

THE
WANDERING MINSTREL:

A Farce,

IN ONE ACT.

BY HENRY MAYHEW.

FIRST PERFORMED AT

THE ROYAL FITZROY THEATRE,

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LONDON:
JOHN MILLER, HENRIETTA STREET,
COVENT GARDEN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. Crineum	MR. HUGHES.
Herbert Carol	MISS CRISP.
Tweedle	MR. HOLMES.
Jem Bags	MR. MITCHELL.
Mrs. Crincum	MRS. BRINDAL.
Julia	MRS. MANDERS.
Peggy	MISS COOKE.

Musicians, Servants, &c., &c.

THE WANDERING MINSTREL.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

An apartment in Mr. CRINCUM's house—A table in the background, with breakfast things laid; a newspaper hanging over the back of one of the chairs.

Enter JULIA and MRS. CRINCUM, R. H.

MRS. C. I tell you, Julia, had you the eloquence of Demosthenes combined with the lungs of Boreas, you might talk yourself out of breath and argument before I would consent to the match.—Are you aware Mr. Carol's father was an attorney?

JULIA. Well!—and is not an attorney a gentleman by act of parliament?

MRS. C. Yes!—and by act of parliament only—certainly never by any act of his own—the very “Gent., one, &c.” after an attorney's name proves how bad the portrait is, since it requires the title to be tacked to its tail.

JULIA. But Herbert, my dear aunt, inherits only the money and not the nature—the specie without the species of his father.

MRS. C. Well!—be he as rich and as liberal withal as you please, the blood of the Crincum's shall never be diluted with the wash that flows in the veins of the Carols; but what else could be expected from a hard-hearted attorney, like the father—it's impossible to get blood from a stone!

JULIA. But it's money now-a-days that makes the man.

MRS. C. In my eyes it is the family, not the fortune. I confess I think with Shylock, that flesh is preferable to money.

JULIA. That may be your opinon, but I hold—

MRS. C. You hold, indeed!—hold your tongue!

JULIA. But let be beg you not to be so hasty in your judgment of Herbert—I'll promise to obtain his whole pedigree, and who knows but that he may yet turn out the scion of some illustrious house.

MRS. C. Of some public-house more likely! Hold your tongue, miss!—your conduct was bad enough before, but now it is abandoned!

JULIA. Well, I should say the sooner bad conduct was abandoned the better. But here comes uncle. (*Crosses to R. H.*)

Enter MR. CRINCUM, R. H.

MRS. C. So you've found your way down at last, have you, Mr. C.?

MR. C. I hope I have not kept you waiting, my dear?

MRS. C. Yes, you have kept me waiting, my dear—here's all the breakfast as cold as one's ancestors!

MR. C. Indeed, my love! I'm very sorry!—(*They sit down to breakfast*)—Come, Julia, dear!—heyday! what's the matter here!—what, are you and your aunt cool as well as the breakfast?—quarrelling again, eh?—'Pon my life this house is a perfect college for dissension; and you, Mrs. C., you are senior wrangler.

MRS. C. Now I'll put it to you, Mr. C.—you are a man of sound sense and discretion—a man whose only care, through life, has been the happiness of his niece—a man—

(*Helps him to butter.*)

MR. C. There's quite enough butter, thankye, my dear.

MRS. C. I put it to you Mr. C.—if you had a pipe of fine old port, would you think of adulterating it with sloe juice?—are you attending, Mr. C.?—would you, I say, sacrifice the quality merely to gain a little in quantity?

MR. C. Most unquestionably not, my love.

MRS. C. Then that's exactly my argument with regard to young Mr. Carol.

MR. C. What! the old story, eh?—but we'll talk of that another time—let us see what the news is, (*Takes up the paper and reads.*) “Fashionable Intelligence” “A regular Flare up”—“Marriages” “Amusements for the week” “Pugilism”—“Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, Hamlet” “Horrible murder”—“Paganini's Concert” “Extraordinary charge”—eh! what's all this about?

(*Looking up the paper*) Why there's no head to this article—oh! I see!—it's one of the parliamentary speeches, and they certainly don't require any.

MRS. C. Pooh! can't you find something more amusing than that to read!—give me the paper. (*Takes it and looks over it*) I always look for the murders, crim cons., &c.,—eh! what do I see?—well, now this is delightful.

JULIA. Read it out, aunt, pray.

MRS. C. "Is expected every day." How I long to see the dear.

MR. C. And who may this dear of yours be?

