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EXTRAVAGANZAS.



Testimonial Edition.



Chas: H. Clarke.

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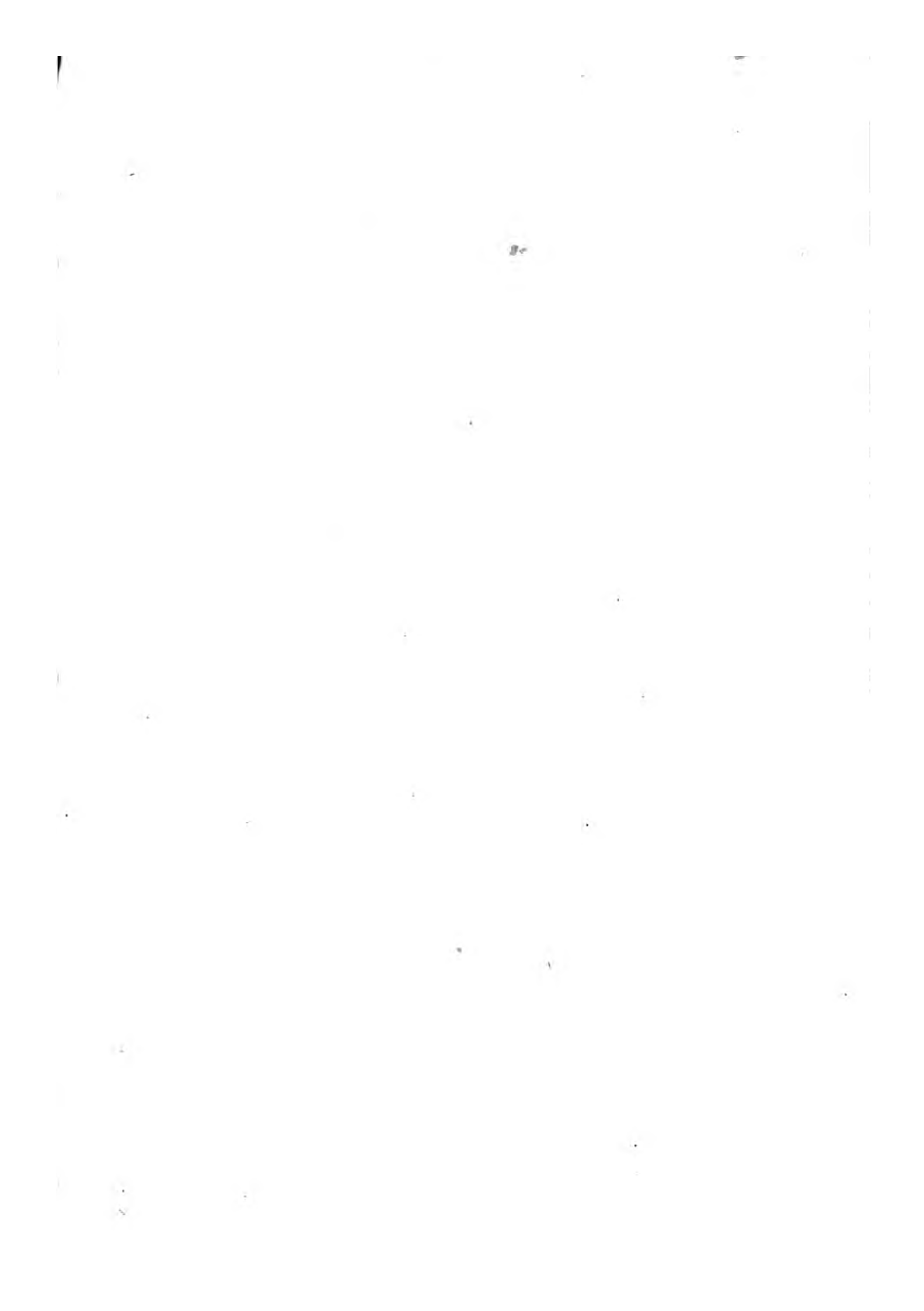
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Sincerely yours
Miscilla Reed

Testimonial Edition.

THE
EXTRAVAGANZAS

OF

J. R. PLANCHÉ, ESQ.,

(SOMERSET HERALD)

1825—1871.

EDITED BY

T. F. DILLON CROKER

AND

STEPHEN TUCKER (ROUGE CROIX).

VOL. III.

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THE GOLDEN FLEECE;

OR,

JASON IN COLCHIS,

AND

MEDEA IN CORINTH;

A Classical Extravaganza,

IN TWO PARTS.

First performed at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, Easter Monday,
March 24th, 1845.



THE GOLDEN FLEECE ;

OR,

JASON IN COLCHIS,

AND

MEDEA IN CORINTH.

I had contemplated, encouraged by the great success of "The Drama at Home," writing another *Revue* for Easter, but the performance of "Antigone" after the Greek manner, on a raised stage and with a chorus, which, assisted by Mendelssohn's music and the declamation of Miss Vandenhoff (daughter of the tragedian of that name), had made some sensation at Covent Garden, induced me to change my intentions. Having at that moment the valuable services of Madame Vestris and her husband again at my disposal, I could not resist the temptation to burlesque—not the sublime poetry of the Greek dramatist, I should have deemed it profanation—but the *modus operandi* of that classical period, which really illustrates the old proverbial observation that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. I therefore selected a subject which

might be treated ludicrously without any violation of good taste, and which would afford Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews the most favourable opportunity of displaying the peculiar talents with which they were so remarkably gifted. The lady, from her early training in Italian opera, would, independently of her personal appearance, be a magnificent Medea, and with Charles Mathews as the Chorus, in constant familiar communication with the audience, I felt confident of success. I was not disappointed. Their personation of these characters can never be forgotten by those who witnessed it, and they were admirably seconded by Miss P. Horton as Jason, and J. Bland, who doubled the Kings of Colchis and Corinth. The burlesque (for, call it what you will, it is an undeniable burlesque) was heartily relished by the public, and has been frequently revived with undiminished effect, the present Mrs. Mathews having adopted the part of Medea with considerable success, and it has been acted on nearly every stage, not only in this country, but in all the colonies and every city in the United States.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

(From Original Play-bill.)

THE FIRST PART.

Entirely original, founded on the third and fourth books of "The Argonautics," a poem by the late Apollonius Rhodius, Esq., Principal Librarian to His Egyptian Majesty Ptolemy Evergetes, Professor of Greek Poetry in the Royal College of Alexandria, &c., &c., and entitled

JASON IN COLCHIS.

ÆETES, KING OF COLCHIS (Possessor of the original Golden Fleece) MR. JAMES BLAND
 JASON (Commander of "The Argo," and son of Æson, the deposed King of Iolchos) ... MISS P. HORTON
 ANONYMOUS (Captain of the Royal Guards) ... MR. CAULFIELD
 MEDEA (Daughter of Æetes, an *enchanted* creature) MADAME VESTRIS
 ARGONAUTS (*i.e.*, crew of "The Argo")—By a *number* of Young Persons under *Fifty*.

Colchian Nobles, Sages, Guards, &c.

THE SECOND PART.

Very freely translated from the popular Tragedy of Euripides, and particularly adapted to the Haymarket stage, under the title of

MEDEA IN CORINTH.

CREON (King of Corinth) MR. JAMES BLAND
 (Who, by particular desire, and on this occasion only, has most
 obligingly consented to be twice the King he usually is at this festive
 season.)

JASON (Married but not settled, exceedingly
 classical, but very far from correct) MISS P. HORTON

MEDEA (Jason's lawfully wedded Wife, and
 mother of two fine boys, both likely to do
 well, which is more than can be said of
 their parents) MADAME VESTRIS

MERMEROS } (the two fine boys aforesaid) { MASTER ELDER
 PHERES } { MASTER YOUNGER

PSUCHE (a good old soul—Nurse to the two fine
 boys aforesaid)... .. MISS CARRE

Corinthians, Guards, &c.

N.B.—The Public is respectfully informed that, in order to produce
 this Grand Classical Work in a style which may defy competition in
 any other establishment, the Lessee has, regardless of expense, engaged

MR. CHARLES MATHEWS

to represent the whole body of the Chorus, rendering at least fifty-nine
 male voices entirely unnecessary.

The stage, which has been constructed after the approved fashion
 of the revived Greek Theatre, will be partially raised, but the prices of
 admission remain exactly as before. It is also requisite to observe that,
 frequent change of scene being contrary to the usage of the ancient
 Greek Drama, several of the most

SPLENDID PICTORIAL EFFECTS

Will be left entirely to the imagination of the audience.

ARGUMENT.

As the facts upon which the first part of this classical Extravaganza is founded are fully detailed in "The Argonautics," of Apollonius Rhodius, and do not admit of dispute, of course there can be no argument at all on the subject. But the case is different as regards the second part, inasmuch as Ælian declares that Medea did not murder her children, as represented by Euripides; but that they were disposed of, to use a mild phrase, by the people of Corinth, in revenge for the destruction of Creon and his daughter, by the very-much-injured-and-undoubtedly-with-sufficient-provocation-to-distraction-driven-better-half of Jason. The same erudite historian also states that the Corinthians actually paid five golden talents to Euripides to lay the *guilt* on Medea; and the author of the present drama has, therefore, most generously expended the only talent he possessed in altering the catastrophe so as to redeem the character of the unfortunate heroine. It may be as well also to mention that two characters in the Medea of Euripides, viz., Ægeus, King of Athens, and the pedagogue entrusted with the education of Medea's children, have been omitted in this version; the monarch, because he is supposed to be at home—and the schoolmaster, because he is known to be abroad.



THE GOLDEN FLEECE ;

OR,

JASON IN COLCHIS,

AND

MEDEA IN CORINTH.

PART FIRST.—JASON IN COLCHIS.

The Palace of ÆETES, King of Colchis—Three doors in centre, upon a raised stage, a large arch on each side.

As the curtain rises the ship Argo comes into port—ÆETES, attended, enters and takes his seat—JASON and the ARGONAUTS enter—Enter CHORUS in front of the raised stage, stopping ÆETES, who is about to speak.

CHORUS. Friends, countrymen, lovers, first listen tome,
I'm the Chorus ; whatever you hear or you see
That you don't understand, I shall rise to explain—
It's a famous old fashion that's come up again,
And will be of great service to many fine plays
That nobody can understand now-a-days ;
And think what a blessing, if found intervening,
When the author himself scarcely knows his own
meaning.
You may reap from it, too, an advantage still further ;
When an actor is bent upon marriage or murther,
To the Chorus his scheme he in confidence mentions,
'Stead of telling the pit all his secret intentions ;
A wondrous improvement you all will admit,
And the secret is just as well heard by the pit.
Verbum sat—To the wise I'll not put one more word in,
Or instead of a Chorus, they'll think me a *burden*,

But just say, this is Colchis, and that's King Æetes,
 And this is young Jason, he coming to meet is ;
 And there are the forty odd friends of young Jason,
 And that's their ship Argo, just entering the bason.
 At the end of each scene I shall sing you some history,
 Or clear up whatever is in it of mystery,
 But I can't tell you why—unless English I speak,
 For this very plain reason—there's no Y in Greek.

(retires)

ÆET. Ye who have dared to tread on Colchian ground
 Who and what are ye ? whence and whither bound ?

JAS. Hail, great Æetes, if you are no less ;
 My name is Jason, now perhaps you'll guess
 My errand here.

ÆET. We are not good at guessing ;
 Speak and remember whom you are addressing !
 Sun of the Sun, and grand-son of the Ocean,
 Of anything like nonsense we've no notion !

Air—JASON—"I am a brisk and lively lad."

I am a brisk and lively lad,
 As ever sailed the seas on,
 Cretheus was old Æson's dad,
 And I'm the son of Æson !
 With a yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, &c.

A martyr to rheumatic gout,
 A feeble king was he, sir ;
 So uncle Pelias kicked him out,
 And packed me off to sea, sir.
 With a yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, &c.

And now I've with a jolly crew,
 Sailed in the good ship Argo,
 To rub off an old score with you,
 Then back again to pa go.
 With a yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, &c.

ÆET. "Yeo ! yeo ! yeo ! yeo !" I never heard such lingo.
 Speak in plain words, you rascal, or by Jingo—

JAS. In one word, then, you killed my cousin Phryxus,
 And we are come for vengeance !

- ÆET. (*aside*) There he nicks us !
 (*aloud*) My good young man, it is so long ago,
 I scarce remember if I did or no ;
 Some little circumstance may have occurred
 Of that description, but upon my word——
- JAS. Nay, no evasion, you owe reparation.
- ÆET. I plead the statute, then, of limitation.
- JAS. Of limitation, in a case of murder ?
- ÆET. Why pursue such a subject any further ?
- JAS. Pursue a subject ! I pursue a king,
 And to the grindstone mean his nose to bring.
- ÆET. (*aside*) Bring my nose to the grindstone ! Father
 Phœbus !
 There is no “ modus ” in this fellow’s “ rebus ; ”
 He looks determined, bullying’s no use,
 To save my bacon, I must cook his goose !
 (*aloud*) What reparation, then, may purchase peace ?
- JAS. The restoration of the Golden Fleece,
 Of which you fleeced my cousin !
- ÆET. Pray be cool !
 All this great cry for such a little wool !
 To take it if you can, sir, you are free,
 No difficulty will be made by me ;
 But there are some obstructions in the way,
 Which must all be surmounted in one day.
- JAS. To them I beg immediate introduction.
- ÆET. Two bulls are one !
- JAS. One bull, or one obstruction ?
- ÆET. Two savage bulls, that breathe out fire and smoke ;
 You’ll have to catch and break them to the yoke.
 Then plough four acres, yonder crag beneath,
 And sow them with a set of serpent’s teeth,
 From which will spring of soldiers a fine crop,
 Whose heads, to save your own, you off must chop ;
 Then if the dragon set to guard the treasure
 Will let you, you may take it at your pleasure.
- JAS. In one day this must all be done ?
- ÆET. Just so.
- JAS. Anything else in a small way ?
- ÆET. Why, no.
 There’s nothing else occurs to me at present.
- JAS. What will occur to me is most unpleasant.

ÆET. It's optional, you know, you needn't do it
Unless you like.

JAS. Honour compels me to it.

OFFICER. The Princess !

Enter MEDEA.

JAS. Gods ! a goddess, sure, I gaze on.

ÆET. My daughter, sir—Medea, Mr. Jason !

(introduces them)

*Quartetto—JASON, MEDEA, ÆETES, and ANONYMOUS—
"Donna del Lago."*

JAS. *To Kalon*, to sail on
In quest of, who would deign now ?
Eureka ! to seek a
Supremer bliss were vain now !
Pros Theōn ! my knee on
I sink before such beauty !
Medea, to thee a
Poor Grecian pays his duty.

MED. *(aside)* O Jason, thy face on
I wish I ne'er had looked, sir !
So spicy and nice he
Is—I'm completely hooked, sir !
His glances like lances,
Right through my heart he throws, O !
Enraptured ! I'm captured
By that fine Grecian nose, O !

ÆET. *(aside)* By Jupiter Ammon !
If me he thinks to gammon,
Despite of his mettle
His hash I soon will settle ;
I'll hang at least forty
Of these bold Argonautæ,
I'll scuttle the Argo
And confiscate the cargo !

MED. *(aside)* Sure there ne'er was such a duck, sir !
Down he seems upon his luck, sir !
I will cheer him—safely steer him ;
And for him will run a muck, sir.
Teach him how to plough and sow.

JAS. (*aside*) Overboard my cares I'd chuck, sir,
If to Greece with me she'd go.

ÆET. (*to JASON*) Pray walk in, and take pot luck, sir,
(*aside*) For full soon to pot you go!
Staring like a pig that's stuck, sir,
To the ground he seems to grow!

ANON. (*aside*) Down he seems upon his luck, sir,
To a goose he can't say "boh!"

(*Exeunt ÆETES, JASON, and ARGONAUTS*)

MED. Too lovely youth! would I had ne'er set eyes on
him!

Papa had better mind what tricks he tries on him.
O Eros! vulgarly called Cupid, oh!
Thou God of Love! in all the Greek I know,
And that's not much, I will apostrophise thee!
In vain the heart of mortal woman flies thee!
I, even I, feel sure that very soon I
Shall be on that young man exceeding spoony!

Air—MEDEA—"John Anderson."

You wanton son of Venus,
My heart in twain you've rent;
Against no other maiden,
Could your wicked bow be bent?
It may seem very bold, but
I love young Jason so;
If he were to pop the question, I
Don't think I could say, "No."
If you wool gathering go, love,
My wits the wool shall gather—
In one boat we will row, love,
In spite of wind and weather;
And if to Davy Jones, love,
We hand in hand should go,
We'll sleep together in the old
Boy's locker down below.

(*Exit MEDEA—CHORUS advances*)

CHORUS. Young ladies, I'm sure you need no explanation
Of the cause of Medea's extreme perturbation;
And yet he's so handsome—this young Grecian swain,
You'll none of you say that the cause is too *plain*.

However, my business at present is merely
 To tell what may not have appeared quite so clearly ;
 The cause of the voyage, which in the ship Argo
 Young Jason has taken ; and why this embargo
 Is laid on the fleece, which lies here on the shelf ;
 And as I'm the Chorus, I'll sing it myself.

Song—CHORUS—“ The Tight Little Island.”

There reigned once on a time, o'er Bœotia's clime,
 A King (Athamas he's known by name as) ;
 He packed off his first wife, and thought her the worst
 wife,

Till the second the first proved the same as.
 The second was Ino, who, you know,
 Was very displeasing to Juno,
 And a shocking step-mother the children of t'other
 Found her to their cost pretty soon, oh !

She threatened with slaughter her step-son and daughter,
 But a ram with a fine golden fleece, sir,
 Flew up thro' the sky, with them so very high,
 They could not see the least spot of Greece, sir !
 They got in a deuce of a fright, sir,
 Poor Helle, she couldn't hold tight, sir !
 She fell in the sea, but the young fellow he
 Came over to Colchis all right, sir !

What do you think this nice man did, as soon as he
 landed

And found himself safe, the young sinner ?
 He saw the King's daughter, made love to, and caught
 her,

And had the poor ram killed for dinner.
 'Twas very ungrateful you'll say, sir,
 But, alas ! of the world it's the way, sir,
 When all a friend can you have done for a man,
 He'll cut you quite dead the next day, sir.

But his father-in-law, who the Golden Fleece saw,
 Thought, “ Oh, oh ! two can play at that game, sir.”
 And so one fine morning, without any warning,
 He served Master Phryxus the same, sir.

Before they knew what he was at, sir,
 He killed him as dead as a rat, sir.
 He stuck him right thro'—'twas a wrong thing to do,
 But kings don't stick at trifles like that, sir.

Well, to finish my song, which is getting too long,
 He hung up his famed Golden Fleece, sir,
 On a tree in his park, and, by way of a lark,
 Set a dragon to act as police, sir ;
 If Medea don't help him, you see, sir,
 Sharp work it for Jason will be, sir ;
 The Altar of Hecat'
 They're coming to speak at,
 But of course that's betwixt you and me, sir.

(CHORUS retires)

Enter MEDEA, bearing a small golden box, followed by JASON.

JAS. Turn, fair enchantress, too bewitching maid !
 A doating lover supplicates your aid ;
 A thousand charms all own that you possess,
 Spare one to get me out of this sad mess.
 Lo, I implore you, sinking on my sad knee—
 Remember Theseus and Ariadne ;
 To thread the labyrinth a clue she gave him,
 And from the beast (half bull, half man) to save
 him,
 Went the whole hog.

MED. She did, I don't deny it,
 And brought her pigs to a fine market by it.
 Deceiv'd, deserted, on destruction's brink,
 She rushed to Bacchus—that is, took to drink.
 To draw a parallel—should Fate decree
 As A to B, so C would be to D.

JAS. If I be C, and D my friend in need,
 When C proves false to D, may C be D—d !

MED. Great Hecate ! hear my ditto to that oath,
 And for the same dark journey book us both.
 If true to Jason I do not remain,
 Send me to Hades by the first down train.
 Now mark this box of ointment, do not doubt—
 Whate'er your foes, this salve will sarve 'em out,

With it anointed, you may boldly take
 Bulls by the horns, nor fear a bull to make.
 Thro' the hard soil 'twill speed the plough, and
 bear,
 In all thy labours, more than the plough's share.
 When sown the serpent's teeth, prepare to fight ;
 It's no use shewing teeth if you can't bite.
 But as the soldiers rise, first take a sight at 'em ;
 Then pick up the first stone and shy it right at 'em,
 On which, each thinking it was thrown by t'other,
 They'll all draw swords and cut down one another.
 An easy victory you thus may reap.
 As to the dragon pa has set to keep
 Watch o'er the fleece, so vigilant and grim,
 I'll mix a dose that soon shall doctor him.

