

**THE MILLER AND HIS MEN:
A BURLESQUE MEALY-
DRAMA IN ONE ACT**

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The miller and his men: a burlesque mealy-drama in one act by Francis Talfourd

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FRANCIS TALFOURD

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A BURLESQUE MEALY-
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THE
MILLER AND HIS MEN

A Burlesque Healy-drama

IN ONE ACT

BY

FRANCIS TALFOURD

AND

HENRY J. BYRON.

[MEMBERS OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.]

THOMAS HAILES LACY,
29, STRAND,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market.)

LONDON.

N.B.—Five Minutes allowed for Refreshment, in the form of a Light

BALLET ENTERTAINMENT,

Illustrative of a ROBBER'S REVEL, invented and arranged by

M I S S R O S I N A W R I G H T,

In which she will appear, supported by the Ladies of the Corps de Ballet. The Music composed by Mr. Ferdinand Wallerstein, and published by Metzler and Co.

INTEGRATOR OF KELMAR'S COTTAGE.

(VERY EARLY MORNING.)

A Maiden's Meditations fancy free—Tremendous double entry, not on the credit side of Kelmar's good books—the balance of doubt struck by the guilty partners, and a-Cress nearly closed between them—Orindoff publishes the ground plan on which he builds his hopes—and shows his keen appreciation of high art by his medi-evil designs.

RIBER! REMORSE! RETRIBUTION!

Grindoff enters to a cue said, and is a-cc-t-seed himself.

THE SHEATH! THE SUBTERFUGE! THE SUSPICION!

The House adjourns with the Count out.

THE CRY! THE CRISIS! THE CRIMINAL!

THE WOLF'S LAIR.

W. BROADFOOT.

Also the layer of the train—the Snooze, the Rub, and the Fuse!—How Grindoff draws a high prize, and how Ravina looks blank at her own *lot-sorry!*—Solo on the besse vial by Ravina.

REVENGE! REPENTANCE! AND RECOGNITION!

RIBER'S HOUSE—THE FLASK.

Lochair appears a host in himself—Solicitude of Kalmar—the Lost Child—the Miller, unmasked, determined to strike out a new line, and throws down his broad gauge as a commencement—the Wolf and the Tiger—Obtrusive, but, it is hoped, not unwelcome appearance of an old friend.

THE MILL!

Also the Fight—how Count Frederick appears, and Claudina's sinking hopes are raised by that *free-derrière!*—how Ravina first manages to catch her laid train, and how the train of events carries us to the Grand Terminus

UP IN THE AIR,

As imagined and depicted by Mr. A. CALVERT, where, all differences being adjusted, the Piece, and, it is hoped, the audience, will arrive at a

S A T I S F A C T O R Y C O N C L U S I O N .

THE
MILLER AND HIS MEN.



SCENE FIRST.—*The Banks of a River—sunset.—Wind-mill at work in the distance, L. C.—Cottage in front, R.—MILLERS in perspective, with sacks, descend from the mill—small boats then issue from a cavern and pass off to R.—a large boat enters, R. U. E., and the MILLERS land with their sacks—the boat returns.*

OPENING CHORUS.

Who would suppose,
Under our clothes,
We're desperate villains—very.
When the mill stops,
On travellers we drop,
Their chink make 'em lay down merry.
Exeunt MILLERS, R.

Enter KELMAR, from cottage, R.

KELMAR. Early and late the miller thrives. Ah, me!
My tenant once, but now my landlord's he.
Last Spring my fortune fell and I lost all;
In fact, to me, it proved both Spring and fall.
I was the tumbler in that fall upset—
That Spring and fall embraced my summerset.
The year in fact's played leap year with my woe,
Would it might jump to a conclusion so;
In fact I may say that it's bound to stop.
A once drain'd tumbler knows no further drop!

Enter CLAUDINE over bridge, L. U. E.

Ha, ha, Claudine, my dear, returned at last?
How slow you've been!

CLAU. You wouldn't have me fast?

The ferry, cross the millstream, was delayed,
So I'd to wait, it was too deep to wade.

KELMAR. But I'm too deep for you t' evade me, miss.

CLAU. The simple cause of my delay was this—
Lothair—

KELMAR. A very simple cause, indeed;

A simpler cause than he I never see'd.

He's after you, I fear—you're ne'er apart.

CLAU. He's one, I own, that's after my own heart.

KELMAR. In that case soon come up with it he ought;

The heart I fear would stand still to be caught.

