

**GRAND OPERATIC
AND CONCERT TOUR:
"GUY MANNERING"**

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Grand operatic and concert tour: "Guy Mannering" by Mr. W. Pyatt's

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MR. W. PYATT'S

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AND CONCERT TOUR:
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MR. W. PYATT'S

GRAND

Operatic and Concert Tour.

"GUY MANNERING."

CHARACTERS.

Colonel Mannering	_____
Henry Bertram	Mr. Sims Reeves
Dominie Sampson	Mr. E. M. Robson
Gilbert Glossin	Mr. Edwin Keene
Gabriel	Mr. George Fox
Julia Mannering	Miss E. Howson
Lucy Bertram	Miss Lucy Franklein
Meg Merriles	Mrs. Aynaley Cook

Other Characters by the Company.

Conductor Mr. Sidney Naylor

NOTTINGHAM:

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1879.



Bishop, H. R.

mus 577. 703

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GUY MANNERING.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An old-fashioned Chamber of Mrs. M'Candlish's Inn.

Several FARMERS and others at a table, R.C. drinking, &c.—Mrs. M'CANDLISH, the landlady, and Bailie MUCKLETHRIFT, at another L.C. at tea. A large comfortable fire R.C. &c. The curtain rises to the symphony of the following

GLEE.

The winds whistle cold,
And the stars glimmer red,
The flocks are in the fold,
And the cattle in shed.
When the hoar frost was chill
Upon moorland and hill,
And was fringing the forest bough,
Our fathers would trow!
The bonny brown bowl,
And so will we do now,
Jolly hearts!
And so will we do now!

Gaffer Winter may seize
Upon milk in the pail;
'Twill be long ere he freeze
The bold brandy and ale!
For our fathers so bold,
They laughed at the cold,
When Borneas was bending his brow;
For they quaffed mighty ale,
And they told a blithe tale,
And so will we do now.
Jolly hearts!
And so will we do now!

Mrs. M'CAN. A merry, social glee, and well sung, good neighbours. (*Exit Chorus.*) Who would have thought, when I was housekeeper at Ellangowan Castle, and Sir Godfrey Bertram member for the county, that I should sit here this night, landlady of the Gordon Arms in Kippletringan, expecting his only child to come to this poor house of mine, to pay off all his servants.

BAILIE. Ay, ay! the instability of human concerns; and who would have thought that Gibbie Glossin, the attorney (whom I, Robin Mucklethrift, the hardwareman, remember to have refused credit for a sixpenny penknife), should have been giving a grand dinner and claret, in your house this very day, on purchasing the estate of his aforesaid benefactor, and turning that only child out of doors; and he'll pay the bill, ready money, doubtless, Mrs. M'Candlish?

Mrs. M'CAN. That he does, or the devil a drop of wine shall go down his throat in this house. If it were not that we victuallers must keep open doors to all cattle, I'd soon clear the house of them. I trust Miss Bertram will not come up till to-morrow; I would not for a silver pound she found them ranting and rioting here.—*(Knocking without, L.H.)* And there she is, I doubt.

Enter JOCK JABOS, L.H.

—Well, Jock, is it Miss Bertram?

JOCK. No; it's only a single rider, mistress.

Mrs. M'CAN. A single rider! some Manchester lad in the cotton line. Well, he must just come in here.

Enter Colonel MANNERING, L.H., wrapped up in a great coat, as from horseback, ushered in by JABOS.

Col. MAN. Let me disturb nobody, landlady! your house is full, I understand; I can sit very well here.

Col. MAN. *(seating himself at the fire R.C.)* It's lucky the old inn was at hand to shelter me in this sudden storm. I wish I may find my kind friend at the castle well.

Mrs. M'CAN. I beg your honour's pardon. Would your honour choose any refreshment after your ride?

Col. MAN. If you please, my good lady.

BAILIE. Your honour to a Manchester rider! Psh!—*(aside to Mrs. M'Candlish, after eyeing Col. Mannering)* I'll soon find out what he is.—Any news of trade, friend? How's cotton in the market now?

Col. MAN. *(dryly.)* Cotton! Really, sir, I do not know.

