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May Mirth exalt the Feast.

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Madame Croquet's
SUPPER PARTY:

A NOVEL

Drawing-Room Entertainment.

DESIGNED, WRITTEN, AND ARRANGED

FOR THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF

MADAME MARIE CROQUET AND M. PERCIVAL CROQUET

34
BY ✓

GEO. F. AND HARRIETTE CROOK,

OLD CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by GEORGE FREDK. & HARRIETTE CROOK,
in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

A LIMITED EDITION

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE USE ONLY.

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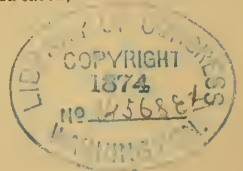
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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MADAME MARIE CROQUET (the Hostess).

A smart, business-like woman, slightly given to "hen-peck," but does her best to please.

MONSIEUR PERCIVAL CROQUET (the Host).

An aspirant to literary honors, who dislikes to be interrupted; but is always glad of an opportunity to read to others some of his writings.

MISS BERLINDA CROQUET (their Daughter).

An over-grown girl, — much older than she looks, — who frets because she cannot go into society.

SARAH REEVES (Chambermaid).

Not very industrious, but very inquisitive, and thinks she knows something of singing.

POLLY WOREIN (Chore-woman).

Very slow; very old; suffers from all sorts of complaints, but has *one* comfort.

MR. FRANK BLUSHINGTON (a Guest).

A very timid, bashful young man, whose nerves have been shaken by painful adventures.

MR. OBADIAH CODDLETON (Guest) and his **INFANT DAUGHTER**.

A fussy old gentleman, who is in a peculiar situation.

MISS GRUMBLE (a Guest).

A young lady about thirty years of age, who is constantly bewailing her unprotected condition, and "can't abear babies."

DOCTOR QUACK.

An exponent of strange and violent remedies.

MRS. MARTHA BROWN (a Caller).

An English lady (rather old, but very fat), who "as some-think to say upon heverythink, as the sayin' is."

JOE BROWN (her Son, a Sailor in the British Service).

Who has much love for his mother, but more for his ship.

MADAME CROQUET'S SUPPER PARTY.

Scene. — DRAWING-ROOM in M. CROQUET'S House. M. CROQUET discovered sitting at a side-table, deep in study. Great crash heard in the kitchen. MADAME CROQUET, in great excitement, enters a moment afterwards. M. CR. still undisturbed.

Madame Croquet. Gracious, Mr. Croquet! did not you hear that awful crash in the kitchen?

M. Croquet. Crash, my dear? Well, I thought I heard something.

(Still writing.)

Mme. Cr. Something, indeed! Everything, you mean!

M. Cr. Everything?

(Still writing.)

Mme. Cr. Yes; positively, every dish is spoiled — turkey, chicken, lamb, beef, salmon, soup, in fact, all the good things, have been upset through the carelessness of that stupid cook. I'm sure I don't know what to do!

M. Cr. Well, I guess you had better have them picked up again. What do you think?

Mme. Cr. It seems to me, Percy, you don't know what you're talking about. Our company have arrived, the supper is entirely spoiled, and you sit as cool as a cucumber, pretending to make a book. I should like to know where your politeness is, that you have not yet welcomed our guests!

M. Cr. There, don't be mad, my dear; I was so deeply interested in my writing, that I did not really know there was any one in the room. I certainly must apologise.

(Takes Mme. Cr.'s hand and advances.)

Ladies and gentlemen, I trust you will pardon my seeming want of courtesy; but being very anxious to complete a book (which will, probably, immortalize my name) —

Mme. Cr. Come, come, Percy, to the point.]

M. Cr. (Ah, yes, I had forgotten the supper. Ladies and gentlemen, in consequence of the cook's carelessness, we shall

M. Cr. So do I, my dear; and if I had my choice it should be an Almanac.

Mme. Cr. Why so?

M. Cr. That I might have a change with each New Year
(Door-bell rings.)

Why doesn't Sarah answer that bell?

Mme. Cr. Simply because I told her to help cook, and not on any account to leave the kitchen, unless I told her. I expected Polly Warein here to help, but she didn't come. I'm afraid it's the old, old story — the bottle. I'll go to the door.

(Exit **MME. CR.** while Bell rings.)

SONG. "Grumble, Grumble." By **M. CROQUET**.

I hate to hear folks grumble, as you know some people do;
They grumble all day long, and spend the night in growling too;
To grumble is the privilege of Englishmen, they say,
And so its best to let them growl and growl their lives away.

Grumble away! grumble away!

When a little thing goes wrong as something will each day.

Grumble away! grumble away!

You can never please some folk, try what you may.

Some children grumble at their food, and sulk all day, and pout.
If mine e'er grumble at their food I make them go without.
The youthful maid n grumbles when n sweetheart comes to woo;
But how she grumbles when she is perplexed by having two!

My wife does grumble when, at night, I stay out rather late,
And when she blows me up, why, then, I grumble at my fate;
My wife will grumble if not dressed in fashions of the day,
But how it makes me grumble when the bills I have to pay.

But let them growl who will, I say. They can't appreciate
The beauties of this world, who always grumble at their fate.
Whilst there's a brighter side of life, the darker one don't view,
But make the best of everything. That's what I always do.

M. Cr. I promised to amuse you, somehow, and I'm sure I don't know what to do! Hm! let me think a moment. Oh! ah! yes! I read you a few extracts from my book. — Why? How's this? I can't find the beginning! Confound that girl, she has been meddling with my papers again! Sarah!

(Looks about for papers, and rings bell.)

Enter **SARAH REEVES**, singing,

Sarah. "The bells all keep ringing for Sarah," &c. Lor sir, why, what's the matter now? (I never did see anything like the way folks pull bells in this 'ere house).

