

"MATRIMONIAL--

A GENTLEMAN," &c.

"FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS, APPLY AT —"

AN ENTIRELY ORIGINAL FARCE,

IN ONE ACT.

BY I. V. BRIDGEMAN,

THOMAS HAILES LACY,
WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,
LONDON.

ad937b

*First Performed at the Royal Olympic Theatre,
on Thursday, Feb. 12th, 1852.*

CHARACTERS.

Mr. Ogle	Mr. G. COOKE.
Mr. Lightly	Mr. W. SHALDERS.
Charles Chintip, Esq.	Mr. COMPTON.
Buggins (<i>one of the Force</i>)	Mr. CLIFTON.
A Cabman	Mr. G. TANNER.
Letitia Ogle	Mrs. B. BARTLETT.
Emily (<i>her Niece</i>)	Miss ADAMS.
Jenny	Mrs. ALFRED PHILLIPS.

Scene---LONDON.

COSTUMES OF THE DAY.

 This Farce is the property of Thomas H. Lacy, and must not be performed without his written authority.

✓ ad937b

"MATRIMONIAL—A GENTLEMAN, &c."

SCENE I.—*A Public Square.—A Doorway L., with a Portico over it.*

Enter JENNY and BUGGINS, L. I.E.

JEN. Only sixty pounds, Buggins?

BUG. Yes—I read it in the paper myself,—“*HExcellent opportunity*”—

JEN. “*HExcellent opportunity!*”—Excellent opportunity, you mean. Moderate your aspirations, Buggins.

BUG. It ain’t of no consequence. “*HExcellent opportunity—To Gentlemen’s Servants and others.*” We’re the others. “*A snug Business to be Sold, with immediate possession.*” If we’d only the sixty pounds!

JEN. La! that is a chance. I wish I had the money. But I’ll get it, Buggins—I’ll get it!

BUG. How?

JEN. I don’t know—but I’ll get it. When a woman sets her mind on a thing, she’s sure to succeed.

BUG. That’s true.

JEN. When can you come and talk to me about it?

BUG. I’ll come as soon as I’m off dooty.

JEN. Do—and I’ll give you a nice snack—you know I never grudge you anything.

BUG. And, hOgle’s got a werry good butcher—and you makes capital rabbit pie.

JEN. I shall expect you—mind! (*looks off L. and screams*) Ah!

BUG. What’s the matter—a pin run in your back—or your anywhere?

JEN. No! it an’t run in my back—or my anywhere. There’s Miss Letitia—crimini—sha’n’t I catch it—cut, Buggins!

BUG. I will, but I’ll come again. (*looks off*) Now, move on there—that an’t allowed.

Exit BUGGINS R.H.

Enter LETITIA L.H.

LET. Jenny—what were you doing—walking with that policeman again?

JEN. Please, Miss, I—I—

LET. He's in love with you.

JEN. Oh! yes, Miss—hit in the very middle of his bull's-eye.

LET. Well, there's no harm in that, perhaps; but these men—these men, you know.

JEN. (aside) How civil she is this morning! (aloud) Buggins ain't like most men, Miss; he told me he meant honourable!

LET. There are exceptions, I grant—and—and Jenny—can you keep a secret?

JEN. Can't I? I never told it was Buggins eat the mut—I mean, I---yes, Miss, I can.

LET. Well, then---but you must on no account mention this to my brother.

JEN. No, Miss---and Miss Emily?

LET. Oh, she knows all about it. If you keep your word, I'll give you twenty pounds, towards setting you up with Buggins.

JEN. In the coal, potatoe, and spring-van line. Oh, Miss!

LET. Nature has blessed me with a susceptible heart---heigho!

JEN. (aside) I begin to smell a rat.

LET. In a word; I am going to be married.

JEN. No, Miss!

LET. I always awed my admirers; and as my brother's friends possessed so little spirit---I determined to punish them, and, married an advertisement.

JEN. Married an advertisement? Lawks, Miss, you'll have nothing but *puff*!

LET. No! I mean I answered an advertisement in last week's *Sunday Times*, headed "*Matrimonial*," and stating, "that a gentleman of prepossessing appearance, and a handsome competency, was desirous of obtaining a partner for life---one who could soothe by her kindness, and fascinate by her charms." (JENNY looks slyly at her, and coughs) I wrote, and told the gentleman to wait to day at one o'clock in the square.

JEN. But it is now near two, Miss.

LET. That is my stupid brother's fault; he has only just left for Gravesend! He ought to have set out an hour ago---I am afraid the gentleman may have left in despair---I don't see him anywhere---do you run round to the other side of the square, and if he is there, bring him to our house---you will know him, by his wearing a rose ---a white rose---in his button hole---say you come from the lady, and—

JEN. I understand, Miss.

LET. By-the-way, Jenny---you will afterwards go to the Carrier's, and tell him to call for those foils, and the boxing gloves, for my nephew, Master Thomas. Now, run, there's a good girl, dont lose a minute.

Exit LETITIA L.

JEN. Yes, Miss; I'll run as fast as I can. (aside) I fancy he'll run faster, though, the moment he sees her.

Exit JENNY L. 2 R.

Enter LIGHTLY R., with a white rose in his button hole---he walks up and down, several times, looking about him all the while, he then stops, and pulls out his watch.

LIGHT. (*looking at his watch*) Two o'clock---perhaps, I'm fast though. (*looks off*) No---I'm right by the church---my watch could not well have gained, since the last time I looked---which was five minutes ago. If I have pulled this watch out once, I have done so twenty times, at least, within the last hour. I must have missed her. We've been playing hide-and-seek, perhaps---when she was on this side of the square---I was on the other, and when I was on the other ---she was on this.---no---I don't mean that---I mean---why could she not have fixed on Nelson's Monument, or the Duke of York's Column, when she knows they were built on purpose for rendezvous. (*stops suddenly short*) Good gracious! it can't be all humbug, I should hope. (*RAIN*) It's beginning to rain, too---that's pleasant---I can't be mistaken in the day. (*takes out a letter, and reads*) "A young and sensitive female, having seen J. L.'s advertisement"---Hum---ha !---"Trusting to his honour and discretion"---Hum---hum !---"At one o'clock on Monday next." This is Monday (*speaks*) next. Confound it, how it pours.

