

The Siamese Twins.



SALLY. Well, I thought I'd secured two husbands in one, but half a loaf is better than no bread.

Scene 2.

THE
SIAMESE TWINS.

A Farce,

IN ONE ACT.

BY

GILBERT ABBOTT A'BECKETT,

AUTHOR OF

Jack Brag, The Turned Head, Man with the Carpet Bag, Unfortunate
Miss Bailey, Revolt of the Workhouse, Roof Scrambler,
Figaro in London, Man Fred. King Incog.
&c., &c.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION,
AND REMARKS BY D. G-----.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,
89, STRAND, LONDON.

REMARKS.

The Siamese Twins.

THE "two single gentlemen rolled into one," that astonished the natives some years since, had their prototypes in the olden time ; yet these monster-visits have been few and far between. In confirmation of this, there are now lying before us two broadsides of excessive rarity, that the curious in such matters would give an annuity to take a peep at.

"The true Description of two Monsterous Children, Lawfully begotten betwene George Stevens and Margerie his wyfe, and borne in the parish of Swanburne in Buckinghamshyre, the 4th of Aprill, Anno Domini 1566, the two Children having both their belies fast joynd together, and imbracing one another with their armes: which Children were both alyve by the space of half an hower, and wer baptised, and named the one John, and the other Joan."

Then follow the true effigies of these monstrous babes; and a woeful ballad, calling upon all sinful people to "amend their state, and call to God for grace, &c. &c; seeing this terrible judgment and awful warning that have befallen the land !"

" Advertisement

To all Gentlemen and Ladies.

There are newly arrived two monstrous Girls, being one of the greatest wonders in nature that ever was seen.— They were born with their backs fastened to one another, and the passages of their body are both one way. These children are very handsome and lusty, talking three different languages, and are very well civilised ; they are Six years of age, born in the Kingdom of Hungary. The one's name is Hellen, and the other Judita; and Judita was born three hours before her Sister Hellen. All those who are curious in observing the workmanship of Nature, may see them walking together, and carrying one another upon the back. These monstrous Children (whose mother is still alive) are to be seen from 8 o'Clock in the morning till 8 at night, up one pair of stairs, at Mr. William Suttcliffe, a

Drugster's Shop, at the sign of the Golden Anchor, in the Strand, near Charing-Cross.—

God save Queen Anne !"

Thus much for Black-Letter Monstrosities! The Siamese Twins of modern date raised their due proportion of wonder, and gave Mr. A Beckett a hint for an entertaining farce.

Captain Vivid, who is as bare of cash as a frog is of feathers, has fixed his eye on Marian, the rich ward of old Forceps, a curiosity-monger. The young lady little suspects that every fond glance she had favoured him with, seemed to prelude the settlement of some small account; that her first salute was like the rubbing off the last instalment of a cognovit; and that every billet-doux was a renewal of his long-winded promises to pay ! But Mr. Forceps is a virtuoso ; and none but a Monkbarns, with a like bee in his bonnet, shall be the husband of Maid Marian.— In this perplexity, the captain has recourse to the counsel of Dennis O'Glib, an Hibernian humorist; and it is finally agreed that Dennis shall enter the house disguised as one of the Siamese Twins ; and that Simon Slow, (Boots !) an original of no less pretension, shall be the other. To this, Boots makes no demur; his regular charge for civility is twopence a day ; and having been used to drive a cab, he knows what pretty behaviour is, and practises it accordingly. The bargain is concluded at a tippling bout with O'Glib, who, among other travellers' tales, tells of a cask of sherry being so elated with its contests, that it began dancing a hornpipe ; which yarn, Simon Slow promises to swallow, when he sees the wine-vaults a waltzing ! The Twins, introduced by Vivid, disguised as a naval officer, find ready admittance into the house of Forceps, where Sally, the maid-of-all-work, is as much a prisoner as her mistress.— Sally only stipulates for three cousins, two brothers, a brace of favourite admirers, a leash of discarded ditto, and her tea and sugar found her ; yet the curmudgeon limits her to a sly hit of adoration down the area, and a sigh through the key-hole! 'Tis true, she takes in a love-letter every morning with the milk ; a warm heart with the hot rolls ; and honourable proposals fastened on with a skewer, like a bill, to the rump-steaks ! But if she is to be immured like a Mummy, what's the use of being fascinating on Sundays? when all her wages go in ribbons to improve her loveliness, and cherry-cheeks cost half-a-crown a-week, if, like her betters, she lays on the best vermilion ! Sally is in amaze

