

Lacy's Acting Edition.

ONE TOO MANY.

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# ONE TOO MANY.

*A Farce,*

IN ONE ACT.

BY

DESMOND L. RYAN.

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122, NASSAU STREET.

## ONE TOO MANY.

*First performed at the Princess's Theatre, London (under the management of Messrs. Webster and Chatterton), April 29th, 1872.*

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### Characters.

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MR. SCATTERBRAIN      ...      Mr. BARRETT.  
HARRY SPARKLE (*in love with Amy*)      Mr. HOWARD RUSSELL.  
ALFRED PLAUSIBLE (*an Adventurer*)      Mr. C. SEYTON.  
GRUB (*a Gardener, doing duty as  
Scatterbrain's Footman*)      ...      Mr. J. MORRIS.  
MRS. SCATTERBRAIN (*descended from  
the M'Usquebaughs*)      ...      Mrs. ADDIE.  
AMY (*in love with Sparkle*)      ...      Miss D'ARCY.



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SCENE—LONDON.

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TIME—PRESENT.

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*Time in Representation—Thirty Minutes.*

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## ONE TOO MANY.

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SCENE.—*A Room in Scatterbrain's house, fashionably furnished, with practical window at back; door, R. C., back; chairs, tables, &c., sofa, L. C.; two candles on table, C.; chair, L.*

MR. and MRS. SCATTERBRAIN *discovered, seated at table.*

SCATTERBRAIN. (L.) It's no use of your calling to your aid the powers of rhetoric; plainly, I'm not to be talked over.

MRS. SCATTERBRAIN. (R.) Some one *will* talk over you without fail in time, and it will be a clerical duty. We are but mortal, but the blood of the McUsquebaughs flows in my veins——

SCAT. Yes; and certainly won't stagnate while there is your cantankerous spirit to stir it up.

MRS. S. Mr. Scatterbrain, I beg to state that whatever unpleasantness occurs in our household, comes from your insane wish of marrying our daughter Amy to a rich man, instead of the deserving young fellow she has set her heart upon.

SCAT. Mr. Harry Sparkle. Sparkle, indeed! None of your Paris paste and *sham* glitter; give me the real brilliant, not mere flash and tawdry.

MRS. S. You are like the dog in the fable, that lost the substance in trying to grasp the shadow. I tell you that this young Plausible, whom you have so set your mind upon for a son-in-law, is shallow, mean, and frivolous. As for his wealth, I don't believe a word of it.

SCAT. That's safe enough, depend upon it. Don't he move in the highest society?

MRS. S. He *plays* high!

SCAT. Isn't he always telling us about his rich relations. For instance, there's that uncle of his, always ready to lend him money; then there's——

MRS. S. Quite enough of that subject sir. In order to captivate this young Plausible, you take a fine house that you cannot afford to keep up; you live in constant fear of bailiffs and duns; your servants leave you, all but your old gardener,

whom you dress up absurdly, to make folks imagine he's a footman. Why, he waits at table as though he were weeding a flower-bed, helps you to vegetables as though he were digging potatoes, and,—oh! his language!

SCAT. Well, I'm sure, my dear, that poor old Grub does his very best.

MRS. S. Yes, but his very best isn't much better than other people's very worst. I declare that poor Amy is quite breaking her heart, and all the good looks which she derived from the mother's side——

SCAT. Ahem!

MRS. S. I repeat, sir, from her mother's side.

SCAT. Well, it's likely enough after all; she's certainly got all your share!

MRS. S. Never mind that. Beauty is but skin deep.

SCAT. Yes, and your skin is so thick that it effectually hides it!

MRS. S. I will not submit to such insults. Remember the blood of the M'Usquebaugh's——

SCAT. Let the M'Usquebaugh's and their confounded blood go to——

MRS. S. (*stopping him*) Well!

SCAT. Any convenient and uncomfortable asylum for bores.

MRS. S. I'm sure you need not have forbidden poor young Sparkle the house; and Amy is very fond of him.

SCAT. He's welcome enough to the house, at least to the outside of it, but to think I am going to let a penniless young scribbler—author, I suppose he calls himself—hanker about after my daughter! why, damme, I'd sooner marry her to old Grub, and start them in a nursery.

