

A  
**SHILLING DAY AT THE  
GREAT EXHIBITION.**

**A Farce,**  
IN ONE ACT,

BY  
WILLIAM BROUGH & ANDREW HALLIDAY,  
MEMBERS OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY,  
AUTHORS OF  
*The Census, Pretty Horsebreaker, &c. &c.*



**THOMAS HAILES LACY,**  
**89, STRAND,**  
*(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market,)*  
LONDON.

SHILLING DAY AT THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

*First performed at the New Royal Adelphi Theatre,  
on Monday, the 9th day of June, 1862.*

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**Characters.**

DOVEBODY.....(*a mild Young Man*)..... Mr. J. L. TOOLE.  
HOGGINS..... (*a Druggist*)..... Mr. PAUL BEDFORD.  
SLOPER.....(*a Sporting Prophet*)..... Mr. C. J. SMITH.  
GUSSY.....(*a Sergeant in the Guards*)... Mr. SEFTON.  
BOBBIN.....(*General Agent and Auctioneer*) Mr. R. ROMER.  
MONSIEUR GOBEMOUCHE (*Exhibition  
Correspondent of the Canard de Paris*)..... Mr. S. EMERY.  
POLLY.....(*Dovebody's Intended*)..... Miss LATIMER.  
MRS. HOGGINS (*the Partner of Hoggins'  
bosom*) ..... Mrs. H. LEWIS.

*Royal Commissioners, Heads of Departments, Distinguished  
Foreigners, Police, and Public in General.*

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**Costumes.**

DOVEBODY.—Blue coat light trousers and waistcoat, white hat,  
gold spectacles, tip on chin.

HOGGINS.—White trousers and waistcoat, blue coat, brass  
buttons.

GUSSY.—Undress guard's dress.

BOBBIN.—Quaker's dress.

SLOPER.—Modern ditto.

POLLY.—Blue bonnet.

MRS. HOGGINS.—Blue bonnet.

*Ladies' dresses, ad lib.*

A

## SHILLING DAY AT THE EXHIBITION.



SCENE.—*A Court in the International Exhibition. Mixed Pickle Trophy C., pedestal R. 3 E., with Diving Dress, another L. 3 E., with Esquimaux dress.—Music.*

*As scene opens PERSONS of various Nations are discovered examining statues, &c. They move about and exeunt R. and L. during SLOPER'S speech*

*Enter SLOPER from R. U. E., down C.*

SLOPER. Not time yet. The hour I appointed was 2 o'clock. (*takes out "Times" newspaper*) Here it is at the top of the second column, where it's sure to catch his eye. (*reads*) "Blue Bonnet. Meet me at the Mixed Pickle Trophy at 2 o'clock. Right as ninepence. First rate tip, golden spec." A golden spec indeed; the money that poor greenhorn has given me for first-rate tips on different races convinces me that there's more to come from the same quarter. Blue Bonnet safe to win. Well, she may and she may not; so long as he pays for my tips it's no matter to me how they turn out, or where the money comes from. I'll stroll about till the time arrives. *Exit L. 1 E.*

*Enter POLLY, followed by DOVEBODY, L. U. E.*

POLLY. (R.) Don't talk to me about improving my mind ; if my mind's not good enough for you as it is, you can let me alone. There are plenty of other young men who will be glad to keep company with me without always wanting to school me.

DOVE. (L.) Well, but, my pretty Polly, what's Great Exhibitions for but to improve people's minds ?

POLLY. (R.) Then I don't want my mind improved; and I didn't want you to bring me here at all.

DOVE. I know you didn't, you wanted to stop at home all day and make a bonnet to go out with me in the evening, and I was to be sure not to come and disturb you; but didn't I cut the Gordian knot by buying a bonnet ready made for you ?

POLLY. Well, you needn't brag so much about it, it's only a four shilling one.

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DOVE. Four shillings and eleven pence three farthings—you might be generous enough to give me the benefit of the doubt and call it a crown.

POLLY. What did you bring me out for if you grudge the expense ? I didn't want to come with you. I've a great mind—

DOVE. You have a great mind, my dear, I know, but it wants cultivating.

POLLY. I don't want to be cultivated. Don't talk to me, sir, you go your way, I'll go mine; you've offended me, and I don't intend to speak to you for the next two hours; if at the end of that time you should be *very* penitent and want particularly to see me, you'll find me at the Balmoral Boot Department, or the Crinoline Trophy.