MRS. C. "Apollo"—ah, "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast"—are you attending, Mr. C.—do you hear me, I say? (*Reads.*) "We understand a bet is on the *tapis*, between two persons of distinction, that a well known musical nobleman will collect a certain sum of money by travelling through the country, under the disguise of a Wandering Minstrel, the titled votary of Apollo is now on his tours, and invariably experiences the kindest receptions from the gentry of the different towns he visits, it being easy to perceive from his noble air and courtly demeanour that his character is assumed—he is now journeying towards Worthing, where he is expected every day." What do you think of that, Mr. C.?

MR. C. Why I think the fellow's a pretty vagabond, whoever he be.

MRS. C. Pshaw! doesn't the paper say he is a nobleman in disguise—but your soul was ever dead to romance.

MR. C. Romance!—fiddlestick!—where's the romance, I should like to know, in a fellow's rendering himself amenable to the vagrant act?

MRS. C. I declare, Mr. C., your ideas are as ancient as your face—haven't you heard he's a nobleman trying to collect a certain sum of money, under the disguise of a Wandering Minstrel?

MR. C. Well! then, he ought to be indicted for obtaining money under false pretences! and, if I had my way, he should be. (*They rise and come forward.*)

MRS. C. If you had your way, indeed—oh, you poor weak old man—but I never intend you to have your way, Mr. C.—No, no, the conduct you must adopt is, directly you hear of his arrival, to go yourself and place your house at his service.

MR. C. And have him continually caterwauling under

my roof—not if it was Apollo himself, instead of the votary.

MRS. C. You wont—wont you? but you shall, Mr. C.—do you hear that, you shall—only imagine reading in the Court Journal that, “Mr. Crincum was the distinguished host, at whose mansion the Wandering Minstrel was so hospitably entertained during his stay at Worthing.” But he may be in the town at this very moment—why don’t you fly, Mr. C.—why don’t you fly, I say? Julia, my dear, follow us! who knows but that the dear creature might take a fancy to you! your arm, Mr. C. [Exeunt L. H.

SCENE II.

The exterior of Mr. Crincum’s house.

Enter JEM BAGS, R. H. (*Playing the clarionet very badly.*)

JEM B. Vell! now, that’s what I calls werry tidy work! two bobs and a tanner for seven doors isn’t so bad, blow me!—summat better this ere, than wending three yards of new favrite songs for a hapny—what miserable work that was to be sure—I was always a crying about the streets “here you has ‘em—here’s one hundred and fifty new and pop’lar hairs for a hapny, here’s—“Mary I believes thee true” “Hookey Valker”—“Giles Scroggins courted Molly Brown” “On the Banks of the Blue Moselle”—“Barclay and Perkins’ drayman” “He vas famed for deeds of harms”—“His there a heart wot never lov’d” “The dandy dog’s-meat man”—“If I had a donkey what wouldn’t go” “Hover the hills and far avay”—Oh, say not woman’s love is bought” for the small charge of one hapny—and I dare say I might a been a following that are calling to this werry day, if it arn’t a been for Bill Raven—I never shall forget Bill Raven’s a saying to me—says he—“I say, Jem Bags, vhy dosn’t you take to the singing line”—“vhy,” says I, “vhy coz, I sings vorser than an old tin tea-kettle”—“Vorser!” says he, “so much the betterer—oh, yourn’s a helegant woice for ballad singing! a sartin fortune to any one, blow me!”—“Jist show a light,” says I,—“Vell, then,” says he, “I means to say as how if one, with a woice like yourn, was to strike up afore the houses—and, ‘specially them with the knockers tied up—they’d villingly give sixpence to get rid on you”—“I twigs,” says I—howsomdever, I says to myself, says I, “if my woice is a

sartin fortun'—what 'ud a old clarionet be as I can't play much,"—and I was right—what a jolly row it does kick up to be sure!—In a quiet place like this 'ere they'd give any thing to get rid on me! directly I strikes up, out comes the sarvint with tuppence or thruppence and horders me to move on—"Don't you wish you may get it?" says I; "Move on for tuppence or thruppence! Why does you think now I'm hintirely hignorant of the "*walley*" of peace and quietness?—I never moves on under sixpence." (*Looking up at the house.*) But they seems summat in the quiet vay here—I thinks as how they'd stand a shilling.

(*He strikes up, taking care to make all the noise possible; presently Mr. and Mrs. CRINCUM, the former very much annoyed at the noise, enter from the house, L. H.*)

JEM B. I knew they couldn't stand that werry long.

MRS. C. See there, Mr. C.?—there he is—there's the Wandering Minstrel?—oh, the dear melodious creature.

JEM B. She says I'm a hodious screecher—I sartinly must ax em a shilling!

