. J. REEVE. ...	Mr. J. REEVE.
LARRY BATHERSHIN ...	Mr. B. HILL. ...	Mr. SANDERS.
THEOPHILUS POLE	Mr. WYMAN. ...	Mr. S. SMITH.
FANNY MANDRAGON ...	Miss NOVELLO. ...	Miss NOVELLO.
SUSAN	Mrs. EMDEN. ...	Mrs. EMDEN.

SCENE—HOUSE AND VILLAGE IN BERKSHIRE.

Time in Representation—an hour.

Costumes.

CAPTAIN CANTER.—*First dress*: Modern walking dress. *Second dress*: Planter's straw hat, and long nankeen coat.

MANDRAGON.—Square cut nankeen coat, waistcoat and trousers, grey stockings, square toed shoes.

TOBY.—*First dress*: Black trousers, brown short-tailed coat buttoned up to the neck, and old white hat. *Second dress*: Dark brown shape dress, with blue and red stripes, as a mummy.

THEOPHILUS.—Black pantaloons, coat, and waistcoat.

LARRY.—Quaint square cut livery.

OLD TRAMP.—Old-fashioned brown suit.

FANNY.—White muslin dress.

SUSAN.—Figured muslin apron and cap.

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THE MUMMY.

SCENE FIRST.—*Street in a Village.*

Enter CAPTAIN CANTER, R.

CANT. I can't be mistaken? that must be my old London acquaintance—there's not such another face in England. But then his dress is so suspicious! I have hardly courage, in a little village—where every old woman is a general survivor—to make myself known. Yes, it is him! Hist! Toby! Toby! Toby Tramp! (*whispering off, L.*)

Enter TOBY TRAMP, L.

TOBY. "Who calls so loud?" Ah, captain—noble Roman—what brings you to Littlestyle?

CANT. Fate, Toby.

TOBY. Toby! I beg pardon, captain, but I've changed my name, since I left town, to Horace Templeton—it reads better at the head of a bill.

CANT. Well, then, Horace Templeton, the cause of my presence here is a woman. Now what may be yours?

TOBY. Not a woman, but an art——

CANT. An art?

TOBY. Yes—you know my versatility—in London I was Master of Arts.

CANT. Very true—you professed everything. Let me see—you had a taste for drawing——

TOBY. Corks. Guess again.

CANT. You were a proficient in music—I can remember some of your dulcet notes——

TOBY. It's a long while since I've had any *silver* sounds. Elevate your notions, captain. What is the most sublime and useful study in this most civilized of countries?

CANT. Hum! the art of creating confidence in a London tradesman.

TOBY. Pooh pooh! the stage, captain, the stage—the immortal sphere of Shakespeare and of Garrick.

CANT. The stage! Oh, then you've become a *spouter*?

TOBY. Don't mention it, I don't know how it was, but one morning the furor seized me. I came down here, shut myself

up two days in a garret, and opened in Richard—the hit was tremendous—before I reached the great scenes my acting was so affecting, half the people were obliged to go out.

CANT. But surely your figure doesn't answer in tragedy?

TOBY. Not answer? it tells. Why such is the utility of my construction, I can either compress myself to Romeo or let myself out for Falstaff. My superiority to other actors is, that I don't require stuffing.

CANT. That's lucky; for in this wretched place you can get no remuneration.

TOBY. Remuneration! Read the country paper. Fame to a man of genius is enough remuneration.

CANT. But is it to a man of business? I should say, if you take the country paper to your butcher, he'd ask you for cash.

TOBY. But you wouldn't have me play and pay too? No I propose an exchange of commodities—beef and mutton for the feast of reason, and a tide of brandy for the flow of soul.

CANT. Come, come, Toby, is it really a fire in the heart or a pain in the shoulder, which has driven you to this new experiment?

TOBY. I assure you, my dear fellow, only one thing has occurred to make me repent it. My benefit—my benefit ruined me. I had paid all my creditors with tickets, and the house was at least twenty pounds under the manager's charges.

CANT. Well, now, what if I propose a plan to put this twenty pounds in your pocket, and thereby enable you to pursue your amusement under more favourable auspices.

TOBY. How?

CANT. Listen. I have followed here a charming creature, whom I accidentally met in London, and eternally gave my heart to. Her father, a retired merchant, has a passion for curiosities; he has spent a fortune in forming a museum; and having lately been so lucky as to buy a sarcophagus, the great object of his existence is now to get a mummy.

TOBY. A what?

CANT. A mummy—the body of an Egyptian prince; which, by some process in embalming, has been preserved entire. Well, under a suitable disguise I have introduced myself to him as an Eastern traveller that has brought over the veritable frame of King Cheops.

TOBY. (*making signs*) Oho!

