

THE
GREAT GUN TRICK

A MAGICAL SQUIB

IN ONE ACT

BY

CHRISTIAN LE ROS.



THOMAS HAILES LACY,
WELLINGTON STREET,
STRAND,
LONDON.

THE GREAT GUN TRICK.

As Performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

CHARACTERS.

Augustus Trinklet	Mr. C. MATHEWS.
John Brown, Esq.	Mr. TILBURY.
Snap (<i>a bailiff.</i>)	Mr. TEMPLETON.
Buttons	Mr. J. ROGERS.
Page	Master CRAGG.
Smalls	Master ELLIOTT.
Dibbles	Mr. WORRELL.
Sophonisba Brown	Miss ENNIS.

SCENE.—A Stage prepared for a Wizard's Performance.

Time 1855.

COSTUMES.

TRINKLET.—*First dress*, morning gown, cap, slippers;
Second dress, evening dress, white cravat, black waist-coat.

BROWN.—Black suit.

SNAP.—Dark frock coat, &c.

DIBBLES.—Green or blue body coat, light waistcoat, drab trousers.

BUTTONS and SMALLS.—Pages' dresses.

SOPHONISBA.—Sea green bonnet, and fashionable walking dress.

The idea of this little piece was suggested by an ingenious advertisement issued by the Wizard of the North during his performances at the Lyceum Theatre, in the autumn of 1855 ; and it is almost needless to say, that whatever point there may be in THE GREAT GUN TRICK, is due to the celebrity of Mr. Anderson—while whatever success it may have achieved, is entirely owing to the great talent of our most accomplished comedian, Mr. Charles Mathews.

C. LE ROS.

January, 1856.

THE
GREAT GUN TRICK.

(The stage is fitted up for the performance of a Conjuror. Tables C. and R. and L. Apparatus, &c. ; large Extinguisher near R. H. table. Automaton figure in glass case, L. H.; the arrangements not altogether completed.

BUTTONS and DIBBLES discovered, the latter seated.

BUTTONS. Now turn round and let's look at you. A little more paint on the left cheek—your wig a little more over your eyes ; fight your way to a good place in the pit—look as wonder-struck as you can—and 'twould puzzle a conjuror to find out you had ever been in a play house before.

DIB. Am I to have the padlock through my cheek to night?

BUT. No.

DIB. Or to drink three quarts of beer, and have it drawn out of my fingers' ends into a funnel?

BUT. No, indeed!—these tricks are only fit for a country audience; *here* we must have something newer and more genteel. You're to lend a silver watch and strongly object to its being smashed with a hammer—to have six eggs taken out of your hair, and bellow lustily at ten sovereigns in a leather bag being turned into peppermint lozenges

DIB. Did you ever go into the front of the house yourself, Mr. Buttons?

BUT. Not lately—once  used to choose cards, lend a ring, and have my fortune told by the old gentleman in a

beard there ! (*points to automaton.*) After that, I was the lady that had her head cut off, and put in a china plate ; but master soon found out my superior talents, and now *I* do the tricks, while master talks to the audience. In fact I'm the principal part of the performance—it couldn't go on without me.

DIB. Something like the organ player and the bellows blower, eh ?

BUT. None of your impudence, Mr. Dibbles; you do your part as well as I do mine.

DIB. That's all very well, but its devilish hard to work, and get no pay ; and that's been my case for the last six nights.

BUT. Never mind, there's a good house to night, and you'll get your money.

DIB. It strikes me Mr. Trinklet's very hard up ; there was a rum looking chap waiting for him to day.

BUT. Mind your own business, and shut your eyes to what don't concern you. But here comes master, so bustle about to get everything ready.

(they move about. DIBBLES goes up L. H.

Enter TRINKLET, L. H. I E.

TRINK. Look sharp, fellows, look sharp, it's nearly time to begin—and the stage not set—here you, Buttons.

BUT. (R. H.) Yes, sir.

TRINK. Mind you send up that bowl of gold fish faster.

BUT. Why, sir, you're so *very* quick, there's no keeping pace with you.

TRINK. What's the use of a conjuror that isn't quick ? You haven't seen that suspicious looking man with a long nose about the stage door, to-night, have you ?

BUT. No, sir, leastways, not since the morning.

TRINK. That's right—where's that Dibbles ? he's always out of the way.