He goes up and takes shelter under a door-way; while his buck is turned, EMILY enters, R., with her parasol up, runs over the stage, and exit L.

CHIN. (*outside, R.*) I tell you I won't give you a single farthing more; get out of my way I say.

CAB. (*outside*) I shan't.

Enter CHINTIP, R., CABMAN before, detaining him.

CAB. (*looking at money in his hand*) What's that?

CHIN. What extraordinary persons cabmen are. They never seem to recognise a shilling when they see one---that's a shilling. (*crosses to C.*) There now, be off!

CAB. You pay me. If I want too much, you know my number.

CHIN. I should decidedly say it was "number one," and as that happens to be my "number two," I won't be imposed upon. You don't happen to know Colonel Rowan, the Inspector of Metropolitan Police, do you?

CAB. No, I don't.

CHIN. Then, I'll show him to you; there he is (*points to LIGHTLY*) that portly gentleman, under the doorway. Now, if you don't be off, I shall feel it my duty to request him to arrest you.

CABMAN and CHINTIP look at LIGHTY.

LIGHT. (*looking up*) What the devil are they staring at me for?

CAB. (*R.*) Well, I suppose you call yourself a gentleman. I never as long as I've driv a cab---

CHIN. As you are, no doubt, going to indulge in some slight personality, based upon an entirely false hypothesis---allow me to inform you, that I do not lay the remotest claim to the title in question. So now you had better go and driv your cab somewhere else.

CAB. Ah! (*with a sneering grunt, and exit R.*)

CHIN. (*to LIGHTLY*) Nothing like being quick at repartee with these fellows.

LIGHT. Sir?

CHIN. Exactly so. (*looking about*) But where can Emily have got to? Confound that cabman, for keeping me. I should have saved time if I had given him the extra fourpence, perhaps; but then I had not got it. To think of losing her again. If I only knew what direction she has taken, I---(*to LIGHTLY*) I beg pardon, Sir, you have not seen such a thing as a lady pass this way, have you?

LIGHT. A lady, Sir! (*aside*) Why should he ask that?

CHIN. Yes, Sir, a lady---a young and lovely female.

LIGHT. No, Sir, I have not.

CHIN. With more than a usual amount of beauty, and a brown parasol?

LIGHT. No, Sir, I repeat, I have not.

CHIN. That's odd!

LIGHT. That's odd---what's odd? (*aside*) What does he mean?

RAIN loud.

CHIN. How it pours, perhaps you'll allow me, Sir.

Goes under doorway, as if to knock--LIGHTLY goes out into the street to make room for him.

CHIN. (*taking his place*) No, on second thoughts I'll not knock, as I'm not aware I know a soul in the house, and I'm not desirous of being kicked out.

LIGHT. (*aside*) A vulgar blackguard! (*walks up and down*)

CHIN. You're in the rain, Sir.

LIGHT. I was not, when you came.

CHIN. You'll get wet. Allow me to offer you my stick.

LIGHT. (*aside*) I don't like this fellow. I begin to suspect he knows something about the letter. It is perhaps a hoax, and he has come here to laugh at me.

CHIN. You have not seen a lovely female, then, Sir?

LIGHT. (*aside*) Why should he ask that again. Oh, if I were sure. (*walks up and down in an agitated manner---a pause*)

CHIN. Ludicrous position, eh, Sir?

LIGHT. (*aside*) Ludicrous position! I---I---I was but too right; the letter is a hoax, and he is come to enjoy the joke.

CHIN. Ah! (*yawns*) dull work. (*pulls out a paper*) Ever read the "Sunday Times!" excellent periodical. Hem, hem! "Matrimonial---a gentleman of prepossessing appearance, &c., &c." Ha, ha, ha! what fools some men are, aren't they? Ha, ha!

LIGHT. (*aside*) There can be no longer the shadow of a doubt. I---I---I'll break every bone in his---

CHIN. (*turning over the paper*) "Boxing"---do you box? (*puts himself in an attitude*) I'm a pretty good hand myself, for an amateur.

LIGHT. You are? (*aside*) No, I'll not bemean myself by thrashing him; but I'm not going to remain here to be made a fool of.

And this token of my folly in my button-hole!—I'll crush him with my contempt. (*takes the rose from his button-hole, and throws it from him—then looks scornfully at CHINTIP and exit R.*)

CHIN. What's the matter? (*hollowing after him*) Eh—holloa—leave me a lock of your hair. He does not hear me—I should say that gentleman is rather soft—when Nature made him, she gave him a very large head—but she was in a hurry, and forgot the brains. What could make him go off in that odd fashion—and why, in the name of Fortune, did he throw away the rose? Left it for me perhaps. (*goes and picks up rose, which he puts in his button-hole, humming "Tis the last rose of Summer."*)

Enter JENNY L.—CHINTIP is standing in such a manner, that the rose is not visible.

JEN. No! (*looking round*) I see no one with a rose; perhaps, he's tired of waiting and gone off.

CHIN. (*looking up and swinging her—aside*) What a little darling—bless her heart. (*coughs*) Hem, hem! (*nods and winks at her*)

JEN. Well, I'm sure!

CHIN. No—are you though?—I'm glad of that. (*coming forward*)

JEN. (*aside, seeing the rose*) Why, it's the very gentleman (*aloud*) Lor, Sir—you are here.

CHIN. I think so. I'm not aware I'm anywhere else.

JEN. It was you I was looking for.

CHIN. Well, now you've found me—what do you think of me?

JEN. Lor, Sir! how can you go on in that way? (*mysteriously*) She's sent me.

CHIN. Oh! *she* has sent you.

JEN. Yes, Sir!

CHIN. That's kind, I must confess. But, who is *she*?

JEN. As if you did not know!

