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BONĀ FIDE TRAVELLERS.

(A POINT OF LAW, ARISING OUT OF THE NEW BEER BILL.)

A FARCE,

BY

WILLIAM BROUGH,

Author of No. 1, Round the Corner; How to Make Home Happy Phenomenon in a Smock Frock; Trying it on; House out of Windows; A Comical Countess; Apartments, &c., &c.

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LONDON.

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BONA FIDE TRAVELLERS.

*First Performed at the Theatre Royal Adelphi, on Monday,
October 30, 1854.*

CHARACTERS.

BUTTS (*Landlord of the Goat's Head*) .. MR. R. ROMER.
JOE (*Potboy of the same*) MR. KEELEY.
CORNELIUS O'GRIPPER MR. PAUL BEDFORD.
SIMKINS (*Mary Ann's Young Man*) MR. HASTINGS.
MIMMS (*that keeps company with Jane*) .. MR. LE BARR.
BOLTER { (*a Military Gentleman, attached to Susan*) } MR. WAYE.
FIERCE CUSTOMER..... MR. CONRAN.
A THIRSTY SOUL..... MR. ALDRIDGE.
1ST POLICEMAN..... MR. C. J. SMITH.
2ND POLICEMAN..... MR. SANDERS.
JEMIMA (*Housemaid at the Goat's Head*).. MRS. KEELEY.
MARY ANN (*from No. 7, round the corner*) MISS LAIDLAW.
JANE (*from the Greengrocer's*)..... MRS. GARDEN.
SUSAN (*from over the way*) MISS THOMPSON.
MILD CUSTOMER MISS LOUISE.
MISS BIFFIN (*a small Customer*) MISS STOKER.

COSTUMES.

Butts—Cut-away coat, brass buttons, snuff-coloured waistcoat and trousers.

Joe—Oxonian coat, light waistcoat, drab trousers.

Cornelius O'Gripper—Nankeen trousers and paletot, blue waistcoat, and white hat.

Simkins—Plaid trousers, striped waistcoat, and shooting coat.

Mimms—Groom's suit.

Bolter—Private's uniform.

Jemima—Flowered showy delaine, with flounces.

Mary Ann—Flounced muslin, white bonnet, black silk cap.

Jane—Dark silk gown, straw bonnet and shawl.

Susan—Cotton dress, Barège shawl, straw bonnet.

SCENE—BAR PARLOUR OF THE GOAT'S HEAD.

TIME—1854, from 3 to 5 P.M.

Time of Representation—50 Minutes.

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BONĀ FIDE TRAVELLERS.

SCENE.—Bar Parlour of the Goat's Head, doors R. and L.
At the back the bar is seen, with counter, bottles, beer engine, &c. At the rising of the curtain BUTTS (the Landlord), is taking off his apron, putting on his coat, &c. JOE is in the bar at the back.

BUTTS. (L. H.) Joe.

JOE. Holloa!

BUTTS. Is all shut up?

JOE. All right, Sir; let's see, there's the front door, that's fast—then there's the window, that's fast—and the back door, and that's fast.

BUTTS. Good. What's o'clock?

JOE. Quarter to three, Sir, by the kitchen clock, and that's fast too, Sir.

BUTTS. (crosses to R. H.) Very well. Fetch my hat, Joe. (Exit JOE L. H.) Now for the next three hours, I am free. Till six o'clock I can enjoy myself in any way I please. What a glorious thing this new Beer Bill is for us poor publicans! Here I am chained to my work all through the week. A slave at the bar—I may say a prisoner at the bar—and until now I couldn't even get a Sunday afternoon for recreation. However, thanks to this new law, I now can manage a few hours once a week. So I'll just take a walk as far as Battersea fields, and see what the country looks like. Come, Joe, look sharp. Why, where's the hat?

Enter JOE, L. H. D.

JOE. Yes, you may well say where's the hat. When did you have it last?

BUTTS. Eh, when?—Let's see. I went out this day six weeks. Didn't I, Joe?

JOE. Can't say, I'msure.

BUTTS. Well, never mind, I'll go and look for it myself. (*crosses to L. H.*) Draw me a thimble full of brandy, Joe, before I go.

JOE. A thimble full of what?

BUTTS. Of brandy.

JOE. I thought you said that this new law wouldn't allow us to draw anything till six o'clock.

BUTTS. That's only for our customers. We that reside in the house are privileged.

JOE. Privileged, eh? Licensed to be drunk on the premises.

BUTTS. Come, be quick, or I shall lose half the afternoon before I start. Where the deuce did I leave my hat?

Exit L. H.

JOE. Well, come. I'm glad to hear the law doesn't interfere with your enjoyments, at any rate. For if it did, I know one person—a person filling the important situation of potboy in a most respectable establishment, who would be very apt to break the laws of his country this afternoon. If they expect I'm going to keep house from now till six o'clock without a pipe, and a drop of beer to keep me company, they're slightly out in their arithmetic, that's all. (*goes to the bar draws a pint of half-and-half, and returns with it and a pipe, and the brandy, puts them on the table L. H. with candle*) There, that will make it somewhat better, perhaps.

Re-enter BUTTS, L. H.

BUTTS. Now, Joe, the brandy. What's this? I didn't order beer.

JOE. No, that's my privilege—the brandy's yours. I reside in the house, you know.

BUTTS. Well, mind, don't drink too much, that's all. (*crosses to R. H.*) I know I may depend on you. And above all things don't let anybody in. For if you open the

door to any living being while I am away, you may just walk out of it at once, and get another place—you understand !

JOE. All right, Sir !

BUTTS. I shall be back by six. Once more, be very careful.