MRS. C. And now, Mr. C., you go and place your house at the disposal of the titled votary of Apollo—assuring him your constant study shall be to endow it with all the comfort of a home.

JEM B. Vell!—if she isn't a talking about the comforts of a home—now, there arn't no one sets a higher "*walley*" on the comforts of a home, than I does—I couldn't think of moving on under a shilling.

MRS. C. Why don't you do as I bid you,—why don't you stir yourself, Mr. C.?

MR. C. What—make my house a home for such a vagabond as that! better convert it into a refuge for the destitute at once—

MRS. C. To call him a vagabond! was there ever such a lamentable want of discernment! when it's so easy to perceive his character is assumed! oh—you poor blind old man, you! (*Curtseys to Jem.*) I fear, Sir, unaccustomed as you are to your present mode of life, you must feel yourself rather fatigued.

JEM B. (*Aside.*) She's a trying to get rid on me with a bit of blarney! but it von't do, Mrs.! Fatigued, Marm! —quite contrary! I'm as fresh as' an oyster on the fifth of August! Bless you! I could keep all night at this ere!

(*Pointing to clarionet.*)

MRS. C. The paper was very right—he certainly has all the air of the nobleman—

JEM B. The hair of the nobleman, Marm—nothing like it, I can assure you! that there was the hair of “the dog’s meat man!” but the old gentleman there doesn’t seem very pleased.

MRS. C. I can assure you he is quite delighted, Sir—

MR. C. No, I an’t—no, I an’t.

MRS. C. Hold your tongue—or I’ll send you to bed.

JEM. B. Howsomdever, I’m particular easy to get rid on.
(Holds out his hand.)

MRS. C. There, Mr. C., I knew you’d insult the gentleman with your nonsense! *(To Jem.)* But I trust, Sir, we are not to shake hands just yet—believe me, if there be one instrument to which Mr. C. and myself are more partial than another, it is the clarionet—

MR. C. No, it isn’t—no, it isn’t—

MRS. C. *(Checking him.)* Only wait till I get you alone, that’s all, Mr. C.

JEM B. Then the sooner I’m off the better!

MRS. C. But you will not leave us thus abruptly, Sir, without even taking any refreshment?

JEM B. Oh! if you’re going to stand summat, I’m your man!

MRS. C. My house is at your command, Sir—but first allow me to enquire under what name you are at present travelling?

JEM B. Vhy, Marm, I answers to the name of Jem Bags for vant of a betterer.

MRS. C. Jem Bags! ha! ha! an excellent sobriquet, indeed! and your other name, I—

JEM B. Oh! you means the name I in general goes by?

MRS. C. Ah! that I presume, neither love nor money could tempt you to disclose—

JEM B. Vouldn’t they though? I can’t say nothing about the love—but just you fork out the brads, and see if they vont.

MRS. C. Willingly would I give my purse to solve the mystery—

JEM B. Vould you though! hand it here, Marm.

(Mrs. Crincum takes purse out of Mr. C.’s pocket.)

MR. C. But I must beg you do not squander my money upon any such foolery, Mrs. C.

JEM B. Pooh! hold your tongue, old guy, now—and think yourself wery vell off, I don't take the love into the bargain.

MRS. C. There is the purse, (*Gives it.*) and now the name by which you are more commonly known—is—

JEM B. Is Old Bags, marm.

MR. C. Now, my dear, are you convinced?

MRS. C. Yes, now I am convinced that he is indeed a nobleman in disguise—I recollect hearing Mr. Carol, the attorney, say, "Old Bags" was the name of a great lord. I trust, sir, you have every hope of being successful with your bet!

JEM B. (*Aside.*) My bet! how should she know anything about Bet?—my intended, Betsy Bags what is to be! Successful, marm! it wont be long, now I've got this ere purse, afore I has a better half.

MRS. C. Indeed! it will not be many days before you have the better half! And yet your bet must be a good round one.

JEM B. Vhy yes, Bet sartinly is rather roundish, marm; but, bless your heart! sich a figure! the greatest vaist I ever seed.

MRS. C. Ah, sir, there I agree with you—bets certainly are the greatest waste possible!—a shameful extravagance! If I am not presuming, sir, how heavy may your bet run?

JEM B. How heavy, marm! vhy, let me see—about fourteen or fifteen stone—say 200 lbs.

MRS. C. Two hundred pounds, sir!

JEM B. Yes, that's about the cut, I think.

MRS. C. Oh! that's a mere trifle!

JEM B. Is it, though?

MRS. C. Now my thoughts, sir, ran nearer two thousand.

