

# ESMERALDA;

OR,

## THE "SENSATION" GOAT!

A new and original Burlesque Extravaganza,

IN ONE ACT.

BY

HENRY J. BYRON,

(*Member of the Dramatic Authors' Society,*)

AUTHOR OF

The Old Story, Cinderella; or, the Lover, the Lackey, and the Little Glass Slipper,  
Blue Beard from a New Point of Hue, Robinson Crusoe, Mazeppa, The Maid  
and the Magpie; or, the Fatal Spoon, The Babes in the Wood,  
Bride of Abydos, Fra Diavolo, Jack the Giant Killer,  
Very Latest Edition of the Lady of Lyons, The  
Nymph of the Lurleyberg, Pilgrim of Love,  
The Garibaldi Excursionists,  
Aladdin, or the Wonder-  
ful Scamp, &c., &c.

PART AUTHOR OF

The Miller and his Men, Forty Thieves, and Valentine and Orson.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND,

(*Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden,*)

LONDON.

*First performed at the Strand Theatre, (under the management of Mr. Swanborough, Senr.)  
on Saturday, September 28th, 1861.*

X S M E R A X D A :  
OR, THE "SENSATION" GOAT!

CLAUDE FROLLO ( <i>a blackhearted professor of the black arts, and a blackguard who ought to be placarded—deeply in love with Esmeralda</i> ) .....	Mr. JAMES ROGERS.
QUASIMODO ( <i>his "savage and deformed slave," highly suggestive of Caliban, with a pair of legs which one might call a ban-dy—deeply in love with Esmeralda</i> ) .....	MR. J. CLARKE.
PHŒBUS DE CHATEAUPERS ( <i>Captain in the King's Archers, betrothed to Fleur-de-Lys, but deeply in love with Esmeralda</i> ) .....	MISS ELEANOR BUFTON.
ERNEST ( <i>Lieutenant in the King's Archers—deeply in love with Fleur-de-Lys, and himself</i> ) .....	MISS LAVINE.
PIERRE GRINGOIRE ( <i>Poet, Dramatist, Essayist, and General Dealer in Literary Articles. N.B.—Sonnets, Acrostics, Epics, and Comic Songs, on the shortest notice—deeply read</i> ) .....	MISS MARIE WILTON.
CLOPIN ( <i>King of the Beggars—deep in every way</i> ) .....	MR. H. J. TURNER.
DIALI ( <i>an intelligent Goat, who, possessing a mind, is not only useful but hornimental</i> ) .....	MR. EDGE.
JACQUES ( <i>a beggar</i> ) .....	MR. FREDERICKS.
LOUIS ( <i>another</i> ) .....	MISS FANNY JOSEPHS.
ESMERALDA ( <i>a Street Dancing Girl, spoken of by vulgar people as decidedly the Still-on</i> ) .....	MRS. MANDERS.
MADAME GONDALIAUERIE ( <i>an elderly Lady, with no marked characteristics whatever</i> ) .....	MISS KATE CARSON.
FLEUR-DE-LYS ( <i>her one fair and unfair Daughter, with the broadest crinoline and the narrowest sympathies—betrothed to Phœbus, but secretly loved by Ernest</i> ) .....	MISS Lester.
FIFINE ( <i>her "Companion"</i> ) .....	Truands, Lackeys, Gravils, and Pimplices.

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The Scenery by Mr. Albert Callcott. The Music composed and arranged by Mr. FRANK MUSGRAVE. The Costumes by Mr. S. MAY, Mrs. RICHARDSON, and Assistants. The Machinery by Mr. SQUINES. The Properties by Mr. BROGDEN and Assistants. Perruquier, Mr. CLANCKSON. The Ballet invented and arranged by Miss ROSINA WRIGHT. The Burlesque produced under the direction of Mr. W. H. SWANBOROUGH and Mr. PARSELLE.

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## Programme of Scenery and Incidents.

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### SCENE I.—STREET IN OLD PARIS.

How Clopin gives his beggarly orders, and how Pierre, like many other poets, objects to the water—how Esmeralda pulls up alongside of the Pierre, and rescues him—Appearance of one of the Mysteries of Paris, bound in one frightful volume—Hideous konk-collusion between Quasimodo and Frollo, who put their ugly heads together.

### SCENE II.—ANOTHER STREET.

How Frollo carries on and Quasimodo attempts to carry off—how he is knocked out of time by a stop-watch—how he hurries on till he is forced to leave her—how he tries the escapement, and is instantly run down—how Phoebus and Esmeralda plight their troth, and, as a necessary consequence, sing a duet and dance a pas.

### SCENE III.—Grounds attached to Madame Gondalaurier's Mansion.

## GRAND BALLET,

Totally unnecessary to the action of the story, but rendered highly acceptable through the many graces of  
MISS ROSINA WRIGHT and a numerous and highly culminated CORPS DE BALLET.

How Fleur de Lys and Phœbus have a most unlovelike tiff, and how a band of genuine BOHEMIAN BROTHERS are hired to perform—how the exhibition of strength is put an end to by a “crusher”—how the Goat puts his foot in it—Terrible rencontre—an unexpected punch and a highly dramatic situation.

### THE FOES !      THE FIGHT !!      AND THE FINALE !!!

### SCENE IV.—ESMERALDA'S ATTIC.

How Quasimodo beats a retreat and hides himself—how he overhears Frollo's plot, and forms a noble resolution—how Phœbus and Esmeralda, being high in the world, go to court—how Quasimodo indulges in a heavy supper and Frollo in a light blow out, and how a certain good actor gets an awful stick—how Frollo sticks it into a friend—how Quasimodo generously gives his rival a friendly hand, and how Esmeralda is accused of throwing over her lover.

### Tears !      Terror !!      And Temporary Triumph of Villany !!!



How an elopement comes off in very high life, and an individual comes on in very low life—Fearful interview between Frollo and his Slave—how Frollo goes through some extraordinary antics and a skylight.

### Quasimodo's Vengeance.

### SCENE VI.—PUBLIC PLACE IN PARIS.

Preparations for witnessing Esmeralda's last appearance on any stage—Affecting interview between the Pierre and the Phebeian—the end of *Esmeralda* and the finale to *Her nanny*—awkward re-appearance of the supposed victim—Discomfiture of Frollo—Noble behaviour of Quasimodo—Opportune arrival of Lieutenant Ernest, Captain Phœbus, and

### GENERAL JOY !

## ESMERALDA;

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“SENSATION” GOAT!

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SCENE FIRST.—*An Open Space in Paris.*

GIPSY BEGGARS are dispersed about the stage; CLOPIN, King of the Beggars, seated, l.; night, and the moon is seen at back; a few bars of music played before curtain goes up.

*Chorus.—Air, “Happy are we Niggers so gay.”*

Happy are we beggars so gay,  
Prigging all things that come in our way;  
There are no pleasures sublunary  
We don't indulge in—happy are we.  
Supper delicious, when our work's done,  
Each one ambitious to furnish the fun.

Happy are we, &c.

CLOPIN. My pals, pray cease this inharmonious chorus;  
Pray cease, rude Boreas, (*to big GIPSY*) you rather bore us;

Let's think, please, of the business that's before us.  
ALL. Hear, hear, hear! (*they applaud*)

CLOP. (*rising*) Though unaccustomed quite to public speaking,

Still as the Truand band's appointed me king,  
I must, as usual, point out the parts

You'll play to-morrow, ere each beggar starts.

(*to 1st GIPSY*) You will devote your mind to skittles.

(*to 2nd GIPSY*) You

Must on grand door-steps do a fit or two.

(*to 3rd GIPSY*) You can make up for a Lascar or Turk.

(*to 4th GIPSY*) You'll be a poor mechanic, out of work;

A handloom weaver with young children four,  
*And looming* in the future perhaps one more.  
 (to 5TH GIPSY) You must paint up a very sore eye—  
 one ;  
 I'm very sor-ry—but it must be done.  
 (to 6TH GIPSY) You'll squeeze in crowds—you're  
 thin as any lath—  
 And if you see a wiper in your path,  
 Why pocket it. (to GIPSIES) About your business go.  
 (GIPSIES *retire up*)

This life of mine is very wrong I know ;  
 I *should* reform my ways—but still I shan't ;  
 I am a mendicant, and *mend I can't*.  
 Beneath my sway all Paris beggars bow.  
 (a dispute heard without, L.; PIERRE GRINGOIRE's  
 voice being prominently distinct)  
 What's that particularly jolly row ?

1ST GIPSY *rushes in, L.*

CLOP. (seizing him) Now then, sir, out with any news  
 you've got.

1ST GIP. Please, sir, we've been and caught a spy, sir.

CLOP. (in horror, rushing down to front, and drawing his  
 dagger) What !

Ha, ha !

ALL THE GIPSIES. (rushing down and drawing) Ha, ha !

CLOP. If so, he'll find that I  
 Shall shortly be a *fingering this spy*.

Bring him before us.

(Music)

PIERRE GRINGOIRE, the poet, is brought in, L., in the clutch  
 of a big GIPSY, who holds his collar.

