

A NIGHT 
AT NOTTING HILL

AN ORIGINAL *APROPOS* SKETCH.

IN

O N E A C T

BY

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AND

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A NIGHT AT NOTTING HILL.

*First performed at the Theatre Royal Adelphi,
January 5th, 1857.*

CHARACTERS.

ALDERMAN SYLLABUB - - - MR. WRIGHT.
PRIVATE TIGHT LEATHERS
 (of H.M. Light Dragoons.) MR. PAUL BEDFORD.
O'MUTTON *(a Policeman, X. Division.)* MR. HALL.
MRS. CHUTNEY *(the Alderman's
 Housekeeper.)* - - - MRS. CHATTERLEY.
LIZZY *(the Alderman's Housemaid.)* - MISS MARY KEELEY.

COSTUMES.

ALDERMAN SYLLABUB.—Long figured dressing gown, drab tight trowsers, white waistcoat, short black gaiters and shoes, half-bald, fair curled wig.
PRIVATE TIGHT LEATHERS.—Red jacket with short tails, leather breeches, high boots, blue forage cap with red band, black moustache and tip.
O'MUTTON.—Modern policeman's dress, cape, staff, lantern, &c.
MRS. CHUTNEY.—Modern old woman's dress.
LIZZY.—Modern chambermaid's dress.

A NIGHT AT NOTTING HILL.



SCENE.—A well-furnished drawing-room in the Alderman's house at Notting-hill. Large window in c, with practicable shutters; a large bar behind the shutters, to be used when the window is closed. Door, 1st E. L. H. ; practicable door in flat L., of window. Large sofa on L. H., between door 1st E. L. H., and door in flat. Handsome fire-place R. H. 2nd E. Ornaments on the mantle-piece. Large cheffionier 3rd E. R. H. A large clock with practicable hands, over sofa; the word "alarum" painted on the dial. A table in front, R. C. ; chairs on either side. Several newspapers on table, and two lighted candles.

(Before the curtain rises, the band plays the "Ratcatcher's Daughter," and the air is continued as the curtain goes up.
MRS. CHUTNEY is discovered, reading the newspapers;
LIZZY is busy in arranging the furniture.

AIR.—"Ratcatcher's Daughter."

LIZZY. (*sings.*)—

" Not far from here there lived a maid,
For his bride a soldier sought her,
But ere the wedding day was fixed,
He was sent to the field of slaughter.
To the dark Crimea,
Far away from here,
In fact, t'other side o' the water;—
But Policeman—X,
I very much expects,
Would be only too willing to court her."

MRS. C. (R. H. *stopping her.*) Hold your silly tongue! What use are the dragoons to us, or police either? Singing in such awful times, when we're strangled in our beds every night of the week. Frightful times!

LIZZY. Frightful!—how can you say so, Mrs. Chutney, when

the dear Guards have come back to London again—covered all over with hair and glory.

MRS. C. Bah! beards like scrubbing brushes!

LIZZY. I'm sure, if the war continued much longer, it wouldn't have been worth any housemaid's while to remain in the metropolipus.

MRS. C. Live in the metropolis—die in the metropolis, you mean. It's plain enough to see you never read the papers.

LIZZY. Don't I;—all the births and marriages, with the millingtary movements.

MRS. C. Military movements, you mean. Listen to this—*(taking up paper, puts on spectacles.)* hold the light, child—*(LIZZY holds candle near to paper. Reads.)*—"Another burglary at Notting-hill."—do you hear that?—"Last night the house of Colonel Cholic was forcibly entered by a brace of burglars who found the door wide open; the servant having gone out for a penn'orth of milk, with the street door key in her bosom. The daring villains succeeded in carrying off a pair of pattens and the rolling-pin."

LIZZY. *(laughing.)* Ha! ha! ha! the clever thieves. Well, I'll never turn robber for a rolling-pin.

MRS. C. But so near, Lizzy! why, Colonel Cholic lives only five houses off. Dear me, we'd better mind the pattens and the rolling-pin of this establishment.

LIZZY. Well, mum, all I know is, I've been and gone to fetch milk many a night, and except being kissed by the young man at the 'pothecary's, and the policeman on duty, I never come to no harm.