CANT. Here, I require a confederate—some one that will get into a black box I have at the inn, and put on a dress of calico bandages. Now, Toby, you are the man.

TOBY. I!

CANT. You.

TOBY. A first tragedian play a mummy! Why that's a

dummy! I wouldn't do it for twenty pounds a week. (*claps on his hat and walks off*)

CANT. (*pulling him back*) But where's the difficulty? I'll ke care that no one shall approach too near till my arrangements are made, which are to get the hand of the girl as your urchase.

TOBY. But it's so bad a part—I shall have nothing to say!

CANT. No; all you'll have to do is to lie still.

TOBY. But the old fogy may have seen me act.

CANT. He'll never recognize you in so *quiet* a character.

TOBY. Suppose I'm troubled with a cough?

CANT. Then I'll shut down the lid——

TOBY. And then I'm smothered, and that ends my performance.

CANT. Then the upshot is, that I must go to town and appeal to the good nature of a truer friend.

TOBY. But, my dear fellow, no manager ever made me a corpse——

CANT. Twenty pounds——

TOBY. I never could study a dumb part——

CANT. Twenty pounds——

TOBY. But let me just open my mouth——

CANT. And I'll stop it up with twenty pounds! (*pushes him off, L.*)

SCENE SECOND.—*Madragon's Museum—detached glass cases are ranged around, containing curiosities—a sarcophagus stands at the back on tressels—vases, busts, broken statues, stuffed birds, beasts, &c. heap the room and line the walls—a door R. at back—two bottles stand on a shelf, one labelled “Elixir Vitæ,” the other “Brandy.”*

THEOPILUS POLE *discovered before a stand painting a stuffed crocodile, which LARRY BATHERSHIN is holding up to him by the jaws.*

LARRY. Phew! The devil fly away with the fine arts! Here have I been all the morning supporting an allegory. Mr. Tophilus, are my degrading sarvices required any longer?

POLE. Drop the jaw.

LARRY. By the powers it's a dacent long one. I suppose this was some sea Demosthenes.

POLE. Now present the volume of the tail.

LARRY. The volume! 'Pon my conscience it's a tale in many volumes. Oh, Mr. Tophilus! I wonder at your want of pride, to take the likeness of a baste that makes mouths at you.

POLE. You have no taste for the sublime.

LARRY. I deny that—I'll drink whiskey with any man.

POLE. Your master is a man of judgment. The pictures I have painted of the rare and valuable contents of his museum will go forth as a lasting record of his fame and mine. Yet painting the dead is a spiritless pursuit. Had this monster been alive, what a great work I'd have made of him.

LARRY. And what small work he'd have made of you.

POLE. You have no genius; the painter who loves as I do the sublime, will always court danger to catch reality. Give me to gaze upon the hungry lion, fierce and lonely, in his forest lair—to paint the writhings of the imprisoned maniac, clutching at an empty crown! (*seizing LARRY by the throat, and fixing in an attitude*)

LARRY. What!

POLE. Ha, expression! I see at last a meaning in your face. Now I could *take* you.

LARRY. (*disengaging himself*) I'm not to be had. Sir, would you make an Irish gentleman, a mountebank?

POLE. No kindred feeling; well, let us resume our duties, and attend to the antiques.

LARRY. I'm tired of your antics; here's half the house strewed with stonemason's rubbish, which the old lunatic, my master, calls rarities; and the other full of devouring monsters, well stuffed.

POLE. The gems of natural history.

LARRY. Natural history! I deny that—it's *unnatural*; doesn't he keep all sorts of reptiles in capital *spirits*, and deny a glass to us experimental philosophers? Does he wish to preserve anything that's *eatable*? doesn't he set more value upon the bones of an old beast than a young gentleman? By the powers, he's one of the most degrading species of *infatuators*.

POLE. Do you impugn his taste? his love for everything that rare?

LARRY. It's not rare, it's *over done*.

POLE. You have no science.

LARRY. I deny that! I have been through college.

POLE. You?

LARRY. Yes; from the back door to the front, and science carried me. I whitewashed the passage.

POLE. You are ignorant of history.

LARRY. I deny that.

POLE. Do you know anything of cosmogony?

LARRY. I've seen one.

POLE. What?

LARRY. In Ireland.

POLE. Seen cosmogony?

LARRY. Yes, sir; the rale thing. Do you think your dirty

Ashy, and Afryky contain all the curiosities? The animal you spake of abounds in County Clare.

POLE. Cosmogony, means the history of the world.

LARRY. Only hear that now. Oh, you wretched sophist, to put down argument with a dirty bit of larnin—why, I've caught a cosmogony. (POLE turns away in contempt)

Enter SUSAN, R., and comes down between them.

POLE. Illiterate worm.

