

# 1863;

OR, THE

SENSATIONS OF THE PAST SEASON.

WITH A

SHAMEFUL REVELATION OF LADY SOMEBODY'S SECRET.

*A Comical Conglomerative Absurdity,*

IN ONE ACT.

BY

HENRY J. BYRON, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF

*The Old Story ; Dundreary Married and Done For; Cinderella; 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 Wonderful Scamp; Esmeralda, or the Sensation Goat; Goldenhair the Good ; Ivanhoe in Accordance, etc.; Beauty and the Beast; Rival Othellos; Whittington and his Cat; Puss in a New Pair of Boots; Miss Eily O' Conner ; George de Barnwell; Our Sea-side Lodgings; That Dear Old Darling; The Rosebud of Stinging-nettle Farm ; The Sensation Fork; My Wife and I; Beautiful Haidee, or the Sea Nymph and the Sallee Royers; Ill-Treated Il Trovatore; The Motto : "I am all there!" St. George and the Dragon; Lady Belle Belle; Orpheus and Eurydice, or the Young Gentleman who charmed the Hocks; &c .&c.*

PART AUTHOR OF

*The Miller and his Men; Valentine and Orson; & Forty Thieves (Savage Club).*



THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND, LONDON.

*First performed at the Theatre Royal, St. James's, (under the management of Mr. Benjamin Webster,) on Saturday, the 26th of December, 1863,*

The Highly Successful Comical Conglomerative Absurdity, entitled

**1863;**

**OR, THE SENSATIONS OF THE PAST SEASON,**

WITH A SHAMEFUL REVELATION OF LADY SOMEBODY'S SECRET!

The Splendid New Scenery by the celebrated Artists, MESSRS. DANSON and SONS. The Appointments by Mr. T. IRELAND. The Music composed and arranged by Mr. WALLERSTEIN.

**Programme of Scenery, Characters, &c.**

**SCENE 1. THE AUTHOR'S CHAMBERS.**

|                              |  |                        |
|------------------------------|--|------------------------|
| FANCY.....                   | ..... ("only Fancy").....  | Miss ADELINE COTTRELL. |
| AN AUTHOR.....               | ..... (who is supposed to supply the Management with a Piece, but doesn't) ... | Miss FANNY JOSEPHS.    |
| MRS. BROWN.....              | ..... (by permission of Arthur Sketchley—his Housekeeper) .....                | Mr. J. L. TOOLE.       |
| THE HAUNTED MAN.....         | .....  | .....                  |
| OUR DEAR FRIEND, BANQUO..... | .....  | .....                  |
| HAMLET'S FATHER.....         | .....  | .....                  |
| A CORSIKAN BROTHER.....      | .....  | .....                  |

..... } "Black Spirits and White,  
..... } Red Spirits and Grey."

SCENE 2. A HOARDING IN LONDON.

A FRENCH GENTLEMAN FROM THE LYCEUM ..... } Mr. J. L. TOOLE.  
A MISANTHROPIC GENTLEMAN FROM DRURY LANE ..... }  
AN ALLURING LADY FROM THE ADELPHI..... Miss PERCYAL.

THE NOVEL DETERMINATION AND THE DUET.

SCENE III ROBERT AUDLEY'S CHAMBERS

ROBERT AUDLEY .....(a young Barrister, who does not find that Life is Brief) ..... Miss FANNY JOSEPHS.  
GEORGE TALL (or Paul) BOYS...(who finding himself short at home has been long abroad)... Mr. PAUL BEDFORD.

TO AUDLEY COURT, AWAY!

SCENE IV. THE GOTHIC CHAMBER AND THE LIME-TREE WALK!

LADY AUDLEY..... (can't describe her—see her) ..... Mr. J. L. TOOLE.  
SIR MICHAEL.....(who proves that all's Fish that comes to the Baro-net) ..... Mr. CHAMBERLAIN.  
LUKE MARKS.....(but marks decidedly) ..... Mr. JAMES JOHNSTONE.  
PHOEBE.....(a Damsel who hasn't much to do and does it)..... Miss DALTON.

The Meeting! The Crime! All's well that ends well—several exciting incidents, leading to a Decided Fog—and eventually to a charming closing Scene, illustrative of the

Land of Thistles, Land of Shamrocks, and the Land of the Roses!

Eventually combining in the FINAL SCENE of

THE HERALDIC HOLIDAY. 3

1863;

OR, THE

SENSATIONS OF THE PAST SEASON.



SCENE FIRST.—*Study of the AUTHOR—a handsome apartment, comfortably furnished. Bookshelves—table covered with papers, pens, ink, &c.; doors R. and L. ; mysterious music.*

*Enter from L. door, the AUTHOR, he is smoking a cigar—he walks up and down the room for some moments—pauses and hits his forehead.*


AUTHOR. I've got it! No, I haven't—wish I had.  
Hum! my position's really rather sad ;  
I am an author—pity if you can,  
I need it more than any *author* man.  
T'wards winter time the agonies increase  
Of those, who like me have to find a piece  
For Christmas, and I can't a subject get;—  
I haven't got the smallest piece as yet.  
I've worked most certainly, but I must say  
At present it's been all work and no play.

*(goes to table and sits)*

The mighty Moliere, I have heard it said,  
To his old housekeeper his dramas read.  
Her critical remarks determined what  
Slight alteration in the words and plot  
Would make them more effective. I, *(rises)* like him,  
Will from her lonely kitchen deep and dim,  
Call Mrs. Brown, my housekeeper, she may  
Give me a hint perhaps for my Christmas play.

