

GOING TO THE DERBY

AN ORIGINAL FARCE

IN

ONE ACT

BY

J. M. MORTON, Esq.

AUTHOR OF

Lend Me Five Shillings—Three Cuckoos—My Precious Betsy—Where there's a will there's a way—John Dobbs—A most unwarrantable Intrusion—Dying for Love—Your Life's in Danger—Midnight Watch—Box and Cox—Trumpeter's Wedding—Done on Both Sides—Poor Pillicoddy—Old Honesty—Young England—King and I—My Wife's Second Floor—Who do they take me for—Double Bedded Room—The Milliners' Holiday—Wedding Breakfast—Brother Ben—Attic Story—Who's the Composer—Who's my Husband—Slasher and Crashier—Prince for an Hour—Away with Melancholy—Waiting for an Omnibus—Betsy Baker—Who stole the pocket-book—Two Bonnycastles—From Village to Court—Grimshaw, Bagshaw, and Bradshaw—Rights and Wrongs of Women—Sent to the Tower—Our Wife—Irish Tiger—Ticklish Times—Take care of Dowb—Muleteer of Toledo—Game of Romps—Away with Melancholy—How Stout You're Getting—A Prince for an Hour, &c. &c. &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market.)

LONDON.

109818

GOING TO THE DERBY.

*First produced at the Royal Adelphi Theatre,
May 22nd, 1848.*

CHARACTERS.

MR. JEREMIAH TWIDDLE	Mr. WRIGHT.
MR. JOHN JAMES CHUCKS	Mr. PAUL BEDFORD.
CAPTAIN NOBBLE	Mr. WORRELL.
SAM, Waiter at the "Spread Eagle," Epsom	Mr. MUNYARD.
PEDESTRIANS, SPORTSMEN, POLICEMEN, GIPSEYS, STABLE BOYS, &c. &c.,	
MRS. TWIDDLE	Miss WOOLGAR.
MRS. CHUCKS	Mrs. F. MATTHEWS.
MRS. PLUMMY, Sam's Mother	Miss BROOKS.
GIPSEY WOMAN	Miss PENSON.

TIME IN REPRESENTATION.—55 minutes.

COSTUMES.

- TWIDDLE.—Light blue frock, buff waistcoat, white cord trousers, light hat, crimson handkerchief.
- CHUCKS.—Green Newmarket cut coat, long white waistcoat, white ducks, large white hat, turned up with green.
- NOBBLE.—Black coat and waistcoat, white cord trousers, light overcoat, white hat.
- SAM.—Short black coat, white waistcoat, black trousers.
- Mrs. TWIDDLE.—Fashionable muslin dress, bonnet, &c.
- Mrs. CHUCKS.—Fashionable white and pink dress, hat and feathers.
- Mrs. PLUMMY.—Plain dress, bonnet.

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THE CROWD
GOING TO THE DERBY.

SCENE.—*Outside of "The Spread Eagle," at Epsom, on the Derby Day.* Part of the Hotel is seen, r. Close to entrance of Hotel, a number of PEOPLE are assembled, and a betting ring is formed—the pedestrians are LADIES and GENTLEMEN—and with them are mixed GIPSIES, STABLE BOYS, FRUIT SELLERS, VENDORS of "Dorling's Correct Cards," &c. &c., all in great animation. The betting ring is distinguished by loud talking, offering of bets, &c. &c.—the noise is kept up till

Enter MRS. TWIDDLE, r., followed by CAPTAIN NOBBLE—
the latter dressed in a very outre sporting costume.

MRS. T. (as she enters hurriedly.) You needn't trouble yourself any more, sir. You have, in the most gentlemanly manner possible, extricated me from that dreadfully rude crowd, which I do believe, but for you, would have squeezed me to death. I'm very much obliged to you, and now you have my full permission to go about your business.

NOBBLE. Business! Where is the slave so base as to think about business on a Derby Day? No—pleasure is the order of the day, and my pleasure, lady fair, is obviously to wait on you.

MRS. T. Sir, if you persist in annoying me, I feel it incumbent upon me to inform you that I have a brother in the Blues, six feet seven and a half in his stockings!

NOBBLE. Whose manly breast would, I am sure, swell with gratitude to me for offering my protecting arm to his lovely but imprudent sister.

MRS. T. Imprudent, sir?

NOBBLE. Decidedly. I apply the adjective in its superlative mood. Haven't you ventured here *alone* to see the Derby run?

MRS. T. The Derby? Not I, indeed!

NOBBLE. Then, in the name of wonder, what has brought you to Epsom?—if I may be allowed the question.

MRS. T. What, in the name of wonder can that matter to you? if I may be allowed the answer. So, as I said before, sir, don't let me detain you.

NOBBLE. Be it so. When beauty commands, Nobble obeys.

MRS. T. Nobble?

NOBBLE. Nobble.

MRS. T. Lor, what a funny name!

NOBBLE. A very common one on the turf, madam.

MRS. T. The turf?

NOBBLE. Yes—the ring.

MRS. T. Oh, the ring? (*aside.*) What is the man talking about?

NOBBLE. (*aside.*) She's by many degrees too pretty to be lost sight of. But I must see if I can't first hedge my money about Slopseller! (*aloud.*) Madam, your most obedient servant. (*bowing.*)

MRS. T. Sir, your servant. (*curtseying—NOBBLE retires and mixes with the BETTING MEN—noise of betting repeated.*) He's gone at last! Well, as that gentleman observes, I dare say it is rather bold work in me to venture here alone—on the Derby Day too! But when once my suspicions are excited, and my spirit roused, stop me who can? No, no, Mr. Twiddle—I'm not so easily imposed upon as you imagine. How knowingly the good for nothing fellow laid his plans, too! Actually had a letter written to him from some imaginary aunt or other, at Windsor, begging him to go down to her on important business. He wrote it himself, I'll be bound! The deceitful monster! Why, he's a perfect disgrace to the "Chip and Fancy Straw Bonnet line," that he is! And I—I his poor confiding, unsuspecting wife, should have swallowed his abominable stories—aunt and all—if it hadn't been for this letter which dropped out of Twiddle's waistcoat

pocket, while I was sewing on a new button last night. Here it is. (*taking letter out of her pocket and reading.*) "Dear Twiddy—all right, old chap—meet at one to-morrow, at the 'Spread Eagle,' at Epsom. Delighted to hear you've managed to humbug Mrs. T." That's me! "Yours, ever, Bob. P.S.—Don't forget the sandwiches!" Humbug Mrs. T.! Ha, ha, ha! And the sandwiches too, that Twiddle had the effrontery to say he was cutting for his aunt at Windsor! Half a ham and two quartern loaves demolished for Mr. Twiddle and his friend *Bob* to enjoy themselves on the Derby Day with! But I'll be revenged—I'm determined I will! It isn't one o'clock yet, so he can't have arrived—

A GIPSEY WOMAN comes forward from the crowd with CAPTAIN NOBBLE.

NOBBLE. (*at back, and directing the GIPSEY's attention to MRS. TWIDDLE.*) There she is! Persuade her to have her fortune told. Tell her she has captivated the affections of a certain remarkably fine young gentleman—in short, describe me. There's a shilling for you. Now then—

GIPSEY. (*to MRS. TWIDDLE.*) Let me tell you your fortune, my pretty lady?