Exit door R. 2 E.

JOE. Yes, Sir. He says be careful, don't let anybody in. There's not much fear of that. It isn't so often that I get the chance of a few hours quiet. (*lights pipe and sits down*) Now this is what I call comfortable. No bells to answer, no customers to bawl out, waiter—waiter—till I can't tell whether I'm upon my head or heels. No rushing about the house with pots of half-and-half, and goes, and screws, and two penn'orths, and trifle for the waiter, please, and all that sort of thing. No, as I said before, it's jolly. (*drinks*) Hah ! I really don't remember half-and-half ever tasting so prime before, and as to the tobacco, with every puff I seem to be dwelling in the clouds, taking a bird's-eye view of all my worldly troubles. And when I think that at this moment there are perhaps hundreds of my fellow creatures fretting their eyes out for a drop of beer and a pipe. Heigho. (*drinks again*) It's very nice. If there is one thing more than another in the world calculated to make a man truly happy it is the knowledge that other people can't enjoy the luxuries that he does. Well, (*drinks again*) here's to absent friends, poor devils. (*knocking at door c.*) Yes—there they go—that's right. It's no use though, old fellows, whoever you may be. (*knocking again*) You'd like to come in, now, wouldn't you ? Your health, my friend. (*drinks again*) I wonder whether he can see me through the key hole. I hope he can. (*knocking repeated*) Who's there ?

VOICE. (*outside*) I beg your pardon, but would you oblige me with a pint of porter ?

JOE. Can't do it Sir. It's against the law.

VOICE. I wouldn't trouble you, only my stupid servant forgot to fetch it till we were just sitting down to dinner.

JOE. Can't help it. You must put your dinner off till six o'clock.

VOICE. But, my good Sir, 'twill all get cold.

JOE. What have you got for dinner ?

VOICE. A beef-steak pudding—why ?

JOE. Only, because, if there is one dish which is espe-

cially agreeable without anything to wash it down, it is the savoury article you mention.

VOICE. Why, you impudent scoundrel—

JOE. My good man, it's no use kicking up a row, unless you want the police to hear you. Hah, he's gone. Now I should say that gentleman would thoroughly enjoy his dinner. Poor devil; doesn't he wish he was in my place (*drinks*)—not such a bad place either, sometimes (*knocking again*, (C.D.) Holloa! Come back again. What now?

GIRL'S VOICE. (C.) Could you oblige master with a bottle of gin?

JOE. No, ma'am, I couldn't.

GIRL. If you please, he's got some friends just come in.

JOE. Has he? I hope he'll entertain them hospitably. There's a capital ginger-beer shop round the corner. Egad, it's getting more and more amusing. I think I'll have a drop more on the strength of it. (*goes to bar*)

Enter JEMIMA L.H.D.

JEMIMA. Joe, Joe, where are you?

JOE. (R.) Jemima! why, I thought you had gone out, like all the rest of them.

JEM. No, Joe, it's not my turn to day. Miss Midgetts is gone out, and so is cook; I've got to stop at home to keep house with you, Joe.

JOE. Keep house with me? Oh, Jemima! if you only knew the way those words thrilled through me, if you could only see the pictures they conjure up of cottages near a wood, of humble sheds, with young loves dwelling in them, of snug little publichouses where my name should be upon the sign, and you should stand behind the bar. Oh, if you only—

JEM. Don't be absurd, Joe.

JOE. Well, then, I won't if you particularly wish it; but come, sit down. (*they sit*)

JEM. Tell me, Joe—has the governor gone out?

JOE. Just gone, why?

JEM. Why, the fact is—I know that I may trust you, Joe—you are a good natured little fellow, you would not refuse me a trifling favour, would you, Joe?

JOE. Refuse you!—I?—Jemima, will you just be good

enough to look at me. You see this waistcoat; but if you could only see or even guess what goes on underneath.

JEM. Yes, yes, I know—a dickey.

JOE. Excuse me, I was not alluding to my wardrobe; the article that I referred to was my heart.

JEM. Well, Joe, the fact is, as we have so few opportunities of meeting, I thought that perhaps this afternoon, now when the house is all shut up, and no one here but you and me—you won't be angry with me, Joe—I thought it was a good opportunity for having a little quiet chat, and trying to find out what a certain party's intentions really are.

JOE. Jemima, did you ever doubt that party?

JEM. Well, no, I can't say that I exactly doubted him, but still—

JOE. Say not another word.

JEM. Then I may trust you, Joe?

JOE. Trust me—trust *me!* Jemima, what a question! Stop, hear me swear!

JEM. No, no! I don't require that—I'm satisfied.

JOE. You are? Huzza! Here let me seal the compact.
(*kisses her*)

JEM. Joe!

JOE. Eh, what?

JEM. Well, never mind, I'm not offended. So it's all settled, then?

JOE. Decidedly.

JEM. You'll not let master know; you'll keep the secret for me, and you'll let 'em in.

JOE. I'll what?

JEM. You'll let them in.

JOE. Let whom in? Let them in for what—or where—or how?

JEM. Why, what have we been talking about?

JOE. Well, since you put it in that way, I must candidly confess I have not the most remote idea.

JEM. Why, didn't I tell you—my cousin—

JOE. Damn your cousin! No, I don't mean that, of course, but really—

JEM. How stupid of me, why I thought I'd told you. It's my cousin, Mary Ann, you know, she's cook at No. 7 round the corner.

JOE. Indeed !

JEM. Yes, as I told you, this is about the only chance of meeting we can have.

JOE. One moment, if you please ; will you be careful with your pronouns ? The only chance of meeting *who* can have ?