MRS. C. Harm! if either the apothecary or the policeman took such a liberty with me, I'd—*(rises from chair, and arranges her dress.)* But I hope there is something in my appearance which would prevent a repetition of such boldness.

ALDERMAN SYLLABUB. *(calling from outside door, L. H. 1 E.)* Mrs. Chutney, mam! where are you? Bring a light here!—

MRS. C. *(to LIZZY.)* There's your master's voice.

ALDERMAN SYLLABUB. *(still calling from outside.)* Bring a light here, I say! Lizzy—Mrs. Chutney—somebody—I'm in the dark!

MRS. C. *(takes candle from table, gives it to LIZZY.)* There, child, run at once to the alderman. *(LIZZY runs off at door L. H., with candle.)* Ah! if the alderman took my advice he'd get married! I hope these burglars will bring old bachelors to their senses. How any man can venture to be without a wife these times is a mystery to me.

Enter ALDERMAN SYLLABUB, *door 1 E. L. H. He carries a*

large box under one arm; on the box is painted in large black letters—"American Detonating Detective,"—a long red rope is twisted round the box, and part of it drags on the ground. In the other hand he carries a copper warming-pan with long handle, and two large pillows; he also carries the candle LIZZY took off. LIZZY follows with a quantity of bed-clothes which she throws upon the sofa.

ALDER. Mrs. Chutney, mam, I'm going to sleep in this room to-night!—I've made up my mind to it!—I am not going to be murdered in a four-poster, if I know it! My bed-room is so far from civilization, that if the robbers come, my valour would never be heard of. Mrs. Chutney, take this candle. *(she does so, and places it on table. The ALDERMAN puts warming-pan at foot of sofa, the pillows on sofa, then comes forward, and places box on table, R. C.)* Mrs. Chutney, mam, look at this! *(to LIZZY.)* Young woman, oblige me with your attention. *(they stand on either side of the ALDERMAN looking at box.)* This is the celebrated American Detonating Detective, from the State of I. O. U., a splendid specific in all cases of robbery! Its effects are immediate; look here—*(pointing to the rope. MRS. CHUTNEY is about to touch it.)* Don't touch it—don't touch it!—damn it, do you want it to blow up before its time? Now, Mrs. Chutney, when I've closed the shutters for the night, I fasten this cord to the bolt, and when the robber puts his jemmy through, this box will blow the roof of the house off, and we can all escape in the confusion. *(takes up box, and places it on the small table beside sofa, L. H.; then goes to sofa and examines and arranges bed-clothes.)*

MRS. C. Blow our roofs off!—he's a wonderful man.

LIZZY. Roofs off, indeed! *(crosses to door, L. H.)* I give one month's notice from this minute. I ain't going to be murdered for ten pounds a year, and find my own tea and sugar.

Exit door, L. H.

MRS. C. Did you hear that, sir? She gives notice! In another month, if these breakings-in continue, there won't be a maid in Notting-hill.

ALDER. Notting-hill—Garotting-hill, you mean! Talk of an Englishman's house being his castle, it's nothing of the sort! An Englishman's house is his place of execution! *(advances to table, R. C., sits.)* What do the papers say?

MRS. C. *(hands him paper.)* Here, alderman, read this—*(points to paper.)*

ALDER. Give me my spectacles—*(she hands them from table.)*—hold the light. *(she does so.)* Bless me, what's this?—"Awful sacrifice, three twins at-a birth!" Dear me, Mrs. Chutney—

MRS. C. No, sir, no, not that—the next!

ALDER. Oh—I see! (*reading.*) "Another Burglary at Notting-hill." (*looks round nervously—reads again.*) "The house of Colonel Cholic forcibly entered,"—bless my soul—"band of burglars—carried off the rolling pin,"—what a painful affair. Round the corner, too! But people will not take proper precautions; the villains shall not catch me unprepared. You know Mrs. Chutney that there is a man trap in that closet—(*pointing to door in flat, L., of window.*)—I've placed a spring-gun under the mat at the hall-door—there are combustibles in every corner of the house—and when that alarum clock goes off, it would wake up the people in Gravesend.