DOVE. But, Polly----

POLLY. Don't Polly me, sir, keep yourself to yourself, and mind your own business. *Exit, R. 1 E.*

DOVE. A beautiful girl that, but unfortunately utterly blind to the claims of science and human progress. Mind my own business, eh ? I will: being alone, I'll embrace that golden opportunity I have so long been looking for. Here I can meet the denizens of all nations in half an hour's stroll, and be able to instil into their minds my theory of universal love and brotherhood. *(music)*

*Re-enter all the VISITORS and GOBEMOUCHE—VISITORS  
gradually stroll off, R. and L.*

Now then for some one to begin with. Ah! here's a Frenchman, I'll begin with him. Monsieur, parlez vous Francais ?

GOBE. (L.) Oui, Monsieur.

DOVE. (R.) Then permit me to impress your foreign, and consequently benighted mind, with the advantages of universal brotherhood, international harmony, a common language, and the compulsory use of soap and water.

GOBE. Yes, sar. *En voici un des plus Anglais.* *(taking out note book)* I will make notes. Tell me, sir, is it true that you will drown yourself next November in ze fog ?

DOVE. Drown myself! no, I'll be hanged first.

GOBE. *Merci!* *(writing in book)* He will be hanged in November! I will write that to my journal. *(reading as he writes)* All ze English hang himself in November in ze fog.

*Exit writing, R. U. E.*

DOVE. Owing to the absence of a universal language, I didn't seem to get on very well with that highly respectable but eccentric parley-voo. I will confine my attentions in the first place to my own countrymen, and begin with the heads of departments of the exhibition. Here's a gentleman that looks

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like one. (*addressing GENTLEMAN*) Please, sir, are you a head of department ?

GENT. Go to the devil, sir. (*turns up stage and exit, R. U. E.*)

DOVE. Ah! then he *is* a head of department; he shows it by his extreme civility. Here, sir! (*following him up*) don't you think, sir, we should all be much happier, if we were to love one another? (*follows GENT. off at back, R. U. E.*)

*Enter GUSSY and BOBBIN, L. 1 E.*

BOBBIN. (R.) What strange fellows you military men are. I should have thought, on coming home from a long spell of foreign service, you would have gone to see your friends before coming to the Exhibition.

GUSSY. (L.) Well, not knowing their address in London, I thought I stood a good chance of meeting them here, and you see I've met you, and I dare say you can tell me all about them. Now what sort of a chap is this that my sister Polly is going to marry?

BOBBIN. Well, I haven't seen him yet, but I have had a good deal of correspondence with him, respecting a partnership I'm negotiating for him with our old friend, Hoggins, the druggist. You remember him of course ?

GUSSY. Old Hoggins? oh, of course I do; knows about as much of drugs as a drum major.

BOBBIN. That's just it; he had an accident the other day—nearly poisoned a whole family, by serving out arsenic for arrowroot; and that's why he wants a partner that know's something about it; and as this young man was advertising for a business-----

GUSSY. By-the-bye, talking about advertising, did you see that queer advertisement in the " Times" this morning ?

BOBBIN. No, I didn't.

GUSSY. Here it is; I cut it out as a curiosity. (*reads from slip of paper*) " Blue Bonnet. Meet me at the Mixed Pickle Trophy at 2 o'clock. Right as ninepence. First-rate tip, golden spec." Evidently an assignation.

BOBBIN. In this very building too !

GUSSY. By Jove, what a lark! Let's look out for all the golden specs.

BOBBIN. Yes, and for all the blue bonnets. (*they go up*)

*Re-enter DOVEBODY, R. U. E.*

DOVE. (*down C.*) With the proverbial civility of heads of departments that gentleman has just threatened to punch my head. (*seeing GUSSY, L.*) I beg your pardon, sir, but don't you think the whole human race would be much happier if they were to love one another ?

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GUSSY. (L.) Golden specs, by jingo!

BOBBIN. (R.) Tip, by Jove!

GUSSY. Hollo, old fellow! we've found you out. Where's Blue Bonnet?

DOVE. (C.) I haven't the most remote idea, but the last I heard of them was to the effect that they were over the border. But to return to our subject; don't you think the whole human race---

GUSSY. (L.) Oh, bother the whole human race. What about blue bonnet?