to see two people in one—which seems odd, though it's even ; and Simon recognizes in the gaping lass his Sunday flame, who rode out with him when he was a cabman.—Paddy's national propensity, when in the presence of a pretty girl, comes over him, and he salutes Sally. Boots waxes jealous, and demands to have a share in the frolic ; but Dennis quiets him by saying that it's all the same consarn, and that he makes love in the name of O'Glib and Company ! Simon pays the penalty of Dennis's freedom, by a box on the ear from Sally ; the tingle of which Pat pretends to feel by sympathy ; and Pat rejoices in a slap on the cheek, (for being double-faced !) and is paid back in his own coin, by Simon inquiring how he likes being his deputy . The visit is heralded to Forceps by a letter, requesting the benefit of his science in the trial of some experiments upon the Twins. Here's a compliment ! Great people will be distinguished and followed ! He beats Doctor Cotton, Newgate's pious ordinary, hollow in his collection of new-drop rarities. Every bell-pull in his house is made of the halter that hanged some celebrated assassin; and his carving-knife is the identical tool with which Blue-skin severed the windpipe of Jonathan Wild, and well nigh defrauded Tyburn of its due. The virtuoso hears with admiration the different dialects of the Twins. One, hot from the Groves of Blarney; the other, a patois, between Cockney orthography and St. Giles's Greek ! He offers Dennis a pinch of rappee to try its effect upon Simon's nose—Simon sneezes. Oh, wonderful! most wonderful ! His next experiment is a glass of brandy, which Simon volunteers to swallow, and enjoins Dennis to make believe to like it. But Dennis threatens to repale the union, rather than lose the liquor ; and no sooner does Forceps enter with the flask, than he snatches it out of his hand, drains it off to the last drop, and asks Simon if the tippie is not delicious ? Forceps is anxious to know if Nature's partnership might not be dissolved, and the Twins separated. Vivid hints that the experiment is feasible; runs into the next room under pretence of fetching his instruments; and while guardy is chuckling with the idea that one couple will be cut in two, Vivid, by scampering away with his willing ward, is promoting the junction of another. Forceps resolves to take advantage of the owner's absence, and hazard a bold deed that shall immortalise his fame. He brandishes Mueskin's carving-knife, and proposes to stick it inch-deep into the arm of one of the young gentlemen,

to see if the other will dance at the operation. Pat suggests that Boots shall undergo the incision, and that *he* will cry out. Boots is of a different opinion, and bellows lustily ; while Dennis shows tight, and chases the virtuoso round the room, dragging his twin-brother after him.— At this moment Vivid appears, and asks the meaning of this angry debate ? Debate! it's beyond a debate.—he was coming to a division ! The joke ends by Forceps promising his ward to the skilful operator, who shall part the twins. This is done in a twinkling by Captain Vivid ; and the emancipated Simon forms a new partnership with Sally, who thought she had secured two husbands in one. " But half a loaf," she philosophically exclaims, " is better than no bread !"

The Siamese Twins is one of Mr. A Beckett's liveliest little dramas. Every line is spiced with a joke.

 D.— G.

Cast of the Characters.

As performed at the Metropolitan Minor Theatres.

	<i>Queen's.</i>	<i>St. James's.</i>
Mr. Forceps (a Virtuoso) . . .	Mr. Hughes.	Mr. Brookes.
Captain Vivid.....	Mr. Holmes.	Mr. J. Webster.
Dennis O'Glib { <i>the Siamese Twins</i> }	Mr. Mitchell.	Mr. H. Hall.
Simon Slow { <i>the Siamese Twins</i> }	Mr. Oxberry.	Mr. Wright.
Marian (Ward to Forceps) . . .	Mrs. Manders.	Miss Smith.
Sally.....	Miss Chaplin.	Miss Julia Smith.

Costume.

MR. FORCEPS.—Old-fashioned velvet coat and breeches—long skirted vest—over-knee stockings—Woodcock wig—long neckcloth—shoes and buckles.

CAPTAIN VIVID.—*First dress:* Undress military frock coat—fashionable white trousers—boots—black stock, &c. *Second dress:* A naval uniform.

DENNIS O'GLIB.—Pepper and salt coatee—striped vest—white neckcloth—white trousers and stockings—shoes.

SIMON SLOW.—Old red vest, with sleeves—large dark corded breeches—old worsted stockings—ankle shoes—striped shirt, and black neckcloth.

THE TWINS.—Green caps and tunics, trimmed with black— a roll of the same connecting them together, and fastened to black leather belts—white drawing skirts—white loose trousers, drawn in at the ankles—red slippers.

MARIAN.—White muslin, trimmed with blue ribbon.

SALLY.—Printed cotton gown—coloured silk neckerchief—white apron and cap, trimmed with red ribbon.

THE SIAMESE TWINS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room at an Inn—a side-table, with wine and glasses.*

CAPTAIN VIVID *discovered at breakfast*—DENNIS O'GLIB *waiting on him.*

Vivid. Well, Dennis, our journey to Brighton has as yet brought us but little.

Dennis. It's just about fifty miles it's brought us, any how.

Vivid. Yes, sir, but I mean that we have done nothing ; we are, in fact, with respect to the object of our journey, just where we set out.

Dennis. Now, sir, wid respect to you, we are fifty miles from where we set out, fait ! and a pritty set-out we are likely to make on't!

Vivid. But you know my design is to carry off the ward of old Forceps, who, you are aware, refuses me his house.

Dennis. Och! is it only refusing his house that he does? Well, what do you want wid his house ? You only want his ward, vourneen.

Vivid. Yes : but to carry her off, it would *be* necessary I should have all my wits about me.

Dennis. Och 'l darlin, I see you don't want to be overburthened wid much luggage.

Vivid. In order to anceed, it will require very great cleverness.

Dennis. Och ! that's a hint you'll want me, I suppose. Well, I'll do what I *can* for you, sir.

Vivid. If you can be of assistance in the act, you may ibare the benefit.

Dennis. *Oh !* I may share the benefit of the act, may I ? Well, that's one way of robbing off ould scores beehuxt us. But what is the man who won't let you have his ward ?

Vivid. The old gentlrman, you mean ?

Dennis. The devil I do ! What is he ?

Vivid. He's a retired surgeon, and has a strong relish for anything curious or horrible.

Dennis. And he don't fancy you ? Come, that's strange, any how ! Only one of my jokes, sir.

Vivid. Come, sir, no insolence ! Can you aid me ? can you suggest any way of getting into the house of old Forceps ?

Dennis. Only the doorway, sir, that's all.