*(Ballet Music—the AUTHOR goes through pantomime business and rings bell—he then comes down to front)*

*Enter MRS. BROWN, R. door, a Gampish elderly female.*

Come, Mrs. Brown, ma'am, your advice is needed.  
 MRS. B. Which when the bell rung and it frighten me did,  
 For nerves has always been with me through life  
 A drawback—going through me like a knife—  
 I was a sittin' down to—I declare—  
 As nice a hand of pork as ever were,  
 Which it is not my habit, beyond question,  
 To suppers eat, because of indigestion,  
 Which troubled with I've been, I must admit,  
 Since a mere infant; " but a little bit,"  
 Says Mrs. Mivins, sir, a friend of mine  
 She is, and lives at number thirty-nine  
 Little Godolphin-street, just past the baker's,  
 And almost opposite the undertaker's.  
 "A little bit," she says, says she, " won't do  
 No harm to me, mum—no—nor yet to you,  
 Which little 'appiness you ever get."  
 And there, upon the instant, off she set  
 Together *with* a basin *and* a saucer,  
 Which the biled pork till nine from half-past fo  a, sir,  
 Is, as a body might say, "laid on;" which,  
 A simmering for hours, it gets that rich,  
 Not to say juicy, as makes party's feel  
 That 'ungry, which it's an unwholesome meal  
 Of that I am aware, but werry nice,  
 And if I might suggest an 'umble slice—  
 If not, you won't consider me too bold,  
 But pork's a nasty knack of getting cold.

AUTHOR. Bother. Shut up. Hem! Paucaverba. Stop it.

MRS. B. A small bit on a hot plate I'll just pop it,  
 A piece of nice peas pudding too and-----

AUTHOR. Cease.

I wish to speak about another piece—  
 A Christmas one. I don't know what to do.  
 Can't you suggest a subject, something new ?

MRS. B. Which at suggestions I'm by no means happy,  
Ain't there no news at present on the tappy ?

FANCY *enters suddenly through the panelling, C.,*  
MRS. BROWN *shrieks.*

FANCY. (C.) Don't be alarmed. I'm Fancy—only Fancy !

MRS. B. (R.) Which I must say I wish I was with Nancy.

AUTHOR. You're Fancy are you ? It appears to me

That most decidedly you're Fancy free.

FANCY. Now don't be personal or I retort.

I've come to aid you.

AUTHOR. (L., *aside*) Which are things *is* short.

FANCY. You want a subject—very good. Let's see.

How about D'Anois ?

AUTHOR. Done to death.

FANCY. May be,

But still-----

AUTHOR. A brilliant graceful pen you know

Has worked that golden mine out long ago.

FANCY. The classics?

AUTHOR. Done, both jovially and neatly.

FANCY. The Arabian Nights?

AUTHOR. Used up.

FANCY. What all?

AUTHOR. Completely.

MRS. B. Might I suggest Will Watch, or more amusing,

Jonathan Bradford, sir, or Black Eyed Susing.

Though I must say one really didn't ought

For to see reticule on either brought.

*Medley Trio.—" Wanted a Governess."*

AUTHOR. Wanted a subject that's suited to fill  
The front of the house and the manager's till,  
A powerful name for the holiday bill;  
There's ever a way when you've once got the will,  
When you've once got the will.

*"I'm not guilty."—La Sonnambula.*

FANCY. Italian opera  
With choruses tra la la la,  
Have been done to death  
And pund'd to death,

Over and over again.  
 Ballets popular,  
 Mazurka and the Corsair  
 Have been both extravaganza'd  
 And have answered very well.

" *Polly Perkins.* "

MRS. B. Oh, ain't there no song as is going about,  
 Which is set to the horgins, and little boys shout;  
 There's a ditty as is poppylar, if the subject's convene-  
 nient, called Pretty Polly Perkins of Paddington Green.

ALL. There's a ditty, &c.

FANCY. Is there no serious drama now the go  
 That's capable of comic treatment?

AUTHOR. No.

FANCY. Can't anything be done about Tom King,  
 British endurance, and that sort of thing?

AUTHOR. That's a mere episode, besides it low,  
 I want a *subject*, not a King, you know.

FANCY. A bright idea's struck me ; wait a bit.

AUTHOR. Well, if it *struck* you, it must be a *hit*.  
 What is it ?

FANCY. Well, suppose instead of one  
 Subject, at which to poke one's Christmas fun,  
 We go through the sensations of the season,  
 With rhyme, in which may lurk a little reason ;  
 A retrospective glance take of the past;  
 And with a comprehensive vision vast,  
 At the sensations take a sight, you see,  
 Of bygone Eighteen hundred sixty-three.  
 Then when we've done, 'twill be for you to choose  
 The one most calculated to amuse.

AUTHOR. Your hand upon 't—a first-rate notion.

FANCY. Well;

At once, I'd best commence to weave my spell.  
 The lights a little down, please—take your post,  
 While first I summon the Adelphi Ghost.

*(lights lowered—tremulous music)*

FANCY. From your distant spirit can,  
 Dircks and Pepper's Haunted Man;

Or from out your box where you  
 Kept are till the lights burn blue;  
 By the run you had of late.  
 By the ashes of the grate,  
 By the spectral music weird,  
 Which they played when you appeared;  
 By the shiver in the pit  
 When you laughed at Redlaw's hit,  
 By the folks who places sought,  
 By the lots of tin you brought.  
 By the hearts in dread which beat,  
 By the length of your " poor feet,"  
 By the stage, the wings, the flies.  
 By plum puddings and mince pies,  
 I command thee to arise.

*(incantation music from " Robert the Devil," and  
 the ADELPHI GHOST OF HAUNTED MAN rises C.  
 —more miserable, if possible, than ever)*

AUTHOR. Is this the Ghost? He seems in sad condition.

GHOST OF H. M. Oh, I'm a very wretched Pepper-ition!

MRS. B. Which, apparition, I suppose, is meant.

GHOST OF H. M. You recollect how very well I went;

Well, hosts of copies rose around about—  
 The speculation paying past a doubt.  
 But my ghost, like a knife at the theayters,  
 Cut out the specs of all the *imitaters*.  
 Still, Pepper said I should protected be ;  
 He's now, like Horniman's, a *patent-tea*.  
 The Chancellor did grant it—it's a bore  
 To those who rather dread the *chance o' law*.  
 The others are ex-spectres now, you see,  
 Which they did not of course *expecter* be.

*(Music of a Caledonian nature)*

FANCY. Hah ! by the itching of my thumbs  
 There's something Scottish this way comes.  
 'Tis Banquo's Ghost. We'll have 'em all, and see  
 Which is the best one for our travestie.

BANQUO *comes up L., trap quickly.*

AUTHOR. He came up sharp enough, too, from below.

FANCY. The Scotch do rise uncommon quick, you know.

MRS. B. The trap which hoists a Scot with sudden pop  
Must have been purchased at *Scott's holster* shop.