MRS. C. But, sir, what are the police about—

ALDER. They never are about; and if they are about—there should be about twice as many of 'em to be any good!

Enter LIZZY, door L. H., with letter and newspaper.

LIZZY. Please, sir, the postman's been.

ALDER. The postman! (*in alarm.*) You didn't dare to open the street-door?

LIZZY. No, sir, how could I? you took away the key; but I answered him through the round hole in the coal-cellar. Here's the evening penny paper—

ALDER. Take it away—(*pushes it away.*) I wouldn't read a word of it; it's a penny-a-liar—

LIZZY. And a letter, sir. (*gives letter to ALDERMAN, and goes up, reading paper.*

ALDER. (*puts on his spectacles.*) A letter, eh? (*takes it.*) Ah, I know the hand. It's from my nephew—a fine young fellow! He's a Horse Dragoon—strong as a lion—five court-martials tried to break him and they couldn't do it—ha! ha! I wish he was here; what does he say—(*reads.* LIZZY and MRS. CHUTNEY *stand on either side of the ALDERMAN, listening.*)—"My Dear Uncle Syllabub—I am sorry that I can't be with you as soon as I intended; but as I find, by the papers, that several sanguinary murders have been committed in Notting-hill, I will send my man, Leathers, to sleep on the premises until I arrive. You may depend on Leathers.—Your affectionate nephew,—Hurricane Weathercock." Mrs. Chutney, mam, we shall be protected; Leathers will be one of the family. I have no doubt that Leathers is a dragoon—and, of course, we couldn't have a better—for the old saying tells us, "There's nothing like Leathers."

LIZZY. (*coming down, L. H.*) May I ask, where the dragoon is to sleep?

ALDER. With me of course. (*rises from table and crosses to sofa.*) I mean—he shall go to bed all day, if he likes, but he must be wide awake in this room all night."

MRS. C. Oh, sir! this room will be well secured; but what is to become of us?

LIZZY. Yes, who's to take care of the top of the house?

ALDER. The top of the house, indeed!—let the top look out for the bottom. Women, don't be nervous. If the burglars *should* take the roof off, give me notice in time, and you'll be safe to find the hall-door open.

MRS. C. Lizzy, I hope you have fastened the windows—

ALDER. Mrs. Chutney, mam, I'll see that everything is fastened myself. After the warnings of "Revolver," every Englishman should watch his own keyholes, (*takes candle.*) Come, Mrs. Chutney, I'll just look over the premises! (*goes to door L. H., and peeps out; then returns, gives candle to MRS. CHUTNEY.*) You go before, mam; hold the light, and I'll see there's no one behind you!

Exit, L., pushing MRS. CHUTNEY before him.

LIZZY. I never saw such a frightened pair of old fools. To lock the area door, too. However will poor O'Mutton do without his supper? This is about the time he comes every night, and when he finds the kitchen door fastened—(*a knock at window, C. The bright light of a policeman's lamp is seen through the window.*)—ah! bless his red bull's-eye, there he is. (*runs towards window—stops suddenly—then runs to door L. H., and looks out; listens.*) I hear them nailing up the very pigeon-holes; they won't finish that job for half-an-hour. (*returns and opens the centre window.*) Come in a moment—there's nobody here.

O'MUTTON *enters at centre window—he looks about cautiously.*

O'MUTTON. Lizzy, my darling, who locked the kitchen-door? Did you think I was off duty—or that I lost my appetite?

LIZZY. No, indeed; but the alderman is so much afraid of robbers, that the old fool has locked all the doors, and put the keys in his pocket.

O'MUTTON. The hard-hearted ould divil. If that was done in every house in London, whatever would become of the *could mait*.

LIZZY. And what do you think?—If he hasn't sent to his nephew at the Horse Guards for the loan of a dragoon to sleep on the premises.

O'MUTTON. Sleep in this house? a real live dragoon is it? then the devil a wink *you'll* get, while he's in the family.

LIZZY. But I've given my notice, and at the end of a month—

O'MUTTON. You and I will be doubled up in matrimony.

LIZZY. Hush! how can you? eh? stop a minute. (*runs to door, L. H.*) Oh dear! here's the alderman—I hear him coming down.

