

The Meltonians

**PERFECTLY ILLEGITIMATE DRAMA
AND EXTRAVAGANZA.**

FOUNDED ON SOME

**POPULAR-SPORTING SUBJECTS, INTERSPERSED WITH
PARODIES.**

IN TWO ACTS - PRODUCED AT

THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE,

EASTER MONDAY 1838

BY R B PEAKE ESQ

MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

**CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY,
WITH REMARKS, THE CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUME,
SCENIC ARRANGEMENT, SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT,
AND RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE DRAMATIS PERSONAE.**

**ILLUSTRATED WITH. AN ENGRAVING, BY' PIERCE EGAN
THE YOUNGER, FROM A DRAWING TAKEN DURING THE
REPRESENTATION.**

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE AND COSTUME

MR. THREADNEEDLE.	Blue coat, knee l breeches, gaiters	(MR. BENNETT)
LUMBER.	Oldfashioned livery .	(MR. COMPTON.)
FANTAIL.	Meltonian costume	(MR. BRINDAL.)
AUGUSTUS MANLY.	Ditto	(MR. FRAZER)
LORD RANKSBOROUGH.	Ditto	(MR. BALLS)
CRASH.	Ditto	(MR. ANDERSON.)
SIR CHARLES COVER.	Ditto .	(MR. BAKER).
SIX MELTONIANS.	Ditto	(Chorus.)
BARON CONSOMME.	Fashionable French surtout. 2d dress. Cook's jacket, white apron and cap	
MARQUIS DE REDINGOTE.	French cut coat, trousers	(MR DURUSET)
SAMPSON.	Neat Tiger's livery .	(MASTER MARSHALL)
LONGBODY.	Ditto, another pattern .	(MASTER J. MARSHALL)
JOHN NOKES.	- Groom's dress .	(MR. HATTON)
TOM STILES.	Ditto, undress	(MR. HONNER)
HELPER.	Ditto	(MR. MILLER)
GOOLD.	Potboy's dress, Albemarle hat .	(MR. S. JONES)
HARDHINGE.	(Turnpike-man.)	(MR. FENTON)
FOOTMAN.	Livery .	(MR, HEATH)
LADY ELIZABETH.	Lady's in-door costume	(MISS FITZWALTER)..
MRS. THREADNEEDLE..	'Morning (street)costume	(MRS. C. JONES)
JANE .	Morning (street)costume	(MISS POOLE)

EMILY Morning (street)costume

(MISS CAWSE)

MARY. (Turnpike-man's daughter.)

(MISS VIALLS)

BETSY. (Kitchen.maid.)

(MISS BARNETT)

.....

The scenery, from the prints -published by Messrs. Ackerman and McLean.

Time of representation, fifty minutes,

The author of this EXTRAVAGANZA has but one motive in sending it to the press ; it is to refute an opinion entertained, prior to its production, that it was too personal, and for that reason it would be condemned on the first night.

Now, as it happened to be received with roars of laughter, and no personality whatever being perceptible or intended, the author has only to state (for the information of many MELTONIANS, absent from London): that his eye (ever on the look out for novelty,) was attracted by the appearance of a dozen RED COATS in a print in Mr. Ackermann's window, and that he patched up this ILLEGITIMATE DRAMA to fit them.

The author has to acknowledge the adaptation of some sporting sentences from-a novel, entitled, ` The Turf,' and to thank JAMES SMITH ,' ESQ, for the idea of the song called " Guy Fawkes," and several of the verses.

**THE MELTONIANS.
ACT I.
SCENE I**

Apartment in the house of MR. THREADNEEDLE;

Mr THREADNEEDLE discovered asleep in an arm. chair, R., with a handkerchief over his head.

Enter LUMBER, R. (**sings.**)

Parody.) Air, " Peaceful slumbering," &c. &c.
 Quite full, slumbering, after' dinner,
 Master fears no danger nigh,
 He'll grow fatter, 'stead of thinner,
 Danger's in his lullaby.
(very loud.)' Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby, lullaby,"
 I'll wake him. J Danger's in his lullaby

Lum. When master goes asleep be regularly shuts up shop for the night-missus ordered me always to wake him for fear of a apoplexy. If I do it by fair means, such as touching his nose , or shaking his elbow, he loses his temper-I must, make some, noise. (**takes up a coal shuttle, R., throws it off, 1 E R. H.**) I beg your pardon, sir.

Thr. (waking.) What's that ? Mrs. Threadneedle fallen down stairs ?

Lum. No, sir ; only a little accident of mine, begging your pardon, Sir. (**retires up.**)

Thr. Oh ! ah! oh! (**stretches,**) I have not been domiciled here three months, and I am sick of the place ; day after day, I eat my breakfast, after that, luncheon ; then dinner, then tea; to which succeeds supper.

Lum. (aside.) After which, grog.

Thr. My wife and daughters are always gadding about the town, trying to catch the smiles of the gentlemen in the red coats, and I am left alone. I wish it would not be below my dignity to ask John Lumber to play a game of cribbage with me. Eh ! John. (**calls.**)

Lum. Sir, you've had such a nap !

Thr, Yes, John. (**aside.**) I am glad he has spoken first ; I want some conversation-I'll ask him some interesting question -John !

Lum: Sir?

Thr. What's o'clock ?

Lum. Five, sir.

Thr. Then it is an hour to tea-time!

Lum. Exactly, air.

Thr. An hour is a long period-do you find the time hang heavy on your hands, John?

Lum. Very; lauk, sir, I wishes we had never left Lunnun but you quitted business, where I was your light porter-now I'm your footman, but the slang chaps down here, hearing my origin, they calls me "London Porter," and want to draw me out.

Thr. They are a terrible break-neck set here, altogether, John.

Lum. Ah ! **(sighs.)** In Lunnun, what with the warehouse business, waiting at table, washing the Newfoundland, cleaning the knives and boots, and filling up my time by making matches for my own private emolument-there was something to think about but here....

Thr. Ah ! John. **(sighs.)**

Lum. When the table is cleared, all I have to do is to look out of window, and see the people pump pails of water, all day, over the way

Thr. John, you are in my confidence: when it was settled that I should retire from the firm, I lost my nerve.-We were to decide where to go: Mrs. Threadneedle insisted on my taking a house here, at Melton Mowbray-and she would have it that Melton Mowbray was a fashionable watering place.

Lum. So it is-for horses.

Thr. Nothing would persuade her to the contrary, so here we came, bag and baggage.

Lum. (aside.) Old missus the bag-and the young ladies the baggage.

Thr. John : there's no amusement here.

Lum. No, sir; nothing but fox-hunting !-nothing to read, but Fox's Book of Martyrs !

Thr. Well, I don't set up for much discrimination ; but what pleasure people can find in scampering after a nasty little animal for ever-so-many miles....

Lum. Yes; and when they've caught him, he is not very good to eat, I am told.

Thr. Ah ! nothing to do. My wife objects to my smoking at home !

Lum. It drives the moths from the window curtains ! one would have supposed that there would have been a nice little smoke-a-pipe evening society in a town like Melton Mowbray.

Thr. No, no; I am -a retired tradesman, and having a fashionable female family, am above the tap-room; or the chandler's shop; the red coated gentlemen here are quite out of the question, they are called " swells, and nobbs."

Lum. And with the falls they get in hunting, many of their nobbs find swells.

[Knock; exit LUMBER, L.

Thr. (looks off) Oh ! Mrs. Threadneedle and the girls come in from a walk.

Enter MRS. THREADNEEDLE, EMILY, and JANE, L.

