Adventures of Mr. J. T. Homespun - 1889.

THE ADVENTURES

OF

MR. JOHN TIMOTHY HOMESPUN

IN SWITZERLAND.

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OF

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ACT I.

SCENE I.

A common sitting-room, with doors at the side and back. Tables and chairs covered with Baedeker's, Murray's, Ball's, and foreign Swiss guidebooks; sheets of the great Swiss map and photographs of the mountains hung on the walls, and plaster casts of the mountains on the chairs; foreign and English Bradshaws on the table. ELIZABETH *sitting at work;* JOHN *walking about and yodling.*

ELIZABETH (*jumping*). Oh, John! I wish you wouldn't do that Swiss howling, as you call it.

JOHN. Yodling, my dear; not howling (*yodles*).

ELIZABETH (*jumping*). It makes me jump so!

JOHN. It is the national Swiss melody. I am anxious to be prepared, you know, in every way for my expedition to the Alps (*yodles*).

ELIZABETH. The national Swiss melody! What, the 'Ranz des Vaches'—the tune the old cow died of, as nurse used to say. The old Swiss cow died of it, I suppose, and that's why it's termed the cow's call, is it?

JOHN. Perhaps it is—the tune forbidden to be played in the Swiss regiments while they were abroad, it affected the soldiers so deeply with home-sickness. The poor fellows could not bear it—it broke their hearts; they died of it (*he yodles*).

ELIZABETH (*jumping*). I don't wonder; but I can't perceive any tune in it: it sounds to me like poor cock-crowing. Oh, do leave off, and say what you will have for dinner.

JOHN. Roast shoulder of mutton and onion sauce (*yodling*).

ELIZABETH. Stop howling, do; you'll drive me crazy!

JOHN. Yes, my dear (*reading aloud from a Baedeker in his hand*), 'the height of this stupendous mountain mass is not so much its distinguishing characteristic as its magnificent and beautiful proportion.'

ELIZABETH. Oh, do hold your tongue, John, and don't bother me any more with those dreadful night-mares of mine, your everlasting mountains.

JOHN. Everlasting mountains! The very title for those glorious creations! Well, now, here, Betsy, here, if you don't care for the Jungfrau——

ELIZABETH. Not a bit.

JOHN. Here is the Matterhorn for you. Listen, this is what Murray says: 'This tremendous peak assumes to those who approach it from different sides

different aspects of majestic terror. Now the spectator beholds above him the enthroned image of a gigantic female mantled in snow; now that of a colossal snowy rearing-horse.'

ELIZABETH (*bursts out laughing*). A mountain that looks like a white giantess in a white gown, or a prancing white quadruped! What fools your guide-books must be, John, and what a fool you are!

JOHN. Stop, stop! Here, here is Mont Blanc; and Byron, Betsy, Byron, he was no fool, I suppose you'll admit (*declaiming*):

> 'Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains;
> We crowned him long ago,
> With his waist girt round with fountains,
> And his diadem of snow.'

ELIZABETH. Look here, John, I am just as sick of Mont Blanc as I am of the Matterhorn and the Jungfrau; and I wish the Bernese Oberland, and Chamounix and Zermatt had never stuck their horrid tops above the decent, comfortable surface of the earth, and turned your brain upside down as they have.

JOHN *yodles.*

ELIZABETH. And I must say I think you show very little feeling for poor dear cousin Tom's death, to be already quite taken up with your Alps and their snowy summits, as you call them.

JOHN. Little feeling for poor dear Tom's death! Why, I have no feeling for anything else, and I show it! If he hadn't died and left me his six hundred a year, I couldn't have gone.

ELIZABETH. Yes, and his nice house and estate in Lincolnshire.

JOHN. Very flat though, indeed; the house is the only object visible above the dead level of the fields and ditches, and all the landscape and perspective are three hayricks on piles and six pollard willows by a canal bridge. I should call it, upon the whole, flat—rather a low prospect. But don't I feel the good fellow's death, which is setting me free from that horrid clerk's desk and stool in Somerset House—detestable sedentary existence, destructive alike of all elegance of personal proportions and elasticity of movements. I was beginning to feel glued to that stool, cemented to that stool, stuck to that stool for life, death, and immortality through all eternity, and now (*he yodles*)——

(*A knock at the door; a* SERVANT GIRL *comes in.*)

SERVANT GIRL. Please, mum, 'ere is a man with a lot of things as 'e says was ordered from the City.

ELIZABETH. Not by me; I have ordered nothing. It's a mistake.

SERVANT GIRL. Please, mum, there is a 'eap of things—sticks, and shoes, and a big rope.

JOHN. Oh, it's all right; I ordered them. It's no mistake.

SERVANT GIRL. 'Ere is the bill, sir; it are receipted, but the man says as 'ow the things was wery ill-convenient to carry along the streets, and 'e 'opes as you'll give 'im something.

[*Exit the* GIRL.

JOHN. Certainly, certainly.

(*He runs out and returns dragging a pair of iron clamps, a pair of heavy mountain shoes, a pair of gaiters, a pair of black goggles, a worsted cap, a hat with a white turban round it, three blue veils, an alpenstock, an ice-axe, and a huge coil of rope.* ELIZABETH *jumps up.*)

ELIZABETH. Good gracious, brother! What are all those dreadful things for?

JOHN (*clasping his hands in an ecstasy*). My mountain suit! the appropriate clothing of the adventurous climber! the noble uniform of the Alpine Club's great leaders! Look, these are the clamps!—no, I won't put them on.

ELIZABETH. No, for pity's sake don't, to make holes in our new carpet!

JOHN. No; those, you know, are for the snow and ice only. But here are the shoes; I'll just put one on. (*Sits down and puts on one shoe.*) Noble fellows, aren't they, with their great rows of nails! See here, Betsy, these are the gaiters—capital for the legs, you know, in the treacherous soft snow. (*He puts on the things while speaking.*) These are the precious spectacles, the eye-preservers from the blinding glare of the white surface; this, the admirable double-knit woollen cap, the protection for the head, and neck, and face from the fierce cold; the hat, with its white cloth turban, to shelter the brain from the fierce heat; the veils to prevent the terrible swelling and blistering of the nose and lips and painful burning and peeling off of the whole skin of the face.

ELIZABETH. What a picture of enjoyment, to be sure!

JOHN. They've forgotten the mittens! Good gracious, they've forgotten the mittens! my fingers will be frozen off at the joints. I must send for them.

ELIZABETH. But why didn't you wait till you got to Switzerland to encumber yourself with all these horrid things?

JOHN. Not half so genuine, so reliable, as these English-manufactured goods, my dear; see, the patent-mark on the rope (Simcox, Strand—good address for a rope-maker, Strand, ain't it?), warrant of its strength and soundness. We, we English are the only real mountaineers; we alone know how to prepare ourselves adequately for our dangerous expeditions; we only are fitted by nature and art to undertake them.

ELIZABETH. Not even the native guides, I suppose?

JOHN. Not half as well as we Englishmen do. Now look, with the rope firmly attached so—here, come here, and let me show you.

ELIZABETH. No, I won't; don't.

JOHN. Just let me tie you, and strain against me with all your might, and the weight of your body to keep it taut.

ELIZABETH. Don't, don't; I won't, I won't.

JOHN (*he ties her, and she runs away, pulling him down*). Stupid woman that you are! we should both have gone into a crevasse! You have no enthusiasm, no aspiration, no elevation.

ELIZABETH. For Heaven's sake, if you have, why can't you get quietly and decently and safely into a balloon? yes, a balloon! You say your mountains make you feel religious.

JOHN. So they do; I could say my prayers up there.

ELIZABETH. You could go much higher in a balloon, and say them much better, because you'd be so much more frightened.

JOHN. And if I fell out?

ELIZABETH. You'd fall free of all impediments there.

JOHN. Oh yes; as free as air, and be spiked on a steeple, or dragged for miles over trees, which is a habit balloons have. And if I was dragged for miles over tree-tops, as balloons are sometimes?

ELIZABETH. Why, you could hop out.

JOHN. Oh yes, and sing like a bird in a bush, 'Rock-a-by, baby, on the tree-top.'

ELIZABETH. No, no; but if you were spiked on a steeple, or caught in a tree, at least there you'd be; your body would be found and picked up, and you would have Christian burial, and a decent grave, and a proper tombstone, with your name and age upon it, and I the melancholy satisfaction of weeping over it (*she cries*); whereas on those hideous heights only the fowls of the air and the fishes of the sea—no, no, I mean the beasts of the field—can have the least idea what's become of you! Well, I'll go and see about dinner.

JOHN. Yes, do, that's a good girl; and I'll go and practise at the pond. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A garden with a pond in it, with a stone rim round it. JOHN, *in mackintoshes, sweating very much, and walking on the stone edge of the pond with a balancing-pole.* SERVANT GIRL *rushes in.*

SERVANT GIRL. Please, sir, dinner is ready.

(*She rushes out.* JOHN *falls into the pond with one leg.*)

JOHN. Confound that girl! she is always making me lose my balance; I'll try the other way.

(*He turns round with great difficulty.* SERVANT GIRL *rushes in.*)

SERVANT GIRL. Please, sir, missus says as aren't you a-coming?

(*She rushes out.* JOHN *falls in with the other leg.*)

JOHN. Go to the devil, will you! I had actually made six steps without falling in.

Enter ELIZABETH.

ELIZABETH. Are you ever coming in to dinner? You are too bad! You'll scare all the ducks till they are quite wild.

JOHN. Wild ducks are better than tame.

ELIZABETH. How can you make such a goose of yourself!

JOHN. Goose is better than either.

ELIZABETH. Yes, but not wild goose, that ever I heard of! I do think you're only fit for Bedlam.

