

THE
CORNICAN "BOTHERS;"

OR,

THE TROUBLESOME TWINS.

An Original Burlesque Extrabaganza.

(Founded on a famoui Romantic Drama.)

BY

HENRY J. BYRON,

AUTHOR OF

War to the Knife; Cyril's Success; - The Old Story; Dundreary Married and Done For; Cinderella; Blue Beard from a New Point of Hue; Robinson Crusoe; Little Von Giovanni; Mazeppa; The Maid and the Magpie, or the Fatal Spoon; The Babes in the Wood; Bride of Abydos; Fra Diavolo; Jack the Giant Killer; Very Latest Edition of the Lady of Lyons; The Nymph of the Lurleyberg; Pilgrim of Love; The Garibaldi Excursionists; Aladdin, or the Wonderful Scamp; Esmeralda, or the Sensation Goat; Goldenhair the Good; Ivanhoe in Accordance, etc.; Beauty and the Beast; Rival Othellos; Whittington and his Cat; Puss in a New Pair of Boots; Miss Eily O'Connor; George de Barnwell; Our Sea-side Lodgings; The Rosebud of Stinging-nettle Farm; The Sensation Fork; My Wife and I; Beautiful Haider, or the Sea Nymph and the Sallee Rovers; Ill Treated Il Trovatore; The Motto: "I am all there!" St. George and the Dragon; Lady Belle Belle; Orpheus and Eurydice, or the Young Gentleman who charmed the Rocks; 1863, or the Sensations of the Past Year; Mazourka, or the Stick, the Pole, and the Tartar; The "Grin" Bushes; Lion and the Unicorn; Sensation Dramas for the Back Drawing Room; Princess Springtime, or the Envoy that Stole the King's Daughter; La Sonnambula! or the Supper, the Sleeper, and the Merry Swiss Boy; Pan; Lucia di Lammermoor; Pandora's Box; A Hundred Thousand Pounds; William Tell with a Vengeance; or, the Pet, the Patriot, and the Pippin; Lucretia Borgia, M.D.; The Lancashire Lass; Blow for Blow; Not such a Fool as he Looks; Lord Bateman; or, the Proud Young Porter and the Fair Sophia, &c., &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

THEATRICAL PUBLISHER,

LONDON.

First performed at the New Globe Theatre (under the management of Mr. Sefton Parry), on Monday, May 17th, 1869.

An Original Burlesque Extravaganza, founded on a famous Romantic Drama, entitled, the

CORSICAN "BOTHERS;"

OR, THE TROUBLESOME TWINS,

By HENRY J. BYRON.

The Magnificent New and Extensive Scenery by Mr JULIAN HICKS, Mr. T. W. HALL, and Assistants. The elegant Costumes by Mr. MAY and Mrs. JAMES. The Girls of the Period Costumes, by Messrs. GRANT & GASK, Oxford Street. The Dances by Mr. COBBACK. The Music composed and arranged by Mr. G. RICHARDSON. The Appointments by Mr. BRADWELL. The Machinery by Mr. F. STRIFLING.

Characters.

LOUIS DEI FLUNKI	} (the Brothers! very much alike, especially Louis)	} Mr. J. CLARKE.
FABIAN DEI FLUNKI		
M. DE CHATEAU RENAUD	(a Roué, a Libertine, a Blackleg, an Adventurer, a Darling,	} Miss MAGGIE BRENNAN.
a Lady Killer, and a Gentleman Killer	
THE BARON MONTGIRON	} Miss SYLVIA HODSON.
THE BARON MARTELLI	
ORLANDO	(two Awful Squeals)	} Miss JESSIE ANSTIES.
COLONNA	(the Raw Material)	
ANTONIO	(the Staple Commodity)	} Mr. H. ANDREWS.
(an excellent Judge, who not making any observation, may be said to reserve his Sentence)	
M. DE MEYNARD	(his Parents' first and Fabian's second)	} Mr. TINDALE.
	
		Mr. DEAK.
		Miss ROSE BEHREND.

GRIFFO
 A HEAD WAITER.
 MADAME DEI FLUNKI (*Maternal Parent of the Troublesome Twins—Pity and forgive her*)
 MARIE DE LESPARE
 EMILIE DE LESPARE
 CORALIE } (*three Young Girls of the Period, who make everybody else smart as*
 CELESTINE } *well as themselves*)
 ESTELLE }
 GIRLS OF THE PERIOD
 and THORPE.
 YOUNG GENTS OF THE PERIOD
 ANSTISS, ROBINSON, and LECLERQ.

(anything but a dumb-estic)
 A CORSICAN CABMAN.
 A NATIVE DOCTOR.
 MF. E. MARSHALL.
 MISS CLARA THORNE.
 MISS HUGHES.
 MISS ASHTON.
 MISS WILSON.
 MISS J. FOUNTAIN.
 MISS VABCOE, ASHTON, BENNETT, WILSON, FOUNTAIN, THORNE, KNIGHT,
 MISS PARDON, GROSVENOR, WESTFIELD, FRENCH, BRAITHWAITE,
 MISS PARDON, GROSVENOR, WESTFIELD, FRENCH, BRAITHWAITE,
 ANSTISS, ROBINSON, and LECLERQ.

Programme of Scenery.

SCENE I.—THE RESIDENCE OF THE DEI FLUNKI FAMILY IN CORSICA

Arrival of a Visitor in hot haste, who gets a cool reception. Anxious enquiries for Louis, and extraordinary revelations concerning the wonderful sympathy between the Twin-born interrupted by the cancelling of an old Vendetta, to the mutual satisfaction of Colonna and Orlando. How one gives his bird, and the other his word, and how Fabian receives a mysterious intimation that his Brother has come to grief and has received a *Montain-blow* on his eye, and how he determines in a *second* to set *fourth*, and how he frightens his mother and starts himself.

THE BROTHER'S GHOST!

SCENE II.—THE OPERA LOBBY.

THE PET! THE NET! THE SET! and THE BET!

SCENE III.—**M A B I L L E.**

Grand Ballet of Ladies and Gentlemen of the Period

By a distracted troupe of attractive Artists.

How the Ladies show their partiality for *Real Pleasure* and *Champagne*, and how Louis proves himself an anomaly, for though the least drop upsets him, he can stand any quantity of Wine. Champagne *cup-lets*... How Chateau Renaud wins his Wager, and Emile de Lesparre expresses a strong opinion of his conduct in a *cass-ary* manner, and how Louis takes up the affair and takes down de Renaud, and how the Scene, notwithstanding the General Row, ends with immense Harmony in the shape of an arranged Fight and a Concerted Piece.

SCENE IV.—**CORRIDOR OF A PARIS HOTEL.**

How Madame de Flunki with her Retinue makes up her mind that the hostile meeting shall be interrupted, and at

"this juncture the Police shall arrive upon the Scene."

THE FAMILY BREAK UP, AND THE DOMESTIC BREAK-DOWN!

SCENE V.—**THE FOREST OF FONTAINBLEAU.**

Chateau Renaud's Post-horses break down, but his *re-morse* is strong enough, and he feels his crime is literally of the blackest nature, as does Fabian, who having travelled for five days and nights is not quite awake to his danger, and how he puzzles de Raynaud by a *double a cross stick*, and how the weapon fails through its snap action, and how the Mother is struck by her Boy, but recovering from the stroke of the Son is enabled to forgive everybody, whilst Fabian avenges his Brother by presenting Emile to Chateau Renaud, thereby securing his Enemy's discomfort for an unlimited period, and how he determines to write a comprehensive account of the whole mystical business, and enclose it to Professor *Black-eye*.

GRAND CLIMAX!

SCENE VI.—The Return of Spring-time and the Birthday of Beauty!

THE
CORSIKAN "BOTHERS;"

OR,

THE TROUBLESOME TWINS.

SCENE FIRST.—*Apartment at the Dei Flunki's.*

Chimney-piece, R.; over it a picture, two goggle-eyed little boys in frills exactly alike; under it in large letters, "The Masters Dei Flunki;" door of entrance, R. u. E.; doors, R. and L. ; clock, R. ; table, c.; writing table, L.; chairs.

Curtain rises to the tune of "The Twins"—MARIE discovered spinning at a wheel, R., and GRIFFO brushing boots, R. c.—GRIFFO half footman in his dress.

GRIFFO. How are you getting on, my dear ?

MARIE. Tol-lollish.

GRIFFO. That's what I call a most superior polish.

Your face this boot reflects—there, look again.

MARIE. It shews it lovely.

GRIFFO. Yes, it shews it plain.

Beats all your rubbish sold as perfect leather.

(brushing) Would you and me could brush along together.

Come leave off spinning, dear, my love's no flam:

Come, cut the *weal*, remember who I *ham* !

MARIE. You *Ham* indeed ! *Ham common*.