MRS. S. The poor girl is almost broken-hearted about him.

SCAT. What! Grub?

MRS. S. No, Sparkle. But not a word, here she comes!

*Enter AMY, door L., book in her hand—she walks slowly to R., and sits.*

What are you reading, Amy dear?

AMY. "The Origin of Man!"

MRS. S. Why that must surely be woman!

AMY. No papa, dear, the book says we are descended from monkeys!

SCAT. (*gleefully*) How about the M'Usquebaughs, eh, Mrs. Scatterbrain? "Thereby hangs a *tail*," eh, Mrs. Scatterbrain? "I could a *tail* unfold," eh, Mrs. Scatterbrain? (*aside*) Perhaps this may cure her of her sanguinary references to those Scotch nuisances.

MRS. S. Have your laugh out, Mr. Scatterbrain. I should



think your ancestry were famous for the length of their auricular appendages!

AMY. (*crosses, c.*) Oh! pray don't quarrel so.

SCAT. (*aside*) I have given the old lady one for her nob, and now to see whether I can't give her two for her heels. (*coming over to AMY*) Let's have a look at your book, Amy?

AMY. No, papa, I'm sure it would not interest you. (*trying to hide book*)

SCAT. What! is the authority of a parent to be outraged by the wilfulness of a child? (*aside*) There's more in this than meets the eye. (*aloud*) Give me the book instantly, miss.

AMY. (*with hesitation*) Here it is, papa.

SCAT. (*takes book—a note falls from the leaves*) Hallo, what's this? "My dearest love Amy,"—hum, um—"love, aching heart,"—um, um—"I will brave dangers of your mercenary father's displeasure;"—ha! ha! will he?—"and may the blood of the M'Usquebaughs be on my head."—Ha, that's one for the old woman, um, um—"Must be mine,"—um—"Own loving Harry." So this is the way you obey my commands, miss, is it? Didn't I tell you that you should never see this snivelling, drivelling, pauper again? Have I not told you that I brought you up to marry money, and money you *shall* marry!

AMY. Oh, forgive me, papa. It is the only letter I have ever received from Har—Mr. Sparkle—and that was before you were so cruel as to forbid him to come here. (*cries—crosses, c.*)

MRS. S. Poor child! your harsh, unfeeling, father would marry you to a roll of bank notes sooner than anything else.

SCAT. What do we live for, madam, but money? What can we do without money? Money is position, position is power, and as I have neither of them I mean to have them all. Haven't I done all for her which a too fond and partial father could devise. At school she was supplied with every luxury.

MRS. S. The school-mistress was bankrupt a month after she left!

SCAT. Don't she live on the fat of the land?—wear her silks and satins like a duchess?

MRS. S. Alas! for confiding humanity in general, and trades-people in particular—*she does!*

SCAT. And now she flies in the face of the author of her being, and refuses to make the only recompense in her power—to place me upon that pinnacle of joy for which my heart has ever yearned; ever, alas! in vain! (*lachrymose*)

AMY. (*crosses, c.*) Oh! papa, dear, I would work for you, slave for you, but I cannot marry Mr. Plausible.

SCAT. Ay, but you will, though, and with no longer warning than this. At any moment I may be arrested for debt; I have stayed in this vicinity longer than my usual habit; so to expedite matters I have arranged that the marriage should take place to-morrow morning. As for your marriage portion, ahem! I shall arrange that with Mr. Plausible.

AMY. Oh, don't force me to this hateful union!

MRS. S. Sir, *my* daughter shall marry no one but the man of her choice! (*crosses, c.*)

SCAT. *My* daughter shall marry whom *I* please!

MRS. S. *Your* daughter?

SCAT. I believe so. She shall marry Mr. Plausible.

MRS. S. She shan't! (*they repeat these sentences, getting more and more enraged with each other*)

*Enter GRUB, gorgeously attired, door L.*

GRUB. (*just within the doorway, and standing constrainedly*) There be a very hobstreporious party hon the door mat, wot ses as 'e is come on tickuliar business.

MRS. S. What's he like, Grub?

GRUB. Decidedly seedacious, marm. Ses as now 'e's 'ere 'e carnt go away.

MRS. S. } We're done! It's a dun.  
SCAT. }

AMY. (R.) Oh, how dreadful!