CHIN. What! the lady who—(*aside*) Dearest Emily! she saw me, then, after all, and sent— Oh! propitious chance! (*aloud*) Oh! let me show my gratitude to the Fates. (*seizes JENNY round her waist, and kisses her violently*)

JEN. (*struggling*) Be quiet, Sir—I have not been used to such goings on.

CHIN. Then it's high time you were. (*kisses her again*)

JEN. I'll scream!

CHIN. That's quite unnecessary—there's nobody looking.

JEN. You're a nice young man.

CHIN. For a small party—like yourself—eh—dear?

JEN. Come, Sir, if you'll follow—I will shew you the way.

CHIN. Do—I like your ways so much.

JEN. (*aside*) He's a *real* gentleman—he is—he would be an honour to the Force—and to think that Miss Letitia—oh! its shocking.

CHIN. (*aside*) Now to see my darling Emmy. (*they go off L.*)

SCENE II.—*A Room in OGLE's house, doors R. and L.—A Table with Desk and writing materials—In one corner of the Room a pair of Boxing Gloves and Foils.*

Enter LETITIA and EMILY, L.D.

LET. (*s., arranging herself*) How does this head-dress become me, Emmy, dear? I am afraid it makes me too juvenile—too like a giddy girl.

EMILY. No—o—o—Aunt. Aunt—

LET. Well, dear.

EMILY. I have got something to tell you.

LET. Make haste then, love.

EMILY. When I was at Ramsgate, last year, with the Scrips—I—I—made the acquaintance of a gentleman, whom I saw one day, as I was sitting on the sands.

LET. Was he bathing, dear?

EMILY. La—Aunt!

LET. Because, you know, that is where the ladies generally see the gentlemen at Ramsgate.

EMILY. He was walking about, looking at me; when he suddenly fell at my feet.

LET. Good gracious! fell at your feet; what before everybody?

EMILY. In one of the holes, which the children had been digging in the sands. I laughed, and so did he—and then he spoke to me—and used to meet me—and—tell me he loved me. He added that circumstances did not allow of his asking for my hand then; but that there was a good time coming, and, that when it was arrived, he would speak to my uncle.

LET. Well?

EMILY. Well, Aunt—all of a sudden, the Scrips, you know, were obliged to leave for London, and I lost sight of him, till just now, I beheld him in a Hansom Cab—I was running home to get out of the rain—but I'm sure he saw me—I think he followed—and—I—should not be surprised if he were to call.

LET. I think, Emily—that in thus encouraging a stranger, you were to blame—it was neither modest nor lady-like. (*goes up to window*)

EMILY. Well, it strikes me—that it was not less so, than procuring a husband—as you would a butler—by advertisement.

LET. Oh—I—that is different—however we will talk the matter over some other time. At present, I will go and give my toilet another touch. (*looking out at the window*) Good gracious, how my poor little heart palpitates!—There they are! (*runs off L.*)

EMILY. (*going to window, screams*) Why, that is he himself! Oh—the base—false—perfidious wretch! Oh—the vile man! Oh—the deceiver! To vow eternal constancy to me—and advertize in the Sunday papers, for others. How glad I am, I have found him out—for now I know his utter worthlessness—I—I—I—(*sobs*) do—n—t—c—a—r—e a bit about him; but, I'll spite him, I'll marry the first man I can get. I shall find many a better husband than he would have made—husbands are not so scarce. The reason which makes a young girl remain single, is not the difficulty of obtaining the monsters; but, the impossibility of getting rid of them afterwards. I'll spite him. Oh---I---I---how I hate him!

Exit L.

Enter JENNY followed by CHINTIP, R.

JEN. If you'll wait a moment, or two, here Sir, I will go, and fetch her? (*going*)

CHIN. Do—and, Jenny—

JEN. Yes, Sir.

CHIN. Not a word about the—(*makes a sign as if kissing her*) because if you do—I will not give you any more.

JEN. For shame, Sir! (*aside*) I'm sure he's a gentleman, if it's only by his impudence!

Exit L.

CHIN. (*solus*) Oh! Emmy, darling creature—still the same affectionate being she used to be, when we were wont to meet on the sands—otherwise, she would not have sent for me. I hear the rustling of her silk—I recognize her light and elastic tread—it is she—let me throw myself at her feet. Dearest girl—(*runs up to door*)

Enter LETITIA L.

CHIN. (*hesstaggers back in horror*) Who is this---her grandmother?

LET. (*aside*) He's evidently struck with me!

CHIN. (*aside*) Here's a mess. (*aloud*) I must apologize, Madam, for---for—

LET. (L.) You need no excuse, but the impulse of your heart---will you not take a chair---we need fear no interruption; there is no one at home, but my niece, Emily, and myself.

CHIN. (*aside*) Her neice, Emily; then in all probability she is her Aunt. (*hands her a chair---then takes one himself*) She seems to know the object of my visit---I had better make a friend of her. How shall I begin?

LET. (*aside*) How modest he is, I must encourage him—he! (*coughs*) hem! (*smiles*)

CHIN. (*aside*) Here goes. (*aloud*) As I was observing, Madam—or rather, as I meant to observe, I—it—is really beautiful weather.

LET. Lovely—but very wet.

CHIN. But very wet, as you say. (*a pause—he rubs his chin and crosses his legs*) Very beneficial to the country, though,—cabbages very flourishing—potatoes promise well—mangel-wurzel is looking up.

LET. And Nature's pets, the flowers—

CHIN. Yes—Nature's pets are remarkably blooming,—I have one here—a rose—

LET. Be-a-u-tiful!—the emblem of blushing innocence!

CHIN. Allow me to offer it to you. (*gives her the rose*)

LET. (*aside*) What delicacy! (*aloud*) How entrancing is the language of flowers!—how much this rose tells me!

CHIN. (*aside*) I wonder what it says. She seems to be in a good humour. I will come to the point at once. (*aloud*) It is useless to dissemble any longer. The fact is—I—it—the object which brings me here—as you are aware—is—a—a—fervent passion—not the less deeply rooted, from its having been inspired at first sight.