BAILIE. Ay! you don't know. Humph! *(aside to Mrs. M'Candlish)*—He's in the hardware line! *(To Col. Mannering)* You'll be dealing in the steel article, I fancy?

Col. MAN. *(smiling.)* Steel! why, sir, you are a little nearer the mark.

BAILIE. I thought so; pray do you Birmingham folk find the never-spilling coal-scuttle answer in the trade? they go off pretty bobbishly here when they are double japped. I sent five to Ellangowan Castle last week.

Col. MAN. Ellangowan Castle, sir! I was on my road thither.

BAILIE. You need not trouble yourself, sir; I furnish them with all articles in your line at the lowest Birmingham prices.

Col. MAN. Sir!

BAILIE. Yes, sir, in the hardware line, and I shall suffer no interlopers *(advancing consequentially.)*

Col. MAN. Sir, you're an impertinent little fellow! Perhaps this is harder ware than you would like to deal in *(advancing his cane.)*

Mrs. M'CAN. *(interposing.)* Our Bailie, sir, is an honest little body, but he's apt to mistake. You were asking after Ellangowan, sir. Was it the old family, or the present, that you came to visit, sir?

C. I. MAN. I mean Sir Godfrey Bertram, of Ellangowan.

Mrs. M'CAN. Alas! you come too late for him, poor gentleman; he died last week, sir, under sad circumstances.

Col. MAN. Sir Godfrey Bertram dead!

BAILIE. A melancholy instance of the mutability of worldly matters; fallen from all his greatness, and twenty-seven pounds six shillings and eightpence half-penny in my books.

Col. MAN. Dead! Good heaven, I owed him much.

BAILIE. If you please to make me payment of the aforesaid sum, sir, I will give you a receipt for so much of your debt.

Col. MAN. He has no child?

Mrs. M'CAN. An only daughter, sir—thought to be an only child.

BAILIE. My receipt will be exactly the same as hers.

Col. MAN. Thought to be an only child! When I was in India I heard he had a son.

BAILIE. She lost her first husband, sir, on the very day that son disappeared.

Mrs. M'CAN. Ay, I did indeed! sixteen years ago (*crying*).

BAILIE. Well, don't cry so far back; he was a revenue officer, sir, and was found murdered in the wood hard by, by smugglers, it was supposed, headed by a desperate fellow, one Dirk Hatteraick, half devil, half Dutchman.

Mrs. M'CAN. The villain! that there should be such lawless, contraband ruffians suffered in a Christian land.

Col. MAN. I beg your pardon, madam; but may I ask what connection the misfortune of your first husband had with the young heir of Ellangowan?

Mrs. M'CAN. Yes, sure, your honour; little Harry Bertram, then a beautiful boy five years old, and his tutor, one Dominic Sampson, as they call him—you'll may be remember him, sir, if you remember Ellangowan long ago.

Col. MAN. A stiff, silent man, is he not?

BAILIE. The same, sir, half crazed with his learning, poor silly man, and knows nothing of business.

Mrs. M'CAN. He's a little absent, indeed, poor man; but very affectionate, and as simple as any child. Well, sir, this Dominic Sampson and little Henry Bertram were walking in the wood, and by came my poor husband, from looking down the coast, and offered to give the boy a ride on his horse, and bring him back to dinner to the castle in an hour; but lack-a-day! lack-a-day! that hour never came, for poor Duncan was found weltering in his blood!

Mrs. M'CAN. The murderous wretches; if I catch them I'll bring them to justice. (*Noise heard without L.H.*) Gracious heaven I hope that's not Miss Bertram come just now, before the house is clear of those drunken —, and if it is, what shall I do? for the room's close to the only one I have to shew her into. (*Goes and listens.*)

BAILIE. (*To Colonel.*) There was some little mistake between you and me, sir; you said you dealt in steel, whereby I thought—

Col. MAN. (*smiling.*) I *have* dealt in steel; I am an officer of the army, retired from service.

BAILIE. (*aside.*) Retired from service! then it would not be worth while to offer him my shop bill.