SCAT. Well, we must put the best face upon it. (*to GRUB*) Show the gentleman up.

GRUB. (*bowing*) Well, if that lot's a gen'leman, blowed if a navvy haint a nob. (*going*) Gen'leman!—ha! ha! *Exit, L.*

MRS. S. (C.) What's to be done now?

SCAT. Oh, we must put the very best face on it possible—ascertain the amount, and get Plausible to settle it to-morrow morning.

*Enter GRUB, ushering in SPARKLE, disguised in very old garments, door L.*

GRUB. 'Ere's the party, sir. (*aside*) Which he do look jest like a deliquescent from the nearest gaol. Gen'leman—ha! ha! [*Exit.*]

SPARKLE *stands with his hat on, R. C., very nervous.*

SCAT. (*haughtily*) My good man, what brings you within the radius of our ocular organs?

AMY. What can the horrid man want?

MRS. S, (*insinuatingly*) Butcher or baker, Mr. Er——

SPARKLE. (L., *bows awkwardly*) Yes, madam, er, er—ahem! (*with an effort very loud*) Baker, nineteen two ten and a half.

SCAT. Sorry to say, no cash in 'house—bank's closed, you



know—you must make yourself comfortable for the night. (*aside to MRS. SCATTERBRAIN*) Here's an infernal go!

MRS. S. Amy, dear, see that this gentleman has all to eat and drink that he requires. (*AMY retires to back—sententiously*) It shall never be said that want of charity was ever experienced from one in whose veins the blood of the M'Usquebaughs—

SCAT. (*dragging her off*) Devil fly away with the blood of the M'Usquebaughs! *Exeunt, door R.*

AMY. (L.) What can I do for you, man?

SPARK. (R.) Ransom your father! You're 'ansom' enough!

AMY. What do you mean, you, to address me thus? You, a common—

SPARK. (*throwing away his hat, and removing his disguise*) Lover!

AMY. Oh! Harry. (*rushes into his arms*) But why here, and in such a dress?

SPARK. Fact was, darling little lady, that I couldn't keep away any longer. I managed to glean from old Grub, who has a fine ear for keyholes, and a strong taste for ardent spirits, that your father had promised to marry you to-morrow to that scheming adventurer, Plausible. So I dressed myself up as a bailiff, and here I am, resolved that I will carry you away by force rather than you shall unite your destiny to so unprincipled a scoundrel. Your father has told him that you have money—that's his little game!

AMY. Ah! but how shall we contrive to hoodwink my father? Stay, I have a plan. Be you again a lowly bailiff, and we shall see what we shall see!

SPARKLE. "*Bailiff* me, if all those endearing young charms"—

AMY. (*helping him on with his coat*) No more bad jokes, sir, or you'll never gain the bay-leaf. Now, to make you comfortable. (*goes to bell—rings*)

*Enter GRUB, door, L.*

AMY. Wine for this gentleman, Grub. (*sitting down, L.*)

GRUB. Yes, miss. (*aside, going*) Wich good sherry wine to him is like throwing early purls to animiles of the swine persuasion. Gen'leman! Ha! ha!—Gen'leman! *Exit, L.*

AMY. (L.) Now, tell me, dearest, how have you been since I last saw you?

SPARK. (*at table, R.*) So fortunate, that you will be surprised. When I arrived home from the club the other night, I found a very large six-and-eight-penny sort of a letter waiting for me; looked as if the lawyer were content to plunder you of the shillings, and give you the odd pence in paper. Judge of my

surprise—"H. Sparkle, Esq., sole legatee of the late Rachel Sparkle, deceased, personality sworn under £17,000." There's news for you!

AMY. Oh! how glad I am, dear Harry. But you'd better not let papa know about your sudden accession to wealth, as he has a peculiar habit of borrowing money from any one who is weak-minded enough to give coin of the realm for useless signatures. But here comes Grub. (*both rising*)

*Enter GRUB, door, L., bearing tray with decanters, glasses, &c.—he walks very stiffly, and places them upon the table.*

GRUB. (C.) Master's comps, an hif your hanterior man 'as a raving arter food, p'raps you'll percolate down stairs alonger me.

AMY. (*aside, to SPARKLE*) You had better go! (*aloud*) This way, sir, if you please.