PIERRE. If you don't take your fingers from my stock,  
 You'll from these knuckles get *an-uckelly knock*.

(2ND GIPSY *releases him*)

Thank you, and now, if not obtrusive—

CLOP. (loudly) Silence !

PIERRE. Might I enquire the reason of this *vilence*?

CLOP. Say, why about our haunt have you been dodging ?

PIERRE. The fact is, I've been turned out of my lodging,

My landlady behaved to me most sadly,  
She commenced very well, but *turned out* badly.

CLOP. (r.) Come, what is your profession? We would know it.

PIERRE. I am a comic, tragic, epic poet.

I'll knock you off a satire or ode Venice on,  
Aye, or write any song like Alfred *Tenny-song*.  
Something from my last new extravaganza.  
Come, now, a trifling stanza shall I stand sir?  
Let me in some way merit your esteem,  
*Ode to a creditor*—a first-rate theme.

CLOP. Thankee, I'd rather not; the fact is you're—

PIERRE. But a poor author—that is *rauther poor*.

The baker, a most villainous character,  
Has stopped supplies;—I, like a worn-out actor,  
Whose memory's fled from his distracted poll,  
Found that I couldn't *get up any rôle*. (*get a pennyroll*)  
The milk purveyor to my chalk cried "whoa,  
Because I did a trifling *milk bill owe*.  
My tailor, who for years this youth hath made for,  
Closed his account, *account o' clothes* not paid for.  
The gasman, looking on me as a cheater,  
Finished my rhyme by cutting off my *metre*.  
One tradesman, though, I thought would friendly be,  
*My hosier*, I called on him *h'aujourdhui*.  
Said I, "My hosier, though of course I feel *said*  
How true 'tis that I *howes yer* a good deal,  
Still am I certain you will give me credit."  
Alas, poor fool! the instant that I said it,  
He served me with a writ, and though this child  
As with scorn he'd *wither it* thus smiled,  
The heartless shopman simply grinned, and then  
Remarked, "Your small account is two pun ten!"  
The bailiff's waiting round the corner—I,  
A poet, forced from the *bay-leaf* to fly;  
'Tis altogether past *belief*, yet true.  
In this emergency I come to you,  
To beg of you to take me in—please, do.

CLOP. He-hem! Young man, we'll think of what you say.

But, in the first place, you'll your footing pay.  
Clear out your pockets!

PIERRE. That's already done.

Beg pardon—

(brings a quantity of manuscripts from his pocket, and hands them separately as he describes them to CLOPIN)

That's a short farce, full of fun;  
A tragedy, which managers obtuse  
Admit's a mighty work, but don't produce.  
A pamphlet, clearly proving Shakespeare's plays  
Were written by Miss Biffen—in two days.

(reflectively) Most extraordinary feat!

CLOP. (contemptuously) Why—what!  
They're not worth twopence-ha'penny the lot.

(to JACQUES) Here—burn this bosh!

PIERRE. (indignantly) Extremely rude proceeding!

CLOP. (aside) It might give some of 'em a taste for reading.

(JACQUES burns the different manuscripts at the fire)  
PIERRE. There goes my poem—into ashes turns—

That little *scorch* effusion after *Burns*.

How soon that essay turns to ashes! I

Am not surprised, for it was very dry.

There goes my Christmas piece, with every joke!

*Warmly* received, but finishing in *smoke*.

It needs no *puff*, it's finished at a *blow*;

By no means in a "blaze of triumph" though.

CLOP. Well, as you've nothing and can nothing do,  
We don't much care about supporting you.

As that's the case, just pitch him in the Seine.

PIERRE. Perhaps you will permit me to explain—

CLOP. No explanations! Off with him—away!

(GIPSIES seize PIERRE)

PIERRE. Here's a situation for a poet!

CLOP. Stay!

(pause) Stay!

PIERRE. He repeats his "stay;" my hopes they raise;

I feel supported by that *pair of stays*.

CLOP. Our law says you may live—

PIERRE. Oh, many thanks!

CLOP. If any maid in our Bohemian ranks

To marry you upon the instant chooses.

PIERRE. Sir, I'm already wedded—to the *Muses*,

Especially *Thalia*—that's the truth.

CLOP. Young ladies, cast your eyes upon this youth,

(PIERRE coughs and stands c., in an imposing attitude.

The TRUANDESSES observe him by no means  
admiringly)

Observe his graceful elegant repose,

His flashing eye, also his Roman nose.

Come, gipsies, speak your minds and don't be shy,  
That Roman nose should please the Roman-y

(FEMALE GIPSIES turn away from PIERRE)

As unattractive it appears his face is,

The infant will walk round and show his paces.

(music—PIERRE walks round conceitedly. The  
LADIES give him up)

Not one? Then seize him; instantly he die will,  
If no one here will marry him.

ESMERALDA. (without, r.) Yes, I will! (chord)

(the GIPSIES fall back, lining the stage, R. and L.  
ESMERALDA appears, c.)

CLOP. What, Esmeralda!

ALL. Esmeralda!

CLOP. You!

ESMER. (c.) Yes, I. (curtseying to PIERRE) Your servant, sir.

PIERRE. (uncomfortably) A—how de do?

I'm very glad to see you.

ESMER. (c.) That's enough,

No compliments, I'm weary of such stuff:

It's not to me the slightest satisfaction,

To hear that you adore me to distraction;

It's of no valley, not the least a-vail,

And I am quite tired of the tale—it's stale.

It seems that you are in hot water?

PIERRE. (L. C.) No;

In cold I should have been most shortly though.

ESMER. Enough. Bring forth the mystic jug.

(JACQUES brings a large stone jug)

Now see,

This is a little bit of jug-glory.

(throws down the jug which breaks)

'Tis broken ; we're engaged, you understand.

PIERRE. Not in the least.

ESMER.

Psha, stupid, there's my hand.

That jug is not more cracked than your poor brain.

PIERRE. It's better to be cracked than quite *in-Seine* ;

It don't translate exactly in the right way, no,

But—hem ! *mens sano in corpore sano*.

*Concerted Piece.—Air, "We'll have a little dance to-night, boys."* (Christy's)

(*Esmeralda dances*) ESMERALDA.

The fatal twig I've snatched you from—and preserved for  
family jars,

For which thank me especially—in general, your stars.

I've saved you, dear, from drowning—your chances were  
remote—

As well as could a Newfoundland, or Ayckbourn's patent  
float.

You'd precious little chance to-night, boy;  
So don't make too light of the boon.

PIERRE.

This heart such very grateful feelings animate it all,—  
It's odd I couldn't in these ranks find *any mate at all* ;  
And as I cannot swim a bit, the chances, as you say,  
Were not precisely in my favour—quite the other way.

I'd very little chance of a life-buoy, &c. &c.

(PIERRE and ESMERALDA *dance and exeunt*, L. 1 E.  
when all are off, CLAUDE FROLLO enters, L., to  
melodramatic music)

FROLLO. Well, as the stage of everything is clear,  
It's very evident there's no one here.

My christian name is Claude—my surname, Frollo;  
My heart, though very full, is very hollow';  
Full to o'erflowing with a secret passion,  
Yet hollow as the hoops of modern fashion.

Oh, Esmeralda !—Oh ! Oh ! Esmeralda !

As some soft headed sponsor went and called her—

Why did I ever see you—tell me, why ?

But as you do not happen to be by,

I don't suppose you can. Why in my way  
 Do you appear a dozen times a day?  
 Maiden more precious than the quartziest nugget,  
 Doing fandangos on a bit of drugget!  
 Sometimes I see her as she such a grin does,  
 When on the stilts, in at the first floor windows.  
 'Tis then I feel how true it is that she  
 Is very much too high for such as me.  
 Fool! fool!—I may say idiot! also dolt!  
 Why not your scruples swallow, and then bolt  
 With this proud damsel—Humph! and, yet to stain  
 My first-rate reputation—humph, again.  
 But still—precisely so—of course—why not?  
 Where's Quasimodo, that eccentric lot?  
 Hey, Quasimodo! Presto! on this spot!

(music of a goblinsque nature—QUASIMODO, the hump-backed, one-eyed bell ringer appears, R. U. E.  
 —he crouches at FROLLO's feet)

FROLLO. Well, really, Quasimodo, I must say  
 You seem to grow more hideous every day;  
 Why, if you go on in this frightful way,  
 'Twixt you and the Gorilla there will be  
 The very strongest similarity.

QUASI. I'm not attractive; this, I'm quite aware,  
 Is not a prepossessing head of hair;  
 It's rough and ready, like myself; and these  
 Are not the most symmetrical of knees.  
 I, of one o'lar, by one knock bereft was,  
 My right eye went, although the t'other left was;  
 My teeth are long, old-fashioned fangs—not short  
 And regular, like the new-fangled sort?  
 My nose, which nature put in the wrong place,  
 Is the most awful feature in my case:  
 While, to this picture so extremely frightful,  
 This round back forms a *back round* most delightful.  
 I feel that I possess the attributes  
 Of three particularly ugly brutes;—  
 The *Dougal creature*, *Mr. Quilp*, and *Orson*.