LET. Oh, Sir!—oh, you too-ardent youth! (*languishes, and puts her hand in his*)

CHIN. (*without perceiving her action, and with meditated vehemence*) As the happiness of my whole life depends upon the success of my suit, I hope that *you* are not averse to it.

LET. (*aside*) Now could I fall round his dear neck !

A DOUBLE KNOCK—LETITIA starts up.

—Dear me!—who can that be?

Enter JENNY, R.

JEN. If you please, Miss, there is Mr. Lightly.

LET. How provoking ! I—I am not at home.

JEN. But he is coming up stairs—Cook Sarah let him in.

LET. What is to be done ? He must not see you. Where—Ah!—step into that room. (*points to c.d.*) Excuse this, Sir.

CHIN. “Do not mention it,” as the Poet says.

LET. I will not be long.

Exit CHINTIP into room C.

—Jenny, say that my brother is gone to Gravesend. Get rid of him, and the twenty pounds are yours this very day.

Exit L.

JEN. Get rid of him ? Not so foolish ! But he shall not disturb you. What could Miss Emily mean by ordering me to tell him that— But no matter—she, too, promised me twenty pounds ; and those are twenty good reasons for my obeying her. Twenty and twenty ! If I could but get as much more, Buggins and I might set up directly. Ah ! here comes Mr. Lightly.

Enter LIGHTLY, R.

LIGHT. Ah, Jenny!—quite well ?

JEN. Quite, Sir, thank you. Mr. Ogle is not at home. He—

LIGHT. (R.) I just met him,—the rain obliged him to put off his trip. He insisted upon my dining with him ; but he had a call to make—so I came on first.

JEN. (L.) Ah, Sir, I’m so glad you’re come !—there’s some one who will be delighted to see you. I will go and—

LIGHT. Stop—stop!—not for worlds ! That “some one” has been my bane for the last ten years,—that “some one” has nearly obliged me to cut my old friend, Ogle, lest she should seize on me by force, and marry me !

JEN. Who in do you mean, Sir ?

LIGHT. Why, Miss Letitia, of course. She has been setting her cap at me from time immemorial—

JEN. You mean, from the time when she was young.

LIGHT. Exactly,—but it’s a cap that won’t fit. I speak of her with respect, because she is Ogle’s sister ; but a more horrible old harridan I never came across. There is some excuse for her, perhaps —my personal appearance. I am thought to be remarkably like George the Fourth. Have you seen his portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence ?

JEN. I know a better.

LIGHT. Ah!—where is it published?

JEN. At the Mint.

LIGHT. Remarkably sharp on a *blunt* subject. Ha, ha!

JEN. (*aside*) He alludes to himself.

LIGHT. What can I give you for your ready wit? (*offers to kiss her*)

JEN. (*repulsing him*) (*aside*) What you have most of. (*aloud*) Your ready money.

LIGHT. (*pulls out purse, and gives her a sovereign*) There—there's a sovereign.

JEN. Thank you, Sir. (*aside*) "Portraits taken in this style" to any amount. (*aloud*) And now, in return, let me inform you, Sir, that it isn't Miss Letitia, but Miss Emily—

LIGHT. Miss Emily—Miss Emily? You don't mean to say Miss Emily wants to see me?

JEN. Indeed but she does, I can tell you, though she would never forgive me if she knew I had betrayed her. She adores you. (*aside*) That's cheap at twenty pounds! (*retires up c.*)

LIGHT. (*aside*) How blind is man! She likes me, and I—(*aloud*) I will see her directly. I will just put on Ogle's dressing-gown, for I am thoroughly drenched through,—he told me I should find it in that room. (*going towards room c.*)

JEN. (*placing herself before him*) Oh, Sir!—you must not—you cannot go in there.

LIGHT. No?—why not? (*pushing by her*)

JEN. (*detaining him*) The fact is, that there is some one—a—a gentleman in the force,—a—a policeman.

LIGHT. A gentleman in the force?—I see,—and the beat he is most partial to is—

JEN. The beat of my heart!—The dressing-gown is not there either. If you promise not to look in, I will go and get it—it's only outside.

LIGHT. Run along, then—I promise—I am impatient to meet Miss Emily—

Exit JENNY, R.

—She adores me!—her keen eye has detected my good qualities,—and I was about to be made a fool of, while an angel like that—had I but known it before, it would have saved me a great deal of uneasiness, and fifteen-and-sixpence, the price of that damned advertisement!

Enter JENNY, with dressing-gown, L.

—Suppose I were ever to come across that blackguard anywhere, who played me the hoax, and the affair were to become public—I should go mad!—I know I should. Luckily, it is not likely I shall ever meet him again.

JEN. Here it is, Sir.

LIGHT. Very good. (*takes off his own coat, which he gives to JENNY, and puts on OGLE's*)

JEN. (*taking a small paper parcel, with a string, out of coat pocket*) (*inside*) What's this? (*looks in the paper*) A new dickey!

I suppose he has been asked to spend a month in the country, and has taken his clean linen in his pocket.

LIGHT. This don't fit very well. It certainly is not a very *fitting* costume to appear before her in. Never mind, though—it's myself she prizes. (*pulls dressing-gown about, &c.*)

JEN. (*aside*) Well, as missus says, men are deceitful. There's their politeness, too—just like their dickeys,—a poor body can never tell what may be lurking beneath. (*to LIGHTLY*) If you will follow me, Sir, I'll conduct you to Miss Emily.

Exeunt JENNY and LIGHTLY, L.

CHIN. (*comes out c.*) I—— Somebody else coming! (*runs in c.*)

Enter LETITIA, carefully, L.

LET. (*aside*) What a deliverance! (*aloud*) And now to liberate my interesting prisoner. (*is about to go to the door of the study—KNOCK—LETITIA runs to window*) Good gracious! what shall I do?—my brother come back!

runs to door of Study—opens it—CHINTIP comes out.

LET. Oh! there is my brother returned now. I would not for worlds he should know a word of this matter—the match would be broken off.

CHIN. (R.) I had better go; are there no back stairs convenient?