JEM B. Two thousand pounds, marm! vhy, Dan Lambert never made that ere.

MRS. C. Dan Lambert! Who does he mean by Dan Lambert, Mr. C.?

MR. C. I don't know Danny Lambert.

MRS. C. No, nor anything else! He's some great sporting character, I dare say. But you must feel the want of some refreshment, sir!

JEM B. Vhy, I sartinly should like a drop of heavy.

MRS. C. A drop of heavy! What's heavy, Mr. C.

MR. C. I don't know—I an't got any heavy.

MRS. C. We have some excellent light wines, sir,—though I am afraid we can offer you no heavy.

JEM B. Bless you! I'm not particular to a shade.

(MRS. C. gives her arm to JEM BAGS, and leads him to the door of her house which MR. C. has closed. MRS. C. pushes him aside, and goes off with JEM, who exclaims, "My heyes, here's a go!"

MR. C. (*Solus.*) Well! thus it is when an old man forgets himself and marries a young wife; it's ten to one but she follows his example, and forgets him, too. My wife's voice was shrill enough before; there was no need of the clarionet for an accompaniment! A wandering minstrel and a lord! A pretty lord! The Lord knows who! However, if he be a lord, he supports the character of a blackguard with a great deal of spirit.

(*Exit Mr. CRINCUM.*)

SCENE III.

A Drawing-room, Table, Chairs, &c.

Enter PEGGY, showing in JEM BAGS, l. h.

PEG. Will you look this way, if you please, sir!

JEM B. Bless you! when there's a pretty girl to be seed, I don't want axing to look that way. Ah I sees you doesn't know Jem Bags!

PEG. Jem Bags! What, him as used to go crying of ballads? Indeed, but I do, though!

JEM B. You does! Let me examine you! Vhy, blow me, if it arn't Peg!—the wery Peg as I used to hang my affections on!

PEG. But how comes it, Jem, you've given up a crying them ere ballads?

JEM B. Vhy, you sees, they writes such stuff now-a-days for sentimental ballads, they actually arn't vorth while crying about, and so as I could do nothing in that there vay—

PEG. You comed down here to see if you couldn't do master and missus by a passing yourself off for a nobleman.

JEM B. Come out of the cart, now! I pass myself off for a nobleman! Do you think I'd make such a thorough blackguard of myself as that?

PEG. Why, hasn't you been making missus believe

you're the handsome Wandering Minstrel what's a travelling through the country for a wager?

JEM B. I make your missus believe I was the handsome Wandering Minstrel!—why, I arn't got the face to do it! But only to think of my being taken for a lord? Howsomdever, since it is so, you know, I shall embrace the opportunity—

PEG. Well! I should have thought you might have found something better than that to embrace.

JEM B. Ah! I'm fly! It's the vay vith all the gals directly they sets eyes on me; they're never heasy. But, bless her little heart, she shall have a kiss.

(*He takes hold of her hand.*)

PEG. No, but she wont now.

(*She snatches her hand away, runs round the stage, and exit L. H. JEM follows her, and goes violently into the arms of MRS. CRINCUM, who is entering with MR. C., L. H.*)

MR. C. Halloa, sir, what are you after?

JEM B. What am I arter, old gemman? Now I dare say you thinks I was arter that there sarvint of your'n?

MRS. C. It was too plain, sir; and, I must say, it surprises me to see a gentleman of your rank let himself down in such a way.

JEM B. Lawks, marm! there wasn't no letting down in the case! Quite the contrary. I was a keeping up my character. You see, marm, ve vandering minstrels is so famous for running arter the gals, that one is hobligated to do it, whether he likes it or not.

MRS. C. True, sir, I forgot. There, Mr. C., don't you hear, he acknowledges himself to be the Wandering Minstrel—don't you hear, Mr. C.? I came, sir, to say, we purpose having a small concert this evening, and to beg that we may be allowed the valuable aid of your musical abilities.

JEM B. My musical abilities—ha! ha! My clarionet is at your service, marm.

MRS. C. Ah, sir, I knew we might count upon your acquiescence. I have desired the leader to wait your instructions about the music.

JEM B. (*Aside.*) Vait my instructions! Then, hang me, if I don't think he will have to vait a precious long time!

MRS. C. You will find him, I believe, sir, a gentleman of some skill; but here he is to speak for himself.

Enter Tweedle, L. H.

MR. C. Mr. Tweedle—the—

MRS. C. (*Pushing Mr. C. aside.*) Mr. Tweedle—that is the real Wandering Minstrel.

(MR. and MRS. C. *retire up.* TWEEDLE bows, JEM touches his hat; they advance, and shake hands.)