Vivid. Pooh !—Something strikes me I've hit it.

Dennis. Oh, well, if you've hit it, I don't wonder at its striking you ; it's only tit for tat, you know.

Vivid. I shall want you to be the means of my getting into the house. [*Giving money.*] There!

Dennis. Och! honey, this ain't the only house that's got into by a little bribery. Before you gave me this, I was as bare of money as a frog is of feathers. But what am I to do for it ?

Vivid. You must assume the character of some natural curiosity.

Dennis. Och ! dat's a bull, any how; for if I'm to be a curiosity, how the devil can I be nat'ral ?

Vivid. Old Forceps will be delighted at meeting with an object on which to practice his skill in physical wonders, and will readily give me admission under the disguise of a naval captain, which I shall assume on the occasion.

Dennis. But what am I to do ?

Vivid. Follow my directions, and I will always be your friend—in fact, you may depend on having my countenance

Dennis. Having your countenance! Och ! den you want me to dress up as some monshter ! That's only another joke !

Vivid. This insolence is past bearing ! You must go as a monster, but you must have your own visage ; I dun't want you to wear mine.

Dennis. Well, dat puts rader a better face upon the matter, any how.

Vivid. But I have not yet resolved upon what you shall be. Could you go as the living skeleton ? Oh, no ; they would see through the imposition.

Dennis. Now, if dey could see through it, we should be all right; but, unfortunately, I'm not to be sane through so asily.

Vivid. Would you do for a dwarf?

Dennis. No; I'm above that fraud, at any rate.

Vivid. Yes, I fear you are, for I think you must run about upon five feet.

SCENE I.] THE SIAMESE TWINS. 11

Dennis. Och ! if I did run about upon five fate, I should be a curoshity ready made ; but I run about upon only two fate, as you know; so what's the use of making me out a five-legged quadruped ?

Vivid. What shall I make of you ? Who can you be beside yourself ?

Dennis. I think you must be somebody beside yourself, to want me to make such a brute of myself; but if I must be somebody beside myself, I'll be the Siamese Twins.

Vivid. Nonsense! how can you play the part of twins ?

Dejitiis. Sure, the dresses ye've got already ; for don't you remimber when you went wid another in the disguise of the twins to the masquerade ?

Vivid. Yes, I do ; we went in character.

Dennis. Oh, of course! When I say you were in disguise, I meant to say you had a charackter.

Vivid. What, sir?

Dennis. Oh, dun't mind it; only another joke! You had one charackter beehuxt you, you know ; and perhaps it's more than you could have mushtered separately.

Vivid. Come, sir, you are too familiar by half. Though the idea is not a bad one, if I could meet with another fellow about your own height—[*A knock is heard without, R.*] Glib, see who's there.

Dennis. Yes, yer honour. [*Calling.*] Who's there?

Simon Slow. [*Without.*] Boots.

Vivid. It would be no bad idea to make a twin of that fellow. [*Calling.*] Here, Boots !

Enter SIMON SLOW, R., with a pair of boots in his hand.

Simon. Well!

Dennis. Come, Boots, don't you hear ye're called ?—Where's your manners? Such Boots as you stand in need of polishing.

Simon. You don't think I'm going to throw in manners for what I get here.' I can be civil when I'm paid for it.

Vivid. Well, my good fellow. I'm disposed to be liberal; there—there's a shilling for you.

Dennis. A shilling ! Arn't you ashamed of yourself to give the man a shilling? He'll make a baste of himself. There's sixpence for you.

Simon. Thank you, sir; I'll say Sir for a week to come for this. I charge my civility at twopence per day.

Vivid. You seem to know its value.

Simon. Yes, sir; I've seen better days, and I know what gentlemanly conduct is; I used to drive a cab.

Vivid. An excellent school for gentlemanly conduct, truly!

Simon. Ah, sir, cabmen are like duellists; they are all men of honour.

Vivid. What do you mean?

Simon. Why, there's not one of them hardly but what has killed his man.

Vivid. [*Apart to Dennis.*] This fellow shall act the other Siamese Twin. But how shall we persuade him?

Dennis. [*Apart to Vivid.*] Arrah! make him drunk, and make a twin of him wedder he likes it or no.

Vivid. [*Aside.*] A good thought. [*Aloud.*] Boots, my good fellow, can you drink?

Simon. [*Exchanging looks with Dennis.*] Why, I'm not much given to it, but I likes a drop now and then.

Dennis. Come, den, let's you and I drink my maishter's health. [*Going to the side-table.*] Here, honey, I'll charge the glasses.

Simon. [*Sitting R. of the table.*] Oh, yes, I dare say—charge the glasses! but I'm not going to pay for them.

Vivid. No: come, drink away, I'll pay for all. [*Simon drinks.*] That's right; don't be afraid of it—it will do you good.

Simon. Sir, you are a gentleman. [*To Dennis.*] So are you, sir.

Dennis. That's true, my darlen; when the wine's in, the truth comes out. Drink away! [*Aside.*] Where's the brandy: I'll dose him.

Simon. Thank'ee!—Here's your health, and may you never want what you are in need of! [*Drinks.*]

Dennis. Thank'ee!

Simon. This is good stuff; it's better than heavy.

Dennis. Now take auudder glass, and let's have a sentiment.

Simon. [*Seriously.*] Here's may the man what loses one eye in defence of his country, never see out of the other.

Dennis. That's a one-eyed toast.

Simon. If I drink much more of this, it'll make my head swim.

Dennis. Swim, will it? Then, honey, you'll be half-seas over.

