

# NEWINGTON BUTTS!

*A Farce.*

IN TWO SCENES.

THE FIRST BY NIGHT; THE SECOND BY DAY.

BY

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AUTHOR OF

Lend me Five Shillings, Three Cuckoos, Catch a Weazel, Where there's a Will there's a Way, John Dobbs, A Most Unwarrantable Intrusion, The Steeplechase, Your Life's in Danger, Midnight Watch, Box and Cox, Trumpeter's Wedding, Done on Both Sides, Poor Pillicoddy, Old Honesty, Young England, King and I, My Wife's Second Floor, Who do they take me for? The Thumping Legacy, Milliners' Holiday, Wedding Breakfast, Irish Tiger, Attic Story, Who's the Composer? Who's my Husband? Slasher and Crasher, Prince for an Hour, Away with Melancholy, Waiting for an Omnibus, Betsy Baker, Who Stole the Pocket-Book? Two Bonnycastles, From Village to Court, Grimshaw, Bagshaw, and Bradshaw, Rights and Wrongs of Women, Sent to the Tower, Our Wife, Brother Ben, Take Care of Dowb—, Wooing One's Wife, Margery Daw, The Double-Bedded Room, the "Alabama," Drawing Rooms, Second Floors, and Attics, Woodcock's Little Game, My Wife's Bonnet, On the Sly, Going to the Derby, Pouter's Wedding, &c. &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

THEATRICAL PUBLISHER,

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NEWINGTON BUTTS.

*First performed at the Theatre Royal St. James's (under the management of Miss Herbert), on Friday, the 2nd November, 1866.*

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**Characters.**

NEWINGTON BUTTS ..... Mr. F. CHARLES.  
MR. JOGTROT ..... Mr. STOYLE.  
CAPTAIN CLINCHER ..... Mr. BURLEIGH.  
MRS. THRILLINGTON ..... Miss ADDISON.  
MARTHA ..... Miss MCDONNELL.

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**Costumes.**

NEWINGTON BUTTS.—Drab trousers, black frock coat, ditto waistcoat, hat; sling for arm.

MR. JOGTROT.—Drab coat, waistcoat, trousers, white hat.

CAPTAIN CLINCHER.—Sailor's trousers, pea jacket, cap with gold band.

MRS. THRILLINGTON.—*First dress:* White and green muslin, black lace shawl, white bonnet and veil. *Second dress:* Pink silk dress, lace cap.

MARTHA.—Cotton dress, cap, black apron.

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## NEWINGTON BUTTS.

SCENE FIRST.—BY NIGHT.

*The Stage represents a Street (1st grooves), dimly lighted by a gas lamp at R. ; the last house at L. is numbered '8"—the stage is almost dark.*

MRS. THRILLINGTON *enters hurriedly at R., appears agitated and out of breath—she stops and looks off anxiously at R.*

MRS. T. I could have almost sworn that I was being followed, yet I see no one ! How foolish of me to be so frightened ! I declare I've walked so fast that I'm quite out of breath. I must have been mistaken ; and yet for the last few hours that I have been in town, in whatever direction I have gone, I certainly have noticed that a man—*gentleman* apparently—pshaw ! even if it were so, his business or his pleasure may have led him in the same direction as myself, and yet it certainly is strange ! I'm very thankful to find myself in Great Coram-street at last. How people living in such a *terra incognita* can expect other people to call upon them, I can't imagine ; however, I promised my dear old friend and schoolfellow Julia Johnson that I would do so, and here I am. Let me see, what number did she say ?—" 8?"—yes, that was it. It will be but a short visit, for I must be back at the Clapham Junction at nine o'clock, and now it is (*looking at her watch*)—I haven't a moment to lose !

BUTTS. (*looking in at R.*) There she is !

(MRS. THRILLINGTON *goes to back and looks at the number of a house, which is No. 7, she then goes to the next door and knocks*)

BUTTS. Mysterious female knocks ! gets impatient, and—(MRS. THRILLINGTON *gives another very loud rat-tat-tat*) knocks again, (*the door is opened*) Door opens—(MRS. THRILLINGTON *goes in*) mysterious female goes in—(*the door is closed*) and door shuts again, (*comes forward, smoking the fag-end of a cigar*) It is just five hours and a half ago that I first beheld that mysterious female that you've just seen enter that house, and I've been following her at a respectful distance ever since. At last she entered a miliner's shop, and by flattening my nose against the shop window I saw that she was trying on a bonnet—at least, I suppose it was a bonnet— at any rate, it was something she put on her head. At last she came out, and I

once more followed her, at the same respectful distance, through Leicester-square, along the Strand, up Chancery-lane, into Lincoln's Inn-fields, where she vanished in a solicitor's office. How long I waited kicking my heels outside I don't know, but I had ample time to smoke three cigars—this stump is all that's left of the third. At last my patience was rewarded by seeing her emerge once more, and again I followed her, always at the same respectful distance, across Holborn, up Red Lion-street, through Brunswick-square, into Great Coram-street, and once more she has gone from my gae by-suddenly vanishing into No. 8—consequently, here I'll wait, at the same respectful distance, till she comes out of No. 8 again. By Jove ! my stump's gone out. (*looking at his bit of cigar*) And I've used my last match.—Holloa! by all that's fortunate, I see a light of some sort glimmering in the distance—it comes this way.

*Enter JOGTROT at L., smoking a whole cigar.*

BUTTS. (*accosting him*) Would you be kind enough to give me a light, sir? (*JOGTROT offers BUTTS his cigar*) Thankee, sir ! (*lighting cigar*) I'm very much obliged to you, sir. Good evening, sir! (*returning cigar to JOGTROT, who goes out at R.*) Holloa! (*looking at cigar*) I've given him my stump !

