

15

**A FAST TRAIN!**

**HIGH PRESSURE!!**

**EXPRESS!!!**

**A SHORT TRIP.**

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**THOMAS HAILES LACY,  
WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,  
LONDON.**

909429

*First performed at the Royal Lyceum Theatre,  
on Monday, April 25th, 1853.*

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COLONEL JACK DELAWARE..	MR. CHARLES MATHEWS.
GRIFFIN .....	MR. BASIL BAKER.
BIFFIN .....	MR. SUTER.

### **COSTUMES.**

*Colonel Jack Delaware*—Black dress coat, white vest, black trousers, black silk neckerchief, gloves, and rough paletot, muffler, travelling cap, &c.

*Griffin*—1st. Dark blue trousers, braces, white night cap, no vest. 2nd. Blue coat, gilt buttons, buff vest, white neckerchief, and *bald wig*.

*Biffin*—1st. Long white shirt. 2nd. Turkish costume, turban, &c.

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SCENE, London.

PERIOD—PRESENT.

*Time of Representation 30 Minutes.*

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# A FAST TRAIN!

## HIGH PRESSURE!! EXPRESS!!!

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SCENE. GRIFFIN'S warehouse, a ground floor in Friday-street. Door L. of C. flat, leading to a street. Window, R. of C. flat, with shutters, and white blind. Doors in oblique, R. 1 E. and 2nd E. Door in L. 1 E., oblique. Long counter down C. with desk, pens, ink, and paper. Packages of goods, calicos, silks, &c., hung about.

*At rising of curtain a loud ringing is heard at the street door bell; the stage is quite dark.*

DELAWARE. (*without, D. in F., bawling*) Halloa, halloa! house!—helps—niggers—boss, halloa! wake up, you critters!

GRIFFIN. (*without, R. 1 E.*) Eh! who's that?

MRS. GRIFFIN. (*without, R. 1 E.*) What's the matter?

GRIF. (*as before*) Somebody's ringing the warehouse bell, my dear.

*Ringings again heard.*

DEL. (*as before*) Open the door! tarnation and crocodiles, why don't you come?

GRIF. (*as before*) I'm coming, I'm coming; I must get my trousers on. [*Enters hurriedly and confused, half asleep, from door R. 1 E., buttoning on the braces of his trousers; he has a white nightcap on;—feeling his way to the counter*] Where the devil are the lucifers and candle?

DEL. (*ringing again*) Quick! quick!

## A FAST TRAIN!

GRIF. Who are you? What do you want? (*lighting candle*)

DEL. (*as before*) I'm burning—flaming!

GRIF. (*recoiling horrified*) Mercy upon me! the house is on fire!

DEL. (*as before*) Make haste; I'm scorching to an almighty cinder!

GRIF. I shan't be a second, Mr. fireman; I'm only lighting a candle; (*to himself*) it's lucky my wife's deaf, or she'd be in hysterics.

DEL. (*continuing ringing*) Slick! slick! put the steam on; grease your wheels, and look sharp.

GRIF. (*unlocking and unbolting door L. in flat*) Here I am, fireman; here I am (*opens door*).

DELAWARE enters with a cigar in his mouth, with over-coat, muffler, &c.

GRIF. Why this is not a fireman! (*to him*) Who are you? What do you want?

DEL. I want to talk to you, I calculate.

GRIF. Talk to me! why, what o'clock is it?

DEL. Hold the candle; let's look at my chronometer, (*looks at his watch*) four to a minute.

GRIF. Talk to me at four o'clock in the morning! (*to himself*) this is a thief. I'm going to be robbed.

DEL. Now, I'm a fast train—high pressure—express—tell me at once, slick right away—are you the person?

GRIF. The person! what person?

DEL. The father—the papa, as you Europeans call it.

GRIF. (*to himself*) It is some escaped lunatic—I shall be murdered.

DEL. You was at the Lord Mayor's dinner last night?

GRIF. Yes, but I don't see—

DEL. You ate three plates of turtle soup?

GRIF. Yes, but really—

DEL. And was nigh upon choked with a large lump of green fat?

GRIF. Sir, I—

DEL. You had a young lady sittin' beside you, with eyes! nose! a mouth!

GRIF. My daughter Penelope. But I must beg—

DEL. (*interrupting*) That's enough. You're the squash I want.