JEM B. How are you?—are you hearty?

TWEED. I am delighted, sir, to have the honour of meeting a gentleman, whose musical talents promise so much.

JEM B. (*Aside.*) They may promise a great deal; but, hang me, if they don't perform very little!

TWEED. Respecting the selection of music for this evening—what school do you prefer?

JEM B. What school! (*Aside.*) Blow me, if I was ever inside on one! But I must not let him know nothing about that. Vy, I thinks as how the parish school is a pretty tidy un.

TWEED. The Paris school! Ay, sir, France certainly contains some very excellent masters, Auber, Hertz—

JEM B. (*Aside.*) Auber hurts! What does he mean by Auber hurts? Oh, I see! Old Auber must be the chap vot flogs the boys at that there school. Auber hurts! I believe you, he just does hurt! Lawks! how he used to make me sing out, to be sure!

TWEED. Used to make you sing out, did he, sir?—a plan I always adopt myself. Throw the voice well out from the chest—excellent exercise, sir!

JEM B. You may say that, old chap! Bless you, old Auber used only to give it us for the exercise—the doctors used to recommend it.

TWEED. Certainly, sir, Dr. Arne—

JEM B. Ah! I didn't know his name.

TWEED. And many other equally eminent professors did so. Pray, sir, what may be your opinion of the Doctor's compositions?

JEM B. (*Makes a face expressive of disgust.*) Why, my opinion is, the doctor's compositions is all werry filthy stuff.

TWEED. Filthy stuff! Indeed, sir, but you surely would not apply so harsh a term to all the doctor's works. Do you consider his Artaxerxes—

JEM B. Consider he's arter who?

TWEED. Artaxerxes, sir?

JEM B. In course I does—I considers he's arter Xerxes, and arter everybody else, too.

TWEED. Then, sir, since you do not seem to approve of the doctor's works, what may be your opinion of Bishop's?

JEM B. Of bishops! (*Aside*) Well, if he isn't a going to politics now! Howsomdever, as long as he fights shy of that musical work, I doesn't mind—what does I think of bishops? Why, I thinks they're just as bad, if not worserer, than doctors.

TWEED. Indeed, sir! Perhaps you are no admirer of the English style. Maybe you do not approve of "The Sea! The Sea!" of Neükomm?

JEM B. Didn't I say I vouldn't have nothing to say about bishops. Where's the use, then, of talking to me about the see of Neükomm? I tell you I don't want nothing to do with the see of Neükomm, or the see of Durham, either.

TWEED. The Sea of Durham! I never recollect hearing it.

JEM B. But a great many people does, though.

TWEED. Well, sir, since nothing English seems to please you, what do you think of Paganini?

JEM B. What ninny?

TWEED. Paganini, sir. The great violinist who has lately drawn such large houses with his one string. What may your opinion be of his powers?

JEM B. Why, my opinion is, that his powers must be very great, if he draws a house with one string.

TWEED. Truly, sir; and as a harpist what think you of Bochsa's science?

JEM B. Boxers' science!—now, you've just hit it! Your boxer's, I thinks, is one of the prettiest sciences going; and if you've a mind for anything in that there way, why I'm your man!

[*Squares at Tweedle—Mr. and Mrs. C. come down, and push Tweedle off—exit Tweedle, l. h.*

MR. C. Really, this behaviour surpasses everything, sir; the lowest vagabond would beat you!

JEM B. Beat me!—would he? Just you com' and try, old chap, and see how I would pummel that there ugly face of yourn!

[*Jem Bags and Mr. C. square at each other—Mrs. C. interposes.*

MR. C. You impudent scoundrel !

MRS. C. I beg you'll keep your temper, Mr. C.

JEM B. Keep his temper!—well! I think the sooner he loses such a temper the better!

MRS. C. (*Coaxingly.*) Let us leave him to himself for awhile, my dear!—at present, you perceive, he is rather excited. I will go and see after the gentleman's refreshment. Now, pray don't exasperate the gentleman, Mr. C.!

[*Exit MRS. C., l. h.*

MR. C. I won't my dear!

[*CRINCUM squares at JEM, and then runs off.*

JEM B. Go along with you, you old fool, you! That chap's a regular human wen—nothing more nor a lump of superfluous flesh upon the face of natur!

Enter PEGGY, slyly.

PEG. Whist, Jem! is any one with you?

JEM B. Any one with me!—no they vas all agin me!

PEG. Against you! what for? Why, you arn't a been forgetting yourself, have you, Jem?