JAS. My dear Medea ! O Medea, my dear !
 How shall I make my gratitude appear ?
 If I succeed, I swear, to Greece I'll carry you,
 And there, as sure as you're alive, I'll marry you.

MED. Enough, I take your word, and you my casket.
 My heart was Jason's ere he came to ask it.
 But oh, beware ! I give you early warning.
 If, your pledged faith and my fond passion scorning,
 You with another venture to philander,
 To the infernal regions off I'll hand her,
 And lead you such a life as on my word will
 Make e'en the cream of Tartarus to curdle.

Duo—JASON and MEDEA—“ Ebben a té ferisce.”

JAS. Ye gods and little fishes
 Record my vows and wishes :
 If from the walls of Æea
 Thou'lt fly with me, Medea,
 To fair Thessalia's shore,
 Thee will I wed.
 By I.una ! thy mother,
 And Phœbus ! her brother,

JAS. Thee will I } marry ! { thee will I } marry lawfully!
 MED. Me will he } { me will he }
 The charmer—the charmer— { I adore !
 { He adores !

AIR—" *Giorno d'orrore.*"

BOTH. Bulls loudly roaring on mischief bent, O!
 Broke to the yoke shall be in one moment, O!
 Scores of old grinders drawn out for glory,
 The unctuous spell shall quickly quell!
 And grease for Greece fight *con amore!*

Oh, how, then, crow will { he over papa!
 { I o'er her papa!

MED. Then serenely to distant Thessalia,
 Colchian Medea the sea will cross o'er;

JAS. There a queen, in all her regalia,
 She a palace will reign in once more.

MED. Oh, an Alpha Cottage with thee, love,
 I could share, nor deem it a bore!

JAS. And with thee content I could be, love,
 In the poorest attic floor!

But 'tis time that off I went, O!
 Soon we meet to part no more!

MED. Be this charm a sweet memento
 Of the maid whom you adore!

(*Exit JASON*)

He's gone! and yet his god-like form before us
 Appears to hover. (CHORUS *advances*) Ah, my gentle
 Chorus,

You, the impartial confidant of all—
 You, to whom every Colchian, great or small,
 Imparts his hope or fear on this sad stage,
 Have I done wrong with Jason to engage
 In this great struggle 'gainst my royal sire?

CHORUS. It's rather——

MED. Silence, sir, I don't require
 To be told that, whatever it may be
 You were about to say; but answer me,
 Have I done wrong?

CHORUS. You——

MED. Interrupt me not.
 Have I done wrong, I ask? if so, in what?

CHORUS. I——

MED. Ah! your silence answers me too plainly.

CHORUS. But——

MED. And you offer consolation vainly.

'Gainst Fate's decree to strive, who has the brass?
 For what must be comes usually to pass.
 So let me haste and pack up my portmanteau—
 I've got that horrid dragon to enchant, too!

CHORUS. If I might ask—

MED.

How that I mean to do?

In confidence, I don't mind telling you.
 This dragon is a very artful dodger,
 And sleeps with one eye open—the sly codger!
 Now, as we daren't approach, a stick to pop in it,
 The only chance is if he gets a drop in it;
 For though notoriously a scaly fellow,
 He's not the least objection to get mellow,
 At any one's expense, except his own.
 He's partial to an ardent spirit, known
 By several names, and worshipped under all;
 Some "Cupid's eye water" the liquor call,
 "White Satin" some, whilst others, wisely viewing
 The baneful beverage, brand it as "Blue Ruin."
 A plant called juniper the juice supplies,
 And oft beneath Hyperborean skies,
 A bowl-full, mixed with raisins of the sun,
 Gay youths and maidens set on fire for fun,
 And call it "snap-dragon." Now, my specific
 Is this—I'll brew a potent soporific,
 And in it steep a branch of this fell tree,
 Which, when the dragon sniffs, with eager glee,
 He'll fall o'erpowered by its strong aroma,
 Into what doctors call a state of coma,
 And if into his eyes he gets a drop,
 'Twill change the coma into a full stop.
 Then off with Jason and the Golden Fleece,
 I fly to Thessaly, "as slick as grease."

DUET—*French Air.*

MEDEA	<i>and</i>	CHORUS.
Now farewell, for I must go,		Oh!
To invoke my magic ma,		Ah!
Then to pack my portmanteau,		Oh!
Ere I plunder poor papa.		Ah!

When from Colchis far away, Eh ?
 With the only Greek I know, Oh !
 To my Jason I will say— Eh ?
 "Zoe mou sas agapo." Oh !

(Exit MEDEA)

CHORUS. Æetes comes, looking as black as thunder,
 And when you hear the cause you'll say "no wonder ;"
 For Jason, aided by Medea's spell,
 Has done the trick, and done the King as well.
 You'll think, perhaps, you should have seen him do it,
 But 'tisn't classical—you'll hear, not view it.
 Whatever taxed their talent or their means,
 These sly old Grecians did *behind* the scenes ;
 So fired with their example, boldly we
 Beg you'll suppose whate'er you wish to see.

Enter ÆETES, attended, and JASON.

*Song and Chorus—JASON, ÆETES, OFFICER, and CHORUS—
 Heiterersinn Polka.*

ÆET.,	{	Here's a precious row, sir !
OFFICER,		What shall we do now, sir ?
& CHORUS.	{	will you

He takes the bulls
 And down he pulls,
 And yokes them to the plough.
 He tills the acres four, sir,
 And what's the greater bore, sir,
 The teeth he sows,
 And down he mows,
 { My soldiers by the score !
 { Your

JAS. Glorious Apollo ! the victory's mine !
 Out of your son I have taken the shine ;
 Spite of his teeth and his troops of the line,
 Cock of the walk am I !

ÆETES,	{	Here's a precious row, sir, &c.
OFFICER,		
& CHORUS }		

JAS. Lo ! King of Colchis, all my tasks are done,
 And yet o'er Caucasus behold the sun.

ÆET. Still from the dragon you the fleece must win,
 Ere out of this you get in a whole skin.
 Wound up, you'll find his watch he'll always keep,
 You sooner might a weasel catch asleep,
 And shave his eyebrow—so about it go ;
 If he don't eat you, call and let me know. (Exit)

JAS. So, then, I've worked the whole day like a nigger,
 To cut at last this mighty silly figure !
 Like a Lord Chancellor, compell'd to pack,
 I've lost the *wool*, and only got the *sack*.
 For where's Medea, with her magic flagon—
 The dose that was to doctor that deep dragon ?
 She's chang'd her mind, she neither comes nor
 sends,
 And fate cries, " Kick him, he has got no friends."
 Embasian Phœbus, thou ungrateful sun !
 Was it for this a salted Sally Lunn
 We offered thee, the night before the day
 The Minyans left the Pegasœan Bay ?
 Wilt thou descend behind Promethean Caucasus,
 Forgetful that on earth such creatures walk as us ?
 Deaf on the shores of Aramanthine Phasis,
 To him who made thy altars burn like blazes !
 And vowed to roast whole oxen to thee, more
 Than ever hailed a son and heir before.
 Magnus Apollo *thou ?* Pooh ! go to bed,
 In Tethis' lap hide thy diminished head.
 No sun of mine!—to say it I am glad ;
 But were I Zeus, thy immortal dad,
 I would myself the world, without a blush, light,
 And cut thee off without a farthing rushlight.

Air—JASON—" *Then farewell, my trim-built wherry.*"

Now, farewell, my trim-built Argo—
 Greece and Fleece, and all farewell ;
 Never more, as supercargo,
 Shall poor Jason cut a swell !

To the dragon, quite a stranger,
 All alone, I'm left to go ;
 And to think upon my danger,
 Makes me feel extremely low.

My catastrophe too plain is ;
 Hecate's daughter seals my doom !
 Come, then, friends, to Jason's *manes*,
 Sacrifice a *hecatomb* !

What do I see ? Oh, Sol, I ask your pardon,
 I've been too hasty—Yonder, through the garden,
 Medea comes to save her doating Jason.

Enter MEDEA, *carrying a bowl of lighted spirits, and in the other a branch of juniper.*

What's that she carries burning in a bason ?

MED. A dainty dish to set before the dragon.
 His scaly shoulders how his head will wag on,
 When first the odour of this branch he twigs ;
 But if a drop out of this bowl he swigs,
 Deeming it gin—all is not gold that glitters—
 To him 'twill prove a dose of gin and bitters.

JAS. Matchless Medea ! I'm all admiration.

MED. Silence, whilst I commence my *gin*-cantation.

Song—MEDEA—“ *The Mistletoe Bough.*”

The juniper bough* to my aid I call.
 Its spirit of millions has worked the fall ;
 And the dragon is longing snap-dragon to play,
 Like a boy on a Christmas holiday.
 Above him, behold my father's pride—
 The beautiful fleece—the golden ram's hide.
 But stop till the monster asleep you see,
 For he's mighty awkward company.
 Wave the juniper bough,
 Wave the juniper bough.

(*Exit* MEDEA, *waving the bough*)

JAS. Arise, ye Minyans.

Enter ARGONAUTS.

If again ye'd scan
 Thessalia's shore, make all the sail you can.

* “ A branch of Juniper the maid applies,
 Steep'd in a baneful potion, to his eyes.”
Argonautics, B. 3 L. 173. *Fawkes (Guy?) Translation.*

For "pris'ners base" you'll soon be, with your skipper,
If once her dad is roused to "hunt the slipper."

(*Exeunt ARGONAUTS*)

Re-enter MEDEA.

MED. Behold the monster, overcome by sleep,
Nods to his fall, like ruin on a steep;
'Tis done! He sinks upon the ground, supine,
His end approaches, make it answer thine.
Hence! With bold hand the fleecy treasure tear
Down from this beech, and hasten to that there.

*Music—JASON goes off, re-enters with the fleecce, and exit with
MEDEA.*

CHORUS. With her bold Argonaut Medea flies,
Though, "Ah, go not!" the voice of duty cries.
With golden wool her ears sly Cupid stops,
And, like a detonator, off she pops,
In peace to pass, with Jason, all her days,
Till he or she the debt o' natur' pays.

(*retires—Distant shout*)

Enter ÆETES.

ÆET. My mind misgives me—wherefore was that shout?
What ho! my slaves within!—my guards without!

(*Enter GUARDS and SAGES*)

We are betrayed! robbed! murdered! See—oh,
treason!

Yonder he goes, that young son of—old Æson.
He's killed my dragon—stolen my Golden Fleece—
To arms, my Colchians! Stop thief! Police!

(*Exeunt GUARDS*)

CHORUS. (*advancing*) Be calm, great King—'tis destiny's
decree.

ÆET. How dare you talk of destiny to me!
What right have you with such advice to bore us?

CHORUS. Sir, I'm the chorus.

ÆET. Sir, you're indecorous.

Where is my daughter?

CHORUS. Hopped off with the skipper.

ÆET. Impious Medea ! may the furies whip her
At the cart's tail of Thespis.

(Enter OFFICER and GUARDS)

Now, your news ?

OFFICER. Your son, Absyrtus——

ÆET. Speak——

OFFICER. My lips refuse

Almost, O King, to tell the horrid tale.

ÆET. My heir apparent ?

OFFICER. Dead as a door nail !

ÆET. Say in what manner hath his spirit fled ?

OFFICER. The fist of Jason punched his royal head.

Upon the shores of rapid-rolling Ister,
The youthful prince o'ertook his faithless sister,
When Pelian Jason, on his knowledge box,
Let fly a blow that would have felled an ox—
Black'd both his precious eyes, before so blue,
And from his nose the vital claret drew.

ÆET. Ah, me ! That blow has fallen on my pate.

CHORUS. In Jason's fist behold the hand of fate.

ÆET. I do—I do ! that hits me right and left.

My daughter's stolen what I gained by theft.

Phryxus I slew—my son is now a shade ;

Put me to bed, ye Colchians, with a spade.

That fatal punch—I feel it in my noddle.

And down to Pluto I but ask to toddle.

CHORUS. Have patience, man, and learn this truth sublime—

You can't go even *there* before your time !

*Thunder and lightning—The Palace sinks, and the Argo is
seen under sail, with JASON, MEDEA, and the ARGONAUTS.*

END OF PART FIRST.

PART SECOND.—MEDEA IN CORINTH.

*The Palace of CREON, Corinth—On one side the country ;
on the other side the city, with MEDEA'S house.*

Enter CHORUS.

CHORUS. The bills have informed you, some years have
passed by,

Since we parted in Colchis ; then Colchian was I ;
 Now in Corinth, of course, I'm Corinthian, in order
 To hold in this city the place of recorder.
 Imprimis.—The King of this state is called Creon.
 By the way, no relation to him whom you see on
 The throne of old Thebes, the car celebrated
 By Antigone check'd and Eurydice mated ;
 No, this is another guess sort of a person,
 Whose daughter, fair Glauce's, a girl to write verse on.
 Now it happens, you see, that Medea and Jason,
 Whose conduct in Greece has brought both some
 disgrace on,
 Came hither to court, and the libertine saucy
 Begg'd Creon's permission to come to court Glauce,
 And got it, by this very shameful duplicity—
 Disturbing Medea's connubial felicity,
 In a manner that really is most reprehensible
 In a family man—in short, quite indefensible—
 And in one so well knowing the lady's vivacity,
 An act which says little for Jason's sagacity ;
 But here comes the Nurse, who is hired to take care of
 The boys, which Medea has brought him a pair of.
 She's a querulous, gossiping, ancient Greek *gammer*,
 In matters of this sort as down as a hammer.

Enter NURSE.

NURSE. Oh, that the hull of that fifty-oared cutter—the
 Argo,
 Between the Symplegades, never had passed with its
 cargo !
 Indeed, I may say that I wish, upon Pelion, the pine
 trees.
 Of which it was built had remained, as they were, very
 fine trees ;
 For had there been never a boat in which man could
 have brought her,
 My poor ill-used missis had never come over the
 water ;
 Nor—having, for that wicked Jason, cut all her con-
 nections—
 Seen another young lady possessing her husband's
 affections.

- CHORUS. Good woman, you seem in a terrible taking !
 May I ask you if any more mischief is making ?
 Is there anything new, pray, respecting the scandal
 To which our friend Jason is giving a handle ?
- NURSE. As I was a-walking, just now, by the fount of
 Pirene,
 I heard an old file say to another "I'll bet you a
 guinea
 That Creon, in order to bring about his daughter's
 marriage,
 Will pack off Medea and both her brats in a second
 class carriage,
 Clean out of the kingdom."
- CHORUS. And does she suspect his intention ?
- NURSE. I don't know, and to her I don't fancy the matter to
 mention ;
 She's half wild as it is, and quite crazy I think it would
 drive her,
 To be passed to her parish without, in her pocket, a
 stiver.
- MED. (*within*) O me ! alas ! alack, and well-a-day !
- NURSE. Hush, that's her voice—she's in a precious way !
- CHORUS. Persuade her here awhile in verse to spout ;
 She seems in famous voice for singing out.
- NURSE. I'll do my best—but, when so loud you hear her,
 It's rather dangerous to come a-near her. (*Exit*)
- CHORUS. She'll comb young Jason's wig—and serve him
 right !
 I'll bet five talents he's been out all night.

Enter MEDEA.

- MED. O ! mighty Theseus and adored Diana !
 How long must I be treated in this manner ?
 The wretch to whom my virgin faith was plighted ;
 To whom, in lawful wedlock, I'm united,
 Has gone and popped the question to another,
 And left me of two chopping boys the mother !

Song—MEDEA—"The Fine Young English Gentleman."

- I'll tell you a sad tale of the life I've been led of late,
 By the false Bœotian Boatswain, of whom I am the mate :

Who quite forgets the time when I pitied his hard fate,
 And he swore eternal constancy by all his gods so great ;
 Like a fine young Grecian gentleman
 One of the classic time !

Now he lives in a fine lodging, in the palace over there,
 Whilst I and his poor children are poked in a back two pair ;
 And though he knows I've scarcely got a second gown to
 wear,
 He squanders on another woman every farthing he's got to
 spare
 Like a false young Grecian gentleman,
 One of the classic time.

He leaves me to darn his stockings, and mope in the house
 all day,
 Whilst he treats her to see " Antigone," with a box at the
 Grecian play,
 Then goes off to sup with Corinthian Tom, or whoever he
 meets by the way,
 And staggers home in a state of beer, like (I'm quite ashamed
 to say)
 A fine young Grecian gentleman,
 One of the classic time.

Then his head aches all the next day, and he calls the
 children a plague and a curse,
 And makes a jest of my misery, and says, " I took him for
 better or worse ;"
 And if I venture to grumble, he talks, as a matter of course,
 Of going to modern Athens, and getting a Scotch divorce !
 Like a base young Grecian gentleman,
 One of the classic time. (CHORUS *advances*)

MED. (*to* CHORUS) Oh, thou Corinthian column of the
 nation,

Behold a woman driven to desperation.

CHORUS. Unhappy one! But you won't stand it, surely?

MED. No! I will be revenged on all most purely,
 But whatsoe'er my project, be thou dumb
 As doleful Dido.

CHORUS. Madam, I am mum!
 All decent people sure your side must be on—
 But Creon comes to act a new decree on.

Enter CREON, attended.

CRE. Madam, 'tis——

CHORUS. (*to CREON*) Stop! Though in another wig,
D'ye think the public won't Æetes twig?
You, Creon?

CRE. Now I am, and you should know it;
I play two parts to-night.

CHORUS. Oh, well then, go it.
'Twas to prevent confusion—don't be nettled.

CRE. The bills already have the matter settled;
Therefore, thou most inveterate of praters,
Close up the trap through which you put your taters.
(*to MEDEA*) Madam, 'tis not my custom to mince
matters,

So have the goodness to pack up your tatters;
And, with your brats, pack off, in less than no time.

MED. Banished! (*aside*) But I'll dissemble, and gain so
time.

(*aloud*) May I of this new crotchet ask the reason?

CRE. We do suspect that you are up to treason;
And, as to cut our throat you might incline,
We take a stitch in time that may save nine.

MED. Who can believe such thought I ever nurst?
I, kill a king?

CRE. It wouldn't be the first.
Remember Pelias!

MED. A vile aspersion!
His daughters killed him.

CRE. That's a mere assertion.

MED. I swear it.

CRE. Poo, poo, you know well enough.

MED. Indeed, great sir, they gave him the wrong stuff.

CRE. By your prescription.

MED. Granted,—but his case
They had mis-stated, and had then the face
To throw on me the guilt of their omission;
So patients die, and blamed is the physician.
I brought from home with me a drug which some
Call (as I come from Colchis) Colchicum;
Arrived in Greece, as you have heard no doubt,
I found old Æson, crippled with the gout;

Because I cured him with this novel physic,
 They drenched a man with it who'd got the phthisic ;
 And when I recommended venesection,
 They slashed away at him in each direction ;
 Truth is, he'd made his will, his daughters knew it,
 Thought that he'd cut up well, and chose to do it.

CRE. Supposing all you've said the truth to be,
 I've made up my mind you shan't physic me ;
 You are a dab, I know, at hocus pocus,
 But off this point you'll find it hard to choke us,
 So quit the building without more ado.

MED. Good gracious, Creon ! this is not like you.
 A sovereign none would change, whilst they could
 own one !

The most gallant of monarchs fate has shewn one !
 The capital of this Corinthian order !

CRE. Begone, I charge you, none of your soft solder ;
 Your downy words don't weigh with me a feather.

MED. Grant me a week to get my traps together ?

CRE. To set your traps, you mean, to catch your prey ;
 I think I catch myself——

MED. Then but a day—
 One little day, to get the boys some shoes,
 You are yourself a father, don't refuse.
 Their own unnatural daddy doesn't care for 'em ;
 And fit to travel in, I've not a pair for 'em ;
 Have pity on such little *soles* as theirs,
 Nor see them bootless as their mother's prayers !

CRE. Well, for their sakes I'll grant that brief delay,
 You can't much mischief make in one short day.

MED. (*aside*) Can't I ?