DIB. (*coming forward, L. H.*) Here, sir!

TRINK. Ah, you are better to-night, something like a countryman; but take care what you're about, and be good enough to look stupid—you can look stupid enough if you like. Recollect, I turned off my last countryman in the pit, because he was too knowing. Now be off, and

get into the crowd, and mind you push and shove about, as if you had never been in a crowd before, and take care to tumble down as you clamber up on the stage—there, be off. [Exit DIBBLES, L. 1 E.]

TRINK. (*to* BUTTONS.) Did you ask Mr. Smith to let us have some properties—some smart ones, eh ?

BUT. Yes, sir, I have placed some of them there.

(*points* R. H.)

TRINK. (*examining.*) Why, bless me, they look wonderfully like bits of the Great Egyptian Spectacle; I'm not going to play Nitocris—never mind—I dare say we shall bring them in for something. Ah, those old Egyptians knew a trick or two in their days, eh, Buttons ? Is everything ready ?

BUT. Everything, sir!

TRINK. All the men that are to do things and lend things placed about the house ?

BUT. All sir.

TRINK. The lady in the boxes ready with a pocket handkerchief, not trimmed with lace, or embroidered ?

BUT. Yes, sir, the same you cut to pieces last night.

TRINK. The inexhaustible bottle ready, and all the baskets filled with the red, white, and blue flags ?

BUT. All full, sir!

TRINK. The tables prepared for the Spirit Rapping ?

BUT. Quite ready, sir. I think you said you wouldn't have the man to cry out " Shame! shame."

TRINK. No—that's getting stale—the audience begin to think it's humbug—so we'll drop it—you sent that letter to the " Morning Advertiser " ?

BUT. All right, sir ; but there's no answer from Lord Brougham, Sir Lytton Bulwer, or Sir David Brewster.

TRINK. Never mind, I'll say there is—and that will amuse the audience quite as much. What is it o'clock ?

BUT. Just upon eight, sir !

TRINK. Then go and get my coat. (*Exit* BUTTONS, L. 1 E. *Seating himself* L. H., *near table.*) Heigho! this Wizard work's excessively fatiguing, night after night — I'm knocked up now, and the evening's labour not begun. Shall I never see that sea green bonnet again, or that rosy face under it—will fortune never permit me to prove my

gratitude to the dear creature who saved my life at St. Valerie-sur-Somme ? What a wretched, solitary existence mine is—no one to sympathize with, no one to tell my sorrows to. (*looks up and sees the AUDIENCE.*) Hollo ! there are, and a good many too, and I was revealing the cherished secret of my innermost heart. Really, ladies and gentlemen, I beg your pardon, but I dare say you don't mind, besides, are you not all my friends, my oldest, and best friends, and who should know a man's secrets except his oldest, and best friends ? So, I'll confide in you—you *shall* know the cherished secret of my innermost heart, and if you've the least curiosity, I'll tell you my history—tell you how I came to be a wizard, and all the rest of it, shall I ?—Well then I will. " Therefore, ye who listen with credulity to the whisper of fancy and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope, attend to the history of Trinklet, the prince of Legerdemain. " I wasn't born a wizard—I wasn't bred a wizard—in fact, I'm not a wizard at all. I've only taken to it lately. I was torn as most children—brought up like most children—thrashed into Latin—birched into Greek—grew out of my clothes, and as malicious people said, out of all knowledge, and in the end, found myself thrown on the world, with a very strong constitution, and a very weak pocket, but my heart wasn't heavy, though my purse was light. Being of an ambitious character, I plunged into all sorts of professions, and I am happy to say, failed in 'em all. " Tried commerce—took a room and a coal cellar, had a board painted " TRINKLET, WINE MERCHANT." Agent for Maquito's celebrated Golden Sherries"—that didn't pay; I only had one order which I did not execute because I hadn't the cash to pay for the half dozen Cape that was to do duty for the Golden Sherry, but as the order was from a friend who would never have paid me, it didn't much matter. Once I tried Art—took to photography, borrowed a camera and nearly blew myself up with collodion—this did very well, till an opposition artist, next door, beat me out of the field by giving a penny ice with a Calotype for sixpence." At last I heard of a man in Piccadilly who was making lots of money by a mountain—I dare say you've heard of him—we all know lots of Smiths—there's one here, not a bad