GRIFFO. Be my wife,

Or else remain a spinster all your life.

"In spring," says Tennyson, "a young man's fancy,
Turns lightly," and it's true, "to thoughts of Nancy."

(a loud knock, both frightened)

GRIFFO. What's that ?

MARIE. GO, look!

GRIFFO. Indeed! I beg your pardon,
Talking of Tennyson, don't *he knock hard 'un !*
He's one of those obtrusive sort of chaps
Who think that they can entrance gain *per raps.*
Come, let him in, he's footsore I've no doubt.

MARIE. Suppose that he's a cab-----

GRIFFO. Then *let him out!*

I'm quite afraid of draught or else I'd go.

MARIE. Yes, draughts have very often laid you low.

*Music.—she opens door—enter MEYNARD followed by
CABMAN, half Corsican half Londoner—MEYNARD carries
small valise, thin umbrella and light travelling rug.*

CABMAN. Here, this won't do; we're far beyond the radius, sir.

MEYNARD. You won't get any more than what I've paid
you, sir;

CABMAN. Come now, be generous to a party, *do.*

MEYNARD. Shut up!

CABMAN. Another Tizzy!

MEYNARD. *Tizzy vous.*

Vanish!

CABMAN. (*at door*) You can't afford to ride about;

May all the maledictions-----(*going to doorway, R.*)

GRIFFO. There, get out! *Exit CABMAN, R. U. E.*

MEYNARD. My rug! (*hands it to GRIFFO*) My-----

Bag—umbrella ! Where's your missis ?

A queer ramshackle sort of domus, this is !

Nice girl though, (*pinches her chin*) Didn't notice
you were present.

(*kisses her*) Excuse me.

MARIE. (R.) Their French manners are so pleasant.

Oh, Sir!

GRIFFO. (L., *aside in a rage*) Revenge !

MEYNARD. (C.) Just mention that I'm here.

Take up my card at once to her, my dear.

GRIFFO. Missus is going p'rhaps to bed, sir.

MEYNARD. What ?

GRIFFO. Yes, Missus is *retiring*; you are *not*.

(*aside*) Ha! Ha! I had him there!

MEYNARD. Don't try to quiz;
Besides, if I mistake not, here she is.

Music—Enter MADAME DEI FLUNKI, door, L.

MADAME. (*L., to MARIE*) Why don't you mind your work,
you idle hussy.

I've a good mind----- a stranger! Lawks a mussy!
If you're the taxes we are not at home.

MEYNARD. (*bowing, c.*) I'm *not* the taxes, Madame, but
have come

To tax your hospitality. In *me*
The bosom friend of your son Louis see.

MADAME. (*staggering*) My son—oh, no—

MEYNARD. A gentleman most rare.

MADAME. You know my boy! Pray take a chair—*mon chere*.

MEYNARD. We are great pals—in fact we never differ.

MADAME. I'm charm'd—prepare him the best bed room,
Griffer.

MEYNARD. Really, I-----

MADAME. At his name the tear-drop trickles—
You must be peckish. Here ! cold meat and pickles!
Exeunt GRIFFO and MARIE—and return with tray, R.

MEYNARD. (*aside*) With cold meat she her son's best
friend is greeting.

This ain't a *warm reception*—this *cold meeting* !

MADAME. We're hospitable folks!

MEYNARD. You really touch one.

MADAME. Also bring forth the family cheese—the Dutch
one.

Concerted Piece—" Go a-head."

MADAME. I hope you'll make yourself at home, *mon chere*,
We're homely sort of folks, as you're aware.

You're welcome to
Our best home-brew.

MEYNARD. Your courtesy is rare!

GRIFFO. (*aside*) These foreigners are very seldom seen

To tip a servant—they're so very mean!

MADAME. Though humble folks,

It us provokes,
If all ain't nice and clean.

Soon you will larn,
 Though it's a barn,
 All is " cummy fo."
 Bring the cheese of Holland forth,
 The butter fetch also ;
 And bring the pickled gherkins too,
 And don't forget the bread,
 Then if you've got an appetite,
 Why go a-head.

MADAME. }
 GRIFFO. } Soon you will larn, &c.
 MARIE. }
 MEYNARD. Soon I shall larn, &c.

MEYNARD. I haven't any appetite at all;
 But in the morning early me you'll call,
 At breakfast I,
 Madame, will try
 Your senses to appal.

MARIE. He really is a pleasant little chap ;
 To-morrow I'll put on my Sunday cap.

GRIFFO. Now if I winks
 At her I thinks
 My claret he will tap.

MADAME. (*with great expression repeats*)—
 Though it's a barn, &c.

ALL. (*repeat as in verse*)

MEYNARD and MADAME DEI FLUNKI *dance up*—
 GRIFFO and MARIE *dance off*, R. u. E.

MEYNARD. (*coming down*, R. C.) Will Fabien dei Flunki
 soon return?

To see him with anxiety I burn,
 Because I hear he is so like his brother,
 You couldn't at a glance tell one from t'other.

(*Music, "The Twins," piano.*)

MADAME. (L. C.) It's that confused me. I've at times
 gone mad
 When I've thought one boy was the other lad ;
 But, lawks, in disposition they're the same,
 Both of the dears are very fond of game;
 Each hates a blowing-up—I speak no gammon—
 Both have a partiality for salmon;

When children, both liked toffee—cried at whipping,
Which they oft got, because of lessons skipping—
Were in the habit both of story-telling—
Would never take their medicine without yelling—
Would both their clean boots plunge in the same
puddle;

At times said words as made their ma's blood
"cuddle;"

Would mutually punch each other's head,
And always howled when they were sent to bed.

MEYNARD. (R. C.) Remarkable, indeed!

MADAME. (C.) He comes—my Fabi-ang!
(MEYNARD *crosses*, L.)

I know his footsteps very well; Oh, *tray-biang*.

Music.—Enter FABIEN, R. C. opening.

MADAME. (C.) Embrace your mother.

FABIEN. (R.) Bother! I'm knocked up;

I want my tea, so brew a strongish cup.

Halloa! (*sees MEYNARD*)

MADAME. A friend of your dear brother Louis.

FABIEN. (*starting*) A friend, you say, of Louis? (*crosses
to L. c.*) How de do-ee ?

(*shakes his hand—aside to him*)

When did you see him last ?

MEYNARD. (L.) Three weeks ago.

FABIEN. (C.) What were his spirits like?

MEYNARD. Extremely *low*.

FABIEN. (*aside*) I knew it—I was sure of it—I said it.

MEYNARD. We'd drunk them all, and none of us had credit.

FABIEN. I felt that there was something wrong-----

MEYNARD. Explain!

FABIEN. Wherever Louis is—in France, in Spain,

In England, or America—wherever

He may proceed—the distance doesn't sever

The strange communication.

MEYNARD. My dear host,

I s'pose you are alluding to the post.

It is convenient-----

FABIEN. Young man, don't chaff—

It's instantaneous.

MEYNARD. The telegraph ?

" Messages sent to all parts of the----- "

FABIEN. Bother!

The telegraph between me and my brother
Is magical and keeps us ever near.
My darling brother Louis,

MEYNARD. Is it dear ?

FABIEN. (*comes down, c.*) Listen, and you shall hear the
wondrous mystery

Involved in our extremely moving history.
A flute accompaniment best will do,
The songs on *twins*—the flute's notes go, *too, too.*
Song—" The Twins."

FABIEN. You've heard a good song called *the Twins*, a
strangeish case it be,

The case, however, of my brother Louis and of me
Is more involved considerably, because you see
with us,
He is twin *one*, and I'm twin *two*, which makes it
rather wuss.

We cut our tiny teeth together at the age of three;
He took the measles and the measles instantly
took me;

The same disasters simultane-ous-ly us befel;
He never took a pill as *ill*, but I took one as *well*.

We always made the same mistake when adding up
our sums;

We both were nigh succumbing to a plethora of
plums;

We liked the same good things to eat, from roast
beef to ragout,
Which made it rather awkward when there warn't
enough for two.

Our thoughts all run in couples, dual objects we
behold,

We are so single-minded, but our boots are double-
soled ;

For fruit we both eat pairs, and thoughts of *Dublin*
each allures.

But if we settle down in France, we mean to live at
Two-ers.

MEYNARD. Mere fancy—change of air and change of scene

Would set you and your brother all serene—

Russia—France—Turkey—anywhere at all.

FABIEN. (*dreamily*) We thought of trying the Egyptian Hall;
The air they say is mild there.

MEYNARD. No, it's chilly.

It's high.

FABIEN. What ?

MEYNARD. Mountainous.

FABIEN. Why ?

MEYNARD. Piccad-hilly.

Still it agrees with twins, (*shouts without*) What
means that shout ?