Simon. No, I shan't, for I'm always as soner as a judge.


Vivid. Oh, yes, certainly. [*Apart to Dennis.*] Now,


then, away with him; let's carry him off, and dress him for his new character.


Dennis. [*Apart.*] Och! but he's drunk; it won't do to have one twin drunk, and the other sober.

Vivid. Oh, yes; the curiosity will be so much the greater, and the delight of Forceps be in proportion.— But he'll be sober by the time he gets into the old gentleman's presence.

Dennis. Well, just as you like; and if he should not be able to account for his situation when he finds himself turned into a twin, we'll tell him it's only the effects of the wine which makes him see double.

Vivid. Very good, indeed! Well, Dennis, I'm off to my apartment to prepare for the adventure; finish Boots, and bring him after me. 

Dennis. [*Aside.*] I'll polish him! [*Aloud.*] Drink away, my darlin, and don't be afraid of it! 

Simon. I likes it too well to be afraid on it. I can keep my head above water. Here's your jolly good head! 
[*Drinks.*]

Dennis. Och! den you fale it swimming, eh?

Simon. And here's my jolly good health! [*Drinks.*]— Not at all. [*Rising.*] Here's your health—hip, hip, hip, hurrah! [*Goes to sit, but falls on the ground, Dennis having removed the chair.*] Why, the cheer's drunk!

Dennis. Arrah! you wanted one cheer more. Come, get up; never go down in sight of port.


Simon. It arn't port—it's very good stuff. [*Drinks.*]— It's Cape.

Dennis. Come, den, have anudder glass of it; double the Cape bouldly, and don't go into port for the present!

Simon. That's a good joke! I say, I believe I'm very drunk; I'm cursed if the furniture arn't dancing a reel.

Dennis. Arrah, now! it's the reel stuff that does it.— Why, I've seen a cask of sherry so elated wid its contents, that the barrel has began dancing a hornpipe.

Simon. Oh, that's a lie! you might as well tell me that the wine vaults was a waltzing.

Dennis. Come, I say, don't you give me the lie, Or I'll let you drop. 
[*Lets him fall.*]

Simon. Well, that's giving me the lie rather sharply.— Pick me up, there's a good fellow!

Dennis. Not till you've apologised for what you've let fall just now.

Simon. Will you apologise for what you let fall just now ? Give me your hand.

Dennis. [*Helping him up.*] Well, came, we won't quarrel. [*Aside.*] Poor fellow : he's very far gone, considering he hasn't moved out of the room : the new port has played ould gooseberry in his head, and his eyes glare just like two grave ones. [*Aloud*] Come along, honey.

Simon. I've seen better days. I say, I was a gentleman once; I can remember the time.

Dennis. [*Holding him up.*] Then your memory goes a long way back, I take it.

Simon. Sir, let me tell you that the man who-----Cab, your honour ? Going down, your honour ? going down ? [*Staggering.*] But, I say, tip us the tanner back !

Dennis. Now, ain't you ashamed of yourself to ask a jintleman for money ? If you hadn't named it, I never should. Throuble yourself about your own debts, and never mind mine. Come, don't you be goen down ; kape upon your legs, will you, like a sensible man, and trust to your understanding.

Simon. How's this ? My arms and my head want to go a different way from my legs.

Vivid. [*Without, R*] Here, Dennis ! bring the Boots !

Dennis. Coming, sir! I'll bring the boots—both pairs on 'em.

[*Exit, R., carrying Simon on his back, and taking the boots.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Home of Mr. Forceps*

Enter SALLY, R.

Sally. Well, I don't know what to make of this place : young missus is very well, but I don't like master; he's up to all manner of antics, and always poring over what he calls antiques; then the old man's so strict, he don't allow no followers, and I'm obliged to turn of all them chaps that used to come swearing fidelity down the area. I can't get a bit of adoration no how, except I gets now and then a sigh through the street door key-hole. It's true, all the tradesfolks that come to the house are in love with me, and I take in a billet-doux nearly erery day with the milk; for the man who comes round with it, swears he can't live without me;—the baker, too, sends in his protes-tations regularly every morning with the hot rolls ; and not a pound of beef-steaks comes in from the butcher that don't have honourable proposals wrapped up in the fat, or fas

tened on with a skewer, like the bill every Monday. But I can't abear all that under-hand sort of work; I like to be where I can have my beaux aa a matter of course, because I took for that sort of thing as a perquisite, just as the cook expects her grease pot and her kitchen stuff. I'll never take a situation again where I'm not allowed followers : I only asked for three cousins and two brothers to be allowed to see me, and what can be more moderate ? However, in the next place I go to, I'll have my tea and sugar foud me, and I'll be allowed two favourite admirers, and three unsuccessful ditto. If you're shut up from seeing anybody all the week, I should like to know what's the use of being fascinating on Sundays ? It costs me no time to keep up my captivating powers ; in fact, almost all my wages goes in ribbons and laces to improve my loveliness. I can't afford to throw the money away : blooming cheeks cost at least half-a-crown a week—that is, if one uses the best vermilion.

Enter MARIAN, R.

Mar. Oh, Sally ! I'm not at all happy; I want sympathy.

Sally. Do you, miss ? Can I run and fetch you any ?

Mar. No, Sally; you misunderstand me: I wish for a warm heart.

Sally. A warm heart ? What a strange fancy! Are you hungry, then, miss ?

Mar. Pooh !—Must I then look for sympathy in vain ?

Sally. I haven't got any sympathy; but if you are not well, I can bring you some hartshorn.