fellow neither, but that's between ourselves. So I set out for Switzerland, determined to clamber up a mountain, roll down it, and unroll my panorama in London! That was no go.—Now comes the touching, serious part of my story—you have all heard of *the bonnet—the sea-green bonnet—the thousand pounds reward and the mysterious baronet* ; now I'm going to let you into a secret—I *am that baronet*—I offered that munificent reward, and you shall hear how it came about. Returning from Switzerland I stopped at St. Valerie-sur-Somme, there I encountered the sea-green bonnet—there I met my Sophonisba—there, when I walked too heedlessly on the banks of the river Somme, in fact, so heedlessly that I tumbled in—Sophonisba, with a woman's promptness, and a heroine's presence of mind, tore the scarf from her fair neck, threw it towards me, and, with more than a woman's strength, rescued me from a watery grave—there and then I incurred the obligation that a life's devotion can alone wipe out—I weep even now to think of it. (*takes out red handkerchief and wipes his eyes.*) that's her handkerchief—no—not that—this. (*pulls out white lace handkerchief.*) I devoted myself to her at the Table-d'hote—all that I could learn was, that her name was Sophonisba—for, that very evening, an old crusty gentleman fetched her away—at least, I was told so, for I never saw him, and we saw each other no more; but ere we parted, her looks and blushes told me that the passion was mutual. Since then, in spite of my anxiety, we have never met—I returned to England—advertised in the "Times,"—perhaps you saw my advertisement, "If this should meet the eye of the lovely Sophonisba" and so forth—then I hit upon the scheme you are all so well acquainted with—issued this placard. (*shows placard.*) Not that I am a baronet—no—I assumed that title to blind her family—my Sophonisba's family. Night after night was I to be found at the Lyceum—I shouldn't wonder if some of you may not have seen me there—have you? Yes! I thought so—but all in vain—my advertisement was never answered—my placards were never responded to—Sophonisba was still a mystery—to make a long story short, I had, at one period of my life taken lessons from a distinguished Professor of

Legerdemain, and it occurred to me to turn wizard, in the hope that at some place or other where I performed, the sea-green bonnet, or at least, the rosy face under it might turn up—but though I have, and I assure you, ladies and gentlemen, with the greatest success, performed in several towns, I have never seen my Sophonisba's bonnet—nor her face, and here I am—to make one last effort for the recovery of my Sophonisba—The Great Wizard of the S.S.W. by S., Legitimate King of Conjurors—Emperor of all the Wizards from whatever point of the compass they may come, fantastic, romantic, necromantic, as you may choose to find me—ready to play you all sorts of tricks—bent on deceiving all your senses—and determined to prove myself in every possible way your most devoted, obedient, very humble servant. [Exit L. 1 E.

(Music from orchestra. GREENCOATS place platform across orchestra to pit. Curtains draw up at the back and discover the stage set with various apparatus for conjuring, to suit the performer.

BUTTONS *dressed as a Page—followed by a smaller PAGE dressed as a gentleman's tiger—enters from C. ; walk backwards and forwards, appear to be doing everything, and nothing, till TRINKLET enters C., dressed as a wizard, leading SMALLS by the hand, dressed as a page. He bows to the audience, kisses SMALLS, who turns a somersault, and then retires to the back with the other pages.*

TRINK. Ladies and gentlemen, the necromantic art has had its professors in every period of the world's history, from the dark and mystical ages, when ancient Egypt stood in all her grandeur on the banks of the Nile, to these more enlightened days, when modern Babylon lifts her head on the banks of the muddy Thames. Various titles have been given to the professors of the art, and various the branches of it which they have pursued ; but from the alchemist who endeavoured to transmute the baser metals into gold, down to the smasher who accomplishes that profitable feat—from the priests of *Isis* who *did* the Egyptians with vocal Memnons, to the spirit-rapping *media* who make tables talk and walk, all are members of