(Parody,) Air, " I've been roaming."

Jane We've been shopping, we've been shopping,
Ribbons gay, and chalis neat,
And we've rummaged every counter,
High and low thro'out the street.

Emi But, like other ladies, thinking,
The price too dear, the things so bad
All unrolled are, all unpurchased
And the shopmen, gone stark mad!
We've been shopping, &c: &c. &c

Mrs. T. We have only been shopping, my dear.

Thr. In other words laying out my money, my dear.

Mrs T. Don't be angry, Joseph if I lay out a penny I will save you twopence-- Joseph you know-twopence and twopence make fourpence !

Jane. We have had a prodigious bargain, pa

Emi. At the linendraper's-we've bought

Mrs. T. Hush, dears-let me have the glory all to myself Joseph Threadneedle, I have bought fourteen Welsh wigs for ninepence!

Thr. Welsh wigs!-what for, I wonder?

Jane. Ma, naturally imagined it might be cold here, when the frost set in.

Emi. Yes-and that they would be comfortable for you and John-dear pa, there was perfect philanthropy in the thought.

Jane. Pa, you do not appreciate philanthropy !

Thr. Pooh, stuff-I saw that the charity boys of St. Botolph's, Billingsgate, had their bellies full every day and a new pair of leathers every year, and always hungry they were !

Mrs. T. Wolves in sheep's clothing !-goodness, dear Thread, don't give utterance to such vulgarities now, we have retired, genteelly, to the most fashionable town in England-Melton!

Thr. My love, you only came down here on account of your love of oysters, because you thought you would find the real native oysters, here-THE MELTONS !-a watering place ! ha ! ha! ha!-ha! ha! ha!-By Jove, the Meltons astonish the natives here, and they have not only beards, but whiskers, and I hope I shall see a few of them in their shells !

Jane. What do you mean, pa?

Thr. Nothing-the respected local authorities-the watchmen with whom I have conversed. Mrs. Thread, my love, what do you suppose they call the principal magistrate here?-they call the worthy personage a beak!

Mrs. T. Never' mind, my love, what anybody is called, I wish to acquaint you that I have been introduced to two most delightful gentlemen.

Thr. Indeed ?.

Mrs. T. Two foreigners.

Thr. Foreigners!-button up your breeches. pocket!

Mrs. T, You are so prejudicial-two most elegant French noblemen

Thr. Noblemen!-Oh, Lord !

Mrs. T, Yes, dear-accomplished noblemen-one is call Mounseer Le Baron Consommy and the other Mounseer Le Marquis de Redingote !

Jane (apart to her mother). Monsieur, ma.

Mrs. T. You may be correct, my dear, but I never heard yet of a Frenchman who was

not called Mounseer, and I've lived longer in the world than you, child - support me, Thread. **(to her husband,)**

Thr. Never contradict your mother, girls ; she has had an education. **(tapping MRS THREADNEEDLE'S cheek playfully.)** Where were you educated, dear?

Mrs. T. At Stratford le Bow, dear, on the borders of Essex, love. We sent you gals, certainly, to the other side of London, to Turnham Green Mrs Littlematter's seminary.

Enter LUMBER, L.

Well, John ?

Lum. Ma'am, I beg your pardon, but I don't mind mentioning family business ,

Mrs T. What is it ?

Lum. 'Mr. 'Topps says as how he can't come tomorrow morning, as you ordered him, because he's going out with the hounds

Thr. Going out with the hounds ? Now, that is a part of the mystery of this town Mr Topps is a chimney sweep I send to him to sweep my chimney; and I am informed " he is going out with the hounds."

Lum He will go to the dogs. "Bless your soul, fox-hunting must be natural to him ; he's accustomed to handle the brush. **(a ring at the gate-looks off)** Ma'am, here's Baron Consomma and the Marquis de Riding Goat to call on you.

Thr. These are two French noblemen your mother has invited

(LUMBR introduces CONSOMME and REDINGOTE, L., well dressed)

Mrs. T. Your most obedient, gentlemen, I am truly glad to see you. **(they bow obsequiously,)**

Thr. (apart to MRS. THREAD.) They don't understand you; you must speak some of your Stratford Bow French to them

Jane. (apart to EMILY.) Ma will expose herself. You speak.

Emi, No - you

Mrs. T. introducing THREAD.) Monsieur Threadneedle le mon Mari -(they bow to THREADNEEDLE.)-mes fillys-(they bow.) (to CONSOMME.) Sittez vous down, s'il vous plait. (to REDINGOTE.) Mettez votre chapeau sur cet peg.

Con. Vous etes de bonne humeur, madame, et vous souriez a tout le monde.

Thr, What the devil does he say?

Red. (to MRS. THREAD.) Je me suis fait l'honneur de vous venir voir.

Mrs. T. Much obliged to you, sir. **(apart.)** Don't know what he means. **(to THREAD.)** Ask them to speak English, my dear.

Thr. I can't speak French, my love; d-n it, this is having foreign visitors; you may talk yourself dry without being understood.

Con. (to EMILY.) Je suis charme de vous rencontre, et voici comment j'ai pua chever ces petites offrandes de mon affection pour vous tous. **(offers a paper box, which THREADNEEDLE Opens.)**

Thr. A box of sugar plums, I declare. The Frenchman is sweet on them!

Mrs. T. Now, suppose we have a little plain sailing. I vote that every body speaks English.

Thr. I second that motion.

Mrs. T. Gentlemen, if you please, you are to speak English understandez vous ?

Thr. (to CONSOMME.) You have been out with the hounds !

Con. De nasty dog non ! **(takes snuff.)**

Thr. But you have seen a hunt ?

Red A la distance. We are illustrious foreigners, and not care for de hunt.

Thr. But all our first gentlemen here make it their greatest delight, and enjoy what they call the sweet music of the cry.

Con. Musique ! peste ! ah, musique ! " good Anglisch musique !" " Yowl yowl" go de dog.

Red And " yoik, yoik ! bawl de man of de hunt; and den you listen to de cry of de veeper in. I can no understand de gratification to fall in de ditch, to scramble out, to jump de cheval, and break de anatomic all to bits.

Thr. You have witnessed a steeple chase?

Con. Ah-oui !

Thr. What do you think of it?

Red. By gar ! a ver bad way of going to church !

Con. Angland is strange' country-strange custom-steeple chase~church preferment-all de young clergymen put on jacket and cap and ride away pele mele He who arrives at de steeple first, he become de parson of de church ! Strange custom !

Thr. Ah ! who told you that?

Red Notre bon ami - milord Ranksborough

Thr. Ha! ha! ha ! ha ! I ha! ha! What raws these Frenchmen are. What an idea of a steeple chase-ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

[MR. and MRS. THREADNEEDLE, EMILY and JANE join in the laugh.

Red. I perceive ve pleasure you ver much Mr. Tread, ver much indeed-ha! Ha! ha!

Con. Vive la bagatelle- c'est le motto Francais. Laugh, sing, smile-" Toujours gai

Laughing Quintette Air, " Vadasi via di qua."
Let's have a merry, day,
Our motto " Toujours gai "-
And laugh dull care away
Ha! ha! ha ! ha ! ha!
Let's have a merry day, &c. &e.
Who wins the steeple chase?
He has the greatest grace,
Is parson of the place.
Ha! Ha! ha! ha! ha!
In joyous mood the vein,"
'Tis parting gives us pain,
We'll come and laugh again.
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

(Exeunt severally

Scene II.-

Apartment at Sir Charles Cover's house; Sir Charles, on a sofa, his arm in a sling, his head tied up, red coat on chair ; boots. '

Sir C. Cursed unfortunate! just the height of the season and this accident,-to be trundled off one's timber jumper: - a devil of a shake! I must send for somebody to tell-me where they killed the fox.