*Re-enter JOGTROT.*

JOGT. Sir! will you be kind enough to oblige me a light, sir—thank you, sir! (*putting his own cigar in his mouth, and returning the stump to BUTTS*) I'm obliged to you, sir ! (*going.*)

BUTTS. Stop—will you be kind enough to oblige me with a light ? (*about to take JOGTROT'S cigar out of his mouth*)

JOGT. Hark'ee, sir, if you want a cigar why don't you say so at once?

BUTTS. I do say so at once!

JOGT. In that case, I'm sorry for you.

BUTTS. That voice ? " Jogtrot! " Jogtrot it is !

JOGT. Butts ? Butts, it is ! What the deuce are you doing here?

BUTTS. The very thing I was going to ask you! (*short pause*)

BOTH. (*together*) Then since you're anxious to know, I don't mind telling you that----- (*they stop—another short pause, then again and very rapidly*) I repeat since you're anxious to know, I don't mind telling you that-----(*stop*)

BUTTS. This is absurd !

JOGT. Perfectly ridiculous!

BUTTS. You say to me, " what the deuce are you doing here ? " says you.

JOGT. And you say to *me*, " the very thing I was going to ask you !" says you.

BOTH. (*together*) Consequently I was about to observe that if you particularly wished to know-----(*stop*)

BUTTS. I give it up!

JOGT. So do I ?

BUTTS. Let's talk of something else! By the bye, Jogtrot, how does that little affair of yours with Miss Euphemia Spriggins get on, eh !

JOGT. Hush!

BUTTS. What's the matter?

JOGT. Between you and me, I have after a severe struggle, torn that individual's image from my bosom !

BUTTS. What ? a woman that you doted on ?

JOGT. To distraction! at least that was my impression till I not only found out that I not only did not care a bit about her, but I *did* care several bits about another!

BUTTS. Fie ! fie, Jogtrot! Then that probably explains not only your sudden evaporation from your lodgings two months ago, but it will also account for my having been inundated with letters for you from your forsaken fair one—I've got a whole batch of them, (*feels in his breast pocket*) Here you are. (*takes out letters—reading addresses*) " Newington Butts, Esquire," with a little "J" in the corner: you may thank those little J's in those corners that I didn't open them—here, two—four—six ! (*giving letters*) Wait a bit. (*feeling in his side pocket*) Eight—ten—twelve! (*giving letters*) Don't be in & hurry! (*feeling in other coat pocket*) Fourteen—sixteen—eighteen—there—stop! (*feeling in his waistcoat pockets, and then looking into his hat*) No, that's all; and now, Jogtrot, since it appears you have given the fair Euphemia notice to quit your bosom, may I enquire who at present occupies those desirable premises ?

JOGT. Oh, my dear Butts, such a creature! a widow, young, lovely, and-----

BUTTS. Rich?

JOGT. Comfortable ; her first husband was a grocer—  
invented a new kind of chutnee—made a lot of money, and died last year at Putney.

BUTTS. But I say, haven't I heard you speak of a certain Captain Clincher—an uncle of the unhappy Spriggins you have jilted so unceremoniously ?

JOGT. Yes, there is such an individual I believe; but I've never seen his figure-head.

BUTTS. Then take my advice, give him a wide berth—steer clear of him.

JOGT. There's no chance of his turning up, for at the present moment the jovial tar happens to be engaged in bobbing for whales or codfish, or something or other, somewhere or other. But what on earth are you doing in Great Coram Street ?

BUTTS. Talking to you.

JOGT. I mean before I came.

BUTTS. Oh, then I was talking to myself! Jogtrot, look at that house, (*pointing to No. 8*)

JOGT. I see nothing particular in it.

BUTTS. No more do I ; but there is something *very* particular in it, and I'm waiting here till it comes out of it.

JOGT. I see; a petticoat, eh ?

BUTTS. Half a dozen, at least, that I've been following at a respectful distance for the last five hours and a half, (*very suddenly, and grasping JOGTROT'S arm*) Ah !

JOGT. What's the matter ?

BUTTS. My dear Jogtrot, you remember a certain little adventure of ours about three months ago, eh?

JOGT. I can't say I do!

BUTTS. Nonsense! you *must* recollect about ten o'clock at night in Old Cavendish Street, (*JOGTROT starts*) a female passed us at a rapid pace, you said to me, " Butts, I'll bet you a dinner at Blackwall that you won't offer that unprotected female your arm." "Done," said I, "here goes," said I; but no sooner had I accosted her in the politest way imaginable than you rushed between us, and pretending not to know me, called me an impertinent fellow for daring to annoy a lady, and threatening to kick me into the gutter—I saw what your little game was, and retaliated—high words were exchanged, ditto cards. You offered your arm to the lady, she gratefully accepted it, and you bore her off in triumph—of course I don't enquire if you improved the acquaintance, ahem! (*nudging JOGTROT*)

JOGT. Oh, dear, no! Never saw her again! (*aside*) If he only knew it was my charming widow!

BUTTS. Now, my dear Jogtrot, as one good turn deserves another, the identical service I rendered *you* three months ago in Old Cavendish Street, you can do *me* to-night in Great Coram Street.

JOGT. But, my dear fellow, recollect I'm going to be married!

BUTTS. Pooh! what of that? Hark'ee, Jogtrot; if you refuse me this trifling service, look out for squalls. I'll tell Miss Clincher all about you and your widow! I'll tell your widow all about you and Miss Clincher! I'll-----

JOGT. No! no !