LET. (L.) Alas—no! Ah! I hear him coming up; what shall I do? Ha!—I have an idea—assent to what I say, and all will be right.

CHIN. I will obey you in everything.

LET. Hush!—he is here! For heaven's sake preserve the secret.

Enter OGLE R.—CHINTIP retires up stage L.

LET. So—so soon returned?

OGLE. The rain obliged me to defer my trip. (*turns round and perceives CHINTIP*) I beg pardon, Sir, I—I—

CHIN. (*coming forward c.*) Don't mention it—it is I who—

LET. (L.) This is the gentleman you expected, from Mr. Barter—to—to—

OGLE. (R.) To translate that German letter, and write the answer—oh, very well! (*goes to table L., and looks amongst papers*)

CHIN. (*aside to LETITIA*) My dear Madam, all I know about German, are German sausages, and they can't be said, to be intimately connected with the literature of the country.

LET. (*aside to CHINTIP*) He knows nothing about the language. Pass but through this ordeal, and I will never forget the embarrassing situation in which you were placed.

CHIN. (*aside*) No—nor more shall I in a hurry.

OGLE. (*coming forward R. and giving him the letter*) There, what does he say.

CHIN. (*aside*) Ah—what does he say—it's a damned deal more than I know.

OGLE. Well?

CHIN. (*looking at letter*) Hum—hum. "Dear Sir,"—

OGLE. Yes.

CHIN. (*turns over letter*) "Your obedient servant"—

LET. (*aside to him*) Ludovick Blitz.

CHIN. (*pulling up his shirt collar, and in an important tone*) "Ludovick Blitz."

OGLE. Yes, but what does he say between?—there's a medium in all things, you know.

CHIN. (*aside*) Unfortunately!

OGLE. (R.) He alludes, I presume to certain money matters.

CHIN. (C.) Yes—he refers, I perceive, to dealings—transactions—

LET. (*aside to CHIN.*) Railway shares.

CHIN. In fact, to certain railway shares.

OGLE. Ah! as I thought. I will not trouble you to translate further at present. (*goes up to table L.*)

CHIN. (*aside*) I feel grateful to that man. I never knew the full force of the word "gratitude" till this moment.

OGLE. (*coming from table*) Perhaps you will just write a few lines, saying that I shall wait a week or two before deciding either way. Merely a few words, as short as you like.

CHIN. (C., *aside*) Oh, the shorter the better! (*goes up to table*)

OGLE. (R.) There are pens, ink, and paper—everything you want.

CHIN. (*aside*) No, there is not---I want to go.

LET. (L.) (*aside to CHIN*) Write anything---he will know no better.

CHIN. (*sits down at table, and begins to write, flourishing his pen, as if forming the most extraordinary characters*)

OGLE. (*to LETITIA*) By the way, you know Lightly is here, of course. I say, Letty, you had better let me make up a match for you. He is not a chicken---but then, you're not so young.

LET. (*looking at CHINTIP*) Had you ever loved, you would be aware that our affections cannot be thus disposed of, like a bunch of greens; but you never knew the meaning of a real passion.

Exit L.

OGLE. Oh! didn't I?---you and your nonsense put me in one twenty times a day. (*hollering after her*) Don't forget the dinner, for all that. Ha, ha, ha!---silly old creature! (*to CHINTIP*) Well, Sir, have you terminated the letter?

CHIN. One instant. (*comes forward*) There!

OGLE. (L., *looking over the letter*) What a thing superficial knowledge is! I should never have taken this for German.

• CHIN. No?

OGLE. The character appears quite different from what I always thought it.

CHIN. Oh! the German character has changed vastly since the recent Revolution. (*goes to table and writes*)

OGLE. Will you direct it?—"Herr Blitz, Kannengiesser Strasse, Frankfort-on-the-Oder."

CHIN. (comes L.) I hope, for the sake of the inhabitants, it is a more agreeable "odour" than some we have in London. (*seals the letter, comes down and gives it to OGLE*)

OGLE. (R.) Well, really, this looks very like the hieroglyphics we see on the tea-chests in the grocers' shops.

CHIN. (L.) Ha, ha, ha! (*aside*) There is a strong family likeness. I should decidedly say that in five months that epistle will be at Hong-Kong.

OGLE. I will pay the postage---one shilling, I think.

CHIN. (*aside*) Pay the devil!--I should be found out immediately. (*aloud*) I pass the office; if you will allow me, I will post it myself.

OGLE. You are very obliging. (*gives him letter and money*) There is the money.

JENNY looks in at D.L.

JEN. I thought Miss Letitia was here, Sir.

OGLE. (R.) No, she is not. (*to CHINTIR*) On second thoughts, Jenny had better run with the letter, (*pulls out his watch*) otherwise it may be too late. (*to JENNY*) That gentleman has a letter. (*goes to table*)

CHIN. Yes, hero it is. (*in a low voice to her*) Make haste---run and put it in the post, and don't read it as you go along. As for the coin, it must for the present be content to abide there. (*puts it in his coat pocket*)

JEN. (*aside*) Read it? This writing would puzzle Smart himself. You never took six lessons for a guinea.

Exit R.

OGLE. (*coming down*) I must leave you for a short time; meanwhile, be good enough to write a full translation of Blitz's letter. Should you not be quiet enough, you can go into my study.

Exit L.

CHIN. Damn Blitz's letter! Not quiet enough? Who could be quiet in my position? Oh, Emmy dear, this is a nice pickle I have got into for your sake! (*opens the desk*) Holloa! open. (*looks in it*) Letters---can't be any secrets, or it certainly would not be left unlocked, with so many females in the house. Ah! curiosity is a detestable vice;—luckily, it's confined to the female sex. (*reads letter*) "Dear Ogle"—hem—hem!—"come down—pleasant evening; d—d fine woman—quite taken with you." (*puts down letter, and takes out a portrait*) Humph! a portrait—not so bad. The d—d fine woman in question, I suppose. (*looks at frame*) Solid gold, too.—Ah! some one coming. What the deuce am I to do with this precious portrait? (*closes desk, thrusts portrait hastily into his pocket, and begins writing very quickly*)

Enter EMILY and LIGHTLY, L.