MRS. T. Don't come near me, you horrid creature!

GIPSEY. Don't be frightened, my pretty lady. There's great good luck in store for you. Cross my hand with a bit of silver, and I'll tell you what it is.

MRS. T. Hold your tongue—do!

GIPSEY. Ah, pretty lady—don't despise my knowledge, for I could tell you of a certain very fine young gentleman—

MRS. T. I dare say you could; because you happened to see the ugly creature speaking to me just now.

NOBBLE. (*who is listening.*) Oh, dear! a decided failure!

(*hastily retires among CROWD again—noise without—cries of "Now, then, stupid!" followed by loud laughter, quarreling, noise, &c. &c.*)

TWIDDLE. (*without.*) It's no fault of mine that I'm on the wrong side of the road—it's my horse's! Don't you see the animal's blind? How can he possibly see where he's going? (loud laughter from without.)

MRS. T. Ha—that voice! (*looking off.*) Yes, Twiddle, as I live—and in a one horse shay, too! Bravo, bravo, Mr. T.! You couldn't give me a six-and-sixpenny Jenny Lind Polka last week, couldn't you? Of course not. What shall I do? I have it—yes! (*to GIPSEY WOMAN.*) Here, my good woman! (*whispers to her.*) What do you say?

GIPSEY. Oh, yes, my pretty lady—willingly!

MRS. T. There, then. (*gives money.*) Follow me—make haste! (*aside as she goes out.*) Now, Mr. T., I flatter myself I'm rather going to put a rod in pickle for you!

Exit with GIPSEY WOMAN, l.

(*the noise and laughter repeated from without.* A pony chaise crosses at back from R. to L., in which is TWIDDLE—he is standing up in the chaise, with his back towards the pony, flourishing his whip with great energy—his hat is knocked completely over his eyes—the chaise reaches the wing at L., where it stops, and remains visible to the AUDIENCE—the pony being out of sight—TWIDDLE gets out, stumbles and falls—then comes forward—a basket is strapped behind the chaise—after repeated efforts, he succeeds in getting his hat from over his eyes—then turns suddenly round.

TWIDDLE. Now, sir, I'll just trouble you to—I say, sir—Holloa!—nobody? Coward! (*vociferating.*) Coward! If there is one ceremony more degrading than another, it is that of being *bonnetted*. It's anything but agreeable. I have no hesitation whatever in putting it down among the few things that are anything but agreeable. If I hadn't come out with the full determination of enjoying myself, on the Derby Day, I think the probability is, that I should be rather disgusted than otherwise—pon my life I do! joking apart, that's my present opinion. I've had to put up with a good deal already. In the first place, I find I've hired a horse that's blind of one eye, and can't see out of t'other. It struck me this morning that there was something unusual about his *optics*, but the man told me it was the peculiar breed of the animal. There certainly *is* something peculiar about him, for he's not, by any means, the same colour he was when he started. He was a bright black then, and now he's a sort of mixture—something between rhubarb and strawberry jam. How-

ever, here I am at Epsom—there's the "Spread Eagle," sure enough—so I'll think no more of the little trifling annoyances I have met with. Holloa! what's the matter with my hat? (*taking it off—the crown falls out.*) This is pleasant! the crown of my hat knocked in—I should say knocked out—and the police stood tamely by and looked on. Shame, shame! Never mind! Ha, ha, ha! 'Pon my life, it's too bad of me, but I can't help laughing, when I think of poor Mrs. Twiddle, how she swallowed my story about my aunt at Windsor—and the sandwiches, too. Ha, ha, ha! Now really, joking apart, how any woman, with a fair proportion of common sense, could imagine that a man could or would employ himself for two hours and a half cutting ham sandwiches for an aunt at Windsor, is to me perfectly unintelligible—but she did—Mrs. T. decidedly did. Ha, ha! I'm a sad rascal—a horrid ruffian! I know I am—I feel I am—but it's all Mrs. T.'s fault. She knew how anxious I was to see the Derby, and yet she said she wouldn't hear of it—so I determined she *shouldn't* hear of it. The consequence is, that instead of being on my way to Windsor, as poor Mrs. T. flatters herself I am, I am now within a mile of Epsom Downs. Ha, ha, ha! Capital! (*looks at his watch.*) Past one, I declare! Where can Bob be? Oh, I shan't wait for him—I'll start at once. Everybody seems on the move. (*PEOPLE go off.*)

Enter SAM, from inn, R.

SAM. (*to TWIDDLE.*) Three and sixpence, sir, if you please.

TWIDDLE. I haven't the most distant idea what you are alluding to.

SAM. Dear me! You don't say so? Then, sir, I am alluding to a glass of rum and water, and a feed of corn.

TWIDDLE. Who for, young man?

SAM. Why, you!

TWIDDLE. Me? I don't feed on corn.

SAM. No, but your *oss* does.

TWIDDLE. My *oss*? What do you mean by my *oss*?

SAM. Why, your *hanimal*.

TWIDDLE. Oh, my *hanimal*? Why didn't you speak

grammatically at first, sir? Yes, I dare say he does feed on corn when he can get it. And I suppose the rum and water is for my oss too? though I wasn't aware that the animal was addicted to spirituous liquors.

SAM. No—that's for you.

TWIDDLE. Me? Ha, ha! Hark, ye, young fellow—

SAM. It won't do, sir! Master's quite sure there's no mistake about it, sir. Yours is a little grey pony, isn't he?

TWIDDLE. Grey? No, such thing! There he is—judge for yourself. (*pointing.*)

SAM. He is grey! (*looking off, L.*)

TWIDDLE. So he is, I declare! He's changed colour again. What a very remarkable quadruped. However, I'll take my oath, sir, that pony has eat no corn.

SAM. Hasn't he? Then perhaps he has put it in his pocket. Come, tip!

TWIDDLE. Tip? Familiar brute! But the rum and water—not a drop have I had.

SAM. Pshaw! Does that there pony belong to you?

TWIDDLE. It do.

SAM. Then you've had the rum and water.

TWIDDLE. Oh, you mean to argue that a man can't have a grey pony without drinking rum and water?

SAM. I mean to say that I'm in a hurry, so tip at once.

TWIDDLE. Fellow, I shall *not* tip!

SAM. Oh, you won't, won't you? Very well. (*shouting.*) Police!

TWIDDLE. Stop! (*aside.*) I'd better pay. (*aloud.*) There's the money—but let me, young man, solemnly and seriously impress upon your youthful mind, that—

SAM. Thank ye, sir. If you'll give me your address, I'll call for the rest another time. Remember the waiter, sir.

TWIDDLE. (*driving SAM into inn.*) Go along! Now, that's what I call an atrocious swindle! That young man never could have had a proper knowledge of right and wrong instilled into his mind as a baby—perhaps he never had a father or mother to do it. Never mind! I shan't wait for Bob any longer—it would only serve him right if

I was to eat all the sandwiches. Now, then—on we go!
(about to enter chaise.)

Enter MAN, L.