BUTTS. Hush! The door opens—she's here !

*Enter MRS. THRILLINGTON, from house.*

MRS. T. Now, if I can only find a cab on the stand! (*hurrying out to L.*)

BUTTS. (*pushing JOGTROT towards L.*) Now then, follow her!—why don't you follow her!

*Re-enter* MRS. THRILLINGTON, L.

MRS. T. How unfortunate!—not a cab to be got—what shall I do?

BUTTS. (*to JOGTROT*) Now then, speak to her; offer her your arm. (*giving JOGTROT a violent push towards MRS. THRILLINGTON*)

JOGT. (*to MRS. THRILLINGTON*) If I might be permitted to—to-----

MRS. T. Sir!

JOGT. If you would do me the honour to accept my arm ! (*offering his arm*)

MRS. T. (*alarmed*) Leave me, sir; I—entreat-----

JOGT. Nay—I insist upon it. (*again offering arm*)

MRS. T. Help ! help !

BUTTS. Ah ! a woman's voice ! (*rushing down, takes JOGTROT by the collar and sends him spinning*) Don't be alarmed, madam. I'll protect you.

MRS. T. Nay, sir.

BUTTS. Harkye, fellow! (*going towards JOGTROT—MRS. THRILLINGTON trying to prevent him*) How dare you insult this lady, sir? I've half a mind to kick you into the gutter; take that, sir, (*bonnets JOGTROT*) and that, sir. (*giving him a kick*)

JOGT. (*trying to get his hat from over his face*) Holloa, I say! (*gets his hat off*)

MRS. T. (*recognising him*) Mr. Jogtrot! (*aside, and quickly pulling down her veil*)

BUTTS. (*in a dignified manner to JOGTROT*) If you are not satisfied, sir, here's my card, (*aside to JOGTROT, and shaking his hand*) Thankee ! (*to Mrs. Thrillington*) Now, madam; may I respectfully offer you my arm ? (*offering his arm in a very respectful manner—MRS. THRILLINGTON hesitates*) or would you prefer seeing me chastise the insolent ruffian ?

MRS. T. No! no ! (*hastily taking BUTTS' arm*)

BUTTS. (*as they pass shakes JOGTROT'S hand again—aside*) Thankee. *Exit with MRS. THRILLINGTON at R.*

JOGT. (*watching them out, trying to put his hat in shape, and rubbing himself behind*) All things considered, I have no particular reason to congratulate myself on my visit to Great Coram Street.

SCENE SECOND.—BY DAY.

*A nicely furnished Room in Mrs. Thrillington's House at Putney ; doors, C, R. and L; Piano, sofa, &c.*

*Enter* MARTHA, C, carrying a large bouquet.

MARTHA. Another nosegay for missus! About a dozen more of 'em and I suppose she'll be married, (*putting the nosegay into a vase*) at least, so she says, and she ought to know—

not that that follows as a matter of course, 'cause I once had a young man, a gardener, as used to cut a rose for me every morning for three weeks, and yet that didn't prevent his cutting *me!* How late missus is this morning, to be sure—she had a long day in London, yesterday, and I dare say she's tired—settling everything for the wedding, I suppose! Why it was only a few months ago she'd almost made up her mind to marry Captain Clincher, only he was obliged to go to sea, and she would not promise to wait till he got back again ; however, as we haven't heard of him for more than six months it's to be hoped he's drowned, (*loud knock outside*) Who can that be I wonder? (*going to window—another and louder knock*) "Well! he's not at all in a hurry, whoever he is ! (*as she is going towards c, door opens and—enter CAPTAIN CLINCHER in rough sailor costume*)

CAPT. (*seeing MARTHA*) Oh! here's somebody at last, and a smart-looking craft too!

MARTHA. (*turning round*) Ah ! no, yes it is! Captain Clincher.

CAPT. Ah! Martha, my lass.

MARTHA. You don't mean to say you're not dead, after all ?

CAPT. Dead! (*kissing her*) there's my answer! well, and how's your lovely Mistress, eh! been terribly anxious about me, I'll be bound ! but 'twas no fault of mine! I had to wait for a cargo at New York, and then we had bad weather all the way home. I was almost afraid she might have got spliced to somebody else!

MARTHA. Spliced?

CAPT. C. Yes : married !

MARTHA. Oh, no; not yet—I mean not quite.

CAPT. C. "Not yet!—not quite!" Muskets and marlin-spikes! you don't mean to say she's cut me adrift ?

MARTHA. Oh, no! (*alarmed*)

CAPT. C. That's lucky; for if I found that any lubber had been sailing in company with her, I'd blow him clean out of the water at the first broadside, or mv name's not Clincher !

MARTHA. (*aside*) Poor Mr. Jogtrot!

CAPT. C. But where is she? just give her a hail, there's a good wench !

MARTHA. Missus ain't up yet, sir—I mean she ain't down, sir !

CAPT. C. Well, perhaps, it *is* rather early to come to an anchorage yet. I only put in here to let her know I'd arrived safe and sound; and just to find out. if I could, whether any of your loblolly, longshore lubbers has—but you say it's all right on that score ?

MARTHA. Oh, yes, quite right, (*aside*) I would not be in Mr. Jogtrot's boots for a trifle.

CAPT. C. Not that I don't know well enough that I'm not so young, or quite so good looking as I might be !

MARTHA. No, sir; that you certainly ain't.

CAPT. C. Well, that's not very civil of you.

MARTHA. You wouldn't have me contradict you, sir, would you?

CAPT. C. Consequently I don't expect a lovely young creature, like your mistress, to fall over head and ears in love with me. No, I'm not fool enough for that.