GRIF. The squash?

DEL. Oh, yes, I guess—(*throwing off rough paletot, muffler, gloves, and travelling cap, &c., &c.*) Sir, I am Jack Delaware of the Empire State, trader in all sorts o' notions,—Colonel of the Jefferson Blues—a fast train, steam always up, high pressure, express—and I've the honour to ask your daughter Penelope's hand in marriage!

GRIF. (*R. indignant and astounded*) What! wake me up at 4 o'clock in the morning for such foolery as this! Get out of my house!

DEL. (*L.*) I shan't, I guess.

GRIF. (*enraged*) Sir, I warn you that I never go to rest at night without a pair of loaded pistols at my bedside; so be off with you this instant, or—

DEL. What! without an interview with Penelope? Oh! no! I calculate.

GRIF. (*ironically—enraged*) Upon my word! I suppose you'd like me to make her dress herself on purpose to receive you?

DEL. I opiniate I don't require that.

GRIF. (*sneeringly*) I'm very glad to hear it.

DEL. It isn't her clothes I'm in love with—it isn't her clothes I'm going to marry! let her come as she is.

GRIF. But I tell you—

DEL. (*interrupting*) Ah! you don't know me—though I'm a regular right-eend-up-and-down New Yorker, my father and mother was Southerners. I was hatched on the banks of Mississippi and raised in New Orleans.

GRIF. What the devil is that to me?

DEL. (*continuing, more and more animatedly*) And there, when we fall in love with a young gal, we never stop to make inquiries about her rank, or name, or sex—

GRIF. But, sir—

DEL. (*continuing*) We foller her; if she gets into a carriage we crack after it—we jump up behind—

GRIF.—But, sir—

DEL. (*continuing*) We get a slash with a whip, but that's nothing—we fall off, we clamber on again—we find out where the father lives—

GRIF. But, sir—

DEL. We rush to our lodgings to dress in a suitable manner for claiming a young female's hand. We make our toilette as the great folk say—comb our hair—get some brandy and water, and we rush back again—

GRIF. But, sir—

DEL. We find the father gone to bed, fast asleep—but we say to him in a voice of eternal thunder—Wake up, dress yourself, and marry us!

GRIF. (*coolly*) Ah! That's the usual mode of proceeding in New Orleans, is it?

DEL. (*lighting cigar at candle, which GRIFFIN has in his hand, coolly*) It is, I guess!

GRIF. Well, in London we act rather differently. When we're woke up in such a manner, we take a good stout stick and break the intruder's bones. Now, harkye, you want to see my daughter?

DEL. I do, I speculate.

GRIF. Well, you shan't see her.

DEL. So the showman said to me, when I was a youngster, and wanted to look at his fat pig without paying! but I did.

GRIF. You wish to marry her?

DEL. Slick, right away.

GRIF. Well, you shan't marry her.

DEL. So my grandfather said to my father; but he did.

GRIF. And, moreover, my friend, I am going to put you out of that door!

DEL. No you're not, I calculate; when I came in I locked it and put the key in my pocket (*showing key*), and if I pitch it out of the window (*going to window*)—

GRIF. I shall see if I can't pitch you out after it (*advancing fiercely*)

DEL. Stop! turn your steam off, put on the break, it would'n't be decent to come to such an eternal collision and smash with one's father-in-law.

GRIF. Father-in-law be—

DEL. Don't swear; I'll back my engine and retire.

GRIF. Thankye! (*to himself*) The impudent American jackanapes!

DEL. But I shall be here again shortly.

GRIF. (*to himself*) Not if I can prevent it.

DEL. So dress yourself; get into a better temper, take off

that horrid white night cap (*GRIFFIN in a rage pulls down the cap completely over his face*) ; meantime I'll go and give orders for the wedding outfit.

GRIF. (*putting up night cap furiously*) What ?

DEL. Oh, don't be uneasy, I'll do the thing in style. We York boys know how to trim the females, and she shall have a most almighty rumbunctious wedding suit.

GRIF. This is too much !