MAN. (*as he enters.*) "Dorling's correct cards! Names of the horses, and colours of the riders!" (*to TWIDDLE.*) A card, your honour?

TWIDDLE. Well, I suppose I must have one—it looks sportman-like. How much?

MAN. A shilling, your honour. Correct card, sir—names of the horses, and colours of the riders.

TWIDDLE. A shilling? Pooh, I'll give you half.

MAN. Very well, sir. (*giving TWIDDLE a card.*)

TWIDDLE. There's a shilling—give me sixpence.

MAN. (*giving sixpence.*) There, sir. Long life to your honour! Dorling's correct cards! Names of the horses, and colours of the riders!

Exit running, L.

TWIDDLE. Now to look for my horse, Brandyball, that I drew in a sweep last week. (*looking at card.*) I don't see the animal. Holloa! this is one of last year's cards. Here, stop—stop! Now, really, this is too bad. Dorling's *correct* card. Never mind—I'll see if I can't sell it for threepence. Holloa, he's given me a bad sixpence. Stop! Well, if matters keep going on in this style, I clearly foresee that I shall have a lively time of it. Three and sixpence for articles of consumption for me and my oss, which neither of us ever saw, and a shilling for one of Dorling's correct cards of last year. Never mind! I came out with the full determination of enjoying myself, and enjoy myself I will—so, as I said before, on we go again!

(about to get into his chaise, drawing on his gloves, &c.

Enter MRS. CHUCKS, hurriedly, R.

MRS. C. This is the "Spread Eagle"—yes. The perfidious Nobble must have received my note, appointing to meet him here. He will not, cannot refuse to restore me my letters—those letters I wrote to him before I became Mrs. John James Chucks—I must have them. My husband's suspicions I fear are already roused, and were he once to know that his Jemima's affection had formerly been bestowed on another, the consequences would be

terrific. And yet, to remain here alone, unprotected—Ah! (*seeing TWIDDLE.*) A gentleman! He looks respectable. Shall I? I will. (*going to TWIDDLE, and laying hold of his coat tail, as he is getting into chaise.*) Sir!

TWIDDLE. (*looking round.*) I'm very sorry, ma'am, but we're full. (*he is about to get into chaise.*)

MRS. C. Oh, sir, I entreat—I implore—(*dragging again at Twiddle's coat tail.*)

TWIDDLE. You'll have the tail of my coat off, ma'am, 'pon my life you will—and it isn't paid for ma'am—I wish to call your attention to that important fact—it isn't paid for.

MRS. C. Oh, sir—

TWIDDLE. Ma'am!

MRS. C. Benevolence is written in every feature of your countenance.

TWIDDLE. (*aside.*) Gammon! Never mind. (*aloud.*) There, my good woman—there's eighteenpence for you.

MRS. C. (*offended.*) Sir, you are labouring under a mistake.

TWIDDLE. And so are you, ma'am—under a mistake of the most gigantic dimensions, if you imagine I'm going to allow you to keep hold of the tail of my coat till the Derby's over. Unhand me, female!

MRS. C. Oh, sir, one word will explain. (*bringing him forward.*)

TWIDDLE. Then out with it, ma'am.

MRS. C. (*with great volubility.*) You must know, then, that I was born of humble, but respectable parents, and at an early age was placed in a seminary for young ladies, where, in addition to the usual branches of education—I mean reading, writing, grammar, arithmetic, history, geography, and astronomy—I was instructed in the more pleasing arts of playing and singing. Fatal accomplishments!

TWIDDLE. (*aside.*) She's mad! (*aloud.*) Yes, madam, as you very properly observed, fatal accomplishments! Good morning. (*going.*)

MRS. C. (*seizing coat tail again.*) Sir, it is in your power to render me an important service—refuse, and I instantly precipitate myself under the wheels of the first vehicle that passes.

TWIDDLE. (*shouting.*) Don't talk nonsense ! What is it you want with me ?

MRS. C. A mere trifle—only to afford me your protection for a few hours, and then escort me back to London, that's all.

TWIDDLE. Oh, that's all ? You're quite sure that's all ? (*aside.*) Well, of all the cool requests—(*aloud.*) But, good gracious, ma'am, your motives—your reasons ? For, let me tell you, it isn't usual for a female to fasten herself upon one of the opposite sex—a total stranger, too, without explaining her reasons. You hear, ma'am, her reasons.

MRS. C. No, no ! Impossible ! Oh ! (*suddenly screaming.*)

TWIDDLE. (*starting.*) I wish you wouldn't ! What's the matter ?

MRS. C. A sudden faintness—a giddiness. I'm going ! Oh ! (*faints in TWIDDLE's arms.*)

TWIDDLE. Good gracious ! Here's a situation ! This is coming to see the Derby. (*fanning MRS. CHUCKS—tenderly.*) Rouse yourself—look up. (*savagely.*) Look up ! It's no use ! I'd let her drop if I thought she wouldn't hurt herself. Here, help ! Waiter—waiter !

SAM *rushes in from inn, R.*

SAM. What's the row ?

TWIDDLE. A lady taken suddenly ill. (*supporting MRS. CHUCKS, with his arm round her waist.*)

Enter MRS. TWIDDLE, L., in the Gipsey's bonnet and cloak.

MRS. T. Come, I flatter myself the disguise is perfect ; and now, if I can only light upon that wretch of a Twiddle—(*seeing him.*) Eh ? No—yes—there he is—and a lady with him. Who can she be, eh ? I've seen her face somewhere. It is Mrs. Chucks, the grocer's wife, who's just opened a new shop at the corner of our street. Oh, the couple of monsters of iniquity !

TWIDDLE. (*to SAM.*) Take the poor creature carefully into the inn, while I run for the doctor.

SAM. Yes, sir. (*aside to TWIDDLE, and nudging him.*) All right—I shan't blab.

(*supports MRS. CHUCKS into inn, R.*)

TWIDDLE. Blab, sir—blab? Never mind—I've got rid of her—and now, as I've observed several times already—on we go again! (*about to step into chaise.*)

MRS. T. (*laying hold of his coat tail.*) Stop, my pretty gentleman—(*imitating GIPSEY's voice and manner.*)

TWIDDLE. (*shouting.*) Oh, hang it! dash it! d—n it! This is intolerable—insufferable—abominable!

MRS. T. Don't be angry, my pretty gentleman. (*pulling his coat.*)

TWIDDLE. Don't pretty gentleman me! Let go my tail! It really seems as if the entire population of this town had nothing whatever to do to-day, except to lay hold of my coat tail.

MRS. T. Let me tell you your fortune, my pretty gentleman.

TWIDDLE. (*vociferating.*) Don't call me pretty!

MRS. T. But you are pretty. Ah, yes—and what's more, the ladies think so, too—eh? (*giving TWIDDLE a violent nudge in the side.*)

TWIDDLE. Be quiet! (*aside.*) 'Pon my life, there's something pleasing about the creature, after all!

MRS. T. Come, my pretty gentleman—won't you cross my hand with a piece of silver? I could tell you something you would like to know.

TWIDDLE. Could you? Well, I don't mind. (*aside.*) I've got a bad sixpence. (*aloud.*) There! (*gives money, and holds out his hand.*) Now, then—make haste, there's a good soul.