BANQUO. A weel, weel, weel, weel. (*pause*)

FANCY. Proceed, I pray,

You might go on with *four wheels*, I should say.

BANQUO. I dinna ken the joke. Well, Mistress Fancy,  
I answer to the call of necromancy.

I've left my native clime, and here I've come.

MRS. B. He won't be a Scotch *missed* there, will he, mum?

BANQUO. Alas ! the times are changed. Some years ago

I wore-----

MRS. B. A wreath of roses ?

FANCY. Silence!

BANQUO. No;

But cross-barred stockings, kilt, pouch, large Scotch  
bonnet,

My neck a broad gash of rose pink had on it;

My arms and legs did yellow fleshings wear,

And looked, excepting wrinkles, really bare.

But Archaeologists clapped on a stopper,

Declaring that my costume was improper.

MRS. B. Which they was right. I've often said to Brown,  
" How them Scotch gents can walk about the town,  
Especially in such cold weather-- "

BANQUO. So,

They changed my dress; but heavier far the blow

I'm to endure. The Ghost of Pepper means

To take my place at future banquet scenes.

Limelight and glass contrive to overthrow

The flesh and blood ghost of defunct Banquo.

This for the drama's an unlucky age,

When thus they *cast reflections* on the stage.

FANCY. We must march with the times, my friend; but  
stay,

Another ghost had better step this way.

The Ghost of Hamlet's father.

MRS. B. Which I were

Took quite aback by him at Greenwich Fair,

Which Hamlet, Susan Hopley, and a ballet,

Was played in ten minnits exactly.

*The GHOST OF HAMLET'S FATHER enters through bookcase, c.*

AUTHOR. Right through the books! Let's see, which volume—where ?

The works of Martin Tupper, I declare!  
In eighteen volumes—see—two lengthy rows ;

MRS. B. He was a clever ghost to *get through* those.

GHOST OF H. F. You talk of your disgrace, indeed; it's small

Compared to mine at Canterbury Hall;  
Exhibited—but not allowed to speak—  
For—but I can't say what I got a week.

It's driven me to drink; for when I think  
Of what I was, despondently I sink ;  
And recollection of before my fall,  
I in the full *de-canter bury all*

Frown not, my son; I don't your anger merit—  
I'm never drunk, though I'm thy father's *spirit!*

FANCY. Another still—one of the noted pair  
Of twins !

(*the " Ghost Melody" from the Corsican Brothers*)

I feel he comes from that Kean air!

*The GHOST OF THE CORSICAN BROTHER rises, R.*

GHOST OF C. B. What's this ? the ghost of Fabian dei Franchi

Give way to Dircks and Pepper's hankey pankey?

I, who in distant forest was laid low,  
With one artistic fatal *Fontaine blow*.

The instant that I met with my mishap,  
Upon the spot I jumped into a *trap*;  
And did appear, although it's rather far,  
In course o' time, over in Corsica.

A ghost who docs such things shall ne'er be stooper  
To the lime-light reflection of a super.

Thrown on a sheet of plate glass—it's a shame !

No wonder I'm in such a wretched frame.

I seldom let a friend untreated pass;

But in this case I will *not* stand a glass.

MRS. B. I don't feel altogether easy; and

If a lone party might-----

FANCY. (*to GHOSTS*) You understand !

You may retire upon your wretched missions;  
 MRS. B. Which I must say, them seem unhappy ritions.  
 Hope they'll go soon!

AUTHOR. Of that there's little fear;  
 My spirits always go soon when you're here.  
 MRS. B. Don't let's dispute about such parties, please;  
 Because tain't often as we disagrees ;  
 Which Brown observed—he seldom spoke at random—  
 De *ghos*bus non est disputandem.

*Concerted Piece.—"The Ghost Gallop."—By F. Musgrave.*

FANCY. Now you down below,  
 Everyone must toddle,  
 To this pleasant gallop,  
 Which is called the Ghost.

MRS. B. Morning air, you, know,  
 Doesn't suit your noddle ;

AUTHOR. You can only stand it for ten minutes at the most.

GHOST OF H. M. I must pop off to the Strand!

GHOST OF BANQUO. I must go to Scotland!

GHOST OF C. B. I'm off to Australia to join my brother  
 there!

GHOST OF H. F. I must go to what I must denominate a  
 hot land!

FANCY. Very much obliged to you, pray of yourselves  
 take care.

*To the dance finale each GHOST does a walk round  
 characteristic of his nature—All dance of, L. 1 E.*

SCENE SECOND.—*A Street Hoarding covered with large  
 Posters of "Leah," " Bel Demonio," " Manfred," &c.*

*Enter FANCY and AUTHOR, L. 1 E.*

FANCY. A street in London as was lately seen :  
 In advertising now, one can't be mean ;  
 If you would catch the capital at all,  
 You must have capitals upon the wall.

AUTHOR. The weakest go unto the wall, they say.

FANCY. Once, but it's not so in the present day,  
 These railroad times, if you don't mind you'll find  
 Though *right* before, you'll soon be *left* behind.

Don't try to save in printing and engraving.

AUTHOR. There's much more there of *hoarding* than of saving.

FANCY. Now keep your eye upon that corner, well,  
 Whilst I commence to weave my magic spell. (*Music*)  
 Brave Bel Demonio, brigand, lover true,  
 Who four long acts and one thick wall gets through ;  
 Who makes love in a way insinuating,  
 Setting all female hearts a palpitating ;  
 Who, soon as a few tender words are spoken,  
 Shows that his English, like his heart, is broken;—  
 Fancy commands him to appear. Appear !

(*portion of scene opens and BEL DEMONIO appears, R.*)

BEL. Where is my Lena? Lena isn't here.

FANCY. You see he's quite agreeable and chatty.

BEL. My Lena! Oh! I *had a Lena*.

AUTHOR. Patti ?