DEL. Not half enough—such a breakfast—all will be right—slick—long glasses with foam at the top, which looks for all the world like a fog working thro' a speaking trumpet. Good by, father-in-law—mind, I'm Jack Delaware, Colonel in the Jefferson Blues—look out—I shan't be long, I'm a fast train—steam always up—high pressure—express ! (*Exit at door L. in Flat.*)

GRIF. (*solus*) Was there ever such a brazen rascal ? He does not get inside my door again, if I know it ! (*locks door*) Ugh ! the scamp has thoroughly woke me up—it doesn't seem to have disturbed Biffin, though ! (*listening at door 2 E. R.*) He's fast asleep and snoring ! But as he was at a bal masqué last night, that's not surprising. I don't like such places ; but, poor fellow, he begged so hard to go, just for once, that I hadn't the heart to refuse him. Ah, he's the son-in-law for my money—a nice quiet country lad—and so respectful in his behaviour—listens to me with such deference ; and laughs at all my jokes ! Ugh ! (*gaping*) whatever shall I do with myself 'till it's time to open the warehouse (*rolls up blind, lifts window, opens shutters, a gas lamp is seen burning*)—day is breaking—yes, it's getting light ! I'll wake Biffin, he'll be company, at all events. (*Knocks at door 2 E. R.*) Hey, Biffin ! Biffin !

BIFFIN. (*without sleepily*) Eh ! I'm asleep—who's that ?

GRIF. Me. Get up !

BIF. (*as before*) Who is me ?

GRIF. Me—Griffin—get up, I want you !

BIF. (*as before*) Oh, very well, I'm coming.

GRIF. Make haste !

BIF. (*half opening door and popping his head out with white night cap, &c., on*) What's the matter ? Are you ill ? Ha, ha, ha ! (*half laughing*)

GRIF. No ; but I'm all alone.

BIF. He, he, he, he! (*laughing*) That's a good 'un.

GRIF (*to himself*) I've said something funny again to him. I wake you up to keep me company.

BIF. What? now?

GRIF. Yes; you don't suppose I called you for next week.

BIF. He, he, he, he! (*laughing, stopping suddenly, and gaping*) Ugh! I'm mortal sleepy.

GRIF. Why don't you come in?

BIF. I've got nothing on—I'm all in white.

GRIF. Dress yourself, then.

BIF. I can't. You see I came back in my *bal masqué* dress, and I left my clothes at the place where I hired it, and they're not to send them till nine o'clock this morning.

GRIF. Then put your *bal masqué* dress on.

BIF. Ha, ha, ha! that's a good'un! Oh, very well! (*he disappears, closing door after him*)

GRIF. It's quite light. I may as well put this candle out (*turning his back to window he goes to put the candle, out*)

DELAWARE *appearing at window.*

DEL. Certainly. Never waste your grease—it's broad day—the sun will rise in ten minutes, I calculate.

GRIF. You here again!

DEL. (*jumping through window*) I am, I guess!

GRIF. And through the window!

DEL. I couldn't get through the door!

GRIF. (R.) What has brought you back?

DEL. (L.) An idea. As I was going out I read your sign-board—"Griffin's Ribbon Warehouse," &c., &c., and it struck me all on end that I wanted some ribbon.

GRIF. Sir, I never sell by retail.

DEL. And I always buy by wholesale. I'll take—let me ruminate—I'll take 60,000 yards.

GRIF. (*astonished*) 60,000 yards!

DEL. Yes. Red, yellar, and blue in equal partitions—20,000 of each (*sitting down*). Let's see yer samples, slick—right away—I'm a fast train—steam always up—high pressure—express—

GRIF. Are you serious?

DEL. In business I'm as serious as a tree'd bear.

GRIF. And are you solvent?

DEL. If the Bank of England is. I shall pay you in their notes.



GRIF. (*to himself*) My stars and garters, here's a chance!  
(*to him*) Pray take a seat, sir.

DEL. I've got one, I guess.

GRIF. (*to himself*) Here's a customer! (*to him*) Will you excuse me for one moment, while I put on my coat?

DEL. Grease your wheels—look sharp!

GRIF. I won't be a second; but I couldn't think of waiting on such an order in this state.

*Exit hastily D. R. 1 E.*

DEL. (*takes out note case and pencil—calculates*) Let me ruminate (*writing*)—60,000 yards of ribbon at—(*calling after GRIFFIN*) What can you put 'em in at a yard?

GRIF. That depends on the quality, sir (*entering hastily putting coat on*). Do you want a common or best sort of goods.

DEL. No matter which!