M. Cr. Have you moved any of my papers, Sarah?

Sar. Me moved your papers, sir? Why, I never touches nothing. Missis is always asking me where I've put this, and where I've put that; just as though I'd touch or even look at anything as didn't belong to me. Well, I guess I can't stay to look for any papers now, I'm busy with t'other boss.

M. Cr. What do you mean, Sarah!

Sar. Why, t'other master — that is, missis.

M. Cr. Well, you'd better look around, and see whether you have not packed them away somewhere.

(Search begins. — Sarah singing.)

Sar. "Oh, the bells keep on ringing for Sarah," &c.

M. Cr. (Confound that girl's noise!) Can't you stop that singing until you get in the kitchen, Sarah?

Sar. Well sir, the fact is I can't live without singing; and what is more, I can't sing in the kitchen.

M. Cr. Why not?

Sar. Oh, 'cause as soon as I begin, missis comes down and says to me, says she, "Now Sarah, I do wish you would endeavor to sing your songs in a lower key." Of course I says "Yes, marm;" but you don't catch this child going down into a lower key to sing.

M. Cr. Do you understand what your mistress means, Sarah?

Sar. I guess I do, too. She means I'd better go down into the cellar. You may laugh, sir, but I know what's what. Talking of singing, sir, do you know that all our family are real fond of singing?

M. Cr. (Pshaw, I wish the girl would find my papers and take herself off.) Oh, are they?

Sar. Oh, yes, indeed; and I've an uncle in the Old Country whose name is Jim Reeves, and he sings real good. Have you ever been to the Old Country, sir?

M. Cr. Oh, yes.

Sar. Did you ever hear of Jim Reeves?

M. Cr. I've heard of Sims Reeves.

Sar. Ah, well, it's all the same, he's my uncle. Did you ever see him?

M. Cr. Oh, yes, yes.

Sar. Was he like me?

M. Cr. Why, Sarah, he's is a tall, handsome fellow (only he seems to have a decided objection to salt water).

Sar. Well, so was my father. I think I shall write a letter to uncle, and ask him to come and see me.

M. Cr. Now, just see whether you can't find those papers of mine; and I will go and look for them in the library.

(Exit M. CR. SARAH sits down, takes book from her pocket, and reads.)

SONG. "I never does nothing at all." SARAH.

(Re-enter M. CROQUET, coughing.)

M. Cr. Have you found those papers, Sarah?

Sar. Oh, — Here they are, sir.

(Exit SARAH, singing, "The bells," &c.)

M. Cr. Now I've got my papers in order, I will read a morsel of rare beauty.

Reads an Extract.

(Bell rings.)

(Enter POLLY WAREIN.)

Polly Warein. How-de-do, Mister Crocky, hopes I sees yer well, sir.

M. Cr. (Drat the woman, what does she want pothering here!) I'm quite well, Mrs. Warein, but I'd just like to know whether you ever had a mother?

Polly. Lawks! Yessir. Why?

M. Cr. Why! Did she ever teach you manners?

Polly. Manners. What's that?

M. Cr. Did she not teach you to knock at the door, before you entered a gentleman's room?

Polly. Well, you see, sir, 'tis so long ago, I quite forget. Where's missis.

M. Cr. You may well ask "Where's the Missis." I can tell you she's real mad about you not coming to help this morning, as you promised. Where have you been all the day, and why didn't you come before this? Eh?

Polly. Fact is, Mister Crocky, I've had another 'tack of my Roomatiz, and so I'll jest tell yer all about it.

SONG. "Rheumatiz." POLLY WAREIN.

M. Cr. Come, now, hurry up, old lady; you see we have friends here, and you're wanted in the kitchen. Besides you interrupted me in my reading.

Polly. Is that so? Then I'll clear out.

(Exit POLLY.)

M. Cr. While the old girl was telling her story, I selected a piece which I am sure will please.

Reads an Extract.

(Enter MME. CROQUET.)

M. Cr. Ah! Marie, where have you been all this time? Mrs. Warein has been in here, relating all her woes as usual. Have you seen her?

Mme. Cr. Oh, yes. I saw the tiresome old thing. I've set her to work in the kitchen. She really is very provoking. The first thing she did was to set a hod of coal tumbling down the stairs, which, of course, woke up the children, and I have had to sit for half an hour singing them to sleep!

M. Cr. Capital! Then you are nicely in trim to sing to us here.

Mme. Cr. That's too bad of you, Percy; but as I promised to help entertain our friends, I may as well begin. Suppose I sing that song you wrote for me.

M. Cr. Yes, if you please.

(Exit M. Cr. during singing.)

SONG. "Kiss me, — Good Night." **MME. CROQUET.**

Dear mother, when my prayer is said, before you take the light,
Oh, lean your head so closely down, and always kiss, — Good Night.
For I am happier in my dreams, and sleep is sweeter rest,
If I have laid my lips to thine, and thine to mine are pressed.
Then, mother, when, &c.

One kiss, dear mother, for the love my heart keeps warm for thee;
And one for all the tenderness thy sweet eyes look to me;
And kiss me for the orphan child, to whom no kiss is given;
And next, for all the happy ones; and, then, for one in heaven.
So, mother, when, &c.

(Enter FRANK BLUSHINGTON.)

Mme. Cr. Good evening, Mr. Blushington; I am glad to see you. Where have you been this long time?

Frank. Good evening, madam; I am glad to see you so well.

Mme. Cr. Why, Frank, it is months since you were here.

Frank. Yes, ma'am, it is.

Mme. Cr. What have you been doing with yourself all the time? Eh? Now Frank, my dear fellow, don't blush; I thought you had got over that weakness by this time. I guess there's a lady in the question. Come, take a seat. Fancy I'm your mother, and confide in me.

(Both sit.)

Frank. Well, my dear Madame Croquet, the fact is, the last time I ventured out, in response to a pressing invitation, my nervous system received such an awful shock, that I have not ventured out in company since.

Mme. Cr. I want to know!

Frank. If it will not tire your patience, I will give you a short sketch of my life.