[Rings handbell on table, calls " Sampson, Sampson."

Enter SAMPSON, a very small tiger, in neat livery, and top boots.

Sam. You rung, sir. -

Sir C. Sampson, go over to Mr. Fantail, beg him to be good enough to favour me with a call.

[Crosses, and exit SAMPSON, R

Now, to conceal from Lady Elizabeth my disaster, or -I shall have to be nursed and gruelled by her fair hands for a month to come. Oh, my sponce!

Enter LADY ELIZABETH, L.

Lady E. My dear Charles-what is `this ? why was I, not apprized of it earlier?

Sir C. (rising with difficulty, but swaggering to conceal his pain.) Nothing the matter-it will blow over-oh !-ri-tol-de.rol-de-rido.

Lady E. Your looks alarm me seriously-I shall -send for Doctor Mendhead.

Sir C. If you do, Lady Elizabeth, I'll hunt the doctor out of the house ; bless you there's no harm done- I shall go out, to-morrow, another tumble, and my horse rolling over me once or twice will set all straight again.

Enter SAMPSON, r.

Sam. Mr. Fantail, Sir.

Enter FANTAIL. (Melton costume.)

Fan. Lady Elizabeth, I kiss your hand. **(crosses; c.)** Ah, . Charles, my dear, fellow, spilt,-in fact, I saw you down, couldn't wait to assist you, we were at too hard a pace,

Lady E. And the death of a fox is considered more interesting than the life of a friend?

Sir C. What can you expect in such a moment of excitement and I had the lead.

Lady E. The lead ?

Fan. Yes ; fortunate creature: he had the privilege of breaking his neck first, and when he fell, of being rode over by sixty or seventy of the best fellows on earth-but Sir Charles had one bit of luck.

Lady E. Indeed?

Fan. He went souse into the ditch, covered with duckweed.

Sir C. And when lugged out almost lifeless.

Fan. You looked like the Green Man and STILL !

Lady E. Mr. Fantail, you are not endurable- my dear Charles, let me persuade you to take a little repose.

Sir C. Repose, my love !-I could not sleep until I knew something about the run.

Fan. We threw off at Bibury

Lady E. Then you must have fallen early in the chase, dear.

Sir. C. Nothing like it, my lady, **(impatiently)**

Fan A brilliant burst up to Tilton-a death pace-there we headed the villain-he led us a dance over the brook-passed Galby and Norton-he swept on to Stretton Hall -a check for two minutes, this gave us an opportunity to see the damage.

Lady E. Damage? **(L.)**

Fan. Yes :there get some notion of our killed, wounded, and missing--there Charles, I saw your horse lying with his head stuck fast in a ploughed field-he was safe-I went over him -the fox took across, and on for Wigton and Ayleston, and stretched away like the devil for Enderby gorse-on we went at a slapping pace, skimming ridge and furrow, topped every flight of rails, came well into the next field, charged the ox fences, and bullfinches, swished at the raspers, and did all that kind of thing in style! " Yoicks!"

Sir C. Huzza-what an unlucky rascal am I to have lost such a run-but, to-morrow I'll be out again.

Lady E. You must not think of it, my dear.

Sir C. My love, you must not contradict me~why the deuce do women interfere !

Lady E. Really, Sir Charles, you are not fit to be spoken to.

Sir C. (bowing.) I hope, my lady, you will continue in that opinion for the next six months to come.

Lady E. Heigho ! there are a set of men who consider women only in two lights-formidable or contemptible-slaves to administer to their comforts and pleasures,

or intolerable bores, and restraints upon their sports and occupations-to this set, I fear " your fox-hunter, proper" belongs-adieu, gentlemen.

[Exit LADY ELIZABETH, L.

Fan. Now, was that meant for you, or for me

Sir C. Curse me if I either know or care-until I get my head knocked off, I have the use of two ears-one of which admits her ladyship's lecture, and the other let's it out again, on the opposite side

Enter SAMPSON Re

Sam. Mr. Crash, Sir.

Enter MR. CRASH. (Melton Costume.)

Cra. Sir Charley, boy, what, you've been going your length **(sing-..)** "Down, down, down, derry down."

Sir. C. Permit me, sir, in a persuasive and dignified manner to request that you will " stow your chaffing." There's twinkle in your mad eye-what's the order of the day?

Cra. Revenge!

[Crosses to Centre; SAMPSON assists SIR CHARLES with red coat,

Fan. Revenge?

Sir C. Revenge

Cra. Yes ; my bosom is fired with the exciting passion- insult has been heaped upon insult, until I can contain myself no longer-and if I don't whap the turnpike man-the turnpike man may cut up my tilbury for firewood. -

Fan. Oh, ay, it is a new fellow there

Cra. As surly a beggar as ever gave a bad sixpence; I offended him first, by winking at his little blue-eyed daughter but what business had she to come but and take the toll-it is throwing temptation in the way-a pretty creature, the turnpike's daughter

Fan. Yes; she has a very elegant gait.

Cra. That's the ticket! This morning old Trustworthy had a his bit of malice-my groom is ill, (too much drinky, or the cholera, or the rheumatism, I don't know which) I went out unattended- he always pays the gate. The toll-taker not seeing my treasurer

behind me, stops me for the toll - I put my hand in my pocket, and the purse is at home in the backgammon board." Dub up," says he, " Go to the devil," says I ; " I've got no money, I'll pay next time." The infernal plebeian had the effrontery to say, " No trust," whilst there was written on his gate that it was " the Grantham trust." I offered to leave the rascal my watch-he said toll-takers took nothing on tick, and he shut the gate in my horse's face. This was beyond all bearing- so I turned back, rode my gallant hunter up, and over the gate I went-at the same moment giving the surly collector a new notion of natural history (in the fish way), with a cut of my whip.

Sir C. The fish way?....

Cra. Yes; he will find a plaguey large wale on his back, when he undresses himself! He has been and complained to the blessed beaks, and I am to be served with a warrant for the assault.

Fan. We must punish this refractory turnpike Cerberus

Cra. How ? propound ? two heads are better than one.

Sir C. If he's a Cerberus, two heads would have no chance against him-add my nob to your two, and we are a match for ht him

Enter SAMPSON, R. H

Sam. Lady Elizabeth has sent for Doctor Mendhead, Sir.

Sir C. Then I'm off is your barouche at the door, Fantail?

Fan. All ready, my boy.

Sir C. Then drive me where the doctor will not dare to follow me.

Fan. We'll drive to the devil I come along.

[Exeunt FANTAIL, SIR CHARLES COVER and SAMPSON.]

Cra. Hark away my boys ; staunch to the back bone; I will go and listen to the sweetest music on earth-the cry of the hounds.

Sang * CRASH.

The gray eye of morning was dear to my youth,
When I sprung like the roe from my bed,
With the glow of the passions, the feelings of truth,
And the light hand of time on my head;

For that 'twos my maxim thro' life to be free,
And so spent my short moments away,
The cry of the hounds was the music for me,
My glory the dawn of the day.
In yellow leav'd autumn, the haze of the morn
Gave promise of rapture to come,
Then melody woke in the sound of the horn
As we cheer'd the old fox from his home,
The breeze and the shout met the sun's early beam,
With the village response in full play ;
All vigour my steed leap'd the fence or the stream,
And was foremost at dawn of the day.
The well tuned view halloo that shook the green wood,
And arrested the ploughman's gay song,
Gave nerve to the hunters, and fire to the blood
Of the hounds as they bounded along ;
And shall I relinquish this joy of my heart,
While years with my strength roll away ?
' Hark!' the horn, bring my horse, see they're ready to start,
Tally-ho at the dawn of the day!