GRIF. Satin or sarsnet?

DEL. No matter which!

GRIF. Figured or plain?

DEL. No matter which!

GRIF. British or foreign?

DEL. No matter which!

GRIF. Broad or narrow?

DEL. No matter which!

GRIF. (*out of breath*) Bless my heart and soul—he has taken all the breath out of my body!

DEL. Now, yer price?

GRIF. Well, sir! (*considering*) you'll take a mixture of all sorts?

DEL. I will.

GRIF. Blue, yellow, and red—plain colours.

DEL. That's the track.

GRIF. Hum! I think I can average 'em—one with another at—(*considering*)—

DEL. Now, then, blow your whistle—I'm a fast train—high pressure—express—

GRIF. Twopence a yard.

LAMPLIGHTER *is seen thro' window, and puts out gaslight.*

DEL. Too much.

GRIF. Well, say a penny-three-farthings, then.

DEL. Agreed. (*booking it in his note case—rising*) That'll be a very passable operation—not so good as the wine, though, I opinate.

GRIF. (*with curiosity*) The wine? (*enquiringly*)

DEL. Yes; and it was the first very large spec I ever drove at. Ha, ha, ha! it was almighty droll.

GRIF. Was it, though—I'm fond of hearing droll things.

DEL. Are you! Well, listen! I was tracking it through France on the look out for bargains, and on getting to Bordeaux, I heard that the proprietor of one o' the finest vineyards in the neighbourhood, being tarnation hard up for cash, was wanting to sell the hull of his that year's vintage, just as it stood in the presses, before casking off, at a rayther considerable sacrifice! I ruminated the operation, and asked the advice of a friend—a Frenchman—who said it wouldn't do! But I ruminated it again, and, thinking it would do, I started off, slick, right away, to make a deal for it. Griffin! never, in a matter of importance, put too much trust in a Frenchman!

GRIF. Why not?

DEL. I arrived at the estate, a little way up the country. Who do you think was the first person I clapped my eyes on?

GRIF. I don't know.

DEL. The dear friend I'd consulted about the operation. He had got there half-an-hour before me, and bought the *hull* lot for himself, the nigger!

GRIF. Well, that was sharp practice.

DEL. What would you have done in my position?

GRIF. I should have looked daggers at him, and walked away with contempt.

DEL. Walked away! You a Griffin—you're nothing better than a kangaroo.

GRIF. But what could you do?

DEL. What could I do!

GRIF. What did you do?

DEL. I tarred the fellow with his own stick, bought five thousand eight hundred and forty-two casks—every one I could find in the neighbourhood, far and near.

GRIF. But as the Frenchman had the wine?

DEL. But he couldn't barrel it off without my casks, I opinate, and in 48 hours it would turn and *spile*.

GRIF. And what did he do?

DEL. The best he could—sold me his bargain at 25 per cent. loss—that's what I call an operation.

GRIF. (*to himself*) I declare, what a prodigious clever fellow! He's worth twenty such chaps as Biffin.

DEL. (*aside*) I've nailed him, I guess. (*to him*) Well, father-in-law, am I to have your daughter?

GRIF. My dear sir, if it depended wholly on me, you should, for I'm quite fascinated; you've perfectly charmed me—but, unluckily, there's my wife.

DEL. What! have you got a wife? Why the tarnation didn't you tell me so before? Where is she?

GRIF. In her chamber, there (*indicating D. 1 E. R.*)

DEL. (*knocking at door 1 E. R.*) Marm—marm—I've the honour to ask your daughter's hand in marriage.

GRIF. But she's asleep!

DEL. No matter—blow the whistle—I'm a fast train—high pressure—express! Marm—marm—(*knocking*)

GRIF. But she's as deaf as a door nail!

DEL. Deaf? Then, I'll go and buy a speaking trumpet. (*going to door in Flat L.*)

GRIF. (*detaining him*) But that's not all—you have a rival.

DEL. A rival! is he a Yankee?

GRIF. No.

DEL. Then I'll extinguish him in a twinkling.

VOICE. (*without at window*) Mr. Delaware! Mr. Delaware!

GRIF. Some one is calling you.

VOICE. (*as before*) The upholsterer has come, sir.

GRIF. The upholsterer!

DEL. Yes, I've taken the house next door, and he's going to furnish it, I guess.