FROLLO. Yes; you are not a prepossessing person!

QUASI. (sitting up) Porson! Pray don't my halting gait  
 make game on;  
 I am no parson—only a poor lame 'un.

FROLLO. (*bringing down QUASIMODO mysteriously*) Q—I'm  
in love.

QUASI. (*jestingly*) In what?

FROLLO. Excuse my blushes.

QUASI. All sorts of "pishs," "pshaws," and lots of "tushes."  
No end of "go alongs," "gets out," and "boshes,"  
And any quantity of "that won't washes."

In love?—Ha! ha!

(chuckles immoderately; but pauses on catching  
FROLLO's eye, which wears a severe expression)

FROLLO. Could'st see beneath this vest;

Had you a key to unlock this old chest,  
You'd find—Ha! ha!—no matter; it is over:  
You're right—despise the poor unhappy lo-ver.

QUASI. (*seriously*) What—then you're not in fear?

FROLLO. Q, all the while  
You've lived with me did'st ever see me smile,  
Save, p'raps, occasionally at some sally  
Of yours, my valet—quite sardonically?  
The young thing I'm in love with's in the ballet.

QUASI. Where?

FROLLO. Well, she's not engaged at present, she  
Will soon be to the Theatre Royal Me.  
Her name is Esmeralda.

QUASI. (*falling on his knees*) No! no! no!  
Say that it's Green, Brown, Tompkins, Jones—

FROLLO. Holloa!

QUASI. Say it's not Esmeralda—do, in pity;  
Not the young girl who hops about the city.  
Speak out at once—the question don't be blinking.

FROLLO. It strikes me, Quasimodo, you've been drinking.

QUASI. (*clasping his head, and rocking backwards and forwards*) Oh agonies! Oh agonies!

FROLLO. Get out!

(aside) What's he a waggin his old head about?  
QUASI. This is a shock. (*pulling at his rough hair*)

FROLLO. (*looking at it*) It is, and no mistake:  
No wig of Clarkson's, but of nature's make;  
It is (although the colour's rather rare, too)  
One of those "natural shocks that flesh is hair to."  
List to my plan, together we'll pursue it;  
Let's arrange how we'll do it in a duet.

*Duet.—Air, "Humpty Dumpty."*

FROLLO. Humpty Dumpty Quasimo-do,  
Hear your master, Mister Frol-lo,  
Though it's not p'rhaps quite commy fo,  
Off this girl you'll carry, you know.

QUASI. Then you mean to trepan  
Young Esmeralda; yes, that your intention is.  
(aside) Not while I live, my man.

Agony! Rage! Misere and despair!

FROLLO. My will obey,  
Mind what I say.

QUASI. Count on me,  
Agonee!

FROLLO. Sure we shall make a most elegant pair.  
(repeat) Humpty Dumpty, &c.

QUASI. Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,  
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;  
All the king's horses, and all the king's men  
Could'nt put Humpty Dumpty together again.

FROLLO. When you've managed to run away  
With the lovely Esmeralda,  
Wait for me at the Cabaret  
In the Rue de R-r-r-iddelemerée.

QUASI. Rue de who?  
Rude o' you.  
With Esmeralda, I fear it all over is.  
(aside) I can't bear  
This despair.

Let Frollo soon of my vengeance beware!

FROLLO. Mind what I say,  
My will obey.

QUASI. (cringingly) I'm your slave,  
True and brave.

FROLLO. Oh, we shall make a most elegant pair.  
*Wild characteristic dance and exent, L.*

SCENE SECOND.—*A Street.*

*Enter ESMERALDA, l., with DJALI the Goat, carrying a basket in its mouth.*

ESMER. At last I've found a quiet little street,  
Where even no policeman can we meet;

So, Djali, to the footlights we'll advance,  
And just rehearse to-morrow's song and dance.

*Song.—“Rose Waltz.”*

No joys are there that can compare  
With dancing, prancing everywhere.  
I'd sooner wear, I do declare,  
A dancer's wreath than crowns so rare.  
Although fate gave me an  
Humble plebeian  
Education, free 'un,  
At Dame Nature's school;  
Still I'd sooner be an  
Humble, shabby, me-an,  
Poor terpsichorean,  
Than o'er kingdoms rule.

(*dance by ESMERALDA and GOAT*)

ESMER. (*going, r.*) Come along, Djali dear, it's getting late.  
(*caressing him*) I'm very fond of you, I beg to state.  
Having no nice young man on whom to doat,  
I'm perfectly wrapped up in my *great goat*.  
Give me the basket, Djali. (*DJALI capers about*) Now,  
have done !  
Just now I'm not much in the mood for fun ;  
A goat at *your* age should such tricks get rid on ;  
But though so old, you're playful as a *kid-'un*.  
Come along home. (*going, r.*)

*Enter FROLLO suddenly, r. 1 e.*

FROLLO. Ha, ha !  
ESMER. Avaunt, man, do !  
FROLLO. *A-vaunt* to say a word or two to you.  
ESMER. Don't dog my steps.  
FROLLO. Oh ! why your Frollo doubt ?  
ESMER. You always are a *following* me about.

*Song.—Air, “Follow, Follow over Mountain.”*

FROLLO. Frollo, Frollo, over mountin'  
With affection is for thee;  
Let me lead you to “Love's Fountain,”  
Miss—wherever that may be.

You shall ne'er be dull and lonely,  
 All your life shall be one spree ;  
 If you'll change your name, and only  
 Mrs. Frollo, Frollo be.

ESMER. Never! My hate for you each day gets stronger ;  
 Don't carry on in this way any longer.

FROLLO. I won't. Since at my vows of love you scoff,  
 I will not "carry on"—I'll carry off.

*Hurried music*—FROLLO swings ESMERALDA round to R.—QUASIMODO enters, R., and catches her in his arms ; she shrieks and faints—the rappel is heard—FROLLO cries, “The Pelleech!” is running off, L., but meets GOAT who bars his passage ; he manages after some difficulty to effect his escape, L. 2 E., pursued by GOAT—QUASIMODO is going off melo-dramatically, L., when PHÆBUS DE CHATEAUPERS enters, L. 1 E., and intercepts him.

QUASI. (*impatiently*) You'll have the kindness, please, to let me pass ;

Come, now, I'm not inclined for any sarcasm.

PHÆBUS. My very arch young friend, I am an archer,  
 And can't think of permitting your departure,  
 Until I know what is your game, my hearty,  
 With that apparently young female party.

(QUASIMODO makes an effort to pass, but is stopped by Phæbus's sword)

Don't stir, or I shall have to run you through ;  
 'Twould be a bore—especially for you.

QUASI. (*struggling with ESMERALDA's weight*) She is my wife ; but I must drop her soon,  
 For she's in such a very heavy swoon.

PHÆBUS. Would she have fallen if you hadn't caught her ?

QUASI. Yes, sir ; the law compels me to support her.

The parish wouldn't, if on it I flung her,—  
 No, not if she was parishing from hunger.

Ours is a most unhappy union.

(ESMERALDA begins to recover)

PHÆBUS. (L.) See ! Your wife revives.

ESMER. Where am I? Goodness me !  
 (recognising PHÆBUS)

PHÆBUS. The fair Bohemian! (*crosses to c.*)  
 ESMER. (*advancing*) Gracious! Captain Phœbus!  
 PHÆBUS. (*kissing her*) bus!  
 QUASI. Captain Phœbus! this is quite a rebus:  
 I'm really in the clouds, quite in mube-bus;  
 I'd better take a three-penny omne-bus,  
 And go.

PHÆBUS. You're quite at liberty to *leab* us;  
 (*to ESMERALDA*) I've watched you dance oft, as if  
 ne'er you'd tire  
 In the street mud; and I felt I might *ad-mire*,  
 But never spoke to you. I hope you're not  
 Married to that unpleasant-looking lot.

ESMER. Married to *him*, indeed—no, I'm a spinster.

QUASI. (*in a rage*) You—but I won't say anything *aginst* her.

*Enter LIEUTENANT ERNEST and two SWELL ARCHERS, l.*

ERNEST. Come, I say, Phœbus, this is scarcely right;  
 Don't keep us waiting in the street all night:

I'm going to a party, and they'll miss one.

PHÆBUS. Not such a pleasant party though as this one.  
 Oh, by the way, old boy, since you are here,  
 Just take this plain young person up.

ERNEST. (*recoiling from QUASIMODO, who advances spitefully*) Oh, dear!

What an outlandish freak of human nature;

Why, of a man he's quite a eari-ca-ture!

(*turning languidly to the GUARDS, who are very dandified and blasé*)

If you don't think the exercise'll kill ya,

Do me the fava just to "fall in," will ya.

(GUARDS fall in)

Take to the guard house this most ugly cub.

Phœ, I suppose you're going to the club.

PHÆBUS. Pooh! going to my club indeed.

ESMER. Yes, do.

PHÆBUS. No, no, I'm going to *make lub* to you.