[Exit CRASH

SCENE III.-

An outskirts of Melton-Mowbray-Small Public House-Grooms-Helpers, seated drinking and smoking-GOOLD in attendance.

SAMPSON and LONGBODY at a table with pipes, r..

Solo and Chorus.

(Parody.) " Giovinetti-"

MR GOOLD.

Fill your glasses, the season remember,
The season remember,
Is not quite so warm as the spring
so drink , my lads, drink
You all look I think
Like Guys on the fifth of November;
But pri'thee remember
That "brown stout " is the very best thing
Of all beer - of all beer

Brown stout is the very best thing

Chorus

Landlord here - landlord here
Fill all our mugs up with some beer !
Ri tol lol, de rol lol, &c. &c. &c.

(*The words by Robert Bloomfield, composed by .Mr. Evans.)

1st Hel. (pointing to SAMPSON and LONGEODY.) Who are those great swells?

Goo. Two of the Puorn tigers

Sam. (consequentially.) Hoy, potty? Mr. Goold? A mug of heavy, and two yards of clay.

Lon. We've a quarter of an hour to ourselves ;let, us enjoy it.

Lon Sampson, good bacca, this ?

Sam. Uncommon!

Lon. Now I'll go you four to one against your master, Sir Charles's *Mark Antony* next Doncaster

Sam. Done-four to one. Hogs or bobs

Lon. I don't care -whether it's hogs, bobs, Joeys, or tizzys '.

Sam. Well, that's spirited, considering the way we are gammoned now; only look at my book. **(produces it.)**

Lon. The times is altered-bless you, the money is not made by winning a race, but by losing it. **(drinks.)**

Sam. We don't bet on four legs now-but on two legs ! I say old un, I'll trouble you for that mug-don't take all the malt to yourself. D-n it, that is so like Lord Guttlesworth.

Lon. Beg pardon for demeaning myself. Will you have another edition ? **(holding up mug)**

Sam. Yes ; a quarto! Mr. Goold-chalk up, Potty,another mug. **(they smoke in careless attitudes.)** Be alive, Potty !

1st Hel. (apart to Groom.) Those little buffers will be as frisky as Chloe, presently-they are new, down here.

Gro. They are a couple of Lunnon tigers.! Did you ever see them dance ?

1st Hel. Dance! No.

Gro. I'll set them jiggling presently; bless ye, one -of them lived tiger with Madame Inferme, the great bally dancer, and the' other was tiger to the gentleman, a partickler friend of hern.

1st Hel. I'll be bound they're up to a hornpipe

Gro. There's a fiddler, a base viol, and a trombone man in the tap; fetch him out. **(comes forward and crosses to them.)** Now, I dare say as how you young chaps forgets me ? Now you've got into swell places, I'll take my davy you can't dance half so well as you did two year ago, at the Horse and Leaping-bar, in Berkeley Mews?

Sam. (a little tipsy,) Can't we though? I'll bet you a tanner of that.

Gro. Done! and here's some musicianers !

Enter three itinerant Musicians.

Lots. Sampson ; let us show them the true Tallygoni touch **(boys stagger against each other.)** Hold up, Sampson!

Sam. I am awake.**(to Trombone.)** Hey !you, with the stick of barley-sugar, there, play up. **(music.)**

[The Tigers dance a burlesque, short pas-de-deux (rather elevated with their driuking)-at the conclusion, as they are in an attitude, enter NOKES with a whip in his hand.

Nokes. Hallo ! my little men. **(he cuts at SAMPSON and LONGBODY, who scamper off through gate.)**

Omnes. Mr. Nokes, the stud groom ! **(all rise.)**

Nokes. Come, come, sharp, every man to his stable, your masters are returning-the horses will want you.

SCENE IV.-

The kitchen of LORD RANKSBOROUGH-servants carry across trays &c. as from his

lordship's dinner-table. Painted on the flat--stoves with charcoal fires-stewpans on them.

(Two servants cross to R.) Enter BARON CONSOMME, L., white cap and jacket.

Bar. (sings.) Vite, vite, mes amis : put every ting away and den leave me in my solitair cuisine-to make de grand prepare for de soupe-de ragout for to-morrow-**(sings.)**Ah, peste ! were is dat beast, de Anglish, vat dey call de kishhen maid ? **(calls.)** Bettersay ! Bettersay, nasty Anglish she cow ! Bettersay !

Bet. (within.) Yes, sir. **(enters, L.)** What d'ye want, sir

Con. Ab, sacre, peste. pourquoi, vy I not teach you French you vils not understands my Anglish.

Bet. Don't be cross, sir.

Con. You are Betise.

Bet. My name's Betsy, Sir.

Con. Pah! you vil drive me to de bitch of passion. **(bell rings, L.)** Eh! demander, ask, who is vant ? **(BETSY in to the door.)**

Enter, at the other side, REDINGOTE brushing a red coat, R.

Red Appelle-t'on, mon ami?

Con. Je ne sais pas, mon cher Marquis.

Re-enter BETSY, L.

Vel, vat is he?

Bet. It's a strange man come about some assault, he says.

Con. Salt! ve don't want no salt. **(crosses back to R.)**

Bet. He has got a paper in his hand.

Red pepper !

Con. Ve don't cant no pepper ! peste , sacre !

Bet Don't be an such a foreign passion sir-the person who is waiting, said, sure enough that the gentleman had been peppering the turnpike-man.

Con Peppering de, turkpike man c (**crosses to her.**)

Bet The man comes from the town-hall and wants Mr Crash, who he, says, dines with my lord - and he's got a warrant on him for the assault. ,

Red Vy you no say so fairst ! he is vat you call varrent officer - Je vais vat I go speak to de officer quel drole ha ! ha pepper ! salt ! ha ! ha " !

(**crosses to r , skips out**) [Exit **BETSY**

Con Hark ! hear all de stew pan vobble vobble vobble gentle music Here I stand, de generalissimo of de table glory, in my proffession , grand cuisiner on. chef!

Air Non pin Andrai. "

Hark !' now hark how the simmer doth charm me,
Twenty dishes my person surrounding
Blow the spark 'neath each stewpan to warm me,
While my fame as an artiste is sounding
From my lord and his is guests praise exciting
With what rapture my bosom doth beat
Invitations are here most Inviting
To dine with my lord is eat ,
Hark! now hark! &c. &c

[**Goes up and listens to the various, stewpans, stirs and 'tit; tes, during symphony.**

Omlette frying put veal pie in
With sound reason gently season
Partridge roasting, sippets toasting
Stewing hasing turnips, smashing
Stir you fire in fame inspiring
See the roti nicely frothing
Boil yo you chickens white - a cloth in!
Bouilli simmering - and no hurry,
Piquante make the lobster, curry--
the dinner bell is sounding
Then, my heart, With transport' bounding.
Hark ! now, hark &c. &c

Exit BARON CONSOMMEE, R. H

SCENE V

Discovers dining room at Lord RANKSBOROUGH'S table, with decanters ,glasses anddessert round which are seated LORD RANKSBOROUGH, SIR GREGORY GORSE, Sir CHARLES COVER, FANTAIL, CRASH, MANLY and other Meltonians; sporting prints and pictures on the walls

Omnnes Hip hip hip hurrah ! **(Round table)**

Fan. (rising.) For the honour you have done me permit me to-

Cra. (pulling him down by the coat-tail.) Seat yourself.