GRIF. (R.) Taken the house next door—what for?

DEL. (L.) Can't you guess—for me and Penelope (*going*) why the door's locked. I'll be back in a minute. Get your daughter out o' bed—look up the ribbons—put the steam on—I'm a fast train—high pressure—express. (*jumps over counter and exits thro' window R of Flat*)

GRIF. (*bewildered*) But, sir! (*to himself*) The upholsterer—the steam—the ribbons—the daughter—I'm perfectly bewildered—he's an excellent match, though!—that Biffin, compared to him, is a mere imbecile.

*Enter BIFFIN door 2 E. R. in Turkish costume, turban, &c., &c.*

BIF. (R) Here I am, father-in-law! (*gaping*) I'm mortal sleepy.

GRIF. (*L. aside*) How shall I break it to him. (*to Biffin*) Biffin, you must prepare yourself! I'm about to inflict a heavy blow on you, I'm afraid.

BIF. He, he, he, he! (*laughing*)

GRIF. (*to himself*) I've said something droll again. (*to him*) I can't consent to give my daughter to any but a clever intelligent fellow!

BIF. Of course (*to himself*) Ugh! I'm mortal sleepy.

GRIF. And, without at all meaning anything to your disparagement, I wan't to make a trial of your intelligence at once.

BIF. Very well; only don't be long about it. (*to himself*) I'm thundering sleepy!

GRIF. Listen, Biffin. If a Frenchman were to do you out of a bargain in wine, what should you do now?

BIF. Do, now? (*reflecting and gaping*) I should go to bed and reflect about it.

GRIF. I'll put you on the scent! Tell me what do people put wine into?

BIF. (*reflecting*) Put wine into? why into their mouths!

GRIF. No—no—before it is drank.

BIF. Why into the cellar, of course.

GRIF. Yes; but into what do they put the wine into that is in the cellar?

BIF. Into bottles.

GRIF. But before they put it into bottles?

BIF. Before they put it into bottles—let me see—before they—

GRIF. (*out of patience*) Into casks, you fool.

BIF. Ah! so they do!

GRIF. Well?

BIF. Well (*to himself*) whatever is he driving at?

GRIF. (*aside*) He can't understand! (*to him*) Biffin, I must tell you one thing. It's quite clear you've never been to New Orleans.

BIF. Well, if it was only to tell me that, that you made me get up—

GRIF. It was also to tell you that you can't marry my daughter.

BIF. What?

GRIF. I gave you my word, I know, but I take it back again!

BIF. Nonsense—impossible—I adore her, and she adores me—and—and—if you knew all—(*to himself*) I dare not tell him.

GRIF. Biffin! Talking is useless! I'm flint—I'm ice—I'm granite! I've promised her hand to Mr. Delaware—a fast train—high pressure—express—who has come all the way from America to buy 60,000 yards of ribbon of me.

BIF. 60,000 yards of ribbon! Ah, I see. He, he, he, he! Well, I do declare!

GRIF. What are you laughing at?

BIF. He, he, he! Mr. Griffin, just tell me one thing.

GRIF. Well?

BIF. What's the day of the month?

GRIF. The day of the month? (*considering*) Why, let me see, this is the first of April.

BIF. Exactly! And you're making an April fool of me. He, he, he!

GRIF. (*uneasily*) Eh!

BIF. Or else your Mr. Delaware is making a fool of you.

GRIF. (*astounded*) By Jove!

BIF. The idea of a man coming all the way from America at 4 o'clock in the morning, to buy 60,000 yards of ribbon—(*suddenly*) has he paid for 'em?

GRIF. (*dumbfounded*) No!

BIF. He, he, he! Capital.

GRIF. (*angrily*) Bother! (*to himself*) There is no doubt of it, I've been regularly bamboozled.

DEL. (*without*) Quick—look spray, look active, put the steam on, grease your wheels!

GRIF. That's he, and he has dared to come back! leave me, I'll settle him, I'll turn the tables on him!

BIF. I'd kick him out of the house if I were you.

GRIF. Go, go! I will.

BIF. (*going*) Ugh, I'm terrible sleepy!

*Exit BIFFIN into his own room, 2 D. R.*

GRIF. Now for it!