*Exeunt, door L.—GRUB has taken the candles away—stage dark—the window at back suddenly opens, and PLAUSIBLE jumps into the room—he has on a cabman's box coat over a dress suit, and a slouch hat—he comes down front.*

PLAUSIBLE. Put the amiable myrmidons of the law off the scent pretty neatly, thus far, I think! Phew!—but it was an exciting race. Let's see, how do the night's adventures stand? Alfred Plausible, Esq.,—address, uncertain; mode of living, precarious;—was undeniably gambling in a neighbouring but secluded inferno, to call a spade by its agricultural cognomen. Alfred Plausible, Esquire, was in great luck; three times consecutively had the red turned up trumps for him, when, all of a sudden, the cry of "Police!" arose, and, in an instant, we were plunged in darkness. Then, I made for the gaming table, hoping to nab some of the shiners; but it was no go. Next, a scuffle—until the door was reached, and I was free! Free! yes, but others were on my track. So, I gave a cabby a couple of sovereigns for these precious accoutrements; jumped over the wall, skirting these grounds; saw this window handy, and here I am! Let's see where I've got to. (*strikes a match*) Nice snug room! Hallo! I ought to know this apartment—those pictures—that sofa—! Well, this is strange fortune, indeed, to have drifted me into the asylum of my future father-in-law—old Croesus! But, let's see what's to be done. I can't discover my identity in these clothes—don't want the old man to know I play—must remain here awhile. Yes, that'll do! I'll be a sheriff's officer, and trust to my own ready wit to make some money out of this strange accident. (*noise without—GRUB, "This way, sir!"*) Hallo! some one comes; now for it! (*strikes attitude in front of window*)

*Enter GRUB, with candles, and SPARKLE, door L.*

GRUB. (R. C.) Well, dang me if 'ere ain't a hother hobstreperious party! 'Ow did you get in, guvnor?

PLAUS. (C.) When we can't get in at the door, we *must* get in at the *window*, (*with emphasis*) not but what the chimney might do, but that the window is more respectable, and infinitely cleaner.

GRUB. (R.) This 'ere gent, who seems in the same progression as you be, *he* come in at the door! (SPARKLE and PLAUSIBLE *look at each other*)

PLAUS. (R., *aside*) A real bailiff, by Jove!

SPARK. (L., *aside*) The real Simon Pure, by all that's unfortunate!

PLAUS. (*aside*) I feel one too many here.

SPARK. (*aside*) I am as much out of place as the fifth wheel of a coach.

GRUB. Well, you'd better settle between ye who's to be first fiddle. (*going*) Two gen'tlemen!—ha! ha! *Exit door, L.*

(PLAUSIBLE and SPARKLE *look at each other covertly with evident embarrassment—a long pause—they turn round simultaneously and face each other*)

BOTH. Ahem! (*turn round again—pause*)

PLAUS. (*loudly*) Ahem!—er—er—er—er.

SPARK. Did you speak, sir? (*aside*) I hope he won't see through my disguise.

PLAUS. Yes, sir! He's precious old Snatchem who's got a writ out against me.

SPARK. What did you observe, sir?

PLAUS. I said,—er—er—er—sir!

SPARK. Oh! indeed, sir!

PLAUS. Yes, sir! (*a long pause—they both turn very suddenly round and commence speaking rapidly*)

PLAUS. As I was just going to remark, sir—

SPARK. I was about to make the observation—(*they stop abruptly*)

PLAUS. So was I, sir!

SPARK. So was I, sir!

PLAUS. Then go on, sir!

SPARK. After you, sir!

PLAUS. (*aside*) He doesn't know me, I'm encouraged.

SPARK. (*aside*) I'm beginning to feel braver. He is still in the dark.

PLAUS. I was going to say, sir, that you are—er—er—from um—um—um.

SPARK. From um—um—um. And you, sir, are from er—er—er?

PLAUS. Yes, *from er—er—er. (they are still standing back to back)*

SPARK. Delighted to make your acquaintance, sir! *(aside)* Not bad fellows after all these broker's men.

PLAUS. Pleased to have the honour. *(aside)* Not such blackguards after all, these bailiffs.

SPARK. Shake hands, sir?