JEM. We.

JOE. Which we ? You and I, or you and Mary Ann ?

JEM. Lor, Joe, why Mary Ann, of course.—So, Joe, she's coming here this afternoon.

JOE. The deuce she is !

JEM. And she will bring Mr. Simkins, her young man, Joe, with her. You see he has never yet come exactly to the point—and so this afternoon—why I told you before, Joe.

JOE. I beg your pardon, if you would not talk quite so quick, we might probably understand each other. In the first place, I think you said your cousin Mary Ann intends to come here this afternoon—eh ? and I'm to let her in ?

JEM. Yes, Joe, at least you promised—

JOE. Excuse me. In the second place, she means to bring her young man, as you call him, with her ?

JEM. Exactly ; and as she doesn't like to come quite alone with him, she is going to bring one or two friends and *their* young men, Joe.

JOE. Indeed ! In other words, you mean to have a regular party here in master's absence ?

JEM. Well, Joe, how cross you speak.

JOE. Jemima, do you happen to be aware of the fact that the laws of your native country—

JEM. Oh yes ; you mean this Beer Bill, but you needn't be afraid—master will never know it. They will come in by the back door—they will be very quiet—and you can let them out the same way long before he comes back. You won't refuse me now, Joe—will you ?

JOE. My dear Jemima, (*rises*) when I tell you that the two houses of parliament, queen, lords, and commons, with all the estates of the realm, whoever they may be, have said to me in the very plainest terms, don't open, Joseph—when, on the other hand, you say to me, do open, Joseph—when,

in addition to this, master has said, if I unbolt the door, I must bolt myself, and when you still inform me, all hopes of pleasing you hang on the hinges of that door, perhaps you'll tell me what I had better do.

JEM. (*rises*) Do as you please, of course. Only if you consider a parcel of parliament houses, estates of the realm, and things of that sort of more consequence than me—good afternoon, Joe.

JOE. But, Jemima, would you make a red republican of me—would you have me raise the standard of rebellion against the rulers of the land?

JEM. And how would the rulers of the land know what you raise, or master either? However, since you won't oblige me in so trifling a matter—(*going, L.*)

JOE. A trifling matter! Here, Jemima, stop. I'm conquered. I give up—my duty, as an Englishman—my fidelity, as a pot-boy. Take them and just do what you like with them.

JEM. Ah, Joe!

JOE. One word though. Is that cadaverous looking baker fellow that I saw you talking to the other day included in the party I am so illegally to let in?

JEM. Certainly not, Joe—why?

JOE. Nothing; only if he was to have made one, a certain strong dislike I have to his dough-like countenance might have preserved me in the paths of duty.

JEM. But come, Joe, it is time that they were here. Go and peep through the keyhole—will you? They will whistle when they come.

JOE. (*aside*) I wonder what the punishment would be if I were caught. *Exit door, R. 2 E.*

JEM. Well, he is a kind-hearted little fellow. I really might do worse than marry him. I know he has got a little money put away—but what is money after all? My dear Cornelius had no money—in fact, the poor fellow was obliged to borrow all my little savings, and then when they were all exhausted he was called suddenly away from London upon some most important business, and I have never seen nor heard from him since. Ah, he was something like a lover!—and yet it's very strange he's never written to me.

Enter Joe door R. 2 E.

JOE. Here they are—half-a-dozen of them—all in open violation of the statute. Come in, you daring law-breakers, and show yourselves.

Enter Mary Ann with Simkins, Jane with Mimms, and Susan with Bolter, R. H. door.

JEM. (L. C.) Well, Mary Ann, how are you?—Mr. Simkins too, I hope you're pretty well, Sir?—I'm glad to see you all. (*general shaking of hands*) Now come, sit down, we shan't have too much time to spend together, so make yourselves at home, now you are here. Come, Joe, set chairs.

SUSAN. (R. C.) (*exhibiting a bundle tied up in a handkerchief*) I beg your pardon, ma'am, but as my friend, Mary Hann, requested the pleasure of my company, I thought, if you wouldn't be offended, ma'am, you might like a little bit of something nice—it's only a cold fowl, ma'am, and missus thinks the cat has got it.

JEM. Nonsense, young woman, this is my treat. If anybody feels inclined for anything to eat, there's plenty in the larder. Now, then, take your seats. I dare say you can arrange among yourselves who is to sit next who.

MARY A. Oh, Jemima, you always are so droll! (*general simpering among the girls as they take their seats at table, L. H.*)

JOE. And now, then, as we are fairly in for it, as the law has already been thoroughly set at nought, as it is quite as well to suffer capital punishment for full-grown mutton as for lamb, perhaps, ladies and gentlemen, you'll give your orders.

BOLTER. (L. of table) Well, I should like a drop of gin and water and a pipe.

JEM. (C. of table) And, Mr. Simkins, what will you take?

SIM. (L.C. of table) Thank you kindly, ma'am, I'll take the same, that is, if Mary Ann will put her lips to it with me, by way of sweetening it.

MARY A. (L.C. of table) Oh, Mr. Simkins, you do say such things!

JOE. And you, Sir?

MIM. (R. of table) What shall it be, dear?

JANE. (R. of table) If I take anything, it must be the smallest drop of rum.

MIM. Rum, if you please, Sir; hot. (*JOE goes into bar to fetch it*)

SIM. I hope the ladies don't object to smoking?

JEM. Oh, dear, no, Mr. Simkins; at least, I only answer for myself. You had better ask Mary Ann if she allows it.