Sir C. The thanks of thus society are due to Mr. Crash for preventing Tom Fantail from speaking.

Omnnes. Hear, hear, hear!

Fan. If you were to treat all orators tails thus, how would you encourage your parliamentary eloquence or influence !

Lord R. D-n politics-a bumper-fill, noble Meltonians the chase!-the glorious chase! one of the few' things that has not deteriorated in this age.The chase, which has kept up our national character for valour, freedom, firmness, and independence-it presents no bad specimen of the physical strength of the nation !

Fan. Yes : especially when you get a tailor on horseback.

Cra. You invited your *Schneider* down here, and mounted him, in the hopes of breaking his neck.

Fan. That, would have brought his executor on me-a worse cut than himself.

Cra. What's the matter with you, Manly? You look like a clergyman out of place,
are you thinking of the little darkeyed Emily? **(apart.)**

Man. Eh-no- I was about to propose a good digestion to the Master of the Quorn Hounds.

Cra. Right, my boy, if the digestion of the Master of the Hounds is in bad order it is all up with our sport-but I saw him taking the proper medicine this morning, at breakfast.

Fan. Half a dozen devilled kidneys!- a glorious run we had : brings back the recollection of the golden age.

Cra. Ay, the golden age!

Lord R. You are a pretty fellow to talk about the golden age, you that have mortgaged every acre : it is barely the silver age with you.

Fan From my observation with my friend Crash, instead of silver, I might add that it is much more like the age of , brass !

Lord R. I'll bet you Five Thousand you have not sixpence in your pocket--or you would not have tried to bilk the turnpike man.

Cra. Has your lordship been reading Joe Miller this morning?

Lord R. His lordship's reading went to the extent of the bill of fare for this day's dinner-but that cursed Baron (my cook), spelt his dishes so badly, that I was compelled to call in the rascally Count (my valet), as an interpreter-and I don't know what we have been eating at this moment.

Cra. Don't snake any apology, Ranksboroug, it wasn't a bad dinner for a peer though a Lord Mayor might have growled at it.

Sir C. Let us have a song.

Lord R. Give us a song, Manley, one of the old sort-come, come up in your stirrups.

Song. MANLY.*

Come, fill the cup, for wine was made
To cheer up the hunter's soul
The grape would ne'er so brightly weep
To fill another's bowl.
When Bacchus bade the ruby streams
On old Olympus gush,
He took a cup from Dian's hand
And fill'd, then drank "The brush."
The brush! now fire with me
Tally ho ! tally ho
The brush ! with three times three
Whoop ! tally ho!

(Chorus.) The brush, &c.

Come fill again, for soon the morn

Will rouse the gallant hound,
And by the leaf-strewn covert's side
Each bunter must be found.
Then as old Reynard takes away
And each reins him for the rush
Be this the motto of the field,
No craving but the brush.

(Chorus.) The brush, &c.

Ommes. Bravo ! bravo ! bravo !

Lord R. A good song; but curse your choristers. Fantail, you would get an engagement a farthing a week at the cathedral.

Cra. And in the present state of his affairs, I would advise him to take it.

Fan. My attorney attends to my affairs.

Cra. Attorney ! the cat that settles differences between rats !

Man. No more wine.

Fan. No, no. No more wine

Lord R. You are not drunk ?

Fan. Oh, no. I wish I was; it takes such a devil of time to do it. Noble commander,
what's to be the order of the night ?

Cra. The turnpike.

Lord R. Ay, the turnpike!

Ommes. To the turnpike.

(Parody.) *Air, Hunting Chorus.* (Der Freischutz.)
CRASH.

Some sing of the lark that upsoars in the morning,
The lark that so gaily to sky wings its flight,
When yokels and snobs to their dwellings are gone in,
Oh-ours is the sky-lark that keeps up all night ! ;

Oh, this is a pleasure that's worthy of sportsmen,
with wine warming frolic, laughter and glee

So follow my jolly cocks, follow your leader,
And hey for a turn-up -a regular spree.
Hark follow, hark follow-hark, &c. &c. &c. **[Exeunt, 1**

(The Music composed by Mr. T'. Cooke the words by Mark Lemon)

SCENE VI.-

Grantham toll-gate (vide print)-Gas lantern burning-Moonlight.
(HARDHINGE locking gate.)

Har. Now I'll lock: up for to-night : a toll-taker's work is never over; enough to make a man grumble. I'll be sworn, that when I'm just warm in bed, there'll be a flock of ten score and a half of sheep want to go through to market, and I shall have to count 'em. **(locks one gate and crosses to the other.)** To-morrow I have up that there jockey Muster Crash, for the assault and battery ; he had better kept his whip to himself. **(calls.)** Mary are you gone to bed? Mary, I say ! **(MARY looks from the turnpike window.)**

Mary. What do you want, father?

Har. Have you locked up the hen. house ?

Mary. Yes, father.

Har. Did you see that the pigs were safe?

Mary. Yes, father.

Har. Have you cut up to-morrows tickets for the gate ?

Mary., Yes, father.

Har. Did you sort the bad Brummagem halfpence change ?

Mary. Yes, father.

Har. Then. say your prayers, and go to bed. **(MARY retires.)** Plague take the hunting genl' men ; I'll do 'em a mischief yet ; for my part I don't know what use genl'men are, except to spend money, and ill-treat honest hard-working people like myself. Now I'll just turnover my collection of bad sixpences. and make myself comfortable for the night.

[Exit at door, which he bolts

Symphony. Air,(Piano). 2d, Act. La Somnambula.

Enter SIR GREGORY GORSE, TOM FANTAIL, CRASH, LORD RANESBOROUGH, MANLY, SIR CHARLES COVER, GRASSLAND, and the other Meltonians, with pails of red paint and brushes.

Chorus.

Nothing fearing-let us enter
Cautious-lightly step-silence keep
He is sleeping-say-shall we venture
Him to rouse, or let him sleep
Stay, boys, stay, we are SWELL PAINTERS !
Now advance and work away;
Now he'll stare to-morrow morning,
He'll not know what to do or say
When awaking stretching yawning,
He see the toll-house adorning
Bring the pailsbrush away now Paint brush the penthouse,
Paint the pigsty paint the hen-house ;

TIS A SKYLARK A SKYLARK- YES

During the above the, characters assume the positions represented in the among print,

Tune changes to "The Devil among the Tailors" played,, rapidly-the Meltonians paint every thing red

HARDHINGE opens upper window LORD RANKSBOROUGH paints his face and nightcap _ MARY appears at another window CRASH , kisses her FANTAIL lifts a live pig out of the Sty and commences painting it, terrific squalling at the same moment, GORSE turns out a parcel of live fowls, painting them, who fly about the stage HARDHINGE fires a brace of pistols out of the window MARY shrieks pig squeaks

Meltonians " huzza: '

ACT DROP FALLS

ACT II
SCENE I

Room in Mr THREADNEEDLE'S house.

Enter EMILY.

..

Eli. The old adage says; " Two strings to your bow " the new school would advise Two beaus to your string.",

My sister and I, the prettiest g. Melton, are fortunately thus provided. Should Henry Manly prove a traitor, have I not then a noble foreigner at my beck ? Let mamma and the prudes abuse me, I will enjoy the present day I.

Air. (Emily.) (German Air.) True it is that beauty goes*

Very soon, and more's the pity;
But is that a reason why

One would wish to be, less pretty?
It is well enough for those,

Who have got none, to despise it;
But for those that have it, I

Think for one they ought to prize it.
When you wear a full-blown rose,

Does it seem to smell less sweetly,
That you know, beneath your eye,
It must fade away so fleetly?