Col. MAN. And am just arrived from India, to settle in this neighbourhood. (*Retires up.*)

BAILIE. (*aside.*) From India, and settling here!—that's a different story!—*The BAILIE fumbles in his pockets, pulls out a spectacle-case, large pocket-book, &c., during which,*

Enter JOCK JABOS, L.H.

JOCK. Mistress! mistress! There's Miss Bertram, poor young lady, just stepping out of the chaise—you must go to them directly; and, mistress, who do you think yon gentleman is?

Mrs. M'CAN. Who, Jock?

JOCK. The great Colonel Mannering!

Mrs. M'CAN. He shall see Miss Bertram; he may be a good friend to the poor young lady. (*To COLONEL.*)—Your honour will excuse me, I must attend upon Miss Bertram, who is just arrived, sir.

Col. MAN. If you would take an opportunity of informing her a friend of her late father is anxious to be acquainted with her you will greatly oblige me.

Mrs. M'CAN. That will I, sir, and gladly. [*Exit L.H.*]

(*The BAILIE, who has found his Advertisement, struts up to the COLONEL, and presents it.*)

BAILIE. (L.) Colonel Mannering—sir! If on your settlement in a strange land, you should have occasion for fire-grates, tongs, pokers, shovels, coal-scuttles, plain or patent, candlesticks, snuffers, extinguishers, savealls, &c., &c., &c., you may be supplied as far as an extensive stock—

Col. MAN. (R.) And the mutability of human affairs—

BAILIE. True, sir!—will permit, at the sign of the Three Trout and the Frying-yan, kept by your humble servant, Robert Mucklethrift, Ironmonger and Brazier, of Kippletringan, in Scotland.

[*Exit R.H.*]

Col. MAN. The honest and worshipful magistrate, I perceive, doesn't lose sight of the main chance in the uncertainty of affairs. But yonder goes Miss Bertram. Poor girl! how pale and melancholy, and yet how engaging! Well, the daughter of my earliest friend shall not be left without a protector to shield her sorrows from injustice and oppression. [*Exit R.H.*]

SONG—"SCENES OF MY YOUTH."—LUCY BERTRAM.

Enter LUCY BERTRAM, Mrs. M'CANDLISH, FLORA, JOCK, and GRIZZY, L.H. bringing in boxes and various light luggage.

Mrs. M'CAN. Dear Miss Bertram, I ask pardon—I never was so sorry in all my life!—my house quite full, and a noisy party of gentlemen in the best room.

Miss B. Do not disturb yourself. I shall be but a few minutes in any one's way.

Mrs. M'CAN. And here is Dominie Sampson, your ladyship's old tutor, stalking upstairs out of your carriage.

Miss B. Do not suffer your people, my good dame, to exercise their merriment at the expense of that worthy man,

Mrs. M'CAN. Not for the world, my dear lady. But I beg pardon, Miss Bertram, there is a stranger, a gentleman, now in the house, who wishes to speak with you.

Miss B. If he has business, I suppose I must see him.

[Retires up stage.]

Enter DOMINIE SAMPSON, L.H. with an immensely large book under his arm, in old fashioned binding, and brass clasps, his appearance puritanical, ragged black clothes, blue worsted stockings, pewter-headed cane, &c., &c.

Mrs. M'CAN. (R.C.) You're welcome to Kippletringan, Mr. Sampson.

SAMP. Thanks, worthy madam. And how is your husband, Mr. Kennedy? (*observes her surprise.*) Eh! eh! out upon my tongue, he's dead! I meant honest Provost M'Candlish.

FLORA. (L.H. *pulling him by the sleeve.*) Why, Dominie Sampson, what are you about?—he's dead too. Would you bring forth the poor woman's husbands alive, one after the other?

SAMP. Prodigious!—(*he is confounded, and retires up the stage.*)

FLORA. Come, Mrs. M'Candlish, don't take it amiss; the poor Dominie, you know, is apt to make mistakes.

Mrs. M'CAN. 'Twas kindly meant in Mr. Sampson, I dare say; but both my dear departed husbands to be called to mind at once! oh! 'twas too distressing.

[Exit Mrs. M'CANDLISH R.]

FLORA. 'Twas indeed! too much for any woman to bear.