QUASI. (*melodramatically to PHÆBUS*) Ha, ha! a day  
 will come.

(*PHÆBUS who has his back towards him, and is talking to ESMERALDA, takes no notice*)

Hum! I repeat,

A day *will* come.

PHŒBUS. (*impatiently*) All right.

QUASI. When we shall meet—

Ha, ha! think on it, dream on it, my boy,  
You have not yet subdued a-Rob-a-Roy?

*Rob Roy March.* QUASIMODO goes through the conventional business, and exits guarded. ERNEST goes languidly, L. 2 E.

PHŒBUS. And so you get your living, dear, by dancing.

ESMER. Toeing and heeling is to me entrancing:

Most preciously I'm partial to pousetting,  
To pas, to polkas, and to pirouetting;  
Worship a waltz, in gallopadding glory;  
In fact, delight in all things saltatory:  
*Some* people like dear wine, give me cheap hops,  
Where fountains spout, and where the weazel pops:  
My love, for trifling trips, I can't conceal;  
E'en, when I read I always skip a deal:  
I prefer Columbine before all plants,  
And at the play, give me a piece by Dance.  
Those torches e'en raise here a kindred glow,  
Because they're made of "light fantastic tow!"

PHŒBUS. (*aside*) That my time's come I feel the strongest sign.

(*aloud*) Don't fancy me abrupt, dear, but—be mine!  
Our hearts strange chords in sudden meshes bind us;  
Love, in no age, e'er reached the pitch that mine does:  
Paris for Helen ruined Troy, it's true;  
My love though's strong as his—oh troy me, do!  
Alonzo Cora loved with all his might,  
And Petrarch was forlorn for Laura quite:  
You're worth to me, dear maid, a score o' Cora's;  
Yes, to this bachelor, a batch o' Laura's:  
Less for Ophelia, Hamlet's panting heart beats;  
Sweet girl, oh feel here, how this throbbing part beats.

(places her hand on his heart)

ESMER. Oh, dear! I think I ought in common charity.

PHŒBUS. View my despair!

ESMER. But think of our disparity.

PHŒBUS. Love levels all—it elevates the clown,  
And often brings the fattest people down.  
Say "No"—my woes will outweigh those of Werter;  
Say "Yes"—and never will I turn deserter.

*Duet.—“Quadrille.”*

PHŒBUS. If you love me as I love you,  
No knife can cut our love in two.  
My charming maid, I love you true,  
I swear by Hoop-de-dooden-doo!

ESMER. As I love you, if you'll love me,  
'Twill be such great felicity;  
We never then shall disagree;  
I shall expect you, mind, to tea.

PHŒBUS. Love, hear me swear—  
ESMER. No—no—no need for that.

PHŒBUS. Vow and declare—  
ESMER. Silence, you little flat.

PHŒBUS. Oh, such a pair!—  
ESMER. Darling, what are you at?

PHŒBUS. Seen never were.  
ESMER. My heart goes pit-a-pat.

*Ensemble. If you love me, &c.*

*Dance and exeunt, L.*

SCENE THIRD.—*Gardens attached to the Chateau of Madame Gondalaurier.*

*Enter FLEUR DE LYS, followed by FIFINE her maid, L.*

FLEUR. One little fleeting day, and I shall be  
No longer the attractive Fleur de Lys;  
The ball room belle, whose name, when 'tis announced,  
Causes a hush; whose fancifully flounced  
And spreading crinoline sweeps swift despair  
To rival's hearts, as well as any chair  
Or table, bearing priceless crockery ware,  
That happen to be by. Oh, now for certain,  
Farewell, a long farewell to all my flirting;  
To bets of gloves, which, whoever wins the day,  
Ladies are never called upon to pay;  
But only called upon to be paid; ices,  
And all that nice is;—this a sacrifice is.

Existence has been hitherto so jolly,  
 But now my future must be melancholy ;  
 So dull and sober. Life has been I vow  
 Intoxicating, but it's *ober* now.

FIFINE. A very blissful state that of a wife is.

FLEUR. Thank you, I'm quite aware what wedded life is ;  
 When I crushed hearts as you'd shut down a gibus ;  
 But now—

FIFINE. Look pleasant, love, here's Captain Phœbus.

*Enter PHŒBUS, l. 1 E., by no means eagerly.*

PHŒB. Sweet *Fleur de Lys*.

FLEUR. Your conduct's wuss and wuss ;  
 Ain't you a niceish *fler to leave* me thus ?

PHŒB. My *Fleur de Lys* seems *flur-ried*.

FLEUR. Yes, I'm hurt ;  
 Your *Fleur de Lys*' sure you're a little flirt.

PHŒB. Madam, you do forget yourself.

FLEUR. (*firing up*) I do,  
 In having anything to say to *you*.

PHŒB. It's not too late, if off the match you'd break ;  
 At once I'll go and countermand the cake. (*crosses*)

FLEUR. Do, but the law shall give me satisfaction :  
 You are a soldier, be prepared for action.

PHŒB. Action ?

FLEUR. For breach of promise.

PHŒB. Very clever.  
 Give me back all my handsome presents.

FLEUR. Never !

PHŒB. Madam, farewell.

FLEUR. Adieu.

(they are going off opposite sides when FLEUR DE LYS  
 is stopped by MADAME GONDALAURIER, R, and  
 PHŒBUS meets ERNEST, L.)

MAD. G. (R.) Heyday ! heyday !

Is this an amateur performance, pray ?

(to PHŒBUS) Explain why from my child, young sir,  
 thou turnest ?

Say, art thou quarrelling in fun or—

PHŒB. Ernest,

Her temper is, to say the least, alarming.

ERNEST. Pooh, you're a lucky dog; I think her charming.

Heigho! (*sighing heavily and looking regretfully at FLEUR DE LYS*) *Exit, R. U. E.*

FLEUR. Mamma, his temper's really something frightful.

MAD. G. But then his bank account, dear, is delightful: The colour of his money, pray remember,

Think of his *ochre* and don't min-d his temper.

FLEUR. (*softening*) Don't mind his temper! his distempered mind

Makes him at times—

PHŒB. (*advancing kindly*) A little bit unkind.

Come, smile.

FLEUR. You've been so long away, you rover.

PHŒB. You're tall enough such trifles to *look over*;

And if I do go to such lengths in sport,

You needn't take one up so very short;

I promise to reform, love, and be steady.

FLEUR. Oh joy! I feel, dear, that—

*Re-enter ERNEST.*

ERNEST. The luncheon's ready.

MAD. G. That's right; this afternoon your best of mothers Has hired a band of real Bohemian brothers,

Our little wedding party to amuse;

They'll cheer you red coats, and dispel the blues.

FLEUR. Well, I must dress. (*crosses to L.*)

PHŒB. Three times a day?—pray don't.

FLEUR. Well, after marriage, Phœbus, dear, I wont.

PHŒB. Oh, woman, always in extremes! I wish Some medium 'twixt the grand, and dowdyish, By ladies after marriage, could be hit upon, For 'tis a rock so many couples split upon. The way to make your husband still adore, Is to dress after, as you did before; Nay,—even with more care should you be deck'd; Men are such selfish creatures, recollect, And will expect so much;—Some girls one sees, Before they're wed, are deck'd like Christmas trees, Seem to be made o' ribbon,—sarsnet bows— But when they're made a rib on, I suppose,

They think it time to drop their beaux so gay,  
And take to *sarcin* it in another way.

FLEUR. That's the last lecture, sir, I hope, to day.

*Music.—Exeunt all but FLEUR DE LYS, R. U. E.*

*Enter CLAUDE FROLLO, of course mysteriously, L. U. E.*

FROLLO. Ha, ha ! you got my letter ? Didst receive it ?

FLEUR. Most certainly I did, but don't believe it.

FROLLO. You can, of course, believe in it, or doubt ;  
Only please don't be *leavin'* it about.

Your Phœbus—well, I can't his praises sing.

FLEUR. You're always harping on this single string ;—

A perfect Blondin ; but, my friend, you'll see

My scruples won't be got o'er easily,

As was Niagara.

FROLLO. My letter's true ;

This is *nigh* aggravating, mum, of you.

This simple fact, you'll also not forget,

If I'm a *blond un*, you are a *brunette* ;

But all compunction on the spot I smother :

(in her ear) Lady, your faithful Phœbus loves another !

FLEUR. 'Tis false !

FROLLO. Your exclamation, mum, is true,

If you're alluding to his love for you.

FLEUR. His heart is true as steel—such tricks don't try on.

FROLLO. (producing a letter) As true as steel, p'raps that  
you will cast eye on. (giving letter)

FLEUR. (after glancing at it) A forgery !

FROLLO. No for-gery, my treasure ;

Don't it afford your eye a deal of pleasure ?

He calls her "duck."

FLEUR. I hate her !

FROLLO. Though it's stated,

That she is not remotely *ed-uc-hated*.

FLEUR. Why, I went to a most expensive school.

Oh, poor weak timid milk-and-water fool ! (crosses)

But I'll have vengeance, and I'll let him see

How I behave, *ven gents* do thus treat me.