MARTHA. No, sir; anything but that.

CAPT. C. Well, I must be off; for I've got a little matter of business in hand that I want to settle. You see this little article? (*shewing a stout stick*)

MARTHA. Yes, sir.

CAPT. C. I'm going to take the measure of a gentleman's shoulders with it.

MARTHA. Lor, sir!

CAPT. C. Yes; some fine spark or other who has entrapped the affections of my niece under false colours!

MARTHA. Has he though?

CAPT. C. Yes; a poor, giddy, thoughtless young creature of six-and-thirty!—and then instead of conveying her into the port of matrimony, cut his cable and sheered off; but I'll pitch it into him stem and stern before I've done with him. I shall soon be back, (*seeing nosegay in vase*) Holloa! here's a smart posy—a present for your mistress, I suppose? (*suspiciously*)

MARTHA. Yes, sir. (*suddenly*) No, sir!

CAPT. C. "Yes, sir—no, sir." (*aside*) Queer! I must keep my weather eye open, I can see. (*looks at MARTHA, shakes his head suspiciously, twirls his stick about, and goes off at c.*)

MARTHA. It's really quite a treat to get a little excitement in a dull stupid place like this. I did mean to ask missus for a holiday, but as there's sure to be murder before the day's out, I may as well stop and see the fun.

*Enter MRS. THRILLINGTON, L.*

MRS. T. (*looking about her*) Who were you speaking to, Martha?

MARTHA. Oh, ma'am! I hardly know how to tell you, ma'am. Are your nerves pretty strong, ma'am?

MRS. T. Pshaw! I'm not in a humour to be trifled with.

MARTHA. No more is he, ma'am.

MRS. T. He! who?

MARTHA. You're quite sure about your nerves, ma'am?

MRS. T. Pshaw! who has been here?

MARTHA. One as we never thought would turn up again, ma'am.

MRS. T. (*impatiently*) Who—who?

MARTHA. Captain Clincher!

MRS. T. (*very quietly*) Well?

MARTHA. (*aside*) She don't seem to mind it a bit.

MRS. T. Is that all ?

MARTHA. No, ma'am; he's gone to measure some gentleman for a pair of shoulders, and then he's coming back to pitch into Mr. Jogtrot, stem and starn.

MRS. T. By-the-bye, Martha, when Mr. Jogtrot calls, say I'm not at home.

MARTHA. Going out, ma'am ?

MRS. T. Pshaw ! for the future, whenever Mr. Jogtrot calls, you are to say that I am out, especially when I'm at home.

MARTHA. What, tell a fib, ma'am? I shouldn't know how to set about it.

MRS. T. Then I must find somebody who does.

MARTHA. (*quickly*) I'll try, ma'am; perhaps it may come natural to me. Poor Mr. Jogtrot! he's catching it on all sides ! what *has* he done ?

MRS. T. That is no business of yours. (*knock heard*)

MARTHA. That's Mr. Jogtrot's knock, ma'am.

MRS. T. You know what you have to do. (MARTHA *going*) Stop! on second thoughts, I'll see him.

MARTHA. (*pouting*) Then I'm not to tell a fib after all!

*Exit, c. to R.*

MRS. T. Yes, he little suspects that I was the object of his impertinent attentions in Great Coram-street last night! and to think that for the last three months I have been the dupe of his pretended affection ! I'm as angry with myself as I am indignant with him ! Here he comes.

*Enter JOGTROT, c. door from L.*

JOGT. Most adorable of widows—your most devoted! I have not seen you for an age !

MRS. T. Not since yesterday morning! I hope the time has not hung very heavily on your hands?

JOGT. How can it do otherwise when I am away from you ? (*tenderly*)

MRS. T. May I be allowed to ask you how you spent your evening, Mr. Jogtrot ? (*with intention*)

JOGT. (*aside*) The dear creature's jealous! (*aloud*) In thinking of you ! (*very tenderly*)

MRS. T. Indeed! are you quite sure, Mr. Jogtrot, that you were thinking of *me*, about nine o'clock, in Great Coram Street ? (*looking fixedly at JOGTROT*)

JOGT. (*aside*) Wheugh ! how the deuce can she have known ?

MRS. T. Will you oblige me by ringing the bell ?

JOGT. Certainly! delighted! (*taking bell off table, and ringing it*)

*Enter MARTHA, C. door from R.*

MRS. T. Martha !

MARTHA. Ma'm?

MRS. T. Remove that nosegay, and give it to Mr. Jogtrot! (MARTHA *takes nosegay and gives it to JOGTROT*) and now, Martha, shew Mr. Jogtrot and his nosegay the door.

JOGT. (*astonished*) Eh! but, my dear-----

MRS. T. (*turning her back to him and addressing MARTHA*) And Martha, under no circumstances whatever admit Mr. Jogtrot, or his nosegay again.

JOGT. (*forcing a laugh*) Ha! ha! if this is a joke, madam-----

MRS. T. Martha, tell Mr. Jogtrot that I am perfectly serious.

MARTHA. Now, sir—better go quietly, sir.

JOGT. Very well, madam—of course, I obey, but you'll allow me to—(*to MARTHA, who keeps nudging him, and pointing to door*) What's the matter with you?

MARTHA. I was told to shew you the door! that's it, sir, (*pointing to door, C.*)

JOGT. (*looking imploringly at Mrs. Thrillington, then thrusts his hat firmly on his head, and hurries out, C. to R, followed by MARTHA*)

MRS. T. He must have understood me! I think it will be some time before he ventures again to molest any female who happens to find herself alone and unprotected in the streets!