Then, since beauty fades, so those
Who have any ought to prize it ;
And for one, I own that I
Do not in the least despise it.

(* *Marcshner and T. Arnold,*)

Enter JANE.

Jane. Oh, Emily, I have such a secret to tell you-nobody can overhear as ! to- night, after ma and pa have retired to rest, somebody-you know who-will be outside of our window to serenade us!

Emi. Who do you mean'?

Jane. The baron and the marquis ; I met them.I understand they sing charmingly.

Emi. Then, my love, that is most unlucky, for Mr. Manly has promised to be here punctually at ten, to receive this billet from me . . . they will all meet each other, and the poor French noblemen will be exterminated.

Thr. (without.) This way, sir!

Emi. Papa-come hither, Jane!

Thr. (without.) Walk in this room, sir.

[Exeunt.

Enter THREAD NEEDLE, followed by HARDHINGE.

Thr. You were quite right-and I agree with the authorities here, that a more gross violation of propriety has never been committed. I enrol myself a volunteer with the quiet residents of the town, to repel the nightly annoyances committed by those whose rank ought to cause them to set an example to others. A man's house is his castle !

Har. Mine be only a gate-house-that be no reason why it should be daubed all over with red paint in the night. They went and painted my pigs!

Thr. This is a highly-coloured story of yours. What names did you mention as ringleaders?

Har. Muster Crash-but I've got a warrant against he-Lord Ranksborough was one-he shoved the paint-brush into my mouth!

Thr. I shall make it a point to call on his lordship, and remonstrate with him.

Har. Remonstrate! If you could give he a dom'd good licking, it would be more likely to answer.

Thr. Licking! -yes ; but some of the noble Meltonians can lick again, as you call it. No; I shall impress his lordship by the mild dignity of my deportment-good morning, Mr. Hardhinge, retire satisfied to your turnpike; your case shall be remedied. **[Exit HARDHINGE.** I have had the honour to be associated with the parish authorities. Gad, I suppose they will dare to come and paint my house next, perhaps paint Mrs'. Threadneedle- I should like to catch them at it,

Enter LUMBER. Well, John!

Lum. Sir, we are marked out.

Thr. What do you mean ?

Lum. Sir, we are marked out for victims-some of them maddest Meltonians are at work.

Thr. Do you know I have strenuously taken up the cudgels against them

Lum. That's the cause then-our knocker was tied last night to the knocker over the way-your favourite Tom came home with his head and tail painted red-when I wash the four-wheeled chaise yesterday, it was dark green- the afternoon it is deep red!

Thr. Indeed?

Lum. The wet clothes on the lines are cut down in the laundry yard-and the depredators have been swishing off the medlars, the only fruit, that now remains in the garden-there's a 1 scarecrow in the tree, too-but that only frightens the birds.

Thr. A scarecrow, you say?

Lum. Yes-an old coat and unmentionables of mine stuffed with straw.

Thr. (ponders.) I have it-I have it-never was there so profound a thought.
(SAMPSON peeps from under the table and listens.) At what hour, do you expect the depredators in the garden?

Lum. About dusk it is most likely.

Thr. Lord Bacon never conceived a finer idea! John, you are my faithful servant-you must go a little out of the way to assist me-and we will discover which of the gentlemen it is that annoys us-you shall dress yourself as the scarecrow, and get up into the medlar tree for half an hour.

Lum. And so see which of them it is. Lauk, sir, what a bright thought! you ought to take out a patent for it.

Thr. Now, do this well-and find. out the trespassers-and I will give you a sovereign. Thus I shall go on by degrees - I'll root the rogues out, I shall not be easy until I am made mayor of Melton.

[Exit THREADNEEDLE. Enter MRS. THREADNEEDLE, and JANE.]

Mrs.; T. John get the tray ready, the jam bon and the cold ding dong.

Lum. Marm, what do you mean?

Mrs.; *T.* Jam bon is ham-ding dong is turkey-we shall be back toot sweet.

Lum. Sweet!

Mrs.; *T.* Tell your master, I am just running into Mrs. Knowall's to hear the gossip of the day-I hope I shall see the dear foreign noblemen-I must pluck up my best French-Mounseer le Baron voulez vous prenez un pinch de tobaccy?

Lum. Shan't I go with you, ma'am?

Mrs.; *T.* No.Donnez moi the lamprey-give me the light, your master'is gone to the constables about the outrage last ,night-we shan't be safe in our beds next-we shall positively be disturbed in our very cushions de lay.

[Exit:

Lum. This is master's scheme, not mine-but as I've taken his wages and eaten his bread and cheese for thirty year, why a little tom-foolery of this here sort needn't matter-I shall make myself a precious guy: ha! ha! how often I think of that celebrated hero :-a hero who has never been equalled though he has been so often matched - I frequently ponder on the reasons why he failed in his diabolical plot-they were very simple! I once made a song of them.

Song. LUMBER

Tune, " Bow, wow, wow:"

I'll sing a doleful tragedy, Guy Fawkes, the prince of sinisters,
Who once blew up the house, the lords, the king, and all his, ministers;
THAT Is he would have blown them up, and folks will ne'er forget him,
His will was good to do the deed, THAT Is, if they had let him.
He straightway came from Lambeth Marsh and wish 'd the state was undone,
Then crossing over Vauxhall bridge, that way came into London ;
THAT Is he would have come that way to perpetrate his guilt, sir,
But a little thing prevented him-the bridge it wasn't built, sir.
Then searching thro' the dreary vaults at witching hour of night, sir,
About to touch the powder train with portable gas light, sir ;
THAT Is, I mean, he would have used the. gas, but was prevented,
'Cause gas you see, in James's time, it hadn't been invented.
King James was down at Greenwich Park, a hunting in his hale way,
So quick they straight despatched to him old Townshend by the railway ;
THAT Is old Townshend wasn't born, (who all king's favour courted,)
And at that time, I grieve to say, no railway was supported.
And when they caught him in the act and saw what he was bent for,

Immediately to Scotland-yard, the new police was sent for
THAT IS, they would have sent for them, for fear of Guy's resistance
Only that the new police, they were not in existence.
So Guy they seized and tied up fast, in that eventful hour,
They put him in a steamer and took him to the Tower ;
THAT IS , they would have taken him thus, to stop his wicked ways, sir,
But steam in London, only then was seen on " washing days," Sir.
So then they put poor Guy to death, for ages to remember,
And boys now kill him once a year in dreary dark November-
THAT IS, I mean his effigy. for truth is strong and steady,
Poor Guy they cannot kill again, because he's dead already
That Mr. Fawkes was ill advised, there cannot be a doubt,
For if he'd left them to themselves, his wish might come about sir;
THAT IS, if he'd gone in the house; and listened to the pothe
He'd soon have seen the members try-to blow up one another

[Exit Lumb

SCENE II-

Ante-room at LORD RANKSBOROUGH'S.

Enter FOOTMAN.

Foot. And they call these country hours? his lordship. not up yet!

Enter REDINGOTE.

Red. Ah ! (**stretching.**) Je suis fatigue - Benjamin.

Foot. Sir.

Red. Bring a chaise.

Foot. A chaise, sir?

Red. A chair: peste-stupidite. (**FOOTMAN brings chair, REDINGOTE sits and gapes.**) I
am dead, I lose all my slips !

Foot. Our masters think that we can do without sleep.

Red A good servant should accustom himself to do without any thing, and then he will
answer his master's expectation ! go, Benjamin, go, fetch a chaise for you self.