Mme. Cr. We shall be delighted to hear it, so please proceed.

Frank. I was born in the county of Surrey, in England, and, as you are aware, am my parents' eldest son. My father was a farmer, and in the course of an active life, amassed considerable property. When I was about 16 years old my parents, having sufficient means to enable them to live without labor for the remainder of their days, and to give my brother and I a fair start in life, and being desirous that each of us might see some of the most noted cities of the civilized world, sold their farm and other property, and set sail for the continent of America. When a boy my education was not neglected, for my father believed that, whatever financial troubles might arise in our journey through this world, with a sound education we should rise superior to them. I therefore received the best education to be obtained in a country town; and my brother is pursuing his studies in this country. There was another motive my parents had for leaving their home and friends and taking this tour. I grieve to say that it was on my account. From my earliest childhood I have been afflicted with that worst of all afflictions, an excessive timidity, or bashfulness. As a boy, I used to shrink from others of my own age, even from my classmates at school, preferring the quietness and seclusion of home to their sportive companionship. As I grew to manhood, instead of emerging from this painful state, it seemed to take a firmer hold upon me;—so that if I should be obliged to seek an interview with any person of importance, or be suddenly addressed by any one in company, or have to address any lady not connected with our family circle, my heart would sink within me, my face become suffused with blushes, and my blood, coursing rapidly through my veins, would tingle to the extremities of my fingers, and I have at times felt a wish that the ground would open and engulf me. My brother is not afflicted thus, but is blessed in having a less nervous temperament. This was the primary motive which induced my parents to travel. They were advised that change, both of scene and society, would be conducive to my best interests, and tend to relieve me of this incubus upon my life. Unfortunately for me, I can find no relief, no improvement. I have become a member of a dancing school, in the hope that I might gain greater freedom of manner, but with the same result. Friends have introduced me to many person of position and influence, which, to any one not afflicted as I am, would be deemed a great privilege; but I have dreaded the introduction on my way thither, and on my arrival, have earnestly longed for the hour of departure that I might escape from their warm welcomes and pressing invitations to "Call again soon." Urged by my parents, I at last summoned sufficient courage to accept one of these cordial invitations. It was from the Hon. William Waller, a gentleman residing on a magnificent estate about five miles from the city. He possesses considerable wealth, which, it is asserted will be shared by his two daughters (Emmie and Susie) at his decease. This was the reason why mamma urged me to accept the invite. Emmie was an especial favorite of mamma's, and had condescended to notice me favorably on more than one occasion when we had met; and mamma hoped that in time mutual affection might more closely unite us. On the day appointed for the visit, I paid special attention to my toilet; and wended my way to their house with feelings much easier imagined than described; and when I rung the door-bell, it seemed to me as if its tintinabulation would never cease; and had it not been for the tremor that seized me, causing my limbs to shake under me, I certainly should have run away. The door was opened by the footman, who took my card, and then ushered me into the library, where sat the host, who was suffering from gout. He rose, and welcomed me warmly. At this moment, Mrs. Waller entered the room behind where I stood, and in my anxiety to make a bow to her with all the grace and dignity at my command, while turning, I accidentally trod upon the Hon. Mr. Waller's gouty foot. I hastened to apologise; but though the perspiration stood upon his brow, through the pain, he smiled.

and assured me it was nothing. In a short time my nerves became somewhat calmed; but, although I tried my best, I certainly did not feel at ease. Seeing the room surrounded with book-cases filled with handsomely bound books, I of course imagined that the Hon. Mr. Waller was a literary gentleman. He seemed pleased with my remarks on the subject, and expatiated warmly on the literary treasures his library contained. In looking at titles of some of the books on the top shelf, I was astonished to find, among the classics, "Virgil's *Æneid*" in 15 volumes. As I had never seen an edition containing more than two volumes, I expressed my astonishment and desire to examine this literary wonder. My host rose, as I thought, to get the book for me; and I, knowing that his foot pained him, and anxious to save him unnecessary trouble, hurriedly laid my hand on the volume nearest to me, when a board covered with leather and gilding to imitate the backs of books, came tumbling down, and fell cornerwise on a silver inkstand that stood on a table beneath, causing the ink to trickle down on to the beautiful Brussel's carpet. In my excitement and anxiety, not knowing what I did, I took out my white pocket-handkerchief and tried to sop up the ink. At this moment the servant announced that dinner was ready, and I was ushered to the dining room. I was seated opposite to Miss Emmie, and during the first course, while bowing to her in acknowledgment of a sweet smile from her, when unfortunately, through the waiter placing it too near the edge of the table, I upset my soup-plate into my lap. You may easily imagine the state of mind I was in. However, they all tried their best to calm my agitation. The waiter brought me plenty of napkins to wipe off the soup, which had spoiled my pants. Nothing occurred after this to disturb me, and I was beginning to be more at my ease. I had even gained confidence sufficient to take a glass of wine with Miss Emmie, and had gone so far as to venture making a remark on the state of the weather. I had just been helped to a plate of pudding, and while in the act of raising a piece to my lips, Miss Susie desired me to help her to some sauce that stood near me. In my haste to do so, I popped the pudding into my mouth, not knowing it was so hot. My agony was so great I scarcely knew how to contain myself, and was compelled to let it fall back again to my plate. My poor mouth was dreadfully scalded and blistered. They all sympathized deeply in my sufferings, and a variety of remedies were suggested. One advised oil, another water, and another milk, but all agreed that perhaps sherry wine was the best to draw out the fire. Therefore sherry was ordered to be brought. Now whether it was done by accident, or whether the waiter purposely designed to drive me mad, I know not; but he brought me a glass of strong pale brandy, with which I, not knowing what it was, filled my mouth. Imagine my horror. Unused to ardent spirits, my mouth, tongue, and throat blistered and raw, what was I to do? I could not swallow it. I was in agony, with my mouth on fire, my lower extremities in a parboiled state with the soup, and my mind troubled with my unlucky position, what was I to do! I raised my hands to my mouth, and before I could help myself the brandy squirted through my fingers, all over the dishes on the table. There was a smile on nearly everyone's face, which they strove to hide. But my cup of sorrow was not yet full. My sufferings and mishaps had put me in a great perspiration, to relieve myself of which I unthinkingly pulled out my ink handkerchief, and wiped my face, besmearing it all over with black. The family could no longer contain themselves, but gave vent to a chorus of loud laughter; in the midst of which I rose from the table and left the house. I have not ventured to go out visiting since.