the vast and ancient family of conjurors. Conjuring, however, in its highest branches, and as it is at present practised, demands in its professors, profound scientific knowledge; for they no longer raise the devil to help them like Dr. Faustus, but rather, like the lecturers at the Polytechnic, call in the aid of Hydrostatics, Hydraulics, Pneumatics, and are very often in their attics compelled to study rheumatics. Therefore, ladies and gentlemen, you must bear in mind that, in spite of the evidence of your eyes, I shall have no supernatural assistance in the experiments I have the honour of performing before you. —all I show you is the contrivance of man. Wizards, in these enlightened days, are compelled to confess that "knowledge is power," and succeed in their efforts to deceive by the aid of human ingenuity alone. Watch me as closely as you like—detect my tricks if you can, and, depend upon it, you will be able to do them all yourselves, if you have sufficient patience to acquire the knowledge I possess, and the skill and dexterity years of careful study have made *me* master of. And now, ladies and gentlemen, in commencing the experiments of this evening's programme, I shall attempt a feat perhaps the most difficult of all in these mercenary times—I shall attempt to borrow half-a-crown. (*The PAGES with salver advance to the platform; a half crown procured from the pit, marked, wrapped in paper—give it to TRINKLET, who places it on candlestick. A large ball of worsted is got from the back and placed on large goblet—the half crown is discovered in the centre of worsted.*) In my next trick I shall require an assistant. Will any gentleman be kind enough to step up on the stage? Some one from the stalls. Will you, sir, do me the favour? There's nothing to fear. I shall neither lock you in a small box, nor turn you into a pocket handkerchief.—Thank you, sir. Buttons, a small ladder. (*BUTTONS places ladder—SNAP ascends to the stage.*) Delighted to see you, sir. Quite well?—That's all right. Wife and family quite well?

SNAP. All serene, sir.

TRINK. Glad to hear it *tutta serena*, as the Italians say. A little nearer if you please. (*BUTTONS gives TRINKLET*

a large knife.) Don't be alarmed—I suppose you have no objection to my—(*flourishes knife in Snap's face.*)

SNAP. Come, no nonsense of that sort; come out of that.

TRINK. Having your head cut off is pleasanter than you think. Here's Buttons likes it vastly—it's quite an agreeable excitement for him. He can't sleep without it, can you, Buttons ?

BUT. My neck feels quite stiff in the morning without it, sir.

TRINK. (*to AUDIENCE*) Nice, refreshing originality about that boy. (*to SNAP.*) Well, sir, since you object so strongly to the operation, I shall not cut off your head. Have you got such a thing as a hundred pound note about you?

SNAP. I don't happen to just now.

TRINK. Or a fifty ?

SNAP. No.

TRINK. Or a twenty—or a ten—or a five ?

SNAP. No, I haven't; and I don't think I should lend it to you if I had.

TRINK. Well then, any piece of paper, written or printed, will do. Got a love letter in your pocket ?

SNAP. Perhaps this will do. (*goes up to TRINKLET and gives him a writ.*) I think, Mr. Trinklet, that will do for you. You know what it is, I see.

TRINK. What's this ? " Augustus Trinklet — the Sheriff of Middlesex !" Take it back, my good man—this won't do ; I can't conjure with this. Call again tomorrow—(*tries to get him off.*) any time—not now.

SNAP. Your name's Augustus Trinklet, and that's for you—and I don't want to be ungentlemanlike, but I've had a deal of trouble to find you, so come along.

TRINK. But only consider; here's all the audience—if the performance is stopped, they'll want their money back, and that will never do, you know. (*to AUDIENCE.*) You will want your money back, won't you? and quite right too. (*to SNAP.*) But if you let me go on, it will be ever so much money in somebody's pocket.

SNAP. No, I knows my duty, and duty is duty; and you goes with me unless you settles.

TRINK. You are an excellent man—a worthy man. I respect a man that knows his duty; but listen to a few words. Your name is—

SNAP. Well let them be short then. Snap's my name.

TRINK. Now you take me away at once—that's your duty, no doubt; but don't you think you'll be neglecting your duty to Mrs. Snap, and all the little Snaps—you have little Snaps ? eight or ten, I daresay—if you refuse a sovereign I want to give you, to let me do one more trick.

SNAP. As for the matter of that, I don't mind one more trick ; but you'll tip—all square !