*Enter DELAWARE thro' window with speaking trumpet in his hand.*

DEL. (*as he enters*) I'm pushing 'em along at a first rate pace—I've got the speaking trumpet. Where's the old lady? But what's the matter, father-in-law?

GRIF. Oh! you stick to that, eh? you still wish to marry my daughter?

DEL. Most certainly, I guess.

GRIF. Hark'ye—I'll trouble you to go and play out the remainder of your joke elsewhere, Mr. American! we want no April fool husbands here.

DEL. Do you doubt my sincerity?

GRIF. Most enormously.

DEL. (*goes to counter, sits and writes*) Then I'll prove it I calculate—there—is that enough? (*handing him paper on which he has written*)

GRIF. (L.) What's this?

DEL. (a.) An acknowledgment of my having received a thousand pounds from you, as your daughter's wedding portion.

GRIF. (*puzzled*) Well!

DEL. If I don't marry her, I shall be obliged to refund it to you, shan't I? I presumption you are satisfied now?

GRIF. Then, you really are serious?

DEL. Most assuredly; as the Cape cod fisherman said when he'd a bite, as long as you hold on one eend I holds on 'tother—but have you looked the ribbons out?

GRIF. Not yet.

DEL. I want 'em soon. I intend to clear at least £500 by that lot.

GRIF. £500—How?

DEL. Well, you're my father-in-law, so I don't mind trusting you! (*very confidentially*) I had it from a friend at head quarters—But you won't blab?

GRIF. Not I!

DEL. Your Ministers is disagreeing!

GRIF. Well!

DEL. They are altogether by the ears, like a City Corporation.

GRIF. Well!

DEL. There'll be an almighty break up among 'em.

GRIF. Well!

DEL. (*more and more animated*) And a dissolvin of Parliament.

GRIF. Well!

DEL. And a general election.

GRIF. Well!

DEL. Voters from eend to eend o' the country, high and low, rich and poor, every man on 'em with a cockade at his button-hole. All England divided into Reds, Yallers, and Blues—ribbons at a premium—Carlton Club—Reform Club—take the whole lot between 'em—cockades is as necessary as bank notes among you at election times.

GRIF. (*to himself*) What a clever devil—what a wonderful man!

DEL. The more I ruminates the spec, the more I affectionate it—I shouldn't be tarnation surprised if it beats the wine, and the gloves too!

GRIF. (*with curiosity*) The gloves! what gloves?

DEL. Oh, another leetle operation brought me in some awful pretty pickens.

GRIF. Indeed!

DEL. Oh, yes! I was laying in bed one morning in New York, about three year ago, grinding away at what I should tackle next, when an idea came over me like a flash of lightning through a gooseberry bush; up I jumped, shaved—dressed—poked half-a-dozen shirts into my pocket—bolted down to the East river pier, and in two hours was bowling through the Narrows in the French steamer bound for Havre.

GRIF. Bless me (*to himself*) I never heard of such a man.

DEL. I guess I was as active as a terrier dog. We landed in France after a fortnight's voyage, and within the next twenty four hours I had bought twelve hundred dozen of gloves at 15 cents a pair, and in six weeks afterwards sold 'em in America for thirty.

GRIF. But you couldn't have made much by that, considering the heavy duty you have to pay in the United States.

DEL. But I didn't pay any duty, I guess!

GRIF. What?

DEL. I had two large boxes made, I calculate.

GRIF. Well?

DEL. And packed all the right-hand gloves in one and all the left-hands in the other.

GRIF. Well?

DEL. I shipped the right handers to Philadelphia and the left to New York.

GRIF. But that didn't prevent the Customs from seizing them.

DEL. They did seize; I always intended they should.

GRIF. What?

DEL. I declared value at 5 cents a pair, and they took 'em at that at both places, paying me the regulation 10 per cent profit on my valuation, of course. I fobbed Uncle Sam's cash with amazin' satisfaction, I can tell you.

GRIF. But you had lost your gloves?

DEL. Father-in-law, you'd make a capital milch cow for a down-easter! Tell me what eventuates with goods taken in that sort o' way by the Custom House. Our regulations is just the same as your'n.

GRIF. Why, they're sold by public auction.

DEL. Exactly, and these was sold that way! Philadelphia first—I was there—looked at the lot—found out they were all for the right hand—no use to anybody—whispered my discovery about the room—bought 'em all for an old song—a quarter dollar a dozen—had'nt a single bid against me.