CRE. 'Tis folly in me to retract,
 But I'm too tender-hearted, that's a fact ;
 So mind, till sunset you may go a-shopping,
 But after dark, Medea, you'd best be hopping ;
 For here if but another sun has seen 'em,
 I'll hang the two you have, and you between them.

Trio—CREON, MEDEA, and CHORUS—“*Midas*.”

CRE. Would you live another day, ma'am,
 I'd advise you off to trot ;

If you like it better—stay, ma'am,
 If you like it better—stay, ma'am,
 But if you do—you'd better not.

Fol de rol de rol, &c.

MED. Fol de rol de rol, &c.

CHORUS Fol de rol de rol, &c.

MED. (*to* CREON) From you I can hope no quarter,
 So to move I can't refuse.

But I think I see his daughter—

(*aside to* CHORUS)

But I think I see his daughter—

Standing in Medea's shoes!

Fol de rol de rol, &c.

CHORUS. (*aside*) *to* MEDEA) Fol de rol de rol, &c.

ALL. Fol de rol de rol, &c.

(*Exit* CREON, *attended*)

MED. Now for revenge! Here comes perfidious Jason,
 I wonder he can dare to look my face on,

Enter JASON.

JAS. So, madam, not content with me abusing,
 The royal family you've been traducing;
 Your foolish jealousy has wrecked you quite,
 I'm sorry for you, but it serves you right.

MED. And this to me, to thy devoted wife!
 To me, who saved thy honour and thy life;
 When between two mad bulls, 'twas but a toss up?
 To me, who made of all thy friends the loss up?
 Who doomed the dragon to a fate forlorn
 Than any dragon fête at Hyde Park Corner;*
 Who, for thy sake, all filial love could smother,
 Who suffered thee to lick her little brother?
 Ungrateful Greek, false, flirting, perjured Jason!
 The earth there lives no mortal wretch so base on.

JAS. It pains me that a person of condition
 Should of herself make such an exhibition;
 I own you got me out of some few hobbles,
 But I'm quite sick of these domestic squabbles,
 And have no talent for recrimination;

* This fête was held in the Chinese Exhibition, to which reference has been made in "The Drama at Home."

- My lawyer's drawn a deed of separation,
 And if you'll sign it, and not make a noise,
 I'll settle something handsome on the boys.
- MED. My boys ; ah, there you touch a mother's heart ;
 Well, when folks can't agree, 'tis best to part.
 Be mine the punishment, as mine the sin is—
 Why should it fall upon the piccaninies ?
- JAS. *A la bonne heure*—now, madam, you talk sense,
 I'm vexed you gave my friend, the King, offence.
 And as to Glauce—
- MED. Oh, don't name that creature !
 I heard her say, " If your wife bores you, beat her."
- JAS. You quite mistook her—the reverse meant she—
 Beta, in Greek, you know, is "*Letter B.*"
- MED. I stand corrected, and am all submission,
 And to prove how sincere is my contrition,
 Some relics of my former rank and station,
 Which, now to look upon were but vexation,
 I'll beg her to accept in recollection
 Of one who once possessed your heart's affection.
 The splendid polka, richly bordered o'er,
 Which at our last grand fancy ball I wore,
 And a galvanic ring, of virtue rare,
 From all rheumatic pains to guard the fair !
- JAS. But, silly woman, why give them away ?
- MED. What now to me are rings or rich array ?
 What right, what heart have I to cut a splash ?
- JAS. But you might pop them if in want of cash.
- MED. Pop them ?—
- JAS. Of course, tho' cast off by your father,
 Your *uncle* might assist you.
- MED. I would rather
 Perish than pawn such precious things, or see
 The pride of one ball made the spoil of three !
- JAS. If you are bent on it, why be it so.
- MED. Farewell.
- JAS. You'll sign the deed before you go ?
- MED. Trust me. We part in peace ?
- JAS. Oh, by all means ;
 I don't bear malice, and I can't bear scenes ;
 I'll send my lawyer to you with the papers.
 (*aside*) I vow the woman's given me the vapours !

MED. (*aside*) I'll burn the writings, cut off thro' the sky,
And leave them all in their own Greece to fry.

(*Exit*)

JAS. I feel, this morning, I'm not quite the thing ;
At supper, last night, with my friend the King,
I made too free with his old Chian wine—
It really is particularly fine !—
And toasted Glauce till I scarcely knew,
Whether I hadn't better—leave her too.

Song—JASON—" *Vivi tu*"—" *Anna Bolena.*"

Leave her too ! I'm not quite sure, O !
Do men do so ?—Ay, ten in twenty !
Leave her too—the thought abjure, O !
Prudence whispers, "She's cash in plenty."
The sweet soul, O 'twere best secure, O
Sign and seal, O !—you won't repent ye !
Tho' you've had a queer wife to start with,
Not Medeas all women are."
No, by Juno ! but first, her I'll part with,
Of whom in terror I've been so far.
Fell Medea may form some plan, sir,
To cut short fair Glauce's reign, ah !
None to me could cause more pain, ah !
None a fiercer foe could fear,
I'll watch o'er her while I can, sir,
And before the furies harm her,
Packing send the Colchian charmer,
With a huge flea in her ear.

(*Exit*)

Enter MEDEA.

MED. Go, vile deceiver, now in turn deceived--
To be bereft by her thou hast bereaved
Of all thy faithless heart now holds most dear—
Psuche, my soul !

Enter NURSE.

Conduct the children here,
And from my old portmanteau let them bring
The crimson polka and the magic ring.

NURSE. Madam, I go. (*aside*) Some one will catch a Tartar.
(*Exit*)

CHORUS. (*advancing*) Madam, what are you at? What are you arter?

MED. A bridal gift for Glauce I'm preparing.

CHORUS. And one, no doubt, she'll be the worse for wearing.

MED. You may say that, with your own ugly mug,
But not aloud, for all must be kept snug,
Till the revenge hatched in this brain creative
Flares up sky-high! astonishing each native!

Enter NURSE, with the two CHILDREN, the ring, and the mantle.

Ah, they are here! My darlings, oh, my pets!
Your mother into fiddle-strings it frets,
To think how hard a rod Fate has in pickle;
"Toby, or not Toby" soon made to tickle.
Be ye the bearers of these gifts to Glauce,
Make your best bows, and be by no means saucy:
Beg her to wear them for Medea's sake.
They'll fit her for her pains, and no mistake!
Away—

(*Exit* NURSE, with CHILDREN and presents)

Now fast around my spells shall fall
And soon play up old gooseberry with all.

Air—MEDEA—"Irish Quadrille."

A row there'll be in the building soon,
For I'll burn the palace and bolt the moon.
The rogues shall dance to a pretty tune,
Or I've no more *nous* than will fill a spoon.
The wench my wicked husband's toasted,
Soon shall be like an apple roasted.
Of Sisyphus's race I'll take a rise out.
And if you interfere, (*to* CHORUS) I'll tear your eyes
out!

Row, row, row,
Won't I make a row,
For I'm in a precious humour,
Now, now, now.

Sighing like a furnace, in the hope that you may win her
 still,
 And losing health and appetite, and growing thin and thinner
 still ;
 Walking in the wet before her window or her door o' nights,
 And catching nothing but a cold, with waiting there a score
 o' nights;
 Spoiling paper, by the ream, with rhymes devoid of
 reasoning,
 As silly and insipid as a goose without the seasoning.
 Running bills with tailors,
 Locking up by jailors,
 Bread and water diet then your senses to restore.
 Sighing, crying,
 Losing, musing,
 Walking, stalking,
 Hatching, catching,
 Spoiling, toiling,
 Rhyming, chiming,
 Running up a score.
 O Love, you've been a villain, &c.

Finding all you've suffered has but been the sport of jilting
 jades,
 And calling out your rival in the style of all true tilting
 blades ;
 Feeling, ere you've breakfasted, a bullet through your body
 pass,
 And cursing, then, your cruel fate, and looking very like
 an ass.
 Popped into a coffin, just as dead as suits your time of life ;
 Paragraphed in papers, too, as "cut off in the prime of life."
 When the earth you're under
 Just a nine days' wonder.
 And the world jogs on again, exactly as before.
 Jilting, tilting.
 Calling, falling,
 Swearing, tearing,
 Lying, dying,
 Cenotaphed and paragraphed,
 And reckoned quite a bore.
 O Love, you've been a villain, &c. *(retires)*

Re-enter NURSE, with CHILDREN, meeting MEDEA.

NURSE. Oh, missis, missis, you must cut and run !

MED. Why, what's the matter ?

NURSE. We are all undone !

MED. Does Glauce spurn my gifts ?

NURSE. Oh, would she had—
She took 'em in, as you have her.

MED. I'm glad
To hear it. Tell me all, how do they fit her ?

NURSE. Fit her ! she's frying in them, like a fritter.

MED. She stole my flame, and now in flames she lingers,
And with my wedding ring she's burnt her fingers.
The tyrant, Creon, too, does he not frizzle ?

NURSE. He does—and so will you, unless you mizzle,
For all the palace now begins to blaze.

Oh, jump into a jarvey or a chaise,
A boat, a barge, a cab, or anything ;
But don't stay here, unless you'd burn or swing.

MED. Fly—save thyself ; I've still a deed to do
No mortal eye may see, save my own two.

(Exit NURSE)

Yes, my poor children—yes, it must be done,
Your fate it is impossible to shun.

CHORUS. What would you do to them ? Say, I implore.

MED. *(drawing a rod from out the sheath of dagger)*
That which I never did to them *before*.

CHORUS. Whip 'em ? Oh, wherefore ? Is the woman mad ?
What is their crime ?

MED. They are too like their dad !
(snatches up CHILDREN and exit)

CHORUS. 'Tis plain her wrongs have driven her wild, or
will.

Help, Jason, help !

Enter JASON.

JAS. How now ? What more of ill
Has Jason now to dread ? The King's a cinder ;
My match is broken off—my bride is tinder ;
And I am left, a poor, unhappy spark,
To go out miserably in the dark.
Where is the wicked worker of these woes ?

CHORUS. Inflicting, now, the heaviest of blows
Upon thy children.

JAS. On my children—where?

CHORUS. *Behind*, of course.

CHILDREN. (*within*) Oh, mother, mother!

CHORUS. There!
You hear them?

JAS. (*rushes to door*) Paralysed with awe I stand—
Medea, hold, oh, hold thy barbarous hand;
The door is fast, where shall I find a crow?

CHORUS. You have one——

JAS. Where?

CHORUS. To pluck with her, you know.

JAS. I mean an iron crow, to force the gate
Which she has bolted.

MED. (*within*) Fool, thou art too late!

JAS. Too late, by Jove! She's bolted, too—despair!

NURSE. (*entering*) Gone in a dragon-fly, no soul knows where.

JAS. A dragon fly! How dare she so presume!
A witch's carriage ought to be a broom.

CHORUS. I said that she was flighty, and she's fled.

*Thunder, &c.—The Palace sinks, and MEDEA is seen in a
chariot drawn by two fiery dragons, amidst the clouds.*

The palace sinks—behold her there instead.

JAS. Thou wicked sorceress—thou vile magician!
Come out, I say, and meet thy just punishment.

MED. I told you I would play the very devil,
If to another you should dare be civil;
I've done the deed—didst thou not hear a noise?

JAS. Barbarian, I heard you flog the boys.

MED. I didn't flog 'em—I but made believe.

CHORUS. Oh, shame! the very Chorus to deceive.

MED. Stand up, my darlings. (*shews CHILDREN*) See, thou
traitor, here is

Thy eldest, Mermerus—thy youngest, Pheres;
I bear them to the land of Erectheus,
By special invitation of Egeus.
To a Greek grammar school he means to send them,
And pay a private tutor to attend them.
Now hear the fate, false Jason, which shall fall
Upon thy head, thou wicked cause of all;

A timber of the Argo, that old barque,
Now rotting there, above high-water mark,
Clean out thy dull Bœotian brains shall dash.

JAS. Shiver my timbers, that will be a smash !

MED. So shall the craft, of which thou wert the master,
Punish the craft that caused all my disaster.

JAS. And what will be thy fate, thou cruel fury ?

MED. My fate depends alone on the grand jury,
To whom the bill presented is to-night ;
I fairly own I'm in an awful fright.

But if against me they don't find a true bill,
The Manager may not soon want a new bill.

(to Audience) Do you but smile, "The Golden Fleece"
we win.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world *grin*."

FINALE—" *Post Horn Galop*."

CHORUS. Off she goes, sir—off she goes, sir !
Highly-tighty ! highly-tighty !
Goodness knows, sir, all her woes, sir,
Made her flighty, made her flighty.
Calm her fury, gentle jury,
Thus to end were most improper ;
As they scream aboard a steamer—
" Back her ! ease her ! stop her !"

MED. (to her CHILDREN)
Now, my darlings, off we go ;
Gee up ! gee oh ! gee up ! gee oh !
With your mammy pammy you
Shall coachee poachee ride in.
If they wish us here to stay,
They know the way—they know the way
To keep the *peace*, and give us too
This merry house to bide in.

CHORUS. Off she goes, &c., &c.

JAS. (to MEDEA)
In your hands our cause we place,
You alone can keep the peace, sirs ;
If with you we but find grace,
We have won the Golden Fleece, sirs.

CHORUS. Off she goes, &c.

ALL. Let not so Medea go !
Gee up ! gee oh ! gee up ! gee oh !
But with Jason and his crew,
The Golden Fleece take pride in.
Say you wish us all to stay,
You know the way—you know the way
To keep the peace, and give us too
This merry house to bide in.

CHORUS.

MEDEA (*in chariot*).

JASON.

CURTAIN.

THE BEE
AND
THE ORANGE TREE;
OR, THE
FOUR WISHES.

An Original Fairy Extravaganza.

IN ONE ACT.

First performed at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, on Friday,
December 26th, 1845.



THE BEE AND THE ORANGE TREE ;

OR,

THE FOUR WISHES.

The fanciful story on which I founded my Fairy Extravaganza for Christmas, 1845, was less generally known than any that I had hitherto dealt with. I am inclined to believe, indeed, that it had never appeared in English previously to 1853, when I translated Madame d'Aulnoy's "Contes des Fées" for Messrs. Routledge and Sons, and had the pleasure of placing for the first time in the hands of English readers those delightful tales in their integrity, including several that had been omitted, and rendering as faithfully as possible the original text of others which had been most barbarously mutilated and woefully misinterpreted, to suit the capacity of children still limited to the nursery.

There is nothing for me to record respecting the production of this piece beyond the fact of its meeting an equally favourable reception from the public, and the assistance I received in its representation from Mr. Hudson, who had joined the Haymarket Company, and of whose vocal ability, which had been so valuable to me in "Fortunio," I

was delighted again to avail myself. Singularly enough, his namesake, the great railway projector, was at that time the town talk, and "Bubble Companies" were springing up in all directions. The reader will find continual allusions to the "mania" raging throughout the country in November, 1845, by which while a few made fortunes, hundreds were utterly ruined.

BILL OF THE PLAY

(FROM THE ORIGINAL).

PROGRAMME OF SCENERY, &c.

Audience Chamber in the Marine Pavilion of King Block.

KING BLOCK (the father of his children)	...	MR. TILBURY
PRINCE AMIABLE (one of them, and the Flower of the Flock)	MR. HUDSON
BARON SPROUT (Ambassador from King Cole, Sovereign of the Happy Islands, to his brother, King Block)	MR. CLARK
NOBLEMEN IN THE AMBASSADOR'S SUITE	...	MESSRS. GRACE, JONES, SHARPE, & LOMAS
NOBLEMEN OF THE COURT OF KING BLOCK	...	MESSRS. GALLI, BEALE, HOWLETT, & GUERNSEY
LORD BENDWELL (Usher of the Willow Wand)	...	MR. HARCOURT
CAPTAIN OF THE ROYAL BODY GUARD (Wooden Stick-in-Waiting)	MR. SAPIO
Body Guard, &c.		

Iron Bound Coast of the Perilous Island,

With Mouth of Ogre's Cavern.

An Ordinary Feature on the Face of Fairy Land.

THE PRINCESS AMY (only daughter of King Cole—lost at sea when an infant, and found useful as Maid-of-all-Work in an Ogre's Family, where no Footman is kept; a servant in a very awkward situation)	MISS JULIA BENNETT
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GORGE, AMONG THE ROCKS, NEAR THE OGRE'S CAVERN.

RAVAGIO (an Ogre, sole proprietor of the last pair of Seven-league Boots, and a violent opponent of the March of Intellect)	...	MR. JAMES BLAND
TOURMENTINE (his Better (?) Half)	MRS. STANLEY
CROQUEMITAIN (their only son—"his father's hope and mother's joy")	MR. CAULFIELD

Basement Story of the Ogre's Mansion.

His only Servant's Hall, &c.

THE FOUR WISHES!

“A—WAY TO THE MOUNTAIN’S BROW.”

A Splendid Orange Tree and a “Bouncing Bee.”

THE PLEASURE GARDENS OF THE PRINCESS LINDA.

THE PRINCESS LINDA (an independent Locomotive Sovereign) MISS P. HORTON
 COUNTESS KURTZYLOW... .. MRS. CAULFIELD
 LADIES OF THE COURT—MESDAMES POWELL, DUBOIS, A. DUBOIS,
 TWEEDIE, BYERS, &c.

*Experimental Trip on the New Grand Atmospheric Fairy Land
 Direct Railway; and Opening of the Down Line to the
 “Bee and Orange” Station.*

THE FAIRY TRUFIO (Honorary Member of the Horticultural, Botanical, Zoological, Entomological, Astronomical, and all other learned Societies; a Director of the Grand Atmospheric Fairy Land, and Theatre Royal, Haymarket Junction) MRS. L. S. BUCKINGHAM

PROVISIONAL COMMITTEE, &c.

Their Elfin Majesties King Oberon and Queen Titania.
 Her Excellency the Fairy Morgana (His Elfin Majesty's Representative at the Court of Naples)
 The Very Venerable Mother Bunch } Members of the Society for the Dif-
 The Very Venerable Mother Goose } fusion of Entertaining Knowledge.
 The Most Learned Friar Bacon, Master of Brazen Head.
 The Most Illustrious Enchanter Merlin, Magician in Ordinary to his Cambrian Majesty, King Arthur.
 The Wizard Michael Scott, F.S.A.E.
 Doctor Faustus, LL.D.
 Herr Number Nip, Professor of German Fairy History to the Universities of Gottingen, Jena, Heidelberg, &c.
 Jack O'Lantern, Esq., F.R.S.
 Robin Goodfellow, Esq., Q.U.I.Z., &c., &c.
 Fairy Railway Police, Guards, &c.

MAGIC ORANGE BOWER & FAIRY BEE SWARM.

Scenery by Mr. Morris and Assistants. The Dresses by Miss Cherry and Mr. Barnett.
 The Appointments and Mechanical Changes by Mr. Ireland. The Music arranged by Mr. T. German Reed.

THE BEE AND THE ORANGE TREE ;

OR,

THE FOUR WISHES.

SCENE FIRST.—*Palace of KING BLOCK.*

KING seated on his Throne—AMBASSADOR from the King of the Happy Islands—COURTIERS, GUARDS, &c., discovered.

Air and Chorus—AMBASSADOR and SUITE—“ Old King Cole.”

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he ;
’Till he lost his only daughter,
Who was taken on the water,
And drowned in her infancy.
Ever since then,
The saddest of men
Has our Sovereign been to see ;
And trickle, trickle, trickle,
Fall the tears salt as pickle,
When he thinks on his pickaninny.

Old King Cole, he scratched his bald poll,
And he said to himself, says he,
“ There’s my brother King Block,
Has of boys a fine stock,
And my heir one of them shall be.”
So he called for his sceptre,
And he called for his crown,
And he called for his counsellors three,
And they settled that the choice
Should depend upon the voice
Of your Gracious Majesty.
Old King Cole was a merry, &c.

KING. My lord Ambassador, since left to me
 My choice is quickly made, Sons I have three.
 The eldest born, of course, is heir to my lands ;
 The next shall rule over your Happy Islands ;
 The third is still a child, so, usher, run,
 Call forth Prince Amiable, our second son.

(Exit USHER)

AMB. Most mighty King, by what rule have you reckon'd ?
 Why call you *fourth* the son who is your *second* ?

KING. I call him forth because he is to go forth
 As Crown Prince of the Happy Isles, and so forth !