FABIEN. A rabble rout, (*crosses, L.*)

MEYNARD. More of the *bawl* than *rout*, (*crosses, L.*)

Music—GRIFFO *enters, dragging in* ORLANDO, *a fearful-
looking ruffian, covered with every kind of offensive
weapon, L. u. E.*

GRIFFO. (*L. C.*) Please, sir, this here's Orlando.

FABIEN. (*C.*) Here you see

Of Corsica the stock commodity—

Nice-looking article—one ceaseless rage—

A robber—just come to his brigand-age ;

A thief throughout. Not hard to understand it,

As you perceive, his very *legs* are *band-it*.

(*Music*—MARIE *lugs in* COLONNA, *R. U. E.*—*another
ruffian, armed with carbine and daggers, &c.,
down, R.*)

FABIEN. Specimen Number Two. They're both indigenous

ORLAN. Indigenous! That rascal robbed my *pigeon-us*,

That is, his vile ancestor did ; the same.

And now I want to see his *little game*.

FABIEN. He means the pigeon.

ORLAN. Mind you, no evasion,

It must be white, and of the male persuasion.

A male white pigeon—strictly to the letter,

No hen, or there's *no hen-d* to our Vendetta.

MEYNARD. You hear—a really interesting sight---

COLON. (*R.*) I've got the bird !

ORLAN. A male ?

COLON. (*L.*) A male.

ORLAN. And white ?

COLON. I've got him in this bag.
 ORLAN. Half dead, no doubt;
 Open your *male* bag, then, and let him out.
 MADAME. (*a little up, L. c.*) How sweet it is to see two
 rival houses
 Forgetting mutual hate and murderous *vowses*,
 Drowning their enmity in friendship's cup,
 Rough man's rude nature softened, and----
 ORLAN. (*turning fiercely on her*) Shut up !
 (*treads on her toe—MADAME DEI FLUNKI retires
 up to GRIFFO, alarmed*)
 FABIEN. Now, then, be friends—shake hands—stretch
 out your wrists, (*he draws them towards each
 other, c.—both make fierce ejaculations, and
 move threateningly towards each other*)
 Look here! I said "shake hands," and not shake fists.
 ORLAN. His great grandfather's father's great grand-
 father
 Stole my an-cestors' white male pigeon.
 COLON. (*conceitedly*) Rather!
 ORLAN. (*rushing towards him with drawn dagger*) Ha!
 COLON, (*repeating action with enormous carbine*) Ha !
 (*as they do so, MADAME DEI FLUNKI interposes
 and gets crushed between them—GRIFFO leads
 her up to the back, limping*)
 ORLAN. Shall I shake hands with him ?
 COLON. I shan't with you !
 ORLAN. There's one more killed of us than---
 COLON. Very true!
 There is, ha! ha !
 ORLAN. Ha! ha! (*business of daggers, &c, repeated*)
 FABIEN. Come, let this cease,
 Enter Antonio, Justice of the Peace !
*Music.—Enter JUDGE, R. U. E., ludicrously made up with
 several olive branches—male and female peasants—ALL
 sing.*
Chorus— " Voici le Sabre. "
 ALL. Here is the Justice—
 The Justice—
 The Justice;
 Here is the Justice—the Justice of the Peace.

This case the wust is—
 The wust is—
 The wust is
 Ever yet known ; so make it up,
 And let your quarrel cease.

(this must be sung grandiloquently, and by all in unison—bang at conclusion—JUSTICE goes to table and arranges papers)

FABIEN. Here, take that branch of olive in your fist, (to ORLANDO, who takes it, and crushes it in his grasp)
 Now, why the *Dickens* give the olive a twist ?
 Come, sign your name, (gives ORLANDO pen—GRIFFO smooths out paper for signing)

ORLAN. You're sure the pigeon's white ?
 I feel that I do wrong.

FABIEN. (L.) Do *wrong?* do write !

ORLAN. There! (*dashes a long stroke*)

FABIEN. Come, Colonna. (*approaching him, R. C.*)

COLON. If I do I'm shot!

FABIEN. Well, that you p'raps *call honour*—I do not.

COLON. Can't write.

(MARIE swings him round to FABIEN, and FABIEN swings him round to table, and pushes his nose on the table—bang on drum)

FABIEN. Then make your mark!

(COLONNA slashes pen twice across paper, and goes, R. c.)

ORLAN. (L.) Now then—the bird.

COLON. (*with grimace*) I've sat upon him once or twice !

FABIEN. Absurd!

COLON, (*giving it from bag*) Come out!

ORLAN. You dog! The pigeon would you smother ?

(COLONNA raises it to strike ORLANDO)

FABIEN. Come now you needn't *pitch into* each other.

ORLAN. I never yet clapt eyes on a more skinny un.

Its wings don't match.

FABIEN. Mere difference of a *pinion*.

ORLAN. And one leg's longer than the other.

FABIEN. Grumbler!

COLON. He'll never walk-----

FABIEN. Why should he ? he's a *tumbler* !*

* FABIEN. MADAME. ORLAN. COLON. MEYN. MARIE. GRIF.
 R. L.

Concerted Piece—"Happy, gay and free, boys."

MADAME. And now as you have made it up, you both
are free to go,
As each is satisfied, why, now no one has cause
to crow.

ORLAN. I'm not quite sure that I'm not done.

MEYNARD. Pooh, nonsense ! could it be ?

MARIE. It's quite a sight to give delight.

COLON. Well, that I don't quite see.

FABIEN. (*with dancing action*) Be always gay and free, boys,
Take the time from me, boys—
Happy, gay and free !

ALL. (*with action*) Be always gay and free, boys, &c.

MEYNARD. I'll send a neat description of this interesting
scene.

GRIFFO. (*aside*) But he won't pay the postage—those
French chaps are always mean.

MARIE. That's jealousy, and nothing else.

MADAME. My friends, you'll want your tea;
So pray don't wait, it's getting late.

ORLAN. (*to COLONNA*) That is a hint for we.

FABIEN. (*speaking to ORLANDO and COLONNA*) My worthy
friends, when you have left us, do not forget the
lesson you have learnt, and under any circum-
stances-----

COLON. } Yes, yes!
ORLAN. }

FABIEN. Under any circumstances-----

(*relapsing into tune again, with action of dancing*)
Be always gay and free, boys, &c, &c.

(*Chorus repeated—characters waltz off—ORLANDO and
COLONNA waltz off together, very seriously, last, R.C.
opening. FABIEN and MADAME DEI FLUNKI left
on—FABIEN stands perfectly still, wrapped in thought*)

MADAME. What means this gloom upon your brow ?
it seems

As if your life was one long round of dreams !

A good strong cup of tea your sense will shake up.

FABIEN. Ah ! I must have a *strong cup* if I'd *wake cup!*
(*tremulous music*)

Listen! This morning, yonder mountain I
Was climbing, when quite suddenly—oh, my !
I (and the feeling did with dread me fill)
On that *big mountain* felt a *little hill*.

MADAME. (R. c.) That mountain is a breather; and the fact is
In climbing mountains you are out of practice.

FABIEN. (L. C.) A pain here did my further footsteps hinder.

MADAME. Shortness of breath—that *pain*, boy, was a
winder.

FABIEN. I sought my watch ; ten minutes 'twas to nine.
Behold ! our clock has stopped—a certain sign
Louis' been hurt; infallible I've found it.

MADAME. I wound it up myself.

FABIEN. Poor Louis *wounded!*
The pain—this feeling strange—that warning clock-
He's got into a row and had a knock, (*comes down*)
Considering I go in for quiet greatly,
And feel each blow he gets immediately—
For fighting folks, his great propensitee,
Comes now and then a little hard on me ;
I don't complain, but when he gets such knocks,
If he *will* fight, I wish he'd learn to box!
I'll write to him.

(*Ghost Melody played in eccentric variation*)

MADAME. You'd better go to bed.

FABIEN. (*at table, L., writing*) " I feel that somebody has
punch'd your head;

You got a blow—I'm sure of it—a stunner!
Because I felt a corresponding " oner;"
Also a stitch upon the mountain side.
A stitch in time saves *nine*, of course, I knew it,
That's why the clock stopped just *ten minutes to it*.
If you're alive and well, don't let us doubt it;
If dead, you needn't bother p'raps about it."

MADAME. (R.) What thought, and what consideration, too!
(*figure of Louis, in his shirt sleeves, and with a
very black eye rises, R., and glides slowly
towards FABIEN*)

FABIEN. And so no more at present, but adoo.

Listen ! What's that ?

MADAME. My dear, I wasn't speaking.

FABIEN. What is the meaning of that hideous creaking ?

MADAME. Griffo's new boots, p'raps—I don't hear it, dear.

FABIEN. I do, and now it's getting very near.

MADAME. What are you talking of?

FABIEN. That sound again!