Mar. Ah ! you're an artless, innocent creatnre !

Sally. Yes. miss, particularly so ; but what's the matter with you ? Are vou in love ? Will there be an elopement ? because, if there is to be one, let me know soon: as you and your intended will occupy the carriage, I must give notice to all my admirers that I'm ready to attend to candidates for the dickey.

Mar. Really, Sally, this conversation surprises me.

Sally. Does it, ma'am ? Then your last waiting-woman was not fit for her situation. If you were in love, and never heard of an elopement, she did not know her business :—the duty of a lady's maid is to carry a billet-doux, and pack up her mistress's clothes at half an hour's notice.

Mar. I must not hear this language ; pray recollect decorum.

Sally. Decorum! who's he? How can I recollect a

person I never knew? Decorum! decorum! I never heard his name before.

Mar. The fact is, Sally, I'm in love.

Sally. I'm glad of it, miss. [*Aside.*] That's double wages, then, at once for me.

Mar. But poor Vivid is not rich.

Sally. Of course not, miss, if he's poor; but I suppose he can muster the money for Gretna. I hope he an't like an old flame of mine, who offered to run away with me, and put me into a public cab, but couldn't muster more than a shilling fare towards the journey.

Mar. But he has ingenuity, and is truly devoted.

Sally. But devotion won't pay a posting account.

Mar. I have no doubt he will devise some scheme for carrying me off; in which case you will be required.

Sally. Oh, ma'am, you may count upon me; but I'll be off. [*Forceps speaks without, L.*] Here's old master coming! I'll be going! What an old fright!

[*Exit, L., passing and curtseying to Forceps as he enters.*]

Enter FORCEPS, L.

For. Ah, Marian, my dear, how d'ye do? Melancholy, as usual! I suppose it's about that Mr. Vivid, whom you met in London. I tell you, you shall never marry him.

Mar. Why, sir, object to a person whom you have never seen?

For. Why should I not? I've often told you, you shall wed none but a man of scientific pursuits, or, at least, somebody out of the common way.

Mar. But people that are out of the common way, are not at all in my way. I don't want a man to come making love to me upon scientific principles.

For. Your husband shall be a connoisseur in antiquities—a man of taste.

Mar. His taste I shan't dispute; that he'll prove, of course; but any person who has anything to do with antiquities, will have nothing to do with me, you may depend upon it.

For. Well, you'll have nobody else; for my part, I am an adorer of what's curious; I am completely wrapped up in the horrible.

Mar. Indeed, so I should say, judging from your outward appearance.

For. No insolence to me, miss! it won't do, I can tell you. Be off to your room!

Mar. Yes, I will. I don't wonder at your being so full of vanity and self-love, when you have such a taste for monstrosities. *[Exit.]*

For. Well, I'm sure, that's a pretty way to treat a guardian ! Ah, I have indeed a veneration for relics; every bell-pull in the house is made of the identical rope that hanged some celebrated murderer ; and I always eat my breakfast with the very knife that was used by some famous assassin. I've got as many snuff-boxes made out of Shakspeare's mulberry tree, as would make nearly a forest; and I have got an old cigar—such a cigar !—an immense cigar!—said to have been found among the papers of Plato the philosopher.

Re-enter SALLY, with a letter, L.

Sally. Here's a letter for you, sir.

For. I wouldn't part with that cigar for any money!—Such a cigar !

Sally. Here's a letter for you, sir.

For. A what ?

Sally. *[Very loud.]* A letter, sir, and the gentleman waits for an answer. *[Exit.]*

For. Eh ? oh ! Indeed, there's not such another virtuoso in the world; the British Museum is nothing to my collection. I've got the original potatoe, first introduced into this country by Sir Walter Raleigh, and—Hollo ! what's all this? *[Reading.]* "Sir, hearing of your fame as a virtuoso—" Ah, great people will be talked about. I've been offered one hundred pounds for that potatoe. *[Reading.]* " I have ventured to call on you with that famous natural curiosity, the Siamese Twins, of which I am proprietor." Bless me ! here's an honour ! *[Reading.]* " I have brought them to you, as I wish to have the benefit of your great scientific attainments in the trial of some experiments which I purpose practising. Yours, &c." Oh! this is admirable! my reputation's made! I'll go immediately and receive the gentleman. The Siamese Twins taken into my house !—Why, I could let it for double the rent after such an honour being done to it. I have not been so happy, or felt so comfortable, since I had the honour of having my finger nearly jammed off by the very thumbscrew used in torturing the martyrs of antiquity. I wouldn't part with the pain for anything. *[Exit.]*

Enter CAPTAIN VIVID, in a naval uniform, L., followed by DENNIS and SIMON, dressed as the Siamese Twins.

Simon. I'll tell you what, I don't like this work at all; sowing me up with wine, and then sewing we up in this drees! It's too bad, gentlemen—I shall go!

Dennis. No, you don't; I've got you tight, honey!—You can't go without my going wid you; so you'd better be aisy.

Vivid. Yes, only consent to play the part of a Siamese Twin for a little while, and you'll bind me to you for ever.

Simon. But what occasion was there to bind this fellow to me also?

Vivid. Has he not explained to you that I want you both to represent a *lusus naturae*?

Dennis. Yes, sir, I tould him it's a *lusus naturae* that we're tied up so tightly together for.

Simon. Oh, yes, I wish you'd loose us naturally, Mr. O'Glib; you're a pretty fellow to put me in this situation!

Dennis. Why, you scamp! you ought to be proud of the connection.

Simon. Humbug! I wish I had a pair of settlors, and then I'd cut the connection.