SUSAN. Sir!

LARRY. Wretched pride of the world.

SUSAN. Gentlemen!

POLE. Contemptible insect!

SUSAN. Mr. Pole!

LARRY. A shovel-full of clay on a clothes-horse.

SUSAN. Who do you address this language to? Ah, Horace Templeman, you are a gentleman.

LARRY. And I suppose you think you are another.

SUSAN. Mr. Pole.

POLE. Angelic Susan!

SUSAN. Have you finished my picture?

POLE. Sweet girl, your painter is the slave of circumstance. Ever since I took the first rough sketch, I have been busy on the likeness of a wild cat.

SUSAN. You mean to proceed?

POLE. Doubt it not; but I would first see you under some excitement; you know my forte is the sublime. I must put you in a passion some day, and then take your features.

LARRY. Then take care of your own.

Enter MANDRAGON, with a portfolio under his arm, and a letter, followed by FANNY, R.

MAN. Well, Theophilus, are your labours completed? (*taking up a sketch*) Admirable! the jaws are full of power, and the tail has infinite spirit! This will be number five in my great work, "Mandragon's Gallery of Curiosities." (*opening the portfolio, and turning over the leaves*) First—"Authentic Bust of the celebrated Cicero—the only likeness extant—nose wanting." Second—"A Petrified Hedgehog—bristles erect. Supposed to have died of fright at an eruption of Vesuvius." Third—"An extraordinary Animal, without head, legs, or tail. Name, country, and climate, totally unknown." Fourth—"Pompey's Urn." Five—"An Egyptian Crocodile." And the sixth—"Theophilus——"

POLE. The sixth!

MAN. Is the crown of the collection. What think you of aenant for my sarcophagus—a mummy?

LARRY. A what?

MAN. The veritable remains of the first Egyptian Pharaoh, full three thousand years old—there's a subject for your pencil. Here's a note from its possessor, who has just returned from town with it, for my museum.

POLE. Well, a mummy is inspiring—there's a spirit in a mummy.

MAN. You'll make a lovely picture of it.

POLE. If it's very horrible.

MAN. Prepare a fresh sheet for a sketch. You—Larry and Susan—attend the door. (THEOPHILUS places his stand on one side, and goes out)

LARRY. His mummy—what the devil does he mean by his mummy? his mother? (to SUSAN)

SUSAN. No, no—a mummy is a dead man preserved.

LARRY. Well, I've heard of live men preserved—but never of a dead one. (goes out with SUSAN, L.)

MAN. Fanny, my child, you are ignorant as yet of the great result of my years of application to black letter, and the Crucible.

FANNY. Loss of appetite and temper, papa.

MAN. Tut, tut, a discovery that shall waft my name down the vista of ages, to the setting sun of mortality.

FANNY. What is it?

MAN. Hush—(in a low tone) I believe I have actually discovered the constituents of that long lost compound the Elixir Vitæ, by which the old philosophers and priests prolonged their being many hundred years. (points to the bottle on the table, R.)

FANNY. But surely you don't want to prolong yours, every day you say life grows a burden.

MAN. No, no, I have a grander object—if this Elixir can prolong the vital functions, it must also have the power to restore them—now as I hear this mummy, by some virtue in bandage, has been preserved without the loss of his interior.

FANNY. Yes.

MAN. I'll make this the subject of an experiment.

FANNY. Well—

MAN. But as the result must be ascertained in secret, you must assist me, Fanny—you must amuse the traveller for half-an-hour.

FANNY. Papa!

MAN. Then you see, if my specific fails, I can refuse the purchase—whilst if it succeeds—

FANNY. But, papa—I don't know how to amuse a traveller.

MAN. Poh, poh, you can lead him over the grounds—he'll be sure to ask you a thousand common-place questions, which you can divide into three times as many answers. Ah! (a loud knock, L.)

Enter SUSAN, L.

SUSAN. Major Bangalore, and a box, sir.

MAN. Show him in. (*SUSAN goes out, L.*) Now, Fanny, will you deny me the greatest favour I possibly can ask you. Will you prevent my name becoming a constellation in science?

FANNY. But, papa—an utter stranger.

Enter CAPTAIN CANTER, in a broad-brimmed hat, flowing Oriental costume, and spectacles, followed by LARRY and two others, L., bearing a black box, which they place in the centre, then go out, L.

CANT. Mr. Mandragon, I'm your most obedient. To allay your anxiety, I've returned a day before I promised. Now, sir, inspect this splendid specimen of art—this triumph of the brazen age. (*LARRY lifts up the lid*)

MAN. (*looking in*) Wonderful! wonderful! Fanny, do you observe how fine is its preservation? It looks quite plump.

LARRY. (*looking in*) Plump! by the powers it looks alive!