But let me seal the letter, and-----

(the figure by this time has got behind him, and gives him a very decided punch on the head—drum—FABIEN tumbles out of his chair)

Now then!

(turns) If you do that again!—My brother! *(takes stage, L. c.)*

MADAME. What ?

(figure sinking—FABIEN takes stage, L.)

FABIEN. See there—his eye—he must have had it hot!

MADAME. There's nothing there—you're wandering, my chick.

FABIEN. Don't you see Louis? *(figure sinks)*

MADAME. You're a *loui-natic*.

(the back of chamber sinks)

FABIEN. Look there! The whole side of the house is sinking !

MADAME. It's evident my poor boy's took to drinking.

FABIEN. The scene is moving, mother, don't you see!

MADAME. This is a very *moving scene* to me.

(FABIEN staggers back with a half shriek, as picture is revealed of Louis on ground with a black eye—CHATEAU RENAUD with single-stick in hand smoking a cigarette—the others grouped in imitation of the famous tableau)

Enter DE MEYNARD *and* GRIFFO, MARIE, ORLANDO *and* COLONNA, R. U. E.

FABIEN. Look there! Some heavy blows have plainly passed,

And brother Louis has been heavily grassed,
Or rather mowed——

MEYNARD. (R.) What is the matter ?

FABIEN. (C.) What!

(to group in picture) Leave him alone, you snobs—
I'll fight the lot! *(vision closed in)*

Griffo, my horse ! my bag! I'm off to Paris !

MEYNARD. Really! what means this mental Mr. Harris?

FABIEN. Brothers should stick together when they can,
 Although in thought and feeling we're one man,
 We've *two fists each*—that's four.

MADAME. I'm quite alarmed!

FABIEN. (*with arms extended*) They'll find our motto is
 forewarned—*four-armed* !*

Concerted Piece—"Dusty Bob."

MADAME. He's off to Paris. What can the matter be
 with him ?

FABIEN. I'm off to Paris before the break of day !

MEYNARD. What a strange chap! I'd sooner live two
 days than three with him.

Really, he's got an extraordinary way.

FABIEN. I'm off to Paris!

He's off to Paris—

He's off to Paris at once without delay !

Ri fol de riddle ol,

FABIEN. Whack fol de riddle ol,

GRIFFO. Ri fol de riddle ol, whack fol ol de day.

Air—"Drinking Song"—(Grand Duchess.)

MEYNARD. He'll go away,

He'll go, he'll go away;

Away, away, he'll go.

To Paris he will speedilee,

As he has let us know.

ALL. To Paris he, &c.

MARIE. Away, away,

Without delay,

Aboard a ship he pops;

To Paris, city of the gay,

So famous for its shops.

FABIEN. It is a pretty sort of place,

Amusing quite in any case ;

Delightful to the human race,

And those who're fond of *boulla baisse*.

ALL. It is a pretty sort of place,

Amusing quite in any case;

Delightful to the human race,

The human race.

* COLON. MARIE. MEYN. FABIEN. MADAME. GRIFFO. ORLAN.
 R. L.

MEYNARD. Oh, what can mean
This dreadful scene ?
My senses quite it shocks;
Who'd think to find
Out here a kind
Of foreign Box and Cox !

ALL. Who'd think to find
Out here a kind, &c, &c.

MARIE. Oh, master's quite
Upset to night.

MEYNARD. Well, is he often so?

ALL. (*repeat*) { At all events,
This pair of gents
To Paris bound to go.

FAMES. To Paris city, *toujours gai*.

MADAME. Where life is no work—all is play.

MARIE. Where dissipation's the 0 K.

MEYNARD. Right sort of thing both night and day.

ALL. To Paris city, *toujours gai*, &c, &c.

(*whilst they have been singing this, GRIFFO and MARIE have been singing operatically and in harmony with a repetition of previous words to the Dusty Bob melody, played very piano—at conclusion, Dusty Bob melody assumes the ascendancy—and just as scene is going to be closed in, the spectral clock, R., which has not previously moved, dances down with an imitation of the " Green" in Jack and the Green—MADAME DEI FLUNKI, MEYNARD, &c, dancing round a la " My Lord and Lady" to it, but perfectly seriously—COLONNA and ORLANDO, R. and L. corners, as clowns—closed in*)

SCENE SECOND.—*Box Lobby at the Opera.*

Placards up:—" Large Fees to Box Keepers"—" No Seats secured after the doors are open"—" Pass-out cheques must be crossed " London and Westminster Bank"—" The Free List is suspended in the Box Entrance"—" Places may be secured six years in advance"—"Refreshments"—"Pale Dry Biscuits of

a delicate nutty flavor, and fine Old Crusted Cheese-cakes always ready."

Lively music.—Two or three PEOPLE enter and go into box ; BOX-KEEPER showing them in—BOX-KEEPER made up with exaggerated white tie, black suit and comic wig, &c.—MONTGIRON and MARTELLI stroll on, R.

MARTEL. I say, it's rather jolly, don't you know ;
But, I say, Chateau Renaud doesn't show.
How is it, eh ?

MONT. He is engaged in making
Love to a lady—one who's rather taking.
In fact, I'd cut him out there, 'pon my life,
Only it's such a bore to have a wife.
It ties a fella down so.

MARTEL. Well, but he
Isn't a marrying man exactly. She
Has an old husband who's away. But stop !
Madame de Lesparre, p'raps we'd better drop.
Here is our friend—a most conceited pup.

MONT. The subject drop, or he may take it up.
De Renaud at all weapons is *au fait*.

Music.—Enter CHATEAU RENAUD, L. 1 E.

CHATEAU. What about Chateau Renaud do you say—
Abusing him ?

MART. Oh, no!

CHATEAU. I'm glad; you see
I've fought this week some—let's see—twenty-
three.

Yes, twenty-three young parties have I met,
Whom I've taught lessons that they won't forget.
Six fellows, when I didn't like it, winked—
The insult trifling—those I simply pinked ;
Some interrupted me when speaking: that
I punished with a bullet through the hat;
Those more impertinent—as you have heard—
I made a point of winging, like a bird.

MARTEL. Did you kill any ?

CHATEAU. Y-a-a-s ; I think a pair.
One fellow asked me if I curled my hair;

The other said my cigarettes were bad :
I had to kill 'em both—it's rather sad;
But I'd let off a lot.

MARTEL. Precisely so.

CHATEAU. And one must keep one's hand in, don't you know!
But I am here to meet a lady.

MARTEL. Yes!

Madame de Lesparre, come, my boy, confess.

CHATEAU. The same.

MONT. I don't believe it!

CHATEAU. (*coolly*) Don't you ? (*goes up*)

MARTEL. (*aside to MONTGIRON*) Stop ;

He'll shoot you!

MONT. My dad kept a draper's shop,
And Chateau Renaud looks on trade as low,
And wouldn't fight with *me*, Martelli,—so
I can insult him !

MARTEL. I'm a swell and can't.

CHATEAU. And so you don't believe me ? (*down, c.*)

MONT. What's more—shan't! (*conceitedly twists moustache*)

CHATEAU. Ha, ha! Do you, Martelli?

MARTEL. Oh, I never

Doubt any gentleman.

CHATEAU. My very clever

And most amusing friend, let's have a bet:—
Suppose, by my persuasion, I can get
The lady named to join us at Mabilie
To-night at supper, will you then ?

MONT. I *weel*. (*crossing, R.*)

CHATEAU. Fifty Napoleons ? (*crossing, L.*)

MONT. All right, my hearty !

CHATEAU. You'll find 'twill be a very *bona party*.

Music—MONTGIRON and MARTELLI *exeunt*.

But here she comes—and agitated too !

Enter MADAME DE LESPAKRE with mask in hand, L.

Most fascinating of your sex, how do?

EMILIE. Oh dear, if any one my features knew,

They might enquire-----

CHATEAU. 'Twould be a hopeless task !

You they have let a mask—so *let 'em ask*.

Enchanting one-----

EMILIE. I said I'd meet you here
To give you back your *billet doux*.

CHATEAU. My dear,
You did.

EMILIE. And you'll return me mine ?

CHATEAU. Oh, stay!
Why do you treat me in this shameful way ?
It's driving me half wild! I do declare
I take no pride in parting my back hair.
As for my tailor, he makes what he likes—
Beau Brummel's merged in Mr. William Sykes.
A perfect *bore* appears the *Bore de Boulon*;
Well-fitting gloves I now don't see the pull on ;
My boots run big—in Yorkshire phrase, once
"pratty;"
My waist was *wasp-like*—now I'm scarcely *gnatty*.

EMILIE. (L. C.) Give me my letters back, and let me go,
Somebody will observe us.

CHATEAU. (R. C.) Oh, dear, no!
You'd lose them ; and I haven't got them here.
If at the gardens of Mabilie, my dear,
You'll come with me, I'll give them to you
there.