BOBBIN. (R.) Right as ninepence, old fellow!

DOVE. I'm glad to hear it; but why that particular sum should be more right than any other, I never could make out.

GUSSY. I say, mixed pickles. (*laughs and turns up stage*)

DOVE. No, do you really?

BOBBIN. Two o'clock. (*laughs and turns up stage*)

DOVE. You don't mean it. What is this horrible mystery about ninepenny blue bonnets, and mixed pickles at two o'clock; I never bought a blue bonnet—yes I did, this very morning, but it cost more than ninepence; I never ate mixed pickles at 2 o'clock—good gracious, yes I did, I had mixed pickles with some cold beef yesterday, at 2 o'clock precisely. How do these fellows know it? are they mediums? or is it some conspiracy to drive me mad, and prevent me from converting the whole human race to the principles of universal love, vegetable diet, decimal coinage, and total abstinence from intoxicating liquors? (*to GUSSY and BOBBIN*) What is all this about mixed pickles at 2 o'clock for ninepence?

GUSSY. (L.) All right, old fellow, we're not going to spoil sport; we'll leave you to it. (*crosses to R.*) Only in future don't advertize your secrets in the "Times."

BOBBIN. Especially at the top of the second column.

GUSSY. Good-bye, old golden specs. (*laughing*)

BOBBIN. Farewell, my first-rate tip; I don't think much of it by the way. (*Exit GUSSY and BOBBIN, R. 1 E.*)

DOVE. Advertize secrets in the "Times." What can be in the second column of that influential journal, to subject me to this treatment? luckily I have got a copy of the paper in my pocket. Here it is—the second column, ha! What do I see? (*reads*) "Blue Bonnet, 2 o'clock, Mixed Pickle Trophy—right as ninepence, first-rate tip—golden spec." The very words. What can it mean? Ha! a horrid thought! Blue Bonnet—Polly's got a blue bonnet, and she would insist upon having a blue one—wouldn't have any other; she was unwilling to come here with me, when she did come with me she left me, she wanted me to keep away from her all day, and when I wouldn't keep away from her, she keeps away from me for

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two whole hours too. I see it all, the faithless woman has made an appointment to meet some other fellow. But who ? (*distractedly*) A lover, a lover! am I right! or any other man. And the place of meeting—here, at this case of pickles, ah ! it's a decided case of pickles for me. I'll follow her through Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, not forgetting the Horticultural Gardens and the Refreshment Departments.

*Exit* L. 1 E.

*Enter* HOGGINS, L. U. E., *down* C.

HOGGINS. A pretty thing if International Exhibitions are to be made places of meeting for swindlers. I've been daily missing money from my till, and I've found out the culprit at last in the person of my shop-boy; but as he is a youth of singularly simple tastes, and has never been detected in any dissipation beyond penny ices and chocolate cigars—I've wondered where the money went to; on my promising to forgive him if he told me the truth, the young rascal confessed to gigantic operations on the turf, by which he no doubt hoped to realize a large fortune and become Lord Mayor of London, and an ornament to society—aided as he was by a gentleman who always knew what horse was going to win, and who imparted the information, or as he call it " The Tips," for a consideration, which consideration was extracted from my till. The fellow has had the impudence to appoint a meeting by advertisement in the " Times" with the stupid boy at this very spot, to day ; I'll be on the look out for him, he'll get a first-rate tip, he little expects—I'll blue bonnet him.

(*hides behind trophy, C.*)

*Re-enter* DOVEBODY, *distracted*, L. 1 E.

DOVE. She's given me the slip—I can't find her anywhere. No trace can I see of her, or her confounded blue bonnet.

HOGGINS. (*comes down*) Blue Bonnet; this is my customer for a thousand. (*going to him*) Sir ; now it's no use attempting to run away ! there's an advertisement in the second column of the " Times" that I think concerns you. Blue Bonnet, eh ?

DOVE. (*aside*) Oh, lord ? here's another on 'em! (*aloud*) I grieve to say it does concern me; don't you see how much I am concerned about it ?

HOGGINS. I thought as much ; so come along. (*collars him*)

DOVE. Come along? Where?

HOGGINS. To meet your victim face to face.