Oh ! I'll —

FROLLO. I would.

FLEUR. But, no.

FROLLO. Ah, then I wouldn't.

FLEUR. But if he should—

FROLLO. Just so; but if he shouldn't?

FLEUR. Oh, if I thought he could!

FROLLO.

Oh no, he couldn't.

FLEUR. My courage, which at his appearance, melts;

I'll summon up, and marry *some un* else.

FROLLO. 'Tis well!

(*drum and pipes heard without, playing "Black Sal," piano*)

You hear! that dolefullest of drums

Announces—

FLEUR. (*in an agony*) What!

FROLLO. Ha, ha! your rival comes.

*Exit, L.*

*Music.—MADAME GONDALAURIER and ERNEST, GUESTS, &c., enter from r., PHÆBUS last, abstractedly—then enter the GIPSIES at back, L. U. E.—JACQUES carries a Punch's show, which he places at back—CLOPIN in an old coat, beats a large drum, and plays the pan pipes—PIERRE GRINGOIRE enters with handbills, and the tumblers apparatus for clearing the ring—CLOPIN takes off his coat, and appears in tumbler's tights, and represents the strong man of the show—JACQUES places a small piece of carpet, c., on which PIERRE stands in an attitude.*

PIERRE. Now then, you all shall see what you shall see,

Which, in the first place, you'll perceive is *me*:

I am worth all the money; for a matter o'

Twenty-five puns a week, I'm hired as patterer.

Programmes a bob.

(*ERNEST buys one, giving a sovereign*)

ERNEST. (*after a pause*) The change, I do not see.

PIERRE. My fine young friend, you'll find no change in *me*.

Now then—pray step forward, ladies, don't be coy.

A going to commence—stand back, you boy.

(*pushing back a very tall man*)

An exhibition like ours isn't France in,

So pray do not be backward in advancing.

We're underneath the patronage of all  
 The monarchs in existence, great and small;  
 The Emperor of Russia thinks us fun.

1ST GUEST. (*buying programme*) Russia—get out!

PIERRE. It's true. (*pocketing the money*) A *rush o' one*.

Our reputation is not only Russian,  
 In Prussia, too, we made a great *imprussian* :  
 As we're foreigners I needn't state  
 That, in old England, our success was great ;  
 In young America, all rushed to view us—  
 Our tumbling pleased them, and they tumbled to us :  
 Our sleight of hand, too, charmed each knowing Yankee;  
 All were delighted with the *Yank'y panky*.

*Concerted Piece on the drum.—CLOPIN comes forward—takes off his old coat, arranges his muscles and carpet, then stands in an attitude, c.*

The wonderful strong German of renown,  
 Engaged at great expense—behold, *Herr Brown* !  
 His muscles have such super-human power,  
 He can raise ought, from smiles to sacks of flour :  
 He can bear anything like bricks and mortar,  
 With the exception, p'raps, of soap and water.

(*Music—grand exhibition of strength—CLOPIN gets down on his hands and feet—a large block of imaginary stone, labelled “Granite” is brought in, and lifted with great difficulty upon him—then a property weight, labelled “ten hundred weight”*)

PIERRE. Ten hundred weight avoirdupois—it's true ;  
 I shouldn't like to *have it to poise*—should you ?  
 Now for the crowning feat—be pleased to look ;  
 Bring the last parliamentary *Blue Book* !  
 It's very heavy, and extremely long ;  
 Well, if he can endure that, he is strong !

(*a blue book is brought, and placed upon CLOPIN—who staggers and gives way—falling flat*)

No, he can't bear it.

CLOP. (*rising and limping*) I shall want a crutch.

FLEUR. Poor fellow, he's been “put upon” too much.

MAD. G. For common street folks they really are not  
So very *very* bad—eh, Phœbus?

PHŒBUS. (*waking up*) What?

Beg pardon, I was thinking—

FLEUR. Of another.

(*FLEUR DE LYS turns and flirts violently with ERNEST, who responds, delighted*)

MAD. G. (*aside*) Here's a sad sight, now, for an anxious mother;

She flirts with Ernest, who's a younger brother.

Why Ernest's wife will have of paths the sternest,  
My daughter don't know how to feather *her nest*.

PIERRE. Djali, the wondrous Goat, will now appear.

Now, Esmeralda, come along, my dear.

*Music.—ESMERALDA comes on with her Goat, c.*

PHŒBUS. (*starts up, aside*) That name! that form! that scarf! I'm growing dizzy.

Hi! some champagne, or anything that's fizzy;  
Some ginger beer, or anything there is;—

It's all "up," should she recognize my "phiz."

MAD. G. A neat young person, seemingly not vain.

FLEUR. Yes, quite plebeian, but by no means plain.

ESMER. Ladies and gentlemen, my good goat. Now, sir,  
To these fine folks pray make a pretty bow, sir.

(*the Goat makes an extravagant modern bow*)

Your letters. (*the Goat fetches a box of big letters*)

He's a literary goat;—

Reads history, from Gibbon down to Grote.

Of poetry is no one's knowledge subtler;

(*GOAT butts the GIPSIES*)

Although he's a marked preference for Butt-ler.

Now, first point out the bride.

(*the Goat points out MADAME GONDALOURIER, to her evident pleasure, but to FLEUR DE LYS' annoyance*)

MAD. G. Sagacious elf.

FLEUR. Well, really, I don't see the point myself.

ESMER. (*to GOAT*) You're wrong. Point out the lady  
who's to be  
Married to some one in this company.

(*the GOAT turns and points to ESMERALDA, and refuses to stir*)

FLEUR. (*half crying*) The wretch!

PIERRE. The animal will try once more;  
He never did make *any mull* before.

ESMER. You foolish goat, if *me* the bride you call,  
Find who's to be my husband here, that's all.  
The silly thing is at his tricks, I know.

(*the GOAT seizes PHÆBUS by the coat and drags him into the c.*)

PIERRE. (*to ESMERALDA*) Who is this gentleman?

ESMER. (*turning*) My Phœbus!—oh!  
(*faints—consternation—all rise at the “Oh!”*)

PIERRE. Oh dear! it's very evident, I vow,  
That Mister Djali's caused a *jarly* row.

MAD. G. Your Phœbus did you say?

FLEUR. Your Phœbus, minx!

ESMER. (*aside*) His looks are quite heart-broken, and—he winks!

I'll not betray him. (*aloud*) Ladies, do not blame me;  
The weather's very warm, and overcame me.

PHÆBUS. Take her away, by all means—it's too hot here.  
Clear out, you very ill-conditioned lot here!  
Be off, you vagabonds!—out, neck and crop!  
Don't know the girl at all.

ESMER. Come, Truands!

*Enter FROLLO abruptly.*

FROLLO. Stop! (*picture*)  
I know the lady, Mam'selle Fleur de Lys—  
Behold your rival, Esmeralda!

FLEUR. (*in horror*) She!

PHÆBUS. A weak invention of the enemy.

FROLLO. (*seizing a scarf on ESMERALDA's waist*) Ha, ha!  
p'raps this is an invention, too.

FLEUR. Can I believe my eyes, mamma? it's placed  
Round this plebeian little person's waist.

PIERRE. I say, you are too hasty, miss, by half;  
 You won't believe in that, or in (*pointing to FROLLO*)  
 this *calf*.

FROLLO. Calf! Your address, young man, is ungenteel.

PIERRE. And *your* address is the Hotel de *Veal*.

PHŒBUS. All is discovered; so I'll not conceal  
 My heart's emotions.

ESMER. This is most bewild'ring!

PHŒBUS. (*opening his arms*) My Esmeralda!

ESMER. Love! (*rushing into them*)

PIERRE. (*overcome*) Bless you, my children!

PHŒBUS. We'll never part!

ESMER. Here let me die!

FROLLO. You shall.

Here, lackeys! just lay hold of that young gal.

PIERRE. (*standing in front in a combative attitude*) Just  
 let a lackey try: Come—one, two, three!

They don't exhibit much *slackey-rity*.

*Concerted Piece—Air, "Nancy's Galop."*

FROLLO. In charge just give her, I repeat,  
 To the biggest peeler you can meet,  
 In the Strand! in the Strand! &c.

PHŒBUS. Attempt to touch her, if you dare,  
 And for a pitching-in prepare,  
 From this hand, from this hand, &c.

PIERRE. And I too have an 'and see, Frollo—

FROLLO. Holloa!

PIERRE. In a second floor,  
 You *I* will—

FROLLO. Lor!

This combative young man see!

ERNEST. Holloa! Frollo!

PIERRE. Just like one of the fancy.

(*FROLLO dashes after ESMERALDA, who eludes his grasp, and runs behind the Punch's show—PIERRE appears hanging out of the show with a pair of pistols, keeping the PEOPLE at bay—PHŒBUS knocks FROLLO back into the drum, which has one end paper—general confusion*)

SCENE FOURTH.—*Esmeralda's Apartment.*

*A light burns on a table, c.—a window, l., overlooking the Seine—Music.*

QUASIMODO *ops in his head, then enters.*

QUASI. To glorious liberty and light of day

I've carved a passage—that is, cut a-way.