Dennis. If ye're not aisy, I'll begin to pitch into you; and if you run away, I'll be sartin to run after you, my darlen.

Vivid. Come, come, no quarrelling. Forceps will be here presently, and then you must be as much alike as possible—you must be on your best behaviour.

Dennis. Do you hear that, you blackguard:—You must be as much like me as possible.

Simon. I won't stand by to be insulted in this way; I'll expose the deception to old Forceps.

Dennis. And if you dare to say a word about deception, I'll give you such a whack wid one of your own lists, as ye shan't, forget in a hurry; and I'll cry out pretty well too, to let that ould fellow think I'm hurting myself.

Vivid. Come, this bickering won't do; you must not be falling put; you should be united.

Simon. I wish we could fall out; as to being united we're too much united already. Oh, if my mother could see me now!

Vivid. But hasn't Glib told you you were to have a good round sum ?

Dennis. I meant to tell him, and that's the same thing.

Simon. What, you wanted to do me ?

Dennis. Be quiet, can't you ?

Vivid. [*Looking off.*] So, pray be on your guard, for here comes the servant.

Enter SALLY, R.

Sally. My master says he'll see the monster directly, and hopes you'll walk up immediately.

Vivid. Very well, my dear. [*Apart to Dennis.*] Now, Dennis, mind what you're about—none of your old tricks. [*To Sally.*] I'll wait on your master, my dear. [*Exit, R.*]

Sally. Thank you, sir; you'll find him up stairs. [*Aside.*] You'll find your way up as you can, for I'm determined to have a peep at this curiosity. Lord! I'm almost afraid to look round; two people in one ! How very odd ! and yet it's not odd, because it's even.

Simon. [*Aside.*] Why, that's my Sally, as used to ride out with me when I was a cabman—my fare, as I used to call her! She won't know me.

[Dennis and Simon come forward.]

Sally. How d'ye do, sir—I mean to say, how do you do, gentlemen ?

Dennis. Very well, I thank you, my dear. Come near us, my darlen—don't be afraid !

Simon. [*Apart to Dennis.*] Come, I say, Mr. O'Glib, you must not begin those tricks unless I have a share.

Dennis. Och, nonsense ! it's all the same consarn. You know we're a firm, and if I choose to make love in the name of O'Glib and Co., you nade not be active.

Simon. [*Apart.*] Well, then, in this case, I'm to be the sleeping partner?

Dennis. No, I'll manage it.

Simon. [*Apart.*] But you must be all fair ; that girl is my Sally, and I want to urge my suit.

Dennis. Och, my boy ! I'll do it for you nately; it's all the same thing, you know, so I'll make love for you—don't you undershtand ? and, of course, you'll have the advantages of it:—she'll know you mane all I say, just as much as yourself. [*To Sally.*] Come here, my swate crater; we're very harmless. [*Pulls, and kisses her.*]

Sally. [*Aside.*] Why, the Twins are getting very rude, and there's no one to take my part. [*Boxing Simon's ear.*] Come, take that, and learn to behave yourself!

Simon. Hollo ! what's that for, I should like to know ?


Sally. Why, for daring to take liberties with me.

Simon. I didn't take liberties with you—I didn't kiss you.

Sally. Well, but the other part of you did, and it's all the same.

Dennis. Of course it is; he enjoyed the privilege as much as I did. It was a luxury to him as well as to me, and I had my share of his box on the ear ; I tale my own tingle wid it now. [*Apart to Simon.*] Come, pretend it's all the same, or she'll find us out.

Simon. Well, I think you're a great brute to slap my face.

Sally. Do you. Then there's another for your impudence. 

Simon. Oh, oh! how that hurts ! [*Apart to Dennis.*]

There, now ! how do you like being my deputy ?

Dennis. [*To Sally.*] Arrah ! my darlen, don't do that—don't repel my tinder vows in that way!

Sally. It serves you right for being double-faced.

Re-enter CAPTAIN VIVID, R.

Vivid. [*To Sally.*] Mr. Forceps is desirous to see the Twins in his study ; so, perhaps, my dear, you'll show them the way to another apartment, and I'll come to introduce them presently.

Sally. Certainly, sir. [*Aside.*] Well, this is an adventure !—Who'd ever have thought that I should have had the Siamese Twins for a beau ! If two heads are better than one, this must be the acme of perfection.

Simon. Come along, Mr. O'Glib; but mind, I don't mean to let you get the better of me in everything; it's a losing game with me.

Dennis. How can it be. a losing game wid you, when it's a tie bechuxt us ? [*Exeunt Sally, Dennis, and Simon, R.*]

Vivid. Well, I think I have succeeded in my scheme; I'm in the house at any rate. If I only get my Marian, her fortune will pay all my debts, and thus I shall be able to combine honesty with happiness. The dear creature little suspects how much my attachment has been increased by the prospect held out of releasing me from my creditors: every glance she bestowed on me seemed to promise the settlement of some small account; and when I received the first, kiss, it was like paying off the last instalment of a cognovit. I used to put off all my duns by showing my love-letters as a proof of my success; and when a bill became due, they were satisfied by showing them a billet-

doux from a young lady who was known to possess funded property. *[Looking off.]* Here comes the adorable creature ! She walks with all the dignity of an owner of stock, and her manner evidently bespeaks the bank annuitant.

Enter MARIAN, R.

Come to my arms, my inestimable treasure!

Mar. What, Vivid ! are you the owner of the Siamese Twins ? My guardian has just sent me to welcome the great scientific character. But how is this ? what means this naval uniform ?