JEM B. Forgetting myself!—never fear, Peggy! I thinks a great deal too much of myself to do that!

PEG. And so I do! La! all the time you've been away, I never done nothing but remember how happy I was when first you made overtures to me!

JEM B. Well! if she arn't music mad as well as the rest on 'em! I tell you I don't know nothing about music!

PEG. Who was a talking of music, pray?

JEM B. Why you! Didn't you say I made overtures?

PEG. Lord bless your innocence!

JEM B. Vell, I hope he vill.

PEG. Making overtures means pledging your love.

JEM B. Pledging your love!—vhy, they vouldn't lend you nothing on it!

PEG. Pshaw! it means popping the question!

JEM B. Popping! in course it does. Arn't pledging and popping all the same?

PEG. Well, then, I mean when you used to come a courting of me! Don't you remember our nice trips to Bagnigge Wells?

JEM B. Yes; and don't you remember my calling for

two teas and a pot of heavy, and hadn't got no blunt; and I was obligated to leave my handkerchief until Monday? And don't you remember the dances we used to have?—don't I?—and the tune too—this was it.

[They go off into a jig, JEM accompanying on the clarionet; in the middle of which a Servant enters with refreshment, which JEM, in the heat of his merriment, upsets—JEM and PEGGY run off—Servant picks up the pieces, pockets the cakes, and exit.

SCENE IV.—*A Shrubbery.*

Enter JULIA, R. H.

JULIA. This is the hour Herbert appointed—and yet no signs of him. Ah, he is here!

Enter HERBERT CAROL, L. H.

HERB. Ah, Julia, my dear!—what!—beautiful and smiling as ever, eh? No wonder at my dying of love for you!—would not such bewitching smiles kill any man? I declare one might well say of you, what Shakspeare says of Richard—“ You can smile, and *murder* while you smile.”

JULIA. But I fear all our smiles will soon be at an end; my aunt will not listen to your addresses, and has forbidden my seeing you for the future.

HERB. What is to be done?

JULIA. I have thought of a stratagem—my aunt gives a concert this evening, in honour of a fellow whom she has found strolling about the village, and whom she calls “the Wandering Minstrel;” but which, I am convinced is not the fact. Now, if you could only obtain admission to the house, disguised as the real wanderer, I think two or three songs on your guitar would be certain to gain her consent.

HERB. And you really imagine you are to be bought for a song, do you? However, there is no harm in trying.

HERB. And when does this said concert take place?

JULIA. Almost immediately!—not a moment is to be lost!—so hurry you to your toilet!

HERB. But you will grant me one kiss, ere I go, as an encouragement?

JULIA. No, not one!

HERB. Well, then, I must e'en console myself with the one you gave me yesterday:

JULIA. The one I gave you!—the one you stole, you mean.

HERB. That may be; but you know, Julia, “the receiver of stolen goods is as bad as the thief.”

[*Exeunt JULIA, R. H., HERBERT, L. H.*

SCENE V.

A grand saloon—Musicians in the background, with music stands arranged before them—Company, &c. discovered.

Enter TWEEDLE and JULIA — MRS. CRINCUM conducting JEM BAGS — MR. C. following, R. H.

MRS. C. Everything is arranged, sir, and only waits your commands, to commence our feast of Apollo.

JEM B. Feast of Apollo!—Ah, marm! I believe you, directly I strikes up with this here thing-me-jig—(*pointing to his clarionet*)—there will be a precious blow out!

MRS. C. Mr. Tweedle, do you conduct the Wandering Minstrel to his seat.

JEM B. Thank'ye, marm, I knows how to conduct myself.—(*TWEEDLE and JEM join the musicians, JEM taking his seat in the centre.*)—How are you, my reg'lars? Now, marm; vot vill you have?—(*As if crying ballads.*) “Ere you has 'em here”—“Nancy Dawson” “I met her at the Fancy Fair”—“My Love is like the Red Red Rose” “D'y'e call that nothing”—“The merry Swiss Boy” “Vhat a shocking bad hat”—“Alice Gray” “Does you ever think of me, love”—“Poor Marian” “Flare up”—“I have had a pint of Sherry” with “A goblet of Burgundy”—“and all for the small charge of one penny!”—(*Aside.*) At my old work, again, blow me! What will you have, marm?

MRS. C. Anything you please, sir—consult yourself.

JEM B. Well, then, old Tweedle, I'm for “Barney Brallaghan.”

TWEED. “Barney Brallaghan.” I am afraid it is not among our collection, sir.

JEM B. Now, an't you a pretty kind of a chap, to set up yourself for a musicianer, and arn't got the overture of “Barney Brallaghan!”