JOHN (*taking off his indiarubber boots*). Sister, the levity with which you speak of the preparatory exercises by which I am endeavouring to preserve my life in the frightful circumstances and places to which I go, amazes me. You never will read, or hear me read, the thrilling accounts of desperate adventures, so often fatal, that are the joy of the Alpine explorer. You will never listen to how, trembling on the fearful arrête — backbone, that means—of some terrific mountain, he balances himself heroically, with barely space for one foot before the other, sometimes, indeed, for only one foot at a time.

ELIZABETH. What does he do, then—hop?

JOHN (*seating himself astride a bench*). No, he sits; he sits; he bestrides the sharp, hard, icy knife-edge, and slowly rides upon it, drawing himself along towards the forbidding mass of rock and ice in front of him, with a precipice on each hand——

ELIZABETH. How they must ache!

JOHN. And a thousand feet under each leg——

ELIZABETH. I always found two feet enough under mine. Come, John, the mutton will be hard and the onion sauce cold; do come and sit down on your safe, smooth, broad, black-bottomed horsehair chair, and put your legs decently under your table, and eat your food with only your sister opposite to you. (*She begins to cry.*) When I think of all the dangers, the frightful dangers——

JOHN. Not half so many as at home. Don't you know that fine fellow, that noble mountaineer,

Hathercliff, spent every summer for twenty-nine years in the Alps, daily threatened with danger and death. The thirtieth year he stayed at home, went after partridges in a turnip-field, and shot off one of his hands; that comes of staying at home—the pleasures, you should say, the pleasures——

ELIZABETH (*crying*). Well, then, it's too bad of you going off pleasuring, and leaving me all alone to the dangers of home. The cook will get drunk, and the housemaid will let her cousins the burglars in.

JOHN. No, my dear; no. I will pay that excellent fellow, the policeman, who goes by so slowly every day, looking down into the kitchen so attentively, to give a little extra care to the premises. Now, dear Betsy, I have to hurry for the night train; don't quarrel with me just at the last.

ELIZABETH (*crying*). Oh no! I don't want to quarrel with you; only come home alive, and with all your limbs, and I'll forgive your going away.

[*They embrace, and exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Railroad platform; PASSENGERS, GUARDS, PORTERS, *luggage, etc. Enter* JOHN *with Swiss apparatus and an extremely small valise.*

PORTER. Is this your luggage, sir?

JOHN (*pointing out his valise*). Determined not to overweight myself with unnecessary clothes.

PORTER (*pointing to the Swiss apparatus*). And these, sir?

JOHN. Oh no! Those must not go with the luggage. I'll take those in the compartment with me.

(*The* PORTER *tries to put the rope into the carriage.*)

PORTER. The lady inside, sir, says she can't have her children's legs twisted up with them ropes.

JOHN. Oh, well, give it here, I'll wear it; put in the sticks.

(*The* PORTER *tries to put the alpenstock and ice-axe into the carriage.*)

PORTER. The lady inside, sir, says those wood and iron things can't go in the luggage-net over her head; they'll ruin her umbrella and parasol.

JOHN (*taking them from him*). Devilish selfish nuisances women are, to be sure, with their children and their parasols! Oh, here, guard! just step here; can't you put me into a carriage by myself as far as Dover?

GUARD. Quite impossible, sir; night express, you know; cramful every corner.

JOHN. Oh, very well; I'll get into the luggage van.

GUARD. Quite impossible, sir; against all rules and regulations.

JOHN (*giving him half-a-crown*). Now, here, I say, there's a good fellow, just put me in somewhere.

GUARD. Oh, certainly, sir, of course, to be sure; and I'll take care you have nobody put in with you all the way. (JOHN *gets in and the train goes off.*)

Scene IV.

A single-bedded room on the sixth floor at the Schweizerhof, Lucerne.

Enter John, *followed by* Louis.

John. A lift, too! There's nothing wanting in this perfect house of Hauser's! Well, then, you are Louis?

Louis. Yes, sare; my dear broder——

John. You are the person to whom I addressed this letter, desiring you to meet me here?

Louis. No, sare; my dear broder——

John. Then why didn't he write, and why isn't he come?

Louis. He cannot write, and he will not come—he is in the other world. My dear broder is dead. Yes, he carry one very heavy Englishman to the very top of the Mont Blanc, and he died off it.

John. Not on it, indeed, I hope!

Louis. No, sare; in Geneva, at the Hôtel Steinbock, where I was one cook; and when my dear broder died I take all his clothes, and his money, and his illustrious name, and I'm now Louis des Montagnes.

John. But his experience?

Louis. Bah! I have his and my own. I know all he did do and see, and all I did never do and see. I have double his experience.

John. And you're a guide then, now?

LOUIS. No, sare, no guide. No guide is necessary now in Switzerland, only courier. I'm courier, sare; it is much more gentil—genteel, you say—as be guide; that is vulgaire. I take the delightful rich ladies, what I always call my family, to what towns they do not know, and to what hotels they do not know, and I tell them what shops they do not know; and I tell all the people what price they ask the ladies, my family, who do not know anything about anything, and like to pay dear, and not sheap, for nothing sheap—it is too vulgaire. And sometimes the sweet young miss, but most often the not sweet old miss, do marry the courier on purpose; but never the guide or the cook, unless some terrible accident arrive; it is too vulgaire, and so I teach them what is vulgaire abroad; I do not need to teach them what is vulgaire at home, they know it very well themselves.

JOHN. How very useful you must be to them!

LOUIS. Yes; I sit between them at the table d'hôte, and tell them what champagne they shall demand, and the ditches they shall eat.

JOHN. Can't they ask for their own food?

LOUIS. No, sare; and when one entrée, made-up ditch you call, present itself to them, they look very much frightened, and whisper to each other, 'What is it? Do you think I'd better?' and so the good little fricassee, or salmi, is carry off, and they live upon raw roast beef, bloody beef, bœuf saignant, and dry shickens fried to death, without me who tell them what nice to eat.

JOHN. How curious and interesting!

LOUIS. Yes, sare; and one sweet miss, she was English, from what you call Brommegam, and her father make carriage-wheels—— No, she was American, from Chicago, and her father make chaise percée—no, what you call rocking-chair—and she was, oh! so spirituous and abandoned! And she would speak all the tongues of all the places where she went, though she could not one.

JOHN. What a clever creature!

LOUIS. And she love cake and candy, ver much; and she look in her dictionary for sweet roll, sweet bread, and she find ris de veau, and she ask for sweet bread and they bring her ris de veau, the interior of a veal, and she find herself ill into her plate, what you call faint, with her hair in a salmi of chamois made of goat's flesh; and she was lovely, and so lovely dressed, and madame, her mother, all in tears and in diamonds at the table d'hôte. Mon Dieu! what a spectacle! (*A bell rings.*) There's the dinner-bell. My family go, and I must go to my family.

JOHN. And I to dinner. I am going up to the Righi to-morrow; I must speak with you there.

LOUIS. Yes, sare, my family go also; I see you there. Ah, there is the second bell!

[*He rushes out. Exit* JOHN.

SCENE V.

Platform of the first Righi Station. A car is waiting.
TOURISTS, JOHN, GUARD.

GUARD. Now, sir, get in, if you please ; the engine is just starting.

JOHN. Very well, be off with it, will you ; I'm going to walk up. (*The engine goes off.*) Never! Hiss, whistle, spit, sputter and scream up the glorious mountain ! Blasphemous desecration ! Never ! Climb the Righi like a mad dog tied to the tail of a steam-kettle, and boil up to the ineffable summit ? Never, never ! [*Exit* JOHN.

SCENE VI.

Side of the mountain. JOHN *stuck fast on his clamps, steadying himself on his ice-axe and alpenstock. The echo-horn is heard.*

JOHN. Oh, delightful romantic sound ! The mountain echo ! (*A boy comes to him.*)

BOY. Please, sir, the horn.

JOHN. Oh, certainly, it's enchanting.

(*Puts his hand with difficulty in his pocket ; gives boy some money. Boys and girls come in with baskets of flowers ; girls calling : 'Alpenrosen !' (yodling) ; 'Edelweiss !' (yodling) ; 'Vergissmeinnich !' (yodling). A little girl, with very black eyes and hair, comes up.*)

JOHN. Ah, yes! Byron again, 'And peasant girls with light-blue eyes, and hands that offer early flowers.' I wish I could get one of my feet out of the mud.

(*The children pelt him with dirty bunches of flowers.*)

JOHN (*trying to catch them*). Thank you; don't, don't, my dears! you see I can't catch them cleverly, so. I wish I could get one of my feet free. (*He tries to sit down and can't.*) Don't throw any more dirt, that's good little girls, but just help me to undo these clamps.

CHILDREN. Oh yes, yes, monsieur!

(*They throw themselves on his feet and knock him over.*)

JOHN (*picking himself up*). Oh, never mind, I am not hurt, and I've got those cursed things off, and can walk.

CHILDREN. Monsieur, I gave you alpenrosen; and I edelweiss; and I forget-me-nots, and we all undid your shoes.

JOHN. So you did, my dears, wild children of the mountains! Here, here is something for you all.

A BOY. I will walk before monsieur, and show him the way up to the top—the hotel; you see it up there.

JOHN. Yes, as plain as a pike-staff.

ANOTHER BOY. Yes, you go before monsieur and guide him, and I will walk behind him, and carry his shoes. [*Exeunt all, yodling.*

SCENE VII.

The hall of the hotel. Crowd of tourists—MRS. SILVERTON *and* MISS SCATTERGOLD, JOHN, SIR HARRY GOLIGHTLY, MAJOR SIMPERKIN *and* CAPTAIN HEAVYSIDES, SONIA, IVAN, PETER OSTROGOFF, SIGNOR SOFTONINI.