Mme. Cr. This nervousness, or rather, bashfulness, in you is a very serious matter, indeed; and I think you ought to seek a good physician's advice on the subject. Don't you think you might conquer it if you set yourself earnestly to the task?

Frank. Oh dear, no.

SONG. "The Bashful Man," FRANK BLUSHINGTON.

Mme. Cr. Ha! ha! You poor timid creature. I really think I shall be doing you a great kindness if I ask one of my young lady friends to propose to you. Ha! ha!

Frank. You are very good madam. But, — dear me, — I had almost forgotten this parcel. It is a song that mamma and I heard the other evening, at a grand concert; and we thought you would like it, knowing that you have a particular fancy for new music.

(**MME. CR.** takes the music, and begins to unroll it)

And I must wish you good evening, as I promised to meet mamma at the depot.

Mme. Cr. I am sorry you are obliged to leave us. But thank mamma for the music. I am sure I shall like it, for our tastes are similar. Good evening, Frank, call again soon.

(Exit **FRANK.** **MME. CR.** examines music.)

Mme. Cr. Ha! ha! Oh, Frank Blushington, it's all very well for you to talk to me about your bashfulness, your extreme horror of meeting a lady, and all the rest of it; I am convinced of one thing, sir: and that is, You are in love. Now, what do you think he has brought me? A New Song, he said. Ha! ha! But perhaps *some* of you may never have heard it, so with your permission, I'll try it over.

SONG. "Star Spangled Banner." MADAME CROQUET.

(Exit **MME. CR.** for a moment, and return.)

Mme. Cr. Here is another piece of evidence in favor of my assertion that Frank must be in love: he returns, apologises for leaving me the wrong music, and hands me this parcel. We will see whether this is as good as the other.

BALLAD. "Kathleen;" or any new and popular song may be substituted.

(Baby's cry heard. **MME. CR.** goes to door. Enter **OBADIAH CODDLETON** with babe in arms.)

Mme. Cr. Why Obadiah Coddleton, how do you do? Where's your wife? I haven't had the pleasure of seeing either of you since your wedding. And a baby too! Bless its little heart — do let me take it. Got any teeth yet? No?

(Takes baby, who keeps on crying.)

Why, dear me, what makes it cry so?

Obad. Oh, I wish my little woman would hurry up!

Mme. Cr. Where, for pity sake can Mrs. Coddleton be?

Obad. I'm sure I can't say. We were waiting for the car to come up, and when it stopped I hurried into it, because I was carrying baby. It was awfully crowded; and when it started, I looked round for Mrs. Coddleton, but could not see

her anywhere. Baby kept on crying, as it always does when I take her. The folks looked ugly at me, and the young fellows with their girls kept on whispering and laughing. Ah, I thought, laugh away, you'll all have to come to it some day. You may guess I felt uncomfortable about my wife, though I felt sure she'd come on by the next car; and what with the cry of baby, and the awkwardness of my position, not thinking of what I was doing, I groaned aloud, "Oh, where can Mrs. Coddleton be!" At which all the people laughed. (Do be quiet baby, I can't hear myself speak. Come to papa, then, and he'll sing to his little Sissy.)

(Takes baby. Bell rings.)

Mme. Cr. There's the bell. I dare say that is your wife. I'll run and bring her to you.

(Exit MME. CR. OBADIAH plays with baby.)

SONG. "Bubble and Squeak." OBADIAH CODDLETON.

(Enter MISS GRUMBLE, soliloquising.)

Miss G. (Pshaw! babies again; I wonder where I can go to get out of their way?) Ah, Obadiah, how do you do?

Obad. (Lawks! it's Miss Grumble). How do, miss; I hope you're well.

Miss G. Yes, I'm well enough; but what's the matter with that child?

Obad. My wife says it's teething, but I can't feel any through yet.

Miss G. Pshaw! teething. Teething is the universal excuse, never temper. Where's your wife? It appears to me that she is the proper person to take care of that child; but I suppose she is like all the young wives now-a-days. Ah, me! if I was a wife ——; but I'll say no more on that subject.

(Walks about excitedly.)

Obad. You ask me where my wife is. I really don't know. I wish I did. We got an invitation to Mrs. Croquet's Supper Party, and we started out to come. It is the first time we've been out with baby, and if this is the way I have to suffer, I hope it will be the last. When the car came up, it was awfully crowded. (Do be good, baby, there's a pet; mamma's coming). As I was carrying baby, I got a-board the car first, thinking, of course, that my wife was following. After the car started I kept looking around, but could not see her. Baby kept crying, and she would have obeyed the voice of nature and have come to the child if she had been in the car. The people looked cross, some made remarks about

kidnapping, others laughed at my attempts to amuse the child. I can safely say that I never felt more miserable in my life: and not knowing what I was doing, I groaned aloud "Oh, dear, where can Mrs. Coddleton be!" At which everybody laughed. I guess she will come by the next car.

Miss G. My good man, I don't think you need make such a fuss about your wife's absence. She will only have to wait an hour for the next car. But is it not possible to quiet that child's noise?

Obad. I wish I could; but the little thing must be hungry.

Miss G. Then why not give it something to eat? Here, give it these.

(Gives dry cracker. OBADIAH coaxes child, who still cries.)

Obad. Oh, dear, where can Mrs. Coddleton be! I wish she would come.

Miss G. Just like the men, when they are in any difficulty, then they wish for us. Perhaps the child would like some of this candy. Give it anything in the world to make it quiet.