MRS. T. (*looking and tracing in his hand.*) So, so—you are married, my pretty gentleman.

TWIDDLE. Yes—slightly. (*gently nudging her.*)

MRS. T. Ah, you're a wicked one! (*gives him another violent poke in the side.*) Ah, but I see—no little children. That's a pity!

TWIDDLE. A good job, I call it.

MRS. T. (*aside.*) The wretch! (*aloud.*) Ah—yes—here's great good fortune in business. Plenty of straw bonnets to make.

TWIDDLE. (*aside.*) She can actually tell my occupation. Wonderful science !

MRS. T. (*looking at his hand.*) But what's this I see ? Ha !

TWIDDLE. (*starting, and trying to pull his hand away.*) What's the matter ?

MRS. T. Yes, yes, the same—the very same unlucky line I saw in the pretty lady's hand just now. I saw she was married, too, poor lady—and to a bad, wicked, deceitful, good-for-nothing husband—and I told her so.

TWIDDLE. Did you ? Well, that was kind of you. Of course she was miserable.

MRS. T. Not a bit. I thought she never would stop laughing. She said she was quite as deceitful as her husband—for while he, poor, silly, stupid man, was gone down to see his aunt at Windsor, she had come down to the Derby. Ha, ha, ha !

TWIDDLE. What's that ? Husband—aunt—Windsor ! (*aside.*) Remarkable coincidence ! But it can't be. (*aloud, and forcing a laugh.*) Ha, ha, ha ! Capital ! So she had come down to the Derby, eh ?

MRS. T. Yes—with a very particular friend of hers—one Mr. Chucks, I think she said.

TWIDDLE. Chucks—Chucks—Chucks ! (*very rapidly.*) Chucks—Chucks—Chucks ! I've seen Chucks somewhere—I've heard of Chucks—Chucks is familiar to me ! (*suddenly shouting.*) Ha !

MRS. T. What's the matter ?

TWIDDLE. Nothing ! (*aside.*) Chucks ! the new grocer at the corner of our street ? No—pooh, it can't be ! (*aloud and eagerly.*) Well ?

MRS. T. That's all, except that the pretty lady was very kind to me, and gave me a keepsake—something that her poor, silly, stupid husband had given her. But it's a very pretty ring—don't you think so ?

(*holding her finger up before TWIDDLE's face—TWIDDLE looks with earnest intentness for some time at the ring, then totters and faints on MRS. TWIDDLE's shoulder—starts furiously up again.*)

TWIDDLE. No, I won't faint. Arabella Twiddle, I repeat, I won't faint ! (*seizes MRS. TWIDDLE's hand, and examines*

ring again.) There's no mistake about it. It's the very ring I gave her on her last birthday. Faithless, perjured Arabella, where are you? *(furiously to MRS. TWIDDLE.)* Where is she?

MRS. T. I'm sure I don't know. And yet—yes, look there, *(points towards, L.)*

TWIDDLE. Ah—yes—that well-known bonnet—that familiar white shawl—it's she! it's she!

Rushes out, L. 3 E.—returns again.
Just keep your eye on that pony, will you? It's she—it's she!

Runs out, L. 3 E.

MRS. T. Come, I flatter myself I've put Mr. Jeremiah Twiddle into about as uncomfortable a state as any moderate woman would wish to see her husband in. I see it all. This Mrs. Chucks must have been an old flame of Twiddle's, and she's persuaded her simpleton of a husband to settle in our neighbourhood, for the pleasure of Twiddle's society—the wicked creature! But I'll tear her eyes out—no, I won't—I'll reserve that operation for the grand climax. I'll go back to London directly, and open Chucks's eyes. Yes, I'll excite the wretched grocer to a state of frenzy, and then—then I'll go home and make a bonfire of all the straw bonnets in the shop. So farewell for the present, ma'am; *(shaking her fist towards inn.)* and now—now for the injured Chucks!

Enter CHUCKS, wildly, R., very pale and haggard—great coat on, trousers and gaiters very muddy.

CHUCKS. Some one calls on Chucks. Who calls on Chucks?

MRS. T. I am going to call on him as soon as I get back to London.

CHUCKS. Seek not for Chucks in London. London contains Chucks no longer. Chucks is here—before you—fury in his breast, frenzy in his brain, vengeance in his heart, and pistols in his pocket. So answer me, Gipsey Gitana—Bohemian Girl—or whatever you please to call yourself—what do you know of Chucks, for as I entered Chucks was on your tongue? What Chucks? which Chucks?

MRS. T. The Grocer ! *(sitting on a chair)*

CHUCKS. Ha !

MRS. T. In Lamb's Conduit Street—No. 10—new shop
—just opened—new wife—just married—

CHUCKS. Ha ! what of her ? *(and going to speak)* Speak, Gitana, and I'll find you in sago and black pepper for the rest of your life.

MRS. T. She's here !

CHUCKS. Here ?

MRS. T. Yes, there ! *(pointing to inn.)*

CHUCKS. Here ? There ? Don't trifling with me, Bohemian.

MRS. T. I've seen her. —She came to me to have her fortune told—said she had contrived to give her fool of a husband the slip—meaning you.

CHUCKS. Thank ye ! Fiend ! So she did. She picked a fictitious quarrel with me this morning, and seizing me by the head, flung it into the fire.

MRS. T. Your head ?

CHUCKS. No, my wig—my only wig. Behold ! *(takes off his hat and shows his head, totally bald and shiny.)* She implored my pardon, and telling me to lie snug in bed till she returned, put on her bonnet, and ran out to buy another.

MRS. T. Another bonnet ?

CHUCKS. Another wig. Zingaree, you're slightly stupid. My suspicions were excited, and in an instant I was out of bed, and my head through the window. Judge of my horror ! I saw her get into a cab !

MRS. T. A Hansom one ?

CHUCKS. Not particularly. In less than two minutes I was dressed and downstairs. A cab drove up—I jumped in—

MRS. T. A Hansom one ?

CHUCKS. Not particularly. The other vehicle was still in sight. I ordered a pursuit, which continued with no apparent advantage on either side till we reached Nine Elms. As my cab drove up, Mrs. C.'s drove away—out I jumped, and rushed into the station !

MRS. T. Were you in time ?

CHUCKS. Just in time to see the train go off without me. After a quarter of an hour—to me a quarter of a century—off I set, and here I am, as I said before, with

vengeance in my heart, frenzy in my pocket, and pistols in my brain. So where is she—take me to her.

MRS. T. I mustn't. (*slily.*) She's not alone!

CHUCKS. Not alone! Does that mean to say that there's somebody with her?

MRS. T. There *was* somebody with her. I saw him.

CHUCKS. *Him?* No, no, it can't be—you mean *her*, Gitana. If you love me, say it was a *her*!

MRS. T. I tell you it was a *him*. But he'll soon be back, for I heard the lady say, "Twiddle, dear, you won't be long?"

CHUCKS. Twiggle! (*very rapidly.*) Twiggle—Twiggle—Twiggle!

MRS. T. No—Twiddle!

CHUCKS. (*rapidly.*) Twiddle — Twiddle — Twiddle! where have I seen Twiddle? where have I heard of Twiddle?