EMILIE. Mabilie, indeed ! I wonder how you dare-----

CHATEAU. Oh, every one goes everywhere.

EMILIE. Perhaps, but I'm not every one, you worst of
chaps!

CHATEAU. That dull old-fashioned failing of propriety's
Completely dying out in good society;
For dissipation's drown'd decorum's voice—
You pays your money and you takes your choice.

EMILIE. Not very choice, I think, nor yet delectable.
Give me the days when most folks were respectable,
When girls were kept at school whilst in their
teens,
And people cared to live within their means;
When folks who really loved each other mated,
Although their spoons and forks p'raps might be
plated,
And didn't care at all to wait—not they—
For real silver—till their hair was grey;

When boys were boys, and gentlemen not " gents;"
 When shops were shops, and not " establish-
 ments ;"
 When servants dressed according to their station,
 Not of their missises an imitation;
 Ere days of " telegrams " and " patent stoves;"
 And children weren't call'd "kids" and "little
 coves;"

When people didn't turn night into day, (*crosses R.*)
 And 'twasn't *infra dig.* to pay your way!

CHATEAU. Horribly slow and wretchedly unpleasant.

For my part, I think no time's like the present,
 Except the future—that's when we shall meet
 To night,—Mabille,—at nine, "*quel* jolly treat!"
 Till then, a short affectionate farewell.

We meet at nine, and at *Mabille—ma belle.*

(*they go up and cross*)

Duet.—" Ben e Ridicolo."

CHATEAU. Life at Mabille they say,
 Glides like a dream away,
 Till the dawning of the day!
 Life is one spree;
 Let us be joyous, pray,
 Flinging dull care away,
 I for the treat will pay ;
 Only too glad.

EMILIE. Yes, I will meet you there,
 Though I don't think it fair,
 Yet I will verily
 Go there with thee.
 Folk there are never slow,
 Knowing no care or woe,
 Sighs may for the sad ones be—
 The sad ones be.
 Mabille's a dreadful place,
 I think in any case,
 And I think verily
 You are too base !

BOTH. Folks there are never sad. *Exeunt, R.*

SCENE THIRD.—*Mabille. Statues and lamps about ; Ballet to open Scene. CHARACTERS retire up.*

Enter MARTELLI and LOUIS DEI FLUNKI, L. U. E. who is made up something like the "Stranger," and has a burlesque air of solemnity and inward sorrow.

MARTEL. (*down, L. c.*) Come wake up; you're a lively sort, friend Louis;

You look, to say the least, uncommon bluey.
Do something:—

LOUIS. (R. C.) I have tried, upon my word,
The dissipation tea gardens afford ;
At bowls have really gone to any length,
Have shot for nuts, been weighed, and tried my
strength ;
Still these wild joys have failed to rouse me—she
Is all I think about.

MARTEL. (R. C.) Confide in me.

LOUIS. I will. You've heard, no doubt, me and my brother
Have both the same sensation as each other;
And when he fell in love, I always did too—
Kid Number One's love then was shared by Kid Two;
Which made it rather awkward ; so you see
It came at last to—" Is it you or me ?"
That's ungrammatical—but means, you know,
" Will you leave this to me"—or " shall I go?"
In the last case, in which we both were spoons,
We tossed—I lost—unluckiest of coons !
Cried " Man." To Fabien did hard fate allot her!
My brother called out " Woman," and he got her.

(*crosses, L. C.*)

MARTEL. Extremely sad!

LOUIS. But short his triumph though ;
She married some one else.

MARTEL. How very low !

(*music, " Twins," pianissimo*)

LOUIS. (*with intensity*) One day—"may that returning day
be night,"
To quote the poet—Renaud met her sight;
Chateau Renaud, a sparkling chap he is,
He might be Chateau *Margot* from *his fizz!*

I'll own it's handsome—Emilie de Lesparre,
Who, when her father said, " You'll wed ?" said,
" Yes, pa."

Forgot her absent spouse, and me, her father,
And Fabien! forgot herself, too, rather,
And listened to the accents of this *roue* ;
But, scoundrel, there's a certain Monsieur Louis
Who's *hovering* round you, my two turtle-
doves.

A case of *Friendship's hovering*, if not Love's.

(*crossing, R.*)

MARTEL. He's first-rate at the small sword—dread the
thrust of it,

A crack shot also, Louis.

LOUIS. (*collapsing*) That's the wust of it.

If he could not fence and he couldn't shoot,
I'd call him out this very day—the brute !
But as he knows each weapon how to use it,
It makes a fellow think twice ere he does it.

(*lively music—Louis turns up, with the conventional
tragic walk and with a profound air of settled
misery—MARTELLI goes up*)

*Enter MONTGIRON surrounded by MARIE, ESTELLE, CELES-
TINE and CORALIE, all laughing, down R.*

MONT. It's no use teasing me, I've not a sous;
I'm but a younger brother.

CELES. Very true;
But still a pair of gloves, some scent, a fan,
Some trifle.

CORAL. Oh, Celestine, how you can!

CELES. Madame, don't talk to me-----

CORAL. To you indeed!

ESTEL. We are invited here to a grand feed—
Champagne ad *libitum*—where is it set ?

CELES. } Hear, Hear,

CORAL. }

MONT. Ladies, we can't have supper yet.

ESTEL. Why not ? I'm hungry!

CELES. Yes, and so am I. (MONTGIRON *goes up*)

CORAL. How can you go on so, Celestine, fie!

CELES. We've come here to enjoy ourselves—far be it
From me to mention wine—but I don't *see* it!
(MONTGIRON *who has been up, comes down with*
MARTELLI *and* Louis)

MONT. (C.) You shall do, ladies. Let me introduce
A friend.

CELES. (R. C. *curtseying low and laughing at* Louis) Chee-
armed.

CORAL. Oh don't, you little goose! (Louis *goes up*)
I am quite surprised! (*pulling her dress*)

CELES. You dare to touch me !—there !
(*the two GIRLS slap at each other—general row, all*
talking—MANAGER OF GARDENS comes forward
fussily, L. I. E.)

MANAGER. Here, I shall lose my license, I declare.

MONT. It's all right.

MANAG. No it ain't. You must keep steady.

You owe me, too, a tidy lump already.

If this goes on you'll have to quit the place.

LOUIS. (L. C. *who has come down, with air of grandeur*)
Supper for twelve.

LADIES. Oh!

MANAG. (*bowing*) That's another case.

LOUIS. Champagne----- (LADIES *clap hands*)

MANAG. Whose manufacture ?

MARTEL. (*aside to* Louis) You don't know it.

Take my advice and cut it.

LOUIS. Cut it !(*to* MANAGER) *Mo-it!*

MANAG. Much honoured!

LOUIS. Every kind expensive drink of, (LADIES *delighted*)

And everything to eat that you can think of.

(*goes up—turns and walks up with the same melan-*
choly air)

CELES. (*crosses, R. C. to* MARTELLI) Who is he?

MARTEL. He's a twin—just like his brother!

CELES. I must say I should like to meet the other.

LOUIS (*coming down*) And whilst the supper is preparing,
bring----

CELES. Excuse me, champagne is the only thing.

I touch—yes, Perrier Jonet I love dearly,

Or Cliquot.

CORAL. Nothing could be *Ruderer*, really!

Air (no symphony)—" *Her Mincemeat Knife it went chop, chop, chop.*"

CORAL. A drink divine,
Is that sparkling wine !
Whenever one goes out to dine
You'll always see
That the companee
Wake up when it's introduced.
The ladies' eyes all lighten up,
They do upon my word,
When the wire is snipped,
And the string is cut,
And the pleasant pop is heard.
As the champagne bottles go pop, pop, pop,
Pop, pop, pop, pop, pop, pop!
A di'mond in every drop, drop, drop—
Drippety, droppety, drop!

CHORUS. As the champagne bottles go pop, pop, pop,
Pop, pop, pop, pop, pop, pop!
A di'mond in every drop, drop, drop—
Drippety, droppety, drop!

Air—" *The Glorious Vintage of Champagne*" (*no symphony*
—*to be played in the same time as above*).

ESTEL. The glorious vintage of champagne
Is a decided boon ;
The best drink in the evening, and
Likewise the afternoon.
At night, too, it is not so bad ;
At luncheon 'tis a gain;
For tea, I feel's,
The only meal
At which *de trop's* champagne.
Then let our song have this refrain—
The great advantage of champagne!
Then let our song have this refrain—
The great advantage of champagne !

CHORUS. Then let our song have this refrain—
The great advantage of champagne, &c.