TRINK. There's the sovereign; you needn't bite it—its a good one. And now, Mr. Snap, you'll oblige me by assisting me in the next trick. Buttons, take Mr. Snap's hat and stick, and place the warrant in that small box  no, let Mr. Snap do it himself, and be careful that you lock it. (*this is done by SNAP.*) Now, Buttons, the table. (*table is brought on by BUTTONS and PAGES. SNAP ascends on table, TRINKLET and BUTTONS place the large extinguisher over him, and MR. SNAP disappears through table. Extinguisher and table both removed by PAGES.*) There, ladies and gentleman, I think you will own that I have extinguished the bailiff. And now after this interruption—I may say this most impertinent and indecent interruption of your amusements, let us return to the business of the evening. First, however, let me assure you that I don't owe that fellow one farthing: the fact is, he's been put upon this by a man of the name of Brown, to whom I unfortunately gave a bill to settle some little transactions between us, and not being satisfied with that gentlemanlike mode of settlement, he actually wants the money as well. But to resume our performance. The next trick I have the honour to present is my Throne of Illusion, or the Magic Chair. Buttons, the chair. (*it is brought.*) To all appearance a common chair, such as you may see ticketed up at the cheap furniture warehouses, " Six for a guinea." Light and elegant, suitable for the boudoir and drawing room, but not for stout gentlemen or ladies; yet by the aid of magic art, I can, without chain or ligament, bind the stoutest man so securely to it, that were he Hercules in the form of a Daniel Lambert, he could not move from

it without my permission. Here, Buttons—down with you.

BUT. Please sir, don't.

TRINK. (*forces him into chair.*) Now then, ladies and gentlemen, one wave of my hand and behold the ineffectual struggles of the young gentleman. (*Music. BUTTONS struggles.*) Another wave of my wand—the reverse way you will observe—and he rises with perfect ease. Rise with perfect ease. (*BUTTONS gets up.*) Of course you will say this is all collusion. Will any lady or gentleman among my audience like to try the experiment? (*walks along the foot lights looking into the stalls.*) Would you like to, Mr. Leader? It's a capital chair to fiddle in—no? I give my word, ladies and gentlemen, not to keep any one in it after the performance is over.

BROWN. (*in the stalls—rises.*) Well, I don't mind, if you'll assist me up. Here, take my hat, and be very careful of that little dog.

(*Hat and dog are taken by the PAGE ; TRINKLET assists BROWN on to the platform, and in doing so tears off half of Brown's coat.*)

BROWN. Take care, sir, that's my coat.

TRINK. Your coat! this is only half a coat.

(*assisting him further, tears the other half.*)

TRINK. I beg ten thousand pardons.

BROWN. Stuff and nonsense, sir! a million pardons won't mend my coat.

TRINK. But one conjuror can. Don't be alarmed—but have patience and confidence. Delighted to see you.

BROWN. I dare say you are, and I hope you are quite well, Mr. Trinklet.

TRINK. Eh? why, bless me—it's Brown! (*to the AUDIENCE.*) Brown—you know! Brown with the bill—Brown that I owe money to. But don't be alarmed, I can manage *him*. How well you look to-night, Brown, and what an elegant costume. (*turns him round.*) Who's your tailor?

BROWN. Don't be ridiculous.

TRINK. Ladies and gentlemen, this is Brown, the dearest friend I have in the world.

BROWN. Dearest friend! No, sir, dearest creditor,

whom you have deceived—swindled—cheated. I've been listening to your history; but there's one incident in your life you have omitted altogether.

TRINK. No such thing, sir. Don't believe him, ladies and gentlemen.

BROWN. What about the brickbats ?

TRINK. I apologise. I had forgotten it—you're a brick for reminding me. (*to AUDIENCE.*) He alludes to a company I started—started with the most philanthropic intentions : " The Medico-Laterculo Anti-Rheumatic Society ;" for the cure of rheumatism by friction with medicated brickbats, of which I was Chairman, Board of Directors, Treasurer, and Consulting Actuary. The scrip came out at a premium, but the shares eventually went to a discount.

BROWN. And my hundred pounds with them, as well as the skin off my back. (*groans and rubs his back.*)

TRINK. Ah, by the bye, how's the rheumatism now, Brown ?

BROWN. Rascal! rogue ! here I sit till I get my money. (*sits in the magic chair.*) You may extinguish the bailiff, but you won't put out the creditor.

TRINK. But my dear friend, don't you perceive you are preventing me from continuing my entertainment.

BROWN. Well, out of respect to the friends before us, and on condition that you restore my coat to its pristine state, I consent to remain.