PLAUS. With pleasure, sir! *(without turning, they attempt to shake hands, and get very confused)*

SPARK. Pray be seated, sir!

PLAUS. *(R.)* You will sit also, sir? *(they back toward a chair and collide—business)* Your pardon, sir! *(venturing to look)* Not such a bad-looking fellow either.

SPARK. My fault, sir! *(aside)* Clean-looking man, that! *(they sit one each side of table)*

PLAUS. *(aside)* Don't like the look of this; bailiffs in at Scatterbrain's! I shall have to back out of my marriage.

SPARK. *(aside)* I always thought old Scatterbrain was going it too fast.

PLAUS. A glass of wine, sir?

SPARK. With pleasure, sir! *(they drink)* Been long in the profession, sir? *(aside)* He doesn't seem quite at ease in it?

PLAUS. No, sir; fact was I shouldn't have taken to it, but I—er—er—

SPARK. So did I, sir! Another glass of wine, sir? *(drinks)* I am gradually roasting in this coat.

PLAUS. *(aside)* I feel in purgatory in this garment. *(aloud)* Smoke, sir?

SPARK. Yes, sir. *(taking out cigar case—each turns and offers cigar)*

PLAUS. *(helping himself from his own case)* Weeds from a sheriff's officer!

SPARK. *(with a shudder, aside)* Tobacco from a bailiff! *(they smoke)*

PLAUS. *(after a pause)* I hope I'm not in your way here?

SPARK. *(aside)* I'll get rid of him if I can. *(aloud)* Oh, dear, no, sir! Your company is vastly amusing. *(aside)* I'll bribe him to go.

PLAUS. And, your society, sir, is most entertaining. *(aside)* I'll tip him a fiver to leave. I suppose he'll understand what I mean.

*(they rise, and come down front, eyeing each other dubiously; at length they wink simultaneously, and each thrusts something into the other's hand)*

SPARK. *(aside)* That's a queer proceeding. Hullo! a fiver, by jove! Exchange no robbery!



PLAUS. (*aside*) Rum goings on, these. By jove, a flimsy for five! This is a strange exchange of compliments.

SPARK. (*confidentially*) Fact is, Mr. Er—er—, that I have got something more than a mere monetary affair on here!

PLAUS. Oho! sly dog! cook?

SPARK. (*indignantly*) No, sir!

PLAUS. Mrs. S.?

SPARK. D——n it, no, sir!

PLAUS. (*aside*) Hullo, I begin to smell a rat! (*aloud*) Well, who is it, then?

SPARK. It goes no further? (PLAUSIBLE *nods compliance*) Well, it's Miss Amy!

PLAUS. (*scornfully*) And, of course, the young lady is in love with you?

SPARK. Undeniably! We are going to be married to-morrow.

PLAUS. Oh, hang it!—d—— it!—this is too much! What marry a broker's man? Ha, ha! Why, sir, she's going to marry me—me, sir!

SPARK. What, marry a time-serving, musty, pint-pot swilling cad of a bailiff like you? Pooh, sir, pooh! (*following him to R. corner*)

PLAUS. These expressions addressed to me, sir? Pint-pot swilling cad yourself, you presumptuous incubus! (*following him to L. corner*)

SPARK. (*enraged*) And you, you vile impostor, to aspire to the affections of the purest-minded, dearest girl in the universe! Why, damme, sir, if you were not so low a creature as to pollute my touch, I'd kick you, sir—kick you!

PLAUS. Why, you contemptible sweep, if it did not disgrace my touch, I'd knock you down!

SPARK. Here, sir, (*taking out bank note*) this belongs to you, I believe. (*looking at back of note*) Hullo, endorsed "Alfred Plausible." So then you are here at his instigation, you arrant vagabond?

PLAUS. (*who has produced note given him by SPARKLE*) And you, sir, you are here by an expedient of Mr. Harry Sparkle, you double-dyed conspirator!

SPARK. Come on! I can stand this no longer.

(*they rush together and scuffle round the room, eventually upsetting table with ornaments upon it—hearing the noise*)—

*Enter MR. and MRS. SCATTERBRAIN, R.—AMY, L., and GRUB, R.*

ALL. Why what's all this tumult about?

SPARK. Remove this bailiff!