Enter PRINCE AMIABLE—KING comes down.

Come hither, son ; your uncle has no heir.

PRINCE. Then let us send him, sir, a wig to wear.

KING. Ingenuous youth ! he doesn't want a wig,
 But from our royal tree he craves a twig,
 To graft upon his own more ancient stock.

PRINCE. That is, he wants a chip of the old block.

KING. Precocious boy—he does—his infant daughter
 Was drown'd, you may remember.

AMB. In the water.

PRINCE. I guessed as much—on land it scarce could be.

KING. Her wet nurse took the poor babe out to sea
 In a small sailing-boat—a squall upset her——

PRINCE. The child's squall ?

AMB. No, sir ! the wet nurse——

PRINCE. Proved wetter
 Than she had bargained for.

KING. The issue sad——

PRINCE. The King lost all the issue that he had.

KING. His heir presumptive left to my election,
 I have named you.

PRINCE. I've not the least objection.

AMB. *and SUITE.* Long live Prince Amiable !

PRINCE. *(bowing)* And you to see it !

KING. You must embark immediately.

PRINCE. So be it.

To sail upon the instant, sir, I'm ready.
 And so your blessing.

SCENE SECOND.—*The Sea Shore with Cavern—Tempest*
—A vessel is seen in distress— When it is out of sight,
enter from Cavern, PRINCESS AMY; she is dressed in a
tiger's skin, her arms and legs bare, sandals on her feet,
her hair flowing down her shoulders and surmounted by a
fillet of sea weed and coral; a quiver with arrows at her
back, and a bow in her hand.

Air—AMY—“ By the sad sea waves.”

By the sad sea waves I listen while they moan,
 And lament I've but *this bow* to call my own :
 I am young, I am fair,
 I'm of that quite aware,
 But there's not a single man to make me “bone of his bone.”
 I'm a fierce Ogre's slave,
 By the sad sea wave,
 And an old maid soon I feel I shall be grown !

In my dreams last night, by downy sleep beguiled,
 In the fair dream light, a youth upon me smiled.
 His eyes they were blue,
 And he said “How d'ye do?”
 In a tone just as if he had known me from a child.
 Oh, I wish I could see
 Such a nice young man as he !
 Come again, dear sir ! and with joy I shall go wild !

AMY. 'Twas but a dream—but dreams sometimes come
 true,

And this storm might cast up a man or two,
 One such as smiled on me in that sweet nap,
 Were quite sufficient—such a handsome chap.
 I, who ne'er saw but Ogres, fierce and frightful,
 Could scarce imagine creature so delightful.
 And shall I ne'er again that form behold,
 But as a maid of all work here grow old !
 Against my will, O must I wear the willow ?
 O mercy ! what's that floating on the billow ?
 Something alive and swimming—can it be ?
 A fish ! a bird ! a beast ? or all the three ?
 Some huge sea monster ! It has arms and legs !

- Oh, Fortune ! yes—as sure as eggs are eggs !
 A suit of clothes ! and a man in 'em too !
 (PRINCE AMIABLE *is cast ashore by the waves*)
 The being of my dream ! (PRINCE *comes down*)
 PRINCE. (*looking at her*) Ha ! How d'ye do ?
 AMY. The words ! the tone ! the look—the eyes—the
 hair !
 PRINCE. A very fine young woman, I declare !
 Air *distingué* ! and costumed *à ravir*,
En femme sauvage—don't be afraid, my dear,
 But to one question give me answer true.
 Pray, has your mother any more of you ?
 AMY. If you please, sir, I never had a mother.
 PRINCE. Nor father ?
 AMY. No, sir.
 PRINCE. Neither one nor t'other !
 An interesting fact in natural history,
 Which clears up what to me was quite a mystery.
 I've seen so many people in high stations
 Who came of nobody—had no relations—
 At least that they would own—and never knew,
 Until this moment, how or where they grew.
 Permit me to prolong the conversation,
 By asking your baptismal appellation ?
 AMY. Sir ?
 PRINCE. Tho' not born, of course you have been
 christen'd ?
 AMY. Not that I know of, sir.
 PRINCE. I never listened
 To any tale more singularly wild.
 So you'd not e'en a godmother ? poor child !
 Perhaps, then, you've no name ?
 AMY. They call me slave.
 PRINCE. They—who ?
 AMY. The owners of that dreary cave.
 PRINCE. Ah ! Then you have “a local habitation ?”
 And who may own this charming excavation ?
 AMY. A wicked Ogre, and his wife as cruel,
 For whom I make the beds, and fetch in fuel.
 PRINCE. An Ogre !—what !—a cannibal accurst !
 My good girl, why not mention this at first ?
 I wish you, most respectfully—good-bye—

AMY. Stir not, for mercy's sake—where would you fly?

PRINCE. I'm not at all particular, provided,
It's out of reach of monsters so decided!

AMY. You rush but to your fate—bewitching stranger,
Stay here, and I will shelter you from danger!
I'll hide you where the Ogres shall not find,
And do for you myself—

PRINCE. You're very kind—
But room still further on I may find one for,
Where young men are not taken in and done for!

AMY. You cannot on this coast—

PRINCE. I own the case
Would be a rare one at a watering place;
But I prefer to seek for other lodgings.

AMY. None would conceal you from their artful dodgings!
Oh, trust to me! your confidence I'd win!
I've nothing of the tiger but the skin!
Master and mistress are both out—

PRINCE. Thank heaven!

AMY. And won't be home again till half-past seven,
To dinner.

PRINCE. Dinner! Then they'll dine on me.

AMY. I will be dished myself ere that shall be.

PRINCE. Sweet aboriginal!

AMY. Pray walk indoors.
They're gone for a day's sport upon the moors.

PRINCE. Grouse shooting?

AMY. No!

PRINCE. What other game is found there?

AMY. Railway surveyors—just now, they abound there.
Master, I'm told, caught six last week at least.

PRINCE. And ate them—

AMY. On the spot.

PRINCE. The nasty beast!

AMY. But come—for you I'll find more fitting food,
What say you to a parrot nicely stewed?
Or a baked squirrel, with sweet sauce?

PRINCE. Most vile!

Have you no shell-fish?

AMY. There's a crocodile,
In famous cut—but cold. Now I remember,
We pickled some fine monkeys last November,

And there must yet be left some nine or ten.

Master eats monkeys, when he can't catch men !

PRINCE. I'd sooner starve than rob him of a bit !

But do *you* down to pickled monkeys sit ?

AMY. Oh no—I give him all the game I shoot,
I live upon spring water and wild fruit,
Chestnuts and blackberries.

PRINCE. Much better fare !

AMY. All that I have with you I'll freely share,
So you will love the poor unfriended slave.

PRINCE. Love you ! By what's most beautiful and brave—
And that's myself—I'll love you to distraction,
And wed you, if that's any satisfaction.

Air—PRINCE—“*Oh, smile as thou wert wont to smile.*”

You smile as girls are wont to smile
When men propose in joke,
But I was serious all the while,
And meant just what I spoke.
You've led till now a dismal life,
And Fortune's in your debt ;
But if you live to be my wife,
You may be happy yet.

'Tis true we're rather in a scrape,
And from the Ogre's den
There seems no prospect of escape,
Or getting home again.
But something may at last turn up,
To free us from his net ;
And if on us he should not sup,
We may be happy yet.

AMY. Oh joy ! a sweeter spouse could fate allot one ?

But I can't change my name for I've not got one.

PRINCE. You shall take mine—a Prince's.

AMY. Goodness gracious !

Then I shall be a Princess ! That's splendacious !

PRINCE. Lo, with this ring my troth to thee I plight—

(puts a ring on her finger)

AMY. Imine, with this—

*(takes a chain from her neck, to which is appended a
turquoise with characters engraven on it)*

PRINCE. How ! may I trust my sight !
 What means this trinket—quickly, love, explain ?

AMY. It is a turquoise hanging by a chain.

PRINCE. But thereby hangs a tale as well, no doubt.

AMY. A tale ?

PRINCE. Will tell us where you first hung out.
 For here some written characters I trace.

AMY. A character I had from my last place.

PRINCE. Look on these letters——

AMY. Vainly should I look,
 For I don't know my letters in a book.

PRINCE. Not read a word ?

AMY. Upon my word I can't.

PRINCE. You *had* a mother ! you came of my aunt !

AMY. Your aunt !

PRINCE. 'Tis she !

AMY. Me !

PRINCE. You !

AMY. Who ?

PRINCE. Bless my soul !
 The Princess Amy—daughter of King Cole.
(embrace)

AMY. A Princess !

PRINCE. In your own right !

AMY. Can it be !

PRINCE. My little cousin who was drowned at sea !

Duet—PRINCE and AMY—“ What fairy-like music.”

AMY. How very like music his words seem to me,
 By such a sweet cousin I can't cozened be ;
 'Twas the voice sure of nature, that thrilled through
 each vein,
 When he said “ How d'ye do ? ” in that exquisite
 strain.

PRINCE. 'Tis very like you, love, came over the sea,
 With the same smile by which you so came over
 me ;
 A distant relation you must not remain,
 To my uncle we'll go and be both pledged
 again.

<p>AMY. The family's out, so pray walk in and rest There is no one below but the cat, I protest, I'll lodge you and board you in yonder rude cave, But as I'm alone, sir, I hope you'll behave.</p> <p>PRINCE. The family's out, so I'll walk in and rest And have only to hope I'm for dinner not drest ; When I think of the Ogre who owns this rude cave, I feel if once <i>smoked</i> I my bacon can't save.</p>	}	<p style="writing-mode: vertical-rl; transform: rotate(180deg);">Together.</p>
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(*Exeunt into cave*)

SCENE THIRD.—*Gorge near the OGRE'S Cave.*

Enter RAVAGIO.

Air—RAVAGIO—“*I am a Friar of Orders Grey.*”

I am an Ogre I beg to say,
And gobble up any one in my way.
I pluck not blackberry, hip or haw,
With fat little babbies I fill my craw ;
On young folks though I prefer to sup,
I don't object to them when grown up ;
And why I'm so plump the reason I'll tell,
Who lives on his neighbours is sure to live well.
What sharper, or swindler, or usuring Jew,
But lives much the same as the Ogres do.

As the O—O—O, &c.

He who plunders the orphan child,
Mightn't he just as well eat him *broiled* ?
He who robs his neighbour of bread,
Had better have swallowed him whole instead.
The sempstress wasted by slow decay,
Has her bones but picked in another way ;
To the weary weaver with sleep o'ercome,
The factory bell sounds like “*Fee Fo Fum.*”
How many who swagger this wide world through
Might just as well be called Ogres too !

Be called O—O—O, &c.

RAV. Yes, I maintain, Ogres are less to blame
 Than many persons I decline to name.
 To eat up man and wife is far less cruel
 Than let 'em starve apart on water gruel !
 And better swallow infants, fast as pills,
 Then grind their bones to dust in cotton mills.
 And when we think of surplus population,
 An Ogre's quite a blessing to a nation !
 Talking of wives and children—where's my wife
 And hopeful son?—a fine boy, 'pon my life,
 And soon shall have a wife himself—what ho !
 Dame Tourmentine !

Enter TOURMENTINE.

TOUR. I come, Ravagio !
 RAV. Where's Croquemitain ? still lingering on the heights ?

Enter CROQUEMITAIN, *carrying a quantity of surveying instruments, books, &c.*

CRO. No, pa, here—laden with theodolites,
 Rods, chains, books, maps, and plans for deposition !
 RAV. The owners were in capital condition !
 I haven't made so good a meal for years.
 We've eaten—let me see—four engineers,
 And ten surveyors—not to mention clerks.
 We shall get fat upon these railroad sparks.
 Why, since the panic broke out in the City,
 We've ate a whole provisional committee !
 TOUR. The chairman was particularly tough,
 And yet I'm sure I roasted him enough.
 RAV. My dear, he was a very old offender,
 And there's no roasting makes those fellows tender.
 Come, let's to sleep—we want no more to-night,
 It's best to leave off with an appetite.

Trio—RAVAGIO, TOURMENTINE, and CROQUEMITAIN—“ *Say what shall be our sport to-day ?* ”—“ *Moore's National Melodies.* ”

With what has been our food to-day,
 There's nothing on earth can sure compare ;
 So light, so white—so *recherché*—
 For Ogres the very fare !

But though I have filled my crop,
 And am anything but sharp-set,
 On a nice tit-bit if I could pop,
 I've a corner for that left yet. (Exeunt)

SCENE FOURTH.—*The Ogre's only Servant's Hall—Cellar door at back—PRINCE and AMY discovered seated beside the fire.*

AMY. Another chestnut, love ?
 PRINCE. No,—not one more,
 I had a wet, before I came ashore;
 Since then my appetite has fast been fleeting ;
 I think of being eaten, more than eating !
 AMY. Fear nothing ; in yon cellar you shall sleep,
 The firewood there 'neath lock and key I keep,
 And when the family a hunting fare,
 I'll let you out, to take a little air !
 PRINCE. A pleasant future fate for me has hoarded,
 In a wood cellar to be lodged and boarded.
 Oh ! what an endless source of quips and quillets,
 A soldier billeted upon the billets !
 A lover seeking out the softest too,
 That he may sleep upon a billet *doux* !
 A sailor, whom from drowning, Fortune snatches,
 To keep a log for ever under hatches.
 No ! sooner than among these faggots fix,
 Let us at once resolve to cut our sticks !
 AMY. There's no escaping from these horrid brutes—
 Ravagio has a pair of seven-leagued boots,
 He'd soon look over both our naked noses ;
 That's why the railroad here he so opposes ;
 For, if on hear-say I may place reliance,
 The shoes of swiftness now are worn by science ;
 And once the march of intellect beginning,
 No seven-leagued boots will have a chance of winning.
 PRINCE. Hence, babbling fears ! begone, ye base alarms !
 Since legs cannot befriend us, let's try arms !
 Have you no weapons but your bow and arrows—
 Will they shoot nothing except apes and sparrows ?
 The Ogres slain, our lives are both secured !

AMY. You can't kill them—their lives are all ensured ;
From mortal weapons they have nought to fear.

PRINCE. You make me feel particularly queer ;
On what a dreadful coast has fortune toss'd us.

RAV. (*without*) Slave !

AMY. Master's voice !

PRINCE. The Devil and Dr. Faustus !

AMY. Into the cellar, quick !

PRINCE. One moment, dear.

Are you quite sure you've no black beetles here ?

AMY. How can you stop to ask at such a minute ?

PRINCE. Well, if there's one—by Jove ! I can't stay in it !

AMY. (*pushing him into cellar and locking door*)

But just in time ! They're both coming downstairs.
I'm so alarm'd—I feel at my last prayers !

Enter RAVAGIO and TOURMENTINE.

RAV. Why, how now, slave ? didn't you hear me call ?

AMY. Call, sir ?

RAV. Aye, girl,—as loud as I could bawl.

Were you asleep ?

AMY. (*aside*) A good excuse. (*aloud*) Methinks

I was indeed just taking forty winks.

RAV. Well, well—no matter—we're not angry, child.

AMY. (*aside*) Child ! sure the monster's growing monstrous
mild.

What's in the wind ? it bodes no good, I fear.

RAV. Your mistress wants to speak to you, my dear.

TOUR. Come hither, wench—you know the obligation

You're under to us for your preservation ?

AMY. Yes, madam, and with gratitude I view it ;

You might have ate me, and you didn't do it.

TOUR. I don't allude to that—for then in truth,

You were so small—you'd not have filled a tooth

Put out to sea—by whom is still a query—

The waves had rocked your cradle, till quite weary

They left it *on* the rock—whence, to speak freely,

We brought it down, and brought you up
genteelly.

As you grew older, plump as any chicken,

We often fancied you'd be pretty picking ;

But conscientiously forebore to cook you,

And only into our own service took you.
But now you are a woman grown——

AMY. Oh dear!
You wouldn't eat me now?

RAV. No, no, don't fear—
We wish to see you settled well in life,
And mean to make you of our son the wife.

AMY. The wife of Croquemitain! O! rather make me
Into a pie, and for your dinner bake me!
Or living, tear my tender limbs asunder——

RAV. Odds!—blood and bones!—what's here to do, I
wonder?

Rebellious baggage, are you drunk or mad?

TOUR. Reject my pretty Croky——

RAV. Come here, lad!

(*Enter CROQUEMITAIN with surveying instruments, &c.*)

D'ye see that girl?

CRO. Yes; she's a lovely cretur'!

RAV. Say, would you rather marry her, or eat her?

CRO. Oh, marry her, by all means, pa, I say;
Then I can eat her, you know, any day——

AMY. (*aside*) The little monster!

RAV. Ha, ha! so you can.

That's what it is to be an Ogre, man!

(*to AMY*) So settle your fine joints—for by my fay,
To-morrow, minx, shall be your wedding day!

AMY. (*aside*) Oh, never shall the sun that morrow see!

CRO. Sweet wife that is to be, give me the key
Of yonder cave—I'll stow this stuff away.

AMY. The key! (*aside*) O crimini!—what shall I say?
(*aloud*) The key—I know not—somewhere on the shelf;

I'll stow the things away—to-night, myself.

RAV. Aye, aye, 'tis late—to bed—to bed, boy—come.

CRO. Stop! father! mother!——

TOUR. Wherefore?

CRO. (*sniffing*) Fee! Fo! Fum!

RAV. Why, Croquemitain, what are you doing there?

CRO. I smell fresh meat!

RAV. The deuce you do, lad! where?

CRO. In the wood cellar! (*a noise of logs falling*)

TOUR. Hark! what noise was that?

RAV. Something knocked something down !

AMY. 'Tis but the cat !

TOUR. The cat ! don't tell me, that's the old resource,
Whatever happens, 'tis the cat of course.
The key ! ha ! here it is——

*(snatches it from AMY's girdle, unlocks door,
and enters cellar)*

AMY. *(aside)* Malicious hag !

I see she'll let the cat out of the bag.

TOUR. *(within)* Here ! help ! I've caught the cat——

*(CROQUEMITAIN runs into cellar, and re-enters with
TOURMENTINE, dragging in the PRINCE)*

CRO. A tom cat, see !

RAV. A bouncer, too !

PRINCE. *(aside)* Here's a catastrophe !

AMY. *(aside)* My budding hopes are torn up by the roots !

RAV. So I perceive, sir—you are Puss in Boots !

TOUR. What business have you in my servant's hall ?

PRINCE. I feel, ma'am, I've no business here at all !

RAV. Are you an engineer, or a surveyor ?

TOUR. A chimney-sweeper, or a strolling player ?

RAV. An area sneak, my larder who'd invade ?

TOUR. Or a policeman come to court the maid ?

PRINCE. Briefly, good friends, I'm neither one nor t'other,
But simply a poor Prince——

CRO. A Prince ! O mother !

PRINCE. By a huge wave, whilst upon deck he dangled,
Washed overboard to be—rough-dried and mangled !

RAV. A Prince ! a dish fit for a king ! why, wife !

I never ate a prince in all my life !

Jugged, he would make delicious food, I warrant,

Only imagine a jugged *heir* apparent !

TOUR. Poh ! you might like a peasant far the best,
So much depends on how a man is drest !

CRO. Papa ! let's keep him for my wedding dinner !

PRINCE. *(aside)* I'll choke 'em every one as I'm a sinner !

RAV. Good ! in the safe to-night he must be shut up.

PRINCE. I feel already most completely cut up !

O, great King Block, my sire ! good afternoon ;

Your chip will be a chip in porridge soon !

CONCERTED PIECE.

Quartette—PRINCE, AMY, RAVAGIO, and CROQUEMITAIN—
 “If true his tale”—“Daughter of St. Mark.”

RAV. } Pay to { his } tale attention all
 CRO. } { my }

In love with servant maids who fall ;

PRINCE. Of area steps the safety doubt,
 And don't walk in though “Master's out.”

AMY. Pay to my tale attention all
 Ye servant maids in love who fall ;
 Don't bring young men the house about,
 But wait till it's your Sunday out.

(they put him into cellar again)

RAV. Go to bed, wife, and you too, boy. I'll stay,
 And watch beside the fire till break o' day.

TOUR. Aye, husband, do—and mind the fire you keep in,
(to AMY) Slave ! where are the gold crowns we always
 sleep in ?

AMY. Upon your pillows, ready for your heads ;
 I put them there when I turned down the beds.

TOUR. *(to CROQUEMITAIN)* So, good night, darling.