[FOOTMAN brings a chair, and seats himself,

Foot. My lord, last night, was in pretty deep for it at hazard, I reckon ?

Red. Oh, no; leetle-noting-tree tousand to Fantail-eight: hundred to Sir Gregory-ha-! Ha!
Now, you not d distarb me -I take forty vink naps-if my lord ring, I. shall jump up like de
grass hoppare. **(reclines on chair, and goes to sleep.)**

Foot. Well, if the valet sets a good example, why surely a footman may follow it. **(leans
back, and goes to sleep.)** Heigh-ho, hum.

Enter NOKES stud groom.

Nok. My cap and boots: two of 'em fast asleep-well', I don't wonder at it-they sit up all
night-and I dare say they were drunk, poor fellows-I've been up all night too, with my
lord's best horse, Trumpeter, ill-somebody has been trying to hocuss him. I am as tired
as any of them. **(pulls on chair.)** A nap will refresh me too. **(sits, and nods off to
sleep.)** -

(A knock without,)

Voice. (without.) Walk into that room, sir.

Thr. (without.) Eh! oh! in here. **(enters.)** This is the first time I ever called on a peer-there
is something dazzling about rank-every wish gratified, surrounded by watchful servants
anticipating all one's desires. **(turns-and sees them.)** Hey! watchful indeed-every man
Jack as sound as a roach-and it is quite late in the day-a snoring trio! Which
gentleman, I wonder, may I venture to wake? **(crosses to NOKES)** Hark ye, young
man ? **(shakes him,)** this must be one of the huntsmen for how fast he is. **(shakes
him, NOSES looks up, and stares at him.)** I beg your pardon, sir, but I have
particular business with Lord Ranksborough ! **(NOKES points to the FOOTMAN, and
turns his head to sleep again.)** Oh! I am to speak to this domestic. **(crosses.)** Hey, my
good fellow. **(touches the FOOTMAN'S elbow, but cannot wake him, rubs his nose
with his cane.)** He opens his eyes - I beg your pardon, but I have most particular
business with Lord Ranksborough ! **(FOOTMAN quietly points to REDINOOTE, and
composes himself to sleep again.)** Oh ! another reference, who is the referee? this
brings me back to my school days, and I am, trying to do a sum in the rule of three.
(crosses to REDINCOTE, shakes him.)

Red (mutters.) Sacre ! peste !

Thr. By Jupiter, it is my new friend, the French marquis. Marquis Riding Goat-oh ! I will get
him to introduce me to his lordship in a twinkling ! Marquis-I beg your pardon! **(wakes
him.)**

Red Vat is de matter (**sees THREAD.**) Ah ! it is dat Monsieur Thread-and-needle-I am discover! (**apart.**)

Thr. I beg your lordship's pardon, but I am surprised to find you sleeping here; I am delighted to see you-(**shakes hands with REDINGOTE**) - awake!

Red. A- yes -I come to mi lord's antichambre-and de heat of de day send-a-me-to slip

Thr. The heat of the day! and the thermometer is below Nero ! You, Marquis, I suppose, are waiting to see his lordship!

Red. Ah, yes-I wait on his lor'ship

Thr. Couldn't you get one of those idle, rascally servants to carry a message in? Exert your influence.

Red (aside.) He must not discover.-(**to him.**)-To serve you, Mon Ami-Pere to de charmant Emile et la petite Janette -I go to Milor myself, and tell him you are here. (**aside.**)I sal get out of de vay.

[Exit, c.

Thr. Now that is a positive bit of luck meeting with the French marquis, because one man of rank can so readily introduce me to another. Threadneedle, you are on velvet

Enter LORD RANKSBOROUGH in an elegant morning gown, with a pipe,' smoking, FANTAIL, and CRASH.

Thr. Now I shall have an excellent opportunity of observing the high tone and manner of the aristocracy.

Cra. Why, curse the fellows, they are asleep !

[CRASH and FANTAIL go forward, and overturn NOKES and FOOTMAN.

Fan. Hope we don't keep you up, gentlemen?

[FOOTMAN retreats, NOKES retires up.

Lord R. Gentlemen, you appear to be amusing yourselves. Here, you sir, (**to NOKES,**) mind that I ride *Trumpeter* tomorrow !

Nok. Your lordship can't ride *Trumpeter* to-morrow.

Lord R. But I insist on going out on *Trumpeter* to-morrow!

Nok. Then you shan't go out on Trumpeter to-morrow I am your lordship's stud groom, and your lordship will go on the hoss that I choose.-Do without a hoss, if you please. Your lordship must ride *Aggravator!*

[Exit NOKES

Lord R. Aggravator ! I ought then to ride you, you scoudrel ... I am in his hands, and can't say my soul's my own - the fellow is my master-and, if it was not for my stud groom what would become of me and my book?-eh? Didn't somebody say that somebody was waiting to speak to me-eh? (**THREADNEEDLE.**) Mister-mister!

Thr. (approaching, bowing.) My name is Threadneedle, my lord.

Fan. An exceedingly pretty name.

Lord R. Be seated, Mr. Threadneedle.

Thr. Your lordship is very good.

Fan. (apart, to CRASH.) Threadneedle, he'll sit cross-legged for a five-pound note !

Cra. Done-he won't! (**sits.**)

[FANTAIL hands a bank note

Lord R. Your business, sir?

Thr. Is a very painful one.

Lord R. Painful !-A surgeon ?

Thr. No, my lord- I am a respectable inhabitant of this town.

Fan. Quite delighted to find that there is any respectability in it.

Lord R. Proceed, Sir.

Thr. I perhaps am taking up a matter in which I have no right to interfere.

Cra. Then it is unwarrantable in you to do- so.

Thr. Probably,-but somebody must speak.

Lord R. Allez-vous- en, s'il vous plait!

Thr. (aside.) French-I wish the Marquis of Riding Goat was here!

Lord R. Come, come,-come-what is it you have to say, sir

Thr. An outrage was committed last night at the turnpike.

Lord R. Indeed, dear me ! eh , what is a turnpike ?-Sir, I am sure you will excuse me, (as you favour me with a call in my dressing room,) if the little necessary avocations proceed. **(THREADNEEDLE bows,)** call Redingote- let us have the Marquis.

Thr. (aside.) The Marquis comes-all right-

(voices without,) Redingote.

Enter REDINGOTE-THREADNEEDLE rises to shake hands with him REDINGOTE embarrassed.

Lord R. (to THREADNEEDLE.) Be seated, sir- **(to REDINGOTE.)** Turn my hair, you French scoundrel.

[REDINGOTE takes his coat off - hairdresser's jacket beneath, puts on apron, from his pocket THREADNEEDLE in, the utmost astonishment-REDINGOTE produces curling irons and heats them in the grate.

Lord R. (to THREADNEEDLE.) Now, sir, to your business ;

Thr. My lord, last night an outrage was committed at the turnpike.

Lord R. (to REDINGOTE.) Do you intend to pull my head off, you villain ? I tell you to turn my hair and you are rooting me up wholesale. **(to THREADNEEDLE, Coolly.)** My dear sir, if the turnpike-man misbehaved himself, why not take his name, and complain of him to the magistrates.

Thr. The turnpike man did not misbehave himself-and I regret to say that

Lord R.. I never met with any thing so tedious ; tell the cook I want him.

[Exit FOOTMAN Pray, sir, proceed- I am all attention-those irons are cold-(to REDINGOTE.) What the devil's the matter with you ?