Vivid. Oh : I was some time ago in the Fleet—I mean, the navy.

Mar. My gallant creature! then you're seen service ?

Vivid. Oh yes ; I've long been familiar with the service—*[Aside]*—of writs, at any rate !

Mar. Noble fellow ! Were you ever in a storm ? has my adorable Vivid ever been in danger of being drowned ?

Vivid. Oh, frequently ; I've often been in troubled water ; and once, when in his majesty's fleet, I should certainly have been swamped, but that I got bailed out luckily.

Mar. Then my valiant Vivid has been in actions ?

Vivid. Actions! I believe you; I've had to defend myself in several.

Mar. But you never told me this.

Vivid. I was unwilling to cause you anxiety on my account.

Mar. Considerate creature ! Perhaps you were then in action at sea, when you were away from me for two months ?


Vivid. Yes, dearest, I was in action at sea. *[Aside.]*—There's no lie there; it was an action in the Marshalsea.

Mar. Doubtless you could recount many of your trials.

Vivid. Recount my trials! Oh, yes, that I could; in my memory, I have often run up many scores.

Mar. But they are over. How ingenious is your present scheme ! I'm sure my guardian will be delighted to give me to a man who he supposes possesses such a curiosity as the Siamese Twins.

Vivid. I'll go and conduct them to his study; he may be impatient to see them. Oh, my Marian ! we are bound by irrevocable bonds. *[Aside]* That is, by bonds I have given, which will become due by and by the end of the honey-moon!

[Exeunt, 

FORCEPS *discovered, R*

For. Well, this is real happiness ! I am about to have the Siamese Twins in this very apartment—I, who would walk fifty miles to see anything out of the war, am going to see the greatest living curiosity, without going a step out of the way for the privilege! This is no take-in ; I've patronised all sorts of things, and have been duped; but this is a legitimate curiosity. I went to London four years ago to see a child with " Napoleon " written in its eye, but that was all my eye; I saw nothing at all, though they said it was written by nature—but if Nature did it, the sooner she gets six lessons for improving her hand, the better. I couldn't read a syllable; all I could see in the eye was a black pupil, as if nature had had too much ink in her pen, and dropped a blot in the middle. [*Looking off.*] But here come the Siamese Twins; how my heart beats!

Enter CAPTAIN VIVID, L., *ushering in* DENNIS O'GLIB and SIMON SLOW.

Vivid. [*Apart to them.*] Now, mind how you behave yourselves: what one does, the other must do—recollect that.

[*Simon puts his finger to his nose.*]

Dennis. Now, did I do anything like that ? did you ever see a gentleman put his finger to his nose ? It's the action of a cabman!

Vivid. [*To Forceps.*] Sir, I have the greatest pleasure in introducing the Siamese Twins to a gentleman, who is so well able as yourself to appreciate the curiosity.

Dennis. [*Apart to Simon.*] Now mind you make three salams to him.

Simon. What's a salam ?

Dennis. [*Pushing down Simon's head.*] That's one on 'em.

[*They make three salams to Forceps.*]

For. [*Examining them closely.*] Wonderful! astonishing!

Dennis. [*To Forceps.*] . How are you, my ould boy ? tip us a shake of your daddle!

For. Dear me! why, the Twins talk Irish !—How's that, sir ?

Vivid. Why, the fact is, sir, I brought them straight from Siam to Dublin, and. there they caught a touch of the brogue.

SCENE IV.] THE SIAMESE TWINS. 23

For. Oh! they caught it at Dublin ?

Dennis. Arrah : can't you see we've been at Dublin, or how the deuce could there have been two of us ?

For. He's got the brogue excessively pat.

Dennis. Ah, now, did ye ever hear of an Irishman that wasn't Pat ?

For. [*To Vivid.*] Perhaps you'll explain to me a few of the properties of the creature.

Dennis. Is it the properties of the crater you'd like to know? Why, the crater would floor such an ould chap us you in no time.

Vivid. [*Apart to Dennis.*] Be quiet, O'Glib; you'll betray yourself if you're so boisterous.

Dennis. [*Apart.*] It's the way in Siam.

Vivid. But it's not the way here, sir. [*To Forceps.*]--- With great pleasure, sir, I shall be happy to gratify your curiosity. Shall we be seated ? I shall be proud to answer your inquiries.

[*Forceps brings a chair for the Twins, L., who fall down—Vivid brings chairs for himself and Forceps, R.*

For. Are the Twins of the same disposition ?

Vivid. Quite; what pleases one, pleases the other.

For. I'll give one of them a pinch of snuff.

Dennis. [*Apart to Simon.*] Now, mind, I'm going to take snuff.

For. I'll try the effect. [*Giving Dennis snuff.*] A pinch of snuff! [*Simon sneezes.*] Oh, wonderful! I will give one of them a glass of brandy.

Simon. I'll drink it, sir, if yon please.

For. Why, how's that? One talks Irish, and the other English.

Vivid. Oh, that's because one has conversed more with English people than the other. It is somewhat strange that difference should exist, as it's the only one between them.

Simon. Now, old Guy, where's the brandy ?

[*Exit Forceps.*]

Dennis. Where's your manners, to call the gentleman an ould Guy ? You never open your mouth, that you don't put your foot in it.

Simon. I say, now I shall drink the brandy, and mind you must pretend to like it.

Dennis. No, you won't: if you don't let me take it quietly, I'll dissolve partnership, and you'll lose your reward.

Vivid. Pray don't quarrel—never mind the brandy ; I'll give you enough to buy a hog'shead afterwards.