*Re-enter MARTHA, C.*

MARTHA. He's gone, ma'm ! and looking so sheepish. What can poor Mr. Jogtrot have done, for you to snub him so dreadful?

MRS. T. He had the impertinence to accost me in the street, last night, but without recognising me, thanks to my veil—and even had the assurance to offer me his arm : nay, he actually insisted on my accepting it!

MARTHA. Lor' ma'm!

MRS. T. And but for the timely interference of a stranger, a gentleman, who witnessed his offensive behaviour, and treated it as it deserved, there is no saying to what amount of annoyance his rudeness might have exposed me!

MARTHA. After that, catch *me* going out at nights any more!

MRS. T. Ah, my good Martha, if Captain Clincher, whom by the advice of my friends I consented to marry, had not insisted on deferring our union till his return from abroad, I should never have met this wretched creature, Jogtrot, and should have escaped all this mortification and annoyance !

MARTHA. Yes, ma'm ; but you'd had the annoyance of having a husband old enough to be your father—(*another knock heard*)

MRS. T. See who it is. *Exit MARTHA, C. to L.*  
Do what I will, I cannot help feeling an anxiety, an uneasiness about my adventure last night! cards were certainly exchanged,

and if I mistake not, Mr. Jogtrot received a blow from my unknown and gallant preserver ! Should any serious result follow, I should never forgive myself!

*Re-enter MARTHA, c.from L., with card.*

MARTHA. A strange gentleman, ma'm, has sent up his card !

MRS.T. (*taking card*) " Mr. Newington Butts." I don't know the name! stay—here's something in pencil. "The gentleman in Great Coram Street." How can he have known—I remember—when he had escorted me in safety to the Railway Station, he begged to know my address, and after the important service he had rendered me I couldn't do less than give it to him. Martha, shew the gentleman in; I'll be back directly. *Exit at door, L.*  
MARTHA (*opening door at c.*) This way, if you please, sir!

*Enter BUTTS, c.from L., his left arm in a sling.*

Missus will see you directly, sir ! (*aside*) He's got his arm in a sling! (*aloud*) There's a chair, sir.

BUTTS. It looks like one!

MARTHA, (*aside*) He hasn't much to say for himself! (*follows MRS. T. out at L.*)

BUTTS, (*watching her out, then hastily withdraws his arm from sling and twists it rapidly round*) Wheugh! I really don't know anything, in a small way, much more agonizing than a sharp attack of pins and needles ! I don't know which is the worst, the pins or the needles! by-the-bye, I wonder which *are* the pins and which *are* the needles ! (*replaces his arm in sling*) Never mind ! an arm in a sling is sure to produce its effects! I never knew it fail yet, and I've tried it often enough ! no sooner does the lovely woman, for she *is* a lovely woman, perceive it, than she exclaims, in tremulous accents, "Ah! that sling—that arm, wounded! and in my defence?" To which I reply in a careless tone, " a mere trifle—really not worth speaking of"—oh, confound the pins and needles, I can't stand this much longer, (*withdrawing his arm from sling and turning it round and round again, more violently than before—then seeing door L. open, suddenly thrusts arm back again into sling*)

MRS. T. A thousand pardons, sir, for detaining you.

BUTTS. Don't mention it, I beg! I trust, madam, you have suffered no inconvenience from your somewhat unpleasant adventure last night ?

MRS. T. None whatever! I scarcely know, sir, how to thank you sufficiently for-----

BUTTS. Not a word ! I am more than repaid already! (*aside*) She doesn't take any notice of my pins and needles—I mean my arm—perhaps she doesn't see it. (*bringing his suspended arm into play*)

MRS. T. I can't help thinking how fortunate it was you happened to be passing at the time.

BUTTS. For me most fortunate, (*bowing—aside*) It's very odd she doesn't see my arm !

MRS. T. I sincerely trust your generous defence of me will not involve you in any serious consequences?

BUTTS. (*who keeps on putting his arm in prominent view—aside*) She can't have registered a vow that she won't see my arm!

MRS. T. I'm aware that cards were exchanged, Mr.—Mr.—

BUTTS. Butts—Newington Butts ! age thirty-three, five feet nine, four hundred a-year, regular habits, never come home late at night, but always early in the morning; don't owe a shilling, and can eat anything, (*aside*) She *shall* see my arm. Oh! (*as if in sudden pain, and putting his hand to his arm*)

MRS. T. What is the matter? (*seeing the sling*) Ah, that sling! that arm—wounded, and in my defence!

BUTTS. (*aside*) There, what did I say ; the very words I said she'd say, she's said ! Now it's my turn, (*aloud*) A mere trifle—really not worth speaking of—nothing compared to the wound which your eyes have-----(*tenderly*)

MRS. T. (*interrupting hastily*) You have met that dreadful man, and he has resented your generous interference in my behalf. Oh ! speak—tell me !

BUTTS. A few words will suffice, (*aside*) What the deuce shall I say ? (*aloud*) Yes, madam, when I left home this morning, he was waiting for me—demanded satisfaction. I replied, he was another. We grappled—and after a protracted struggle, sank exhausted on the pavement—police interfered, and I was carried to the nearest surgeon's, who on examining my arm at once pronounced it, pins and needles—I mean a slight dislocation of the left shoulder—I should say right—no—left!

MRS. T. I shall never forgive myself—he might have killed you!

BUTTS. To have died for you, madam, would have made me the happiest of men for the remainder of my existence, (*aside*) Having, I flatter myself, made a favourable impression, I'll go ! (*aloud*) Madam, I'll no longer trespass on your time. May I solicit your permission to repeat my visit?