GRIF. Astonishing!

DEL. New York—sale three days after—same process—same discovery—all left hand—same result—paid the Customs 2 cents for what they paid me five and a-half—got 'em in duty free—clapped the two hands together and the speculation was complete.

GRIF. I'm overwhelmed! I'm dumb with admiration—I'll have no other husband but you, and my daughter shall be your son-in-law; that is, I will be your mother. No, no, well, never mind, it's all settled, I authorize you to pop the question whenever you please.

DEL. I'm ready, I guess—steam always up—where is she?

GRIF. In her room; there, but you must wait a little, I should like you to obtain her mother's consent first.

DEL. Very well.

GRIF. You'll find the old lady there getting breakfast ready; you must speak pretty loud—she is so exceedingly deaf.

DEL. Where's my trumpet? I'll bugle it into her! I'll blow my whistle sharp enough—I'm a fast train—high pressure—express—*[Exit rapidly, speaking through trumpet, D. 1 E. R. H.]* How do you do, marm?

GRIF. I'll follow you directly.

*Re-enter BIFFIN door R. 2 L.*

BIF. Well, have you settled him?



GRIF. Yes, everything is arranged—he is to marry her!

BIF. What! Delaware?

DEL. (*without, through speaking trumpet*) I have the honour to ask the hand of your daughter in marriage.

GRIF. He is making his proposals, you see.

BIF. But why him rather than me?

GRIF. Why, Biffin, if you bought a lot of gloves in France, and wanted to send 'em to this country, how would you manage it?

BIF. Manage it! I'd pack 'em up and start 'em off.

GRIF. Now, I'll give you a hint. You should have two boxes made (*changing his mind*); but no, I am wasting my time—it is of no use—it's too much for you.

DEL. (*in stentorian tones without, through trumpet as before*) I want to marry your daughter.

MRS. GRIFFIN (*without*) Oh, dear! Good Mr. Robber, I've nothing for you.

GRIF. She's frightened at the trumpet—she'll go into fits—I must go and give him a lift.

*Exit GRIFFIN, door R. 1 E.*

BIF. (*solus*) Ah! it is all very well; but he little thinks that his daughter has been married to me for this last three months. What's to be done? I dare not tell him, for the old pig is so obstinate and touchy, that he'd turn us both out of doors to starve in the streets. I've a good mind to confess all to this American, and throw myself on his mercy. I will; I'll write a letter to him and, explain the whole affair (*sits at counter and begins to write*). Sir, I respectfully beg to inform you that (*continuing writing*)

*Enter DELAWARE 1 D. R. H., speaks through trumpet as he re-enters, "Your daughter, marm!"*

DEL. (*not noticing BIFFIN.*) I've bawled myself hoarse. What an ugly old woman she is; I should never have dreamt of her being the mother of such a pretty critter.

BIF. (*as before*) And our marriage took place privately, because—

DEL. (*L. seeing him*) Eh! who's that? a Turk! a customer from Constantinople! I calculate he don't see me; my intended is in this room. If I could but take a peep through the keyhole (*peeps through keyhole of door 1 E. L. H. and recoils in consternation*) Eh! tarnation and crocodiles!

that's not her!—that's not my angel of the Lord Mayor's dinner. I've made a mistake in the house, I guess; I've followed the wrong father; I've mounted behind a wrong coach; and I've signed an acknowledgment for a £1000. Oh, stupid Jack Delaware!

BIF. (*R. starting up*) Delaware! is that your name, sir?

DEL. It is, I calculate. Good morning!—Allah, Allah, Bismillah! Salaam! Aliekoum! (*bowing*) (*to himself*) What's to be done? she's as ugly as her mother!

BIF. (*giving him the letter open*) Be so kind as to read that, sir.

DEL. I can't read Arabic; besides, I've no time now, Mr. Musselman.

BIF. But it is of great consequence.

DEL. Really, my good Mahometan, (*glancing over letter*) why it's English!—eh, what! married already? (*forcing BIFFIN to look through keyhole*) who's that?

BIF. That's my Penelope.

DEL. Married to you?

BIF. Yes, to me; but you won't betray us—you'll get us out of the scrape?

DEL. Well, you've got me out of a scrape, so I'll try and pull you through the same hole.