(OBADIAH whistles and feeds it with candy. Child chokes.)

See here, I guess I can fix it. Just you put that candy into the corner of this handkerchief, — it's quite clean. There, — she's all right now.

Obad. What a great mind you have, Miss Grumble; you are always ready to help in any emergency. It's a thousand pities that you were not married.

Miss G. Pshaw! Don't talk nonsense.

(Walks about excitedly.)

Obad. Has anything unpleasant occurred to make you so nervous?

Miss G. Yes. Something has occurred. I have been most grossly ——— What's the matter with the brat now?

(Child swallows handkerchief — chokes. Commotion.)

Obad. You wicked, wicked woman. — Oh, my poor baby. — She's swallowed your nasty, dirty handkerchief. — Oh, what shall I do? — Send for a doctor. — Oh, dear, where can Mrs. Coddleton be?

(EXIT OBADIAH with child.)

Miss G. What a fuss to make about a baby choking. I don't believe there would have been half as much made if it had been me. Not even a notice in the newspaper. Whatever I was sent into this world for I can't tell. He wanted to know what ailed me. To tell the truth, I've just been awfully annoyed, as indeed I often am by some horrid creature or other.

SONG. "Unprotected Female." MISS GRUMBLE.

(MISS GRUMBLE is about to leave. Enter DR. QUACK.)

Miss G. Bless the man — how you scared me.

Dr. Q. I did not intend to startle you, ma'am. I must apologise. Your servant came running to me, saying that a child was in a fit here. My card.

Miss G. It was not my servant. But as I'm going down I'll present your card. (Dr. Quack! A very awkward name for a doctor.)

Dr. Q. Yes, ma'am. But nev-er-the-less, "I am," &c.

(Exit MISS GRUMBLE.)

SONG. "The Quack Doctor." DR. QUACK.

I am a learned surgeon, and my name is Dr. Quack.

My draughts and pills to cure your ills I carry at my back.

My medicines are the nastiest that ever cured a pain;

If once you've tasted them, I know, you'll ne'er be sick again.

Then oh my, anybody ill, anybody ill, oh my, hi!

I'm Dr. Quack-quack-quack-aka-quack,

I'll cure you of any attack.

I've syrup of squills and I've camomile pills.

And my name is Dr. Quack.

I've lotions for the measles, and I've powders for the croup;

I cure the girls of whooping cough by taking off their hoop.

My plaisters are so very strong, they'll draw out every tooth,

And last week drew five tons of coal from Boston to Duluth.

I've pills for the complexion, if you rub them in at night,

If you've been red as beet-root, in the morning you'll be white.

They'll cure a smoky fire, and take away the kettle's boil.

They're made of railway grease & soap, Dutch cheese, & castor oil.

I've got a syrup you can take for toothache in the nose;

I've powders for a wooden arm, and pills for timber toes.

I stop the mouths of scolding wives — their double teeth I draw;

I clap a padlock on their tongues, which makes them hold their jaw.

I've ointment for a mother-in-law — if she swallows half a pound,

She will never trouble you again, for she will sleep so sound.

Who'll have a dozen leeches, and I'll put them on your back.

You want. — Then he must go elsewhere to trade, must Dr. Quack.

(Exit DR. QUACK. Enter BERLINDA CROQUET.)

Berlinda. (There's no one coming.) How do folks. I'm Berlinda Croquet, I am. Mamma sent me to bed, awhile ago, I guess I wasn't a-going to stay there, anyway. I want to have a real good time to night as well as other folks; and I mean to have it, too. You needn't look at me as if I was a child, because I ain't. I'm real old, though mamma dresses me a-kinder young. I can do piles of things, too. I can dance. I can skip. I can paint. I can sing real nice. I can play the piano with one finger, when nobody is looking. Yet mamma won't bring me out. It's really too bad.

(A strange voice heard outside.)

More folks coming. I must scamper off. Pray don't tell mamma that I've been here. Oh, my sorrows, shouldn't I just catch it.

(Exit BERLINDA. Enter MRS. BROWN.)

Mrs. Brown. As I says to Mrs. Smith just afore I left Hingland, says I to 'er, Wotever you do, Mrs. Smith, never 'ave that child hout in the night hair, its not good for it; but lor it aint no use a-talkin to young mothers now-a-days, they thinks as they knows a great deal better than their grand-mothers, as the sayin is. It's my very umble opinion that that hinfant down stairs has got cold in its little ———; and when I ventured to make a remark on the subject, that old noodle as they calls Dr. Quack says to me says he, I shall steam it a favor if you'll go hout, as you hoccupies space and hair; and takes old of my harm to lead me to the door. So I says to him, says I, Ands off, you pisoning hold viper, or I'll have the law agin yer. And I looked at im sewere like, and then he let go. So I says to him says I, If that child dies it'll be through that orrid stomic-pump, as only wants a drop of summut warm, as I well knows through being the mother of nine: and I then left him. But I find its alike all the world over, as proffered services stink, as the sayin is. And then its grandfather or great-grandfather, or wotever he is, ought to be sent to Sing-Sing for a month, then he would know better than to bring that poor little creetur away from its ome at night, to sing "Bubble and Squeak." For my part, I've had enough to last me many a year, as its mighty bad for the digestive horgans, and too eavy for a child like that. But I wonder where Mrs. Crocky is. She little thought when we parted in Europe at the hotel that I Martha Brown of Kentish Town, would ever cross that wery wide river as some folks calls the Hatlantic Hoshun. But when Brown come ome one day he says to me says he, Martha, says he, How would you like to go to the most wonderful country in the world, which you can in 9 or 10 days? So I says to him, Why, Brown, says I, if you means Ameriky why I'll be delighted to go, as we'll ave a chance to see our boy Joe, and preaps bring him home agin as I'd like to. And there's a lady as you know we met at Vienna when we was at the Exposition, and as boarded at the same hotel as we did, as was a