MRS. T. I'm sure that was the name, because the gentleman dropped a letter out of his pocket, which I picked up. Here it is. (*taking out letter which she has read before, and reading the address.*) "Mr. Jeremiah Twiddle"—

CHUCKS. (*snatching letter out of Mrs. TWIDDLE's hand.*) "Chip and Fancy Straw Bonnet Maker"—

MRS. T. (*snatching letter from CHUCKS.*) "No. 19, Lamb's"—

CHUCKS. (*taking letter again.*) "Conduit Street. (*suddenly.*) Oh—ah—oh—oh! So—so!"

MRS. T. Here comes the gentleman. (*points off, L.*)

CHUCKS. Does he? (*furiously.*) Then away to Heaven, respectable levity, and fiery fury be my conduct now!

MRS. T. (*aside.*) Now, having prepared the necessary combustibles for a grand blow up, I'll get out of the way before the explosion takes place. *Runs out, R.*

CHUCKS. Now—now—if—if there is such a person as Mrs. Twiddles, she shall be a widow in five minutes, or my name's not Chucks!

Enter TWIDDLE wildly, at L., dragging in the GIPSEY WOMAN, disguised in MRS. TWIDDLE's bonnet and shawl.

TWIDDLE. (*overhearing.*) His name's not Chucks!

(shouting across to CHUCKS.) I wish your name had been Chucks!

CHUCKS. Chucks is my name.

TWIDDLE. Ah! Then take her grocer! (throwing the GIPSEY WOMAN suddenly into CHUCKS's arms.)

CHUCKS. Never, bonnet maker! (throws WOMAN back again to TWIDDLE.)

TWIDDLE. (violently, to WOMAN.) Go to your Chucks, faithless Arabella T.!

CHUCKS. Go to your Twiddle, perjured Jemima C.!

(the GIPSEY WOMAN raises her veil, looks at them both, bursts out laughing, and runs out, R.)

TWIDDLE. Holloa! it's not Arabella!

CHUCKS. It's not Jemima!

TWIDDLE. (furiously.) Where is she, grocer?

CHUCKS. She!—who?

TWIDDLE. My wife!

CHUCKS. Don't know. Where's mine, bonnet maker?

TWIDDLE. Yours! your what?

CHUCKS. Wife!

TWIDDLE. Don't know, grocer!

CHUCKS. It's false!

TWIDDLE. You're another! So, sir, you thought I had gone to Windsor, eh? you depraved grocer!

CHUCKS. Pooh! and you thought I couldn't go out without my wig, eh? you dissipated bonnet maker! But you shall give me satisfaction.

TWIDDLE. I shan't give you anything.

CHUCKS. One of us must fall, never to rise again!

TWIDDLE. If I once get you down, you'll find it a hard matter to get up again, I can tell you.

CHUCKS. That's enough! There goes my hat into the ring! (flinging his hat down, and showing his bald head.)

TWIDDLE. There's mine—(flinging down his hat)—and now I'm upon you! (squaring at CHUCKS, and skipping round and round him.) Come on!

CHUCKS. No, no—be quiet. Don't be a fool. That's not it. (they take up the wrong hats, which they put on—

CHUCKS takes pistols out of pocket, and presents them, one in each hand, to TWIDDLE, the butt end towards him.)

There!

TWIDDLE. Thank ye. (*snatches both pistols from CHUCKS*)

CHUCKS. Come, I say, no nonsense. That won't do at all.

TWIDDLE. Oh, yes, it will—it'll do very well.

CHUCKS. Give me one, I say!

TWIDDLE. Oh, very well. There—take your choice. (*presenting pistols at CHUCKS*)

CHUCKS. (*taking both pistols*.) Thank ye.

TWIDDLE. No, no! Give me one.

CHUCKS. Very well. (*aside, and comparing pistols*.) This is the biggest. (*gives TWIDDLE the small pistol*.) There—who fires first?

TWIDDLE. I do, of course.

CHUCKS. No! we'll fire together, and the signal shall be—let me see—

TWIDDLE. Yes—let's perfectly understand one another about the signal.

CHUCKS. I have it! The signal to fire shall be the word—the word—

TWIDDLE. Let's have a good long one.

CHUCKS. No—the shorter the better. Suppose we say "Now!"

TWIDDLE. Very well. (*putting his pistol to CHUCKS head*.)

CHUCKS. No, no! I say, let the word "Now" be the signal to fire.

TWIDDLE. With all my heart! (*shouting*.) "Now!" (*presenting pistol at CHUCKS*)

CHUCKS. Stop! No unfair advantage. "Now!" (*presenting pistol at TWIDDLE*)

TWIDDLE. Stop!

CHUCKS. I have it! (*pointing off, R.*) You see that pond?

TWIDDLE. With the ducks in it?

CHUCKS. Geese!

TWIDDLE. Ducks!

CHUCKS. Geese! Never mind! Well, that shall be my starting point—this yours. When you hear this signal—(*slapping his hand three times*)—we'll gradually approach each other, and fire whenever we think proper.

TWIDDLE. Capital! Now, be off!

CHUCKS. Remember the signal! *and T. a. i. o. w. l.*
 TWIDDLE. (*shouting after him,*) I shall know it when
 I hear it, but I don't mean to hear it. No! I'm not going
 to be shot—I'll be shot if I am! So I'll be off at once,
 but not to the Derby. No, no—no more of Epsom or
 Arabella for me. I'll drive to Birmingham, to Constan-
 tinople, to the end of the world—I don't care where!
(about to get into chaise.)

Exit R.

SAM runs in from Inn.

SAM. (*laying hold of Twiddle's coat.*) Beg pardon, sir—
 TWIDDLE. What's the matter now?

SAM. Seven and fourpence, sir, if you please.

TWIDDLE. Oh, pooh, pooh! You ain't coming me and
 my 'oss over me again, I can tell you.

SAM. Not this time, sir. This is a 'oss of quite a different
 colour. This is for the lady.

TWIDDLE. Lady! What lady?

SAM. Your lady. She as you told me to take carefully
 into the inn.

TWIDDLE. Oh, ah! But I don't know her—she's no
 acquaintance of mine. Just ask her.

SAM. She's gone!

TWIDDLE. Gone! You dont mean to say she's bolted?

SAM. She's bolted the best part of a ham and veal pie,
 and by no means an inconsiderable quantity of stout.
 Pretty well for an invalid, eh, sir? Ha, ha, ha! Come
 tip.

TWIDDLE. Tip again? No, no, no!

SAM. Oh, very well—very well. (*shouting.*) Police!

TWIDDLE. Stop! (*aside.*) If ever man was justified in
 considering himself regularly in for it, that man am I. (*to*
SAM.) You said four and sevenpence I think?

SAM. No, sir—seven and fourpence.

TWIDDLE. Oh; there's your spoil, sir. (*giving money.*)

SAM. If the lady comes back, sir, what shall I tell her?