Drums. Kape your hog'shead for what I care ! I'll have the brandy, or I'll come in two, and then where will you be? What would you do, if I moved a repale of the union ?

Re-enter FORCEPS, with a flask of brandy, R.

For. Here's the brandy.

Dennis. [Snatching it.] Thank'ee, sir. [Drinks.] No, I'll take a glass for him. [Drinks again.]

Simon. I'd rather take it myself.

For. What, aint it all the same which drinks it ?

Dennis. Perfectly, one and the same thing. I'm goen to drink for him now. [Drinks.] There ! [To Simon] An't it delicious ? Don't you feel it goen down our tube here ?

Simon. I see it's going down your tube, but I don't like it at all.

Dennis. Now isn't that beautiful ?

Simon. Yes, beautiful for you.

Dennis. Why, you haven't had enough; I'll take another drop for you, you greedy dog ! [Drinks, and drains the flask.] There ! did you ever taste better ? I've tasted nothing like it.

Simon. Nothing like it, indeed! Nothing's about as much like it as anything I ever tasted!

Dennis. You shall have no more; I'll stop the communication.

For. [To *Vivid.*] Do you think, sir, it would be impossible to separate the Twins ?

Vivid. I am in hopes it may be accomplished ; indeed, I have the instruments in the next apartment for trying the experiment. [Aside.] Now I'll be off with his ward, and, instead of preparing to cut one couple in two, I'll go and secure the formation of another. [Exit, R.]

For. [Aside.] Well, here I am alone with the Twins. I wonder if, in the absence of the owner, I could do anything in the way of experiment? I'll throw off all personal consideration, and make one grand effort in the cause of science. I'll put in practice something that shall immortalize me, and elicit some grand scientific truth that shall hand down the name of Forceps to posterity. I'll go and fetch my cue of instruments. [Exit, L.]

Simon. What's the old fellow been muttering about, I wonder.

Dennis. He's gone for his instruments : if there's anything the matter with you, he'll doctor you for nothing.

Simon. If he tries any nonsense, we must make it a common cause, and defend ourselves.

Dennis. I'll stand by you—we'll stick to one another!

Simon. But it wasn't fair to drink all the brandy.

Dennis. Never mind, honey ; I only did it to prevent our being discovered. You shall have the next thing he brings.

Re-enter FORCEPS, with a large knife, and a case of instruments, L.

Dennis. [*Apart to Simon.*] There, now, ye're welcome to that if he offers it.

Simon. What's he going up to with us ? Don't let's stand any nonsense.

For. Now for the grand experiment ! This amputating knife shall be the means of knowing whether there is a real sympathy between the two bodies. I'll stick it into the arm of one, and see if the other will feel the operation.

Dennis. Let him stick it into your arm, and I'll cry out.

Simon. He's going to murder us !

Dennis. Arrah ! don't be afraid, you coward! Come up to the scratch ; we are two to one, any how.

For. [*Approaching Dennis and Simon with the knife.*] Now for the important point! on this I shall go down to posterity.

Dennis. You'll go down, but wedder to posterity or not, I can't say. Arrah ! come on, you spalpeen!

[*Dennis puts himself in a fighting attitude, attacks Forceps, and hurries him round the room, dragging Simon after him.*

Re-enter CAPTAIN VIVID, MARIAN, and SALLY, R.

Vivid. How's this ? what's this disturbance ?

Dennis. Why, this ould rascal's been trying to commit murder. I'll knock him into two pieces, and make a twin of him, if he don't mind what he's after !

Vivid. Why this angry debate?

Dennis. Debate, did you say? He was goen beyond a debate—he was jist coming to a division.

Vivid. [*To Forceps.*] Sir, this interference with my property is unwarranted.

For. I was only going to see if I could separate them; it would be such a triumph of art over nature.

Dennis. Oh! it would have been no such thing; it would

only have been a triumph of that carving-knife ; but I was too sharp for you. If the young gentleman hadn't come in, I'd have knocked you up so high, you could study astronomy without a telescope.

Vivid. Perhaps, sir, I can accomplish the object.

For. I should be enraptured if you could ; I should be astonished to see them come in two!

Dennis. You'd be more astonished to find yourself cuming to, if I had taken the throuble to knock the breath out of your body!

Vivid. I will disunite them on one condition.

For. Name it.

Vivid. That, in dissolving one union, you will sanction another—that of myself and your ward.

For. I should be proud of an alliance with so distinguished a personage.

Vivid. Well, then, I'll do it; lend me your knife.

For. But will you perform the operation in the presence of the ladies ?

Vivid. To be sure I will; they will be delighted at witnessing it. Advance, Ching and Wang ! I am about to perform an operation on you. It will be perfectly safe, but attended with a considerable degree of pain.

Dennis. [*To Simon.*] Come along! don't you see the maishter's tired of you, and is going to cut you ?

Vivid. [*Cutting the band.*] There !

Dennis. Oh, how that hurts !

Simon. What a release ! but still I feel singular by myself. And now I've got rid of the worst part of me, I can't do without a better half, that's positive. Sally, may I hope to form a new partnership ?

Sally. Well, I thought I'd secured two husbands in one, but half a loaf is better than no bread.

Simon. Oh, take me! you'll find me such a crummy one!

Dennis. No such thing—he's all crust! What, then, am I to be left all alone? Oh no; though I have lost one connection, I have a more agreeable one there, [*Pointing to the Audience.*] and let me hope from them, at least, the Siamese Twins will not have to fear a division.

THE END,