(*The DOMINIE by this time has opened his great book, and sits down upon a band-box, which gives way under him.*)

FLORA. Oh! my best bonnet. I had rather have had twenty husbands at once than had it spoiled.

SAMP. Prodigious! "*Ubi lapsus? Quid feci?*"

FLORA. *Fecy!* What's your *Fecy* to my bonnet?

Miss B. Flora!

FLORA. Yes, ma'am.—(*looking at DOMINIE*)—Mercy on me!—(*goes to MISS BERTRAM.*)

Miss B. Before I part with you, my good girl, I must thank you for the affectionate attention you have shown to me under my misfortunes.

FLORA. (*half crying.*) Don't mention it, madam, I shall never find such another mistress, I'm sure.

Miss B. Not so; I hope you will find, at least, as kind a mistress in the English young lady, Miss Mannering.

FLORA. I hope I may, ma'am; but I shall never cease to think of you and all your goodness. And poor Mr. Sampson, though he has spoiled my bonnet, poor dear good man! what will become of him now?

Miss B. That indeed is a grievous question. He was the tutor of my youth, my dear father's last and only friend. It is like a second separation from him; but it is part of the severity of my fate, and must be endured, however hard the struggle. Mr. Sampson!—Mr. Sampson!—(*SAMPSON is by this time deeply involved in his book, and does not hear her.*)

FLORA. (*looking over him.*) Come, Mr. Sampson, leave Jo-heefus, and attend to Miss Bertram.

SAMP. My honoured young lady! I crave pardon, I was oblivious. (*SAMPSON jumps up and runs with awkward eagerness, snatches up the snuffers, and snuffs out one candle, then another; and with ludicrous officiousness, draws the table, &c., &c., and advances towards MISS BERTRAM.*)

FLORA. Only see now! the poor dear man thinks himself in the parlour at Ellangowan, trimming the candles for my poor old master. to read the newspapers.

Miss B. You give yourself too much trouble, Mr. Sampson; it was not that I wanted of you, but I have a small account to settle; permit me—(*puts a little pocket-book into his hand.*)

SAMP. (*looking at it.*) Truly a very small duodecimo!—(*opens it, takes out a bank note, and unfolds it.*)—It is for the sum of fifty pounds. Prodigious! Is it your pleasure that I should hie me forth to procure little notes in exchange for the same?

Miss B. No, Mr. Sampson, but in my present circumstances, alone, almost without fortune, it is impossible—I have not, indeed, the means to support a household, and that note is your own, till some other situation—

SAMP. (*slow at first to comprehend, becomes agitated, and speaks with great feeling.*) No, Miss Lucy, never! If your father, whom I served and loved in prosperity and adversity, should rise from the dead, and bid me leave you, it were impossible! impossible! and that note, that note befits not me young lady. (*returning it.*)

Miss B. I know it is inadequate.—Yet, trifling as the recompense is, take it; oh, take it, I beseech you.

SAMP. (*pushing back her hand gently.*) Peradventure, Miss Lucy, you are too proud to share my pittance, and I grow wearisome unto you.

Miss B. (*greatly distressed.*) Oh, no; you are my father's old, his only faithful friend. I am not proud; heavens knows I have no reason to be so. But what, what can we do?

SAMP. I can teach! I can write—I can cypher! I can labour! (*solemnly.*) Heaven will protect!—heaven will provide always, if our wills and endeavours be not wanting. But I cannot—cannot be severed from the child of my affections, the daughter of my dear, dear master—I will be no burden, Miss Lucy; I will be, heaven willing, an aid—I—

[MISS BERTRAM turns away, much affected.

Enter Colonel MANNERING and Mrs. M^cCANDLISH unperceived R.U.E.

FLORA. (*interposing.*) Dear Mr. Sampson! you only distress yourself, and Miss Bertram; you had better take the—

SAMP. Woman! No. It is not the lucre—it is not the lucre! But I have eaten of her father's loaf, and drank of his cup for thirty years and upwards, and to think that I would leave his daughter, and leave her now in distress and dolour. No, Lucy Bertram—I crave pardon, Miss Bertram I would say—you need never opine it. You would not have put a favourite dog of your father's from your door,