TWIDDLE. (*furiously.*) Tell her? Why, this. That
 —No, no!—that ill-gotten pie will lay sufficiently heavy
 on her stomach—I mean, her conscience. Leave me.
(SAM runs into inn.) On second thoughts, why should I
 not go to the Derby? Why should I not, from this moment,

enter into a frightful career of dissipation? Why shouldn't I become a lost man, like Mrs Twiddle? The idea tickles me—it tickles me much. Ha, ha, ha! I'm laughing, Arabella—I'm laughing! Ha, ha, ha! By the way, why shouldn't I have a touch at the sandwiches? (*opens basket at back of chaise.*) I will have a touch of the sandwiches.

(reading a list.) *Arabella's list.* *Arabella's list.*
Enter NOBBLE, R. from Inn, followed by SAM.

NOBBLE. You say a lady has been here?

SAM. Yes, sir, she's just gone.

NOBBLE. Do you know her name?

SAM. No, sir. Beg pardon, sir—but is your name Hobble, or Wobble, or Gobble, or—

NOBBLE. No, sir—my name's Nobble.

SAM. That's it! Then, sir, the lady was inquiring about you of master—she seemed particularly anxious to see you.

NOBBLE. Indeed! *(aside.)* It must be Jemima. Here are her letters. *(showing a packet.)* I hope she doesn't flatter herself that I'm at all loth to part with them—no, no—if Jemima has forgotten Nobble, Nobble will forget Jemima. I wish she'd come, or I shall have no time to make up my book before the race. Curse that Slopseller! I wish he'd break his neck. He's sure to win, and I'm so heavy against him. *(to SAM.)* The lady was alone, of course?

SAM. Oh, no, sir—her husband was with her.

NOBBLE. Her husband?

SAM. Yes, sir—*(seeing TWIDDLE.)* and there he is.

NOBBLE. *(aside.)* Oh, that's Mr. Chucks, is it? That's the impertinent grocer that had the audacity to cut me out, is it? Very well. I'll see if I can't make him pay for his presumption, at any rate. *(going to TWIDDLE.)* Good morning, sir.

TWIDDLE. Thank you, sir. *(aside, and coming forward with a paper of sandwiches in his hand.)* Who's my friend? *(aloud.)* Will you allow me to—

NOBBLE. Thankye. *(taking a sandwich out of paper—TWIDDLE looks at him in silent astonishment.)* Going to the Derby of course, sir? *(eating.)*

TWIDDLE. Don't speak with your mouth full, sir.

NOBBLE. I say, you are going to the Derby, of course?

TWIDDLE. Yes, sir, I am.

NOBBLE. How's your book?

TWIDDLE. (*bothered.*) My book? (*aside.*) What does he mean by my book? (*aloud.*) Pretty well, thankye. How's yours?

NOBBLE. Devilish queer. Thankye. (*taking another sandwich.*)

TWIDDLE. (*looks at him as before, then aside.*) He says his book's devilish queer—I suppose he means his day book.

NOBBLE. What are the last odds?

TWIDDLE. Odds! I'm sure I don't know, sir. Besides, what should I care about *odds* as long as I'm happy?

NOBBLE. Ha, ha! Very good—very smart, indeed! (*taking another sandwich.*) Thankye. (*same play of TWIDDLE, who passes paper of sandwiches to his other hand.*) I say, sir, I've taken rather a fancy to you, sir.

TWIDDLE. You seem to have taken rather a fancy to my sandwiches.

NOBBLE. Ha, ha! Good again. (*slapping TWIDDLE on back—mysteriously.*) I say, sir, if you'd like to be let into a good thing, I think I can help you.

(*reaching over, and taking another sandwich—TWIDDLE takes it out of his hand again.*)

TWIDDLE. You seem to be able to help yourself, sir!

NOBBLE. Ha, ha! Good again. (*giving TWIDDLE another slap—then in a loud whisper.*) Lay against Slopseller—pepper him right and left.

TWIDDLE. (*bothered.*) Oh, if I want to be let into a good thing, I'm to pepper a slopseller right and left! The only objection that I see at present is, that the slopseller might pepper *me* in return.

NOBBLE. Impossible! He's a-miss.

TWIDDLE. Now, how can *he* be a miss?

NOBBLE. I mean, he's dead lame.

TWIDDLE. Poor fellow!

NOBBLE. Fact, I assure you. He took his gallop yesterday morning, and sprained one of his fore-legs.

TWIDDLE. Well, I don't see why a slopseller shouldn't take a gallop as well as anybody else, if he can afford it;

but as for his having four legs, that's pitching it rather too strong.

NOBBLE. (*aside.*) Chucks isn't brilliant, by any means —so much the better for me. (*aloud, and with intention.*) Lay against him—it's coining money.

TWIDDLE. You don't mean that?

NOBBLE. I do. Between you and me, I shouldn't be surprised if he's scratched.

TWIDDLE. Scratched! Poor devil! Whereabouts?

NOBBLE. Why, at the Corner.

TWIDDLE. Scratched at the Corner! Which corner? However, I should say it wouldn't hurt him as much as being scratched in the middle.

NOBBLE. I'll take you five to one in tens—or twenties, if you like.

TWIDDLE. Will you? (*aside.*) I haven't the most remote idea what he's talking about.

NOBBLE. It's a good twenty pounds in your pocket.

TWIDDLE. I'm delighted to hear it.

NOBBLE. Then is it done?

TWIDDLE. Is what done?

NOBBLE. Shall I book it?

TWIDDLE. (*bothered.*) Book it? Oh, yes—book it by all means.

NOBBLE. (*aside, as he is writing down the bet.*) Come, I think I've rather done the grocer. Ha, ha! (*aloud.*) Now, sir, that little business being settled, allow me to call your attention to a still more interesting matter. (*takes out packet of letters.*) There, sir—(*presenting the packet to TWIDDLE.*) there they are!

TWIDDLE. (*bothered.*) Oh, there they are, are they?

NOBBLE. Take them. (*giving packet to TWIDDLE.*) Read them, and learn them, that although the lady's hand is yours, her heart was mine.

TWIDDLE. Eccentric being! If I were called upon to designate your last place of abode, I should feel disposed to select one of the numerous lunatic asylums in or about the metropolis.

NOBBLE. Should you? You pretend not to know what I mean to convey. One word may enlighten you—and that word is—Nobble! (*in a loud whisper.*)

TWIDDLE. (*repeating.*) Nobble! The word Nobble doesn't assist me in the slightest degree whatever.

NOBBLE. Oh! What, she never mentioned my name, eh?

TWIDDLE. She! Who?

NOBBLE. Your wife.

TWIDDLE. My wife—my wife? Two of 'em? Ha, ha, ha! (*laughing hysterically, then tearing the packet open, and taking out a letter, which he opens and reads.*) "Dear Dicky." That's you, I suppose? (*to NOBBLE.*)

NOBBLE. I rather flatter myself it is.—Ah, it was all Dicky, then, with her.

TWIDDLE. It will be all Dicky with you now, if you'll just wait a little. (*reading again.*) Holloa! what's this? "Farewell for ever. About to marry Mr. Chucks." Ha, ha, ha! I repeat—ha, ha, ha!

NOBBLE. Well, you take it remarkably well.