MARY A. Oh, Jemima, how can you talk so? You quite make me blush! (*JOE brings the glasses, pipes, &c.*)

JOE. (c.) Jemima, would you condescend? (*handing her his own glass*)

JEM. Of course I will, Joe. Come, sit down; here's a chair. (*pointing to one close to her own*)

JOE. What, here?

JEM. Of course, every other lady, as you see, has a gentleman to look after her; why shouldn't I?

JOE. (*sitting down R. C. of table*) Why not, indeed? (*draws chair very close*)

JEM. Now, I call this delightful! Eh, Joe? What do you say?

JOE. Say? Why, I say that Acts of Parliament may all be—no matter.

ALL. Good! good!

JOE. Well, you needn't make that noise about it, if it is good! Recollect, there are such beings as policemen in the world!

BOLT. Pooh, pooh! Who cares for the police?

JOE. Well, I don't mind confessing I do. However, never mind, we've met here to be jolly, so let's be jolly; that's the plan. Jemima, when you've quite done with that glass—

JEM. Directly, Joe. Come, here's a toast—May all the girls that haven't got sweethearts get them, and those that have, get rid of them at once—by making husbands of them.

ALL. Bravo!

JOE. Could you oblige me with a little less enthusiasm? (*all laugh*)

JEM. Mary Ann, I am glad to see you. Ladies and gentlemen, here's your good health—Captain, yours!

BOLT. I beg your pardon, ma'am, I'm only a private as yet.

JEM. Dear me, you astonish me!

SUSAN. (*L. of table*) Yes, ma'am; I'm always telling

him about it. He might have been a corporal long ago, only he won't keep out of taverns.

JOE. I see, he is still in a private station, through being so often in a public—eh?

JEM. Not bad, Joe. (*all laugh*)

BOLT. Young man, I'll trouble you to keep your jokes for them as likes them.

JEM. Oh, Captain!

SUSAN. Be quiet, do!

BOLT. Well, I don't want to make a row, only when parties pass remarks upon other parties—

ALL. Order, order! (*a loud knocking at door c.*)

JEM. What's that?

JOE. Why, the police, of course; they have heard the row your military friend here has been kicking up, and we shall all be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law. (*knocking again*)

JEM. Oh, go and see, Joe, who it is.

CORNELIUS. (*outside, c.*) Deuce take ye, do ye mean to let me in? (*knocking*)

JEM. Tell him you can't.

JOE. We can't—we can't let anybody in; it's contrary to law.

CORN. But I'm a traveller.

JOE. Can't help it.

CORN. Open the door, I tell you, or I'll kick it open.

JEM. Go away, my good man, and don't make a disturbance.

CORN. Don't talk to me about disturbance—I know the law—you're bound to let me in! (*knocking still louder*)

JEM. Good gracious! If he makes that noise we shall have the police here. Open the door, Joe, ask him what he wants. We'll all get out of the way till he is gone. This way—make haste!

Exeunt ALL (L.H. door), but JOE. Knocking renewed.

JOE. Hold hard! I'm coming! (*opens door*)

Enter CORNELIUS O'GRIPPER, C.D.; he carries a carpet bag and wears an immense black beard, whiskers, and moustache.

CORN. Confound it! and is that the way ye trate a poor devil just come off a journey?

JOE. Why, the fact is, the Act of Parliament—

CORN. Sure—I know all about it—it says you're bound to entertain a traveller at any time; so come, look sharp, and be as entertaining as you can to me.

JOE. Then you're a traveller, are you? Bonâ fide?

CORN. Of course I am. What right have you to doubt it?

JOE. Oh none, only it's rather difficult just now to say who is or who is not a traveller.

CORN. Well, look alive, I want some dinner.

JOE. Dinner!

CORN. I said dinner. I shall want a bed to-night, too.

JOE. If you'll wait till master comes—

CORN. And what the devil would I want your master for? I want some dinner, go and order it, and do you hear, bring me some whiskey while it's getting ready.

JOE. But, Sir, if you'd allow me to observe—

CORN. Go to the devil with your observations. Get me the whiskey, unless you wish me to call in a policeman to compel you to supply me with necessary refreshment.

JOE. (*aside*) The police! Oh Lord, if they did come!

(*aloud*) Yes, Sir, directly.

Exit into bar, and off U.E.L.

CORN. (*seated L. of R. table*) Sure, its mighty large I talk about the police, but it's my private opinion that the less I have just now to do with those blue-coated specimens of human nature the better. Well, here I am, inside a house at last, and here I mean to stay—at any rate till I can make up my mind what is best to do. Sure it's safer I am in doors at present, although it's hardly likely I should meet with any one that knows me here in London. It was a narrow escape I had in Liverpool this morning, actually three policemen hammering at the front door while I slipped out at the back. They didn't see me, so I jumped into a car, drove off to the station, came up by express, and here I am. Sure it was too bad, just as I had arranged to get away so nicely to America too. Why the deuce don't that fellow bring the whiskey? What's this? To-day's paper; let's see what's going on in London? whew!—the devil take the paper. (*reads*) "Heartless robbery in Liverpool." Upon my life, that's pleasant. "A young man, just re-

turned from Australia, arrived in Liverpool on Friday last, bringing with him from six to seven hundred ounces of gold dust ; immediately upon landing he had the misfortune to fall in with one of those miscreants—" Miscreants ! Sure that's me they mean. "One of those miscreants who infest our seaport towns, lying in wait for unsuspecting victims. The result was, that the savings of many years, which he most imprudently carried about with him in a carpet bag, have disappeared, and the poor fellow has been left completely penniless." Confound these newspapers ; they manage to get hold of everything ! "The victim, who is quite a stranger in this country, describes the thief as a large powerfully built man, speaking English with a slightly foreign accent." A foreign accent is it. Sure he must be a stranger, if he never heard a decent brogue before. A foreign accent, very good. "A carpet bag, resembling the one containing the stolen treasure, was seen the same night in the possession of a man who has engaged a passage in a New York steamer." The devil ! "This man, of whom the police are now in search, wears an enormous black beard, whiskers, and moustache." Now look at that. Yet there are people who consider newspapers a blessing. I wonder whether anybody here has read it. Of course they have, and that little villain of a potboy has gone for the police. "Wears an enormous black beard, whiskers, and moustache." Faith, they shan't recognise me that way any how. (*takes them off*) Now, if I can get out of this before the fellow comes back. No, there's a footstep—I'm too late.