EMILY. (*aside*) There he is—the perfidious, base man! But I'll punish him!

CHIN. (*looking at her*) Why, that's my Emmy, I declare—and—my insane friend with the no brains! What can he want here?

LIGHT. Come, I will take no refusal—there is your portfolio.

EMILY. (*crosses to table R.*) I would do anything to oblige *you*,—but really I am ashamed to shew such daubs,—I have no talent—a mere beginner.

LIGHT. Ah! I know all your drawings and paintings are beautiful.

CHIN. (*aside*) Egad! she never painted his portrait, then.

EMILY. Oh! you flatter. (*turns over drawings*)

CHIN. (*aside*) She does not see me. (*coughs*) Hem—hem! (*makes telegraphic signs*)

EMILY. (*languidly to LIGHTLY*) Is that a friend of yours?

LIGHT. (*turning round, and recognising CHINTIP*) Of mine? No—decidedly not! (*aside*) I shall faint!—I shall go mad!—my hair will turn grey! That blackguard will make me the laughing-stock of all my friends.

EMILY. (*looking up*) Are you ill, Mr. Lightly?

LIGHT. I—I—ill? No. Why?

EMILY. I thought you were looking somewhat ill.

CHIN. (*aside*) If she had said "somewhat ill-looking," she would have been nearer the mark.

EMILY. (*turning over drawings*) How do you like this?

LIGHT. Very delicate—very lovely. That is particularly fine. (*as he is talking, he is tickling his nose unconsciously with a paint-brush full of paint, so that his face becomes all painted*) I especially admire the colouring of the face.

CHIN. (*aside*) She does not notice me. Perhaps, though, she wishes me to remain unknown. That's it. But her affected ignorance is too natural—it's painfully natural!

LIGHT. Allow me. (*helps to arrange the drawings*) (*aside*) I wish that man would go! If he stops much longer, I shall want a keeper—I know I shall want a keeper! His look is drawing out all the moisture in my body, through the pores of my face. (*wipes his face with his handkerchief, and smudges it all over*)

EMILY. (*to LIGHTLY, but without looking up*) Are you fond of the Fine Arts?

CHIN. Why, you know I—— Humph! (*recollecting himself, and writing very quickly*)

EMILY. (*languidly*) Did you speak, Sir?

CHIN. I—I—— Oh dear, no!

EMILY. That's a strange individual, Mr. Lightly. (*aside, perceiving LIGHTLY's face*) Good gracious! how dirty his face is!

LIGHT. Y-e-e-s—a very strange individual! (*aside*) How he stares!

EMILY. (*looking among the drawings*) How provoking! I wished to shew you a particular drawing—one of the Apollo Belvidere—I thought it was rather like you.

CHIN. (*giving a very emphatic laugh*) Ah!

EMILY. (*to CHINTIP*) What did you observe, Sir?

CHIN. (*looking at LIGHTLY*) Oh! what I observed, Madam, is so ludicrous, that it's beneath contempt.

LIGHT. (*aside*) If he stops much longer, I shall be an insane corpse!

CHIN. (*aside*) Why, he's pressing her hand! This is too much! But I suppose he has money. Base, mercenary girl! I will retire into the next room, and keep an eye on them from there! One eye? Egad, I'll keep two! (*aloud*) I beg pardon, but I think I can write better in the adjoining apartment.

EMILY. As you like, Sir. (*aside*) He's jealous!—he now knows himself what it is to be slighted.

CHIN. (*goes into study, but is seen immediately afterwards listening at the door*)

LIGHT. (*aside*) I breathe again.

EMILY. What an extraordinary individual! Ah! here's the sketch—don't you think it like?

LIGHT. Why, really, I think you flatter me rather.

EMILY. No, not in the least—at least, I do not think so. There is the same classical and slender figure—the same complexion. Will you accept this trifle as a present from me?

LIGHT. Will I accept it? I'm delighted—I'm ravished!

CHIN. (*aside*) He's ravished! What next, I wonder?

LIGHT. Painting has such an effect upon me—it inspires me with such a wish—to—to—it—it—I don't know whether you exactly comprehend me—

EMILY. Oh, perfectly, my dear Mr. Lightly!

CHIN. (*aside*) I always said she was a d—d clever girl.

LIGHT. I feel as if I could lay my life at the feet of the being who—which—or rather that—

EMILY. Yes—

LIGHT. But who would care for me?

EMILY. You are too diffident;—any young lady must feel flattered at the attentions of a gentleman like yourself. (*aside*) He's listening—I hope he's very miserable.

LIGHT. Oh! your words have given me the courage to do what otherwise I never should have dared. (*falls on his knees*) Here let me make an offer of my heart and hand!

EMILY. (*R., rising*) Mr. Lightly!

CHIN. (*aside*) This is too much. (*comes forward*) I beg pardon—but have you such a thing as a penknife, or a piece of india-rubber, or two postage-stamps, or a wafer?—I'm not particular which.

EMILY. We are interrupted. (*aside*) He's outrageous.

Exit L.

CHINTIP and LIGHTLY, the latter on his knees, remain gazing at each other for some time—at length LIGHTLY rises.

CHIN. (*R.*) Oh, don't get up—you look too interesting in that position.

LIGHT. It's perfectly immaterial to me, Sir, how I look—that is, in *your* estimation. From the first moment I beheld you, I put you down as a vulgar blackguard—and nothing you could do would ever surprise me, except the fact of your having remained half-an-hour in a respectable house, without being kicked out.

CHIN. Mr. Lightly, I am thirsting!

LIGHT. Then I would advise you to go to the nearest pump.

CHIN. The very reason I come to you. I am thirsting, but it is for your blood—"blood, Iago, blood!"

LIGHT. Sanguinary scoundrel!

CHIN. Sanguinary, but sensitive. How should you like a trip to Boulogne?

LIGHT. I am not in debt.