MRS. SILVERTON. We are the last batch, I believe.

MISS SCATTERGOLD. Oh, how very, very delightful, dear Fanny! how enchanting!

MRS. SILVERTON. Yes; I've done it ten times, my dear, but I declare it's as good as new to have your blessed fresh enthusiasm with one.

(*In the crowd, exclamations of: 'Oh, there's Mrs. Silverton! Lord, there's Mrs. Silverton! How do you do, Mrs. Silverton?'*)

SIR HARRY. Why, I say, Fanny Silverton, what are you doing up here?

MRS. SILVERTON. Why, I say, Harry Golightly, what are you doing up here?

SIR HARRY. Just run up from Lucerne for the night, with two of Ours. Let me present Major Simperkin, Captain Heavysides—my cousin, Mrs. Frank Silverton. (*They bow and curtsey.*)

MISS SCATTERGOLD (*aside to* MRS. SILVERTON). Now, Fanny, remember, I won't be introduced to any of your insolent, supercilious countrymen.

MRS. SILVERTON. Certainly not, certainly not, my

dear; but come, let us go and get off our wraps, it's just dinner-time, and they'll be ringing directly.

[*She goes out with* MISS SCATTERGOLD.

JOHN. Lord! how I do ache! but I shall be better when I've taken off these things. How the people do stare! Of course, if they take the railroads up the Alps, the real mountaineer must astonish them.

[*He limps out.*

SCENE VIII.

Table d'hôte. Bell rings. All come in and seat themselves. MRS. SILVERTON, MISS SCATTERGOLD, *and the three Englishmen at one end of the table;* JOHN, SONIA, IVAN, PETER, *and* SOFTONINI *at the other.*

MRS. SILVERTON (*pinches* SIR HARRY). Do hold your tongue, will you?

JOHN (*to* SONIA OSTROGOFF). Miss—Mumsell, will you have stewed rice or stewed prunes?

SONIA. Oh, thank you, yes.

IVAN (*pinching her*). Turn your back to him and hold your tongue, will you? Sonia says No.

(*She frowns at* JOHN, *and turns her back on him. They all get up and come down the stage.*)

SIR HARRY. What did you pinch me so unmercifully for?

MRS. SILVERTON. To make you hold your tongue, if it was possible.

SIR HARRY. Why, what did it signify? The Americans were too far off to hear me, and there were no Americans near us.

MRS. SILVERTON. How do you know that?

(*She exchanges signs with* MISS SCATTERGOLD.)

SIR HARRY. Lord bless you! you can always hear them a mile off, wherever they are, with their popping champagne and their drawling 'Oh mys!' and their snapping 'What says?' There were none near us.

MRS. SILVERTON. I declare it amazes me how you, who are a gentleman, and really well bred, can be so utterly wanting in consideration and civility to other people. Does it never occur to you that a whole nation of English-speaking travellers, who are not English, are now met with in every part of the Continent?

SIR HARRY. Aha! but I deny your position. They are not English-speaking people; they don't speak English—not our English, at any rate—and I doubt very much if they understand it.

MAJOR SIMPERKIN. No, ah! I don't believe they do, ah! fow I said the othew day to one of 'em, 'Awe you going to wide in Wotten Wow to-day?' and she stawed at me as if I had said something impwoper to her.

MRS. SILVERTON. And no wonder, if that is the way you said it; but it seems to me, Harry, that you entirely forget that I married an American.

SIR HARRY. By Jove, so you did! More's the shame and the pity!

MRS. SILVERTON. I don't think so.

SIR HARRY. Oh, well, of course, one knows there are some decent exceptions among them.

SIMPERKIN. Oh, ah! yes! That nice fellow Lowd John is always bwinging up to mess—ah! what's his name?

MRS. SILVERTON. Oh! I know all about him. He is a particular friend of mine; but it's not because he is a charming man, and writes charming books, and is run after by all the charming women in London, that you like him; it's because he is as little like an American as possible, and hums and haws, and says 'ah,' 'eh,' at every other word, just like one of your own idiotic selves.

SIMPERKIN. Oh, ah! weally. Ah, yes! I assuwe you, I have met some vewy nice people. Ah, don't you know, weally, ladies, you know, quite like ouw own.

MRS. SILVERTON (*aside*). Oh dear! oh dear! This is worse than all. How will she bear it?

SIMPERKIN. Yes, don't you know—ah!—those two pwetty giwls at what-do-you-call-it—Beau Wivage. Upon my honouw, you know, they wewe quite like ouw own; weally, you know, vewy nice ladies, don't you know.

MISS SCATTERGOLD. Indeed! Really! You don't say so? Perhaps you are not aware that though Americans don't speak English, they do understand it.

(*She curtseys, and goes up the stage.*)

MRS. SILVERTON. Bravo! Well said, my darling little Yankee.

THE THREE MEN. American! American! American!

MRS. SILVERTON. Yes; and though you haven't been down on your knees and your noses to her, as you ought, because she is the prettiest and best-dressed woman you ever saw, you *will* be fast enough now when I tell you that she is Miss Nelly Scattergold, the great New York fortune.

SIR HARRY. Miss Scattergold, by Jove!

SIMPERKIN. Nelly Scattewgold, by Geowge!

HEAVYSIDES. The Scattergold, by Jingo!

SIR HARRY. What a sell!

MRS. SILVERTON. Yes, a sell, as you say; only not a good sale for you, who'd have sold yourselves soul and body, and thrown your empty heads, pockets, and purses into the bargain, for a quarter of her money.

SIR HARRY AND THE OTHER TWO MEN. Oh, Mrs. Silverton, do get us out of this scrape!

MRS. SILVERTON. I couldn't, if I would; and I wouldn't, if I could. You've got just what you deserve, and I'm delighted you've got it; and as for you, Harry, I hope she'll make you choke yourself with eating humble-pie if ever you venture to speak to her again. (*She goes up the stage.*)

SIR HARRY. Good Lord!

SIMPERKIN. Good gwacious!

HEAVYSIDES. Good heavens!

SIR HARRY. Well, my cousin Fanny had always a pretty sharp tongue of her own, but she has got an awful new edge on it; among those North American savages, those plaguy 'smart Yankee girls,' I swear

she fairly scalps a fellow with her tomahawk. However, they say these Yankee bewitchers have a tenderness for titles; and if this one hasn't already bagged a duke, I'll try if she'll put up with a baronet; for she's a charming creature, all money considerations quite apart.

SIMPERKIN. Oh, entiwely all money considewations quite apart, she's an awfully jolly girl!

HEAVYSIDES. Oh, all considerations absolutely apart, she is a stunner!

JOHN *comes down the stage with* SONIA.

JOHN. Is it your first visit to Switzerland, Miss—Mamsell?

SONIA. Yes, my first visit.

IVAN. Hold your tongue, and come away, will you? He is a spy, I tell you.

(*Dragging her across to the other side to* PETER *and* SOFTONINI.)

SONIA. Was that why you pinched me so at dinner?

IVAN. Of course it was.

(*She frowns, and screams at* JOHN.)

MRS. SILVERTON. Ah, yes! some music; that'll be delightful. Mademoiselle Ostrogoff and Signor Softonini will, I am sure, oblige us, as they did so charmingly yesterday evening, at the Schweizerhof. (*Duet and waltz.*) And now good-night, good-night, everybody. We must all get up early to see the sun rise to-morrow, you know. [*She goes out.*

JOHN. Glorious! glorious! How I do ache! But how I shall sleep! [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE IX.

Bedroom. Enter JOHN *looking about.*

JOHN. Rather rough to be sure, *roughing it!* Delightful expression! So descriptive, so accurate! (*looking about him*). Nothing to wash with. Oh! of course one don't want to wash to see the sun rise. Oh, how I do ache! but how I shall sleep! Hulloa! what's this? (*he finds a letter on his pillow, and reads it*). 'Execrable spy! double-dyed villain!' That can't be me. 'Your infernal treachery is discovered, but your victims will escape you, and you shall not escape their just revenge.' How funny! What can that mean? Oh, I see; it's a hoax on a gigantic scale, like the mountains—like everything here. O Lord! (*he yawns*). Ah! how sleepy I am! and how I do ache! I'll leave it under the pillow for the next sunriser. Needn't undress; shall have to be up early. But with this delicious mountain air (*he yawns*), and the invigorating walk (*he yawns*), how I shall sleep! (*he lies down*).

SCENE X.

A corridor or passage with gallery above it, and doors opening upon both. The stage is quite dark, and for two minutes nothing is heard but different snores from all the rooms. Suddenly the violent blowing of the alpenhorn. A PORTER *rushes in and runs, furiously knocking at each door, and calling, 'Get*

up!' 'Levez-vous!' 'Auf, auf!' 'Fuori, fuori!' The doors open. 'Who's there?' 'Qu'est-ce que c'est?' 'Was gibt's?' 'Cosa si vuole?' The PORTER *runs along the gallery above, knocking at all the doors: 'Sunrise! sunrise! Get up! get up!' All the doors open above. 'Who's there? What's the matter? What do you want? Go along!'*

JOHN (*opening his door*). Is the house on fire? Where, where? Fire! fire!

(*People rushing in and coming down. 'The sun! the sun!'*)

JOHN. Oh, the world is on fire!

(*People run in in every direction, the English and Russian parties among them, all in extraordinary costumes. The horn continues blowing furiously all the time.*)

SCENE XI.