O'MUTTON. The devil he is—I wouldn't have him *on me* for the world, for he's a *sitting* magistrate.

LIZZY. Oh, you mustn't stop—for goodness sake be off. (*they both run to the centre window; at this moment a loud ring and knock at hall door.*)

O'MUTTON. If I go out of the window now, I'll fall upon the knocker.

LIZZY. I wouldn't have you leave for the world.

(*loud ring again.*)

O'MUTTOX. The devil pull the tongue out of that bell.

ALDERMAN SYLLABUB. (*outside, L. H.*) Lizzy! Lizzy! don't attempt to open the door.

LIZZY. The alderman—oh, Heavens!

O'MUTTON. Oh, murder! (*runs to the closet door.*) I'll hide here!

LIZZY. (*pulls him back by his coat tail.*) Oh, take care—the man trap, the man trap. (*pushes him to cheffonier.*) In there for my sake.

O'MUTTON. Not without my supper. (*kisses her—gets into cheffonier, L.*)

Enter ALDERMAN SYLLABUB *followed by* MRS. CHUTNEY, *door L. H., the bell rings loudly again.*

ALDER. Who the devil can that be? (*looking very much alarmed.*)

LIZZY. (*nervously.*) Please, sir—I—I think it's the water rate.

ALDER. Don't talk d—d nonsense—the water rate at ten o'clock at night.—if they dare bring it at such an hour I'd have it cut off in the morning. (*ring again.*) Mrs. Chutney, ma'am, you'd better answer the door.

MRS. C. Come, Lizzy, we'll see who it is.

(*O'MUTTON puts his head from the cheffonier, looks about and sneezes, then withdraws, the ALDERMAN and MRS. CHUTNEY look at each other.*)

ALDER. Mrs. Chutney, ma'am, you've got a cold in your head.

LIZZY. 'Twas me, sir, I've caught the flue. (*loud knock.*)

ALDER. I—why don't you answer the door? what are you

afraid of? women, go down stairs—if there's any danger, remember I'm up here to protect you.

Exit LIZZY, L., *followed by* MRS. CHUTNEY.

I'm not at all nervous, but there's nothing like precaution—there's no trusting anybody, even the men that brought home my coals said something about "shooting into the cellar." Whenever I go out after dark, I fill the collar of my coat with gunpowder and small shot, then, woe to the man that touches the top button. (*turns round—sees that the centre window has not been shut.*) Bless my soul, the window open at this hour.

(*runs up, closes the shutter and puts large iron bar across.*)

O'MUTTON. (*puts his head from closet, L. H.*) Beware !

(*retires again.*)

ALDER. Lord a mercy, what's that? (*very much frightened, comes away from window, looks under table, then up at alarm clock.*) Ah, I see! a very clever clock indeed. (*ring at the door followed by loud report, and the screams of MRS. CHUTNEY and LIZZY.*) The spring gun, as I'm an alderman!—they're both murdered. (*the ALDERMAN in great alarm, runs about stage—then gets under the sofa.*)

LIZZY *runs on, L., followed by* LEATHERS, *carrying* MRS. CHUTNEY *in his arms, places her in a chair in the centre.* LIZZY *runs up to door of closet, L. H.*

LEATHERS. Come, come, come! don't be nervous—it's all right—look up, my respectable but middle-aged feminine. (*to LIZZY.*) Where are you off to, young cap and curls? what are you frightened at? I am here by lawful regular orders, and here's my ticket of leave.

ALDER. (*under the sofa.*) What's that? Ticket of leave! Oh dear! It's all over—he's a ticket of leave.

O'MUTTON. (*pops his head from closet.*) Oh the villain! if I had my will—(*retires.*)

ALDER. Will, eh? If I had my will I'd add a codicil to it—I'd cut off—

LEATHERS. Here's my credentials—I was sent here to protect the family—and if you all went into histrionics, I won't stir a peg until my master comes from the Horse Guards.

MRS. C. (*suddenly recovers, jumps up, and flings her arms round LEATHER'S neck.*) A Horse Guard. Oh, young man, I throw myself upon your protection.