*Enter GRIFFIN, D. I E. R.*

GRIF. (*as he enters*) It's all right! my wife consents.

DEL. (*to himself*) How shall I manage it! (*to Griffin*) Very well! I'm delighted, I guess.

BIF. (*aside*) Eh! is he going to marry her, too?

DEL. But betwixt you and I, Griffin, you—hem!—when I come to take a view of your daughter by daylight, I—I—(*peeping through keyhole as before*)—Ah! (*joyfully*) snakes and sea-serpents! there she is! there she is! that's the one, I calculate. (*To BIFFIN*) Who's that? (*peeping through keyhole of L. D.*)

BIF. What's the matter? (*peeping through keyhole*) that's my wife!

DEL. There's two of 'em! one an angel the other a——

BIF. (*looking through keyhole*) Oh, that's Isabella!

DEL. Isabella! who does she belong to?

BIF. She's my sister.

DEL. Turk, I ask your sister's hand in marriage.

GRIF. What?

DEL. I'll turn Mahometan for her if necessary.

BIF. (C.) Oh, there's no occasion for that. I give my consent, if you can obtain her's.

GRIF. (R.) But my daughter—perhaps you forget you have signed an acknowledgment for £1000?

DEL. (L.) No, I don't; I can afford to be generous. Take him for a son-in-law; hand the acknowledgment over to him, and I'll settle it.

GRIF. With all my heart. (*to himself*) What a noble-hearted Yankee! (*to BIFFIN, giving paper*) There, I give you my daughter, and £1000 as a wedding-portion!

DEL. And (*taking paper coolly from BIFFIN, who is reading it intently*) now, you give me your sister and £1000 as a wedding portion; you see it comes out quite square.

GRIF. (*mystified*) Eh!

BIF. (*mystified*) Eh!

DEL. Ah! I see! (*crossing to C.*) Don't you understand? I make you a present of £1000, you make him a present of £1000, and he makes me a present of £1000!—it's perfectly right!

GRIF. Ah! Yes, yes. (*to BIFFIN*) I don't exactly understand it, though.

DEL. (*to BIFFIN*) But you understand?

BIF. (*L. to GRIFFIN*) Why, we've all three made presents of £1000 to one another!

GRIF. (*still unconvinced*) But we've none of us got a farthing!

DEL. Of course not! That's the biscuit and pop dodge.

GRIF. Biscuit and pop dodge! What's that?

DEL. (*crossing to C.*) I'll tell you. Why, you see, I heard in New York that you Britishers were so tarnation 'cute that you'd have the teeth out of a fellow's mouth before he could open his lips. "Very well," says I; "I must hold on then and look out for snags."—After I landed in Liverpool I just dropt into a baker's shop—"Hallo, boss," says I, "give me a biscuit, will you?"—"There you are," says he.—"Thank you," says I; and off I goes.—"Hallo, stop!" says he; "you haven't paid."—"Paid," says I; "I guess I asked you to *give* me the biscuit, not to *sell* it."—"That won't do," says he; "none of your Yankee tricks."—"Very well," says I; "how much?"—"A penny," says he.—"Very

well," says I; "but I feel rather thirsty.—How much is your pop a glass?"—"That's a penny too," says he.—"Very well," says I; "let's have it."—Pop goes the pop, and off it goes.—"Very nice," says I; "good morning!" "Halloa," says he, "where's the money?"—"There's the biscuit," says I. "Biscuit a penny, pop a penny—the barter's all fair, I guess. You gave me the pop and I gave you the biscuit."—"But you haven't *paid* for the biscuit," says he. "Why should I?" says I "when I haven't had it. Good morning, boss," says I; and off I slopes. (c.) So now everything is arranged to your satisfaction, I calculate?

BIF. Yes. Ha! ha! ha!

DEL. (to GRIFFIN) And to yours?

GRIFF. Yes.

DEL. (to audience) And I trust to yours. Then, as we've arrived at the end of our journey, all that remains is to thank our passengers for their kind support—let the steam off, put out the fires, and get the engine ready for another trip to-morrow night. We won't "blow you up," ladies and gentlemen, depend on't, even though you take a little pleasure excursion with us every evening by our fast train, high pressure, express!

DELAWARE.

(R.) GRIFFIN.

BIFFIN (L.)

CURTAIN.