TRINK. Agreed ! and if, when finished, you detect a stitch, I'll give you leave to say I'm no tailor, or worse, no conjuror. Buttons—the basket.

(*Music ; the pieces of coat are collected and placed in a basket; BUTTONS brings needle and thread—TRINKLET waves his wand—BUTTONS opens the basket, and produces an entire coat, which is shown to the AUDIENCE, after which BROWN puts it on.*)

TRINK. Well, Mr. Brown, are you satisfied ?

BROWN. Perfectly. It's a capital fit—and I begin to feel a little more comfortable.

(*sits down, but jumps up with a cry of pain. TRINKLET and BUTTONS seem to inquire the cause—he points to his coat tail; they examine and discover the needle, apologise, and proceed.*)

TRINK. Will you allow me to offer you a glass of wine?

BROWN. Thank you, sir. I don't care if I do take one.

TRINK. Port or sherry—which do you prefer?

BROWN. I'm not at all particular.

TRINK. Well then, suppose you leave it to the hazard of the die; here is a very large one, which you will please to examine—(*handing die to BROWN, drops it, and it falls on his toe.*) Here also is a case which fits it exactly (*on table, placing case on die, and then removes it.*) and now have the kindness to lend me your hat, and a pocket handkerchief; but stay, will the die go into your hat? (*tries it.*) yes that will do.

(*Takes it out again, and places it on the table; covers the handkerchief over the hat and gives it to BROWN, who holds it. TRINKLET places case over the die—waves his wand, and when he lifts the case, a glass of sherry appears, and the die is found in Brown's hat.*)

TRINK. Are you fond of cards, Brown?

BROWN. A quiet rubber now and then with my family.

(*A trick with cards is here introduced.*)

BROWN. But Mr. Trinklet, there is one little matter I am rather anxious about—my dog!

TRINK. Perfectly safe, I assure you. (*PAGE has had it in his arms all the time.*)

TRINK. But to release your anxiety, if you have a pocket handkerchief, we'll fasten him to the leg of your chair. (*BROWN gives one from his pocket, a white one, marked very large in the corner, J. B.*) Or for the better security of such a handsome little creature, if you will favour me with your address, I will send him home by the Parcel's Delivery Company — (*during this TRINKLET has torn Brown's handkerchief into several strips as if to fasten the dog to the chair.*) Yes, that will be the safest way—Buttons! a sheet of brown paper—(*TRINKLET takes the dog to the table, and appears to fold the dog in the paper—brings it forward—orders BUTTONS to bring a basket. TRINKLET compresses the parcel, and the dog has vanished. He next takes the strips of the handkerchief, and they vanish from his hands; he then opens the basket, and takes the dog from it—also a handkerchief neatly folded, with the J. B. in the corner, apparently as he at first received it.*) You

see, sir, the animal prefers remaining here. Buttons, place the little thing by the fire; and now, Mr. Brown, we will proceed with the trick for which you so generously offered your assistance when you came from the stalls—my Throne of Illusion or the Magic Chair—it possesses two wonderful properties. First—if you will have the kindness to stand upon it I will, by a simple wave of my wand—and by merely saying the words "Come down," just as you would use them to a refractory housemaid, and without my repeating them a second time, compel you to leave the chair. Secondly—By a wave of my Magic Wand I can so firmly place you in that chair as to defy all your efforts to release yourself but at my pleasure; however, as this will occupy some time, we will have a little *music*. Buttons—assist the gentleman on to the chair. (BROWN *gets on chair*. TRINKLET *waves his wand*.) Come down.

BROWN. Not a bit of it.

TRINK. Are you resolved? Mind, I shall not repeat my words.

BROWN. I am fixed.

(TRINKLET *orders chairs; himself, with BUTTONS and the PAGES seat themselves, R. H. After a short time, BROWN gets uneasy, and the music stops.*)

BROWN. Well, sir, how long are you going to keep me here?

TRINK. It's quite optional; I told you I should not repeat my words, and as I have no intention of doing so, it entirely depends upon yourself.

BROWN. Confound the fellow—he'll keep one here for a week, so, here goes. (*jumps down.*)

TRINK. Now, sir, I hope you will confess my magic power. But pray be seated, and we will proceed with the most astonishing trick of the evening. "The Great Gun Trick," so called from its occupying the largest space in my programme; but first one wave of my wand, and there you are.