(Exit TOURMENTINE)

CRO. Good night—and d'ye hear,

“If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother
 dear.”

(Exit CROQUEMITAIN)

RAV. *(to AMY)* You begone, too ! stop—reach me down my
 book.

AMY. This, sir ?

RAV. Yes—*(reads title)* “Every Ogre his own cook.”
 Full of receipts for hashes—roasts—and minces ;
 I want to see what's the best sauce for princes.

AMY. *(aside)* To set my lover free, I'll rack my brains !

(Exit AMY)

RAV. Here's a rare dish—“An alderman in chains !”

(reads) “Take a fat alderman, not past the chair,

They're not so tender when they've once been
 Mayor ;

Stuff him with turtle well below the waist,
 And garnish him with gold chain to your taste,
 Then let him stand in Guildhall till he's cool”

What next? Oh, "How to make fine gooseberry fool!"
 "Take a green-horn, whom fortune has heaped cash
 on,
 And mix him with the cream of London fashion,
 Stir him well round till drained of every penny,
 And he will make as good a fool as any!"
 "Scotch Collops"—something very economical—
 "First catch your Scotchman,"—humph! that's rather
 comical;
 The way's to take him as he comes—'tis plain—
 You'll never catch him going back again.

Re-enter AMY, *unseen by* RAVAGIO.

AMY. (*aside*) I have bethought me of a little wand
 Which mistress prizes all things else beyond,
 And fingers on it have contrived to lay;
 It was a fairy's once I've heard her say.
 The Fairy Trufio! ah! that's the name
 Of the great personage from whom it came;
 But how to use it, hang me if I know!—
 O potent Fairy! mighty Trufio!
 I wish that brute were fast asleep, (*music*) that I
 The virtue of thy magic stick might try!

RAV. Holloa! my eyes I can scarce open keep;
 Reading by firelight draws one so to sleep!

(*drops books and falls asleep*)

AMY. Bless me! he is asleep! how very odd!
 Why this must surely be a wishing rod—
 Oh, if it should! ye gods and little fishes!
 Think of a woman getting *all* her wishes!
 I'll wish again—heyday! the stick is shorter
 Than it appeared before—by a full quarter!
 Prudence! if my desires do not keep slow time,
 I shall wish all my stick away, in no time!
 Of my first wish, first, let me make the most.

(*opens door of cellar*)

Where are you, love?

PRINCE. (*bound to a log of wood*) Here, fastened to a post.

AMY. (*releases him*) Let us post hence—for, betwixt you
 and me,

And that post, I've a secret for you—see!

PRINCE. The Ogre fast asleep ! but flight is fruitless,
His seven-leagued boots will make our efforts
bootless.

AMY. They would, but for this charming little wishing rod.

PRINCE. I took it for a portion of a fishing rod.

How can this help us? *(examining it)*

AMY. Whatsoe'er you lack,

Wish for it, and you'll have it in a crack.

PRINCE. Indeed ! then wherefore stay to make a doubt of it
In this black hole—I wish that we were out of it.

SCENE FIFTH.—*Suddenly changes to Summit of a Mountain.*

And so we are, by Jupiter ! but where ?

AMY. Too rashly wish'd, behold !

(points to stick, which has again shortened)

PRINCE. Well, I declare !

Some one has cut our stick, as well as we !

Stay, an inscription on it here I see.

(reads) "Mortal, you've had two wishes out of four ;

Take notice, you can only have two more."

Astounding fact ! whoe'er is the magician ?

Like Cassio, he's a great arithmetician !

Take two from four and only two remain !

But I've had only one wish, I maintain.

AMY. Alas ! I had the first, and little reckoned

That you so suddenly would form a second.

Out of the cave 'tis very true we are,

But 'tis impossible to say how far.

Tho' seven long leagues divide us from our foe,

He'd overtake us in one stride, you know !

PRINCE. You're too correct—my wish was made in haste,

Not knowing that we hadn't one to waste.

What's to be done ? In such a strange quandary,

It certainly behoves us to be wary.

You hold the wand, and watch whilst I suggest

All sorts of wishes, and then choose the best.

(gives her the wand)

The best perhaps in our situation,

Would be to wish this were a railway station,

The tickets taken, and the bell a ringing,

In the first carriagebut just time for springing.

I never thought to patronise "the Rail,"
But need must, when an Ogre's at your tail!

Song—PRINCE—"Hurrah for the road!"

Hurrah! the old slow coach is gone!
Hurrah! for the engine's power,
That along the rail will waft us soon
At a thousand miles an hour!
With eyes of fire see the monsters fleet
Come panting through every vale,
Whilst the whistle shrill afar we greet—
Then hurrah! hurrah for the rail!
Then hurrah, &c.

Sharp! sharp's the word—the train is here!—
Your trunks and your bag resign!—
Now the doors are lock'd, and the guards severe
Hurry up and down the line.
A horrid scream and a clanking blow
Make the timid turn quite pale;
But they cry "all right," and you hope it *is* so,
And it *may be*, quite—as far as you go.
So hurrah! hurrah for the rail!

No more at half-way house we call,
Where coachee was known so well,
That he used to stay, till we curs'd him, all,
And cried, "Hoigh! are we here to dwell?"
No horse to bait has the sad "White Hart,"
And the "Rose and Crown"'s for sale,
They've dropp'd the "Magnet," and stopp'd the "Dart,"
So go you *must* by the rail.

Then hurrah, &c.

AMY. (*looks off*) Ha! we are lost—see—o'er yon hills!

PRINCE. Oh, murder!

The Ogre's coming! make haste—wish us further!

AMY. No, that would leave us but one wish to make,
And upon earth he's sure to overtake—

PRINCE. On earth! O wish, then, that we were at sea,
On board the schooner, "Bee and Orange Tree!"

AMY. What! you would sooner be an orange tree.
I wish you were, for safe then you would be!

PRINCE. Holloa ! what's happening to me now, I wonder ?
Oh, cousin ! you have made an awful blunder !

The PRINCE is changed into an Orange Tree, covered with fruit and blossom, and in a finely sculptured vase—The scene at the same time changing to a splendid garden, with terraces and statues.

AMY. Alas ! I didn't mean— I quite forgot !
Oh ! there's the third wish gone indeed to *pot* !
And here's the Ogre too, again, I vow ;
To wish my wish undone were fatal now !
Since then, sweet Prince, you must remain a tree,
I wish to hover round you as a bee.

Music—A Hive rises round AMY and encloses her, as RAVAGIO is seen rapidly crossing the stage, and a large Bee issues from the Hive—The music changes, and the PRINCESS LINDA, COUNTESS of KURTZYLOW, LADIES, and SERVANTS descend a flight of steps into the garden.

Chorus—LADIES and SERVANTS—" Celarius Waltz."

Hail to our Sovereign fair,
Who comes to take the air
Here, in this garden, where
None dare intrude.
From proud pavilions nigh,
Charms which make millions sigh,
Here shedding brilliancy
Far beyond Bude !
Here, on her natal day,
Banishing state all day—
Making it *fête* all day—
Laughing at Care—
No coxcomb critical—
No plot political—
Not e'en a City call
From the Lord Mayor !

LINDA. Let me have no intruders ; above all,
Keep suitors from my sight. If any call,
Tell them they needn't give themselves the trouble
To call again. I find men all so double,

That I have made my mind up to live single,
 And never with the false he-creatures mingle
 Save in affairs of state, and rarely then ;
 Women make better counsellors than men.
 I'll form at once a new administration
 Of all the female talent in the nation,
 And they shall be a young and handsome set !
 If an old woman should amongst them get
 By accident—the world can scarcely flout one,
 Few Cabinets have ever been without one.
 And then my household—female every soul.

(*to 1ST LADY*) You Lady Steward ; (*to 2ND LADY*) you
 Groom of the Stole ;

(*to COUNTESS*) You shall be Lady Chamberlain ; and you
 (*to 3RD LADY*)

The Mistress of the Horse—no, that won't do,
 Because of horses I've not left a team ;
 I mean to travel, drive, and hunt by steam ;
 So Mistress of the Locomotives, now,
 Must be the title. By-the-bye, pray how
 Gets on the Fairy Atmospheric line ?
 It passes over property of mine !

COUNTESS. The works are nearly all complete, they say,
 Th' experimental trip takes place to-day.
 The Government Inspector, General Praise,
 Vows it's the best line going now-a-days.
 They talk of an extension to the moon,
 With branches to the planets very soon.

LINDA. And a fine plan it is—I shall be proud
 If called upon to puff up the first cloud.
 So order me a pair of silver bellows,
 'Twill make the plated spade uncommon jealous ;
 And since they've got a Railway King I mean
 To start an opposition Railway Queen ;
 The milky way shall echo with my name,
 And Linda's Court put Capel Court to shame.
 Away, and leave me to my cogitations,
 My brain is full of airy speculations.

(*Exeunt LADIES, &c.*)

Yes, I'll be famous in the realms of space,
 'Tis time the Earth itself should mend its pace,

When its inhabitants all live so fast,
 And this to do shall be my project vast.
 I'll start a line on which the world shall run
 In less than half the time around the sun !

Air—LINDA—“ I'm the Genius of the Spring.”

Forth my Genius now shall spring
 In a line completely new ;
 I will shew the Railway King
 What a Railway Queen can do !
 Let the gents it may concern
 Watch the market's rise and fall,
 But my voice shall give a turn
 To the market, them and all.

Yes, my Genius forth shall spring, &c.

Why should Earth move still as slow
 As she did in ages past ?
 It is time a-head to go,
 And get up her steam at last.
 Whilst her children rush so wild
 O'er her globe in search of gain,
 At their plans so deep I smiled,
 For I knew what I'd in train.

Yes, my Genius forth shall spring, &c.

Hudson touched and turned to gold,
 Midas like, each worthless scheme ;
 But with this, my project bold,
 I'll make all his touch the beam ;
 And my fame shall, in a rage,
 Put to bed the Railway King,
 Who, in vain his narrow guage
 'Gainst my Genius down shall fling.

For my Genius forth shall spring, &c.

But soft, what perfume steals upon the breeze ?
 'Tis something like those highly flavour'd teas,
 Which advertising grocers call their “ fine
 Rough Orange Pekoes only four and nine.”
 Ha ! 'Tis this splendid Orange Tree, no doubt,
 Which throws so exquisite a perfume out.

Yes, that the scent comes from it is quite clear,
 But who the dickens could have sent it here?
 I never saw it in my walks before;
 With fruit and flowers it is covered o'er.
 I'll cull a wreath of blossoms for my hair;
 Tho' not a bride, a Virgin Queen may wear
 Such garland surely.

(music—As she is about to gather a blossom, the Bee stings her)

Oh, the horrid thing!
 That Mammoth Bee has dared my hand to sting!
 Who waits! what ho! My Lady Chamberlain!

Enter COUNTESS.

COUNTESS. Your royal pleasure?

LINDA. It's my royal pain
 That made me call you—A vile insect foe
 Has stung your Sovereign's hand—

COUNTESS. No, has it, tho'!
 Point out the traitor, that I may pursue it.

LINDA. No, for perhaps it didn't mean to do it.
 Pluck me a blossom from that Orange Tree.

COUNTESS. Yes, madam.

(she attempts it, the Bee stings her)

Oh! a great big bouncing bee,
 Came buzzing out ere touch the flow'r I could!
 And stung me dreadfully.

LINDA. I thought it would.

COUNTESS. You did, ma'am?

LINDA. Yes! I'm quite rejoiced to see,
 It was not out of private *pique* to me.
 But where's the blossom you were bid to get me?

COUNTESS. I cannot gather it, the Bee won't let me!

LINDA. Go, call the other ladies of my Court,
 We cannot thus be made an insect's sport.

(Exit COUNTESS)

To try the same adventure—quickly bring 'em all,
 I cannot think the Bee will dare to sting 'em all.

(music—Re-enter COUNTESS *with the other* LADIES)

CHORUS—"Dear, dear, what can the matter be?"

Dear, dear, what can the matter be?

LINDA. Here, here, don't you call *that* a Bee?

CHORUS. Dear, dear, I ne'er saw so fat a Bee!
'Twould make a fine show at a fair!

LINDA. I fear the Bee must be beheaded for treason,
It wounded your Sovereign for no other reason
Than simply desiring some flowers to seize on,
To place in her bonny brown hair!

CHORUS. Dear, dear, fling something at the Bee,
Here, here! knock with this flat the Bee;
Stand clear! Madam! *O'drat* the Bee!
It's stung us all round, I declare.

(*During the last Chorus the LADIES have tried
to drive away the Bee, which flies at and
stings them all*)

COUNTESS. Most gracious madam, what must now be done?
The horrid Bee has stung us everyone!

LINDA. If I know what to do, may I be switched!
I do believe the Bee must be bewitch'd.

COUNTESS. Arm'd cap-à-pie, let us attack the hive,
And to the sword put every bee alive!

LINDA. Then be alive—but hold—whoe'er attacks
The Bee will have the worst of it at *whacks*.

COUNTESS. Madam, we'll win the Battle of the Bees,
As sure as Jason won the Golden Fleas.

LINDA. The Golden Fleece you mean.

COUNTESS. Well, fleas or fleece,
'Twas something golden, and all over *Grease*.
So, madam, will you follow my suggestion?

LINDA. To Bee—or not to Bee—that is the question!
Whether 'tis nobler in a queen to suffer
The stings and scorns of every buzzing buffer,
Or to take arms against each bee that troubles,
And by opposing end them?—I can't stay,
To argue this in Hamlet's quiet way.
I'm stung to madness, so are all my train,
And she's no woman that won't sting again!
So let my Queen-at-Arms make proclamation:
War to the hive! against the whole bee nation!

Air and Chorus—LINDA, &c.—“ *Guillaume Tell.*”

Wait a little, you bouncing bee !
 We'll come to your cupboard as you shall see !
 Big as you are, you'll soon sing small !
 Just you sting us again, that's all !
 Soon will I make your drones look funny,
 Down on their knees your bees I'll bring ;
 Out of your comb I'll take the honey,
 Out of your tail I'll take the sting !

CHORUS. Wait a little, you, &c.

(*Exeunt* LINDA, &c.—*Bee flies into Hive*)

Enter RAVAGIO, &c., *with his seven-league boots hanging to his club over his shoulder.*

RAV. Confusion ! I have scoured the country clean,
 And a most scrubby business it has been.
 Of my researches here are all the fruits !
 I've worn the soles out of my seven-league boots !
 Oh ! I am in a most devouring rage !
 My thirst for vengeance what could now assuage !
 To be led such a wild goose steeple chase ?
 They're nowhere—like the favourite in a race.

Song—RAVAGIO—“ *I'm afloat.*”

I'm at fault, I'm at fault,
 Where the deuce do they hide ?
 My wife's lost her stick and my son's lost his bride !
 Up ! up, is the game ! we're done brown, I can see,
 I'm at fault, I'm at fault !
 And the rovers are free !
 I fear the she-monarch who here gives the law,
 For I've got out of bounds, and so made a *faux pas* ;
 My life's but ensured in the Rock roundabout,
 And my policy is to be never found out.
 Quick ! quick ! here to stay would but prove me a flat,
 I must bootless trudge home, but I cannot help that ;
 Up ! up, is the game, we're done brown, I can see.
 I'm at fault, I'm at fault, and the rovers are free !

Yes, bootless, back again I now must jog !
 And really—I'm as tired as a dog ;
 At all risks, I must set me down to rest—
 I'm positively footsore, I protest ;
 For, though at home my hide is proof 'gainst sabres,
 Abroad, I'm quite as thin-skinned as my neighbours.
 Beneath this Orange Tree, whose blossoms shed—

*(as he is about to seat himself beneath the Tree, the
 Bee, followed by a swarm, settles upon him)*

Oh, burn the bees ! They've swarmed upon my head !
*(runs off roaring and fighting with the Bees—Music—Re-
 enter LINDA and LADIES splendidly armed—FEMALE
 HERALDS, TRUMPETERS, &c.*

Air and Chorus—LINDA, &c.—“ Robert le Diable.”

LINDA. Queen-at-Arms ! make proclamation !
 Sound defiance to the swarm !
 Against the bold Queen Bee and nation
 War declare in usual form !
 March, my merry maids ! Brave be, very, maids !
 Hurry'em ! flurry'em ! worry'em ! curry'em !
 Smoke and smother'em ! poke and bother'em !
 Scatter'em ! batter'em ! slaughter'em ! oh !

CHORUS. Won't we give the bees a beating
 If they venture on our beat !
 She who talks about retreating,
 As a traitor we will treat.

LINDA. Though in *wax* they're dealers,
 They a Tartar yet may catch ;
 “Sharp are our pickers and stealers ”
 When we're brought up to the scratch !

CHORUS—Queen-at-Arms, &c.

*At the end of the chorus the two TRUMPETERS advance with
 HERALD to the Hive, and flourish.*

HERALD. Bees ! bees ! come out of your hive,
 Or else we'll smother you all alive !

LINDA. No answer ! Then we'll storm the hive this minute.
 Forward ! *(they charge the Hive and run back again)*

COUNTESS. (*poking the Hive*) Why, sure, there can't be one
bee in it.

LINDA. The foe has taken flight! (*all shout—*
The field is ours!

And mine the Orange Tree's defenceless flowers!
Thus with my trenchant blade a limb I sever!

(*cuts at a branch with her sword—the Tree groans, and blood
trickles from the wounded bark*)

COUNTESS. Oh, madam, did you ever!

LINDA. No, I never;
It groans! it bleeds! Oh, most prodigious sight,
Its fainting blossoms turn a deadlier white!
And moved to tears by my attempts at slaughter,
Distil sad drops of Orange Flower water.
What wondrous mystery is this—and see?
Regardless of our arms, returns the Bee
Bewailing! and now making motions dumb—
Surely such anguish can't be all a *hum*!
But how to be assured of the contrary?
I do remember an obliging Fairy,
And here about she dwells—who, as I noted,
Cut for the simples gratis—she'd devoted
Much time to botany—and wrote a book
Called "Language of the Flow'rs" which greatly took
'Mongst boarding school young ladies—did it not?
She was an F.Z.S. and heaven knows what!

COUNTESS. Madam! I think I know the Fairy's name,
'Twas Trufio!—

LINDA. Trufio! the very same—

COUNTESS. Then we may every moment here expect her,
Of our new Railway she is a director.

(*railway whistle*)

And hark! the train is coming, I declare!
I'm sure I heard the whistle in the air!

*Air and Chorus—LINDA and LADIES—"It's the harp in the
air"—"Maritana."*

I hear it quite plain!
'Tis the train in the air!
At the station it calls,
'Neath our own garden walls,

The Grand Atmospheric Direct everywhere !
 It brings back the days when we read with amaze
 Of Valentine so brave, of Cinderella fair,
 Of the Royal Ram's grave, and the Blue Bird's despair.
 There ! There !
 List, lady, list ; 'tis the train in the air !

Music—The Fairy Atmospheric down train descends rapidly and then enters the garden, passing along the back of the terrace—The State Carriage of the Directors stops at the grand flight of steps leading down to the garden, and the door being opened by the Fairy Guards, the FAIRY TRUFIO descends and advances, followed by the other Directors, &c.

LINDA. Welcome, fair Fairy ! you come apropos ;
 Inform me, prithee, for I'm sure you know,
 Is this an Orange Tree ?

FAIRY. Why should you doubt it ?

LINDA. And this a Bee that buzzes so about it ?

FAIRY. What should it be beside ?

LINDA. It seems to be
 Beside itself, and all about that tree
 Which cried out, when I cut it, like a baby.
 I think there's something in it.

FAIRY. Well, there may be.
 I'll question it—perhaps it may reply.

LINDA. If it's a *civil* orange, certainly.

FAIRY. Tree, if you are a tree—still mute remain !
 If not, the nature of your woes explain.

*Air—ORANGE TREE, or PRINCE—“ From the white blossom'd
 sloe.”*

From my white blossom'd bough,
 Yonder lady requested
 A sprig, her fair locks to adorn :
 But, by heav'n ! I'm afraid I shall perish,
 For I never was cut so dead since I was born.

LINDA. 'Tis an enchanted tree the sight to cheat meant !

FAIRY. It's not at all enchanted with your treatment—
 Now for the Bee. If you're a Bee, be dumb ;
 If not, I'll trouble *you* an air to hum !