Outside of the Hotel Righi, Kulm. MRS. SILVERTON, MISS SCATTERGOLD, *English party, Russian party,* LOUIS *and two ladies, crowd of tourists, all in strange costumes.*

MRS. SILVERTON (*running about*). Good gracious, Nelly, I'm so cold! I can't bear this any longer; I must go and get a cup of hot coffee, and go back to bed. You can stay here and see the sun get up; you're quite safe in this crowd.

[*Exit* MRS. SILVERTON.

MISS SCATTERGOLD. I am not a bit afraid.

SIR HARRY. No, Miss Scattergold; and we'll be your bodyguard.

(*They all walk up and down very fast, exclaiming, 'Here it comes! How beautiful!'*)

SONIA (*looking off the stage, which begins gradually to be lighted, holding out her foot*). Tie that shoe for me.

JOHN. With great pleasure (*he ties her shoe*).

SONIA (*looking off the stage and holding out her hand*). And button my glove; my fingers are so cold, I can't do it myself.

JOHN. With the greatest pleasure.

(*He buttons her glove.*)

IVAN. Hold your tongue, and come away.

(*He whispers to her, and drags her across the stage to* PETER *and* SOFTONINI. *She screams, and frowns at* JOHN.)

JOHN. Deuced odd manners! Nice, pretty girl! Quite pleasant and civil at dinner, and then of a sudden screams and frowns and turns her back, and won't speak a word to me. And now she screams and frowns when that moustachioed brother of hers drags her off. Some particular Russian custom, perhaps; or only national Russian manners. Odd, I should say, and unlike ours! Infinite variety of national manners to be sure, one sees! Part of the pleasure of this delightful travelling.

IVAN. Why did you hold out your foot to him and let him button your glove?

SONIA. I thought it was you. I was looking at the sunrise.

IVAN. I tell you he is a spy—an English spy in the pay of our infamous Government—and is on our track. Had you any of our cipher letter in your shoe or in your glove?

SONIA. Oh, no! no! Thank heaven they are all in my body (*her gown*).

SOFTONINI. Ah, mademoiselle, what a horror! To think of an Englishman condescending to act the spy! We—we poor persecuted, proscribed, exiled Italians, are the only real sympathizers with you noble Russian Nihilists. The English had never one spark of feeling for our sacred cause and its heroic leaders and martyrs. The English despise every nation but their own, and dislike everybody but themselves; and English patriotism is nothing but public and private, natural and national selfishness.

(LOUIS *brings a ladder of three steps to his ladies.*)

LOUIS. There, madame, miss, you get up, you taller and see better as everyone; only pay one little franc.

(*They get up on the steps. Sun rises. General exclamation of 'Oh!'*)

MISS SCATTERGOLD. Now I must run in and get a cup of hot coffee.

HEAVYSIDES. Now I must run in and go to bed again.

[*All the* TOURISTS *rush off. Scene closes.*

END OF FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Cabin of a steamboat. Enter JOHN *and* LOUIS.

LOUIS. Here, sare, no one will come; we shall be alone to ourselves, and I will tell you the secret I promised.

JOHN. For ten pounds; that's dear!

LOUIS. Yes, sare; so important secret it cannot be sheap, and the man of honour will not sell his secret sheap, because it pain him to sell it.

JOHN. And the pay is in proportion to the pain.

LOUIS. Yes, sare; his secret is dear to the man of honour.

JOHN. And equally so to the buyer's pocket. But now, my good fellow, why and how is it that, as you say, no guide is now necessary in the Alps?

LOUIS. Sare, the Alps, the whole of Switzerland, in fact, is become a great stock-jobbing—no, no; I would say joint-stock company, limited concern—you understand. It is a most profitable speculation, and all the honest Swiss people, and the couriers especially, do belong to it; and the President, he is young Lord Mountover, son of the Earl of Mountoverbearing——

JOHN. Indeed! That's a great security for the validity of the concern.

LOUIS. Yes, sare, limited—and such a President!

He and charming Miss Slippery Kickup, they dance the Breakdown on the tippest top of the Schreckhorn—the horn of terror; what your Mr. Steven, or Mathew, or Miss Lucy Walk—what you call him?—do like that? If I not see it, I never believe.

JOHN. No, indeed; I should think not.

LOUIS. Then they have hired all the peasants, and the chamois, and the cows, and the goats, and whenever the tourist see them, they are in the most beautifullest places and positions and attitudes, and at all the waterfalls—the Giessbach, for example—they have over each cascade a charmante young Swiss peasant, with all their legs up.

JOHN. No, that's impossible; that's unlimited.

LOUIS. Yes, sare, each one with one leg up; it is possible, and strictly limited, one leg up so (*attitudinising*); and all her arms and eyes up to heaven, thus—in the red and green and mauve light. Ah, quel tableau! and more than ever like the Grand Opéra. I wonder not they do clap as if it were a real scène de théâtre.

JOHN. Very well; but now, my good fellow, the dangers, the perils?

LOUIS. Bah! there's no more dangers and perils as at Piccadilly. You go up Mont Blanc with your cigar in your mouth, and your hands in your breeches pockets.

JOHN. The avalanches——

LOUIS. No more; there is vast great sheets of most powerful adhesive plaster, introduced under the snow; it stick fast, it slide down no more.

JOHN. The detached blocks of rock thundering down on one's head——

LOUIS. No more; their backside is melt with the application of fire, matches; their own cement do fasten them so they cannot any more run and jump down on the tourist's head.

JOHN. The Bergschrund's awful gap——

LOUIS. Ladders of all length—precise proper height—is laid ready everywhere. You go up as your own drawing-room stairs.

JOHN. The couloir——

LOUIS. Rope and steps from his top to his bottom and for the cracks de——

JOHN. We use the same word you do — the écrevisse.

LOUIS. Oh! that crawly, crab-fish! No, no; crevasse.

JOHN. To be sure, crevasse; so it is, so it is—crevasse.

LOUIS. You put your foot in him, you go down at once; and there, at the very bottom, you find the head-porter of the Grand Hôtel Joint-Stock Swiss Company, Limited. who say to you, 'Point out your luggage, if you please, sare; and there is the omnibus who wait for you.'

JOHN. Good gracious! how prodigious! Well, here is your ten pounds, and it's worth the money to be able to relieve my poor dear Betsy of her apprehensions. I confess I miss in it the element of heroic daring, which our English mountaineer loves so much—the excitement of adventure, the very delight of danger, so to speak, that Englishmen seek.

LOUIS. Ah, yes, sare; but we provide for that also. We provide for all taste. We keep one perilous corner still for the English dangerous enthusiast. We call him 'The Englishman's Corner,' and they find there what they so fond of. They break their arm, their leg, their back, or their neck, as they please; they break themselves all to little bits, if they like it.

JOHN. I shall not go there. I'll write to Betsy at once.

LOUIS. You not forget, my dear sare, it is a very profound secret—a most profound secret? You will not reveal him——

JOHN. Oh no! I'll take care of that. I won't tell or sell your secret for ten pounds or ten pence.

LOUIS. I rejoin my family, who, without me, go to the bottom of the lake. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

TELL'S *chapel. Fresco-painting, on an enormous scale, of* TELL *shooting off the apple; vile copies all round: one man on a ladder working at the fresco; another working at a wretched copy of it. Enter* JOHN, MRS. SILVERTON, MISS SCATTERGOLD, *the three* ENGLISHMEN, LOUIS, *and two travelling* LADIES; *other* TOURISTS.

JOHN. Sublime temple! though of small dimensions. Sacred to liberty! What noble emotions it excites! (*Looking at the fresco.*) Very fine! very striking!

(*They all go round looking at the pictures.*)

LOUIS. Here, madame and mademoiselle, you see the more as life-size Guillaume Tell.

MADEMOISELLE. Oh! which—which is Tell?

LOUIS. The big—the great—the heroic father of heroic son.

MADAME. Oh! it's the little boy's name; that's William, I suppose?

LOUIS. No. I will tell you the story myself presently.

MADEMOISELLE. Was the boy shot for eating the apple?

LOUIS. He did not eat it, for there it is.

MADEMOISELLE. Oh! he stole it, I suppose, and was shot for that?

MADAME. By his father; terrible instance of proverbial Swiss honesty.

LOUIS. Yes, madame and mademoiselle; I shall tell you the story myself, by-and-by; then you understand the picture.

MADAME. Is it an original?

LOUIS. Yes, copied from the famous portrait in the possession of the Tell family since 1325.

MISS SCATTERGOLD. Fanny, I want to buy the picture that man is painting (*the* ARTIST *on the ladder*).

ARTIST. The fresco, madame, is not for sale, and cannot be removed to the United States.

THE ARTIST BELOW. This, madame, is for sale, and can be removed to the United States.

MISS SCATTERGOLD. Yes, and I'll remove it; I'll buy it.

MRS. SILVERTON. For goodness' sake, Nelly, don't be so madly extravagant!

SIMPERKIN. Howidly extwavagant!

HEAVYSIDES. Awfully extravagant!

SIR HARRY. My dear Miss Scattergold, it's a dreadfully shocking daub.

MISS SCATTERGOLD. I know that, just as well as you do; but I am going to buy it.

MRS. SILVERTON. Ostentatious, purse-proud American! how can you throw away your money so!

MISS SCATTERGOLD. Isn't that what it's made for?

MRS. SILVERTON. Your father didn't think so when he made it.

SIR HARRY. No; nor your husband won't think so when he gets it.

MISS SCATTERGOLD. Oh yes! My husband, if ever I have one, will; but I mean to buy that picture. Do look at the poor man, Fanny—I declare he makes my heart ache; he is as wretched as his painting, and he does want me to buy it so badly, and I want to buy it so badly. I guess I can throw it into the lake as we go along, you know.

SIR HARRY. Or give it to the innkeeper at Altdorf for a sign.