Enter JEMIMA, L.H.

JEM. Was there ever anything so provoking ? Joe tells me he means to stay here all the evening, and I can't get my friends out without their passing through this room. I wonder whether he really is a traveller or a policeman in disguise.

CORN. Well, have you brought the whiskey ?

JEM. (*recognises him and screams*)

CORN. Why, its Jemima, actually (*puts whiskers on again*), the darlint whose Savings' Bank account I made so free with. If she has recognised me it's all over with me. Oh ! if I could only get out of this.

JEM. I could have sworn it was. Yet now I look again
it's not the least bit like him. I beg your pardon, Sir, but
don't your whiskers grow uncommon fast.

CORN. (*pretending to be in a passion*) Thunder and turf,
d'ye think I come here to be insulted? Open the door!
I'll get my dinner somewhere else.

JEM. That voice, too! Oh, I can't be mistaken. Cornelius, don't you know me?

CORN. Certainly not. Open the door, I tell ye. (*aside*)
If she would only let me get away—

JEM. But, Cornelius—

CORN. What the devil do you mean by Cornelius? My
name is—sure, never mind my name. Let me out!

JEM. It can't be he; he never would be so unkind.

CORN. (R.) Besides, suppose my name was Cornelius,
what then?

JEM. (L.) It is he; I am sure of it. Oh, to think you
could have the heart to say you didn't know me; but I
see; you love another, after all your promises to me, too.

CORN. (*aside*) Egad, I've a great mind to try her. (*aloud*)
But, my dear creature, you're mistaken.

JEM. What, you don't love another, then? Still true to
your Jemima?

CORN. Sure, you don't understand me. I mean you're
mistaken altogether.

JEM. Ah, you are afraid I will ask you for the money I
lent you. Oh, Cornelius, you ought to know me better.

CORN. You wouldn't?

JEM. You know I wouldn't.

CORN. Come to my arms, my darlin'. (*embrace*)

JEM. And you could try to deceive me. Tell me, though,
why are you so disguised? What is the meaning of these
whiskers?

CORN. Another question first—have you read this pa-
per?

JEM. No.

CORN. Has any one?

JEM. No one in this house.

CORN. (*puts newspaper in his pocket quickly*) Come to my
arms again. Now, listen, I may trust you, I am sure.
The fact is, I have got into a little trouble with the police!

JEM. Cornelius, nothing serious, is it ?

CORN. Oh, no, not serious, only I'd rather not be caught. Now, in case of accidents, could you contrive to hide me anywhere ? Of course you could, though.

JEM. Well, now, I don't mind telling you that I have quite as much reason to be afraid of the police just now as you have.

CORN. The devil you have !

JEM. Oh, yes, Cornelius ; in Master's absence I have invited some few friends here ; it's against the law, you know, but you won't betray me, will you ?

CORN. Is it I that would betray you ? Go along wid you—no, I don't mean that, I mean come here wid you, do. (*opens his arms, she runs into them*)

JEM. Oh ! Cornelius, you are still true then ?

CORN. Oh, to be sure I am. (*kisses her*)

Enter JOE from L. behind bar with dinner, he sees them and drops the tray.

JOE. Good Heavens !

CORN. What's that ?

JOE. What's that, indeed—perhaps you'll be good enough to tell me what *that* is ? (*pointing to them*) Oh, Jemima, was it for this I set at naught my country's laws—was it for this I trampled under foot an act of parliament—was it for this ? —But I will be revenged, although in punishing your perfidy, I, too, fall victim to the outraged majesty of the law. (*running towards the door*) Police ! police !

CORN. (*crosses to JOE, catching him by the arm*) Silence !

JOE. I won't be silent—no ! This hand which so illegally lifted the latch for you shall throw the portals open for the police. This tongue, which—

JEM. (*crosses to JOE*) Joe, are you mad ?

JOE. And if I am, who made me so ? Leave me, faithless woman. Go to the bearded ruffian who—

CORN. What's that ? Ruffian !

JEM. Oh, pray be quiet, Joe, dear Joe—it is my cousin.

JOE. (L.) Jemima, once before, this afternoon, you pleaded that relationship. On that occasion, as the cousin was a noun of the feminine gender, I didn't mind it. But now I see a great noun substantive with whiskers kissing you ; then, I say, I can no more be cozened.

JEM. (c.) But, Joe, dear Joe, it's such a long time since I saw him. Don't be angry. Come, be friends. What! you refuse, when I entreat you?

JOE. (l.) Oh, it's no use. You know I can't withstand you. (*crosses to CORNELIUS*) Well, here's my hand.

CORN. (r.) Go to the devil wid your hand!

JOE. An insult too!

JEM. (*to CORNELIUS*) What are you at? He'll call in the police, unless you pacify him.