very nice lady, she told me a lot about Ameriky, and oped to see me there some day, and give me a pressing invitation to go and see her. But I says, says I, I'm such a horful sailor I says, that I don't suppose I could live so long on the water, as ain't hamphiberos, as the sayin is. Then Brown, in a uffy manner says, Cut that yarn old gal, as you'll have eaps of time on the voyage, and can tell it to the marines; and as for the lady you can pay er a wisit when you gets there. And look slippy in packin up as the steamer starts next Toosday. Well, as it was then Thursday, I adn't got no time to loose, and could get nothink new made up; and what with pakin, and gettin some one to mind the ouse while we was away — as was Mrs. Challin, who does our washin as lives quite near, and is as honest as can be — and what with urryin to the boat and the tossin about on the hocean, I couldn't tell whether I was in this world or the next till I put my foot on dry land in the land of the brave and the ome of the free, as the sayin is, as I've heerd em sing sometimes in the Crystal Pallis in London.

(Enter MADAME CROQUET.)

Mrs. B. Law, Mrs. Crocky, ow har you?

Mme. Cr. You certainly have the advantage of me. I have met you before, I know, but I cannot remember where.

Mrs. B. What, dont you remember me, Martha Brown? as you met on your tower through Europe? and as asked me to be sure to come and see you if hever I come over to Ameriky?

Mme. Cr. Good gracious, yes! I am pleased to see you. How are you?

Mrs. B. I'm very well thankee. You look well.

Mme. Cr. I enjoy good health now, I am pleased to say. How long have you been in this country? How do you like it? When are you going back to England? You are looking the picture of health. No wonder I did not recognize you when you first came in. You have grown so stout since I met you in Vienna. You'll excuse me, won't you?

Mrs. B. Ha! ha! In course I will. Ha! ha!

Mme. Cr. Do you think the sea voyage and change of air is the cause?

Mrs. B. Oh, dear, No. I thinks its cause I'm such a wery merry merry soul, and don't let nothink trouble me. And if you don't mind I'll give you my recipe.

DUETT. "Laugh and Grow Fat." Solo by Mrs. BROWN.

The doctors have been fighting long on this pretence and that ;
But on this point they all agree: To laugh will make us fat.

Then laugh, and you'll grow fat, | Ha! ha! |
| Ha! ha! |

Then laugh, and you'll grow fat, | Ha! ha! |
| Ha! ha! |

Let doctors fight with all their might, we'll laugh, | Ha! ha! ha! |
| Ha! ha! ha! |

Now laugh, | Ha! ha! | Once again, | Ha! ha! |
| Ha! ha! |

Now, both together, once again.

(BOTH.) What a merry, merry time, with our laughing all in rhyme,
With our laughing, Ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha!

Then banish all long faces, complaining, and all that,
And ever keep in mind this truth, To laugh will make us fat.

Mme. Cr. That's a comical recipe, and we could not have a better example of its effect than in yourself. But, dear me, I have kept you standing all the time. You really must pardon me for being so rude. Pray take a seat, and tell me all the news. Now make yourself quite at home.

(Mrs. B. is about to sit in arm chair).

My gracious Mrs. Brown! pray don't sit in that chair!

Mrs. B. Why not! is it wet paint?

Mme. Cr. Oh, dear no, ma'am; but see — it is very rickety — and if it had broken down under you, you would have been hurt, most likely.

Mrs. B. I wouldn't keep sich rubbish in my place if I was you. I'd burn it, or have it mended. One of the children 'll be a-breakin' of their necks afore you can say Jack Robinson, as the sayin' is.

Mme. Cr. I have a very great regard for that chair; and my reason for keeping it is best expressed in the touching lines of one of the greatest domestic poets, Eliza Cook. If you will, please, sit here, you shall hear them.

Mrs. B. O decidedly

SONG. "The Old Arm Chair." MME. CROQUET.

Mrs. B. Well, that is most touchin, and no mistake. But I were a-thinkin while you were a-singin, I wonder whether my children'd walu my chair in which I set of evenins, or the old kitchen table on which I did my bit of ironin, and the like. Oh, no. They'd be a-fightin over the bits of things I'd left behind like Kilkenny cats, as the sayin is. Like Mrs. Cosen as lived in our street, as lost her good man through a-fallin down the stairs and breakin his neck a-carryin up a new suit of clothes delighted, as were a nice little man and

civil; and his only son grumbled at him afore the funeral, and called him everythink cause the clothes wouldn't fit him. Ah, me! Then there's our boy Joe, who was our pride and ope, as the sayin is, as we wanted to make a gennelman of. Insted of caring for old arm chairs and them as sets in em, have gone and made hisself a sailor. Only to think — a common sailor — and he glories in it too. I've been a-tryin to per-swade im to let us buy him off, but lor bless yer, he won't listen to it nohow, but keeps on singin in a aggrawatin way, Arts of hoak is our ship, and jolly tars is our men, till I feels horful savage with him. I got leave for him to come with me this evening, as I thought you'd talk him over, and per-swade him to leave the service and come ome with me. But when he came to your door he wouldn't come in. Oh my dear Mrs. Crocky, I feels werry, werry, werry sad, — I feels as though — my — poor — art'd — break.

Mme. Cr. Come, cheer up, Mrs. Brown, don't fret so. I am sure Joe will be a comfort to you when you get old. But boys will be boys, you know, and, therefore, we cannot expect them to see things in the same light as we do. However, I will endeavor to convince him that he ought to leave the service for your sake. Where is he?

Mrs. B. Hark! that's his voice, bless him. Ow appy he do seem, to be sure. He's out in the garden with your gal, I think.

(MME. CR. goes to window.)

Mme. Cr. You are quite right, ma'am, for there he is, talking to Sarah. Excuse me a moment, I will invite him to come up.

(Exit MME. CR.)