CANT. There! there's an eulogy! So perfect is this mastery of science over time, that the eye of unassisted nature believes it lives. Can you ask more?

MAN. I'm transported!

CANT. I shall expect you will permit no one to approach it till I resign it to your hands.

MAN. Undoubtedly. Larry, you hear, sir. (*LARRY goes out, L., looking fearfully at box*)

CANT. But your daughter has not seen it. Hem!

MAN. My daughter—eh, bless me! Major, I've not yet introduced you to her—my only child—a very dutiful creature.

FANNY. But father—(*aside to him*)

MAN. Will you obey me? (*aside*) And a very entertaining prattler, sometimes. By the bye, she has a great curiosity on all Oriental subjects; and I have made bold to promise that you would gratify her.

CANT. With the greatest pleasure. (*lifting his spectacles to catch her eye*) Fanny! hem!

FANNY. Really this delusion—

MAN. Delights you—delights you, eh? Major, suppose we take a stroll in the garden, to talk over matters. Fanny, take the major's arm.

FANNY. Father, this insult to my delicacy compels me—
(*to MANDRAGON*)

MAN. To blight my peace, you hussey. As I was saying, major, a stroll in the garden will be the best means to arrange. My girl can't contain her raptures. (*to FANNY*) Will you be quiet? (*to CAPTAIN C.*) Will you proceed? (*crowds them out, R.*)

TOBY *puts his head out of the box, his face reddened, and his body in a dress of bandages*

TOBY. (*getting out*) What a confined character—how degraded I feel at such a first appearance—here I shall sit—(*shutting down the lid and sitting*)—lamenting my downfall, like Caius Marius, amongst the ruins of Carthage (*pointing to the fragments, &c.*) Only one thing reconciles me; in this house lives that sweet girl that I'm teaching to play Belvidera; now, if she'd come, we could have a scene. I'm very thirsty—very. (*looking up at the bottles, R.*) Elixir vitæ, brandy—Elixir vitæ—must be inspiring stuff—(*takes it off table*) it sounds well, it smells well, it's cheap (*drinks*) and nasty; I must take some brandy to wash away the taste. (*takes down the other, and drinks*) Ha! this is excellent! Eh! some one's coming; I must go back to my private box. (*returns the bottle to the table, and gets into the box as* MANDRAGON *enters with* POLE, *and secures the door.*

MAN. (L.) I have left them in the garden, and now can pursue my experiment in safety. Form of the mighty Pharaoh, I approach thee with due awe. (*looking into the box*) The flesh quite soft, the organs all entire. Where's my elixir? (*Toby puts up his head as* MANDRAGON *takes the bottle*) Source of my future fame! Gold like liquid! Stay; if it must entirely penetrate his frame, a quart won't be enough.

TOBY. A quart!

MAN. My brain's confused—shall I pursue this course, or that of an incision?

POLE. An incision by all means.

TOBY. Damn it, does he mean to drench me with that horse medicine?

MAN. Theophilus, advise me—I had purposed to try my inestimable compound on this mummy, but I had scarcely got the bottle in my hand, when the wish seized me to set another doubt at rest—to open his side, and see if he has a heart.

TOBY. What!

POLE. Well—

MAN. I have all the instruments, look here—(*goes to a case R. and takes out a saw, a large knife, and an augur*) His bones are as soft as muscle, his flesh would cut like cheese—or I might try a third expedient, which involves a still more curious theory—bore through his skull, and see if he has a brain. (*turning the augur*)

TOBY. My poor skull.

POLE. Restore him to existence.

MAN. Aye!

POLE. I will tell you of a sublime catastrophe.

MAN. Well—

POLE. Should signs of vitality display themselves, we'll bind him to a plank—hand and leg immoveable, then as he writhes and yells, and his eyes glare open with the spasm, I'll catch the grand expression and throw it upon canvas.

TOBY. (*falling back into box*) Oh—

MAN. What's that? (*a rapping at the door, L.*)

SUSAN. (*outside*) Sir, sir.

MAN. Who's there?

SUSAN. My young lady has fallen in a fit.

MAN. The perverse jade, she's bent on destroying my peace. Theophilus follow me—I shall want your assistance—(*putting the instruments and bottle down, they go out*)

TOBY. (*rising*) Here's a conspiracy—I'm doomed, I'm sold, I'm murdered—this is a cutting-up academy, and the Captain provides it with subjects—"But they're sharing spoil before the field is won."—Here's a fellow for Shylock—(*taking up a knife*) "A sentence, come prepare."

"Toby yet breathes, Tramp still lives, and reigns.