Air—AMY as BEE—“ Woodman, spare that tree.”

Fairy, spare that tree,
Cure but its wounded bough,
Your very humble Bee
I'll ever be I vow.

FAIRY. 'Tis plain that these are persons of condition,
Who've been the victims of some great magician ;
But by my pow'r I can their forms restore—
So, Bee and Tree, be as you were before !

*(Music—PRINCE and AMY are seen richly attired, in place of
the Orange Tree and Hive)*

LINDA. Mercy upon us, who is this I see ?

FAIRY. The Princess who was changed into a Bee.

LINDA. And this ?

FAIRY. The Prince, her cousin.

LINDA. Prince ! then he's

'The Prince of Orange !

PRINCE. You mean Orange Trees !

I trust your Highness will be pleased to pardon
My false position in your palace garden ;
The fact is, I did not anticipate
Such an immediate horticultural *fate*.

LINDA. Sir, if I cut you, pray pronounce my sentence.

PRINCE. 'Twill be, that you will not cut my acquaintance.

(to AMY) My fair enslaver, at your feet I fall !

AMY. My own true Prince ! then you've not changed at all.

(to FAIRY) Madam, to you I owe a debt of
gratitude,

Although my state was quite one of Bee-attitude
Compared to what it was, whilst I was bound
To the fierce Ogress who your wand had found.

FAIRY. My wand !

AMY. The wishing one.

FAIRY. How very odd !

PRINCE. You'll spare the child—though she has spoiled the
rod !

FAIRY. Oh ! certainly, you've nothing now to fear ;
Nor from the Ogres, or myself, my dear ;
Ravagio is no more a seven-league stalker,

He's burned his boots and changed his name to
Walker.

Behold him fitted out by Moses—

*Enter RAVAGIO in a full Court suit, à la Louis Quatorze
powdered wig, cocked hat, &c.*

ALL but }
FAIRY. }

How!

RAV. Don't be alarmed, I'm not an Ogre now ;
Ogres are out—we've all embraced professions,
And seven-leagued boots are grown as rare as
Hessians !*
Since e'en through Fairy-land by steam they're rolling,
I found my own pair were not worth re-soleing ;
Of man-catching I hadn't got a chance,
Society is so far in advance ;
The only way "to go a-head," I knew,
Was just to try my hand at railroads, too—
So here, as chairman, snugly I'm located,
Of "The Grand Bubble-and-Squeak Amalgamated,"
Capital, forty millions—prospects fine.
My wife and son are staggng for the line,
In Parliament we count on great support,
Bankers, "Dunn, Brown, and Cutaway, Bolt Court."
Permit me. (*offering prospectus to PRINCESS LINDA*)

LINDA. No ! no bubble speculation,
I prize too much the bubble reputation ;
The lines I shall support are *bonâ fide*— (*To Audience*)
But first, this couple let us tie up tidy.
Say, can you patronise without compunction,
This Matrimonial Bee and Orange Junction?
Provisionally registered, until
Your honourable House shall pass the bill ?
Think of the many parties interested,
Think of the real capital invested,
Have mercy on the author—the projector,
On the lessee—the principal director !
On these—whom we the engineers may call,
And me, the poor *solicitor* for all.

* One of the latest wearers of the Hessian boots was the celebrated
"Romeo" Coates.

Though on this line there is much competition,
 I hope there is no chance of a collision.
 Both in the House and out—support our cause,
 We'd have no terminus to your applause !

Finale—LINDA—“ *So anch'io la virtu* ”—“ *Don Pasquale.* ”

Come crowd again—by every train,
 The Bee and Orange station,
 And make this line turn out a fine
 Dramatic speculation.
 Oh, let us see our Orange Tree
 Bear fruit as well as flower ;
 And in her glee, our “ Busy Bee
Improve each shining hour !”

This final aspiration,
 Our Fairy fain would grant—
 She's every inclination—
 But feels, poor soul, she *can't*.
 She's granted four—grant you one more,
 At my solicitation—
 And newly—you'll truly—
 These lovers enchant !

CURTAIN

“THE BIRDS”
OF
ARISTOPHANES.

A Dramatic Experiment,

IN ONE ACT.

*Being an Humble Attempt to Adapt the said “Birds” to this
Climate, by giving them New Names, New Feathers,
New Songs, and New Tales.*

“A jest’s prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it.”

Shakespeare.

First Performed at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, Monday,
13th April, 1846.

“THE BIRDS” OF ARISTOPHANES.

I am not a classical scholar, and have been as much amused as surprised to find that I had as unconsciously as undeservedly acquired the reputation of being one in the estimation of some of the most erudite in our great Universities and public schools, from the manner in which I had treated mythological subjects, and especially that of “The Golden Fleece,” in the production of which I had no collaborateur. The fact was that, like Shakespeare—the only thing in which anyone can possibly resemble him—I “knew little Latin and less Greek,” having, during my four years of common boarding-school tuition, got no further than the Eton Grammar, and barely mastered the Greek alphabet; the latter accomplishment enabling me to perpetrate an atrocious pun in “The Golden Fleece,” which is, of course, more frequently quoted than such as are worthier of recollection. But, on the other hand, I had from my boyhood eagerly devoured the translations of all the great poets, dramatists, and historians of Greece and Italy that I could lay my hands on, to say nothing of Lempriere, the best thumbed book in my own possession; and with the assistance of a memory even now remarkable I was as familiar with Homer and Herodotus, Ovid and Virgil, Apollonius Rhodias, Xenophon and Polybius, and the principal tragic and comic playwrights of Athens and

Rome, as youths of the same age were with "Robinson Crusoe," "Sandford and Merton," or the "History of Jack the Giant-killer."

And so it happened that when casting about for a subject for the Easter piece for 1846, unconnected with Fairy-land, and not seeing anything that particularly took my fancy, I determined to gratify a craving of long standing and endeavour so to adapt one of the extravaganzas of Aristophanes, the immortal inventor of that class of composition, to the modern and local circumstances requisite to interest and amuse London playgoers of the nineteenth century.

So great a step in advance was a hazardous experiment, but it was worth making for the sake of Art and the true interests of the British stage. More immediately necessary also it appeared to me at that moment as there were indications that the popularity which had attended the class of entertainment I had been the first to introduce was likely to lead to a result the very opposite of that which I had hoped for. I therefore selected "The Birds" as the most promising foundation for my *coup d'essai*, and the preface which I published with the play, and here reprint, contains nearly all else that I have to observe on this subject :—

PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION.

IT is related of Charles II., that, being present at a meeting of the Royal Society, he very gravely requested to know the reason "Why the insertion of a fish of three pounds weight into a bucket of water, made no difference in the weight of the bucket?" A vast quantity of learning and ingenuity was immediately put in requisition to account for the phenomenon; at length, one gentleman observed that, before they

endeavoured to ascertain the reason, they should establish the fact, and that, with submission to his majesty, he believed that the insertion of the fish *would* make a difference in the weight of the bucket. "You are quite right," said Charles, "it would."

The exceeding favour which has been shewn to this Drama, by nearly the whole of the Metropolitan press, flatters me into the belief that the verdict would have been unanimous if the two or three dissentients, before they discussed the merits of the piece, *as a burlesque*, had ascertained that it *was a burlesque*.

It has never been advertised or officially entitled "a burlesque." It is an humble attempt to imitate or paraphrase (but not burlesque or travesty) such portions of the Comedy of "The Birds," as were capable of being adapted to local and recent circumstances. To new-set the teeth of the old *saws*, and make them cut through "modern instances." "An experiment," (as it is called in the bills) undertaken with the view of ascertaining how far the theatrical public would be willing to receive a higher class of entertainment than the modern *Extravaganza* of the English stage, or the "*Revue*" of the French. To open a field—not for myself alone—but in which much abler men might give the reins to their imagination and their wit in a dramatic form, unfettered by the rules and conventionalities of a regular Comedy, and assisted to any extent by Music and Decoration. Notwithstanding the probable disappointment of the lovers of mere absurdity, and the natural mystification of a few good-humoured holiday spectators, the experiment, I am happy to say, was as successful as my poor abilities could make it, and, what is of more consequence, it ensures the future triumphs of superior writers, if such will make the trial. The kind and complimentary manner in which even my censors have expressed their opinions, demands my best acknowledgments, as if I do not bow to their decision, it is because as I have stated, I deny the fact upon which they found their arguments. One critic, for instance, who insists upon comparing "The Golden Fleece," a burlesque of a tragic subject, with "The Birds," the paraphrase of portions of a comic one, is shocked at the introduction of Jupiter, and remarks that his language "was far too earnest; too literal; it was no longer burlesque; it was no less than the voice of offended Heaven." My only answer is that I never contemplated burlesque. The fable is ended; the allegory

over ; the moral to be drawn, however trite, is a serious one. I could not too earnestly, too literally point out (the sole aim of the piece)

What dire confusion in the world 'twould breed,
If fools *could* follow whither knaves *would* lead.

And it is the feebleness, and not the strength or gravity that I regret, of the language in which the concluding exhortation is couched :—

" On wings *forbidden*, seek no *idle* Fame,
Let men BE men ! and WORTHY OF THE NAME !"

J. R. PLANCHÉ.

April 29th, 1846.

Though partially disappointed, I could not help being amused, and in some degree flattered by the opinions it elicited. For instance, a popular foreign artiste pronounced the piece to be " Too d—d clever." Nor did I abandon hope, and the recent successes of " The Palace of Truth," and still more of " Pygmalion " upon those very boards have proved that there *is* a public who can enjoy good writing and good acting unassisted by magnificent scenery and undegraded by " break-downs."

BILL OF THE PLAY

(FROM THE ORIGINAL).

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE KING OF THE BIRDS	MR. JAMES BLAND
JACKANOXIDES	MR. HUDSON
TOMOSTYLESERON	MR. CAULFIELD
A POET	MR. TILBURY
AN ARCHITECT	MR. BRINDAL
A SENATOR	MR. T. F. MATTHEWS
THE NIGHTINGALE ("most Musical," but <i>not</i> "most Melancholy")	MISS P. HORTON

Who, upon this particular occasion, has consented in the handsome manner to Mis-lead the Chorus, and, although only a single Soprano to supply a Parabasis (*Pair-o'-Bases*).

The other Birds by a Flock of Auxiliaries from the Zoological Gardens.

The Free and Easy Translation by the Author of "The Golden Fleece," "Drama at Home," &c.

The Classical and Romantic Scenery (*wings and all*) painted by Mr. George Morris and Assistants, and placed upon the original old Greek Stage of this Theatre by Mr. Adams.

The Grecian Costumes by Mr. Barnett and Miss Cherry.

The Ornithological ditto by Mr. T. Ireland, Professor of Natural History to the Theatre Royal, Haymarket.

The Music, principally selected from the tuneful throng of Bird-Organs, and adapted expressly for a *lark*, by Mr. T. German Reed.

“THE BIRDS” OF ARISTOPHANES.

SCENE FIRST.—*An Apex of a Woody Mountain.*

Enter CHORUS.

CHORUS. From ancient Athens, upon Fancy's wing,
 To modern Babylon these scenes we bring ;
 Their import, merely guessed at in the Greek,
 We venture in our vulgar tongue to speak,
 With sundry variations, I acknowledge,
 Which may astonish men just fresh from college,
 But to the million prove less caviare
 Than if we stuck to Bekker, Brunck, or Carey ;
 In fine, we hope by mimic means, and choral,
 To draw from ancient saws a modern moral,
 The truth of which may serve our piece to save,
 E'en if for Easter thought a shade too grave ;
 Not that with gravity we mean to tease you,
 Our birds have *merry thoughts* we hope will please
 you.

The centre of their gravity is mirth,
 Which if they lose they tumble flat to earth ;
 With cheerful song they'd while an hour away—
 I act the nightingale, I beg to say,
 Behind the scenes ; but when before your faces,
 I venture out to speak the parabasis.
 I come as now, in *propria persona*,
 A sight, the author swears, worth all the money ;
 For bless the men, they can be so gallant
 When a poor woman's services they want ;
 And thus much he entreated me to say,
 By way of introduction to his play :
 From Fairy-land awhile he has flown off, and he's
 Trying to catch the Birds of Aristophanes

For your diversion. If, alas! he fails
 In putting Attic salt upon their tails,
 He knows against him will be turned the laugh,
 For you are not birds to be caught with chaff;
 So hear him patiently before you frown,
 Nor let his first shot bring the "Big Bird" * down.

AIR—"Should he upbraid."

Do not upbraid, kind friends, though I should fail
 To sing as sweetly as the nightingale;
 Critics be mute—nor scare the birds you view,
 Or I shall have a crow to pluck with you.
 Say some must frown—I hope the mass will smile,
 Nor, for foul play, our playful fowl revile.

*Enter JACKANOXIDES and TOMOSTYLESERON following a
 RAVEN and a MAGPIE.*

Now to begin—two citizens are these
 Of—we'll say—any town, in short, you please,
 Who, being discontented with their station,
 As people may be found in every nation,
 Seek from the sovereign of the birds to know
 Where, for the better, they had best to go.
 The rest, in their own words, they will make plain,
 If not, the birds I'll cut, and come again!

(Exit CHORUS)

QUARTETTE—"Gavotte de Vestris."

JACKANOXIDES, TOMOSTYLESERON, a MAGPIE and a RAVEN.

MAG. There, there, there!
 JACK. What is't this cursed magpie chatters?
 RAV. Here, here, here!
 TOM. This cannot be the way.
 MAG. There, there, there!
 JACK. 'Tis not the way to mend our matters.
 RAV. Here, here, here!
 TOM. Is't here you'd have us stay?

* The professional term for "goose," *i.e.*, hissing.

JACK. A mighty pleasant ramble !

TOM. Through bush, and brier, and bramble ;

JACK. Up such a rock to scramble.

TOM. This unexpected gambol——

BOTH. Is to our act a sweet preamble.

MAG. Here, here, here !

RAV. There, there, there !

JACK. }
TOM. } Where, where, where ?

}
(Together)

TOM. Two precious fools we were to leave the town,

With guides like these to wander up and down,

In search of the wise King of all the Birds !

This comes of taking people at their words.

The rogue from whom we bought these gabbling guides,

In selling them, sold us, I think, besides.

JACK. There is no truth in man ! Else, wherefore, pray,

Have we resolved no more 'mongst men to stay ?

But seek out some blest corner of the earth,

Where folks are not weighed by what gold they're
worth.

Where there's no care, no fraud, no toil, no strife,

And we may settle down in peace for life.

If there be such a land, it must be known

To the Bird King, who round the world has flown.

If, in his flight, he never saw the spot,

Why then I give it up—but till then not !

TOM. Look, Jack, both birds have settled on yon rock.

The King, perchance, lives there.

JACK. Suppose you knock.

QUARTETTE—(continued.)

ALL. Rap, rap, rap !

TOM. Come open quick thy marble dome here.

ALL. Rap, rap, rap !

JACK. Knock louder, man, I say.

ALL. Rap, rap, rap !

TOM. Hollo ! Is anyone at home here ?

ALL. Rap, rap, rap !

JACK. Methought the rock gave way.

(rock opens—KING of the BIRDS appears in centre)

TOM. Yes ; behold, oh, wonder !

JACK. The granite splits asunder.

TOM. And see, what bird is yonder ?

JACK. An eagle or a condor !

TOM. By Jove ! he looks as black as thunder.

BOTH. Back, back, back !

KING. How now ! who wakes me from my sweet
repose ?

Ah ! two vile fowlers ! ye shall feed the crows.

JACK. We are no fowlers, mighty King, I swear ;
Behold, we carry neither gun nor snare.

KING. But ye are men, and therefore full of guile.
Creatures that smile, and murder while they smile.
Foes to the feathered tribes, o'er which I reign,
Thousands of whom ye for your sport have slain ;
Or pent in cages all their sad lives long,
To cheer their cruel captors with their song.

TOM. 'Tis true we've the misfortune men to be,
But are quite sick of men's society.
And hither come in hope that you would tell us
Where we might live untroubled by our fellows.

KING. Untroubled ! nowhere, if within their reach ;
The mountain summit, and the wild sea beach
No longer limit their audacious strides,
Their steamboats set at naught the winds and tides,
And in balloons they scale the azure sky,
Not doubting they will rule there by-and-bye.

JACK. But are states all alike ? all men enrolled
Slaves of ambition—worshippers of gold ?
Is there no city now, for instance, where
To eat, and drink, and sleep, is all men's care ?
Where those who have, to those who have not, give
Unlaboured for, the means, at least, to live ?
Where there's no pandering to wealth or station,
No war, no politics, no litigation ;
No bitterness between the great and small ?

KING. I never saw one, and I've seen them all.

TOM. One question answer in the fewest words :
What sort of life is it amongst the birds ?

KING. Why much like that which you desire to lead ;
They neither pay for water nor for seed ;

Do little work, except make their own beds ;
With politics have never plagued their heads ;
With fashionable tailors run no scores ;
Have no tax-gatherers knocking at their doors ;
Bet on no races—dabble in no stocks ;
Need not a carriage nor an opera-box ;
Stake not a fortune upon cards or dice ;
Keep no late hours, scarce practise any vice.
Sometimes a rival in a passion flies out,
And pecks, occasionally, a friend's eyes out.
But barring little accidents like those,
Nothing can be more peaceful, heaven knows !

TOM. Charming ! I wish I were a bird—don't you ?

JACK. Well, really, now you mention it, I do.

On pinions light to follow Pleasure's call,—
But that's impossible !

KING. Oh, not at all !

If you're sincere in such a wish, my power
Can make birds of you both in half-an-hour.

TOM. You don't say so? I've a great mind, by Jove !

JACK. But must we live and die then in a grove ?

KING. Why you abused the city just this minute.

JACK. No, pardon me, 'twas but the people in it ;
The rogues who wouldn't let us live at ease ;
But houses are much better sure than trees
To live in.

KING. What, for birds ?

JACK. So I should guess.

Just ask the pigeons, they'll, I'm sure, say yes ;
And oh ! a bright idea, one that shall place
The birds above the haughty human race,
Who have long held them at most shameful odds.
Nay, give them power equal to the gods !

KING. Indeed ! out with it !

JACK. Just cast up your eyes,
And tell me what you see.

KING. Naught but the skies.

JACK. Well, are not they the wingèd tribe's dominions ?

KING. On that point there cannot be two opinions.

JACK. To build on trees then is it not a pity,
When you might found a splendid airy city
Midway 'twixt earth and heaven, so that admission

To either would depend on your volition ?
 Both gods and men you thus would check with ease,
 And make with either any terms you please.

KING. Oh, exquisite design ! Oh, rare device !
 I'll summon all the birds here in a trice.
 You shall explain your plan ; if they approve,
 We'll build the city and forsake the grove.
 What ho ! my Nightingale ! with thy sweet song,
 Call a full meeting of the feathered throng ;
 Bid them, from woods and marshes, dells and brakes,
 Fly hither in a brace of your best shakes.

(flageolet behind scenes)

Trio—NIGHTINGALE, JACKANOXIDES, and TOMOSTYLESERON
"Mocking Bird."

NIGHT. *(behind scenes)* Tio, tio, tio ; jug, jug, jug, &c.

JACK. Pretty warbler, soft and clear,
 Pretty Nightingale, thy voice I hear,
 Filling all the vale with its descant dear,

Enter CHORUS.

Air—CHORUS—"Little wot ye wha's coming."

All the birds are here coming !
 All the birds are here coming !
 All the birds are here coming !
 Land and sea birds all coming.
 Storks are coming, cranes are coming,
 Crows are coming, finches coming,
 Larks are coming, linnets coming,
 Ruffs and reeves and all coming.

All the birds, &c.

The bird o' paradise is coming,
 The heron and the quail are coming,
 The parrot and the lory's coming,
 And all the fine macaws coming.
 Hark, how the bittern's crying,
 See how the kites are flying ;
 Kingfisher and cassowary,
 Yellowhammer and canary !

All the birds, &c.

The pelican was sore oppressed, sir,
Talked of water on the chest, sir,
The owl would fain have been let off, sir,
Swore he'd got the whooping cough, sir,
But whip-poor-will, the whipper-in, sir,
Said he didn't care a pin, sir,
Of the whole House 'twas a call, sir,
So they're coming—one and all, sir.

All the birds, &c.

Chorus of BIRDS in the air.

Toro, toro, toro, tinx,
Kickabau, kickabau,
Toro, toro, toro, loli, lolink.*

All the BIRDS enter at a scream of the wind instruments.