BEL. She was about to be a nun, I stopped it;  
 There was a guard who interfered—I whopped it;  
 I put my wife upon my breast and flew;  
 But there were fifty at the least to two.  
 They took her back—a sleeping draught they gave  
 her,  
 And upon stone, the rascals did engrave her;  
 But through a buttress thick I slid a slap;  
 I always was a *buttery* sort of chap ;  
 I went down, saw my Lena sleeping there,  
 So young, so innocent, so passing fair—  
 The very beetles stopped to have a stare.  
 I shake her once—twice ;—Ha, ha, ha, she wakes!  
 See! she's reviving in a brace of shakes.  
 Angelo! Lena! Ha, my wife ! My hubby !  
 She recognizes me, though rather grubby.  
 A shriek—embrace. Enter the people, headed  
 By the old Cardinal, who says we're wedded.  
 Convulsive grief distends her father's thorax,  
 And mutual forgiveness ends the four acts.

AUTHOR. My gallant foreigner. (*crossing to him*) I'm glad  
 to know you,

And I admit we really much do owe you,

Our stage did alterations greatly need,  
Though the French carpenters did not succeed.

*Trio.—Air, "C'est moi qui suis le petit clerc."*

FANCY. Brave Bel Demonio, pray take care,  
And don't give way too much, mon cher,  
To this sensation,  
And situation;

AUTHOR. But on your dialogues as well,  
Bestow your educated taste ;

BEL D. But show and bustle always tell,  
And money spent on paint's no waste  
And this correction—

FANCY. We've no objection,  
To what you do,  
But say to you,

ALL. Brave Bel Demonio, pray take care,  
And give your patrons solid fare.

*Exit BEL DEMONIO through scene, R.*

FANCY. Well, there's a subject for you !

AUTHOR. No, it isn't;  
Some things in it if joked would not be pleasant.

FANCY. The subject though could surely not offend,—  
A strong French melo-drama.

AUTHOR. No, my friend!  
But still I'd rather not.

FANCY. What would you take ?  
Not a grand subject foolery to make ?  
Don't drag down works of genius !

AUTHOR. Oh dear, no ;  
But, pray, don't turn so very thin-skinned though.  
Though some may scout it, it's as oft's been seen,  
Burlesque is like the winnowing machine:  
It simply blows away the husks, you know,  
The goodly corn is not moved by the blow.  
What arrant rubbish of the clap-trap school  
Has vanished—thanks to pungent ridicule;  
What stock stage customs, nigh to bursting goaded,  
With so much blowing up have now exploded.  
Had our light writers done no good save this,  
Their doggrell efforts scarce had been amiss.

Those overtopping letters look unsteady,  
As if they'd been imbibing something heady.

FANCY. Success you know's intoxicating. Leah  
Has drawn and still draws folks from far and near.  
A Jewish maiden. What ! you wish to see her ?  
Leah, appear !

*Music—Enter LEAH through scene, L.*

*Song—FANCY—" Lord Bateman."*

Lord Bateman was a noble lord,  
A noble lord of high degree,  
But he was nothing, take my word,  
To Miss Bateman of the Adelphee.

LEAH. I came across the seas from distant land,  
And settled safely on a friendly strand.  
Adelphi, in the Greek, doth brothers mean;  
Brothers and sisters have the public been.  
No petty jealousy, no selfish smart  
Have warped their sense of justice and of art:  
And the Old Country has with ardour true  
Welcomed this importation from the New.

AUTHOR. Like winking, all are rushing off to see her.

FANCY. Yes, it's like *winking*, perhaps, 'cos it's a *leer*.

*Exit LEAH, L.*

AUTHOR. That's a big poster, and what letters !

FANCY. Yes;

How they *can* post such letters I can't guess.  
Let us invoke him, he's the public well hit.  
There, you can *read* the poster while I *spell* it.

*(Music)*

Manfred from Drury, gloomy, sombre, pray  
Oblige us, please, by coming round this way.

AUTHOR. He doesn't come.

FANCY. Have patience, don't you know

Without his scenery he's rather *slow* ?

*(the scene flaps over discovering MANFRED on the rock)*

Behold him there upon the rocky brink,  
Of misanthropic heroes quite the pink.  
*Felo de se* it seems a case of quite,  
A *fellow does see* him though, and holds him tight,

A chamois hunter, and they struggle, but  
The chamois hunter's very sure of fut,  
And saves him. Stay! he speaks.

MANFRED. Oh! fickle town,  
Who can say what will or what won't go down?  
Conceived in poet's brain not to be acted,  
It's most extraordinary, I attracted.  
Remorse at heart, dark fancies in my skull,  
Could I be anything but very dull?  
My long soliloquies, though, seldom tired;  
The crowded audience listened and perspired:  
Though 'twas two hours full ere I'd talking done,  
I still had breath for a tremendous *run*.  
My scenery drew too, which the fact denotes,  
The public must be *canvassed* for their votes.  
When you've a good play do all that you can for-it  
Say, am I right, or any other *Man-fred*.

AUTHOR. Manfred won't do to joke, you may retire.

(*flap closes up*)

FANCY. Good gracious, man, what is it you require?  
The Nile's discovery:—Come, Grant and Speke:  
The great fact of the year.

AUTHOR. The year? it's *weak*.

FANCY. I see a song to open with, bedad!

AUTHOR. What's that?

FANCY. Why, "whistle *a Nile* come to you, my lad."  
Then at the end cheers from the front to wring,  
Make them all finish with an *'ile* and fling.

AUTHOR. Nothing could come from it, no, not a bit,  
You know the motto, "ex nilo nil fit."

FANCY. You've got an *ill fit* of the blues, dear me!  
Nothing will suit you for a play; let's see.  
Oh! there's the Emperor's Congress.

AUTHOR. Prythee cease;  
I wish that congress could but make a *piece*.

Are there no novels of the season?

FANCY. Well,  
Some might raise laughter.

AUTHOR. Yes, they're made to sell.  
Isn't there one would make a screamer?

FANCY. True,

There's something Floyd.

AUTHOR. *A roarer*—that'll do.

FANCY. Take Lady Audley.

AUTHOR. Not so bad—hear, hear!

That was the literary rage last year;  
The thinnest skinned can't quarrel at our taking it,  
And into a short piece of nonsense making it

FANCY. The book's too capital a novel much  
To suffer from the comic writer's touch.  
Don't vulgarise; be droll, but don't deride ;  
Most serious subjects have their funny side.  
Let's see together if we can't increase  
The season's laughter with a Christmas piece.

*Duet—Bolero (Arditi).*

FANCY. We will then at once set about  
Our duties so pleasant, our duties so pleasant.

AUTHOR. Yes we will, and instanter the secret to fun turn.