MISS SCATTERGOLD. You know, after all, though, there never was any such person as William Tell.

JOHN. I beg your pardon, Miss Scattergold, do I hear you say there never was such a person as the hero represented on that canvas?

MRS. SILVERTON. One should fervently hope not.

MISS SCATTERGOLD. Why, of course not; everybody in Europe knows that now. We knew it in America long ago.

JOHN. That William Tell never existed, or shot the apple off his son's head?

MISS SCATTERGOLD. Only in Rossini's opera. No more than Shakespeare wrote his own plays—Lord Bacon, you know, wrote them.

HEAVYSIDES. So Shakespeare's all gammon? I often thought so myself.

MISS SCATTERGOLD. Precisely so. We found that out ever so long ago in America.

SIR HARRY. Go-ahead folks you are!

SIMPERKIN. Dweadfully fast, to be sure!

MRS. SILVERTON. Well, then, if you don't believe in him, what do you want his picture for?

MISS SCATTERGOLD. I don't; but the man wants my money, and I can't affront him by offering him money, as he fancies himself an artist, and his picture, as he calls it, is such a thing that I'm afraid he'll never be able to sell it.

MRS. SILVERTON. Unless he meets with such another golden goose——

SIR HARRY. Such a generous, delicate, tender-hearted angel as you.

MISS SCATTERGOLD. Very well, now I like you; go and buy that picture for me right away.

JOHN. No William Tell? Here in his very chapel—here on this sacred soil! No Tell, no Gessler, no son, no apple, no arrow? Good heavens! What has the world come to? No Shakespeare! American discoveries! Why, they will presently be saying there was no Washington!

MISS SCATTERGOLD. No, we don't say that yet; of course we shall by-and-by. But even

now we are too enlightened to think much of him.

JOHN. I must go out and breathe the free air, the free air of freedom; this atmosphere of modern disbelief in heroism chokes me. [*He rushes out.*

SCENE III.

Outside of the Chapel. Enter JOHN.

JOHN. There is the lovely lake, there are the splendid mountains, there is the Rutli, the meadow where they met and swore; here is the rock on which he sprang; yonder, visible in the broad daylight, the noble monument with Schiller's name, the immortal poet of the immortal fact; and they are not ashamed to deny his existence.

Enter a GIRL *with a basket of apples.*

GIRL. Apple, monsieur, from William Tell's tree? (*She yodles.*)

A BOY *comes in with a bundle of arrows.*

BOY. Arrow, monsieur, from Gessler's pole-staff? (*He yodles.*)

JOHN. Oh yes! yes, certainly! The Swiss hero still lives in the memory of the people, in the fruit of the orchard, the arrow from the tree; the very stones would cry aloud if nothing else spoke of the glorious history of the past. Certainly I will buy them. (*He takes the arrows from the* BOY.) I will endow our Putney Toxophilite Union with these arrows

(*cramming all his pockets full of the apples*); and dear Betsy shall preserve this fruit as long as preserved apples can be preserved.

[*He goes out, the children following him, yodling.*

SCENE IV.

Ascent of the Brunig. Enter JOHN, SONIA, IVAN, PETER, SOFTONINI.

JOHN (*dragging his rope, and twisting his feet in it*). Well, then, dear mumsel, you and I will go quietly up this way, by the road, and meet the carriage at the top.

IVAN. Yes; and we three will strike through the forest, straight up the mountain, and meet you there too. Oh, Mr. Homespun, lend me your rope; it's only an encumbrance to you here, and there is a stiffish bit of rock half-way up, where we shall find it useful.

JOHN. Oh, certainly! to be sure it is rather an impediment on level ground.

[*Exeunt* IVAN (*with the rope*), PETER *and* SOFTONINI.

JOHN (*laughing*). And so you and your worthy brothers actually took me for a political spy? It was really doing me too much honour.

SONIA. Ah, what a mistake! Indeed, it is the first time that we thought ourselves tracked by an Englishman, one of your noble nation.

JOHN. But why did you suspect me, who, from the first, was so genuinely attracted by you, and surely must have shown it?

SONIA. Ah! it is our miserable fate to suspect everyone, and, most of all, those who appear most interested in us. We tremble before the invisible, the inaudible, the unknown; and we had certain advice that we were watched and followed by a spy.

JOHN. But for what especial offence is your tyrannical Government so desirous of apprehending you?

SONIA. You don't know; you have not heard of the death of that detestable tool of Russia's barbarity, the abhorred instrument of the Tzar's bloody decrees, Schaberoffski—his death accomplished by a woman's hand?

JOHN (*taking her hand*). What, such a tender gentle hand as this I hold?

SONIA. That very hand.

JOHN (*drops her hand, and wipes his own on his breeches*). Bless my soul! you don't tell me so?

SONIA. Oh! you shrink from it! You're afraid of the woman's bloody hand.

(JOHN *wipes his hand again.*)

SONIA. You will not touch it any more? What, then, has no Englishwoman ever overleapt the narrow bounds of feminine shame and cowardice, and done such a deed in such a cause?

JOHN. No, no! Not that I know of. English women don't generally—not—not as a habit. That is—none of my female friends have ever——

SONIA. No; English women are not publicly flogged by the executioner, nor dragged to Siberia, nor hung upon gibbets.

JOHN. As a rule, I should say not.

SONIA. But Russian women are, and by such wretches as Schaberoffski. But he, at least, paid with his life for his villainy, and this is the hand that took the forfeit.

(JOHN *wipes his hand again.*)

SONIA. And now you will never again take that hand—you who, an hour ago, swore you would follow me——

JOHN. Up the mountains, mumsel; but I had no notion how far you were going, or had gone. I don't really think I should be equal to undertaking your excursions.

SONIA. No, no! Of course not, respectable, comfortable, selfish Englishman! Murder and death are not for you.

JOHN. Not—precisely——

SONIA. Then here we part. Who loves, must follow me; so farewell, worthy, cold-blooded Englishman! We shall assuredly never meet again, and I, in the stormy events of my life, shall soon forget you.

JOHN. No doubt, miss; and so farewell, attractive, hot-headed Russian! We shall assuredly never meet again; but in the quiet, uneventful tenor of my life, it will be long before I forget you.

[*He bows and exit.*

IVAN (*rushing in*). Fly!

SONIA. Why?

IVAN. It's done! The monster has paid for his treachery—we have hanged him in the forest!

SONIA. Who?

IVAN. The cursed Italian, Softonini! Our cipher was in his shoe, our letter in his hat, the papers we had lost all over him. We have hanged him on the mountain, where none but the eagles and wolves will ever find him!

PETER (*rushing in*). We have hanged the wretch! We've hanged the Italian miscreant, and now fly, fly!

SONIA. Where?

IVAN. There!

PETER. No, here!

IVAN. Up the Grimsel!

PETER. Over the Scheidegg!

IVAN. Round the Titli!

PETER. No, no! In the rocks and forests of the Engstlenalp; we shall be in safety there for some hours, at least. Fly, fly! [*They all rush out.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Hôtel de la Jungfrau. Pass of the Wengernalp. Public sitting-room: the REVEREND JULIUS SQUEEZE, *reading;* MRS. SQUEEZE, *knitting; two* MISSES SQUEEZE, *in pinafores, drawing; two other* MISSES SQUEEZE, *playing a duet on the piano.*

MR. SQUEEZE. Haven't those girls done practising yet, my dear?

MRS. SQUEEZE (*looking at her watch*). Yes, Julia and Mary have. Come away, girls, and let Dolly and Florry go to the piano.

(*Change of girls, who play the same tune: 'On the margin of fair Zurich's waters.'*)

MR. SQUEEZE. Oh dear! I thought they had all done.

MRS. SQUEEZE. My dear, they have only been at it two hours yet this morning.

ONE OF THE GIRLS. But, mamma, here comes a tourist. We can't go on while he is here.

MR. SQUEEZE. No, my dears, certainly not; that would be most inconsiderate.

MRS. SQUEEZE. Very well, girls, come here and read the 'Alpenflora,' or botanical guide, while your sisters draw the less attractive specimens, because the others you won't be so likely to forget; and remember their Latin names—it's ridiculous to go calling them by their English and French ones as if you knew no better.

MARY. Yes, mamma, but I think the American name for pansy very pretty—'Johnny, jump up.'

MR. SQUEEZE. Original, original, like everything American.

MRS. SQUEEZE. Well, yes; but, girls, you should find out the etymology of it.

MARY. Yes, mamma, and the Latin for it, too, of course; and the German name for it—'Little Stepmother:' very strange, isn't it?

MRS. SQUEEZE. My dear, the etymology and scientific Latin name is all that signifies; the flowers themselves are quite unimportant, so very common, growing everywhere all over the place, and not a daisy or cowslip or primrose to be found.

(*The girls all set to work. Enter* JOHN, *who bows to them, and they to him, except the girls, who all stare.*)

JOHN. Pray excuse me; I hope I don't disturb you. I won't see the guides in here; I'll speak to them out of doors.

MRS. SQUEEZE. Oh no! pray don't do that; it'll be so interesting to hear about an ascent by somebody we have seen.

JOHN. Thank you; you are very obliging, I am sure. Pray pursue your agreeable occupations without allowing me to interfere with them.

(MR. SQUEEZE *puts down his book,* MRS. SQUEEZE *puts down her knitting, all the girls put down their drawings, and, with eyes and mouths wide open, gather round* JOHN, *who calls in* TWO GUIDES.)

JOHN. I say, at what time to-morrow are we to start?

FIRST GUIDE. One o'clock in the morning.

JOHN. One o'clock after midnight do you mean?

SECOND GUIDE. Yes, sir; that will not be too early to begin the ascent.