DOVE. My victim? ha, ha! I like that. (*aside*) He's big; but I'm inclined to think he's puffy. Were I not in the temple of peace, I think I should try him with a good 'un in the wind.

HOGGINS. Come on, I tell you.

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DOVE. (*showing fight*) Oh, well if you will have it. Come on.  
HOGGINS. (*doing the same*) Phew! that's your little game!  
He's little, but wiry. (DOVEBODY *dances round him*) Now then,  
look out for a regular Armstrong pounder. (*makes a dash at*  
DOVEBODY. *Fight ad lib., till DOVEBODY knocks him into pickle*  
*trophy—crash. DOVEBODY runs off hurriedly, R. 1 E.*)

HOGGINS. Help! police! hollo! I musn't shout, or they'll  
make me pay for the piccallilies; I'll keep quiet in the vinegar.

*Enter GOBEMOUCHE, L. 1 E.*

GOBE. Tiens! Zere is another Englishman wiz ze spleen ;  
he has cut his throat wiz ze broken pickle bottles; I will  
send that to my journal. Qu'ils sont originaux les Anglais.

*Exit writing, R. U. E.*

*Enter SLOPER looking about furtively, L. U. E.*

SLOPER. Two o'clock, and my pigeon not arrived yet.

HOGGINS. Hist! hi! young man, help me out of this pickle.

SLOPER. (R.) Hollo! what the devil are you doing there ?  
(*pulls him out*)

HOGGINS. (L.) It wasn't me—it was another fellow that shied  
me in among the gherkins, just as if I'd been a ingun. But  
keep it dark, don't say a word about it, the proprietor mightn't  
like it.

SLOPER. All right, gov'nor, it's no business of mine, they  
ain't my pickles.

HOGGINS. Worthy man; the moment I saw that intelligent  
countenance, I said, there's an honest man. As for that  
scoundrel I came here to seek, I'll find him yet, with his blue  
bonnet and golden specs—good-bye, my dear fellow, good-bye.

*Exit, R. 1 E.*

SLOPER. What's that ? why the old cock's come to look for  
me; the young uns blown the gaff; I've had a lucky escape—  
well, good-bye, gov'nor, you're a good judge of honest faces,  
you are. I'd better bolt at once.

*Exit, L. 2 E.*

*Enter MRS. HOGGINS, wearing a blue bonnet, R. U. E.*

MRS. H. This is what I call a downright shame; Mr. Hoggins  
might have known very well that I wanted to go to the  
Exhibition, and out he must go on some mysterious business,  
just as I wanted him to accompany me. I am tired to death  
and sick of it, trapesing about the building all day long by  
myself, and no one to pay for even so much as a glass of lemonade  
for me; I'm hot and dusty, and my hair all out of order, I'll  
just sit down and put myself to rights. (*sits down on bench under*  
*the trophy, L., places bonnet on seat, turns away and arranges her*  
*hair*)

*Re-enter DOVEBODY, excited, R. U. E.*

DOVE. I thought I saw a blue bonnet pass this way. Ha! there it is, and there *she* is, waiting for her favoured swain; thus regardless of cost, though it was only four and eleven pence three farthings, do I trample on the latest pledge of my affection. So, madam, let some one else provide you with blue bonnets for the future. (*jumps on bonnet and crushes it*)

MRS. H. (*turns and screams*) Wretch! what have you done?

DOVE. (*seeing his mistake*) Good gracious! what's this? Madam, my dear madam, ten thousand pardons, I've made a mistake. I've put my foot in it. (*aside*) I just have. Madam, be pacified, I'll buy you a new one; I know the price, four shillings and eleven pence three farthings.

MRS. H. Four shillings indeed! it cost a guinea. How dare you, sir, insult a female, I'll call the police.

DOVE. Don't, mum, don't I pray. I beg upon my bended knees. (*kneels to her*)

*Enter POLLY, R. 1 E.*

POLLY. (*seeing him*) What do I see! my young man kneeling to a strange female. Oh, the false wretch, the gay deceiver! this is what he wanted to get rid of me for. (*seizes him by the ear*)

DOVE. (*seeing POLLY*) Oh horror!

POLLY. Horror indeed! this is your universal love and harmony is it? Kneeling to every woman you see.