CORN. Oh, the deuce take him! (*aloud*) Well then, here you are. (*offering his hand*)

JOE. Thank you, I'd rather not; you have insulted me, Sir. (*goes l.*)

JEM. Dear me, what creatures you men are! Cornelius —Joe, don't be ridiculous. Be friends. (*places their hands in each other*) There, now, that's all right, Come, Joe, go and fill the glasses while I release the prisoners. We shan't be able to enjoy ourselves much longer. Be quick, Joe.

Exit l., JOE goes to bar

CORN. All right. The darlin' will conceal me here until I can hit upon some plan of getting off. Egad it's lucky I fell in with her, for since, it seems, that the police have heard of my disguise, it's little chance I'd have walking about the streets by daylight. Ah, here she is again.

Enter JEMIMA, MARY ANN, SIMKINS, BOLTER, SUSAN, MIMMS, and JANE.

JEM. Now then, just one more glass, and you must go, for fear of master coming back. Now, Cornelius, come, sit down. Joe, come, where are you?

JOE. Oh, here I am. I don't wish you to hurry; only I think it's right to tell you that it's five o'clock.

JEM. Five o'clock, Joe? Good gracious, how the time has gone! Come then, I can't allow you more than half an hour, at the very utmost. (*JOE finds his place beside JEMIMA occupied by CORNELIUS*)

JOE. Here come, I say, I can't have this, you know.

CORN. (*starting up*) Thunder and turf! Is that the way ye'd spake to your superiors?

JEM. Cornelius—Joe—how can you make this noise?

CORN. Sure what did he mean by trying to turn me out of my place?

JOE. Your place?

JEM. Come, come, don't quarrel. Here, Joe, sit here the other side of me. (*they sit*) Do let's be friends for the short time we shall be together. You musn't mind Cornelius, Joe, I told you he's such a near relation.

JOE. I see he is, and I should much prefer his being a more distant one at present. Why can't he sit at his own table?

CORN. (*starting up again*) Confound your impertinence!

JEM. Be quiet, do, Cornelius.

CORN. Then what did he begin again for? (*sits down*) Bring me some whiskey ye spalpeen.

JOE. I shan't. I'll see you—

JEM. Oh, Joe, how can you?

ALL. Shame, shame!

JOE. Egad, I like your talking about shame, after I've risked my situation, not to mention breaking sundry laws to let you in. What do you mean by shame?

JEM. Sit down, Joe.

JOE. No, Jemima—I shall not sit down. I've been set down this afternoon too much already; so now, unless these most ungrateful friends of yours take their departure instantly—(*all rise angrily*)

JEM. Joe, don't be so ridiculous.

JOE. I shall be just as ridiculous as I think proper, madam. So unless, as I said before, you wish me to call the police—(*a knock*)

ALL. What's that?

JOE. Aha, just in the nick of time! It seems I need not take the trouble of *calling* the police—it strikes me they are here. (*knocking again*) I'm coming. Now, then, we'll see who looks ridiculous. (*he is going towards the door at the back, JEMIMA stops him*)

JEM. Joe, dear Joe, don't—let me go. (*goes to door at back—peeps through the keyhole*)

JOE. Dear Joe!

CORN. Who is it?

JEM. Oh, it's all over with us—the police and master—

JOE. The governor. The devil! (*going R. H.*)

CORN. Eh, the police!

JEM. Run away all of you.

JOE. (R. H. door) This way. (*looks out*) No—there's a policeman watching in the court.

JEM. Go back, and hide, then. Quick! (*loud knocking*)

JOE. Oh Lord! (*gets under table, R.*) (*they run out, L.*)

CORN. (*aside*) Confound it, and my whiskers in the Hue and Cry. Eh! Stop! (*he takes them off, and throws them under the table, where Joe is hiding*)

JEM. Who's there?

BUTTS. (*outside*) Open the door. It's all right. I am here.

JEM. Cornelius, run! **Exit CORNELIUS, L. H. D.**
Directly, Sir. Joe—Joe! where can the lad have got to?
(*knocking*) Coming, Sir. (*opens the door*)

Enter BUTTS and two POLICEMEN. C. D.

BUTTS. What is all this? The policemen tell me they heard a disturbance here.

JEM. Disturbance! Lor, Sir, what can have made them fancy such a thing?

BUTTS. I told them that they were mistaken. I am sure that neither you nor Joseph would have dared to disobey my orders, and let anybody in. By the bye, where is Joe?

JEM. Can't say, I'm sure, Sir.

BUTTS. Well, policeman, are you satisfied? You see there is no one here.

1ST POLICEMAN. Not now, Sir, but it strikes me forcibly there has been.

JEM. Pray, on what grounds, young man?

1ST POL. Why, you see, glasses of gin and water ain't generally drawn for nobody. (*takes up the glass of gin and water and drinks*)

BUTTS. Jemima, how is this?

JEM. Oh, Sir, I hope you won't be angry, but the fact is—

BUTTS. What?

JEM. Why, Joe and I, Sir, being all alone and very dull, just took a little drop to cheer us up.

BUTTS. Hah! Very natural. There's nothing contrary to law in that, policeman, however contrary to my instructions.

1ST. POL. Certainly not, Sir—and these pipes?

BUTTS. Eh? How about these pipes?

JEM. Oh, yes, Sir, Joe was just having one quiet smoke when—

1ST POL. Two quiet smokes you mean.

BUTTS. Two?

1ST POL. Two, Sir, the bowls are hot now.

BUTTS. Jemima, speak. Who smoked that second pipe?

JEM. (aside) What shall I say?

BUTTS. Well, do you hear me? Speak! Who was it?

JEM. (confused) Well, Sir, 'twas I.