CHIN. I never accused you of being a gentleman; but English laws are rather severe against duelling, and so—

LIGHT. I am not going to pay my fare to Boulogne and back, to gratify your vindictiveness.

CHIN. You'll only have to pay it one way,---you will not need a return ticket.

LIGHT. (*aside*) What a cut-throat! (*aloud*) I object to duelling, on principle. Nature has herself given me arms to repel any aggression, and—

CHIN. Very well, then, we will have it out here. (*going to pull off his coat*)

LIGHT. I—I never spar without the gloves.

CHIN. (*running to corner, and taking a pair of gloves, which he throws to LIGHTLY*) Just as you like—there is a pair. As for myself, I never use them. Now then, come on!

CHINTIP *pulls off his coat, and puts himself in a sparring attitude*—LIGHTLY *looks at him for an instant, and then runs behind table*—CHINTIP *pursues him, dodging him round the table, chairs, easel, &c., hitting out after him, but without reaching him.*

LIGHT. Help, help—murder!

LIGHTLY *gains the door, as he is met by OGLE, who receives the blow intended for LIGHTLY.*

OGLE. (*hollering*) O-o-h! what does this mean?

LIGHT. (C.) (*gasping*) I am glad you are come.

CHIN. (R.) So am I—for you can hold him, while I pitch in.

OGLE. (C.) (*interposing*) Softly, Sir—softly. This is strange conduct.

LIGHT. It is indeed. I have met this person twice in my life, and on each occasion was disgusted at his behaviour. I naturally gave him to understand my opinion of him, when he commences a murderous attack upon me. He is a suspicious character.

OGLE. (C.) We will soon settle all doubt. Put on your coat, Sir. (*is about to give him his coat, when the portrait drops out*) What's this?—the portrait. Sir, I begin to think you are a swindler.

LIGHT. (L.) A burglar—a duellist—a prize-fighter—a bully!

OGLE. (C.) You said Mr. Barter sent you—did you see his wife?

CHIN. (R.) Yes, I did.

OGLE. That proves I am right—Barter hasn't got a wife.

CHIN. That's no fault of mine—I don't prevent him having one.

OGLE. He lost her some time since.

CHIN. Sensible man!

OGLE. I believe you meant to rob the house. After what has passed, you must allow me to search your pockets.

CHIN. The process is degrading, but inevitable. Search, Sir.

LIGHT. He might have a spoon there.

CHIN. A spoon?—touching instance of fellow-feeling!

OGLE. (*pulling out papers*) "Go of gin"—"ditto ditto,"—not receipted. (*takes another paper*) "Whiskey punch"—"cigars"—"tobacco"—"sausage roll"—"ditto ditto." What's this at the bottom?—"You have still a kid unpaid for." A kid unpaid for! What! abandon your offspring?

LIGHT. Inhuman villain!

CHIN. (R.) One instant. I am afraid you are committing a grave error. The word "kid" is not (*dandling his arms, as if nursing a child*) an abbreviation of myself, but of the word "kidney," much in use at certain taverns.

OGLE. And here is the identical shilling I gave you for the postage of the letter,—I know it again, for it is a peculiarly marked one. Perhaps you will inform me how that came into your pocket?

CHIN. I decline answering the question. (*takes the coat*)

OGLE. I have given you a fair chance, and the result I come to is, that you are a pickpocket—

LIGHT. An Airey sneak.

OGLE. And as such, I shall give you in charge.

CHIN. (R., *putting on his coat*) Holloa, old fellow, I shall go!

OGLE. (C., *pulling the bell violently*) In company of a policeman, though.

CHINTIP attempts to leave, but is prevented by OGLE and LIGHTLY, who scuffle with him.

OGLE. Police—Jenny—police!

LIGHT. (*crosses to R.*) Police—help—murder—police!

Enter JENNY, R.

OGLE. Jenny, get a policeman.

LIGHT. Fetch two.

JEN. (*calling*) Buggins—Buggins! There's one down stairs, Sir.

Enter BUGGINS, R., eating a sandwich, and LETITIA, L.

LET. (L.) What is the matter?

OGLE. (L.C.) This fellow is a swindler—he does not come from Barter.

LET. Jenny, go down stairs. Buggins, you're not wanted.

BUG. Werry well, Miss. (*aside*) I'll go down, and finish the rest of the cold shoulder.

Exit JENNY and BUGGINS, R.

LET. (L.) It is quite true; this gentleman does not come from Mr. Barter.

OGLE. What was his object, then, in—

CHIN. Do not ask. (*to LETITIA*) My tongue is tied.

LET. Generous youth ! The object of his coming was the object of his adoration !

CHIN. A fascinating female !

LET. (*glancing languishingly at him*) Oh ! (*to OGLE*) He came to win my hand —

OGLE }
and } What ?
LIGHT. }

CHIN. (*aside*) She's mad !

LET. And, as you returned earlier than I expected, I told him to act as he has done.

CHIN. Mr. Ogle, Sir, I must —

OGLE. Remain here for five minutes, while I retire to consult about this matter with my sister. (*aside*) Ha, ha, ha ! I took him for a knave, but find he's only a fool !

Exeunt OGLE and LETITIA, R.

LIGHT. (*aside*) Left alone with that maniac ? He's dangerous ! I will go and find Emily. But I forgive him. He's sufficiently punished if he marry that antiquated coquette !

Exit L.

CHIN. (*solas*) What ! that venerable peacock the object of my adoration ? Come, I like that. No, I don't—I don't like it at all. She thinks I was making love to her, and has told Emily so. This accounts satisfactorily—no, I mean unsatisfactorily—for Emily's coolness, which, after all, was nothing but jealousy, dear little soul ! Something must be done, however. I am not going to remain here to be lugged off to the Station-house, in case of my more than probable refusal to lead that old hag to the altar. (*takes his hat, and is about to go*) I hear somebody coming ! Where can I hide ? Ah ! the table — (*creeps under table, where he is perfectly visible to the audience*)

Enter OGLE, L.