Since fate filled to the brim my bitter cup

This afternoon, I've not had bit or sup.

Although, as I received the worst of thrashings,

I may say that in one sense I got "lashings,"—

Lashings of "tender wheal" upon my back;

Though I've stowed nothing in my poor sto-mach—

I am as empty as the emptiest skillet;

If I might choose my joint, I should say—*fill it.*

'Twould be a pleasant punishment I feel,

To break my lengthened fast upon the weal;

Hunger's annoying me with pangs intense,

Which is *annoying* in a double sense;

Would I'd some bread to take these pangs away—

"Pang à discretion," as the waiters say.

This is sweet Esmeralda's home, and I

Watched her bring home a most substantial pie,

With paste on which you might a hornpipe do,

Without the slightest chance of going through.

(after looking round) The key within the cupboard

I discern; he

Requireth but the power of a turn-eh,

To make the contents mine. 'Tis well—here goes!

(going stealthily is pulled up by a sneeze without)

What's that? A sneeze from an adjacent nose.

Footsteps!—the table!—'neath it will I stay;

If found out, I can stand at Table Bay.

(Music.—QUASIMODO crouches beneath the table)

Enter FROLLO and CLOPIN, r. door in flat, in a midnight ruffianly manner.

FROLLO. Clopin, thou trustest me?

CLOPIN. Of course, I must;

As you don't pay down, I'm obliged to trust.

FROLLO. I will advance thee.

CLOP. That I'm glad to hear;  
 P'rhaps you'll advance me half a pint of beer.  
 FROLLO. A pint! Succeed, and you shall have a quart.  
 This, you're aware, is the appinted sport!  
 This lofty lodging, let young Phœbus fear,  
 This spot up here—

CLOP. About this pot 'o beer?

FROLLO. You kill him on this spot, my Clopin grim;  
 And stick at nothing—that is, stick at him.

QUASI. (*under the table*) Scoundrel!

FROLLO. Come, don't make personal remarks;  
 Just now I'm not at all inclined for larks.  
 Although she'll still look on me as her foe,  
 Yet it's a pleasant sort of thing to know  
 My hated rival's put upon the shelf.

QUASI. Fool!

FROLLO. (*to CLOPIN*) Now you *will* keep talking to yourself.  
 (*ESMERALDA sings without*)

CLOP. She comes!

FROLLO. (*clasping his arm*) She do. Quick, hide yourself in there;  
 She won't see us, although she's on the stair.  
 Your weapons—

CLOP. (*shewing a choice selection*) Ready.

FROLLO. I perceive they air. *Exeunt, L.*

*Enter ESMERALDA, PHŒBUS, and GOAT, r. c.*

ESMER. My humble room.

PHŒBUS. (*looking round in amused surprise*) Excuses it  
 don't need.

Humble?—it's very lofty, dear, indeed.

(*aside*) Cock-lofty. That's the river Seine, I s'pose,  
 That 'neath your very pleasant window flows?

I know it—or, I might observe, I *knows*,  
 Although the Seine's improved much since the last  
 Much-needed sanitary act was passed.

(*they sit at table, PHŒBUS, L., ESMERALDA, R.;*

*PIERRE pops in his head, door, r. c.)*

PIERRE. Would it be too much if your loving spouse  
 Permission asked to enter his own house?

PHŒBUS. Oh, come along.

*Enter PIERRE, bowing, r. c.*

PIERRE. Politeness quite intense.

QUASI. (*under the table*) When is the eating going to commence?

If food don't soon its way find to this throat,  
I shall be forced to pitch into the goat.

PIERRE. (*to ESMERALDA*) It seems to me, my pretty little pet,

That you our marriage contract quite forget.

ESMER. (*drawing a dagger*) What?

PIERRE. (*alarmed*) That's a point I beg you will not raise.

PHŒBUS. Oh! husbands go for nothing now-a-days.

PIERRE. (*reflectively*) If husbands "go for nothing," then it's clear,

I shan't be called upon to fetch the beer.

ESMER. Our bridal was a temporary link.

PHŒBUS. My angel, is there anything to drink?

QUASI. Hear! hear!

PHŒBE. (*quietly*) But where?

ESMER. (*to PHŒBUS*) Make no remarks, but wait.  
You are a favourite—just "run for the plate."

PIERRE. (*going slowly*) More like the *Oaks*—though being left alone,

Reminds one of the *Darby*—without *Joan*.

There is your family plate, (*places one fork on the table*) and there's the pie.

(*at the word "pie," QUASIMODO becomes agitated, and shakes the table violently*)

ESMER. Don't shake the table, dear.

PHŒBUS. It wasn't I.

PIERRE. (*placing slices of sausage on table*) A pound of primest German sausage, see.

PHŒBUS. I never saw such hospitality.

(*ESMERALDA is caressing the GOAT, with her back to table—PHŒBUS is looking about with his eye glass, also with his back to the table—QUASIMODO comes a little way out—PIERRE is looking out of the window pensively*)

QUASI. With outstretched arm I might that pâté clutch.  
*(seizes the paste, which comes off in one piece; he devours it hungrily—after a slight pause, PHÆBUS looks at the table, and discovers the absence of the paste)*

PHÆBUS. *(aside)* She's a delicious girl, but eats too much.  
 How very soon she put that paste away!

ESMER. *(sighing)* I have no appetite.

PHÆBUS. So I should say.

*(QUASIMODO takes the sausage in the same manner)*  
 QUASI. This sausage by long chalks the pâté beats.

*(ESMERALDA turns and sees that all the sausage has vanished)*

ESMER. *(aside)* He is a love—but what a lot he eats!

PHÆBUS. What's there to drink, dear? Is there wine, ale, stout,

Or—

*(here QUASIMODO raps at the table—PHÆBUS rising, and placing his hands on the table after the fashion of modern "mediums")*

Are there any spirits here about?

ESMER. Alas! I'm out of spirits.

PHÆB. So am I.

QUASI. *(who is becoming plethoric)* What nothing to wash down that fearful pie?

I'm not dyspeptic, but must be confess'd it

Is settling on my chest—I can't digest it.

Who could digest the quantity I ate?

'Twill kill me—I don't want to *di-jest* yet. *(music)*

*Enter FROLLO, who blows out lamp (stage dark), CLOPIN follows.*

*Concerted Piece.—“Un Ballo in Maschera and Cremorne Galop.”*

FROLLO. Come on, be quick—the archer stick

Will we. We've got him now;

When gets that ass the *coup de grace*;

Oh, won't there be a row.

We can't retreat—revenge is sweet,

This Phœbus soon shall know;

'Tis a mistake—a foe to make

Of crafty Claude Frol-lo.

- PIERRE. I feel a hand—don't understand  
 What can it's presence mean—  
 It's hard as steel—and doesn't feel  
 Particularly clean.  
 FROLLO. We can't retreat, &c., &c.  
 ESMER. There's something wrong; I feel, e're long  
 'Twill all come out, beyond a doubt.  
 There are strange men, some nine or ten,  
 Within my room, I swear. (*shudders*)  
 FROLLO. Where's Phœbus got? Evasive lot,  
 For him I feel in vain; my steel  
 Is useleas quite, all's black as night,  
 Can't find him anywhere.  
 PIERRE. Oh, my gracious, this is most unpleasant!  
 Don't I wish I wasn't present.  
 Something's a going to happen:  
 Would they'd never let this chap in.  
 QUASI. (*to PHŒBUS*) Quick follow me, and I will save you,  
 Though, such impudence I gave you.  
 I, from Frollo's knife, will  
 Save your precious life, will  
 Come, come, dumb, dumb, be;  
 Come, come, come, come with me.  
 ALL. There's something wrong, &c.  
 (*during concerted piece, QUASIMODO comes from under one table, takes PHŒBUS's hand, and leads him off out of danger—they exit—FROLLO and CLOPIN grope about for their victim, and clutch each mutually—FROLLO seizes CLOPIN, and throws him out of window, mistaking him for PHŒBUS—he is feeling his way, when he comes across the horns, hoof, and tail of the goat—he howls "Murder!" and ESMERALDA shrieks—ERNEST and his GUARDS burst in—they have torches—lights up—picture*)  
 ERNEST. What is the cause of the unpleasant shindy?  
 FROLLO. She's been and thrown a gent out of the windy!  
 ESMER. That's an untruth; in telling fibs you glory.  
 FROL. She struck him four times in the back, before he  
 Fell from the two pair back.  
 ESMER. A second story.

FROL. Then his life's drama finished with, you know,  
What's called in playbills, an immense *stab low!*

ESMER. (*in an agony*) Phœbus, where are you?

FROL. Out there in the river.

(*ESMERALDA falls in PIERRE's arms*)

PIERRE. Bear up, they may some day his frame diskiver;  
If not *I'm here*.

FROL. Away with her to jail!

With bread and water, and no chance of bail;  
The very primest evidence I'll bring,  
I've witnesses who'll swear to anything.

PIERRE. (*aside*) A splendid "situation."