JOHN. Well, but, easy as it now is, such an early start seems unnecessary.

FIRST GUIDE. It may be comparatively easy, sir, since several travellers have achieved it; but it is still a difficult and dangerous undertaking enough, and it will take a number of hours to perform it to ascend and descend safely.

JOHN (*aside*). I wonder if they are in the secret? They keep it up deuced well if they are. (*Aloud*) Ah, yes! of course, dangerous and difficult enough. Well, now, about the terms?

FIRST GUIDE. Oh! according to the tariff, of course, sir.

JOHN. Let's see; eighty francs apiece for each guide, and there are two of you; forty francs apiece for each porter, and there are two of 'em. Oh, come, I say, my fine fellows! that was all very well formerly, but now, you know, you can't have the face to charge—hem—aha—as you used to do before—— (*He stops.*)

FIRST GUIDE. There has been no alteration in the tariff, sir.

JOHN. But there ought to be now, because—— Oh, never mind, I'll settle all that with you presently, if you'll come to my room.

FIRST GUIDE. Yes, sir. You have your own rope?

JOHN. Oh yes—pickaxe and alpenstock; and you'll bring the other things, and I'll be ready at the time you say, though I must say I think it's carrying the joke rather too far.

[*Exeunt the* GUIDES.

MR. SQUEEZE. My dear sir, excuse the liberty I take!—pardon me, but I cannot see a fellow-being and fellow-countryman embark in such a perilous enterprise——

JOHN. Oh, the peril isn't at all what you suppose, I assure you.

MR. SQUEEZE. Without attempting to dissuade him from thus exposing his life.

JOHN. There's no exposure—none such as you imagine, I assure you.

MR. SQUEEZE. The awful aspect of the great mountain itself——

JOHN. Invites, and does not deter me.

MR. SQUEEZE. Forgive me, you are yet young. Have you parents, a family, to whom your days are dear?

JOHN. A sister, to whom my days are quite as dear as they are to myself. I am perfectly aware of the value of my life, to myself and Betsy; but, you see—there really is no risk, I assure you.

MR. SQUEEZE. Sir, I have done my Christian duty in speaking this word of warning. If you have any wishes, last directions, messages to your friends, dispositions with regard to your property, or, in case your body should be found, should you wish it carried down to Lauterbrunnen, I would joyfully assist you in any possible particular.

MRS. SQUEEZE. Oh dear yes! there's nothing we should not rejoice to do, in the event of anything dreadful happening to you.

JOHN (*laughing*). Thank you, thank you! Nothing dreadful will happen to me, I promise you.

MR. SQUEEZE. Ah! my dear sir, that is saying too much—too much! I fear your enthusiasm borders on foolhardiness, and may meet with some frightful judgment.

(*The girls all whisper to* MRS. SQUEEZE.)

MRS. SQUEEZE. Yes, yes, my dears. I have no doubt the gentleman will not refuse you that favour. Will you—won't you—could you—would you confer upon my children the interesting memento of your photograph?

JOHN. Dear me! I haven't one about me. I am so sorry!

ALL THE FOUR GIRLS (*bringing albums*). Oh, then your autograph?

JOHN. With great pleasure. I will write in your book the one motto of my life: 'Excelsior!'

(*He writes in the* FIRST GIRL'S *book. They all exclaim: 'How beautiful!* "*Excelsior!*" *How original!'*

SECOND GIRL. Mine, please.

JOHN (*after thinking*). 'Excelsior!'

SECOND GIRL. Ah! but your name, please.

JOHN (*writes*). John Timothy Homespun.

SECOND GIRL (*reads*). How delightful!

MR. SQUEEZE. How truly English!

MRS. SQUEEZE. How original! how interesting!

THIRD GIRL. Mine, if you please. Mamma says if

anything happens to you it would be so much more valuable and curious.

JOHN. Of course, of course, if anything happens to me. (*He takes her book, and, after a pause, writes 'Excelsior!'*)

SECOND GIRL. Oh, the date; won't you have the kindness, because the date of the accident makes it so much more interesting?

JOHN. With all the pleasure in life. 18th of August, date of the accident—rather hot date.

SECOND GIRL. Oh! put that in, put that in, please; that's the sentiment.

(JOHN *writes in her book.* THIRD GIRL *comes up.* JOHN, *after a pause, writes 'Excelsior!'*)

THE GIRL. Couldn't you give me a sentiment, sir?

JOHN. I'll try. (*He thinks.*) 'The glacier's cold resistless mass!'

GIRL. How beautiful!

JOHN. Yes, Byron. Now, my dear little girl, for your book. (*He writes 'Excelsior!'*)

GIRL. Oh! a sentiment, if you please, sir.

JOHN. Yes, certainly. 'Here we go, up, up, up ——'

ALL THE GIRLS. Oh, thank you! Thank you ever so much!

JOHN. I am delighted you are pleased. Now I'll go and finish my arrangements with the guides.

[*Bows and exit.*

MR. SQUEEZE. Poor fellow! What temerity, what frightful security!

MRS. SQUEEZE. Now, my dears, go on with your practising. (*The girls begin the same duet again.*)

SCENE II.

Outside of the hotel. Chairs and tables: the SQUEEZE *party sitting there. Re-enter the* FIRST GUIDE *suddenly.*

FIRST GUIDE. Sir, you are the English minister here, are you not? the clergyman?

MR. SQUEEZE. Quite so, quite so, certainly.

FIRST GUIDE. Then, sir, we must entreat your assistance with the English gentleman who was to have gone up the mountain with us this morning, and who, I am afraid, is quite mad. He insists upon going straight up the mountain—a thing absolutely impossible, never done, or so much as heard of. He refuses to pay our agreement; we do not know what to do with him; he keeps calling out for adhesive plaster and lucifer matches. I am afraid he has had a sunstroke somewhere.

MR. SQUEEZE. My dear, go, go directly and get some pounded ice in a compress for his head. Dear, dear, dear, how shocking! No, nothing will ever convince me that the gift of reason should thus be tampered with; surely life was bestowed for a better purpose than thus to throw it away.

Enter JOHN, *followed by the* SECOND GUIDE, *trying to hold him.*

JOHN. Let me go, will you? or I knock you down—upon my soul, I will! I swear it's enough to make a Quaker kick his mother.

MRS. SQUEEZE. Oh, my dears, go away directly. I can't have you hear such language.

MARY. Mamma, if he is mad, the autographs will be ever so much more valuable and curious, won't they?

MRS. SQUEEZE. Of course they will! Come away quick, and I'll go and get some ice for his head.

[*Exeunt* MRS. SQUEEZE *and the girls.*

MR. SQUEEZE. My dear sir, I am surprised to see you so soon down again.

JOHN. Down again! I should think so! I haven't been up.

MR. SQUEEZE. Well, back again.

JOHN. Back again! I should think so! I haven't been forward.

MR. SQUEEZE. Dear me! How's that?

JOHN. Why, this is how it is. Those rascally humbugs refuse to go.

FIRST GUIDE. Straight up the mountain, of course we did; it's impossible!

JOHN. It ain't impossible, you scamp; and you only make tourists take your roundabout way in order to make them pay your outrageous charges!

FIRST GUIDE. Monsieur made the agreement by the tariff—he will pay the agreement?

JOHN. Not if I know it!

MR. SQUEEZE. My dear sir, pray compose yourself. I'm afraid you have suffered from the sun; your face is quite red.

JOHN. Well, of course it isn't green; but as for those infernal swindlers, they know there's no more danger on that mountain than there is on this table.

FIRST GUIDE. Sir, you must be mad!

JOHN. I'm no more mad than that stool. I asked you yesterday if you had everything necessary to go up.

FIRST GUIDE. So we have—everything.

JOHN. That's a lie! You haven't one inch of adhesive plaster, nor one single lucifer match. Don't talk any more rot to me, because — for — you know well enough that I know—that you know——

FIRST GUIDE. Sir, we started with you, and were ready for the ascent; so we are now.

JOHN. The devil you are! but I ain't now.

(*Throws himself into a chair.*)

FIRST GUIDE. Then, sir, you must pay our terms, since you refuse to go.

MR. SQUEEZE. My good men, just go away for a little while. The gentleman is evidently very much excited. I shall be able to settle the matter for you with him peaceably presently.

FIRST GUIDE. Thank you, sir. You see, we have lost our day, as well as our pay. [*Exeunt the* GUIDES.

Enter MRS. SQUEEZE *with an ice-compress, which she claps on* JOHN'S *head.*

JOHN. Confound it! what have you put on my head? Take it off, will you?

MRS. SQUEEZE. No, no, keep it on; it'll do you good.

JOHN. I don't want good; it's running down all over me.

MR. SQUEEZE. Pray, my dear sir, be persuaded

to let it remain. You will not, then, pay these men their terms?

(MRS. SQUEEZE *keeps her hands on* JOHN'S *head.*)

JOHN. No, I'll be hanged if I do!

MR. SQUEEZE. No part of them?

JOHN. No, I'll be damned if I do!

(MRS. SQUEEZE *screams.* JOHN *jumps up, and kicks the ice-plaster off.*)

JOHN. It's run all over my face, and down my back, and down my front.

MR. SQUEEZE. What do you propose to do?

JOHN. Put on a dry shirt immediately, write to the *Times* and *Galignani* about these rascally swindlers, go to Chamonix directly, and up Mont Blanc at once.

[*He goes out.*

MR. SQUEEZE. Mad! mad! As mad as a March hare!

[*Scene closes.*

END OF THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The road by the Lake of Geneva. Castle of Chillon.

Enter JOHN, *reciting Byron:*

'Eternal spirit of the chainless mind,
Brightest in dungeon's liberty thou art!'