KING. Stay, and fear not! Hold, feathered subjects all,
Nor on your friends and champions madly fall;
These learned men have hit upon a plan
To free us from our vassalage to man,
And make us equal to the gods in might!
Speak, friend. (*to JACK*)

JACK. But will they understand me?

KING. Quite
As well as men, and men of some pretence;
And many parrots speak much better sense.

JACK. Most potent, grave, and reverend owls and
widgeons,
My very noble and approved good pigeons,
Gulls, peacocks, parrots, pelicans, and plovers,
Whom I would fain call countrymen and lovers,
Though very little of an ornithologist,
It seems I am to be my own apologist
For this intrusion! Hear me, kites and daws;
Hear me, ye rooks, for I espouse your *cause*!

* As any translation of the above might weaken the force and beauty of the original, it has been thought advisable to request the Chorus to sing it in Greek, particularly as any language in which a chorus is sung behind the scenes must be equally incomprehensible to the audience.

"Arms and the man" to sing I deem absurd,
 A nobler theme is mine, "Wings and the bird!"
 The bird! a being before man created,
 And in the world far higher elevated!

PARROT. Hear, hear!

JACK. The honourable bird may cheer,
 But I will make my case as noon-day clear.
 Born before man, I say 'tis my opinion,
 By eldership, you claim o'er him dominion,
 Still shall the plumeless biped crow o'er you,
 Cock of the walk——

BIRDS. Hear!

COCK. Cock-a-doodle doo!

JACK. Sir, I am not to be put down by clamour,
 Nor knocked down by a factious yellowhammer,
 Whom I should blush to call my learned friend.

BIRDS. Chair!—order, order!—name!

JACK. Sir, I contend
 I am in order.

BIRDS. No, no!

TOM. Yes, you are.

KING. Order! order, there below the bar!

JACK. Were ye not kings before the human race?
 Why on their standards do they eagles place?
 Doves on their sceptres? Are ye not ashamed
 To be by these barbarians killed or tamed?
 Like slaves or madmen do the villains treat ye,
 Shoot ye, if on the open moors they meet ye;
 Lime twigs, beat bushes, hunt through brakes and
 briers,
 Lay snares, gins, meshes, traps, and traitorous wires,
 Sell you in shops and markets, strung by scores;
 Hawk you about in carts, at tavern doors;
 Alive—in cages coop, on perches post you;
 Dead—pluck and skewer, and lard, and stuff, and
 roast you!

BIRDS. Hear, hear!

KING. These facts are known to every grouse;
 There is no motion yet before the House.

JACK. I'm ready, sir, before the House to bring it,
 But 'stead of saying, I prefer to sing it.

Air—JACKANOXIDES—"O, think not, lewd Jove"—"Midas."

Man long has the birds held, I say it with shame,
But as marks for him to pop away at ;
Of some he makes captives, of others makes game,
But he'll find 'tis a game two can play at.
Turn about is but fair ; who on earth, pray, is he,
That all goods upon earth thus he gathers ?
Deprived of his tailor, the dandy would be
But a poor stupid fowl without feathers.

My plan is, a city to build for the birds,
Out of reach of man's vile fowling-pieces ;
Put boards up directly, upon them these words,
"This sky to let on building leases."
Soon covered 'twill be with streets, crescents, and squares,
Though the houses a breath down could shake 'em ;
Just see how the builders on earth run up theirs,
And yet gulls they find plenty to take them.

A palace, of course, you must have for your king,
Nothing easier is 'neath the sun done ;
Only if you would build him the right sort of thing,
Don't look for the model in London.
Of parliament houses you'll want a fine pair,
Though your funds by them may be diminished ;
But if run in debt for, you needn't much care,
For you never will see them both finished !*

With walls you must circle the city about,
And if after some suburban beauty,
Sly Jove should come sneaking a permit without,
By Jove, he shall pay transit duty !
If Fate any mortal would raise to the stars,
She must take out a passport, by Jingo !
No monarch on earth shall pass our Temple Bars
Without leave from the Lord Mayor Flamingo !

Then man, if his crimes he would have us o'erlook,
For the past must make full reparation ;
He shall alter the game-laws to suit the birds' book,
And to pheasants give true preservation ;

* The New Houses of Parliament, here alluded to, were then in the course of erection.

No pie make of partridge, of pigeon, or grouse,
 No soup make of birds'-nests at Canton.
 He shall pull down "the Poultry," and burn the "Red
 House,"*
 And abolish the name of "Joe Manton." †
 (*Great cheering from the BIRDS on all sides of the House*)

KING. Hark to those notes of joy and exultation!
 Your scheme has met with perfect approbation.

JACK. About the building then without delay.

KING. Storks, martins, swallows, to the work away;
 You've carrier pigeons will materials bring,
 And cranes enough to hoist up anything;
 By woodpeckers the timber shall be found.
 And yellowhammers make the floors around.
 The pelicans will bring up pails of water,
 Spoon-bills and horn-bills help to mix the mortar.
 'Twere hard, indeed, if birds could not compare,
 With men, in building castles in the air.

Air—KING and CHORUS—"Bartlemy Fair, O."

Come, bustle, small and big,
 Take your leaves and hop the twig;
 Cut your sticks and plume your crests,
 Leave off feathering your nests;
 Build a city in the sky,
 Which with any one shall vie,
 London, Paris, Rome, Vienna, or Grand Cairo;
 Go to work—rival Smirke—
 Make a dash, à la Nash—
 Something try at, worthy Wyatt—
 Plans out carry, great as Barry—
 With a hey down, ho down, derry, derry down,
 'Tis so easy to build castles in the air, O!

(*Exeunt all the BIRDS*)

KING. Meanwhile, if still you feel the inclination,
 We will to birds effect your transformation.

* At Battersea, where pigeon shooting was then practised,

† The celebrated gunsmith.

JACK. Stop ; just one moment ; must I have a bill ?

KING. Of course.

JACK. And lose my speech ?

KING. You may speak still,
As parrots, magpies, daws, or starlings do.

JACK. No better ! why not speak as well as you ?

KING. Oh, I'm a genius, whom the birds for king
Elected. That's another sort of thing.

TOM. But we are geniuses, in our way.

KING. Then, as you are, why not contented stay ?

JACK. Because our talent's not appreciated
By the vile herd with whom we were located.

TOM. A bill ! the thought with fear my bosom fills.
We left the city to get rid of bills.

KING. Call it a beak.

JACK. That's worse almost—Heaven knows
The Beaks have always been our deadly foes.

TOM. Can't we have wings, and be as gay as larks,
Yet keep the form of men ?

KING. You're pretty sparks !
No : either men in every point remain,
Or be as birds should be.

JACK. Let's think again,
Ere we decide.

KING. Well, by the time the town
Is built, make up your minds, and call me down.

TOM. Stop ; I'm for wings and feathers, come what may.

KING. And what bird will you be—a popinjay !

TOM. No, no, they pop at him. (*to JACKANOXIDES*) What
kind would you be ?

KING. (*aside*) The bird you're most akin to is a booby.

JACK. For fear of accidents some fowl I'd be,
That folks don't shoot or eat.

TOM. Humph ! let me see ;
There may be one I never heard the name of.

KING. (*aside*) You can't be anything they won't make
game of.

TOM. I have it ! yes, the very thing ! 'Twill do !

JACK. What have you fixed upon ?

TOM. A cockatoo !

KING. Bravo ! walk in ; I'll fit you in a trice.

JACK. Before I settle, I'll at least think twice.

Trio—KING, JACKANOXIDES, and TOMOSTYLESERON—

"Here's a Health to all Good Lasses."

Who can doubt of wings the uses,
When with one quill from a goose's,
People born in lowest station,
Have risen up to rule a nation—
Let the praise of wings resound.

Hey for pinions !
Who'd not bear 'em ?
Fortune's minions
Always wear 'em.

Time has wings, and Love, and Pleasure—
Life itself's a fleeting treasure ;
All our joys with wings are found.

Enter CHORUS.

PARABASIS.

CHORUS. Good, sensible folks, if there be any here,
Inclined at these classical fancies to sneer,
Be just, if not generous. First look at home,
Without going either to Greece or to Rome.
Could not projects as airy, and visions as vain,
Be proved to have sprung from an Englishman's
brain ?
Have no speculations, as monstrous almost,
Been seen advertised in the *Times* or the *Post* ?
Has no Jackanoxides, deemed to have *nous*,
Ever championed a scheme as absurd in the "House?"
Nay, are there none present, who've given support
To a bubble as empty, blown through Capel Court ?
Now to take t'other side up, with questions as leading,
And shew I'm a dab at what's called special pleading :
What in men turned to birds, is too strange to be funny,
When they make every day ducks and drakes of their
money ?
Why should not the fowls in the air build a palace,
When there's hope of a submarine railway to Calais ? *

* And the "hope," after thirty-two years, is still to be fulfilled.

In the days of Queen Bess, did our forefathers
dream
Of the glories of gas, and the marvels of steam?
And if an Utopia man could secure,
In Harmony birds would beat Owen,* I'm sure!
Having seen what we've seen; seeing still what we
see,
Who can venture to swear such things yet may not be?

AIR—" *An alteration, a wonderful alteration.*"

And so I come to tell you that the wondrous work's
begun,
The airy city from the earth will soon block out the sun.
The birds have sent to Jupiter himself, a supersedeas,
And messengers to man to say, they now are gods "in
medias."
Henceforth in common parlance, when expressing fears
or wishes,
Folks must say "Gods and little birds," not "Gods and
little fishes!"

For there's an alteration, an alteration,
A wonderful alteration!

No longer offering sacrifice, to Venus or to Love,
The amorous youth's divinity will be the turtle dove;
The eagle, 'stead of Jove himself, will wield the awful
thunder;
The magpie lead, for Mercury, the sons of trade or
plunder;
The game-cock be the soldier's idol, "vice Mars
dismiss'd";
The owl preside for Pallas over all the learned list.

Though *that's* not much of an alteration,
Not much of an alteration.

Nor need we wonder living birds such power should
possess,
When even dead their influence o'er man is scarcely less.

* Robert Owen, the philanthropist. He established a settlement at New Harmony, in America, in 1824. He died in 1858, aged 90.

A box of grouse has had its weight, when justice idly
 pleaded,
 Where wisdom's voice had urged in vain, a good fat goose
 succeeded ;
 A Christmas turkey hearts may move, when Christian
 feelings fail,
 The feathers of a woodcock even serve to turn the scale !
 And make an alteration, an alteration,
 A wonderful alteration.

(Exit)

Enter JACKANOXIDES.

JACK. By Jupiter, the work goes bravely on ;
 A luckier day for mortal never shone.
 The birds have sent me, with a grateful ditty,
 In a gold egg the freedom of their city ;
 And more my services to set a mark on,
 Have made me of their new-form'd state the Archon.
 Archon !—a pretty title to begin with ;
 And the first thread, a golden web to spin with.
 If Tomostyleseron begins to grumble,
 I'll make him eat, of all pies, the most humble.
 As to the King, as some low birds adore him,
 He may be king, but I'll be viceroy o'er him.

Enter CHORUS.

CHORUS. Hail, Archon of the birds, whose glorious
 name,
 Stands foremost on the new-made list of fame ;
 Not only 'mongst the feather'd race, but those
 Who have so long been found their cruel foes.
 On 'Change, no sooner was your project known,
 Than every other scheme aside was thrown.
 The bulls and bears on pinions forth would sally,
 The lamest duck is worshipped in the alley !
 All are agog for wings ; the stags in herds
 Have taken flight—quite crazy to be birds !

JACK. Into our state 'twere madness to admit them.

CHORUS. I question if we've wings enough to fit them ;
 For half the nation upon flying bent is.

JACK. Here comes one, looking scarcely *compos mentis*.

Enter a POET.

- Who may you be ?
POET. "You are, and do not know it!"
As Shakespeare has it—Sir, I am a poet.
- JACK. A poet! Well, suppose you are, what then?
POET. Like you, disgusted, from the haunts of men
I fly;—and hearing of your airy scheme—
JACK. How heard you of it?
POET. In a poet's dream.
For lack of more substantial gifts, consoling,
"The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,
Glances from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven!"
As Shakespeare has it—one so often driven
To live on air, in air may surely claim
"A local habitation and a name,"
As Shakespeare—
- JACK. Pray a truce with your quotation;
What offering bring you for our acceptance?
POET. My deathless songs, in which I'll celebrate
The new bird-city and its founder great.
- JACK. Songs to the birds? Why, my good friend, that's
bringing
Coals to Newcastle. Who that heard their singing
Could fancy yours?
POET. Their melody—but birds
Seldom sing words.
- JACK. Words! What's the use of words?
Who ever hears the words when people sing?
The music, sir—the music is the thing!
POET. But poetry—
- JACK. Pooh! poetry! what stuff!
For music any words are good enough.
If you doubt me, sir, go and ask the trade
How much for poetry they've lately paid?
POET. But without music, sir, I'll sing your praise,
In ode Pindaric: or what's more, in plays.
- JACK. In plays!
POET. Yes; I'm a dramatist.
- JACK. Indeed!
I thought there was an end of all that breed.

POET. Oh, pardon me, there you're mistaken quite ;
 A piece of mine was—damned the other night.

JACK. Come, there's some hope, then, of the stage at last !

POET. Sir !

JACK. No offence—I know that in times past,
 There was a public, and we had a pit
 That fired at poetry and warmed at wit ;
 But I have heard so many people say,
 "Oh, dear ! we never now go to the play,"
 That I was really quite rejoiced to find
 There was an audience left of any kind.

POET. A base, an ignorant, malicious set ;
 But I'll be even with the rascals yet !
 Of course you'll build a theatre—and there
 I'll satirize them all.

JACK. Apply elsewhere.

I build a theatre *above*—no, no !

There are too many to be let below. (Exit POET)

Air—CHORUS—"Lucy Neal."

In dust, at Covent Garden,
 The mourning Muses sit,
 Misfortune floored the management,
 And Jullien floored the pit.
 The Northern Wizard* conjures,
 And reckless maskers reel,
 On boards so oft by Kemble trod,
 By Siddons, and O'Neill.
 Kemble, Young, and Kean,
 Siddons and O'Neill !
 If now ye graced the Drama's side,
 How happy she would feel.

Enter an ARCHITECT.

JACK. Here comes another. Pray, sir, what are you ?

ARCH. An architect.

JACK. And what come here to do ?

* J. H. Anderson, well known as the "Wizard of the North."

ARCH. Offer my service to erect your city,
On a new plan, approved by the committee
For the embellishment of the metropolis.
I've measured every inch of the Acropolis ;
Been up the Pyramids, and what is more,
Reached actually in one day, the fifth floor
Of a new mansion, near the Albert Gate.*

JACK. Impossible !

ARCH. Sir, had it not been late,
I should have mounted to the attic story !

JACK. That story would have covered you with glory.
You would have gained by every one's concession,
The very greatest height in your profession.

ARCH. Sir, I have always had a wish to rise,
And therefore seek employment in the skies.

JACK. But surely such a rising man as you,
Might find on earth enough of work to do.

ARCH. I could, of course ; but to reveal a fact,
My quarrel is with the new Building Act :
I feel my genius cramp'd, sir, upon land.
They stipulate that houses now should *stand* !
A fallacy exploded long ago,
As ruinous to architects, you know ;
For if your dwellings are to last for ages,
The half of us will not get workmen's wages.

JACK. Sir, to be frank with you, I think a swallow,
Would beat the best half of your builders hollow.
To talk of architecture is a joke,
Till you can build a chimney that won't smoke ! †

ARCH. Then you won't call me in at any price ?

JACK. No, but I'll give you this piece of advice :
To take so high a flight as you expect,
Don't build your own wings, Mr. Architect,
Or take my word for't, the first windy weather,
You and your wings will all come down together.

(Exit ARCHITECT)

* The well-known mansions at Albert Gate, one of which is now occupied by the French Embassy, were at this time called Gibraltar by the wags of London, because it was said they never could be taken.

† I am proud to say this couplet is still quoted in architectural circles.

Air—JACKANOXIDES—"A Life by the Galley Fire."

Of building they'll never tire,
 Each end of the town's run wild ;
 And the rents, like the houses, grow higher,
 Which are mortgaged before they are tiled !
 But though tenants they get for all,
 The knowing ones wink their eye ;
 For they fancy the rents must fall
 With the houses themselves by-and-bye.
 Of building they'll never tire,
 Each end of the town's run wild ;
 And the rents, like the houses, grow higher,
 Which are mortgaged before they are tiled !
 Yes, mortgaged—
 Yes, mortgaged—
 Mortgaged before they are tiled.

Enter LEGISLATOR.

A third—Your business ?

LEGIS. I'm a politician.

JACK. A politician ! Then there's no admission
 For you here. I'm of politics a hater !

LEGIS. But I'm a senator—a legislator !
 One who can mend or make a constitution.
 And as below they hint a dissolution,
 I have pair'd off, and come these laws so new
 To offer to the birds.

JACK. The deuce you do ?
 What are your politics, my learned brother ?
 Tory or Whig ?

LEGIS. Sometimes one, sometimes 'tother ;
 In short, 'tis rather difficult to say
 What any one exactly is to-day.
 But if in your new senate you'll admit
 Me, as a bird, for any place to sit,
 My vote for any measure——

JACK. Hence, sir, hop !
 Or take your seat the senate-house a-top
 There, as a bird of tin, and not of feather,
 Turn as the wind blows—vary with the weather.

(*Exit* LEGISLATOR.)

Duo—JACKANOXIDES and CHORUS—“*When the wind blows.*”

As the wind blows,
So the vote goes,
In hopes of a place so merry,
When the place drops,
In the man pops,
And laughs and sings hey down derry !

JACK. I shall be plagued to death by all these bores,
Yonder I see them coming now by scores.
You, madam, whosoever you may be—
For really that's a mystery to me—
But as you seem to have some power about here,
Can't you prevent these rogues from flocking out here ?

CHORUS. I fear not; you have set the folks the fashion,
Ornithomania now is quite the fashion.
I tell you half the world is on the wing,
And taking bird's-eye views of everything ;
For restless man the mail train now too slow flies ;
From point to point he'd travel as the crow flies.
None in their own sphere will contented stay,
All would be birds, *de la plus haute volée !*
All who are dunned for debts, or sick of troubles ;
All who have blown, or been blown up by bubbles,
Are hastening hither. This one, pluck'd at college,
Would plume himself upon superior knowledge ;
That, tired of flying kites, would be a kite,
To take up his own bill, for once, at sight.
The pluralist, Boyle Roche's bird—for he,
In two places at once contrives to be.
Then there are all those who are *forced* to fly,
Poor souls—so recently in feather high !
Two hundred joint-stock company projectors,
And twenty thousand new railroad directors.

JACK. O, monstrous ! Such excessive emigration
Would drain to death the most plethoric nation !
King of the Birds, fly hither to my aid !
Give me a pair of pinions ready made,
That I may take my flight before they come—
You, madam, please to say I'm not at home.

Scene changes to

SCENE SECOND.—*Bird's-eye view of the City of Birds*—KING OF THE BIRDS *appears on the branch of a tree.*

KING. Where's Jackanoxides? I come to tell,
The city's built——

JACK. 'Tis well!

KING. I would 'twere well——

JACK. Is't not well built?

KING. Yes.

JACK. Well, then, what's the matter?

KING. The rooks are making a confounded clatter;
They want a rookery——

JACK. In my new town!
By Jove, if they build one, I'll pull it down.

KING. They can't afford to live in Peacock Square;
Where can they go to?

JACK. Go to?—anywhere!

KING. The sparrows think you at the rooks should wink.

JACK. What can it signify what sparrows think!
What say the parrots, goldfinches, and lorys?

KING. Oh, they are all enraptured with the glories
Of their new palaces and public places,
Where little dirty birds daren't shew their faces;
But for the water-fowl the air's too dry;
The geese find out there's no grass in the sky,
And say a common's needful for their health.

JACK. They're always cackling for a commonwealth.

KING. And there's sad grumbling 'mongst the barn-door
fowls,

Their roosting snuggeries are filled with owls;
And every grain and crumb they chance to scratch up,
Some hawk or buzzard's almost sure to catch up.

JACK. Well, that's no worse than matters were before.

KING. No; but they hoped such things would be no
more.