Pooh, pooh, he is too poor to think e'er of a tie.

CLAU. You needn't be pooh, pooh'er of his poverty.

KELMAR. To his poor level he'd my darling drag.

Talk no more of him—he's not worth a rag.

Grindoff's the man for my money—that is,

I mean to say, that I'm the man for his—

He'd take me in as partner.

CLAU. That may be—

As partner he shall never take in me.

KELMAR. My fortune will from that there rise have dated;

While I shall be like him a miller-rated.

CLAU. The miller, by profession, I'm afraid,

Would find that he a miller was *by trade*.

KELMAR. Surely his open brow knows no deceiving?

CLAU. He's one, papa, whom seeing would *be-leaving*.

KELMAR. He has proposed for you; and though, my dear,

That you detest the man, it's very clear.

Think of the many comforts you'd enjoy—

And though I would not harshly, love, employ

A parent's right, still if you keep unkind,

You'll simply be my death—but never mind,

For I can bear it.

CLAU. Father!

KELMAR. (*tapping his breast*) See there! strike it!

I'm used to cruelty, and rather like it.

't let these faint suggestions, dear, alarm you,
 . . . virtue too much, dear, to ever harm you.
 Though there's no saying what if you don't right do,
 A fond but irritated father might do.
 To your papa you duty owe—I feel
 That *papa duty's* one you can't repeal.

CLAU. Severe? delicious! Angry? ecstasy!
 'Tis the first time you ever threatened me!

KELMAR. My child!

CLAU. Oh, dear! I beg you won't come round.
 If you would only dash me to the ground—
 Shut me up in my room—starve or ill-treat me—

KELMAR. Don't be absurd!

CLAU. If you would only beat me,
 I should be so obliged.

KELMAR. Nonsense! have done!

CLAU. (*pettishly*) Won't even let me be an "injured one!"
 CLAUDINE goes into cottage, R.

Enter LOTHAIK, agitated, over 'bridge, L.

LOTH. Kelmar—alone!

KELMAR How can you ask a loan?

LOTH. Bother! I mean, has Claudine this way flown?
 She left me, and she fled I knew not whither.

KELMAR. (*dryly*) An' you not with her! thought you
 were together?

LOTHAIK. Say she is safe!

KELMAR. 'Tis no affair of yours,
 But if 'twill gratify you, she's in doors.

LOTH. (*frantically clutching* KELMAR) She's saved! ha,
 KELMAR. Ha, ha! what means that laugh? [ha!

You're too familiar, boy, by *ha ha* half!
 Catch hold o' me? I'm not to be cajoled!

LOTHAIK. (*wildly*) Hear me, *old bloke*, don't on my love
 blow cold. (*KELMAR turns away*)

In vain I ask—his heart seems heart of oak.

I cannot get a chip of the old bloke.

Listen.—As through the forest brake I came,

I chanced to break upon a little game.

Two peasants—

KELMAR. (*aside*) Pheasants!

LOTH. They were *damage faisant*,
At least their looks foreboded nothing pleasant;
Two less inviting parties ne'er were seen,
And augur'd something awkward to Claudine!

KELMAR. Claudine!

LOTH. And had they not observed assistance
Hovering near, (*aside*) at a respectful distance,
They'd ha' quick torn your daughter from my arms.
As done in *dark* *Victoria* melodramas.

KELMAR. Was it her watch attracted or her charms?
To make up to her, then, of course you flew?

LOTH. Make up to her? you said I wasn't to.
The oddest part about the matter is,
In each I'm sure I recognised the phiz
Of one of Grindoff's millers.

KELMAR. Go along;
I know what prompts the burden of your song.

LOTH. Well, I misdoubt the whole lot of those fellows.

KELMAR. You say that now, only because you're jealous.
'Tis rivalry has coloured your remark—
A rival's suit is uniformly dark.
You hate him!

LOTH. Yes; and if I prove him traitor,
Will you be in my hate participator?
Ere I repeat my offer for her hand,
Myself will hover round this thievish band—
Track Grindoff to his haunt, our friends then rally,
And play the game off on his old *haunt* Sally.

DUET.—“T'other side o' Jordan.”

LOTH. So, off I start at once,
But don't you breathe a word,
Of our compact or my plan he may get wind of.
And write me down a dunce,
If I do not like a bird,
Quickly circumvent the other side o' Grindoff!

KELMAR. You're honest though you're poor,
And if you don't succeed,
Which is very, very probable, indeed, boy,