TWIDDLE. Wonderfully well—astonishingly well, don't I? (*aside.*) This is Chucks's wife. Poor devil! When he came down here with the abandoned Arabella Twiddle, he little thought that his wife had a Nobble. Ha, ha, ha! I'll go to him and make him comfortable—we'll be comfortable together. (*to NOBBLE, and seizing his hand.*) Sir, I'm obliged to you. Nobble, consider me your debtor—and to prove it, there—there are the sandwiches. (*crushing paper of sandwiches into NOBBLE's hand.*) And now—now for the wretched grocer! Ha, ha, ha!

Runs out, R. U. E.

NOBBLE. Well, instead of making the man, Chucks, miserable, as I flattered myself I should, I appear to have added materially to the man, Chucks's, felicity. (*noise of three slaps in the hand heard.*) What sounds are those? Can Jemima have seen me, and wish to draw my attention? It must be so. I had better repeat her signal.

(*slaps his hand three times and listens—does not observe*

CHUCKS, who enters R., pistol in hand.

CHUCKS. (*walking up to NOBBLE, and presenting pistol close to his head.*) Fire!

NOBBLE. (*turning, and seizing CHUCKS's arm.*) Help! Murder! Police!

Sudden bonnets CHUCKS, and runs out, R., CHUCKS tumbling his way out after him, shouting, "Coward! coward!"

Enter SAM, from inn, with MRS. PLUMMY, who carries a BABY in her arms.

SAM. Lor, mother! Dear mother, who'd have thought of seeing you?

MRS. P. Why, Sammy, dear, I knew that on such a day as this, the Derby day, you'd be sure to be at home—so I says to myself, says I, I'll walk over from Kingston and see him, and what's more, says I, as Sammy's never seen his last new little brother, I'll take him over with me, and here he is. (*showing BABY.*) Isn't he a beauty?

SAM. That he is, mother. Bless his dear fat round little facey facey! (*taking BABY.*)

MRS. P. Well, Sammy, dear, as I know you must be very busy, I'll run and shake hands with a few old friends and neighbours, and be back again directly.

SAM. Well, don't be long, mother—because, you see, my services are rather at a premium to-day. Look sharp, there's a good old soul! MRS. PLUMMY runs out, R.

SAM. (*nursing the BABY.*) Titsey witsey! dibbledy dubs! And does it know its big brother? It shall ride on a horse to Charing Cross. Come, I say, young 'un—don't poke my eyes out! (*cries from the inn of "Waiter! waiter!"*) Coming! I wish mother would make haste. (*CHILD begins to cry.*) Now the young'un's beginning! (*tossing the BABY energetically up and down—cries of "Waiter! waiter!" louder and louder.*) Coming! Oh, bother! what shall I do with my brother? Much as I love him, I can't be so many sixpences out of pocket on his account. Ah! (*seeing the basket hanging behind TWIDDLE's chaise.*) The very thing—quite a rock-a-baby, I declare! so I'll just put him into it for a minute or two. (*cries of "Waiter!" repeated.*) Coming—coming!

Opens the lid of basket, puts in the BABY, and runs into inn.

Enter TWIDDLE, R.

TWIDDLE. I can't find that vile grocer anywhere! I've

been as far as the pond—by the bye, they *are* ducks—he said geese, and I said ducks, and ducks they is. But where can he be? Never mind! I'm not going to lose the Derby on his account, so here go Nobble's letters to Mrs. Chucks into my basket, till I get to town, when I shall do myself the intense pleasure of sending them down to Chucks by my postboy. (*puts packet of letters into basket behind the chaise, not perceiving the CHILD inside.*) There! and now, as I said before, on we go to the Derby—where, in spite of the faithless Arabella Twiddle, I feel I shall enjoy myself immensely, enormously! 'Pon my life, I begin to think that being an outraged husband is rather agreeable than otherwise. So, on we go! (*about to get into chaise.*)

CHUCKS. (*without, R.*) Pooh, pooh, ma'am! I tell you it won't do!

TWIDDLE. Zounds! That peppery grocer again!

(*hurriedly hides behind the pony chaise.*
Enter CHUCKS, R., with TWIDDLE's hat on—which is very much out of shape—MRS. CHUCKS, and MRS. TWIDDLE, who has resumed her own dress.)

CHUCKS. (*as he enters.*) I tell you again, ma'am, it won't do!

MRS. T. Certainly not, ma'am.

MRS. C. But my dear John James—

CHUCKS. Don't John James me!

MRS. C. (*to MRS. TWIDDLE.*) Listen to me, my dear Mrs. Twiddle!

MRS. T. Silence, woman! Didn't I see you in Mr. Twiddle's arms—here, on this very spot, not an hour ago?

MRS. C. Was that Mr. Twiddle? I never saw him before in all my life.

MRS. T. Indeed! What, I suppose you didn't come down here with him in that one-horse shay? (*pointing to chaise—TWIDDLE bobs his head down.*)

MRS. C. Certainly not.

CHUCKS. Indeed! And I suppose you didn't fling my wig—my *only* wig, into the fire, for the purpose of coming down to the Derby with him?

MRS. C. Certainly not. And if the gentleman were only here—

CHUCKS. I'd send a bullet through his bonnet—I mean his head! (TWIDDLE's head disappears again.) But as it is, I'll content myself with damaging his vehicle. (*pointing pistol.*)

TWIDDLE. (*out of sight.*) Don't be a fool!

MRS. C. That voice! it's he! Oh, sir—(*rushes to chaise, and drags TWIDDLE forward.*) explain!

MRS. T. Yes, sir—explain!

CHUCKS. Yes, sir—explain! (*flourishing pistol.*)

TWIDDLE. Don't flourish that pistol about in that frightful way, sir! I never saw this lady till this morning in all my life—and when I remind her that she took the earliest possible opportunity of fainting in my arms, and that it cost me seven and sixpence to bring her to on ham and veal pie and stout, she won't be offended if I say, that it isn't a subject to congratulate myself upon that I ever saw her at all.

MRS. C. You hear, John James?

CHUCKS. Oh, yes, I hear—but—

TWIDDLE. If you doubt my honour as a gentleman, sir, I am prepared to stake my reputation as a bonnet maker! Grocer, your wife is innocent—and you may confidently take her once again to your manly bosom. Will you oblige me by taking her once again to your manly bosom?

MRS. T. And you may do the same by me, Twiddle.

TWIDDLE. (*drawing himself up with grandeur.*) Excuse the apparent severity of the remark—but I'd reyther not.

MRS. T. (*assuming the GIPSEY's voice and manner, and taking TWIDDLE's hand.*) Won't you, my pretty gentleman? And yet, if you'll cross my hand with a piece of silver, I may tell you something you'd like to know.

TWIDDLE. Eh?

MRS. T. You are married, I see, my pretty gentleman? (*assuming her own manner—with severity.*) Yes—"slightly." (*in GIPSEY's voice again.*) But no little children? (*in her own manner, and with increased severity.*) And that's a good job, is it?

TWIDDLE. No, no, it isn't. Ha, ha! I see it all! It's a trick, Chucks—it's a trick!

MRS. T. (*in GIPSEY's manner*—to CHUCKS.) I tell you, it was a *him*, for I heard the lady say to him, "You won't be long, Twiddle dear?" Ha, ha, ha!