BUTTS. You?

JEM. I.

BUTTS. Unfeminine in the extreme, still not illegal, eh, policeman? Stop, sit down instantly and finish it.

JEM. Finish the pipe! Lor, Sir!

BUTTS. No hesitation. Come—I wish you to convince these gentlemen that what you say is true. In short, to prove you *can* smoke.

JEM. But, Sir—

BUTTS. No words—go on.

JEM. (aside) Well, there's no help for it. Here goes. (*she puts the pipe to her lips, and instantly withdraws it, coughing violently*) Oh, it's no use, I can't do it. I must tell him everything.

Enter a CUSTOMER, c. d.

CUS. A pint of porter?

BUTTS. Too soon, my man.

CUS. But I'm a traveller.

1ST POL. Come, you be off.

Exit CUSTOMER, c. d.

Enter little GIRL, with a butter boat.

GIRL: Please, father says will you give me half a quartern of rum, and if you please, Sir, I'm a traveller.

BUTTS. Policeman, close the door.

2ND POLICEMAN *pushes little girl out, and crosses, c. d.*

JEM. (aside) Travellers, to be sure. How stupid of me not to think of that?

BUTTS. Now, then, Jemima, we are waiting for your explanation.

JEM. Well, Sir, the fact is, that there are some people in the house.

BUTTS. There are?

1ST POL. Didn't we say so?

JEM. Yes, Sir, but if you please they're travellers—every one of them—real bona fide ones.

1ST POL. Gammon.

JEM. Young man, I'd thank you to restrain your figurative language in a lady's presence. Yes, Sir, I'll go and bring them here that you may see them. *Exit L. H.*

BUTTS. I trust, policeman, you will find my servant speaks the truth. I am sure they would not willingly transgress the law, and if the people they have admitted are really travellers—

1ST POL. Yes, Sir, but that's the question, who is a traveller?

BUTTS. However, here they come, you can question them yourselves.

Enter JEMIMA, L. H. D., bringing MARY ANN veiled, and carrying a band-box.

POL. A lady—eh?

JEM. Well, did you never hear of lady travellers? This, Sir, is Mrs. Ida Pfeiffer, who performed the celebrated woman's voyage round the world. I suppose that this young man will own that she's a traveller.

POL. Perhaps the lady will allow me to enquire—

JEM. Not at all. The lady can't speak English. I'll enquire for you—Parley voo Deutsch, madam? (*aside to her*) Say yah.

MARY A. Yah.

JEM. You hear? She says herself she is a traveller.

Enter BOLTER, L. H.

1ST POL. A soldier, too?

JEM. Yes; the fact is, the captain—

1ST POL. Captain?

JEM. Oh, he is a captain—Captain Cook—you know of course that he's a traveller.

BUTTS. (*aside*) Deuce take the girl !

1ST POL. Pray have you any more of these distinguished travellers to show ? (*to 2ND POLICEMAN*) Just search the house and see if you can help her.

JEM. Oh yes, there are some more. (*the four others enter, they are all made up as if just come off a journey—great coats, &c.* CORNELIUS follows them very timidly) All travellers, Sir, I assure you. This lady has just returned from America. This is a Spanish count, with his countess, obliged to run away from the revolution. This gentleman has just come all the way from India on the box-seat of the overland mail, as the coachman will tell you if you ask him.

BUTTS. (*aside*) Confound the fellow, and with my great coat !

JEM. And this gentleman—(*bringing CORNELIUS forward*) this is a Bashi Bazouk, from Turkey.

2ND POL. (*who has been searching the room, discovers JOE under the table*) Holloa ! and here—who's this ? (*JOE crawls out, he has put on the whiskers thrown down by CORNELIUS, and carries his bag*)

JEM. Let's see ; that is—

JOE. Oh, traveller—Frongsay—foreigner. Nong comprong. (*crosses to L. H.*)

1ST POL. (*starts*) Eh ?

JOE. (*aside*) I wonder what the deuce he means by eh ?

1ST POL. (*to 2ND POL*) Where's that paper ?—just look there.

2ND POL. The very man ! (*gives paper*)

JOE. (*aside*) What a confounded weight this carpet-bag is ! (*puts it down*)

1ST POL. (*taking hold of him*) Come here, Sir. Just stand there.

JOE. Nong comprong. Frongsay—(*aside*) What the devil is he at ?

CORN. Whist, Jemima ! (*she goes to him, they whisper together while the other business is going on, and she ultimately leads him off, he taking the carpet-bag with him*)

1ST POL. (*to JOE*) It strikes me you are just the man we want.

JOE. Nong—nong. Voo mistakay moy poor somebody else.

1ST POL. (*referring to paper*) He speaks English with a foreign accent.

JOE. Nong, nong. That is, I don't do anything of the sort.

1ST POL. Stands somewhat less than six feet high—(*stands by his side*) Yes, I should say he is somewhat under six feet.

JOE. Will you inform me what you're talking about?

1ST POL. (*reading*) Wears a very large black beard and whiskers—

JOE. Here, but I don't. (*takes them off*)

1ST POL. (*continuing*) Which are, however, supposed to be false.

JOE. The devil! (*puts them on again*) False? Not a bit of it.

BUTTS. Good gracious! Why, it's Joe.

JOE. Of course it is.

POL. Well, Sir, you are my prisoner.

JOE. I? Nonsense!

BUTTS. There must be some mistake, policeman.

1ST POL. No, Sir; he answers exactly the description, and so does his carpet-bag, which you will find contains the stolen property—Eh! what has become of it! (*looks about*)

JOE. (*aside*) Carpet-bag—stolen property! I see it all! It's that confounded Irishman. (*aloud*) Here, it's all right—the carpet-bag's not mine—the beard's not mine—they all belong to—

JEMIMA. (*entering, l. h., stops him*) Silence!