LIZZY. A Horse Guard! what a splendid specimen.

ALDER. (*coming from under sofa, advances nervously with warming pan in his hand.*) I beg your pardon; did you say you were a Horse Guard?

O'MUTTON. (*pops his head out from chefonier, R. H.*) A Blackguard!

ALDER. (*to MRS. CHUTNEY.*) Do you really think so ? a blackguard—then why did you let him in ?

LEATHERS. Please your honour, my name is Private Tight Leathers, my master is your nephew—he'll be here in the morning—in the meantime I've to mount guard for the family.

ALDER. (*looking at him suspiciously.*) Well, Leathers, if you be a soldier as you say you be, you are, of course, acquainted with the use of a firelock.

LEATHERS. I should think so ! and the broadsword likewise.

ALDER. (*crosses to MRS. CHUTNEY.*) Mrs. Chutney, ma'am, I'm going to put Leathers through a solemn ordeal, and I'll trouble you to look after my supper, as I intend to go to bed the moment I feel secure.

LIZZY. (*aside.*) What ever shall I do with O'Mutton ? If they don't go to bed soon, he'll be smothered—I must try and smuggle a bottle of whiskey in to keep him quiet.

Exit MRS. CHUTNEY, followed by LIZZY, door L. H.

ALDER. Now then, young fireworks, let's see whether you're up to trap. (*in a military tone of voice.*) ah hem! heads up—turn your eyes out—no, no, I mean your toes. (*goes to LEATHERS, gives him the warming pan to use as a gun, places him in an upright position, walks round him in admiration.*) Now then, form square. (*LEATHERS stands unmoved.—The ALDERMAN, in loud high voice.*) Form square.

LEATHER. Ha, ha!—gammon!

ALDER. (*aside:*) What does he mean by gammon ? I suspect this fellow—he can't form square. (*aloud to LEATHERS.*) Shoulder-er-er humps. (*LEATHERS stands unmoved.*) Carry-ary-ary humps! fix bagnets.

LEATHERS. Ha, ha !—pickles!

ALDER. (*aside.*) Pickles—he's an impostor—he does not know how to fix his bagonets, but I'll try him again, and if he's not a dragoon I'll send for the police. (*to LEATHERS.*) Prepare to receive cavalry. (*LEATHERS instantly drops on one knee and holds the warming pan before him.*) Bravo, bravo ! that's it—now then, three's about, (*LEATHERS takes no notice.*) Well, try fours—damn it, make it six if you like—charge! (*LEATHERS jumps up, runs at the ALDERMAN with the warming-pan, the ALDERMAN gathers up his dressing gown and runs round the stage, pursued by LEATHERS.*) Stop, stop ! what are you about? I surrender.

LEATHERS. (*stops in C.*) All right, governor, I was only joking!

ALDER. Joking, eh ! pretty joke, hunt a man like a badger and call it joking! but give me the 9-pounder. (*takes warming-*

pan, and puts it behind sofa.) Now the war is over let's have a little conference ; peace being proclaimed, we'll return from the slaughter.

LEATHERS. Slaughter, your honour, were you ever on the battle-field?

ALDER. Not exactly, the only field I'm partial to is Smith-field.

LEATHERS. Ah ! if you once heard the cannons roar—

ALDER. Once would be quite enough ; I shouldn't want a second dose. Will you answer me one question ?

LEATHERS. Certainly, your honour; send a fair shot, and I'll answer your fire.

ALDER. Well, then, when you were in battle, weren't you in a terrible fright ?

LEATHERS. (*in loud voice.*) What do you mean ? do you doubt my honour ? look at my buttons.

ALDER. No, no! I don't care a pin for your honour, and d—n your buttons.

MRS. CHUTNEY *enters from door, L. H., carrying a large bowl of gruel, with spoon, followed by LIZZY, with a tray on which is a decanter of wine, a tumbler and a bottle of pickles; they cross to table, R. H., and place the tray and gruel upon it.*

MRS. C. Bless me, I thought you were gone to bed, sir, it's getting very late, and I've brought your white wine gruel.