"When he is gone, then they may count their gains!
I'll arm myself—(*takes up the knife*) Inside and out—more brandy. (*takes down the bottle and drinks*) Eh, some one's coming—Thus doubly armed, (*flourishing the knife and bottle*) I welcome danger." (*gets into the chest, SUSAN and LARRY peep in at the door, L.*)

SUSAN. The door's open.

LARRY. And master's absent.

SUSAN. But you remember his commandment?

LARRY. And do you never break a commandment?

SUSAN. But then to see such a wonder.

LARRY. It would be a greater wonder if you could stay away, now, I tell you what, you are scarcely old enough, you shall become a sentry at the door, whilst I go in and see if the thing is dacent.

SUSAN. But I want to see too. Well, don't be long—(*shuts the door*)

LAR. (*coming forward*) The body of an old Gipsy King, that has been in pickle three thousand years—he must be a nice bit of corn beef by this time—'pon my conscience, I've got an agy fit—I'm half afraid to go near it—if now it was to please old Nick to enter the body of the old gipsy, how ailsily he'd draw that stray sheep, my master, into his clutches—mighty pleasant if the divil was to raise up his head just as I go to look in—(*approaching the box slowly, TOBY rises and grins at him—he falls on his knees, L.*) Murder!

TOBY. Ha! (*waving his knife*)

LARRY. Murder, murder—Holy Paul and Doctor Faustus—(*rolling towards the door—SUSAN bursts in, L.*)

SUSAN. Larry, what's the matter? (*sees Toby and drops on her knees with a scream*) Yah—(LARRY runs out)

TOBY. Susan.

SUSAN. Oh, mighty mummy—

TOBY. Mummy—I'm no mummy, feel me.

SUSAN. Great King Pharaoh.

TOBY. Poh—don't you know the voice of your adoring Horace?

SUSAN. (*looking up*) What?

TOBY. Yes—

SUSAN. It is! well, I like your impudence—(*rising*)

TOBY. That's what the women always say.

SUSAN. So you mean to pass yourself off on master as a curiosity.

TOBY. Well, where would he find a greater?

SUSAN. A man of your genius—I blush for you, Mr. Templeton.

TOBY. Well, my face is as red as yours.

SUSAN. Would master serve you in this way.

TOBY. No, he'd serve me in this way. (*cutting with the knife*)

SUSAN. What can be your object, sir?

TOBY. Why you are my object. Do you forget, Susan, our last moonlight walk, when we rehearsed Jaffier and Belvidera in the summer house?

SUSAN. Well!

TOBY. Something whispered me that we should never meet again. My trunk was packed for my departure, when an old friend who had followed your young lady from London—

SUSAN. This Major!

TOBY. Grasped my hand with tragic fervour, and exclaimed, Toby!

SUSAN. Toby!

TOBY. Hem, Horace! Horace, I love a charming girl, but I must get at her, through a friend. I pointed out this plan—he is now at her feet, as I am at yours; (*kneeling*) and now, now, heartless woman, please yourself—denounce me.

SUSAN. Oh, Horace! (*throwing her arms about his neck*) Well, there's one promise you can keep, you can hear me in a scene of the legitimate drama.

TOBY. Hum; do you know, Susan, I think the *illegitimate* drama is more agreeable—it's the more natural production.

SUSAN. What, Horace, do you mean to say you like a melo-drame?

TOBY. (*looking at the brandy bottle*) Why, I must confess, that sometimes a *mellow dram* is a very good thing—in a November night for instance—besides, I've written one—

SUSAN. You've written one?

TOBY. Yes—a grand sensation drama! It's the fashion now for actors to turn authors; they overflow with so much genius. Yes, it's full of bad spirits, red flame, blue devils, black knights, tremendous headers, and transparent waters, and winds up with all the horrors of a sinking stage.

SUSAN. And what's it called?

TOBY. "The Demon Bug, or the Scourge of Domestic Felicity." Capital title—it will look so well in a transparency—demon red—bug quite black—then underneath, "have you seen the bug?"

SUSAN. Lord, it makes one creep.

TOBY. Come, we rehearse a scene in that—all the parts are good, though they all go to the devil at the end of the piece.

SUSAN. I should prefer King Richard, and Lady Anne.

TOBY. Very well—the coffin scene—

"Unmannered slave, stand thou, when I command,
Advance thy halbert higher than my breast,
Or, by St. Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness."

SUSAN. "Why dost thou haunt him thus, unsated fiend?" Unsated fiend—go on.

TOBY. A little higher.

SUSAN. I can't get any higher.

TOBY. What's next? "I swear, bright saint, I am not what I was." (*pauses and rubs his stomach*) "I am not what I was." I'm very ill.

SUSAN. What!

TOBY. "I am not what I was."

SUSAN. Have you been taking anything?