JOHN. What an advantage it is, to be sure—the immense advantage we English possess—to have Byron, this great poet, expressing for one one's own sentiments, so much better than one could for one's self. (*He goes on reciting:*)

'For there thy habitation is the heart,
The heart which love of thee alone can bind.'

Enter a party of soldiers. '*Halt!*'

SERGEANT. This is the person. I arrest you in the name of the authorities of Vevey.

JOHN. Don't be an ass! Get along—je Angle!

SERGEANT. Comment?

JOHN. No, I won't come on—neither fist or foot. I tell you I'm an Englishman.

SERGEANT. We know that well enough. March!

JOHN. Nonsense; I tell you I am an Englishman, and I won't march.

SERGEANT. And I tell you if you don't march we'll carry you.

Enter a soldier with an order to the SERGEANT.

(SERGEANT *reads:* '*Monsieur le Commissaire will be down from Vevey in a couple of hours. The prisoner must be taken in here till he comes.*' *The* SERGEANT *rings at the Castle. Enter* CUSTODIAN. JOHN *gesticulates with the soldiers, who present their bayonets at him.*)

SERGEANT. Here is an order to place this prisoner in safety under your charge till Monsieur le Commissaire comes from Vevey to examine him.

CUSTODIAN. But Monsieur le Commissaire knows very well that this is not a prison any longer, but only an hotel; and it's cram full of people, and I haven't a hole or a corner to put a pin in, much less a prisoner.

SERGEANT. You have the old dungeon, I suppose?

JOHN. Dungeon! I say, look here, I am not going to stand this sort of thing, you know; I am an Englishman.

SERGEANT. In the hands of the authorities and the military. (*To* CUSTODIAN) Can't you put him into the dungeon for an hour or so?

CUSTODIAN. Well, but you know, I'm obliged to show that to all the travellers and tourists who choose to ask to see it; and the Government pays me, and they pay me, too, and I can't afford to turn them off.

SERGEANT. Perhaps none will come for the next

two hours. Anyhow, you must take him in. March!

JOHN. I won't march! What are you going to do with me? What have I done?

SERGEANT. Murder. March!

JOHN. Murder! Oh, Lord! that *is* a good one! I tell you I am an Englishman, and I never murdered anybody in all my life.

[*He is marched out, remonstrating violently with the guard.*

SCENE II.

Boniward's Dungeon.

Enter the guard with JOHN. *They march out, leaving him with the* CUSTODIAN.

JOHN. By Jove, here is a precious business! I have a great mind to try knocking that fellow down, only I suppose it will be of no use.

CUSTODIAN. Now, my good sir murderer, you will only be here for a couple of hours.

JOHN. But I won't be here at all!

CUSTODIAN. And though you have committed a murder——

JOHN. I haven't done any such thing, I tell you!

CUSTODIAN. Oh, well, it don't signify, it's all the same; but you don't look very bad, and I am sure you will not object to my getting my little fee by showing the dungeon as usual to the tourists who come.

JOHN. You open that door directly and let me out, do you hear?

CUSTODIAN. Yes, sir.

(*He goes out quickly, shuts the door, and locks it.*)

JOHN. Hullo! Open the door, I say! let me out; I am an Englishman. I'll write to the *Times*. I wonder if he hears me? If I yodle perhaps he'll hear that. (*He yodles*). What a devil of a mess! Murder! Ha, ha, ha, my poor dear Betsy, if she knew it! It's only two hours, however—perhaps. Let's try some Byron. (*He recites:*)

'Chillon, thy prison is a holy place.'

It is an interesting place, if one wasn't shut up in it. (*He recites Byron:*)

'And thy sad floor an altar, for 'twas trod
Until his very steps have left a trace,
Worn as if thy cold pavement was a sod.'

And there, sure enough, it is; and that's all very well when one can get out. They used to torture people here; I suppose they don't try that joke now. It's infernal cold and damp, though; I must try and keep up my circulation and my spirits. (*He dances about. The door opens. Enter* CUSTODIAN *with tourists.*) Oh, Lord! here is a lot of people! and all the Righi party! Blessed if I know what to say! I'll pretend I have come to look at the place. Ah! how do you do? how do you do, Mrs. Silverton? How do you do, Miss Scattergold? How do you do, Sir Harry?

THE TOURISTS. Oh! how do you do, Mr. Homespun?

MRS. SILVERTON. Here before us, I declare! So glad to see you! What an interesting place!

MISS SCATTERGOLD. Oh, isn't it! One would like to remain here, I declare, ever so long!

JOHN. No you wouldn't, not for more than two hours.

MISS SCATTERGOLD. Why? Are the spiders very bad?

MRS. SILVERTON. Said to be monstrous. Don't you know a prisoner made friends with one of them? It used to come and breakfast with him.

MISS SCATTERGOLD (*she shrieks*). Ah! Oh, it's nothing; I thought it was one of 'em.

JOHN. No, that's a lizard—lots of them, too.

MRS. SILVERTON (*shrieks*). Ah, there's another!

MISS SCATTERGOLD (*shrieks*). Spider or lizard?

JOHN. No, that's a mouse; there are lots of them, too.

MRS. SILVERTON. Well, now, since you have been here before we arrived, you ought to do the honours.

JOHN. Oh yes! certainly. Here, you know——

CUSTODIAN (*stepping in*). Don't take my fee from me. I inform the travellers. Here is the iron ring in the pillar that he was fastened to. (JOHN *tries to escape. The* CUSTODIAN *brings him back.*) And here is the mark he wore in the stones.

(JOHN *tries to escape.* CUSTODIAN *brings him back.*)

JOHN. Yes, with stumping backwards and forwards to keep his feet warm, poor devil!

MISS SCATTERGOLD. How you enter into the spirit of the place!

JOHN. It enters into me!

MRS. SILVERTON. Do now give us a few lines from Byron; you know him by heart.

THE TOURISTS. Oh yes, do! it'll be so fine here.

JOHN. I would with pleasure, but I am afraid my memory wouldn't serve me—just now.

(MRS. SILVERTON *takes his arm and walks up and down with him.* JOHN *misquotes Byron:*)

'Lake Leman lies by Chilly's walls
A hundred—no, a thousand feet.'

JOHN. I really can't; I have a lump in my throat.

MRS. SILVERTON. Emotion! I declare, so have I!

JOHN. Don't go there; I believe there are holes down to the water.

MISS SCATTERGOLD. What are these?

JOHN. Ancient implements of torture.

LOUIS' LADIES. Oh do show us how people were tortured.

LOUIS. Madam and mademoiselle, I cannot just at present, because I have no fire and red-hot pincers, and melted lead, which is necessary to give you that pleasure.

CUSTODIAN. They were for prisoners who tried to escape.

(JOHN *tries to escape.* CUSTODIAN *brings him back.*)

SIR HARRY. Come, ladies, come; we shall miss the boat back to Geneva I'm afraid.

(*All pay the* CUSTODIAN. JOHN *tries to escape.* CUSTODIAN *holds him.*)

MRS. SILVERTON. Ain't you coming with us?

JOHN. Ah, ah—no, not at present; not just yet; by—the next boat, I think, probably——

MISS SCATTERGOLD. Ah, you're so inspired with this wonderful place, you'll be writing verses yourself about it, and could stay here for ever, I dare say!

JOHN. No I couldn't; at least, I think not.

SIR HARRY. Well, good-bye, good-bye! Coming on to Chamonix?

JOHN. Immediately. (*He tries to get out.* CUSTODIAN *shuts the door in his face, and locks it.*) Oh! this is rather too much of a good thing, though; I swear I can't stand this much longer. Let's see, a quarter of an hour more of it. Murder! (*He laughs.*) It ain't pleasant, though it is laughable; and it's so confounded cold. I'll sing 'God save the Queen;' it's comforting, it will warm me; perhaps they'll hear that, and it may impress them.

(*He walks up and down, singing very loud, 'God save the Queen!'*)

Enter the CUSTODIAN.

CUSTODIAN. Sir, Monsieur le Commissaire is come: you give something to the custodian, monsieur le murderer?

JOHN. Open that door first; when I'm outside I will.

GUARD *appears and marches him out.*

SCENE III.

Magistrate's office. MAGISTRATE *and* CLERK *seated.* GUARD *brings in* JOHN.

JOHN. Now, what's all this about?

MAGISTRATE. Sir, you are here to answer, not ask, questions.

JOHN. Go ahead then, will you? and have done with it.

MAGISTRATE. You are an Englishman?

JOHN. I should rather think so.

MAGISTRATE. Think will not do. Be precise in your answers.

JOHN. Get on.

MAGISTRATE. Name John Timothy Homespun?

JOHN. I believe so.

MAGISTRATE. Believe will not do. Be positive in your replies.

JOHN. I will; damn the whole concern!—that's positive.

MAGISTRATE. Swearing is of no use.

JOHN. No, I wish it were, and I'd make use of it.

MAGISTRATE. You went up the Brunig Pass on Thursday, the 10th of July?

JOHN. Well, I suppose I did.

MAGISTRATE. There's no suppose in the case—you did?

JOHN. I did.

MAGISTRATE. On foot?

JOHN. Two feet. Be precise in your questions.

MAGISTRATE. You had with you this rope?

(*The rope is brought in.*)

JOHN. Lord! how glad I am I've got it again! The one I have now isn't half so good, poor Swiss stuff.

MAGISTRATE. How long did you have it?

JOHN. Why, just as long as it is.

MAGISTRATE. For what part of the way?

JOHN. All the way, till I parted from it.

MAGISTRATE. What for?

JOHN. 'Twasn't for what.

MAGISTRATE. For who?