ESMER. (*in an agony*) Mercy! mercy!

FROL. Not if I know it—mercy? wice wersy.

*Concerted Piece.—Air, "Squash Hollow Hornpipe."*

FROL. You came home a hansom cab in;  
Handsome is as handsome do;  
People shouldn't think of stabbing  
Ever other people through.

PIERRE. Would from harm I could conceal her,  
Hansom cabs your figures show;  
Had she come in a four wheeler,  
She'd been mine *for weal or woe*.

ERNEST. Captain Phœbus now not living,  
There's a decent chance for me;  
To this sub they must be giving  
Very soon his company.

ESMER. But his company to *me* is  
Lost for ever, I declare;

(*to FROLLO*) You appear delighted—

FROLLO. We is;

ESMER. (*to PIERRE*) He's delighted quite—

PIERRE. He air.

(*general dance—all walk round in the manner of clog hornpipe dancers, and make separate characteristic exit, l. 1 e., the Goat last*)

SCENE FIFTH.—*The Belfry—through a large opening, R., the tops of churches and lofty houses are seen.*

Enter FLEUR DE LYS, L., on tiptoe, and in a state of nervous agitation, she is about to elope with ERNEST, and is dressed in the conventional travelling cloak—FIFINE follows, also attired for travelling, with a large umbrella and a small bundle.

FLEUR. Now we've arrived at the appointed spot,

My heart fails, and I think I'd rather not :

Elopements are so very wrong, you know.

FIFINE. Oh, better far, ma'am, than a solemn, slow,

Old-fashioned wedding—fogeyish, pedantic :

Now this is something pleasant and romantic.

FLEUR. Wedded without ma's leave, I've not a penny ;  
 (with fervour) But then again, dear Ernest hasn't any—  
 And is incapable, I'm proud to say,  
 Of earning anything in any way.

Enter ERNEST, L. 1 E.

Oh dear, I'm frightened, Ernest ;

ERNEST. Frightened, pooh !  
 You don't love Phœbus—Phœbus don't love you ;  
 (aside) I haven't mentioned that he's done for yet :  
 For people always want what they can't get.

FLEUR. Excuse me, love, but when we're married, pray,  
 How shall we live ?

ERNEST. Oh, in the usual way.  
 I'll leave the army—it begins to bore me ;  
 Then my relations must do something for me :  
 They with the present government are well in—  
 But, oh ! I quite forgot—

FLEUR. What, love ?

ERNEST. My spellin' !  
 It plucked me last time ;—I was sent away,  
 'Cause I spelt constitution with a *K*.

Your 'ma can't live for ever—there's a chance—

FLEUR. Hers is the oldest family in France.

Fifine will make my dresses, do my hair,  
 And wait upon us—won't you ?

FIFINE. Yes, sweet pair.

ERNEST. (*aside*) I'm very much afraid it will be found  
 That this sweet pair will soon come to the ground.  
 FLEUR. (*aside*) Pear!—from this jargon he'll my wishes  
 balk;  
 He's giving way, I fancy, by his *talk*.  
 (*to ERNEST*) I've no expensive tastes—I'll make  
 your home  
 So pleasant that you'll never care to roam;  
 I'll not force tears at every trifling snub,  
 Or sit up when you're latish at your club:  
 When we walk out, I'll not "finesse" to stop  
 Just opposite my favourite bonnet shop;  
 Or drop a gentle hint about my boots.

ERNEST. (*fervently*) Well, I should be the selfishest of  
 brutes,  
 If I neglected such a consort true.  
 (*taking her hands*) If many more young ladies were  
 like *you*,  
 The "Times" would not be deluged from all quarters  
 With letters from "the mother of six daughters,"  
 Complaining that although their charming dresses  
 Are fit for duchesses, or e'en princesses,  
 Though they sing, paint, and dance, flirt, quiz and play,  
 And forward put themselves in every way,  
 Her half-a-dozen look extremely glum,  
 For still somehow a hoffer doesn't come.

*Trio.—Air, "Ring the Banjo."*

ERNEST. My pretty Fleur de Lys come,  
 You the wedding ring must don;  
 My charming Vade Mecum,  
 Young man's best compan-i-on.

FLEUR. A law of matrimony's  
 This—that when affection's true,  
 What is enough for one is  
 Sure to be enough for two.

ERNEST. Fling, fling this hand you  
 Will away then upon me,  
 If I dont misunderstand you,  
 Captivating Fleur de Lys!

(repeat) Fling, fling, &c.

FLEUR. Ring, ring this hand you  
 Will, I trust, immediatelee ; }  
 And don't let misunderstand you,  
 Poor devoted Fleur de Lys. } (ensemble)

FIFINE. Fling, fling this hand you  
 Will away thus upon he, &c.

*Exeunt, dancing, R.*

*Enter FROLLO, l., joyfully, rubbing his hands; he has a very large telescope under his arm.*

FROLLO. Now to my speedy vengeance there's no bar;  
 Ha, ha!—he, he!—he, he!—likewise ha, ha!  
 Yes, I have lived for this.—Let's see, I've stopped  
 Fleur de Lys' marriage, for her lover's popped  
 Into the Seine; and Esmeralda soon  
 Will dance her last pas to an ugly *toon*.  
 This belfry's certainly a brilliant notion;  
 Of heads below there is a perfect ocean.  
 Fearing they might her sentence, p'raps, rescind, oh,  
 People look out of *breath* and out of *wind-oh*.  
 This nook will screen me—forth I'll snugly look,  
 And watch Miss E.'s suspension from *an' oonk*.  
 (opens the telescope)  
 This telescope will bring her very near.

(as he places it to his eye, QUASIMODO enters, l., and places his eye at the other end)

It doesn't seem particularly clear.  
 The proper focus I have not quite hit;  
 "Il faut que je"—alter it a little bit.

(draws in the telescope half-way—QUASIMODO follows it)

The glass appears to have a trifling flaw,  
 Resembling the worst squint I ever saw.

QUASI. I'm a looking at you!

(they pop up their heads simultaneously—and leaning against the telescope, shut it up between them—getting gradually close to each other—FROLLO'S manner is uncomfortable—QUASIMODO'S calm and determined)

FROLLO. (*laughing with forced gaiety*) Ha, ha, Quasimodo!

QUASI. The wretch, o'er whom for years rough-shod  
you've rode, oh ;

But who, now writhing with the constant goad, oh,  
Rises—remarking proudly—“you be blowed, oh !”

FROLLO. (*aside*) I'm took aback—what shall I say? Oh—  
humph !

My Quasimodo, I'm completely dumbf-  
Oundered.

QUASI. Your hopes are overthrown.

FROLLO. Quite true.

QUASI. (*eyeing him terribly*) These hopes will now be  
followed, friend, by *you*.

FROLLO. Our sentiments don't seem to be congenial.

What means this mein of yours, you mean old menial ?  
(*mildly*) I've put you out, it seems ?

QUASI. You have, and I

Mean to put *you* out.—I say—can you fly ?

FROLLO. Of course I can't—I'm no balloon.

QUASI. Then, *soo-un*,

My worthy sir, you'll be a black and b'lloo'un.

As you're no *aeronaut*, for the worst prepare ;

You *air a naughty* man—indeed you *air*.

FROLLO. (*aside*) I must dissemble. Quasimodo, dear,

This is, I think, the season of the year

In which young men in toggery expensive—

Waistcoats especially—come out extensive.

If you'll drop in upon my tailor, he

Shall fit you up with a suit of livery.

You shall burst forth a blaze of braid and buttons ;

And, by the way, I don't think that cold mutton's

The proper sort of food for you to eat ;

And, as you very seldom get a treat,

Go to the theatre, the new piece see —

Here is an order for the gallery.

(QUASIMODO is tucking up his sleeves)

(*aside*) Though, as he seems preparing for hard knocks,  
I fear he's anxious for a private box.

(QUASIMODO takes the order, and throwing it down,  
treads upon it)

FROLLO. The order at the portal needs but showing;

*"Stand not upon the order of your going."*

QUASI. Thus do I tread upon the pride of Plato;

And on his gratis order put my great toe.

FROLLO. Your mind's in *great disorder*.

QUASI. (*clutching FROLLO by the throat*) Tremble, Froller!

FROLLO. I say, look you—just mind my "paper collar."

QUASI. I'll summon up—

FROLLO. Come, don't completely pin me!

QUASI. To hold that collar, all the strength within me.

FROLLO. That *collar all the strength?* Just let me speak:

I've got to wear that *collar all the week*.

QUASI. I feel that even from my birth—it's true—

Destined was I to put an end to you;

And, like that drama which such crowds has drawn,

I feel that I was you to *colla' e'en born*.

FROLLO. I call this unprovoked and base assault,

Proof that you're tipsy—yes, I *bosy call't!*

QUASI. Come on! (*drags FROLLO to the opening*)

FROLLO. You wouldn't send me out the window through?

"Distance don't lend enchantment to the view."

I shall go through a fearful looking skylight!

Or else upon the flag stones flat shall I light!