Air,—"Susan, Susan, pity my confusion."—(*no symphony, same time*)

LOUIS. It's well to have enough for one,
 But if there should be two,
 It's well to have enough for six
 Of that delicious brew !
 My servant's name is Susan, and
 Rude folks might call her Sue,
 And when I'm out of wine, I say—
 As any one might do—
 Soozan, Soozan, order half-a-doozen,
 Of the best champagne that you can see!
 Soozan, Soozan, I expect my coozan,
 Which he is in the Ar-til-ler-ree.

CHORUS. Soozan, Soozan, order half-a-doozen,
 Of the best champagne that you can see!
 Soozan, Soozan, he expects his coozan,
 Which he is in the Ar-til-ler-ree.

WAITER enters, L. 1 E., with champagne—LOUIS goes up with him. Music, waltz—at conclusion the LADIES go up with MONTGIRON—LOUIS, a little overcome with the wine down with MARTELLI, just before conclusion of waltz gets hustled about—music very piano through dialogue.

LOUIS. Don't leave us, ladies—(*staggers*)
 MARTEL. Hold up! you're unsteady.
 LOUIS. (R.C.) What's that there ? (*reads*) " Sherry cobblers always ready." (*LADIES laugh*)
 Let's—let's have a cobbler!

MARTEL. (L. C.) No ; it's near the hour.
 I thought he bragged too much about his power—

LOUIS. (*very drunk*) His power?
 MARTEL. Over Emilie Lesparre.

LOUIS. (*suddenly sober*) What! (*crossing, R.*)
 MARTEL. Jove! He didn't, though, for here they are. (*music*)

Enter CHATEAU RENAUD with EMILIE DE LESPARRE on his arm, L. U. E.—he bows to MARTELLI—does not perceive Louis, who is panting in horror at side, R., a little up.

CHATEAU. The wager's mine—the tin, please, ready get—
 I've found my Emilie—you have lost your Bet!
 You see I'm up to time.

EMILIE. (L. C.) Is this a dream ?
 I'm too much shocked and horrified to scream !
 Have I been bet upon? Am I brought here
 To—to-----(*overcome with rage*)

CHATEAU. (L. C.) To have a little supper with us, dear.
 We thought you were *ennuyee*, and I laid
 A wager-----

EMILIE. (*boiling with rage*) May you never get it paid!
 May your best patent leathers crack when dancing,
 And may you get no partners but the "prancing;"
 May you, when gloves you'd purchase a new pair
 Invariably forget the size you wear;
 May you be cut by those you'd wish to snub;
 May you be "pilled " at every West-end club;
 When to your couch at dawn you may betake you,
 May organ-men at eight o'clock awake you—
 Unless you'd catch a train at nine, and *then*
 May they forget to call you until ten!
 When you go out of town for change of air,
 May you find all your creditors are there!
 When well dressed, and it comes on rainy, may
 Each Hansom cabman look another way !
 And may you, when you dine on Richmond Hill,
 Be always let in to discharge the bill!!!
 (*this has been worked up with great intensity—
 slight pause.—music ceases*)

CHATEAU. Cease these anathemas.

LOUIS. (*crosses L. C. to CHATEAU*) Hem! This young
pussin
 Is my relation.

CHATEAU. Is she ?

LOUIS. Yes, a *cussin*.
 She's had enough of your society,
 And will retire at once-----

CHATEAU. Halloa!

LOUIS. With me.

CHATEAU. Rubbish. Before we've had a glass of wine?
 She won't *take any harm*.

LOUIS. (*taking MADAME DE LESPARRE'S arm under his*) No,
 none but *mine*.
 Come, Emily!

MONT. (*aside to CHATEAU*) You won't allow this, surely?

CHATEAU. (*chaffingly to Louis*) Monsieur di Flunki, you look somewhat poorly.

A little change of scene—ahem !—you know!

To-morrow morning—nine—at *Fontainbleau*.

LOUIS. *Blow Fontainbleau!* shan't go! I say, look here ! (*to MADAME DE LESPARRE*)

Look at the mess you've got me in, my dear !

CHATEAU. Do you accept my challenge ?

LOUIS. No, I don't.

CHATEAU. I call you out!

LOUIS. Shan't come!

CHATEAU. You won't ?

LOUIS. I won't!

EMILIE. You will be branded—have your name too stuck up.

LOUIS. (*aside*) I must be *brandy'd* 'fore I get my pluck up.

EMILIE. He'll post you!

LOUIS. *Post me!*

EMILIE. As a cur—get out!

LOUIS. In the *dead* letter office, I've no doubt.

(*crossing R.C. to MARTELLI*) You'll stand my friend ?

We are old pals-----

MARTEL. I will.

Should Chateau Renaud my friend Louis kill.

(*Louis collapses*) Stand up ! I'll tell your mother.

LOUIS. Pooh, you flat,

That isn't acting as a friend, not that.

If you would do your Louis a true service,

Being, as you're aware, a trifle nervis,

And you'd confer on him a lasting boon,

(*in his ear*) Let the police know all about it soon !

Air.—" *Come where the Moonbeams linger.*"

EMILIE. Go where the moonbeams linger,

Off, it is early morn;

Or if you raise your finger,

Surely as you were born,

Chateau Renaud will beat you,

Get your back to the light,

Or badly he will treat you,

He's such a fellow to fight!

CHATEAU. At every kind of weapon
 I am a dab, you know;
 And I can use my fists as well,
 Sure as I'm Chateau Renaud.

EMILIE. Go where the moonbeams linger,
 Get your back to the light,
 Or you will get a winger—
 He's such a fellow to fight! (*ALL repeat*)

MARIE. Oh ! what a dreadful party;
 Who could imagine such ?

LOUIS. Louis admits in heart he's
 Weak, and his courage Dutch.

MONT. Up in the early morning,
 He'll have to meet his foe;

CELES. Danger and rheumatics scorning—
 Terrible Chateau Renaud.

CHATEAU. It's his own fault, no other's,
 If he'll apologize,
 I shan't accept it—really—
 Certainly quite otherwise.

ALL. Then don't apologize.

EMILIE. Go where the moonbeams, &c.
 (*ALL repeat—closed in as they go up*)

SCENE FOURTH.— *Corridor of an Hotel.*

Enter GRIFFO and MARIE (as if after a journey), L.

GRIFFO. Was ever coachman so extremely dense ?
 And why on earth call it a diligence ?
 A slower coach was never seen, I s'pose,
 If that's the usual rate at which it goes.
 They call the coach a diligence—dare say
 Because it dilly-dallies on the way.
 None of your flirting with our two new flunkeys.

MARIE. Flirting, indeed!—a hideous pair of monkeys,
 What missis was about to bring them----- Well,

GRIFFO. Missis's family is rather swell,
 And so in livery she's popped Orlando,
 Likewise Colonna—which they're rather grand—oh,
 And though their rustic manners will peep out,
 They'll both attract some notice I've no doubt.

Enter ORLANDO and COLONNA, R., in exaggerated liveries, bouquets, white gloves and long sticks.

ORLAN. There's a disgraceful shame ; I feel so mean.

COLON. My calves are not accustomed to be seen,
And they don't like it.

ORLAN. In the mountains we
Wore gartered bandages up to the knee;
Leggings which quite envelop-ed our pins,
Yes, covering a " multitude of *shins*."
Now as I walk along they cause remark.

COLON. I shan't go out at all till after dark.

ORLAN. Up in the mountains we were happy—free.
It's true we seldom dined; but then our tea,
Though very weak and humble in its Saviour,
Was honest, 'twas but seldom meat or gravy or
A vegetable passed our lips. For weeks
(Witness our wasted limbs and hollow cheeks,)
We've scarcely tasted food: whereas we now
Get four meals every day, and beer I vow
In buckets; then we've soft and downy beds,
Whereon to lay at night our powdered heads;
And every luxury—work ! not a bit of it!
It's downright tyranny! Shall we submit to it ?
Shall we be free again? (*this with great intensity*)

COLON. Hooray!

GRIFFO. Bosh this is.

ORLAN. (*crosses, R.*) Away! away! to the mountain's
brow !

COLON. (*collapsing*) Here's missis.

Enter MADAME DEI FLUNKI, L., enveloped in travelling clothes—furry and comic.

MADAME. (*crossing, c.*) Where is my boy, my boy! has
no one heard of him !

Has no one been and said a single word of him !

(*ALL turn aside as if in grief*)

How could he leave his home at such a season

To wander here—I *wander hear* the reason !

I couldn't keep away from my two sons,

Who're like each other as two penny buns;

And so I-----(*seeing the others*) What mean those
 averted heads ? (*ALL groan*)
 I see;—the house is full, and there's no beds.
 In Paris there are others — (*ALL sigh*) Why that sigh ?
 You've seen the scale of charges—they are high ?
 But what of that, we've come to cut a dash,
 And I've a superfluity of cash ;
 So it's----- (*ALL groan*) Another groan! I tell you what,
 I'll give you all your warning on the spot
 If you don't-----

GRIFFO. (*aside, crossing, L. C.*) Hem! Well, p'raps we'd
 better tell her.