Red Soyez tranquille, mi lord-**(coughs with the tobacco fume.)**

Thr. Last night about twelve o'clock-the turnpike was assailed by

Enter CONSOMME in white jacket -apron and cap, with a bill of fare in his hand.
There's the Baron-or his ghost!!

Con. (seeing THREADNEEDLE.) Ah ! Sacre -Monsieur Tred and niddle! **(pulls his cap down to disguise himself.)**

Lord R. Monsieur Le Baron Consomme- your dinner yesterday was uneatable-execrable

Con. Mi lor !

Lord R. The principal ingredient in the soup was soot-your fish was black-your roasts red--your maccaroni was a door mat, and your omelettes were kettle holders!

Con. Je suis fache, milord, mais.

Lord R. Now don't jabber, and show your teeth-what do I pap you 200l. a year for? to prove the adage that " the devil sends cooks?"

Red. (apart.) Pauvre Baron !

Lord R. (turning to REDINGOTE.) And you, coxcomb-if I have to complain again, I'll send you both packing to the place from whence you obtained your titles-vanish-vite-betes !

[Exeunt CONSOMME, and REDINGOTE.]

Lord R (rising.) I am really sorry, Mr. Cottonpins (what's your name), that the turnpike man has behaved so ill- I wish you good morning, Sir! **(bowing him out.)**

Fan. (following THREADNEEDLE up.) Good day, sir.

Cra. Good day, sir. **(bows THREADNEEDLE quite out of the room.)**

Omnes. Ha ! ha ! ha !-ha ! ha ! ha !-ha ! Ha ! ha

Cra. Settled old dot and go one....

Fan. Now, there's a spirited old bantam; that fellow would go and pull the linchpin out of the globe!

Cra. The only way to serve out that old gentleman will be again to summon the PAINTERS to-night-and, ha ! ha! ha decorate the outside of his establishment as we did the turnpike.

Lord R. Bravo! glorious fun-agreed

Fan. Pray, is that little ceremony to take place before after your lordship's wager this evening.'

Lord R. Which of my lordship's wagers?

Fan- A hundred guineas, that your favourite hunter will jump a five-barred gate in your drawing-room; on the carpet at half-past ten to-night, with a blazing fire staring him in the face !

Lord R. My dear fellows, we'll settle the wager first, and do, the painting job afterwards-that hundred guineas shall be mine. Come, my boys. **[Exeunt O P**

SCENE III:-

Drawing-room at LORD RANKSBOROUGH'S ; sofa, chairs, fireplace, table; with wine, &c. ; LORD RANKSBOROUGH, FANTAIL, SIR GREGORY, MANLY, CRASH, and other Meltonians discovered.

Fan. (filling glass.) Hurrah! success to the swell painters!,

Lord R. Fy, fy, for shame, gentlemen. We have had our frolic, a mischievous frolic, I allow, and doubtless we shall have to pay damages-should a true jolly fox-hunter dash a little too much, let the bigwigs and sobersides of the place reflect on the money e distribute in their town and Country.

Cra. Yes, if we are' a little too gay

Sir C. Why, we pay.. ..

Fan. Come, my lord, it is just on the point of ten there is a little more distribution of money tonight-your wager.

Enter FOOTMAN.

Lord R. (rings.) Are Nokes and the grooms in attendance ?

Foot Yes, my lord.

Lord R. Now, as some expiation for our fantasies, I beg to propose that the winner of the hundred guinea's shall present them to-morrow, a free gift to the county-hospital !

Fan. Agreed.

Lord R. Ask the horse to be good enough to walk up stairs !' **[Grooms, helpers, bring in**

a five-barred gate, which they " place upright, supported by two chairs, the Meltonians take their positions, as represented in the print, the hunter gallops on, mounted by a groom, and takes the gate.

Chorus.

Air, "Jolly Bacchus."

With the cheering cry of hounds, and the ardent chase, .
O ! merry is our morn at Melton !
With a row and a spree now, to keep alive the place,
O ! merry is our night at Melton!
We've painted every door, we've painted every shed, ;
We've painted every shopkeeper, while snoring in his bed,
We've painted at the library, -till all are -deep red
O ! joyous is our sport at Melton! **[Exeunt**

SCENE IV-

The street at Melton (vide print)- Moonlight Lamps lighted THREADNEEDLE'S .s house on one side;.

Enter MANLY.

Man 'Not yet ten.I have escaped our party and, they were in a Joyous mood, it ,,this night--I know not what mad headed scheme they may concoct. Now to endeavour to let pretty Emily know that I am here to my appointment

.Air, "The Watchman"

Wat, (without) "Past, ten.!' /

Man. " Good night, my dearest !,,

Emi (at window) " How fast the minutes fly /
Ah, pray depart, thou hearest
That hateful watchman's cry ,

Wat " Past ten. "

Emi. and Man " Good night

Wat (enters down the street) Past ten.' '

Emi. Yet stay a moment longer,

Man. Alas, why is it so ? My wish to stay grows stronger, The more 'tis time to go.

Wat Past ten

Emi and Man. ` Good. night. "

[MANLY retires EMILY closes her window after dropping a note to MANLY

Wat Past ten

.Enter LORD RANKSBOROUGH, SIR GREGORY GORSE, MANLY, FANTAIL, CRASH, GRASSLAND, SIR CHARLES Cover and other Meltonians , with pails and brushes.

The Painters Air (Opening Music) " Il Barbiere di Siviglia."

Watchman Past ten

Manly. Come this' way-Come this way.

Watchman. Now, begone, sirs--must keep quiet-

Manly. Hold your tongue

Painters surrounding watchman There's money --.be ,silent -
NO more calling -
no more bawling we'll let you know the time of day

Watchman Are you deaf, sirs --begone there quickly You'll repent it, if you stay ,,

He springs his rattle

Four more watchmen run, on they swell,' painters are', assisted by their compainions to the several destinations (vide print)-those who are below remain on guard', repel the watchmen..

Painters,
Now to work, sirs-bring the brushes
Care not for the Beaks two rushes ;
We're the lads that never luses,

Curse the Charlies-stop their throats!

(T Moore)

[Complete brawl on the stage between the watchmen at the gentlemen-general m illing

Watchmen and Meltonians-(during' melee)

Silence, silence, cease your bawling,
Nor like cats, with caterwauling,
Wake the neighbours, stop your squalling,
Rascals, or we'll dust your coats.

[Fight as represented in print, THREADNEEDLE appears at windowwith MRS.
THREADNEEDLE. THREADNEEDLE gets painted. At every window males
and females appear in nightcaps, some with lights-

LUMBER comes out, and is knocked about in the row and striped down the
back-the MELTONIANS beat off the WATCHMEN-and exeunt in good order, arm in
arm-after, 'a pause.

Enter BARON CONSOMME and MARQUIS HE REDINGCOTE in red hunting-coats-
guitars in their hands, to `serenade the ladies they commence singing.

(Duetto.) " O pescator del' onda fidel'in, - fidelin "

MR THREADNEEDLE opens' window,,and throws out water jug at them.

Thr. Curse your fiddling-take that.

Re-enter the WATCHMEN-they seize CONSOMME and REDINGOTE and after a
struggle hurry them off

Re-enter the MELTONIANS at he end of the row.

Lord R Huzza ! triumphant.

Finale.

Chorus -MELTONIANS .

(Opening of Der Freischutz.)

Victoria, Victoria, Victoria!
Our fun and frolic is ended,
And mirth our rambles befriended,
Come, come, what may,
We'll still be gay,
Victoria, Victoria, Victoria!

DISPOSITION OF CHARACTERS

MELTONIANS..