When we've a good story,  
As good as Aurory  
Floyd, parley no more. *Exit, R. 1 E.*

FANCY. And now while they're setting the scene there,  
I'll sing the Bolero, to prom'naders dear,

As Jullien's, where  
Their shouts rend the air,  
And all round you hear brava!  
Like flute, oh ! it's as sweet, oh!  
And frisky, frisky also is.  
In fact it's the very thing  
To fill up the gap now.  
Sorry to, sorry to, sorry to  
P'raps impede, oh! but you see,  
Whilst they are setting

The scene there, the scene there, the scene there,  
I'm solely the party that's left here in front.

And so indeed, oh! and so indeed, oh!

I am obliged thus to sing.

And yes indeed, oh ! ah, yes indeed, oh!

Ah, si mi piace brillar,  
Mi piace brillar, brillar! *Exit, R. 1 E.*

SCENE THIRD.—*The Chambers of Robert Audley, in the Temple ; pictures of horses, dancers, &c.*

*Enter* ROBERT AUDLEY, R. 1 E., *with book, which he throws on table.*

ROBERT. That last French novel's duller than the law.  
 Pish, tush, and bother ! rubbish ! also pshaw!  
 The story's actually rather moral,  
 It's strongest feature's a domestic quarrel.  
 The husband doesn't once your feelings shock,  
 And doesn't give his wife (*knock at door*) a single  
 knock;  
 It's not a client gave the door that stout hit,  
 At least, I'm very much inclint to doubt it.  
 Come in. (*opens door, R.*)

*Enter* GEORGE TALLBOYS, L., *covered with travelling wrappers, furs, &c.*

GEORGE. (*starting melo-dramatically*) Ha, ha—'tis he, if  
 I don't err!

ROBERT. (*aside—noticing his fur cloak*) And who is this  
 distinguished furry ner ?

GEORGE. What, don't you recollect George Tall---- —

ROBERT. (*excitedly*) Boys! Bless me!  
 Is it my boyhood's friend that doth address me ?  
 Embrace me. (*they embrace*) Sit down; tell us all  
 about it.

GEORGE. I was a villain, Robert !

ROBERT. I don't doubt it.

GEORGE. I loved my wife: we had a beauteous boy !  
 His mother's hope, likewise his father's joy.  
 I'd an allowance from my father, small.

ROBERT. Your father ?

GEORGE. The allowance; not at all  
 What you'd expect. Therefore, it wasn't funny  
 It should grow very short.

ROBERT. The boy ?

GEORGE. The money.  
 I had a ring—our infant, food to bring—  
 I pawned it.

ROBERT. What, the infant ?

GEORGE. No ; the ring.

That fed us for a week; the furniture, then  
 Went, stick by stick, our dinners to procure then.  
 Then we'd to live upon our wits—don't grin—  
 The consequence was we grew rather thin.  
 Disgusted with the world, I went gold digging,  
 And a most wonderful large nugget twiggling,  
 I got it soon out of it's earthy bed—  
 A golden opportunity, I said.  
 I shall, I uttered, as out forth I dug it,  
 Embrace it.

HUBERT. Yes, precisely, take *an' ug it*.

GEORGE. The diggings that I took turned out good sorts,  
 They'd first rate p'int, and also splendid quartz.

HUBERT. Then, you've come back with money?

GEORGE. Money—lor!s!

ROBERT. Rich; let's embrace again.

GEORGE. With all my heart.  
*(they embrace)*

ROBERT. While you've a penny, George, we'll never part.

GEORGE. I long to see my wife ; she little knows  
 That I've come back.

ROBERT. You've written, I suppose.

GEORGE. Not lately, though I must admit I ought.  
*(takes up the paper and sits)*

ROBERT. Well, I was going down to Audley Court,  
 To see my uncle's new young wife. *(seeing GEORGE start)* Hulloo!

GEORGE. *(struck with something in the paper)* Gone—  
 gone ! good gracious! what a dreadful go-!

ROBERT. Has something bit you, George ?

GEORGE. Why did I marry ?  
*O, bit you, George—see the o~bit-u-arry !*

ROBERT. *(reading from paper)* Hum! Mr. Tallboys.—Bear  
 up like a man.

GEORGE. Well, I can't promise—I'll do what I can.

Though we occasionally p'rhaps had rows,  
 I'd always great affection for my spouse.  
 My Lucy, Lucy, oh, come back again!  
 My *Lucy*—

ROBERT. Come on; we shall *lose se* train.  
*(pulls him off with a jerk, L.)*

SCENE FOURTH.—*Double Scene. On L. of stage, a Handsome Apartment; on R. of stage, exterior, showing the Lime-tree Walk; a practicable Well.*

SIR MICHAEL AUDLEY *seated reading in the room, L. ;*  
 PHŒBE, *a tall, Pre-Raphaelite female, in sober grey dress, plain braided hair, and pale face, standing by the well, by which is seated MARKS, whittling a stick—Picture.*

SIR M. (*throwing aside his book, and coming down*) I must admit I feel uncommon lonely ;  
 Though I've been married just a few months only,  
 I feel as if her ladyship was part  
 Of my existence. When a tough old heart  
 Grows tender once again, the passion's more  
 Absorbing than when one is twenty-four !  
 Where is my Lucy ? (*goes up*)

MARKS. Don't you talk to me;  
 Your mister-ess has got a mister-ee !  
 But tain't no mystery to us; cos, why ?  
 We knows it—

PHŒBE. (*in alarm*) Luke, dear, would you have me die?

MARKS. No, not afore we're married ! Get more tin from her;

You haven't had the walley of a pin from her.  
 Say you're aware her husband has forsook her.

PHŒBE. Oh, Luke, dear, Luke, you are so fond of *loocre*.

MARKS. I wants a public house; I've seen one too,  
 Up at Mount Stanning, as I think'll do.

PHŒBE. Don't whittle in that savage way—take care!

MARKS. I wants to be a *licensed wittier* there .

I ain't a hurting you now, am I—eh ?

PHŒBE. Well, cut your stick; but in another way.

MARKS. Her ladyship's beneath our pair of thumbs!

PHŒBE. I hear her fairy footsteps; here she comes!