LIZZY. And here's purvisions for the army. (LEATHERS *sits down at table and begins to eat and drink heartily—aside.*) Poor O'Mutton, I wish he had some of it! (*she goes to cheffonier, pretends to be dusting it, pulls out black bottle, O'MUTTON puts over his hand and takes it.*)

ALDER. In five minutes I'll be in the arms of Murphy. Mrs. Chutney, ma'am, you may leave my gruel on the table, I'll take it the last thing, for gruel always gets into my head ; now females you must go, I'm about to retire. (*goes to sofa, spreads the bedclothes, fixes the pillows.*)

MRS. C. Well, good night, sir! I hope we'll be all alive in the morning. Come, Lizzy, we are two unprotected females.

LEATHERS. (*starts up,*) Don't say that, ma'am, I'll go with you, if it's agreeable,

ALDER. Nothing of the sort, I won't allow it; Mrs. Chutney, let Leathers alone. (*to LEATHERS.*) What do you mean ? If you leave this room without permission of your commanding officer, I'll have you dismissed the service.

MRS. C. (*at door.*) Come Lizzy.

Exit, L. H.

LIZZY. (*looking towards cheffonier—aside.*) Poor O'Mutton ! when they are all asleep I'll slip down and let him out.

ALDER. There, go along. *Pushes her off, L. H.*
Girls are always fond of soldiers. (*returns and places the "Detonating Box" at window, fastens the cord which is attached to the box to the window, LEATHERS continues to eat and drink.*) There we're all safe now, at least when the burglar comes he'll meet with a warm reception. Leathers, have you had your supper?

O'MUTTON. (*puts his head from cheffonier.*) Of course he has, and mine too.

(*the ALDERMAN goes to sofa and turns over pillow, as if looking for something; LEATHERS fills glass and turns towards ALDERMAN ; O'MUTTON creeps from cheffonier to table, swallows the gruel and returns.*)

LEATHERS. Here's your health, your honour.

ALDER. Thank you, Leathers—are you getting tight ?

LEATHERS. AS a drum, my noble commander.

ALDER. (*crosses to table.*) You've had your supper, eh! I'm glad to hear it, finished up everything—that's right—(*looking at tray.*) that's right—England expects every man to mind his own stomach. (*returns to sofa, still looks about the pillows as if in search of something.*)

LEATHERS. GO to bed, governor, go to bed; if any midnight marauder comes to these premises, I'll tip him his gruel. (*still helping himself to wine—the ALDERMAN feels the bed.*)

ALDER. This appears to be very comfortable ; invention is the mother of necessity. (*undressing himself.*) Where the devil's my flannel night-cap, (*turns up bedclothes, pulls out a large woman's night-cap.*) What's this? If this isn't Mrs. Chutney's brought here by mistake, well, never mind, it's all the same in the dark. (*puts on night-cap—crosses to table.*) I'll not disturb them to-night; now for my gruel; (*goes to table for gruel, takes bowl, is about to drink.*) I say Mr. Horse Dragoon—what have you done with my gruel? this is devilish unfair, not content with beef and pickles, but you must gobble up my gruel.

LEATHERS. Go to bed, commander.

ALDER. (*getting into bed.*) What appetites these soldiers have; why, I'm told they ate more at the Surrey Gardens, (that is they would have, if they could have got it), than all the wild beasts in a twelvemonth, and drank so much champagne that there was not a single gooseberry left in Peckham. (*during this speech he arranges himself for sleep.*) Leathers, if you're not afraid of the dark, put the lights out.

LEATHERS. (*who has been gradually falling asleep, raises his*

head.) All right, governor. Nothing of the sort—burglar, indeed, more like a pig. (*puffs out the candles—stage dark—yawns, lays his head on table.*) I wonder where the little housemaid sleeps—this is lonely work. (*yawns and falling to sleep.*) The Alderman is the funniest old cove I ever came across, (*sings a few words of the " Girl I left behind me."*)

ALDER. Don't sing, Leathers, it gives me the tooth-ache.

LEATHERS. All right governor!

(*dropping to sleep—the ALDERMAN drops asleep, then snores.*)

O'MUTTON. (*looks out from cheffonier.*) They're both as fast as a pair of hand-cuffs. (*creeps out stealthily.*) I must get out of this house somehow, or I'll—

Enter LIZZY cautiously, L. H.