(*to MADAME DEI FLUNKI*) The fact is, Monsieur
 Louis—poor young feller.

(*breaks down in tears—ALL howl!*)

MADAME. (*alarmed, crossing, L. C.*) What of him?

MARIE. Oh, ma'am, it's so very sad!

MADAME. (C.) The trouble that I've had about that lad.

What's he done now ?

ORLAN. (*crossing, R. C.*) You've heard of Chateau Renaud,

A party to whom *no* girl could yet say " No !"

He's such a winning dog—there's no one like him.

MADAME. (*arranging her dress—aside*) I wonder very much
 if I shall strike him?

I'm not the girl I was, but parties say

I've got a sort of kind of queenly way;

A regal air and dignified address,

Which young things in their teens do not possess.

Go on. Go on!

ORLAN. Well, him and Monsieur Louis-----

COLON. (*crossing L. C.*) Fought, and De Renaud, who's a
reg'ler roue,

Got quite the best of it—his eye will shew.

He can't—for it's so very black you know.

Why, such a swordsman did your son incense, mum ?

For—no offence, mum ; what's he *know offence, mum?*

ORLAN. (*crossing COLONNA*) Well, hearing of this deed
 so very black,

Your other son's upon De Renaud's track,

Who's cut from Paris by a secret byway :

Fabien declares he'll catch him on the *eye* way.

We heard it 'cos they took post horses here ;
 De Renaud's frightened and looked rather queer,
 Which, if his carriage breaks down on the road,
 'Twill surely be a case of *eye am blowed!*

(suiting the action to the word)

COLON. Rubbish, De Renaud is a dab at all swords,
 From "*sarbers de mong pare,*" to pair o' small swords!
 With rapiers he is up to dreadful tricks,
 And the big broadsword blades of "*Brayvo 'Icks.*"

GRIFFO. De Renaud 'll run him through, I'll lay a penny,
 And treat his mountain buzzum like Mont *Senny.*

(ALL groan and with pocket handkerchiefs to eyes)

MADAME. What's to be done ? The wood of Fontainbleau
 Is where they always go and fight, you know.
 We will be there. Prize-fighting's been put down ;
 And if Joe Bloggs mayn't pitch into Bill Brown,
 Why should this Chateau Renaud kill my son?
 Go fetch a cab at once, a four-wheeled one;
 Select a strong horse, Griffio, look alive!
 Make the best bargain that you can for five.

Concerted Piece—" I'm her Pa."

MADAME. Have you seen my son, mum ?
 Each is like the one, mum ;
 A couple of mischeevous lads
 Away they both have run, mum ;
 Their mother is cut up, mum,
 About each silly pup, mum.
 She'll have a bill, struck off she will,
 And offer a reward.

MARIE. Don't agitate yourself, mum,
 Or throw away your pelf, mum,
 But take the matter quietly,
 Resigned and quite piano.

MADAME. Oh, they both are teasers—reg'ler Julius Caesars!
 They've curly hair—the lovely pair—
 Both born in Corsicah.
 Their waists are both so slender,
 They're both of the male gender,
 And I always feel so proud
 That I'm their ma !

COLON. Take the matter easy,
 Don't go on so breezy ;
 Depend upon't, before you want,
 They'll both come back and squeeze ye !

MARIE. Then pray keep up your pecker,
 Be manly, like Miss Becker;
 Remember they've some property—
 Some landed propertiu.

MADAME. They've had an education,
 Suited to their station ;
 They both can toot upon the flute,
 And play on the pian-o.
 Oh, they both are teazers, &c.

ALL. They both are teazers, &c. (*breakdown, off, R.*)

SCENE FIFTH.—*The Forest of Fontainebleau.*

" *The Twins*" played as Scene opens; CHATEAU RENAUD seated on a broken trunk, L. 2 E. ; MARTELLI looking off, R. 1 E.

MARTEL. You want a pick-me-up—you're hipped.
 CHATEAU. I am.
 Hock is delusive, and how *false* is " *sham*."
 MARTEL. Here is my flask—come now, one little sip.
 CHATEAU. Friend at a *pinch*, and also at a *nip*. (*takes flask*)
 The least drop in the world I do not mind;
 Cognac's a *noun* I never yet *declined*.
 It cheers one—gives one courage-----
 MARTEL. Which you're out of.
 CHATEAU. That, my dear friend, there's very little doubt of.
 When I'm alone—when all alone—I vow—
 (And as you're nobody, I feel so now.)
 When I'm alone, remorseful visions rise.
 MARTEL. Well, if you will go in for Strasbourg pies,
 And *pate de foie gras* in mammoth heaps !
 You mustn't be astonished if your sleep's
 Not over tranquillizing, calm and placid ;
 The Mabilie sherry is a trifle acid ;
 Whilst the champagne, for which so oft you
 rung,
 Was not even *old* gooseberry—but *young*.

CHATEAU. I only *tried* it.

MARTEL. It with manners true,
Returned the compliment by trying *you!*

CHATEAU. This is the very spot—the very spot
On which poor Louis got it.

MARTEL. No, it's not;
It's not exactly where he got it.

CHATEAU. Why ?

MARTEL. The spot on which he got it's on his *eye*.

CHATEAU. I feel for it remorse, likewise disgrace too;
(*with great grief*) And when he'd said no hittings
in the face, too !

(*buries his head in his hands, and takes R., corner*)

MART. Cheer up!

CHATEAU. I can't—I'm overcome by fear!
Our carriage didn't, mind you, break down here
For nothing, (*going up, c.*) Oh, why did I punch his
head so?

I yet shall rue the action.

(*Music, three chords—is going R. 2 E. when FABIEN
enters suddenly—CHATEAU staggers back, and
MEYNARD enters, R. 2 E.*)

There! I said so. (*they take three steps down R.
together*)

Which of you is it ? (*in horror to FABIEN*)

FABIEN. That you soon shall find.

CHATEAU. (*aside*) If it had been his ghost, I shouldn't
mind,

FABIEN. I'm Fabien dei Flunki—come away,
As fast as possible from Corsicay.
You know the reason, don't you ? Five days
back,

A certain eye grew suddenly quite black ;
You know whose eye I mean, sir, I suppose—(*with
fervour, his hands clasped*)

It was my brother Louis' eye—I *nose*.

CHATEAU. Your brother got what he deserved.

FABIEN. No doubt,

But now, sir, you and I must have it out!

CHATEAU. Fight you! (*crossing, L., commences lighting
cigarette*)

FABIEN. I felt the blow on my proboscis,
 And instantly I ordered out *post-hosses* ;
 Put on the steam, and travelled day and night
 I haven't slept for five days.

MARTEL. (*slaps him on the back*) That's all right.
 Five sleepless nights would knock up any fella!

FABIEN. I'd no companion but my umberella !
 Nor have I tasted food.

MARTEL. (to CHATEAU) That's better still;
 He'll be so weak.

FABIEN, You'll fight me ?

CHATEAU. Yes, I will! (*crosses, c.*)
 But, understand, I don't fight any more.
 Pugnacious relatives would be a bore.
 And if they challenge me *ad infinitum*
 I shall decidedly object to fight 'em! (*crosses, L.*)

FABIEN. (*very pathetically*) Don't be alarmed ! the feud
 will end with me:
 I am the last leaf of the family tree—
 So young, so beautiful! (*yawns heavily*) Excuse my
 ways.
 But (*yawns*) I've not been in bed for several days.
 Nevertheless----- (*yawns, and leaning up against*
 MEYNARD, *appears to be gradually dropping*
off into a doze)

CHATEAU. (*crossing, L. C.—aside to MARTELLI*) I'll wait
 until he drops off in a doze,
 And then, sir, let him have it on his nose.

MEYNARD. (R., *remonstratingly, to FABIEN*) I say, wake
 up! He's dozing, I declare.

FABIEN. (*snores, dreamily*) If that's my shaving water,
 leave it there.
 Bring me a cup of coffee when I ring.
 (*subsides into slumber*)

MEYNARD. I say—Revenge! and all that sort of
 thing.
 (*rouses FABIEN*) A dreadful blow De Renaud did
 allot him.

FABIEN. (*after slight yawn*) I beg my brother's pardon—
 I forgot him !
 Really, I-----

CHATEAU. (*aside*) He's awake, and I confess,
I feel—(*aloud*) But we've no weapons.

FABIEN. (*goes up, c, and pulls up sticks*) Weapons?—
yes.

Observe!—a fact perhaps you didn't know—
That single-sticks grow here at Fontainebleau.
Behold! (*chord*)

CHATEAU. (*taking MARTELLI'S hand—aside and with intensity*)

His eye is hard upon me. Oh, why—why
Was I so hard upon his brother's eye?
I feel that I shall get the worst.