DOVE. Oh don't, Polly dear! It's a mistake; I'll kneel to you. (*kneels to her*)

POLLY. A likely thing, indeed; I'm going to take your second hand kneeling. Ugh! you little brute. (*boxes his ears and knocks his hat off*)

MRS. H. (L.) Serve him right. Ha! his hat—revenge—revenge. (*jumps on DOVEBODY'S hat*)

POLLY. What right have you to interfere, I should like to know.

*Enter GOBEMOUCHE, L. 2 E.*

GOBE. Ah! encore, more of ze manners and customs of ze English.

DOVE. I'll seize the opportunity to escape from the clutches of both before I'm torn in half.

*Picks up his hat and runs off, R. U. E.*

MRS. H. I never was so ill-treated in my life.

POLLY. You ill-treated, indeed!

MRS. H. Look at my crushed bonnet.

POLLY. Bother your bonnet—think of my lacerated feelings—oh, he shall pay for this!

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MRS. H. (*putting on bonnet*) Yes, and he shall pay for this too; I'll find him, if I run through the whole building after him. *Exit*, R. U. E.

POLLY. Good gracious! to my very face she tells me she's going to run after him. He's a base deceiving little wretch—but nobody shall have him, I'll take care of that. *Exit*, R. U. E.

GOBE. It is fortunate that les Anglais can sell his wives, for they are very *sauvages* with him, while they got him, and very much ponch his head. (*writing*)

*Re-enter* HOGGINS, R. 1 E.

HOGGINS. " On horror's head, horrors accumulate." I have just seen Mrs. Hoggins, the lovely partner of my bosom rushing about the building like a mad woman. I should'nt wonder if she's found out I'm here, and as I told her I was going to Worcester on business—lord help me if she catches me; it will be hotter for me than the Indian pickles I tumbled into ; capsicum will be a fool to it.

GOBE. (*to HOGGINS*) Pardon, monsieur; is it true that you really sell your wives ?

HOGGINS. Not a bit of it, mounseer, not a bit of it—it's our wives that sell us.

GOBE. Tiens! c'est droll ça. (*writing*) The wives of the English may also sell their husbands, if they can get *ze* chance. Much obliged, sir, good morning. *Exit*, L. 1 E.

HOGGINS. Good afternoon you mean, mounseer, good afternoon. Here she comes, sweeping along like a fiery comet. I'll hide. (*gets behind statue*, R.)

*Re-enter* MRS. HOGGINS *excited*, R. 2 E.

MRS. H. Oh, the villain! if I can only catch him; but, as I said before, I'll search the whole building until I find him. He must have gone this way. *Exit*, L. 2 E.

HOGGINS. (*comes forward*) She'll search the whole building until she finds me ! I feel just like a lobster when he sees them putting on the pot to boil him. She fancies I have gone that way, prudence and precaution recommend that I should step it in the other. *Exit*, R. 1. E.

*Re-enter* DOVEBODY, L. U. E., *running*.

DOVE. It's no use, my retreat is cut off on all sides; wherever I go I am pursued either by that outrageous fat man, that vixenish old woman, or my own usually angelic, but on the present occasion, unwarrantable waxy Polly Hopkins. Whither shall I fly to escape the combined fury of these raging elements ? Ha! a grand idea — that Esquimaux trophy ! I'll be an Esquimaux. (*gets into dress and stands on pedestal*, L. *in attitude*) They'll take me for a trophy.

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*Re-enter* HOGGINS, *running*, R. U. E.

HOGGINS. She's dodged me round the court, and now she's coming this way ; but I don't think she's seen me yet. There's not a moment to be lost—where shall I hide ?

DOVE. (*aside*) My corpulent pursuer, by all that's horrible. If I move a limb I'm lost.

HOGGINS. Ah! this diving dress, I'll get into it; It will conceal my manly proportions until she's gone.

DOVE. (*aside*) What's he about, I wonder.

HOGGINS. (*takes down diver's dress*) They'll take me for a monster of the deep. *Exit*, R. U. E.

*Music.—Re-enter* VISITORS.

1ST LADY. (*looking at* DOVEBODY) What a strange figure.

2ND LADY. It's a Japanese.

1ST LADY. No, it's an Esquimaux. I wonder if it's stuffed. (*pokes parasol at* DOVEBODY)

2ND LADY. Oh ! you mustn't touch.