MRS. T. The oftener the better, Mr.----- Mr.-----

BUTTS. (*looks at his watch*) Twelve o'clock ! I'll do myself the pleasure of calling again at a quarter past one! Good morning! (*bows—MRS. THRILLINGTON curtsys, rings the bell, and goes out, L.—BUTTS going up towards c, stops suddenly on seeing MRS. THRILLINGTON go out*)

BUTTS. Come out of that! (*withdrawing his arm from sling, and turning it furiously round and round*) What a relief—

really, she's a most charming creature! (*keeping on twirling his arm*) I'm positively getting seriously attached to her—and what's more, I should have told her so, if it hadn't been for these infernal pins and needles ! (*twirling his arm again more violently than ever—a knock heard outside*)

*Enter MARTHA, L.*

MARTHA. (*not seeing BUTTS*) What a brave young gentleman he must be ! Little did I think, when I saw his poor arm in a sling, that it was in taking missus's part that----- (*seeing BUTTS still twisting his arm about*) Lawks! (*BUTTS looks round and stops with his arm elevated above his head*) Glad to see your arm's better, sir! Missis'll be so delighted! (*loud knock again*) Coming! *Runs out, c. to L.*

BUTTS. Stop! stop! Zounds! if she tells her mistress, a pretty figure I shall cut with my dislocation! (*about to follow MARTHA, and meets JOGTROT, who enters at c. door*)

BUTTS. Jogtrot? Jogtrot it is!

JOGT. Butts? Butts it is! What the deuce are you doing here?

BUTTS. The very thing I was going to ask you. (*short pause*)

BOTH. (*together*) Then since you're anxious to know, I don't mind telling you. (*both stop—another pause—then both together again and very rapidly*) I repeat, since you're anxious to know, I— (*stop*)

BUTTS. This is absurd!

JOGT. Perfectly ridiculous!

BUTTS. My presence here is intelligible enough—she lives here.

JOGT. She! who?

BUTTS. The mysterious female, you know, that you did me the favour of insulting in Great Coram-street last night. You must remember my knocking your hat over your eyes, and kicking you into the gutter ?

JOGT. (*very suddenly*) Ah !

BUTTS. What are you screaming about?

JOGT. You don't mean to say-----

BUTTS. Yes I do —what?

JOGT. Of course! I see it all! this accounts for her behaviour to me this morning.

BUTTS. *Her* behaviour! *whose* behaviour ?

JOGT. This is why she shut the door in my face !

BUTTS. *Her* door! *whose* door ?

JOGT. The one I adore !

BUTTS. You adore—a door?

JOGT. Pshaw ! Mrs. Thrillington—my widow ! you know—that I was telling you about last night, and that I'm going to marry in a fortnight.

BUTTS. Are you ? that's all you know about it! I'm sorry for you, Jogtrot—I feel for you, Jogtrot. I would have given the lady up willingly, I may say, cheerfully, before I saw her; but, having seen her, I can't; in short, she is necessary to my existence ! Having thus unbosomed myself, I'm sure it must be obvious to you that the most sensible thing you can do is to cut, (*points to door*) and by no means hurry yourself to come again !

JOGT. Butts, take care! don't put my back up! (*buttoning up his coat*)

BUTTS. Jogtrot, beware! don't rouse my lion ! (*ditto*) Will you go?—yes or no? (*very loud*)

JOGT. (*shouting*) Will you go ?—yes or no ?

*Re enter* MRS. THKILLINGTON, L, *hurriedly.*

MRS. T. What noise is this ?

(*BUTTS hastily replaces his arm in sling, but by mistake puts in his right arm instead of the left—crosses to MRS. T.*)

MRS. T. (*L.—to JOGTROT*) You here again, sir! (*severely*)

BUTTS. (*C.*) You hear, sir—you here again, sir!

JOGT. (*R.*) Madam, if you will allow me-----

MRS. T. Silence, sir! (*severely*)

BUTTS. Silence, sir!

MRS. T. I'm astonished at your audacity!

BUTTS. We're astonished at your audacity!

MRS. T. When I told you I should never be at home to you again !

BUTTS. When we told you we should never be at home to you again !

MRS. T. After your impertinence to me in Great Coram Street last night!

BUTTS. After your impertinence to us in Great Coram Street last night!

MRS. T. Fie ! fie ! I'm ashamed of you!

BUTTS. Fie! fie! we're ashamed of you!

JOGT. (*to BUTTS*) I'll soon spoil your little game for you. Perhaps, sir, you'll be kind enough to tell the lady why I accosted her—why I persisted in offering her my arm! you won't ? then I will! It was at your request, sir—your particular request, sir, in order, sir, that, you might pretend to come to the lady's rescue, sir—you know it, sir !

MRS. T. Can it be possible? Oh, no, no!

BUTTS. Oh, no, no!

MRS. T. (*satirically to JOGTROT*) Perhaps you'll have the effrontery to assert that it was at this gentleman's request that you waylaid him this morning.

JOGT. (*astonished*) I ? (*crossing to c.*)

BUTTS. (*aside*) I wish she'd hold her tongue I (*aloud*) Suppose we talk of something else.

MRS. T. Yes. (*crossing to BUTTS*) And savagely, barbarously maimed him. (JOGTROT *bewildered*—*BUTTS in a fever*) Don't pretend ignorance, sir; but look at that arm, crippled, mutilated by your unmanly violence ! (*pointing to BUTTS*) Eh? I can't be mistaken—no! ha! ha! ha! (*bursting in a loud fit of laughter*)

BUTTS. (*looking at her, and then very loud*) Ha! ha ! ha !

JOGT. (*looking at them both*) Ha ! ha ! ha!