(*Music. LADY AUDLEY bounds in the room with a little hat on, which she removes and shakes out her hair which is very abundant, and arranged in a profusion of little feathery curls*)

SIR M. My charming Lucy—you I do adore !

I hope, my pet, you've never loved before.

LADY A. (*aside, with a spasmodic smothered shriek*)

Oh, oh! now do I look as if I had ?

SIR M. You know I'm old enough to be your dad!

LADY A. 'Tis true, my hair is golden, thick, and frizzly ;

Whilst yours, what there is of it's rather grizzly.

'Tis true, my eyes are bright as silver—Nickel's;

Whilst yours cannot see well without *spectickles!*

'Tis true, my manners on the queenly border;

Whilst yours are rather of the cobbler order ;

But what are such disparities as these ?

What, though you're somewhat shaky in the knees ;

Take snuff at meals; tell anecdotes which bore;

And after dinner drop asleep and snore ?

You are my husband, and I love you dearly;

Look at the pin-money you give me yearly—

The carriages—the horses—oh, such spankers!

My own account, at Mopus's, the bankers;

My pet dogs, parrots, love birds, cockatoos,

Squirrels, canaries; lots to me amuse.

Oh, how she loves you, you dear nice old swell, you ;

Poor Lady Audley; she can *audley* tell you!

SIR M. Yet when I first proposed, my petsy wetsy-----

LADY A. I said " Oh, go along with your barrow-netcy."

I thought you didn't mean my hand to win !

(*aside*) Besides, I wasn't sure about the tin!

SIR M. My nephew, Bob, is coming down to-day ;

He's bringing an old friend, he writes to say;

One Mr. Tallboys—

LADY A. (*with a shriek*) No—unsay the word!

Impossible—ridiculous—absurd.

It can't be—shan't be. Madness and despair!

SIR M. Good gracious! Mind, you're damaging your hair.

Police! (*rings bell*)

*Enter PHŒBE, L.*

PHŒBE. My lady.

SIR M. Water—quick—make haste! *Exit PHŒBE, L.*

LADY A. It's nothing—I'm a little tightly laced.

There's not the laced cause for alarm—I'm better :

(*aside*) If fortune wishes to defy me, let her.

When things come to their worst they're sure to mend.

*Enter SERVANT, L.*

SERVANT. Hem—Mr. Robert Audley.

SIR M. Hah!

SERVANT. And friend.

*Enter ROBERT and TALLBOYS, L.*

SIR M. Dear Bob—your aunt. (*they bow*)

LADY A. (*curtseys*) I'm proud to know you.

ROBERT. Thankee.

LADY A. But where is your acquaintance, Mr. Lankey ?

ROBERT. Hem—Mr. Tallboys.

LADY A. Well, it's all the same;

As Shakespeare says, you know, "What's in a name?"

" 'Twas mine 'tis his," "to be or not to be."

ROBERT. Tallboys, allow me—Lady Audley.

GEORGE. Oh!

(*LADY AUDLEY staggers and falls in SIR MICHAEL'S arms—GEORGE staggers out at back*)

LADY A. It's nothing—nothing—nothing. Oh, dear, no !

*LUKE and PHŒBE re-enter, R.*

(*aside*) He lives; he recognises me—his sposa!

One look's enough : he *eyes* her, and he *knows* her.

I thought he'd died out at the diggings yonder—

Oh ! why the diggings didn't he, I wonder.

He might have died, and let his wife forget him ;

But no, his nasty temper wouldn't let him.

(*turning round sharply*)

Leave me; I wish to be alone—yet stay—

A chorus, p'rhaps, before you go away.

*Concerted Piece, Soldier's Chorus from Blanche de Nevers.*

Oh ! what is the cause, I wonder do,

Of that sudden outbreak, rare ?

There is no clue to help us to

A solu—a solu-tion of all that 'ere;

It's no very—very trifling thing,

But it's something wrong—

Yes, it's something wrong;

Very—very irri-ta-ta-ting.

Oh! what is the cause, &c.

(LUKE and PHŒBE run off, behind the well, R.—  
SIR MICHAEL, ROBERT AUDLEY, and TALLBOYS,  
L., leaving LADY AUDLEY alone, C.)

LADY A. Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere.  
If Tallboys stops in England, it's quite clear  
*I can't; one of us must depart, you see ;*  
And something tells me that it won't be me.  
I'll cool my fevered brain out in the grounds.

(goes through door into Lime-tree Walk, turns to shut  
door—TALLBOYS has entered on the garden side)

GEORGE. My wife! my wife, for twenty thousand pounds!  
Falsehood, thy name is woman.

LADY A. George. (*turn and stand gazing at each other*)

GEORGE. Yes, Lucy.  
Your tones are icy.

LADY A. *I see; what do you see ?*

GEORGE. I see my wife.

LADY A. As was.

GEORGE. As was—don't quiz.

LADY A. I am not now so much your wife as *his*.  
You left me.

GEORGE. Left ? well, perhaps that wasn't right.  
I certainly did take a trip one night  
As far as the Antipodes; but then  
I meant, of course, to soon return again.

LADY A. How could I know what had of you become ?

GEORGE. You surely got my letters ?

LADY A. Only some.

The *only sum* you sent me, by-the-bye.  
There I sat piping of my widowed eye  
In a most fearful state of poverty.  
As on my schooling pa'd paid some amount,  
My talents then I soon turned to account.

GEORGE. Turned to *account*. I can't the fact forget  
That you turned also to a *baronet*.

LADY A. I went out as a governess—a spinster,  
Clever, petite, and nothing known against her.  
Sir Michael married me, I know 'twas wrong,  
You'd gone a long way though.

GEORGE. Oh, go along!

LADY A. Pity your little Lucy. Oh, don't blame me.

GEORGE. My *little Lucy* ? Pooh! It was *big-amy*.

Your marriage with Sir Michael's null and void,  
His happiness must be at once destroyed.

(*going to pass her—she intercepts him*)

LADY A. What would you do ? He's old and shaky very  
And not allowed more than a glass of Sherry.

'Twould break his heart.

GEORGE. You never thought of mine

When in the *Times* you put that cruel line,  
And married this Sir Michael for his wealth.

LADY A. But really in a shocking state of health.

Oh ! leave me to my misery.

GEORGE. I go-----

LADY A. Thankee, I'm much obliged.