TOBY. Taking, eh—yes, I drank something out of that bottle. (*pointing to the Elixir Vitæ*) Susan—(*seizing her*) tell me what's in that bottle!

SUSAN. Elixir Vitæ.

TOBY. Stuff—it's a mixture for the rats.

SUSAN. The rats! I'll run for master.

TOBY. (*catching her*) What? damn it, he wants to cut me up, here are all his instruments, with a fellow to paint me—I see it all, that bottle was a trap; and, now my strength's gone, I fall an easy victim.

SUSAN. Shall I call your friend? If you stamp about in this way, you'll be detected.

TOBY. Detected—*dissected*! Susan, let me look at you—you are in the plot!

SUSAN. Well, then, lie upon this table—I'll cover you up, and say you are something ready for the mangle.

TOBY. The mangle! what do you mean? where's the brandy? (*seizes the bottle and drinks*)

Enter CAPTAIN CANTER, R.

CANT. So, sir, this is the conduct of a friend—this you consider a good joke.

TOBY. What, to swallow poison?

CANT. Poison!

TOBY. In five minutes, captain, I shall be dead!

CANT. Drunk! what's this in your hand but a bottle of brandy?

TOBY. This is my antidote.

CANT. Shame, shame, sir! Is this the way you attend to my order?

TOBY. I tell you, captain, I couldn't restore my inside to order if I was to swallow the riot act.

CANT. Contemptible evasion! Suppose the antiquarian were to enter and detect the imposition, would he not exercise his magisterial privilege of committing us both as vagabonds?

TOBY. Captain!

CANT. But rather than suffer this disgrace, or lose my Fanny. I'll do an act of violence! (*seizes the knife*) Now, sir, instantly return to the box, till I've appeased him, or it shall be your coffin.

TOBY. Eh? what!—there, I knew it! I'm sold—poisoned and now am going to be packed up!

CANT. Will you enter that chest?

TOBY. No! I'll not take another step till the twenty pounds are paid.

CANT. Will you take an instalment?

TOBY. Yes.

CANT. Then there's five shillings.

TOBY. Then I'll tell you what I'll do. I won't get into that chest again, but I'll get behind this screen; there—set up in this way, you see I am concealed. (*brings the screen from the back, and places it before the chest*)

Enter SUSAN, L., with a basket, containing a pipe and pint.

SUSAN. Horace, here's some refreshment for you. (*goes behind the screen*)

TOBY. (*comes forward with pint and pipe*) Now this is what I term woman's devotion.

CANT. Conceal yourself, here comes the enemy!

Susan goes out, L.

Enter MANDRAGON, R.

MAN. Joy, joy, major. I have disclosed your proposal to my daughter, and she has received it with delight. I have

informed her that you are willing to put me in possession of your inestimable treasure, on condition that I put you in possession of her hand.

CANT. Permit me then, my dear sir, to wait upon your daughter, and learn my happiness from her own lips.

Exit, L.

MAN. Exchange my daughter for the mummy! Was ever such a cheap purchase heard of? Get rid of a burthen, and obtain a treasure. Ugh! I'm in such a transport of delight I believe I could hug a hedgehog. I could be civil to a pick-pocket. I could actually accost with complacency—

LARRY *runs in*, L.

Well, sir, what the devil do you want?

LARRY. Sir, sir, you have been long wanting another strange animal for your collection, and by the powers here's a novelty. Here, hurrah, mister, step up!

Exit, L.

Enter OLD TRAMP, L.

OLD T. Mr. Mandragon, I believe? I have called, sir, in consequence of your advertisements in the London papers, stating your willingness to treat for the purchase of Egyptian Antiquities. Now, sir, having in my possession a very fine mummy—

MAN. A mummy! Have you got a mummy?

OLD T. Consigned to me by a captain of the Levant.

MAN. And which you are willing to submit to me?

OLD T. It lies at the inn.

MAN. And you'll bring it here?

OLD T. This instant.

MAN. Larry—Benjamin!

OLD T. One word first, sir; my visit to your village has a twofold object—twenty-five years ago, it pleased my wife to present me with a very extraordinary creature.

MAN. How was it formed?

OLD T. In all manner of wickedness.

MAN. You allude to its habits. (TRAMP *yells*) Be quiet, you Irish blackguard!

OLD T. Nothing can be worse, though he has had a new coat a month.

MAN. Shed his coat every month. Pray, sir, how is this strange animal denominated?

OLD T. Toby Tramp, my son, who is now in this village, a member of a strolling company, and I wished to ask you the favour, in your capacity as magistrate—

MAN. (*violently shaking his head*) Set your mind at rest—rely

on all my influence. But bring me over this mummy, and I pledge myself in exchange to tickle your Toby.

Exit with OLD TRAMP, L.