MRS. T. (*speaking through her laughter*) I've heard of flying gout, and flying rheumatism ; but I never before heard of a dislocation flying from one arm to another—ha ! ha! (*pointing to BUTTS'S arm*)

BUTTS. Eh? (*perceiving the mistake he has made—aside*) Wheugh ! I've gone and put the wrong arm in the sling—it's all those confounded pins and needles!

JOGT. (*aside to BUTTS*) I'm sorry for you, Butts—I feel for you, Butts ! But don't you think you'd better cut, and by no means hurry yourself to come again —ha! ha !

MRS. T. (*to BUTTS*) Then you confess, sir, to having made Mr. Jogtrot your instrument, your scapegoat in this discreditable plot. Fie! fie!

JOGT. Fie! fie!

MRS. T. I'm ashamed of you!

JOGT. We're ashamed of you !

MRS. T. Poor Mr. Jogtrot! a sincere and devoted friend, who three months ago really rendered me the very service which you have only pretended to do.

BUTTS. (*suddenly*) Ah! what's that?

JOGT. What are you screaming about ?

BUTTS. (*to MRS. THRILLINGTON*) Three months ago ? (*crossing to C.*) About ten o'clock at night ? (*eagerly*)

JOGT. (*aside*) Zounds! (*aloud*) Suppose we talk about something else.

BUTTS. Hold your tongue, or I'll strangle you! (*to MRS. THRILLINGTON, eagerly*) In Old Cavendish Street ? (*crossing to MRS. THRILLINGTON*)

MRS. T. Yes.

BUTTS. Shops closed—dark night—you were alone?

MRS. T. Yes.

BUTTS. A young man accosted you ?

MRS. T. Yes.

BUTTS. Said a lot of stupid things to you ?

MRS. T. Yes.

BUTTS. Offered you his arm: insisted on your taking it ?

MRS. T. Yes—yes.

BUTTS. / was the young man, ma'am; wasn't I Jogtrot?

Why don't you speak, Jogtrot?—why don't you tell the lady *why* I accosted her? You won't!—then I will; it was at your request, Jogtrot, in order that you might pretend to come to the lady's rescue!—you know it, Jogtrot!

MRS. T. (*looks indignantly at both, then goes to table, L., and rings the bell*)

*Enter MARTHA, C.*

Shew these persons the door, and under no circumstances whatever admit either of them again. (*MARTHA astonished*)

BUTTS. Quite right, ma'am! I haven't a word to say for myself, except, that having seen you once, I certainly desired to see you again; and to that feeling alone you must attribute the discreditable plot you so justly charge me with. Believe me, I am thoroughly ashamed of myself, and most humbly beg your pardon! (*bowing*)

JOGTROT. (*with a very penitential face*) As for me, I can only-----

BUTTS. Exactly; come along, (*puts his arm in JOGTROT'S, twirls him round, and drags him off c. to L.—MARTHA following*)

MRS. T. Duped! deceived by both! and yet there was a truth—a sincerity in Mr. Butt's confession that—pshaw! let me only think of the affront—the humiliation—I have been exposed to!

CAPT. C. (*without*) Don't trouble yourself, young woman! I can find my way.

*Enter CAPTAIN CLINCHER, c. from L.*

MRS. T. Captain Clincher! I'm glad to welcome an old friend!

CAPT. C. Suppose you try that on with the Marines, ma'am. Look'ee here, Mrs. Thrillington; just before I left England, I said to you, "Here I am," says I, "and such as I am, will you have me," says I—"Yes," says you.

MRS. T. Excuse me; I did not say *yes*.

CAPT. C. You didn't say no.

*Enter BUTTS, C. from L.*

BUTTS. I must—I will see her again! Holloa! somebody with her. (*slips behind curtains of window, R. 2 E.*)

CAPT. C. Well, away I go—six months slip away—I come back again, and find—what? that you have given Dick Clincher the slip, and are going to be spliced to some other chap!

MRS. T. Captain, when you know all-----

CAPT. C. Thank'ee, I know quite enough already. I know that you're a flirt—a jilt!—a coquette!

MRS. T. You forget, sir, that you are addressing a lady under her own roof! Should you feel disposed to repeat your visit, sir, I trust you will leave the language and manners of the quarter-deck behind you. *Curtseys and exit, L.*

CAPT. C. You needn't go! I've done ! I've said all I have to say and now I'm off! (*goes to c. and finds himself face to face with BUTTS, who has come from behind the curtains and has stationed himself before the door*)

BUTTS. When you have apologized to Mrs. Thrillington, sir, you can go, but not before!

CAPT. C. Who the devil are you, sir?

BUTTS. A devoted admirer of the lady you have insulted, sir!

CAPT. C. Thankee, young chap—will you clear that gangway ? or will you not ?

BUTTS. Harkee, old fellow—will you apologize, or will you not?

CAPT. C. Here's my answer! out of the way! (*pushing BUTTS aside*)

BUTTS. Ah, would you? (*seizing CAPTAIN—they go struggling out C. to L., noise of falling heard outside. During the above JOGTROT runs in at c. and hides behind window curtains, R.*)

MRS. T. (*without*) Not a word, Martha! go and do as I bid you.

*Enter MRS. THRILLINGTON, L.*

Yes ! I'm determined to return to my friends at Southampton this very day, this very hour ! (*seeing JOGTROT, who comes down, R.*) You here again, sir ? this is downright persecution.

JOGT. One word— only one word! I'm here to save you from Butts! Beware of Butts! Butts is young! Butts is good-looking ! Butts is eloquent; but Butts is a humbug! In a word, Butts doesn't love you—Butts loves another, if you don't believe me, read this, and this! (*pulling a quantity of letters out of his pocket—aside*) Euphemia Clincher's letters to me, addressed to Butts.