PLAUS. Turn out this broker's man!

AMY. (L.) Oh! what does all this mean? Oh! pray explain.

SCAT. (to PLAUSIBLE) You, sir, come from the—the butcher or baker?

PLAUS. Butcher—no, I mean booker—that is, baker.

MRS. SCAT. (R., to SPARKLE) Why, you told us you were from the baker! Instantly explain yourself, or by the bl——

SCAT. (R. C., *puts his hands over her mouth, and forces her into chair*) Stop that now, old lady—the present company are not anxious to hear your exposition of your ties of consanguinity.

PLAUS. (C., *aside*) I'll give the old gentleman a caulker. (*aloud*) My figure's £1,905 17s. 9½d. My gov'nor has bought up all your debts for the last six years.

SCAT. Oh Lord! (*collapses*)

AMY. Oh, please, papa, I think I can set matters (*crossing, C.*) straight, and free you from all your embarrassments, if you will but grant me one favour.

SCAT. (R. C.) Anything you please, child! (*prostrate*)

AMY. Why you see, papa, dear, I'm sure I hope you will forgive him, but Harry—that is Mr. Sparkle—being forbidden to enter the house, invented this *ruse* to inform me of his sudden accession to fortune, (SCATTERBRAIN *pricks up his ears*) and disguised himself as a bailiff.

GRUB. (L.) Well, she be a progeny, that's sure! (*retiring up, L.*)

SPARK. (L. C., *throwing off disguise*) Yes, sir, there's no denying it, and when I was just about to make a clean breast of it to you, who should come in but this low broker's man, who actually had the impertinence to tell me to my very face that he was going to marry your daughter. I couldn't stand that.

SCAT. What's this I hear, sir? (to PLAUSIBLE) Your account? (*crossing, L., to him*)

PLAUS. Is of no account whatever. The fact is, that I got into something of a difficulty this evening—the police were at my heels. I borrowed this disguise, jumped in at first window that offered! Judge of my surprise when I found it to be the Scatterbrain domicile; and after I had made up my mind to personate a bailiff, to find one in that character here before me. The rest you know. (*throws off his disguise*)

ALL. Mr. Plausible!

PLAUS. In *propria personâ*. (*they all regard him with evident disfavour*) Sorry not to have had the pleasure of a formal introduction to you, Mr. Sparkle, but wish you joy with Miss Amy there!

SCAT. What, sir, do you not mean to keep your promise? (*aside*) All my hopes thus defeated. But he knows too much.

(*aloud*) Sir, I will enter an action for breach of promise against you immediately!

PLAUS. Go it, my buck!; Fire away! Enter as many actions as you please against me; it won't benefit you one penny!

SCAT. Then all your property—estates——

PLAUS. Are situated in Ayr!

SCAT. And the uncle, who was so generous to you?

PLAUS. Mr. Pawnit, number one, round the corner.

SCAT. Done, by Jupiter!

MRS. S. (*coming down, L.*) What did I tell you, Mr. Scatterbrain. I have not descended from an illustrious family for nothing!

SCAT. Then take what you want and go back again.

AMY. (*to SPARKLE*) Our turn is coming now.

SPARK. Let's hear it all out first.

PLAUS. (*crossing, C.*) Fact was, I wanted money, so did you. Each thinking the other wealthy, an alliance was deemed expedient. The bubble has burst. Simply. I dare say, I might have made Miss Scatterbrain a good husband—would have looked keenly after her monetary affairs with parental care. But fact is, she don't suit my book, and I refuse to run for the matrimonial stakes, carrying so much weight.

GRUB. Matrimonial steaks! Hi wonder wot part of the animile they're cut from. *Exit, door L.*

AMY. (*crosses, R.*) Now, papa dear, you must keep your promise; you see I have freed you from your troubles.

SCAT. (*aside*) Yes, and from a d——d unpleasant son-in-law.

AMY. So now you must grant my favour. I want you to give me something.

SCAT. Well, what is it—what is it?

AMY. (*taking SPARKLE's hand*) It's this gentleman, please pa! And please, pa, it's leap year!

SCAT. Ah, well then, I suppose you might do worse. Take him, and heaven bless you, and all that sort of thing. (*aside to AMY*) Come into money, has he? (*AMY nods*) Come here, sir, I have matters of matrimonial importance to convey to you. (*aside to him, walking him up stage*) You couldn't lend me, &c.