I hear a footstep, (*comes forward, they both feel about—at length their hands touch, LIZZY it about to scream, O'MUTTON turns his lamp full on her face, seizes her in his arms.*) Hush! it's me, don't you feel me winking at you? Don't speak or O'Mutton will be hashed.

LIZZY. Oh! O'Mutton, whatever shall we do, you can't get out at the front door, and if you're found here in the morning—

O'MUTTON. The morning is it? If I don't go home till morning, my goose is roasted.

ALDER. (*in his sleep.*) Poor Colonel Cholic, lost his pattens.

LEATHERS. (*also in his sleep.*) A frightened old donkey!—threes about. (*snores.*)

(*LIZZY and O'MUTTON steal cautiously to the window, O'MUTTON tries to undo the bolt.*)

O'MUTTON. Hould up the bull's-eye, my darling, (*she does so.*) What's this string? ah, I see, for fear the table would fly out of the window.

(*gives the string which is attached to the box a strong pull, at this moment the box bursts with a loud explosion of crackers, which fly about the stage, a loud gong is heard and the hands of the clock run round rapidly, O'MUTTON throws open the window and runs out; LIZZY screams, kneels down and puts her apron over her head, the ALDERMAN stands up in the bed with all the clothes round him, and springs a large rattle. MRS. CHUTNEY is heard screaming outside, one or two explosions are heard as if some of the Alderman's combustibles had blown up outside.*)

ALDER. Help! Murder! fix bagonets! (*MRS. CHUTNEY screams.*)

LEATHERS. What's the row—ah, a female in distress.

Runs off L. H.

ALDER. (*tumbles off and creeps under the sofa, crying out*)—
Leathers where are you ? Police! police! police! (O'MUTTON
*returns and stands in the centre of window—turns the bull's-eye
full upon the stage—lights up.*)

O'MUTTON. What's the matter? Who's kilt.

ALDER. (*rises.*) Oh! we're bombarded.

O'MUTTON. Where's the delinquent? Ah, I see! (*runs
towards the ALDERMAN.*) He's hiding under the sofa.

ALDER. (*jumps up, holding warming pan, runs to door of
closet.*) Stand off, or I'll blacken your bull's-eye with the
warming pan.

LEATHERS *runs on L. door, carrying MRS. CHUTNEY, who has
changed her dress to long white nightgown and night cap, he
places her on sofa—the ALDERMAN in great terror rushes to
closet crying "Stand off—Help!" As he enters the closet
MRS. CHUTNEY and LIZZY scream out "The man-trap, the
mantrap!" At this moment a loud crash and explosion takes
places in closet, O'MUTTON and LEATHERS rush to closet door
and bring the ALDERMAN out, his leg has been caught in a
man-trap, they carry him to front of stage with the trap fixed on
his leg.*

ALDER. Bless me; how my head turns round. Ah ! now I
remember, there was a revolver under my pillow. (O'MUTTON
takes trap off the ALDERMAN'S leg.) But I won't stop another
night in Notting Hill.

LIZZY. Pray, sir, don't think of going. I'm sure, with the
military on one side—

LEATHERS. Yes, sir, we'll protect you.

ALDER. Protect indeed ! who stole the gruel ?

O'MUTTON. The police will stand by you, sir.

ALDER. Yes—they steal my beef.

MRS. C. Think of *me*, sir.

ALDER. Chutney—none of your sauce ! I'll give up house-
keeping and go for a lodger, (*advances to AUDIENCE, taking
chair with him on which he sits.*) Is there anyone here who'll
take me in and do for me ? a cheerful musical family, or a nice
young widow ! The neighbourhood of Bow Street preferred !
Eh ? speak somebody, and at once, for I can't spend another

NIGHT AT NOTTING HILL.

(*As he finishes, two loud explosions are heard without, and a
rattle and bell heard; the ALDERMAN runs up towards the
window, but tumbles down; MRS. CHUTNEY faints, sup-
ported by LEATHERS ; LIZZY screams, and runs into
O'MUTTON'S arms.*)

TABLEAU AND CURTAIN.