JOE. At least you'll condescend to tell me what it's all about?

POL. Oh, you know well enough.

JOE. No; if I do I'm—

POL. Well then, for robbery.

ALL. Robbery!

JEM. Good Heavens!

POL. (*to BUTTS*) Yes, Sir, a robbery of some two thousand pounds worth of gold dust.

JOE. (c.) Jemima, would you defeat the ends of justice by suffering your felonious cousin to escape and leaving me to—

JEM. (l.) No, Joe. I've done with him for ever. I'd no idea of anything like this.

JOE. Then I may say it was your cousin who—

JEM. No, Joe. He's no relation.

JOE. What—no relation, not your cousin, and I've been all this while —— not your cousin! Here, policeman, there stands the robber—there—no, there—no—where the devil is he?

JEM. You are too late—he has escaped.

1ST POL. Escaped! Who has escaped?

JEM. The gentleman you are in search of.

BUTTS. Escaped! How?

JEM. Through my bed room window, down the water spout and over the wash-house tiles.

1ST POL. (to JOE) Well, we'll take care that you don't escape, at any rate, young man. We can't let £200 slip through our fingers.

JEM. £200!

1ST POL. Exactly. That reward was offered to any one who would give information that should lead to the robber's apprehension, and so until we find the other one—

BUTTS. Before you go, policeman, perhaps you'll have the kindness to turn these people out.

POL. You will hear further from us, Sir, to-morrow. By-the-bye, some of these distinguished foreigners might be required for witnesses. And if this German lady could speak English now.

MARY A. (raising her veil) Robert!

1ST POL. Mary Ann! Why what on earth brings you here?

MARY A. (R.) You wouldn't get me into trouble would you?

1ST POL. (R. C.) I'm very sorry—I must do my duty.

MARY A. And we've got such a lovely cold leg of lamb for supper.

1ST POL. You have! (aloud) Well, after all, I think they may be travellers within the meaning of the act. What do you say. (to 2ND POLICEMAN.)

2ND POL. Well, I don't know.

SUSAN. (aside to him) Henry!

2ND POL. Susan!

SUSAN. (gives him the fowl she had wrapped up)

2ND POL. Oh, travellers, decidedly.

1ST POL. (to JOE) And now, Sir, till the other culprit's taken—(a loud crash. JEMIMA screams)

BUTTS. What's that?

JOE. What's that? It's liberty — it's freedom — it's £200 — fallen from the skies, all in one lump! Two hundred pounds you said were offered for information of the robber's whereabouts. I claim it. I give that information. The robber has just tumbled through the wash-house skylight. There. Here, come along. This way. (*runs out with the police*)

BUTTS. And now, then, all of you leave my house this instant. (*the GUESTS exeunt c. d., BUTTS stopping SIMKINS as he goes, and taking the great coat from him*) As to you, Jemima —

JEM. Oh, Sir, I hope you will look over it this time. I —

BUTTS. Look over it! But stop, here come the police again.

Re-enter POLICE, one of them carrying the carpet bag, the other leading in CORNELIUS. JOE following L. H.

CORN. What dy'e mean by it, ye scoundrels? Jemima, here just tell these fellows —

JEM. Don't talk to me. I little thought —

CORN. Sure then ye needn't preach about it. It's your own fault entirely.

JEM. My fault, Cornelius?

CORN. To be sure it is. If ye had only claned your windows dacently, I should have known where to thread, and should'nt have tumbled down, much less been taken up. (*to POLICE*) Be careful wid that bag, young man. There are so many thieves about it isn't safe to carry gold dust through the streets, as I have found by experience.

JOE. Here, stop, you haven't that £200 about you, have you?

1ST POL. Go to the devil! (*going with CORNELIUS*) As to you, Sir, I would advise you to be more careful how you break the law in future. (*to BUTTS*)

Exeunt POLICEMEN and CORNELIUS.

BUTTS. No fear of that. As a first step towards it — Joe, come here.

JOE. Yes, Sir.

BUTTS. Jemima.

JEM. Yes, Sir,

BUTTS. Out of my house directly, both of you, and never let me see your faces again.

JEM. Oh, Sir.

BUTTS. (R.) Do you hear me, Go!

JEM. Yes, Sir. Oh, Joe!

JOE. Oh, Jemima!

JEM. (C.) You hear, I'm turned out of house and home, Joe.

JOE. What then? Are there no other houses—no other homes to go to? Jemima, I have got my eye on a nice little corner house in a most thriving neighbourhood. There, with the little money I have saved, and my reward for capturing your friend—

BUTTS. Reward! Egad I'd reward you if I had my will.

JEM. Yes, Sir; but then it doesn't rest with you now: you've discharged us. Ladies and gentlemen, will you inform us what reward we may expect?

BUTTS. What! after the character of my house being ruined by your act.

JEM. I trust not. (*to audience*) Has this one trifling act—it's only one act—brought discredit on the house? I hope not. Say that you will still extend your patronage to this old established house of public entertainment, where we shall ever study to provide—

JOE. Good entertainment for man and—

JEM. Certainly not, Joe, none of the other class come here; still, if a little harmless recreation be required now and then whilst journeying on life's road, we can't do very wrong in trying to supply the necessary refreshment which the law allows, welcoming all who make a journey to this spot, as *bond fide* travellers within the meaning of the act.

R.

BUTTS.

JEMIMA.

JOE.

L.

CURTAIN.