PLAUS. The game is up, I think I'd better go;

Ne'er did I find myself so much *de trop*.

SCAT. (*aside*) Now that my son-in-law he is to be,

(*pointing to SPARKLE*)

The genuine sparkle in his jokes I'll see.

PLAUS. (*to AMY*) Pray let me hope——

AMY.

Nay, sir; you me affront!

SPARK. Your only chance lies with our friends in front.

Go! make your peace there; low down (*pointing to pit*)  
and on high; (*pointing to gallery*)

Partner and self have our own fish to fry!

MRS. S. Sir, lenience crave, or on your head be still

M'Usquebaughian blood!

SCAT.

Oh, lord!

PLAUS.

I will——

(*advancing front*) Six characters are in this little play—

SCAT. *Multum in parvo*, you will doubtless say—

MRS. S. Yet do their essays to amuse succeed,

Or this piece, *One too Many* prove indeed?

PLAUS. Each effort in the public cause is strained,

That your applause deservedly be gained;

Your verdict, then! Give us your hands as such,

That ONE TOO MANY is not "One too Much.!"

SCATTERBRAIN. MRS. SCATTERBRAIN. PLAUSIBLE. SPARKLE. AMY.  
R. L.

**Curtain. .**





# AMATEUR'S GUIDE,

Hand-book and Manual, 1s.

*Containing Particulars of everything necessary for  
the Proper Production of Plays—*

THE FORMATION OF A COMPANY, AND THE CHOICE OF PIECES,  
LIST OF THE MOST SUITABLE DRAMAS, WITH THE NUMBER OF MALE  
AND FEMALE CHARACTERS IN EACH.

A CATALOGUE OF ALL THE MODERN PLAYS.

THE LAW FOR AMATEURS.

THE NAMES OF PIECES ACTABLE WITHOUT CHARGE.  
PRACTICAL ADVICE AS TO DEPARTMENT, SPEAKING, AND EFFECTIVE  
ACTING; WITH A VARIETY OF INTERESTING DETAILS, NEVER  
BEFORE COLLECTED OR PRINTED.

A LIST OF THEATRICAL TRADESMEN, AND THEIR ADDRESSES.

Edited by T. H. LACY.

Ninth Edition, corrected to February, 1872.

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## THE AMATEUR'S GUIDE TO HOME OR DRAWING ROOM THEATRICALS.

*From "Saunders' News Letter," May 23rd, 1866.*

THIS is a most useful little work, which supplies most effectually a want long felt by those desirous of cultivating theatrical amusements and tastes, and of indulging in the harmless and not unimproving recreation caused by amateur theatricals. The book consists of three parts, by three different authors—all amateur actors, who give the benefit of their experience and advice in a rather lively style. The first is by Mr. J. W. BORRELL, and treats of the duties of the manager and company, and the cheapest and easiest mode of bringing out a piece successfully either in a drawing-room or private theatre. The author shews how matters which are most mysterious to the general public, and interpose almost insurmountable difficulties to their production by the uninitiated or private companies, may be overcome. Their nature is explained, and a plan—cheap, easy, and effective—is shown by which the most and the least pretentious amateur company may get up a creditable theatre and performance. Chapters are given on scenery and scene painting, stage illusions and effects, thunder and lightning, pieces suitable for private representation, advice on acting, dresses and properties, the duties of a prompter, and rehearsals, in all of which there is excellent advice and valuable information. "How to get up Theatricals in a Country House," by a gentleman who writes under the *nom de plume* of Captain SOCK BUSKIN, is the second part, and will be found an excellent appendix to the preceding part. It contains, besides, a long list of plays, with descriptions and directions, that will be found of great use to country amateurs. A supplement by the editor, THOMAS H. LACY, is the last part, and in it the deficiencies of the two preceding are supplied. The ~~rules~~ <sup>rules</sup> and laws for regulating amateur companies are here laid down, and further lists of plays are given. The book will be found of the greatest possible use to the amateur, supplying a want long felt, and rendering the production of a play upon an amateur stage a matter of ease, even to parties whose opportunities of witnessing theatrical performances have been few.



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