TWEED. However, sir, we'll do our best.

JEM B. And who axed you to do any more?—(*Pointing to music before him*) Is this “Barney Brallaghan?”

TWEED. No, sir.

JEM B. Never mind, I can make "Barney Brallaghan" of it! Now, then, my reg'lars, all at once!

[They commence playing, JEM BAGS accompanying most discordantly with his clarionet—after the first or second bar, he blows in TWEEDLE's ears—begins dancing, in the course of which he kicks down several of the music-stands, and scatters most of the performers—he dances down to the front of the stage.

Enter PEGGY, L. H.

JEM B. What are you interrupting the consart for?

PEG. Please, marm, here's a gentleman wishes to see you, that calls himself the real Wandering Minstrel; and says Mr. Bags is only an impostor.

JEM B. (Aside) Blow me if it isn't all over with me, then! You're a nice harticle, an't you? When do you expect to go to Bagnigge Vells to tea with me agin? Can't you get rid on him no how? Say your missus is out—(To MRS. C.) It's all gammon, marm, every word on it; send for the beadle, and have the vagabond taken up!

MRS. C. First let me judge whether his story be totally without foundation. Show him up, Peggy.

JEM B. What are you going to see him then?

[Exit PEGGY—HERBERT CAROL is heard singing without.

Enter HERBERT CAROL, L. H., disguised as the Wandering Minstrel.

JEM B. Do you call that chap a singer, marm? Why, I'll soon show you he ar'n't got not no more ear for music than a costermonger's donkey!

HERB. I trust, madam, I shall be able to convince you of the error you have committed, and prove to you which of the two has the greater claim upon your hospitality.

MR. C. There, my dear, I always told you I could see through that fellow!

JEM B. See through me! what a piercing eye he must have!—a regular gimblet eye!

MRS. C. However, to dissipate every possible doubt, we will make trial of your skill, on which Mr. Tweedle shall decide; and the reward of the winner shall be the hand of my niece. What say you, sir?

HERB. Cheerfully, madam, do I consent.

SONG.—HERBERT.

Hark! the young Troubadour
 Hastens home from afar,
 With his heart bounding light
 As his own gay guitar.
 Sad his lady love lists
 For the sound of his strings,
 But she hears them not yet,
 And despairingly sings—
 Troubadour! Minstrel dear!
 Shall I ever see thee more—
 Shall I list e'er again
 To my young Troubadour?

See! from whence comes that form
 That now moves o'er the plain?
 'Tis the young Troubadour!
 He's at home once again!
 Hark! from whence comes that song—
 Whose hand wakes those fond strings?
 'Tis the young Troubadour
 That so cheerfully sings!
 Lady love! never fear!
 I am with thee once more!
 List again to the voice
 Of the young Troubadour!

MRS. C. Beautiful, indeed! And now, Mr. Bags, let us see whether you can equal such strains—surpass them, I am convinced no mortal can! Remember, the hand of this dear girl is the prize!

JEM B. Dear girl!—I believes you, dear at nothin'! Howsomdever, here goes! Silence there!

THE CELEBRATED DOLEFUL AND PATHETIC LEGEND OF

Villikins and his Dinah!

With the Melancholy and Uncomfortable Fate of "ye Dismal Parient."

I.

It is of a rich merchant I am going for to tell,
 Who had for a daughter an unkimon nice young gal;
 Her name it was Dinah, just sixteen years old,
 With a werry large fortin in silver and gold.

(Singing) Too-ral-li, too-ral-li, too-ral-li, da.
 (Chorus—which I sings by myself) Too-ral-li, &c.

II.

Now, as Dinah was a waliking in the garding one day.

(the front garding)

The papa comed up to her, and thus to her did say:—
 “Go, dress yourself, Dinah, in gorgeous array,

(take your hair out of paper)

And I'll get you home a husiband both galliant and gay.

(Singing) Too-ral-li, &c.

(Chorus—in favour of the parient's desire, and the wedding breakfast he was about to order of the pastrycook round the corner) Too-ral, &c.

III.

(Now this is what the Infant Progeny said in reply to the Horthur of her being)

“Oh, father, dear papa, I've not made up my mind,
 “To marry just yet I don't feel inclined;
 And all my large fortin I'll gladly give o'er,
 If you'll let me live single a year or two more.”

(Singing) Too-ral-li, &c.

(Wheedling and persuasive Chorus—on behalf of the offspring's remonstrance to the Author of her being) Too-ral-li, &c.

IV.