OGLE. (*looking round*) Not here ? Where can he have gone ? Stole off to rejoin his Dulcinea, no doubt. Well, I never thought Letty would have inspired an ardent passion at her time of life ; and yet, according to her account, he is desperately smitten. And the idea of the advertisement, too ! Ha, ha, ha !

Enter LIGHTLY.

—Ha, Lightly ! (*sits down at table, and arranges papers*) This Don Juan of elderly gentlewomen has made my desk in a precious mess.

LIGHT. (*aside*) I'll speak to him about Emily.

OGLE. (*kicking up against CHINTIP*) What's that ? Letitia's brutal cat again !

CHIN. (*edges away from within reach of OGLE's feet*)

LIGHT. (*sitting down at the opposite side of the table*) By the way, Ogle, I desired a few minutes' conversation with you about —

about— (stretches out his legs, and kicks up against CHINTIF, who has screwed himself up into as small a compass as possible, between the two pairs of legs) Why, it's under my feet at present!

OGLE. Troublesome beast! (kicks CHINTIF violently)

CHIN. Come, this is too bad! (rises, and overturns the table in so doing)

OGLE
and } (who have risen in astonishment) You there?
LIGHT. }

OGLE. I thought it was the cat!

CHIN. An error might have led you to suppose it was the animal in question, but humanity should prompt you not to kick so hard if it were.

OGLE. Let us change the subject, Sir. I—I—

CHIN. (c., rubbing himself) Ah, do, for it's a confoundedly painful subject!

OGLE. (r.) I will not at present inquire why you were under that table. I wish for an explanation of your intentions with regard to—but take a chair, Sir.

CHIN. Dont insult me. You *must* know that I shall not be able to sit down again for a month at least.

OGLE. My sister has informed me that she has made a deep impression on your heart.

CHIN. (still rubbing himself) I know where *you* have made an impression.

OGLE. You inserted a matrimonial advertisement in the "Sunday Times," and come here in consequence of an answer which—

CHIN. I see it all—which your sister—no, I'm d—d if I did.

LIGHT. (aside) An advertisement! She the young and sensitive female—shameful!

OGLE. You were in the square, Sir; and with the appointed sign of recognition—a rose in your button-hole.

CHIN. Oh, indeed! For all that, I was not the gentleman; I had the rose by accident. I certainly know now who *did* put in the advertisement. (turning sharply round to LIGHTLY) Should you like to know who it was?

LIGHT. I—oh—ah—why should I like to know, more than any one else—I mean—(aside) Don't, oh! don't betray me—don't marry me to that antediluvian!

Enter EMILY and LETITIA, L.

CHIN. I own that it was for a lady, I came, Sir, but it was by mere chance I was introduced here, although it was my earnest wish to be so, in order to obtain your niece, Emily, whom I have long—

LETITIA screams, and faints in chair.

LIGHT. Bring some salts!

EMILY. Some cold water!

OGLE. Cut open her stays!

CHIN. Take care of her bustle!

LET. (*starting up instantaneously*) Vulgar wretch ! As if I wore one ! But, I will be revenged on all your faithless sex ! I will never marry any one of you !

Exit in rage, L.

LIGHT. (*aside*) Heaven bless her for that resolution ! I am saved !

CHIN. Benevolent old lady, what mild ideas she entertains of revenge ! (*aside to LIGHTLY*) Get her to change her mind. Claim her ; she is yours by right. (*aloud*) But come, I am of good family ; I have three hundred a year—in the stamps and taxes—

OGLE. And the unpaid bills—

CHIN. Amount to only sixty pounds—which my friend Lightly—

LIGHT. (L.) What !

CHIN. (L.C.) Who pretended not to know me, in order to aid my plans—promised to pay.

LIGHT. I promised to pay !

Enter JENNY and BUGGINS, R.

CHIN. Deception is no longer necessary—you know you did. (*aside*) Under the rose.

LIGHT. (*aside*) D—n the rose !

OGLE. Is this true ?

LIGHT. Y—e—e—e—s.

JEN. (*advancing*) And Mr. Lightly—promised me, too—

BUG. (L.) Us two—Jenny—mind your grammar.

JEN. Thirty pounds to set up with Buggins.

LIGHT. (L.C.) I never—

JEN. Don't you recollect, Sir ; why you gave it me, in writing. (*shows him papers—aside*) They were in the pocket of the coat you took off.

LIGHT. (*aside*) The rough draft of the advertisement, and that old hag's letter. (*aloud*) Ah, true ! I remember now—I will keep my promise. (*aside*) If you give up the papers.

CHIN. (C.) What a philanthropist you are, Lightly. So, Buggins is going to set up for himself ?

JEN. Yes, Sir ! But he takes me into partnership.

BUG. In course.

CHIN. All I now want is Emily's consent.

EMILY. (R.) I have wronged you—there is my hand.

CHIN. (*crosses to OGLE*) And yours—

OGLE. (*giving his hand*) Mine ?

CHIN. Not your hand, your consent. (*aside*) He's very generous, with his hand. He can afford it—there's plenty of it.

OGLE. I will offer no opposition, if I find your statements correct.

CHIN. Then I am happy. After this, let no one sneer at advertisements matrimonial. They have got me a wife—and a very nice one, too—eh ! Emmy, dear. (*to AUDIENCE*) If at any time, you should happen to see in the papers, "On Monday last, the lady of C. Chintip, Esq., of a son and heir—

EMILY. Oh, Mr. Chintip, for shame!

CHIN. (*aside to AUDIENCE*) You know what I mean—these things will happen in the best regulated families—so, if you perceive any thing of the kind, and should feel at all interested in it—all I can say is—"for further particulars, apply"—any night, at the Royal Olympic Theatre.

EMILY. CHINTIP. OGLE. LIGHTLY. JENNY. BUGGINS.

R.

L.

Curtain.

LIGHTLY should be dressed in blue coat, white waistcoat, light trousers, and white hat; the whole costume and appearance similar to the middle-aged gentleman in the engraving of "The First of April."

Although originally performed by Mr. Compton, the part of CHINTIP was written for, and intended to be played by, the Eccentric Comedian of the Company.