GEORGE. To let folks know

That Lady Audley's-----

LADY A. What?

GEORGE. A swindler—there!

LADY A. George Tallboys, mark me, mark me—if you  
dare!

You know my temper when it's roused is horrid;  
I feel that I'm becoming very florid,  
My temples throb and burn with heat that's torrid,  
And every vein's a swelling in my forrid.  
My 'ma and 'pa were both a little mad,  
And latent lunacy's in *me*, my lad.

I feel I'm going cranky with my grief,  
And I've come out without a handkerchief.

(*singing*) To-morrow it is St. Valentine's day,

And nobody's coming to woo ;

And all the words that he could say

Was hoop de dooden doo.

GEORGE. All's thrown away. I'll have no pity, none;

I'll smoke a mild cigar here till you've done.

(*sits by well and smokes*)

Well, it don't draw well, though I'm seated by one;

I beg your pardon, Lucy, will you try one.

LADY A. What, will I try one—Ah, you little think,

How much *you* try one—

GEORGE. Anything to drink ?

LADY A. Yes; down the well there's water.

GEORGE. Just so; *low*.

To make a rather venerable Joe:  
Talking of trying you, you little fury—  
You will be tried by-----

LADY A. What ?

GEORGE. A British jury.

LADY A. (*starting violently—clutching her hair*)

What—brought up to a Court ?

GEORGE. Precisely so,  
You were not *brought up to a Court*, you know,  
And Audley Court is not your station.

LADY A. Eh ?

What is my station ?

GEORGE. (*comes down*) *Bow-street*, I should say.

LADY A. (*coquettishly*) How can you threaten *Bow-street*  
—what's the use ?

Oh, don't say *Bow* to such a little *goose* !

(*putting her arm round him*)

Can you to Lucy such unkind words say ?

GEORGE. (*removing her arm*) Thank you; you don't get  
round me in that way.

*Song.*—LADY A.

You mark my words, George Tallboys, you'll be sorry  
that you spoke;

The situation forces me to make an aged joke;

To go away and leave your wife, to scamper off to sea,

That act was very *small of you*, while mine was *big o'me*.

Fol de rol, &c.

You should remember you'd a wife at home across the sea

*And tip her* now and then a line from the *an-tip-her-des*.

But no—you left me here to starve, until I got so thin,

There was nothing intervening 'twixt the bones and outer  
skin.

Fol de rol, &c.

A baronet he came and flopped upon his gouty knee,

Says he, " My home's at your disposal if you'll marry me;

My rheumatiz is not at my command—there are no cures.

But though it's not at mine, my drawing *room it is* at yours

Fol de rol, &c.

Well, what was I to do, you know? I felt bewildered quite.  
 Now there you needn't call out wrong.—I married him  
 outright,  
 And Audley Court is mine. Now tell me why I'm like—  
 you ought—  
 A half penny publication? 'Cos I'm the *Mistress of the Court*.  
 Fol de rol, &c.

GEORGE. Good-bye. (*going up*)

LADY A. One word.

GEORGE. Beg pardon, did you call ?  
 (*pauses and leans against the windlass of the well*)

LADY A. (*sidling up to him*) I simply mean to say-----

GEORGE. Well,

LADY A. *Well, that's all.*  
 (*she pulls out the spindle suddenly, and TALLBOYS,*  
*vanishes down the well*)

Ha—ha! my tortures, from this moment, end—  
 That's the best way, I know, to drop a friend.  
 Truth lies, they say, at bottom of a well,  
 (Though by the way, truth lying seems a sell)  
 And in that well my truthful history'll keep.  
 George always bragged of being very deep;  
 All's still! Like codfish when one buys a pound,  
 In this case there's decidedly no *sound*.  
 He's kicked the bucket in the well, it's clear.

(*she is leaning down, listening*)

*Enter* ROBERT AUDLEY, L. U. E.

ROBERT. Ah, Lady Audley, pray what do you here ?

LADY A. (*innocently*) I don't hear anything at all.

ROBERT. I mean

What are you doing here? (*aside*) Her looks sur-  
 prise me.

LADY A. How very hard young Mr. Audley eyes me.  
 Can he suspect ?

(*crosses, L., and pulls out a sketch book, commences*  
*painting*)

ROBERT. (*sitting on a camp stool, R.*) My friend has vanished.

LADY A. Vanished! Take a seat.

I'll paint you.

ROBERT. Paint! He's *varnished* I repeat.

LADY A. What's that to do with me ? Look pleasant—try.

Now shut your mouth—that's it—now mind your eye.

ROBERT. Mind yours!

LADY A. (*starting*) Ha, ha !

ROBERT. I've sought him high and low ;

He's gone without observing that he'd go.

He has been absent now-----

LADY A. (*aside*) With fear I'm thrilled.

ROBERT. Ten minutes—very odd—I think he's killed.

LADY A. Isn't that jumping at conclusions, eh ?

ROBERT. I am accustomed evidence to weigh;

There's something in your manner-----

LADY A. (*rising and eyeing him malevolently*) Robert  
Audley,

You'll find you'll come to grief, sir, very *shordly*,

If you attempt your legal tricks with me ;

For any hints on your hints any tee,

Will lock you up. My feelings don't you rile 'em,

Or in an *ace I'll* send to an *a-sy-lum*,

And have two doctors, who, whilst thus your bent is,

Are safe to settle you're non compos mentis.

ROBERT. If that *meant is* for threatening, I'm your man.

LADY A. Then who can prove I'm guilty?

*Enter suddenly* LUKE MARKS *and* PHEBE, R. U. E.

LUKE. Why, I can.

I see you pitch him down.

LADY A. What could be richer ?

You can—ha, ha!—you *can* !

LUKE. Ha, ha, you *pitcher* !

LADY A. What, Luke ?

LUKE. Just so, I was a *looking* on.

LADY A. Away—get out—absquatulate—begone !

ROBERT. Call out Sir Michael.

LADY A. (*shrieking and falling on her knees*) No !

LUKE. Yes, do ; he ought

To learn what rigs is played in Audley Court.

(*pantomime rally*—ROBERT, LADY AUDLEY, LUKE,  
*and* PHEBE)

*Enter* SIR MICHAEL, R. U. E.

SIR M. What's this—what's this ?