(*as* 1ST LADY *turns away* DOVEBODY *pokes her in the back with spear, she turns and knocks a* GENTLEMAN *on the back, thinking it is he, he is astonished.* 2ND LADY *hurries her off*, R. U. E., *to prevent a quarrel.* *All* VISITORS *go off except* GENTLEMAN; DOVEBODY *knocks him on the hat, he is surprised seeing no one near him. As he goes towards* L. DOVEBODY *does it again, he turns and sees a* GENTLEMAN *by Pickle Trophy, thinks it is he, rushes to him and collars him, and they go off* L. U. E. *quarrelling*)  
*Re-enter* HOGGINS, *in diver's dress*, R. U. E., *and gets on pedestal*, R.

HOGGINS. They'll take me for a talking fish—or some other monster of the deep.

DOVE. What do I see, another of my pursuers, my own angelic Polly; and—eh! what, there's somebody with her. A soldier, the very red-coated ruffian that was lounging about here half an hour ago. So that's the fellow that Polly appointed to meet—shall I confront them and accuse her of her perfidy; no, there's that fellow in the diver's dress, he's hiding to pounce upon me—I know he is.

*Enter* POLLY *and* GUSSY, *arm in arm*, R. 2 E.

POLLY. Oh, Gussy dear, you don't know how delighted I am to see you.

GUSSY. Well, come dear, now that we are alone you must give me a kiss.

DOVE. The villain!

POLLY. (*kissing him*) Well, there dear, and there.

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DOVE. (*writhing*) Oh, oh!

POLLY. (*starting*) I thought I heard a voice.

GUSSY. Oh, it's nothing, lets sit down here and have a chat.  
(*they sit on bench under DOVEBODY, L.*)

DOVE. (*aside*) Oh, if it wasn't for that monster of the deep over yonder, shouldn't I like to-----(*raises his foot as if to kick GUSSY*)

GUSSY. What were you telling me about this chap, Dovebody, that you were going to marry ?

POLLY. Oh, he's a brute — he's treated me in the most shameful manner, he has indeed. (*crying*)

GUSSY. He has, has he? well don't cry, dear, think no more about him ; the first time I meet him, I'll break every bone in his skin.

DOVE. (*aside*) Good gracious! here's another persecutor—they'll murder me among them.

GUSSY. There, there, don't cry.

*Enter MRS. HOGGINS and BOBBIN, arm in arm, L. 1 E.*

HOGGINS. (*aside*) Here she is, and by Jove in company of a man!

DOVE. (*aside*) Heavens! here's the old woman! it only wanted her to make the list of my tormentors complete.

HOGGINS. (*aside*) It's Bobbin the Auctioneer; I always thought he was a deal too civil to my heart's delight. I'll smash him with his own hammer.

MRS. H. You're too kind, Mr. Bobbin.

(*they sit on bench under HOGGINS, R.*)

HOGGINS. (*aside*) He is, confound him, much too kind! Shall I discover myself or listen ?

DOVE. (*aside*) They're whispering, undermining my happiness under my very nose.

MRS. H. Hoggins has used me shameful, neglected me, and I'm quite faint and exhausted, dragging about this place by myself.

BOBBIN. No wonder, mum; let me offer you a little consolation.

HOGGINS. (*aside*) The auctioneer is going, going, going it.

BOBBIN. (*producing flask*) A little consolation in the form of-----

HOGGINS. (*aside, sniffing*) Rum!

MRS. H. The least possible drop, Mr. Bobbin.

POLLY. It's all right now, Gussy ; I shan't cry any more; I'm so happy, now I've got you with me.

DOVE. (*writhing*) Oh!

GUSSY. That's a dear girl; now what do you say to a bun ? I bought a bag of them at the stall.