BROWN. Confound the fellow—what's he about now? (*tries to rise.*) he has glued me to the chair.

TRINK. Buttons—the Gun. (*he gives it.*)

BROWN. Pray be careful of that gun, sir. I hate fire arms.

TRINK. Don't be in the least alarmed, sir. I am happy to say, ladies and gentleman, that I am enabled to adopt an entirely new method of performing this celebrated trick ; to prevent the possibility of collusion, I fire the gun, and a *stranger* catches the bullet. I say, Brown, did you ever see the opera of Der Freyschutz? I am Caspar, and you're Adolph. (*cocks the gun.*) Do me the favour to turn a little more this way—a little more—thank you.

BROWN. Hollo ! what are you about? Stop! stop!

TRINK. Don't you see—I shoot, you catch the bullet between your teeth—nothing can be simpler. Have you made a will ?

BROWN. Help! Murder ! Fire!

TRINK. That's precisely what I'm going to do. Now then—

BROWN. Help! Police ! Help! (*struggles in chair.*)

TRINK. My dear sir, you'd never do to go into the trenches.

BROWN. Put that gun down directly, sir! I won't have it.

TRINK. (*puts gun down.*) Ladies and gentlemen, since this weak minded elderly party objects to catch a bullet in his teeth, I will attempt the trick in another shape. (*to BROWN.*) Lend me a Five Pound note, and I won't fire at you.

BROWN. Nothing of the kind.

TRINK. I only want it to do a trick with.

BROWN. Then you may do the trick without it; you've tricked me out of money enough.

TRINK. But consider, the audience are waiting.

BROWN. Well, for their sake—but mind, only for a minute. (*gives one.*)

TRINK. Thank you.

BROWN. Here, stop! I've given you a hundred pound note.

TRINK. It's not of the slightest consequence.

BROWN. But it is to me. Give it me back.

(*tries to rise.*)

TRINK. (*to AUDIENCE.*) Be kind enough to examine this small box. You see it's perfectly empty. I place the note in the box—lock it—give the gentleman the key,

also the box, which he holds at arms length—so—to prevent accident. (*to BROWN.*) I told you I'd give it you back.

BROWN. That horrid gun again! Take it away.

TRINK. I'm not going to shoot you ; I'm going to shoot the box. (*raises gun.*) But I could—it being a double-barrel—place a bullet in each ear.

BROWN. Put that gun down, sir.

TRINK. Well, I suppose I must humour this refractory old party. (*goes to the table and brings small pop-gun.*) Now keep your arm straight out and steady, and there's no danger. Are you ready ?

BROWN. Oh—h!

TRINK. One! two! three! (*fires the pop-gun.*)

BROWN. Oh !

(*BUTTONS takes small waiter, and BROWN drops a bullet from his mouth.*)

TRINK. And now do me the favour to unlock the box.

(*BROWN unlocks the box, and exhibits the writ to the audience. TRINKLET takes another small box from the table and holds up the bank note.*)

BROWN. Hollo! here—what's this ?

TRINK. That is the writ you were kind enough to send me by Mr. Snap, and here is the hundred pound note—exchange is no robbery.

BROWN. Scoundrel! (*tries to rise.*)

TRINK. Ah ! you are in the Magic Chair.

BROWN. Let me out, I say.

TRINK. Ladies and gentlemen, for the completion of this interesting illusion—

BROWN. No illusion to me.

TRINK. I require a bonnet. Will any lady oblige me with such an article off her head, or rather, off her back ? Buttons, try the boxes.

BROWN. I don't want a bonnet. Zounds, sir, don't bonnet me.

BUT. (*having borrowed a bonnet from a private box on the stage.*) Here's a bonnet, sir.

TRINK. Ladies and gentlemen, I need scarcely tell you (*holding it up.*) that this is a bonnet; a common—no, not a common lady's bonnet. I purpose—heavens ! what do

I see? That pale green silk—those coral trimmings—those ruby strings! It is—it must be *the* bonnet!—the bonnet of my Sophonisba—the bonnet of my heart! (*presses it to his bosom, and holds it up crushed.* LADY *in the box screams.*) That voice! It is my Sophonisba's! I have found her—she is here. (*runs to the box.*) Come to the arms of your fond Augustus. Oh, Sophonisba! Sophonisba!—Oh—

BROWN. Gracious! that's my daughter's voice!