MRS. T. (*reading one of the letters*) A woman's hand ! All, what do I see ? Reproaches, upbraidings, threats of an action for breach of promise !

JOGT. It's a melancholy fact, ma'am; look at the address, ma'am—oblige me by looking at the address, (*aside*) She won't notice the little " J " in the corner.

MRS. T. " Newington Butts, Esquire." (*reading address*)

JOGT. Yes, ma'am, such a man, I grieve to say, is Butts; whilst I love but you! (*tenderly, kneeling and taking her hand*)

*Enter Butts at C, he has a large patch of black sticking plaster on his forehead.*

BUTTS. I beg your pardon, madam; I hoped to find you alone, (*down R.*)

JOGT. Alone with me ! so she is ! a complete reconciliation, Mr. Butts, as you perceive, (*kissing MRS. T.'s hand—aside to BUTTS*) How d'ye like that, Butts ?

MRS. T. (*suddenly seeing BUTTS' black patch and bursting into*

*a loud laugh*) Ha, ha, ha! really, Mr. Butts, (*crossing to c.*) you are very unfortunate— ha, ha !—you no sooner get rid of your dislocation, than your poor head gets into trouble—ha, ha, ha!

JOGT. Ha, ha, ha !

MRS. T. Really, if you go on at this rate, you'll very soon be crippled for life—ha, ha, ha!

JOGT. Ha ! ha ! ha !

BUTTS. If this is the tone of ridicule, madam, in which you speak of an injury received in your cause-----

MRS. T. Oh! oh!

JOGT. Oh! oh!

MRS. T. That " little game" may succeed *once*, but not twice in the same day, oh, no. (*shaking her head*)

JOGT. Oh, no ! (*shaking his head*)

*Enter* CAPTAIN, *hurriedly, at c, between* MRS. T. *and* BUTTS.

CAPT. Mrs. Thrillington! I've come back just to tell you that I'm ashamed of myself for behaving like a bear to you—will you forgive me ?

MRS. T. (*holding out her hand*) Willingly.

CAPT. (*to* BUTTS) And you, young fellow, will you forgive me for cracking your crown, when you ought to have cracked mine?

MRS. T. What do I hear?

CAPT. The truth, ma'm! It seems he overheard our conversation, and insisted on my apologising to you : I refused—words followed—then blows—in short-----

JOGT. (*interfering between* CAPTAIN *and* MRS. THRILLINGTON) Suppose we talk about something else ?

CAPT. (*fiercely to* JOGTROT, *crossing to* JOGTROT) Suppose Mr.-----whoever you are—you keep your jawing tackle to yourself, till you're spoken to. (*to* MRS. THRILLINGTON) I've thought our little matter over, ma'm, and I've come to this conclusion—that an old weather-beaten hulk like me, ain't a proper consort for a smart handsome trim-built craft like you—so if you please we part company ; but if you've still a mind to make for the haven of wedlock, here's one as will be only too happy to convoy you there, and anchor alongside of you for life ! (*clapping Butts on the back*)

JOGT. Excuse me, sir, but this lady-----

CAPT. Can answer for herself, Mr.-----who the devil are you?

MRS. T. (*to* BUTTS) What would you say, sir, if I were to take your friend's advice ?

BUTTS. That I should be the happiest of men !

MRS. T. But—there always *is* a *but*, you know—what would Miss—(*looking at signature of letter*) Miss Euphemia Spriggins say?

CAPT. C. What's that ?

MRS. T. (*severely, to BUTTS*) At whose shrine, as these letters prove, you have already offered the incense of your love ! (*satirically*)

CAPT. C. Ah ! (*snatching letters from MRS. T. and looking at them*) Zounds! then you're the chap after all! it's you who have been trifling with the affections of my niece, eh ? (*seizing BUTTS by the collar*)

JOGT. (*aside*) Zounds! Euphemia's uncle! I'd better beat a retreat, (*making his way towards door, c.*)

CAPT. C. Well, what have you got to say for yourself, eh, Mr. Jogtrot ?

BUTTS. Jogtrot!—I ?

MRS. T. You're mistaken, Captain; that is Mr. Jogtrot. (*pointing to JOGTROT who has got close to the door, c.*)

CAPT. C. Ah ! (*rushes after JOGTROT, seizes him, and drags him back*) Now then ! are these your letters, or are they not ? Speak ! why don't you speak ? (*shaking JOGTROT violently*)

JOGT. How can I, if you throttle me!

BUTTS. Allow me to answer. I certainly received those letters, but only to hand them over to " little J. in the corner." I say, Jogtrot, tell the gentleman who " little J. in the corner" is—ha, ha!

CAPT. C. (*to JOGTROT*) Hark'ee! I don't wish to hurry you, so I'll give you just five minutes to decide between a brace of bullets through your body, or the hand of my niece!

JOGT. Then, of two evils I choose the least—here goes for Euphemia Spriggins!

CAPT. C. That's sensible of you; and if you behave yourself, I daresay you'll come in for a thousand or two when old Dick Clincher kicks the bucket!

JOGT. I don't wish to hurry you, but-----

CAPT. C. The sooner I kick it the better, eh? Ha! ha! Then, I hope everything is settled to everybody's satisfaction !

BUTTS. Everybody? If so, may we venture to hope (*to Audience*) that you will kindly recommend to your friends an early visit to " NEWINGTON BUTTS !"

JOGTROT. BUTTS. MRS. THRILLINGTON. CAPT. CLINCHER.

**Curtain.**