(TOBY pushes down the screen, and is discovered sitting on the chest with a pipe and a pint of ale)

TOBY. Ha, ha, now my fright's over, I begin to think this a very good joke! It's very clear I am not poisoned. I never felt more at my ease--there's Susan, sweet soul, keeping watch at the door whilst I enjoy myself. Here sits King Pharoah in all his glory; this is my sceptre, *(flourishing his pipe)* and this is my crown! *(putting the pot on his head)* Hem! I suppose I am about the oldest king living. I wonder what they have done with my dominions? I shall send an express to Egypt—but then stop, King Pharoah must have been a great gambler, eh?—yes. Faro has lost Cairo. Well really what with the ale and the brandy, and the Elixir Vitæ, I feel in a fine state of preservation. I think I can live three thousand years longer; now I could play Hamlet, “Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt!” No hang tragedy, a melodrama for my taste. The Demon Bug, what a *run* it will have, I can't repeat it, but I can sing a description.

Song.

First with a little village dance,
On some lads and lasses prance,
Then an old man tells a story,
Fearful' tearful, black and gory,
When all of a sudden,
They all take to scudding,
Scene turns to a wood,
And a river of blood,
Where the caverns are rock'd,
And the trees are much shocked,
And a chorus of woe,
Is heard from below,
And a demon, no bright one,
As tall as a Titan,
Misleads a poor fool,
To sell his dear soul,
Prompter whistles, change again,
Now we're in a gay domain.
Lordly hall superbly lighted,
Lords and ladies proudly dancing,
Eyes and stars and mirrors glancing,
Then a maiden in white,
And the soul-mortgaged knight,

Advance to the altar,
Though one seems to falter,
When a loud clap of thunder,
Throws them two yards asunder,
Then hurry, hurry, hurry,
All jump up in a flurry,
Clatter, clatter, clatter, clatter,
What the devil is the matter?
A youth rushes down,
Claims the bride as his own,
The young lady screams,
The lover's sword gleams,
The knight doesn't fear it,
But calls for his spirit,
With flash of lightning,
Chamber brightening,
Nick appears,
Demands arrears,
Seizes knight,
By throttle tight,
And sad to tell,
Goes down to hell!

And thus amidst thunder, and wonder, and flam,
You get what composes a good melo-drame.

Enter CAPTAIN CANTER, followed by SUSAN, L.

CANT. Toby! Toby!

SUSAN. Toby!

TOBY. Ahem!

CANT. Here's a disaster; an old slopseller from Rosemary Lane, has brought a real mummy to the house.

TOBY. A real one? what!—made in Egypt?

CANT. No doubt, it's genuine. Mandragon intends to place you side by side, and then—

TOBY. The dead 'un will beat me hollow.

CANT. Still we have one chance left; you see that bottle of Elixir?

TOBY. See it—I feel it.

CANT. The old visionary supposes it is the same which formerly is said to have perpetuated life, and he wishes to try it on you.

TOBY. Ah! he may try it on, but I've tasted it already—it's a preparation for bugs.

CANT. The other bottle holds brandy; a thought strikes me—what if we change the labels thus? (*puts the Elixir Vitæ label on the brandy bottle, and vice versa*) You'll not object to a dose of this?

SUSAN. Sir, sir! here are the men coming with another chest.

CANT. In—in, then, Toby, to yours.

SUSAN. Toby!

CANT. A few minutes more, and you may pull off your disguise.

SUSAN. Horace, what does your friend mean by calling you Toby?

TOBY. Oh, that's the name I've got amongst the *Literati*, from my great celebrity in Hamlet's speech—"To be."

SUSAN. Oh,—eh?—here are the men; come, come, you'll be discovered.

TOBY. If I get into that chest again may I be smothered. I want to stand and rest myself—I'll put the case upright like a sentry box; yes, that will give Pharoah a footing. (*lifts the chest up on end*) Now then, I can imagine myself a classical watchman! (*goes into the box*) Ah! now my case is altered. (*LARRY, and others, bring on another box, which they place upright beside TOBY'S*)

SUSAN. Now, Mr. Larry, you will please to go out; master has given me strict orders to suffer no one to disturb the bodies.

LARRY. (*taking up the pint pot*) And you are taking care of the old boy; by the powers you are waking him. I'll have one peep, or there's no blood in the Bathershins. (*goes out, L.—SUSAN follows him—TOBY opens his box and looks into the other*)

TOBY. So this is a real one; no wonder he's perfect, he's had such a long rehearsal. Now, I hope I shall escape drenching, my friend here may like it, he looks very dry—I'll run no risks, where are the old body-cutter's weapons? (*Opens the case, L., and takes out the knife and augur*) Has he any others? (*searches round, and pulls open the lower drawer of the opposite case labelled "Old Roman coins"*) Old Roman coins, nothing here—eh? some one's coming; now I see there will be a fight—I shall have to act the last scene of Richard. "My soul's in arms and eager for the fray." (*retreats into his box*)

Enter SUSAN and POLE, with his pallet, L.