TWIDDLE. And you didn't come down to the Derby with yonder grocer on a large scale?

MRS. T. No more than you went down to see your aunt at Windsor.

TWIDDLE. Huzza! Chucks, *both* our wives are innocent—so I propose that we *both* of us confidently take *both* of them to *both* our manly bosoms again! (*embracing MRS. TWIDDLE.*)

CHUCKS. I must delay that interesting ceremony till Mrs. Chucks has explained her insane attack upon my wig this morning, and the object of her visit here.

MRS. C. John James, I will. Learn, then, that my object here was to obtain possession—

TWIDDLE. Exactly. To obtain possession of certain proofs of her innocent correspondence with a young gentleman.

CHUCKS. Ah!

TWIDDLE. Grocer, don't excite yourself. It was *before* she became Mrs. Chucks.

MRS. C. Oh, yes—long before.

TWIDDLE. In short it was at that very Seminary for Young Ladies where, (*very rapidly.*) in addition to the usual branches of education—I mean, reading, grammar, arithmetic, history, geography, and *astronomy*—fatal accomplishments!

CHUCKS. Oh, as long ago as that? That alters the case.

TWIDDLE. Spoken like a sensible grocer! Well, the proofs of that innocent correspondence with the aforesaid gentleman are contained in that basket, where I deposited them, in the shape of a small parcel. (CHUCKS and TWIDDLE bring down basket between them, and place it on stage.) That parcel you can take home with you; examine it thoroughly in your cooler moments—and, if any unpleasant feelings should arise, check them with this consoling reflection—that the occurrence took place before

Mrs. Chucks was Mrs. Chucks. So put in your hand, and take out the parcel. (*opens basket—the CHILD appears.*)

CHUCKS. A small parcel! Wretched, lost Jemima!

MRS. T. (*to TWIDDLE.*) And you put it in there, did you, Mr. Twiddle? I begin to have my suspicions.

MRS. C. (*to TWIDDLE.*) Oh, sir, in mercy, explain!

TWIDDLE. (*shouting.*) Silence! let the young gentleman speak for himself. (*speaking furiously to CHILD.*) How did you get into my basket, sir? Speak out, like a man! Not a word? Then, come out, you little ruffian!

(*drags CHILD out of basket, lays it across his knees, and slaps it violently—MRS. CHUCKS takes packet of letters out of basket, and gives it to CHUCKS.*)

Enter MRS. PLUMMY, at L. and, at the same time, SAM from Inn.

MRS. P. (*screaming.*) Oh, Sam! what are they doing to your little brother?

TWIDDLE. (*to SAM.*) Your little brother?

SAM. Yes, sir. I only just put him into the basket for a minute or two.

TWIDDLE. (*flinging the CHILD to SAM.*) Then take your little brother!

(*shouts, &c., heard, and PEOPLE run across the stage, from L., shouting, “Slopseller!” “Slopseller!”*)

TWIDDLE. Why, the Derby can't be over?

Enter NOBBLE, L.

NOBBLE. It certainly is—and I have the pleasure of informing you that you are my debtor to the tune of one hundred pounds. Slopseller won the post by a head!

TWIDDLE. Don't bother me about your post and your head!

NOBBLE. You can't dispute the bet, sir. One hundred to twenty, (*showing his book.*) booked by me, Captain Richard Nobble, to you, Mr. Chucks.

TWIDDLE. (*across to CHUCKS.*) That's you! (NOBBLE astonished.)

CHUCKS. Nobble, you're done—decidedly done!

TWIDDLE. Yes; you said you'd let me into a good

thing, but, somehow or other, you've got into it yourself
—ha, ha, ha!

MRS. T. Ha, ha, ha!

MRS. C. Ha, ha, ha!

CHUCKS. Ha, ha, ha!

SAM. } Ha, ha, ha!

MRS. P. } Ha, ha, ha!

NOBBLE. Ha, ha, ha! *Forces a laugh and runs off, R.*

TWIDDLE. And now, hey for Lamb's Conduit Street!
And, egad! we'll wind up the events of our Derby Day
with a jolly good supper. What say you, Chucks?

CHUCKS. We'll find our way back by the rail.

TWIDDLE. No such thing. I'll drive the whole party
back in my one-horse shay—so jump in.

MRS. T. (*going towards chaise.*) Why, Twiddle dear—

TWIDDLE. (*drawing on his gloves.*) Well!

MRS. T. You haven't told the man to put the pony to.

TWIDDLE. Pony to? what do you mean by putting the
pony to? The pony always has been to—the pony has
never been otherwise than to.

MRS. T. He's not to now, at all events.

TWIDDLE. (*suddenly, as if struck with a frightful suspicion,*) Goodness gracious! (*rushes to chaise, and looks off, L.*) The animal's gone. Somebody's purloined my
pony! Here, pony! pony! pretty pony! (*whistling.*)

SAM. Well, this is a go!

TWIDDLE. A decided *go*, as far as the pony is concerned.
What's to be done? I shall feel *intensely* obliged by any
body's telling me what's to be done?

CHUCKS. Advertise for the animal.

TWIDDLE. What's the use of advertising for him, when
I can't even describe what colour he is!

SAM. Why, he's grey!

TWIDDLE. He *was* grey when you saw him—but he
may be Oxford mixture, or sky blue, by this time.

CHUCKS. Here! another horse!

SAM. Not one to be had here, sir. You *might* find one
at Ewell!

MRS. T. Well, I'm so tired! I can't stand here all day.

MRS. C. No more can I! (*gets into chaise.*)

Twiddle. (*in a lachrymose tone*) Chucks!

Chucks. Twiddle!

Twiddle. I'm horribly afraid there's only one thing to be done! I vote that you immediately deposit your majestic person between those shafts.

Chucks. Excuse me, Twiddle—but I think you'd look better there than me.

Twiddle. Very well. Then do you shove behind.

(*goes out at L., and gets between the shafts, which he holds in his hands—Chucks goes behind the chaise, first taking off his coat. The chaise comes on stage.*)

Twiddle. Ladies, oblige me by sitting as light as possible—Mrs. Chucks especially!

Mrs. T. Now do make haste.

Twiddle. It's very easy to say make haste. Recollect this is my first appearance in the character. (*drags chaise forward.*) Chucks!

Chucks. Well!

Twiddle. You're not shoving! (*they drag the chaise round till it faces the AUDIENCE.*) This is pleasant! My style of "Going to the Derby" was not the most agreeable thing in the world, but the coming back is decidedly worse. In short, I wasn't prepared for such a *draw back*. (*moving the chaise.*) Chucks, you're not shoving! (*to AUDIENCE.*) I can stand a good deal, but this is no joke. Perhaps you think it is? I hope you do—I fervently hope you think it a very good joke. In that case, we won't mind it. We'll do it again to-morrow night—and the next night—and the night after that—in short, with your permission, every night till further notice. Won't we, Chucks?

Chucks. I believe you, my boy. (*chaise moves across as*

THE CURTAIN DESCENDS.



Going to the Derby.

TWIDDLE. So put in your hand and take out the parcel.
(opens basket and the child appears)

CHUCKS. A small parcel! wretched, lost Jemima!

Act I. Scene last