(Now this here is what the paternal parient said agin to the daughter, and tells you what the parracidal papa parenthetically and paregorically pronounced, with all the parabolical particulars)
 "Go, go ! boldest daughter," the parient he cried,
 "If you don't consent to be this here young man's bride
 (He was breeches maker to the Highland Regiments and exported baked tatus to Timbuctoo for the Hottentots)
 I'll give all your large fortin to the nearest of kin;
 And you shan't reap the benefit of one single pin.

(Singing, in a Californian tone) Too-ral-li, &c.
 (Chorus of the enraged parient against his progeny) Too-ral-li, &c.

V.

(Now this is the most melancholy part of it, and shows what the progeny was driv to in consikvense of the mingled obstropolosness and ferocity of the inconsiderable parient)
 As Villikins was a waliking the garding all round,

(this was the back garding)
 He spied his dear Dinah laying dead upon the ground,
 With a cup of cold pison all down by her side,
 And a billet-dux, which said as how—'twas by pison she died.

(the label was marked British brandy)

(Singing) Too-ral-li, &c.
 (Mournful and desponding Chorus of the sympathizing sparrows, the sad and smoke-dried spectators of this malignant and misanthropic case of unfortunate soovericide) Too-ral-li, &c.

VI.

(This here is what the lovyer did on the diskivery)
 Then he kissed her cold corpus a thousand times o'er,
 And called her his dear Dinah, though she was no more
 Then he swallowed up the pison; and sung a short stave—
 (Neither agreed with him)
 And Villikins and his Dinah were laid in one grave.

(Singing, together) Too-ral-li, &c.
 (Dismal duplicated Chorus—in consequence of the double event) Too-ral-li, &c.

MORI-AL.

Now, all you young men don't you thus fall in love, nor
 Do that not by no means disliked by your guv'nor;
 And, all you young maidens, mind who you claps your eyes on;
 Think of Villikins and his Dinah—not forgetting the pison.

(Singing) Too-ral-li, &c.
 (Moral Chorus—powerfully impressed) Too-ral-li, &c.

EXTRA VERSES,

Only recently recovered from the original Chaldean MSS. in the British Museum.

(Now this is the superlatively supernatural visitation which appeared to the parient at midnight, after the disease of his only progeny)

VIII.

At twelve the next night, by a tall popular tree,
 The ghost of Miss Dinah the parient did see,

Arm in arm with her Villikins, and both looking blue ;
 Said, "We shouldn't have been pison'd if it hadn't been for you."
 (Singing) Too-ral-li, &c.
 (Sepulchral Chorus—to astonish the weak nerves of the parient)

IX.

(The parient's fate, and what he thought he would do, but didn't)
 Now the parient was struck with horror of home,
 So he packed up his portmanteau, all around the world to roam;
 But, as he was starting, he was seized with a shiver,
 Which shook him to pieces and ended him for ivir.
 (And those who came to pick up the bits could only sing) Too-ral-li, &c.
 (Sympathetic Chorus—for the parient's fragments, though the verdict
 was 'Served him right.')

Now this is not a comic song, you will observe, so we will take a return-ticket back again to the subject, and finish with

ANOTHER MORI-AL—NUMBER TWO.

Now the moral is this—number one is not reckon'd—
 So this is the first moral, though it comes second :—
 You may learn from my song, which is true ev'ry word,
 All this wouldn't have happened if it hadn't have occur'd.
 (And there would have been no occasion for singing) Too-ral-li, &c.
 (Nor for the comprehensive and categorically conclusive Chorus of)
 Too-ral-li, &c.*

MRS. C. Thank you, sir, that will do—we will not trouble you for any more.

JEM B. Ah ! I knew I should vin in an instant !

MRS. C. The servant will show you the door, sir.

ALL. Ay, turn him out—turn him out !

JEM B. Let me finish it !—vhy there's sixteen wersed, and I should be sartin to vin in that time !

TWEED. Come, sirrah, move on !

JEM B. Move on !—I never moves on under sixpence !

TWEED. Stir yourself sir, or I shall send for the proper authorities !

JEM B. You're a nice man, now I don't think, to talk about proper authorities—a chap here as doesn't know "Barney Brallaghan," the most helegantest overture wot is ! Send for your thorities, I doesn't care that for 'em !

TWEED. How, sirrah !

JEM B. Come here ! these ere—(pointing to the audience)—these ere is the thorities I cares about !—(To the house.) I say, whisper—blow me if I vont come and strike up afore this werry house every night, for a week to come, just to wex that old chap, providng you wont say nothin' to the contrary !

Curtain.

* The Music is published by Mr. Davidson, and may be had of all book and music-sellers.