TRINK. Where?

BROWN. There, in that box—without a bonnet.

TRINK. Then you're the father of an angel. (*placing the bonnet on Brown's head.*) And thus I release you.

BROWN. (*rises and runs to the box.*) What are you doing in London, miss? I left you at your aunt's in Berkshire. I'll teach you to run after conjurors. Come home—directly.

TRINK. Unnatural parent! don't mind what he says.

BROWN. How dare you interfere between me and my daughter?

TRINK. Haven't I known her for ages? Am I not hers by right of conquest? Didn't she save my life at Valerie-sur-Somme, and don't I mean to marry her?

BROWN. What! you're the young gentleman she's been pining and sighing about? A pretty match truly for my Sophonisba, with twenty thousand pounds.

TRINK. Twenty thousand pounds! I can't live without my Sophonisba, and my Sophonisba can't live without me, can you, Sophonisba? (*runs to box.*) Why she's gone!

Enter SOPHONISBA, L. H, 1 E., and runs to her father.

BROWN. Now, Sophonisba, come home with me.

SOPH. Papa, I can't go home without my bonnet.

TRINK. Good gracious! what's to be done?—ha! Sophonisba, take this gun and put an end to the miserable existence you prolonged at Valerie-sur-Somme, in France.

SOPH. Augustus!

TRINK. Sophonisba! (*they embrace.*)

BROWN. You've been looking for the girl, and I've found her—I've lost her, and you've found her; and if

you really love her, and she really loves you, (*they embrace again.*) take her and be happy.

TRINK. Then I'll give up the character of wizard for ever.

BUT. But, sir, what about the bailiff? He's still locked up.

TRINK. Oh, let him out, by all means. (*runs to drawers, L. H.—opens each drawer.*) Why he's not here. (*opens bottom drawer again, and finds two baskets filled with bon-bons.*) How the deuce did they come here? (*takes them out, and puts SMALLS in. He distributes the bon-bons to the AUDIENCE.*)

BROWN. Now, Mr. Trinklet, where is the bailiff?

TRINK. Oh, I daresay I shall find him somewhere. Where would you like to have him—in an egg, or an orange, under your hat, in a little bottle, or in that chest of drawers?

BROWN. Why, as 'twould be more to his own personal convenience, I should say the chest of drawers.

TRINK. Then I daresay Smalls has found him by this time. (*takes out bottom drawer.*) He is not there. (*then the middle one—finds SMALLS.*) Come out, sir. Why I thought I had put you in the other. How dare you, sir? (*takes out SMALLS. SNAP comes out at the top.*)

SNAP. You forget, Mr. Trinklet, you have not settled with me yet.

TRINK. That's easily done. What's the amount?

SNAP. Costs and all, a neat hundred.

TRINK. (*taking box from table, takes out writ, and puts the hundred pound note in.*) There, sir—it's quite a good one. I took it from Mr. Brown ten minutes ago. I place it in the box which you will likewise accept as a present for Mrs. Snap. It will serve her for a tea-caddy. The writ I will preserve in this other box. It will serve to remind me of your agreeable visit.

SNAP. I say, Mr. Trinklet, with all your conjuring, you see I know a trick worth two of yours. I wish you a good evening. [*Exit, L. H. 1 E.*]

TRINK. A trick worth two of mine, does he? Wait till he gets home, that's all; he'll find he's only where he started; for he's got nothing but the writ, and here's the

hundred pound note, (*takes note from box.*) There, sir— it belongs to you.

BROWN. No, no—keep it, my boy. You deserve it for your ingenuity, and with it, once more, my daughter and my blessing.

SOPH. Having now my Augustus to care for, I shall never want another pale green bonnet burnt by  wizard; but instead of watching the blaze of a conjurer, shall try and make my husband happy at our own fire-side.

TRINK. Fortune then smiles upon me at last, and thus I break my wizard's staff. (*throws it back.*) For with a hundred pound note in my pocket—a fine old father-in-law in the back-ground—and a charming wife with twenty thousand pounds, I think I have managed pretty well by conjuring. And if, ladies and gentlemen, I have not been quite so expert as an old hand, I trust that by the time you have honoured me with your presence for one hundred nights, I shall have arrived at perfection.

CURTAIN.