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POLLY. Oh, delightful! I'm so hungry you can't think.  
GUSSY. Come on, we'll make this pedestal our dinner table.  
*(spreads bun on pedestal and both eat)*  
POLLY. Oh, they're so nice.  
DOVE. *(spearing one)* Are they? let's taste; *(eats)* Bath, by Jove.  
MRS. H. *(placing bottle on pedestal)* Oh, Mr. Bobbin, that does one so much good.  
HOGGINS. *(aside)* Does it, let's try. *(takes up flask—drinks)*  
Jamaky, by jingo!  
POLLY. Oh, Gussy dear, I do feel so happy.  
MRS. H. Oh, Mr. Bobbin, your kindness quite overpowers me. *(leans on BOBBIN, as if going to faint)*  
GUSSY. Well, then, let's have another kiss.  
POLLY. Take a thousand.  
BOBBIN. Don't ye mum, don't ye. *(supporting her—DOVE-BODY and HOGGINS dance distractedly and howl on their pedestals—all the others turn and see them)*  
ALL. Good gracious! What is this?  
HOGGINS. *(jumping down)* Yes, madam. What is this? *(throws off dress)*  
DOVE. *(jumping down)* Yes, fair but false one. What is this?  
MRS. H. (R. C.) My husband!  
POLLY. (L. C.) My Dovebody!  
GUSSY. (C.) Ha! the fellow whose bones I have to break.  
DOVE. *(running to HOGGINS)* Don't, sir, don't.  
HOGGINS. *(seeing him)* Ha, golden specs, the swindler!  
DOVE. *(running to MRS. HOGGINS)* I'm not indeed.  
MRS. H. (C.) The wretch that scrunched my bonnet.  
DOVE. (L. C.) I'll buy you a new one.  
POLLY. *(crossing to him from L.)* No you don't. *(all threaten DOVEBODY)*

*Enter GOBEMOUCHE, L. I E.*

GOBE. *Parbleu!* here is more. The English bite and scratch each other all the day long. *(writes)*  
POLLY. A swindler! Say, Dovebody, have you deceived any one else besides me?  
DOVE. Polly dear, ladies and gentleman, I'm not a swindler, I'm not a deceiver; but you, Polly, what about that young man?  
POLLY. It's my brother Gussy, who has just come home from India.  
DOVE. *(crossing to him, L.)* Your brother! hurrah! Gussy, your hand. *(they shake hands)*  
GOBE. (L. corner) And then they love each other very much directly. *Qu'ils sont bêtes.*  
MRS. H. *(to HOGGINS)* And you, sir, what do you mean by coming gallivanting to the Exhibition without me?

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HOGGINS. (R. C.) My love, I wasn't galliwanting ame here to arrest that swindler. (*points to DOVEBODY*)

*Enter POLICEMAN with SLOPER, followed by all the VISITORS.*

POLICEMAN. No, sir; here's the real culprit; we caught him by your description. (*takes him across to R.*)

SLOPER. (*to HOGGINS*) Decline to prosecute, guv'nor, or I'll split about the pickles.

HOGGINS. Away with him!

GOBE. (R. *corner to SLOPER*) What are you arrested for ?

SLOPER. Nothing. *Exit SLOPER and POLICEMAN, R. 1 E.*

GOBE. (*writing*) All the people in England are taken into custody by la police for nothing. Oh, I shall can tell my paper all about les Anglais.

HOGGINS. (*to BOBBIN*) And you, sir, who pretended to get me a new partner in my business, seem inclined to take away the partner of my bosom.

BOBBIN. (R.) You're mistaken, sir; I met Mrs. Hoggins quite by accident; as for your future partner, Mr. Dovebody-----

DOVE. (*throws off dress*) What's that! Who mentioned my name?

BOBBIN. What! Mr. Dovebody here ?

DOVE. And do you mean to say that is old Hoggins ?

HOGGINS. Behold old Hoggins!

DOVE. Then I've had enough of you, I won't have you for a partner, I cry off.

POLLY. (L. C.) And what about me?

DOVE. (C.) Oh, Polly, if you'll have me for a partner I cry " on"—Well I'm glad everything's come right at last, after the Exhibition we've all made of ourselves-----

POLLY. Stop, don't be too sure of that, what do our friends here say to our exhibition ?

DOVE. Ah, to be sure ! (*bell rings*) Before we close this exhibition don't you think the whole human race-----

GOBE. Pardon permettez. You shall say this piece is not good. It is not taken from the French, and it cannot be good piece without.

HOGGINS. Shut up, mounseer; go it Dovebody, go it.

DOVE. I *am* going it. Ladies and gentleman. It only wants you to tell all your friends that you are pleased with our Exhibition to enable us to continue our " Shilling Day."

LADIES & GENTLEMEN.

MRS. HOGGINS.

HOGGINS.

GOBE. POLLY.

BOBBIN.

DOVEBODY.

GUSSY.

R.

L.

**Curtain.**