JOHN. For a friend.

MAGISTRATE. What did he do with it?

JOHN. Took himself off.

MAGISTRATE. You mean that he hanged himself?

JOHN. Of course he did, if you found him hanged.

MAGISTRATE. Sir, your answers are not satisfactory, and I shall remand you to prison.

JOHN. Now just you do, if you dare! I'll write to the *Times*.

MAGISTRATE. I don't care for the *Times*.

JOHN. Perhaps you do for *Galignani*, then?

MAGISTRATE. Call in the guard!

Enter an official with a telegram. The MAGISTRATE *reads it.*

MAGISTRATE. Oh! this alters the case. Englishman innocent; discharge him; crime committed by Russians, who have escaped by the Tyrol, and are now in the Austrian dominions. Oh, very well, sir, you are at liberty.

JOHN. At liberty, am I ? If that's not a liberty, I am blessed. Liberties you should call your manners and customs, your freedom—free and easy enough for the matter of that. An English gentleman goes quietly along the highroad reading his Bible, his Byron, I mean, and your blackguardly gendarmes lay hold of him and march him off, and poke him into prison ; you keep him in a dungeon with spiders and lizards, and mice, and tourists, and all manner of disagreeable creatures ; you march him off here into your ridiculous presence, and ask him all sorts of absurd, impertinent questions, and then you tell him he is at liberty, though all the time he keeps telling you that he is an Englishman, you ludicrous person you ! but I promise you I'll show you up. I'll go to our consul at Geneva, and our minister at Berne, and I'll put you in the *Times*, see if I don't, every mother's son, and every man jack of you. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Chamonix. Front of Hôtel d'Angleterre.

JOHN *and* LOUIS.

JOHN. I shall go up this afternoon, and you'll come with me.

LOUIS. Oh, my dear sare, my ladies cannot do without me !

JOHN. Yes, they can ; I have arranged that with them.

LOUIS. Then the preparations : the mules, the guides, the porters.

JOHN. Bother! What do we want with all that to go straight up the mountain?

LOUIS. Ah! de gloire! we must make some appearance in the village, and the poor men, you know, must make their living still by being guides and porters.

JOHN. All right; you settle all that, then.

LOUIS. I have one cold in my brain.

JOHN. Never mind that.

LOUIS. And one sore in my throat.

JOHN. Nor that, either; going up the mountain will set all that to rights, so have all ready by one o'clock. [*Exit.*

LOUIS. Ah, oui! I will see you somewhere at one o'clock. If you go up quick, you will come down quicker, my dear. [*Exit* LOUIS.

SCENE V.

Bosse du Dromadaire, top of Mont Blanc. Enter JOHN *and* LOUIS, *tied to each other, and pulling different ways.*

JOHN. Come along. Come up, come up!

LOUIS. Non, non; au contraire, I go down, I go down!

JOHN. Why, here we are, within a few minutes of the very top!

LOUIS. If you carry me, sir, I go on.

JOHN. Who's to carry me? We are on the Dromedary's hump.

LOUIS. I care not for the camel's rump. I go down.

JOHN. Think of the glory!

LOUIS. I care not for the gloire.

JOHN. They'll fire the cannon; they'll ring the bells; they'll let off the fireworks!

LOUIS. I care not the cannon; I wish not the bells; I will not artificial fires!

JOHN. Come along up.

LOUIS. I come along down to the guides. I will not follow you any more; they say you one mad, and so you is. I bleed of my nose; I choke of my breath; I sick of my stomach.

JOHN. Oh! all that's nothing.

LOUIS. And the horrible dangers!

JOHN. Dangers! why didn't you tell me? I could go up the mountain with a cigar in my mouth and my hands in my breeches pockets.

LOUIS. So you can still, if you like; those was all one little lies—one little lies—one little lies!

JOHN. Then, you great big liar, you shall come up, I swear.

LOUIS. I swear! tu Dieu! corbleu! morbleu! ventre-bleu! sacrrrebleu! I cut the cord!

JOHN. Cut away, and go to the devil.

(*Both of them cut the cord and roll off on each side.*)

Scene VI.

Public room, Hôtel d'Angleterre: Mrs. Silverton; Sir Harry, *holding worsted;* Miss Scattergold, *winding it.*

Sir Harry. Miss Scattergold, is that your trunk in the passage upstairs?

Miss Scattergold. Oh! the little one by the door? yes, that's mine.

Sir Harry. Little one, by George! I could put one of my men in it.

Miss Scattergold. Oh! but I've one in which you could put one of your men on horseback in it.

Sir Harry. Haven't you one in which you could put all the king's horses and all the king's men?

Miss Scattergold. Nonsense! how awkward you are! Do hold your hands still, and don't jerk them so at the corners.

Sir Harry. It is you who pull on the curb so at the turns; you should give a fellow his head at the corners.

Mrs. Silverton. Here, Nelly, give it to me; I can manage my hands, and don't want my head at the corners. There's your list of things you want to get in Paris; let Harry read that out to refresh your memory.

Sir Harry. Yes, and mine, for I've forgotten half you told me you should want.

Miss Scattergold. Yes; and I didn't tell you half either. (*She gives him a long list.*)

Sir Harry (*reading*). Seven gowns from Worth.

Miss Scattergold. I only want seven a day to

begin with, you know—one for breakfast, one for walking, one for driving, one for tea, one for dinner, one for the evening, and a ball-dress that I can't wear on any other occasion, you know.

SIR HARRY (*reading*). Five bonnets.

MISS SCATTERGOLD. No, that's a mistake, six; it should be six; that's enough, because you know there are the five hats—go on.

SIR HARRY (*reading*). Nine dozen pockethandkerchiefs.

MISS SCATTERGOLD. All right! three dozen plain, three dozen worked, and three dozen with lace.

SIR HARRY (*reading*). Three dozen boots, two dozen shoes, one dozen slippers.

MISS SCATTERGOLD. All right—go on!

SIR HARRY (*reading*). Twelve dozen pairs of gloves, four dozen——

(*She runs at him and snatches the paper from him.*)

SIR HARRY. Oh dear! was that all?

MISS SCATTERGOLD. No, there's twice as much more.

Enter SIMPERKIN *and* HEAVYSIDES.

SIMPERKIN. Oh dear me! here is the howiedest, dweadfullest thing happened!

HEAVYSIDES. Yes, two men fallen down the mountain.

MRS. SILVERTON. All the way down?

SIMPERKIN. Every inch of it.

MRS. SILVERTON. Good Heavens! I hope it wasn't that good fellow, John Homespun?

MISS SCATTERGOLD. Oh! go—go—quick all of

you, and find out, and come directly and tell us all about it! [*Exeunt the men.*

(MRS. SILVERTON *and* MISS SCATTERGOLD *winding wool.*)

MRS. SILVERTON. And so you've made up your mind at last?

MISS SCATTERGOLD. Well, it seems to me almost, at first, three months is a short time to make a life-long engagement.

MRS. SILVERTON. Ah! but three months in the Alps are as good as three times three anywhere else for that sort of business; and you are really going to take that nice fellow, Harry, for better, for worse?

MISS SCATTERGOLD. He shan't be worse, and he can't be better; but now, Fanny dear, tell me, you don't wish he'd married one of your own women instead of a Yankee girl, do you?

MRS. SILVERTON. No, my dear friend, indeed I do not. Every knot and every tie, every hook and every eye, that brings our two countries nearer, and fastens them closer to each other, is good for the whole world. Heaven prosper their friendship, and avert their enmity for ever!

MISS SCATTERGOLD. Amen! There's a good deal of that same knotting and tying, and hooking and eyeing, going on just now between the opposite sides of the Atlantic.

MRS. SILVERTON. It's like marrying one's cousins, I fancy.

MISS SCATTERGOLD. Grandchildren, you mean. Great grandchildren.

MRS. SILVERTON. *Very great* grandchildren!

MISS SCATTERGOLD. And, you know, the forbidden degrees of relationship only go as far back as one's grandmother, and so I'm going to marry my great grandfather, and here he comes.

Enter SIR HARRY *and the other men.*

BOTH THE WOMEN. Well, well! who? what? how? where?

SIR HARRY. Some truth at the bottom, a mountain of flummery over it. It was that good fellow, Jack Homespun.

MRS. SILVERTON. Went up all the way to the top?

SIR HARRY. Yes, plucky fellow that he is.

MISS SCATTERGOLD. And fell down all the way to the bottom?

SIR HARRY. Oh no! not quite. Two parties of guides went up after him and the fellow who was with him, and brought them down safe.

MRS. SILVERTON. And sound?

SIR HARRY. Well, sound enough for all present purposes, a little the worse for the tumble only: one eye nearly punched out, one arm almost broken, and one leg all but twisted off; but he is coming to the *table d'hôte* this evening, and swears he'll go home to-morrow.

Enter all the TOURISTS, JOHN *and* LOUIS *with their eyes, arms, and legs bandaged. All the* TOURISTS *surround* JOHN *and congratulate him.*

MRS. SILVERTON. I'm so glad to have shaken hands with you once more; you know, we start for home to-morrow.

JOHN. So do I.

MISS SCATTERGOLD. Shall you be able to travel?

JOHN. I shall travel whether I'm able or not.

SIR HARRY. Then we shall all start together. That will be jolly!

LOUIS' LADIES. We for Clapham.

THE SQUEEZE FAMILY. We for Warwickshire.

MISS SCATTERGOLD. I for the Langham Hotel.

MRS. SILVERTON. I for Hereford Square.

SIR HARRY. I for Knightsbridge Barracks.

JOHN. And I for Betsy.

'*On the margin of fair Zurich's waters.*'

(*Yodling chorus.*)

FINIS.

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