The yard below of grass is quite debarred,

And I shall come down *soft* upon the *yard*.

*Duet—Air, "Sally come up."*

QUASI. Claude Frollo, come along with me,

This splendid opening for you see;

You'll soon find out it's all U. P.;

I am no verdant valet.

FROL. Oh! I'm not well!—it's no use bel-

Lowing I see, for I shall be

Quite beaten to a jally.

QUASI. Frolly, come up—Frolly, come down,

You're going a short trip out of town.

FROL. I feel I'm done exceeding brown—

I'm a sadly used indiwiddle.

QUASI. Revenge for long I've nourish-ed;

And now, on your devoted head,

'Twill come like any lump of lead;

Come, all your courage rally!

FROL. Toll, toll the bell—ring Frollo's knell !  
Oh ! why did I, e-ver espy

That young thing in the ballet ?

QUASI. Frollo, come up—Frollo, look down ;  
The distance will your screeching drown.

FROL. The biggest skylight in the town !  
I shall tumble slap through the middle.

*At the end, QUASIMODO seizes FROLLO—struggle—FROLLO drags off QUASIMODO, L. 2 E.—QUASIMODO immediately re-appears, with a lay figure in exact imitation of FROLLO, which he drags to the window and flings out—FROLLO shrieks, and re-appears clutching the ledge—dance, à la Punch and Judy—figure again introduced, which QUASIMODO hits—a crash of glass heard—QUASIMODO does a wild dance of joy—FROLLO appears at opening wrapped in a sheet, after the manner of the “Punch” ghost—QUASIMODO trembles off, L.*

SCENE SIXTH.—Open Space in Paris.

*A crowd gathered to witness the passing of Esmeralda to execution—a hum of voices as the scene opens.*

1st CITIZEN. Well, this is really pleasant, ain't it?—very !  
We don't oft get a chance of making merry.  
This is a first-rate place to see it, this is ;  
I've took a first floor window for my missis :  
She's delicate, and so I've stood a seat ;  
Poor thing, she doesn't often get a treat.

Enter PIERRE GRINGOIRE crying, L. U. E.—he holds some bills in his hands.

PIERRE. Oh dear, oh dear, this is a state of things ;  
Into my eyes the scalding tears it brings ;  
I feel the law mistaken much must be,  
In killing her—“ hinc illæ lachrymæ.”  
But meanwhile as one *must* live by the many,  
I'm selling her confession at a penny ;  
With an artistic portrait 'tis embellished,  
It's highly spiced, but don't seem to be relished ;

In fact these bills of mine appear to me,  
By no means taken up as they should be.

1ST CITIZEN. Take care that you ain't taken up instead.  
(points to the portrait) That's not Miss Esmeralda's  
little head.

It's Captain Cook.

PIERRE. Oh don't be so precise,  
You pays your money and you takes your chice.

(*a bell heard, PIERRE terrified*)  
1ST CITIZEN. (looking off, R.) Forth from the prison portal  
she's emergin',  
Completely dressed in serge.

PIERRE. Oh fetch a surge-in!

*Music.—Enter ESMERALDA guarded, R. U. E., the GOAT follows handcuffed and heavily chained.*

1ST GUARD. Now then, keep back.

ESMER. My Pierre, dear, is that you?

PIERRE. Yes, your poor Pierre, no other: how de do?

ESMER. (to GUARDS) Permit me just to pause a moment  
here;

Let me pull up alongside of the *Pierre*.

I never killed that best of little chaps.

PIERRE. (aside) I'd better pocket the confession, p'raps.  
(pockets the bills)

ESMER. They're going to kill poor Djali—wish they  
wouldn't.

PIERRE. What, kill your goat too, oh go to they couldn't.

*Enter CLAUDE FROLLO, L. 1 E. He is in an awful plight,  
his clothes torn, his face dirty and scratched; and he is  
completely enveloped in bits of broken glass, like the top  
of a garden wall.*

FROLLO. Where's the police? The vile constabellary  
Is blowing itself out, down some one's airy.  
Pitched through a sky-light; this is rather rich;  
Things are coming to a pretty pitch,  
All over glass, through Quasimodo's malice,  
I feel a perfect little Crystal Palace.  
I'm full of aches—and so much glass remains.  
That I may also add, I'm full of panes.

I feel as if (absurd as it may sound) somebody had been standing "glasses round." My trowsers have of glass a goodish bit in 'em; Its true they're *Sydenhams* but I couldn't sit in 'em.

(*ESMERALDA falls on her knees to FROLLO—he turns away*)

*ESMER.* Mercy!

*PIERRE.* Pray turn to her. Dont harshly spurn her *FROLLO.* Young man, I am a *Claude*, and not a *Turner*.

*PIERRE.* There's one thing comforts me; these thrilling facts Will make a jolly drama in three acts; And the Victoria and some east end house Will profit by this deed most scandalous; With red fire—that safe old transpontine trick—

This *scandal* will light well up at the *Wic*.

*FROLLO.* This is a triumph to be proud of!

*Enter QUASIMODO stealthily leading PHÆBUS by the hand R.  
PHÆBUS is not seen by the characters.*

*QUASI.* Is it?

Hamlet's papa, allowed was to revisit  
The glimpses of the moon—so's *Phæbus*, too,  
*His ghost* I've brought.

*FROLLO.* What's Hamlet got to do—  
*QUASI.* This is his fetch, which *I* have fech-ter you.

(*brings round PHÆBUS—ESMERALDA screams and falls in PIERRE's arms—FROLLO falls against a GUARD, but pricks himself awfully, and revives immediately*)

*PHÆBUS.* As of a Paris swell I'm an edition—  
Though no ghost, I may say I'm a *P-arisian*.

(*eyeing FROLLO*) You seem to be incased in glass—  
that's rum;

*PIERRE.* A case of "veluti in speculum."

*PHÆBUS.* Sweet Esmeralda, let your faithful soldier  
Within his arms and to his breast enfold yer. (they

*Esmeralda*)

*ESMER.* I'm proved "not guilty" then?

*FROLLO.* (faster than lightning) A thousand furies!

*PHÆBUS.* Why, the obtusest of provincial juries,

Even though blind to justice as a bat,  
That fact *must* see ;—

QUASI. (*aside*) I'm not so sure of that.

FROLLO. (*aside*) Somebody *must* be killed at once, that's certain.

(*takes the stage, and is about to demolish somebody, when FLEUR DE LYS and ERNEST enter suddenly,*  
*L.—FROLLO pauses*)

FLEUR. Frollo, this really is extreme impertin——

ERNEST. Hence!

FROLLO. Foiled at every step in each direction !

At all events, if you have no objection,

I may be, p'raps, allowed *myself* to kill.

PIERRE. Certainly.

FROLLO. Thankee—then here goes—I will.

(*turns towards L., raises his dagger, but pauses on the entrance of CLOPIN, L. i.e., who has been rescued; CLOPIN is mouldy and damp-looking*)

CLOPIN. (*to FROLLO*) Beg pardon, kill *yourself*!—just wait a bit—

That is a luxury I *can't* permit.

It was your knife in me that I found stuck ;

You chucked me out of window too, my buck,

And you'll pay *pretty dear* for that, *sweet chuck*.

Yes, like a house in Chancery, out of luck-oh,

I now am *plaster* where I once was *stuck-oh* !

PIERRE. Most certainly it cannot be denied,

Your's was a dreadful case of *oh-my-side* !

CLOP. (*collaring FROLLO*) Under those circumstances come along.

ESMER. Stay—though his conduct has been wrong,

And he's not *acted well*, it would be small of us

To blame him for that *may be said* of *all* of us.

(*indicating Audience*)

True 'tis that I've escaped the law—but here

Sitteth the sole tribunal that we fear,

Which with one's case does summarily deal,

And 'gainst whose verdict there is *no appeal*.

PHÆBUS. (*to audience*) With mercy pray, of justice be a blinder,

Although the author is an *old offender* ;

It's all your fault, those smiling merry faces  
 Have much to answer for in *all* our cases.  
 And recollect it cannot be denied,  
 You've spoilt us, and it's now too late to chide.

FROLLO. A sudden change is in my bosom found,  
 And I insist on blessing you all round.  
 Bless you! (*aside*) Though gladly would I if I dare cut.  
 (*aloud*) I will reform.

QUASI. So'll I, and get my hair cut.

*Finale.—“Truandaise.”*

ESMER.	Dare we, Ere we Drop the curtain—drop a hint, too?
PHŒB.	Send your Friends, who are Wanting somewhere to pop into.
ERNEST.	Here where Cheer they're Sure to find, of fun a mint, too.
ESMER.	Tell them, Esmeralda is by no means bad.
QUASI.	Don't be too analytical, Or on us hypercritical.
FROLLO.	Let our very small wit tickle Gently—not sufficiently to drive one mad.
ALL.	Dare we, &c.

R.	L.
CITIZENS. FLEUR. PHŒBUS. ERNEST.	ESMERALDA. QUASIMODO. GOAT.
	CITIZENS. CLOPIN. FROLLO.

**Curtain.**