SUSAN. But, Mr. Pole, indeed master said no one was to enter this room.

POLE. Sweet Susan, I have this instant left him, with an order to take an immediate sketch of the royal relics; the visage of great Pharoah I have begun already—look! (*uncovers his painting frame which stands L., and shows a sketch of TOBY*)

SUSAN. Now, there's an end of scheming, if Horace is not in we are all found out.

Exit, L.

POLE. (*arranging the frame*) Now for a work sublime! Genius of the high and terrible, come settle on my soul, and give its fancy an immortal wing. Ah! could life reanimate these stiffened limbs. Great Pharoah, could I but see that eye-

ball lighted—those muscles move. (TOBY steals behind the frame and cuts away the painting with his knife, and inserts his head) then I would throw upon this canvas. (returning and rooting with horror) Ha!

(POLE retreats round the room, TOBY following him with the knife till he gets against the open door of the case, when he stumbles and falls into it—TOBY closes the door and plants the painting stand before it)

TOBY. Now, there's a real curiosity, a petrified painter, though one would suppose he was of the fox species by his brush. Well, I think I have done all this with considerable spirit, considering that my body has been three thousand years without one—eh?—footsteps! "jack in the box" again. (gets into his chest)

Enter MANDRAGON, OLD TRAMP, CAPTAIN CANTER, FANNY and SUSAN, L.

MAN. Eh? Major, did you put the bodies up?

CANT. Hem!—yes, sir!

MAN. Well, gentlemen, you agree then to my proposition? Here are two royal relics of Egypt, and the test which I require of the authenticity is this; whichever my Elixir revives, is the true Pharoah.

CANT. Nothing can be fairer.

OLD T. But suppose neither should survive?

MAN. Don't cavil, sir, at this inestimable compound, till you have seen the result. I'll commence with yours. (takes down the brandy with the elixir label and pours out a glass) One glass is sufficient to produce instantaneous effect; the great epoch of my life is come. Spirit of mystic science overshadow your Mandragon! (pours the brandy into the real mummy's mouth) Now!

CANT. No animation!

MAN. Not a muscle moves. Mr. Tramp, this mummy can't be genuine.

OLD T. Well, sir, try the other.

CANT. That's all I desire, try the other.

MAN. (filling another glass—whispers to CANTER) Between ourselves, I thought that was an imposition; this—this is like reality. Now, dread Pharoah, deign to receive the draught concocted by the sages of your own time and realm. (pours the brandy into TOBY's mouth—then retreats waving away the other characters) Now, now! (TOBY lifts up a leg) Ha, animation! (TOBY lifts up the other) He revives, my elixir—my elixir! Homage to dread Pharoah.

TOBY. Homage to dread Pharoah! (in an attitude of great dignity)

OLD T. Toby!

TOBY. Father!

MAN. What?

OLD T. That's my son.

MAN. Your devil!

TOBY. (*striding forward*) Homage to dread Pharoah.

MAN. Have I been duped?

TOBY. Oh, no; you have succeeded, you have revived me; your elixir is very capital brandy—brandy will animate any man.

MAN. You—you—you're a scoundrel!

TOBY. No, I'm not, though I'm very near one.

MAN. How have you dared to bore me in this way?

TOBY. (*holding up the augur*) How did you want to bore me. Now, I hope you are convinced I have a brain?

OLD T. Oh, Toby, Toby! will you never give over these tricks, and go back to Rosemary Lane?

MAN. So, sir, it appears you are a dealer in slops.

TOBY. (*pointing to the bottle*) So are you.

MAN. D—n me, sir; I—I've a great mind to commit you.

TOBY. You'll commit yourself, old gentleman.

CANT. Come, come, Mr. Mandragon, he has been but my instrument in this business, and you see with what aim. (*leading forward FANNY*) Consent to give me your child, and I will still fulfil my engagement, by presenting you with the real mummy as the subject of a future experiment.

MAN. You will.

CANT. Yes, and amply fulfilling to my old friend, the promise which induced him to run this risk.

MAN. I am satisfied, but I shall expect that every one present will admit that my elixir has failed, solely from some defect in its ingredients.

TOBY. Willingly. And now all I have to say is, that if there should happen to be any modern mummies about me—that is, poor wretched bodies without *spirit*—I shall always be happy to administer my elixir vitæ for their resuscitation.

MAN.
R.

CANT.

FANNY.

TOBY.

SUSAN.

TRAMP.
L.

Curtain.