MARTEL. The blues

Are overcoming you.

MEYNARD. (*crossing, R. C, handing weapons*) The weapons
choose.

CHATEAU. (*comparing them*) This one's the knottier; for
me 'twill do.

I'm certainly the *nottier* of the two. (MEYNARD gives
FABIEN stick, and crosses, R., behind)

FABIEN. (*with stick*) Now are you ready? (*yawns heavily*)

MEYNARD. (*pushing him*) Here don't go to sleep so!

FABIEN. Excuse me, but you see I am on guard.

CHATEAU. Keep so. (CHATEAU and FABIEN take off coats
—*aside to MARTELLI*)

I'm a gone coon—I ne'er shall leave this thicket.
A last gift, here's my watch—I mean the ticket;
You can redeem it for just two pounds three.

(*wringing MARTELLI'S hand with great feeling*)

May't make you happier than it e'er made me.
Nearly two pounds was on that ticker lent.

MARTEL. (*overcome*) It is too much!

CHATEAU. It is, it never went.

Call on my bootmaker when all is past,
And tell him that I thought of him the *last*.
My tailor seek—mingle with him your woes,
And say I breathed his name just at the *clo's*.
My gunmaker I owe for caps. Call later,
And tell him I have paid the *det o' nator*.
To all my money-lenders also go,
They always took *such interest*, you know.

FABIEN. (*asleep*—MEYNARD *shakes him*—FABIEN *shows muscle*) Time!

CHATEAU. (*takes Eau-de-Cologne from MARTELLI*) I'm prepared! (*they cross the sticks*)

FABIEN. Behold, we cross our *two* sticks !

CHATEAU. Just so.
(*after a little business* RENAUD *catches FABIEN on the ear*)

FABIEN. Hullo!

CHATEAU. A lesson in *acoustics*.

MARTEL. Ear! Ear! Ear!

FABIEN. Ah! let him laugh who wins—I shall be winner ! (*business repeated*)

CHATEAU. Don't brag— it's very rude, (*catches FABIEN on the shin ; he howls*)

FABIEN. What's that? (*dancing with pain*)

CHATEAU. A "*shinner*."

How does it feel ?

FABIEN. (*hopping*) It doesn't hurt a bit.

CHATEAU. I hit your *shin*.

FABIEN. (*rubbing it*) Just so—don't *men-shin hit*.

Concerted Piece—" *She's just about the age.*" (*enough movement kept up not to interfere with the words of the song*)

CHATEAU. Oh, once I dearly loved to fight with swords.

FABIEN. I hate their whizz
Just past your ears, and I prefer

A bout with *fistis-siz*.

The stick you hold

Is not too old,

Nor too young to engage.

It's made of coarsish wood you know,

And it's just about the age.

CHORUS. It's made of coarsish wood you know—

The wood you know—the wood ;

It's made of coarsish wood you know,

And it's just about the age.

CHATEAU. Oh, if your mother only had a notion you were out,

FABIEN. She'd go into hysterics, could she fancy what about.

I always would go fighting when a child, and
 come to tea
 With one or two black eyes, you know—
 occasionally three!
 But then, you know, I would, you know—
 I would, you know—I would.
 Pa said it did me good, you know,
 I was just about the age.

CHORUS. But then, you know, he would you know,
 He would, you know, he would.
 Pa said it did him good, you know,
 He was just about the age.

CHATEAU. Now, mind yourself, Dei Flunki.
 FABIEN. And mind yourself, Renaud.
 MARTEL. Should Fabien fail,
 The dreadful tale
 His ma' you'd let her know.

MEYNARD. I'd rather you,
 I hear it's true,
 Her temper's-----

MARTEL. Don't refuse.
 FABIEN. She'd punch the party's precious head
 Who carried her such news.

CHATEAU. I've really heard she would, you know,
 She would, you know, she would.

FABIEN. What's more she really could, you know,
 She's just about the age.

CHORUS. We really heard she would, you know,
 She would, you know, she would;
 What's more she really could, you know,
 She's just about the age.

CHATEAU. (*singing—recitative*) Now mind your eye.
 MEYNARD. You'd better mind your eye.

ALL. } (*harmonized*) { He d better mind his eye.
 FABIEN. } { I'd better mind my eye.

Air—The Chorus to "Angelina was always fond of Soldiers."

MEYNARD. See, he lunges chiefly from the shoulder;
 The single-stick goes whizzing round your ears!
 To your fate pray be resigned-----

CHATEAU. 'Tis an awkward trick, you'll find,

And I learnt it from the Belgian Volunteers—

Tap, tap!

(business through the above, finishing by two smart raps on FABIEN'S head)

ALL. See, he lunges chiefly from the shoulder, &c.
(symphony played tremulously, throughout which they speak)

FABIEN. I don't see half a chance, but *vicey versy*;

(CHATEAU, leaning on his stick, breaks it)

Halloa! You're now completely at my mercy.

(aside) His stick in two—all chance for him is gone.

(heroically) Louis, you yet shall be avenged! Come on! *(lunging, and threatening CHATEAU RENAUD)*

Come on, and meet your doom!

MEYNARD. Come, this won't do.

FABIEN. Mind your own business—what is it to you?

MEYNARD. A duel must be equal.

FABIEN. I don't see it.

MEYNARD. And so, of course, you'll break your stick.

FABIEN. *(sighing—breaks it)* So be it.

(aside to MEYNARD) You're a nice friend, you are.

CHATEAU. *(aside)* He funks! He flinches!

(swaggering) This stick's quite long enough. A dozen inches

Are quite enough to *incher* as you'll see. *(snowfalls)*

FABIEN. I'm in the forest and I'm up a tree.

At it he really seems *au fait*—*oh, fate!*

MEYNARD. Quick! Recollect your brother.

FABIEN. He can wait

I say, look here, it's coming on to snow.

Suppose we put it off a year or so?

CHATEAU.

MEYNARD. } No—no—no—certainly not.

MARTEL. }

MEYNARD. Remember Louis!

FABIEN. You said that before,

(aside) Louis' becoming somewhat of a bore.

(CHATEAU has wrapped his handkerchief round his bit of stick, holding in the other hand the broken short stump of a sword, a la combatants in "Huguenot Captain")

CHATEAU. Come, I'm prepared !

FABIEN. I'm not. (*backed up*) Well, if you will,
Here goes!

(*a short fierce fight—FABIEN blown—MEYNARD gives him drink from case bottle— CHATEAU RENAUD walks round a la boxer and stands prepared—FABIEN staggers towards CHATEAU RENAUD and rushes at him, meeting MADAME DEI FLUNKI who falls, L.C, FABIEN falling, R.C.—MADAME is raised by ORLANDO—she slaps his face, and falls fainting in his arms— FABIEN is raised by MEYNARD, who holds him up in a state of collapse*)

MADAME DE LESPARRE *enters, R., with ORLANDO, COLONNA, MARIE and GRIFFO— Picture**

MADAME. Your loving mother would you kill ?

EMILIE. (*coming down, R. c.*) Oh, Fabien! I've discovered that my spouse,
When he exchanged with me his marriage vows,
Already had a wife! and so you see,
As he committed-----

CHATEAU. Gracious!

EMILIE. Bigamy,
I'm free!

FABIEN. More free than welcome.

CHATEAU. (*aside*) What's he say ?

FABIEN. (*leading her to CHATEAU RENAUD*) Take her—
be happy!

EMILIE. What is this ?

FABIEN. And may
Your future be a bright one, and a cheerful:
Bless you, my children ! (*aside to MEYNARD*)
Why, her temper's fearful!
She'll turn his hair grey in a month, (*going up*)

GRIFFO. MARIE. EMILIE.

MEYN. CHATEAU. FABIEN. COLON. MADAME. ORLAN. MONT.
R. L.

TRANSFORMATION.

Finale—" Pretty Little Flora."

EMILIE. When the curtain's fallen,
 Don't you go away,
 Don't you go away,
 And speak unkindly.

CHATEAU. Say a civil something
 Of our little play.
 Treat our very many errors blindly.

FABIEN. Louis asks for pardon;
 EMILIE. Emilie as well;

MEYNARD. And Chateau Renaud also, and each little swell.

MARTEL. Our acting don't be hard on, say a pleasant word

MONT. All our errors pardon—many have occurred.

FABIEN. Pity little Fabien,
 And his wretched ma.

MADAME. Which she will start home, first thing to-more-er.

EMILIE. And when she's returned again to Corsicah,
 There's sure to be some Pity little *fore* her.

ALL. Pity little Fabien, &c, &c.

GRIFFO. MARTEL. CHATEAU. EMILE. FABIEN.
 COLON. MARIE. MADAME. ORLAN.
 R. L.

Curtain.