ROBERT. My aunt—my aunt!  
 SIR M. Aunt what ?  
 ROBERT. She arn't my aunt.  
 SIR M. She are.  
 LADY A. Am!  
 LUKE. Air!  
 PHOEBE. Is !  
 ROBERT. *Not!*  
 Prepare yourself Sir Michael, for a blow.  
 She were!  
 LADY A. Was!  
 LUKE. Is !  
 ROBERT. A married woman.  
 SIR M. *No!*  
 SIR M. I won't—I shan't!  
 LADY A. Can't!  
 ROBERT. Aunt!  
 LUKE. Darn't!  
 SIR M. Believe it—there !  
 Lucy, elucidate—you are---- ?  
 LADY A. *I air.*  
 SIR M. This English is confusing—wait a bit.  
*By gum ! I-----*  
 LADY A. Yes, *Bi-gum-my*, that's just it.  
*Concerted Piece, " The Kermesse Scene from Faust"*  
 ROBERT. That there young woman, sir's, taken you in.  
 SIR M. Gracious me, what do I hear? What do I hear?  
 LADY A. Whilst I'd a husband, sir, I married agin.  
 LUKE. Phoebe, lass, ever hear the likes of that theer ?  
 LADY A. What a situation,  
 This narration,  
 There's no doubt is very true ;  
 But be lenient  
 If convenient,  
 I'll be as penitent as any two.  
 SIR M. Here's a go. Oh! yes, here's a go.  
 With rage expire !  
 A man at my time of life ought to know  
 Better than to marry a bit of a gal.

*Waltz, "Faust."*

ROBERT. It serves you right, sir,  
Oh! yes, quite, sir,  
For you might sir,  
Well have known, sir,  
Wealth alone, sir,  
Could have tempted this beauteous damsel.

LADY A. Tra, la, la, &c.  
*(waltzing solemnly round—stop at last note—pause)*

GEORGE TALLBOYS *heard in the well singing the Choral  
March.*

I'm all alive, oh!

I did survive, oh !

And I've climbed from below.

ALL. Oh, gracious! oh, lawks ! oh, gracious! oh, gracious!  
*(LADY A. falls into SIR MICHAEL'S arms—tableau  
—scene closed in)*

SCENE FIFTH.—*A Woody Landscape.*

*Enter LADY AUDLEY, L., paces the stage.*

LADY A. Two husbands, two, and at the same time too !  
There are all sorts of things I ought to do;  
According to the story—Marks's Inn  
Burnt to the ground, by this hand, should have bin.  
But now its much too late, to have things righted,  
Or I should be delighted for to light it.

*Enter ROBERT AUDLEY, R. 1 E.*

Robert, me of my liberty don't rob;

I'm very miserable, so help me Bob.

ROBERT. You'd better ask your help mates to do that,  
I've sent for the police,

LADY A. Mind what you're at  
With misery, which luckless fate doth deal her,  
This belle's wrung hard, so don't send for a peeler.

*Duet—"Hop light, Loo."*

ROBERT. You'll a pair of handcuffs have upon your wrists,  
Which won't permit them to get loose, whichever way  
they twists.

LADY A. Live on bread and water, that's miserable fare,  
Which bigamy is not the proper thing, I am aware.

ROBERT. *No light* you'll have within your cell,  
No company but spiders.

LADY A. Oh determination fell!

ROBERT. And when the people come to look, the turnkeys  
all will tell,

" That's Lady Audley, she as popped her husband  
down the well."

BOTH. No light you'll, &c.

*Enter FANCY, R. 1 E.*

FANCY. There's not the slightest doubt it was a wicked  
thing to do,

But isn't it delightful the whole thing isn't true;

It's all a piece of fancy, and acquitted, ma'am, are *you*.

LADY A. (*with a caper*) Oh, flip up in de skid a ma jink,  
and hoop-de-doo-den-doo,

Oh, hoop-de-doo-den-doo, and fol-de-rol-de-ray.

ROBERT. Fol de rol de riddle ol,

FANCY. And too-ra-loo-ra-lay ;

And now we put a climax to our little bit of play,

LADY A. With my bootle 'ee umpty, doodle 'ee umpty,  
boodle 'ee umpty day.

ALL. Oh, hoop-de-doo-den-doo, &c

(*at end of chorus each dances round, during which  
fog scene rises*)

LADY A. What's to be done now ?

FANCY. Well, my magic aid

Will have to help you out, I'm much afraid.

Now that George Tallboys is restored, you know,

Long explanations would be rather slow.

Sing a finale—not to be thought mean,

I'll back you up with a bright Christmas scene.

AUTHOR. Well, but the piece we talked of-----

FANCY. (*to audience*) Kindly say,

If you'll, instead of the stock Christmas play,

Accept what we have done—and if you will,

Why, then, we'll keep it on our Christmas bill;

Which bill for your acceptance then we proffer,

And if you'll kindly smile upon the offer,

Our only wish to please you will be gained,  
If your good word we have to-night obtained.

ROBERT. Stay though, what's this ?

FANCY. A fog, it can't offend,  
Pieces are often foggy at the end;  
And it enables them to sit behind  
The pretty closing scene, which you will find  
To be worth waiting for. *(fog scene sinks)*  
The fog disperses!

Now for the climax with appropriate verses.

Enter LUKE, PHEBE and TALLBOYS, R. 1 E., SIR MICHAEL,  
L. 1 E.—*scene changes to Land of Thistles.*

The Land of Thistles, Scotland, staunch and true,  
Oh ! this, the Land of Thistle-----

LADY A. *This'll do.*

*(scene changes to Land of Shamrocks)*

FANCY. Ireland, that green isle where the shamrocks grow.

LADY A. They *pique* themselves on their *sham rocks*,  
you know. *(scene changes to Land of Roses)*

ROBERT. The Land of Roses, our own sunny clime,  
A welcome sight this chilly Christmas time.

*Finale—Crown Diamonds.*

LADY A. For now in fear  
Behold us here,  
Entreating you won't be severe;  
But make us glad,  
And say we add  
A trifle to your Christmas cheer.

FANCY. Frown not on our efforts, pray,  
If you think our merit's slight;  
Come again another day,  
Don't condemn us here to-night.

ALL. For now in fear, &c.

**Curtain.**