Mrs. B. I'm afeard you'll ave your trouble for nothing, for he don't care for no company, escept his shipmates. But he'll

(Advances to window, and opens it.)

ketch his death of cold, as the sayin is, with his neck all bare, them sailors is so horful careless of themselves. An't he a splendind fellow. He do look noble standin there a-talkin to that gal. I do ope as they'll make a captin of im some day. It seems a shame for to disturb im while he's appy, but he mustn't be hout in the night hair. I'll call im. Joe! Ha! ha! He don't know as is mother called him, and keeps on a-looking round to see where the voice comes from, and that gal looks round huneasily. And there goes Mrs. Crocky as quiet as a mouse, as the sayin is, behind the harbor where

they is. — There, now, that gal's got a sight of her, and, my goodness, ain't she nimble! just see er fly acrost the garden. Ha! ha! Now, how stupid of that Joe. If he ain't a-goin away. I spose he don't see Mrs. Croky among the flowers. Why don't she go t'other way round and meet him? Joe! Joe! He ears me this time, and looks round. Joe! Don't you see Mrs. Croky down there, as wants to speak to you particular. No, no, not there, but round there by that statue of a woman oldin up a flag with a man's nightcap on. Ah, now he sees her. There now, just as I said, that stupid boy as run from er, and is idin behind the bu-hes. Oh, Joe. Joe, I've been tryin to heddiccate you for a gentleman, but I cant make nothink of you, you ain't got no manners in you. Oh dear me I feels werry, werry sad, and I feel as though my heart will break.

(Sits down to weep. JOE BROWN comes in at window.)

Joe. What, mother dear, crying again? What's the trouble now? People will think you were born in cucumber season if you shed so many tears. Besides, you will waste away to a mere skeleton. You are already getting quite thin and pale — a mere shadow of your former self. Come, now, mother dear, who's been upsetting you?

Mrs. B. Nobody, Joe. And I know I'm wastin away, as Miss Pilkinton said I only measured 41 inches round when she made my last dress. Oh, I know I'm getting thin and pale, as its all through you, Joe, a-bein so fond of that ship, a-tossin about on the hoshun, as make me feel sick to think on. The end of it'll be, you'll run agin a rock in the dark some stormy night, and you'll all go down to Davy Jones's locker in less than no time, as the sayin is. Then what'll become of me, as can only find comfort in a good cry.

Joe. (I've just come to say "Good bye," as it's time for me to be aboard, but I haven't the heart to tell her.)

SONG. "The Boy in Blue." JOE BROWN.

Cheer up, cheer up, my mother dear, Oh, why do you sit and weep?
Do you think that He who guards me here, forsakes me on the deep?
Let Hope and Faith illumine the glance that sees the bark set sail.
Look! look at her now, and see her dance! Oh, why do you turn so pale?
'Tis an English ship and an English crew

So, mother, be proud of your boy in blue.

Oh, wonder not that, next to thee, I love the galloping wave;
'Tis the first of coursers, wild and free, and only carries the brave.
It has borne me nigh to the dark lee shore, but we struggled heart and hand.
And a fight with the sea in its angry roar, shames all your strife on land.

The storm was long but it found me true.

So, mother, be proud of your boy in blue.

And if the breakers kill our ship, and your boy goes down in the foam,

Be sure the last breath on his lip, is a prayer for those at home.

But come, cheer up, methinks I heard a voice in the anchor chain,

That whispered, like a fairy bird, "The bark will come again."

God bless thee, mother, adieu, adieu,

But never weep for your boy in blue.

Mrs. B. Pray don't go yet Joe. I've travelled these many many miles in opes to meet you, and to buy you out if you'll let us, and yer father is at the holel a-smokin with the money in his pocket all ready. We can't a-bear the thought that our only son is a sailor. It seems so horful.

Joe. Awful! Mother dear? You must be dreaming. What is there so awful in the life of a sailor? Nothing more than in the life of a landman. There are many dangers at sea I own, — storm, fire, wreck, and death, — but have you not like dangers on land? The same kind Providence is watchin' o'er land and sea, therefore we have no cause for fear. Don't say it's awful to be a sailor, mother; I think it's a jolly life.

Mrs. B. I didn't mean as it was horful to be a sailor, Joe; but as it was horful to have your honly son a-tossin on the hoshun day and night, and not know whether he was dead or alive, as the sayin is.

Joe. There may be some truth in that, mother; but you remember that there would be just as much uncertainty if I worked on shore, some miles away from you. Then, think, what would you do without sailors? You wouldn't be able to enjoy your cup of tea, nor have sugar to sweeten it; nor cotton, nor lace, nor foreign fashion books. If some one's boys were not sailors, you would never have visited this beautiful country, nor have been able to enjoy every night that little drop of something nice,——

Mrs. B. Joseph! Do you forget where you har! (Ex-poging me before people.)

Joe. Well, mother, I must go. It is getting late, and it is time I was on my way. See, there lies the good old ship in the offing. Isn't she graceful. Doesn't she look noble in the moonlight, with her spars pointing to heaven. The bo'son is standing down there on the beach, by the boat, wait-to take me on board. Good bye, mother dear, God bless you. Now, cheer up, we'll meet again soon. Hurrah!

(Exit JOE BROWN, through window.)

Mrs. B. Good — bye, — Joe. ——— Honly to think, that I should come all them miles, on purpose to buy im out of the service, and im to throw cold water on my plans, as the sayin is. ——— I dunno how I'm to get back to Hingland I'm sure. I'm certain I can't live through all that ere pitchin, and tossin, and joltin, and poolyorlin, as am a bad sailor at the best of times. I did think as I come over as I should ave ad my Joe to buoy me up on my way back, as is a good sailor, and could elp wonderful when I was sick, and not be like Brown, as thinks of nothink else but taking his pipe and leanin over the bulwarks all day; though why they calls it the bull-walk I can't make hout, as I haven't seen any bulls walk there, and don't believe they could if they tried. Ah, me, I suppose I shall manage to get ome again someow; but I don't see any reason why I should stand and wait for Mrs. Crocky, while there's a cheer wacant, though I want to be gone; and I know that while I'm standin I'm goin, as the sayin is, but I feels werry tired.

(Takes a seat, and jumps up suddenly).

Oh! What's that? There now, if I haven't been and set on that bag of peannts. What a lucky thing they wasn't heggs. Now I bought them peanuts on my way here, and the man as sold em to me told me as they was the choicest delicacy in the United States. So I says to him, Indeed, says I, and ow much do you charge? So he says, None but the great folks patronizes them, as is werry expensive, and when they has big parties does nothink but set on the piazzas and lean out of the windows eatin peanuts, and peltin each other with the shells, as makes em all laugh arty, and is only 15 cents a quart. So I says, says I, Let me ave a quart, as I never see them in Europe. Lor bless you, says he, they're too scarce, and would fetch a dollar a-piece if some one could manage to smuggle some into Hingland. So when I was settin in the car I thought as I'd taste em, when — ugh — I never before tasted such soapy things, so I put em in my pocket thinkin as Joe might like em, and my feelings was so overcome as I for-all about em, Now I wonder if could catch im, before he gets werry far? As I can call comin back, and fetch my

(Drops peanuts, and pick them up, grumbling.)

things. There now, just like me, most aste least speed, as the sayin is.

(Exit by window. and shortly re-enter.)

I'm just like a bad penny, sure to come back, as the sayin is.

After a-wanderin all down to the garding gate, I found it locked, as was werry aggrawatin, being so tired, and would have climbed over, only for some rude boys as was standin outside, and shoutin' out Walk hup and see the man-aggerly, as this is the helephant a-walkin about; and when I looked at em sewere like they all bust out a-larfin. Oh, didn't I feel aggrawated. But I had forgot my lumberelia, or I'd ave give em such a poke with it through that gate as'd made em larf tother side of their mouths, as the sayin is. Yes, this is the knid of thing every lady ougher carry when she goes hout all haloue, as it gives a hair of gentility to em, and it is a great pretechshun in case of mad dogs or bullocks, which you can open and frighten em if done sudden; and you can ail a omli-bus heasy, and prod the conductor wiith it when you want to git hout. But I mustn't stop a-talkin, though its werry pleasant, or else I'll miss Joe, and he won't get these peanuts.

(Exit MRS. BROWN, door. Enter MME. CROQUET, at window, talking.)

Mme. Cr. Well, Mrs. Brown, I can say that I did have the pleasure of seeing your son, and that is all; for as soon as he saw me coming he raised his hat and hurried off as fast as ——— What! has she gone? — She might have had the politeness to stay and say "Good-bye." But perhaps she could not wait. Well, she is the queerest old lady I have seen for a long time; but she's a good, kind old soul, always willing to help any one in trouble. She has had a large sum of money left her by some rich relation in Botany Bay, or somewhere else, I forget where. I cannot say I admire her style of dress, especially her bonnet; but I suppose it is useful, as it certainly is not ornamental. And what a pity it is she does not take more care where she places her H's. I wonder if she Hever took 'er diploma?

(Enter M. CROQUET.)

Why, Percy, where on earth have you been all this time? But, there, I can see by the ink on your fingers that you——

M. Cr. Where did that box come from?

Mme. Cr. Which box? I don't know.

M. Cr. Then we'll soon find out.

(Opens the Box. It appears to be empty, but proves to be full of a miscellaneous stock of articles, also Mrs. Brown's bottle, etc., and a costume which M. & Mme. Cr. put on, and sing a Duett, "Reuben and Rachel," or "Gipsy Countess," or any new or popular duett. Exit MME. CR. M. CR. packs up the box, &c., and carries it off. Enter SARAH REEVES with a letter, alternately singing and talking, quizzing the letter.)

Sarah. (Och, girls dear did ye ever hear, I wrote my love

a letter) Isn't master here? (And although he cannot read or write, sure I thought 'twas all the better). I wonder who this is from? (For why should he be troubled with hard spellin in the matter?) I — re-main — your — faith-ful — friend — Job. (When the maning was so plain). Job! now I wonder who Job is? Job! Job!

(Enter M. CROQUET.)

O, here's a letter for you, sir. [Ah, me, I wish some one would write me a letter.]

(M. Cr. opens letter. SARAH tries to look over.)

M. Cr. That will do, Sarah, thank you. You may leave the room.

(Exit SARAH, singing, "I love him faithful-ly," &c.)

I've just received this letter from one that I very much esteem, and had hoped to have met this evening; and as it also concerns you, my friends, permit me to read it.

Somnolent Road, (date).

M. Croquet, — My very dear friend,

Your kind invitation to your Supper Party is now before me. I certainly wish it were possible for me to be present, for no one appreciates, nor can appreciate, a supper more than I, especially when prepared by such hands as your dear wife's. Unfortunately I cannot accept your invite, for in spite of the enjoyment it would be to myself, it would not compensate for the after-sufferings imposed upon me. Wishing that you and your friends may have a splendid time, and that I may have the pleasure of seeing you shortly,

I remain, your faithful friend, JOB.

M. Cr. Ladies and gentlemen, as this letter requires a little explanation to make it intelligible, if you will excuse me for a few moments I will endeavor to illustrate my friend, Job's letter.

(Curtain falls. When it rises again a Bedroom scene is disclosed. MR. CAUDLE lying down and MRS. CAUDLE sitting up behind him in bed. In which position is delivered [in dialogue form] one of the well-known

CURTAIN LECTURES.

At the conclusion of which, both M. and MME. CROQUET advance, and M. Cr. bids their friends adieu.)

Ladies and gentlemen, — As it is now getting late, and many of you may have some distance to go, we shall draw this party to a close. We thank you for your kind presence, and hope that you have had a "good time;" and we trust that ere long you will "call again," and bring your friends to take part in

MADAME CROQUET'S SUPPER PARTY.