You promised, if they went by your advice,
That it should be of birds the Paradise;
And if they find themselves deceived, I've fears
They'll pull the new built town about your ears.

JACK. Zounds! if amongst themselves they can't agree,
Why, prithee, should the blame be cast on me?
I cannot change their nature, can I?

KING. Why
Then change the life they led that nature by?

JACK. Because I thought them born for better things.

KING. You thought! Vain fool, know Jove, who gave
them wings,

Put, in his wisdom, limits to their flight;
Marked out their food by day, their rest by night.
Think you he gave to man the power of reason
To stir inferior beings up to treason?
To snatch from out his hand the regal rod,
And make each goose believe itself a god?
Or gave to godlike man that reason's use,
That he with wings should make himself a goose?

JACK. Hollo! how dare you talk this way to me,
King of the Birds although you chance to be?

KING. Peace, worm!—the King of gods and men behold!
(changes to JUPITER)

*The scene at the same time changes and discovers OLYMPUS,
with the principal DEITIES enthroned.*

JACK. *(falls on his knees)* Jupiter's self! By Jupiter, I'm
sold!

Oh, Tomostyleseron—where, where are you?

A large COCKATOO appears at the wing.

Merciful powers! can this be——

COCK. *(in a melancholy tone)* Cockatoo!

JUP. Observe, ye deities, these desperate fools,
Who fain would rise and push us from our stools.
These brittle things—these images of clay;
Poor shadowy shapes—mere creatures of a day,
Who born to trouble, would from trouble fly,
Yet know not how, unless they scale the sky;
Who discontented ever with their lot,
Sigh only to be something they are not.
Hence, let wild theorists a lesson take,
And see what monsters of themselves they'd make.
What dire confusion in the world 'twould breed,
If fools could follow whither knaves would lead.

Ye mortals, fear the gods, and trust the wise ;
Virtue alone can waft you to the skies.
On wings forbidden seek no idle fame,
Let men be men and worthy of the name !

Finale—CHORUS and JACKANOXIDES—" *Crusaders.*"

If you, our dear and constant friends, approve
The moral here, to mortals read by Jove,
Let no rude breath our new-fledged hopes destroy,
But fill each poor bird's flutt'ring heart with joy.

CURTAIN.



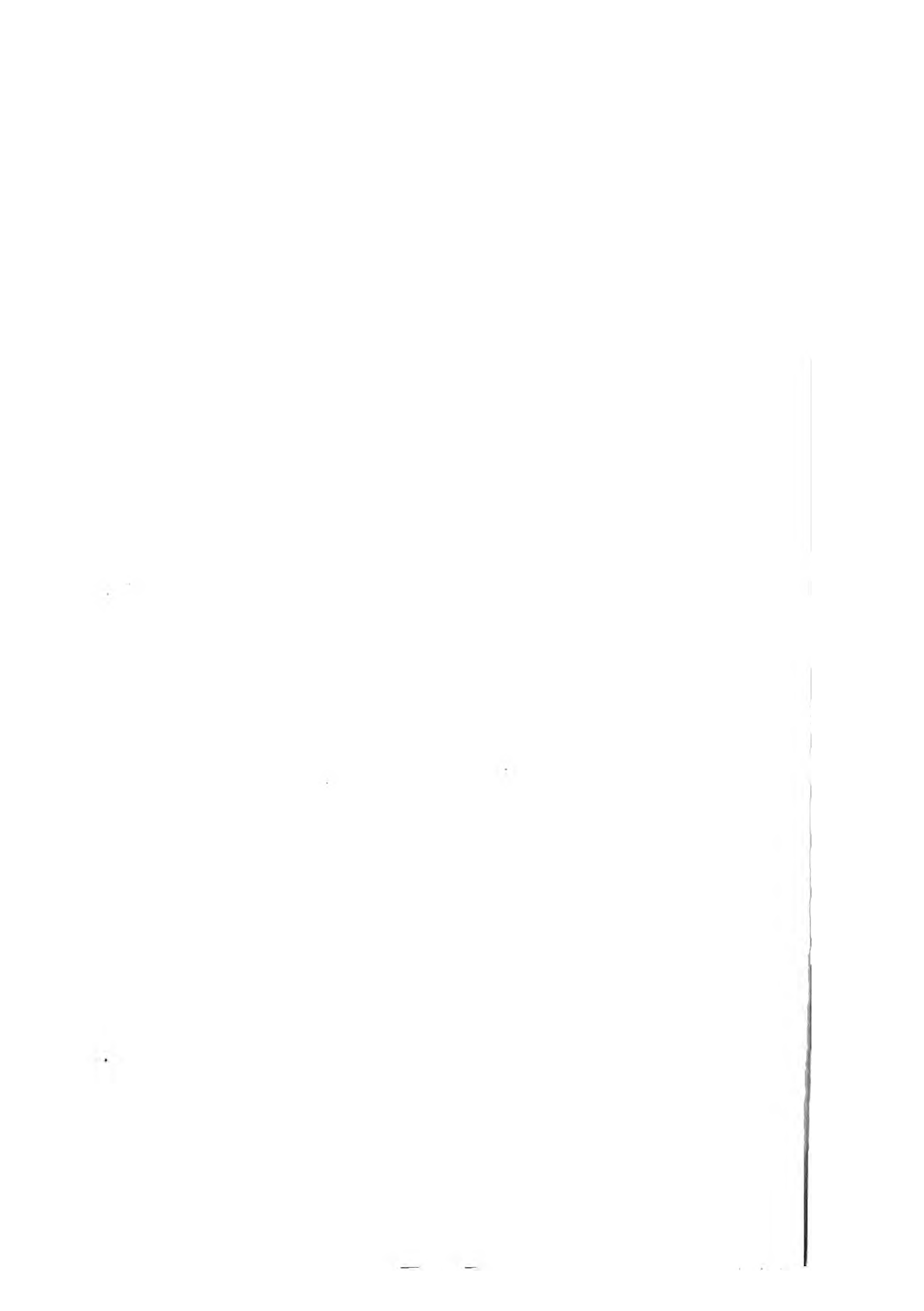
Grassington
Jane Seymour.

THE
INVISIBLE PRINCE;
OR, THE
ISLAND OF TRANQUIL DELIGHTS.

A Fairy Extravaganza,

IN ONE ACT.

First performed at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, on Saturday,
December 26th, 1846.



THE INVISIBLE PRINCE ;

OR,

THE ISLAND OF TRANQUIL DELIGHTS.

If the "Birds of Aristophanes" flew over the heads of some portion of the public and (with submission be it said) those of two or three of the recognised leaders of public opinion, "The Invisible Prince," "Le Prince Lutin," of Madame D'Aulnoy, was more fortunate in its aim, and ranks amongst the greatest favourites in this collection, if I may judge from the frequency of its revival, and, with one lamentable exception, the approbation it has so generally received. The disgraceful mutilation, vulgarisation, and *mis*-representation of it some few years ago, at a London Theatre, is too much a matter of notoriety for me to do more than allude to it.

In the original cast will be found the name of Miss Reynolds, who, by her spirited acting and singing in this piece, laid the foundation of her subsequently deserved popularity.

I shall always recollect with pleasure that I was not only the first to recognise her abilities, but was fortunate enough to afford her the earliest opportunity of displaying them in an original character. I have been amply repaid for the service my position at that time in the Haymarket Theatre enabled me to render her by the valuable support she has

given to me in many other dramas besides "The Invisible Prince," and the friendship which has not terminated with her too early retirement from the profession.

The present version of this Extravaganza contains the alterations made in it on the occasion of its revival at the Adelphi in 1859, with Mrs. Alfred Mellon as Leander, Mr. Toole as Prince Furibond, and Miss Mary Keeley (afterwards Mrs. Albert Smith) as the Princess; also those consequent on its reproduction at the Princess's Theatre, Oxford Street, during the management of the late Mr. George Vining, when Mr. Honey was the Furibond, and Mrs. John Wood a fascinating Leander, a part which she had made her own in the United States. I will merely add in explanation of the names Xquisitelittlepet, Toxolototittletattle, and Itzaprettipetticoatl, that absurd as they appear they scarcely exaggerate Mexican appellations;* and the Amazonian Guards of the Princess were dressed and armed at the Haymarket from accurate drawings of Mexican costumes as published in the magnificent work of Lord Kingston. Vincent Wallace, of musical celebrity, had passed some time in Mexico, and was one of the few who recognised and appreciated the closeness of the imitation and the "*couleur locale*" given to every thing connected with "The Island of Tranquil Delights." "The Invisible Prince" originally ran seventy-six nights, and was revived also at the Haymarket in 1847 and 1848.

**Ex. gra.* Tlacochealcatl. Itzcoatl. Iztaemaxtitlan. Quetzalcoatl. Toxachocholla. Xiquipilco, &c., &c. Vide Clavigero's History of Mexico.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BLOUZABELLA (Queen of Allaquiz, a City somewhere on the Spanish Main)	MRS. CAULFIELD
THE INFANTE FURIBOND (her only Son, an extra-ordinary Prince)	MR. JAMES BLAND
DON LEANDER (lineally descended from the Native Kings of Allaquiz)	MISS P. HORTON
MARQUIS OF ANYSIDOS (Major Domo)... ..	MR. BRAID
COUNT PALAVA TORQUEMOVA (Introducer of Ambassadors)... ..	MR. CAULFIELD
DON MOUSTACHEZ DE HARO Y BARBOS (Captain of the Guard)... ..	MR. COE
COUNTESS CAJOLA { (Ladies of the Queen's Chamber)	} MISS CARRE } MISS WOULD
COUNTESS CABAL {	

Ambassadors from the Friendly Tribe of Cat's-Paw Indians.

WINK-I (the Great Buzzard)	MR. COOKE
NOO-DEL (Thickhead)	MR. COOMBE
SAMBO	MR. CLARK
THE FAIRY GENTILLA	MRS. L. S. BUCKINGHAM
DIEGO (the Gardener)	MR. ENNIS
ABRICOTINA (own Maid to the Princess of the Island of Tranquil Delights)	MISS REYNOLDS
RUFFINO {	} MR. THOMAS } MR. W. SANTER } MR. COOK } MR. SAUNDERS
DESPERADO { (Four Bad Characters out of the worst Melo-dramas)	
SANGUINO {	
STILETTO {	
XQUISITELITTLEPET (Princess of the Island of Tranquil Delights)	MISS JULIA BENNETT
TOXALOTOTITTLETATTLE { (Ladies-in-Waiting on the Princess)	} MISS WOULD } MISS TWEEDIE
ITZAPRETTIPETTICOATL {	
BLUET (the Princess's Favourite Cat, "darkly, deeply, exquisitely blue")	By a BLUE-COAT BOY

PROGRAMME OF SCENERY.

Gallery in the Royal Castle of Allaquiz,

(A "Château en Espagne," Nouvelle).

GARDEN OF AN OLD HUNTING LODGE,

(Leander's Family Seat).

A F O R E S T.

SEA SHORE *and Distant View of the* PALACE OF PLEASURE
on the ISLAND OF TRANQUIL DELIGHTS, somewhere in
the Pacific Ocean.

THRONE ROOM IN THE PALACE OF PLEASURE.

GROTTO IN THE PALACE GARDENS

WITH POSE PLASTIQUE OF APOLLO.

CAMP OF FURIBOND.

PALACE OF PLEASURE.

THE INVISIBLE PRINCE ;

OR,

THE ISLAND OF TRANQUIL DELIGHTS.

SCENE FIRST.—*Gallery in the Royal Castle of Allaquiz.*

Enter COUNT PALAVA, *and* LADIES *and* GENTLEMEN
of the Court in great confusion.

*Chorus—AIR—“ I'd rather have a Guinea than a One
Pound Note.”*

'Tis a shame I declare,
And I'd tell him to his face,
He's brute and a bear,
If it wasn't for my place.
Had he not been a prince,
And the heir to a throne,
Such an ugly baboon
Sure had never been known.
But his person we must flatter,
And his sayings we must quote,
Or we shouldn't get a guinea
Or a one pound note !

Enter LEANDER, *followed by the* MARQUIS OF ANYSIDOS.

LEAN. What is the matter ? Murder, fire, or robbery ?
Who is it making this tremendous bobbery ?

1ST LADY. Only Prince Furibond, at his old sport,
Kicking the courtiers all about the court,
Pinching the maids-of-honour black and blue——

2ND LADY. He's nearly broken poor Gold-stick in two ;

Given the grooms-in-waiting monkey's wages,
 And pitched down the back stairs a dozen pages.
 COUNT. He's knocked my teeth almost out of their
 sockets,
 But I must put my feelings in my pockets.
 LEAN. It is the place they're kept in, sir, by many,
 Touch them elsewhere, you wouldn't think they'd
 any.
 MAR. Ah! Don Leander, were you on the throne—
 As you would be, had every one his own—
 LEAN. My lord, for me ambition has no lures,
 And more on that head may endanger yours.
 MAR. You'll not betray me?
 LEAN. Sir, I am no traitor.
 1ST LADY. You are Hyperion, and he a Satyr!
 COUNT. As ugly in his mind as in his mein,
 His eyes two gooseberries—
 2ND LADY. One red, one green;
 MAR. His nose between a bottle and a snub,
 COUNT. His legs, two ninepins,
 MAR. Stuck into a tub.
 1ST LADY. He'd make, without the aid of paint or lacker,
 A street-door knocker,
 2ND LADY. Or a Dutch nut-cracker!
 COUNT. How can the Queen on such a monster doat?
 LEAN. He's coming! you had better change your note.
 COUNT. The devil! that's indeed another story.

Enter FURIBOND.

ALL (*except* LEANDER) Long live Prince Furibond! the
 nation's glory!

Song—FURIBOND—“*Bonny Laddie*.”*

Bow, ye venal servile train!—Tooral loodle!
 Hint, who dare, I'm even plain—Tooral, &c.
 As their friend, I'd them advise,
 Just to mind their precious eyes!

* These words were originally sung by Mr. Bland to the music of
 “Flow thou regal purple stream,” of which song they are a parody.
 The alteration was made for Mr. Toole.

Whilst I live I'll have my way ;
When I'm gone have yours you may.
But till then you'd best obey,
Or with you all the deuce I'll play !

COUNT. Most gracious sir, you are a model prince !
Greater than e'er was seen before——

MAR. Or since.

1ST LADY. A prince whose beauty takes all hearts by storm,

2ND LADY. The glass of fashion, and the mould of form !

FURI. Oh ! am I so ? Leander, what say you ?

LEAN. Nothing, your Royal Highness——

FURI. Nothing ! Poo !

Nothing can come of nothing—speak—encore !

LEAN. Sir, I am nothing, so can say no more !

FURI. You're good for nothing, that's the fact, young
dandy.

How dare you venture words with me to bandy ?

LEAN. If I've offended, sir, I make my bow.

FURI. Stay, I command you !

Flourish—Enter DON MOUSTACHEZ.

Now, sir, what's the row ?

MOUS. The Cat's-Paw Indians, sir, have come to pay
Their tribute to the Queen.

FURI. What tribute, pray ?

MOUS. Ten thousand roasted chestnuts, which they've
got

Out of a neighbour's fire—for us too hot.

FURI. And what do they get by this friendly feat ?

LEAN. Burnt fingers, and the empty skins to eat !

FURI. Ha ! ha ! and serve 'em right, the stupid elves,
Why don't they keep the chestnuts for themselves ?

Leander, stand aside and see them come.

LEAN. They are at hand—I hear the Indian drum.

ROUND—“*The Indian Drum.*”

Hark, 'tis the Indian drum—
But search thro' the courts around,
Cat's paws may there be found !
As great as those that come.

Enter the CAT'S-PAW AMBASSADORS, with their Suite, and SAMBO, the Interpreter.

FURI. Really, a very curious looking band !

Tell them they may salute our royal hand.

COUNT. Where's the Interpreter ?

SAMBO. Dis child, sah. Here.

COUNT. Tell the Ambassadors they may draw near
His Royal Highness the Crown Prince——

SAM. O golly !

Dis buckra man—de Prince. (*bows to LEANDER*)

FURI. How now ! what folly !

You stupid nigger ! you should bow to me !

I am the Prince, fool !

SAM. De Prince Fool, me see !

Ha, ha ! (*pointing him out to AMBASSADORS*) Him great
fool ! Berry ugly, too !

Ha, ha ! what nose him got ! (*pulls it*)

FURI. You rascal ! you !

CATCH—"*'Twas you that kissed the pretty girl.*"

COUNT. How now, sir ?

I vow, sir,

I cannot this allow, sir,

His Highness is the real Prince

He, sir, he.

FURI. Yes, me, sir, me !

SAM. Who you, sah ?

Poo, poo, sah !

Dat story nebber do, sah.

O golly ! what a pretty prince !

You, sah, you ?

LEAN. Yes, he, sir,

You see, sir,

Indeed, it isn't me, sir,

His Highness is the real Prince——

He, sir, he.

FURI. Yes, me, sir, me !

SAM. No, no, sah,

No go, sah,

You tom-fool, dress'd for show, sah !

But Sambo know him real prince,
So, sah, so !
FURI. You lie, sir,
'Tis I, sir,
How dare you thus stand by, sir, (*to LEANDER*)
And see your Prince insulted so ?
For you, sir, you !

FURI. (*furiously*) Treason !

Enter QUEEN and GUARDS.

ALL. Her Majesty !
QUEEN. What ails my ducky !
SAM. O dibble ! dat de Prince ! me cut my lucky ! (*Exit*)
FURI. This traitor ! (*seizes LEANDER*)
LEAN. I !
FURI. Deny it if you dare !
'Twas to insult me, a deep-planned affair !
Banish him, mother ! Or before your eyes,
On his own sword, your lovely darling dies !
QUEEN. Oh ! hold, my chickabiddy ! my sweet poppet,
Come to mamma ! and you, the twig, sir, hop it !
(*to LEANDER*)
Venture again within our house or gardens,
And for your life I wouldn't give five fardens.

Trio—QUEEN, FURIBOND, and LEANDER—"Poor Soldier."

QUEEN. Out of my sight, or I'll box your ears.
FURI. I'll fit you, rogue, for your jibes and jeers !
LEAN. Upon my word, you're a nice young man.
FURI. I'll cut off his head to-night, if I can !
LEAN. 'Tis really funny.
QUEEN. My pet, my honey ! (*to FURIBOND*)
Begone ! (*to LEANDER*)
LEAN. Thus low on my humble knee—
QUEEN. Go dance your dogs to your fiddle-de-dee ;
I'll teach you to talk to a Queen like me.
LEAN. (*aside*) From court I turn to the scenes I love.
FURI. (*aside*) A sword through his gizzard I yet may shove.
QUEEN. My dear, would you anything else propose ?
FURI. Yes, hang the nigger that pulled my nose !

LEAN. 'Twas vastly funny !

QUEEN. I will, my honey !

Begone ! (*to LEANDER*)

LEAN. Still, ma'am, I'll your humble be.

QUEEN. Go dance your dogs, &c.

(*Exeunt LEANDER, QUEEN, FURIBOND, and all
the COURT in opposite directions*)

SCENE SECOND—*The Garden of an old Hunting Lodge—In
centre an alcove with practicable door, open.*

Enter LEANDER.

LEAN. Banished the Court, where I by right should reign,
To these ancestral halls I haste again,
And hail the scenes where I was wont to play
At marbles, hopscotch, hoop, and widdy way.
How fond remembrance roves in all directions,
And conjures up the sweetest recollections,
Before this seat with moistened eyes I stop—
'Twas here I sucked my earliest lollipop !
Here, in a frolic mood, at evening's close,
With a new top I pegged my tutor's toes.
The dear old quiz ! Ah ! I remember well,
It wasn't on my *top* his vengeance fell !
Here, too, on a Guy Fawkes's day at night,
I tied a lighted cracker very tight
To his respected pig-tail ! But ye are past !
Ye hours of innocence !—too bright to last !
And like the firework, having cracked your joke,
Leave but a tale behind, and end in smoke !

Air—LEANDER—“Sonnambula.”

When I played those tricks so charming,
With squibs and crackers old Wigsby warming,
In grim Guy Fawkes's and Jacks in boxes
I invested—I invested all my tin.
Guys as ugly still round me grin,
But those days, but those days don't come agin !

Man the bright squibs of childhood spurning,
Other wheels than "Catherine" turning ;
To increase his fortune yearning,
Scheme on scheme sees explode and pass away,
Worse than ever his fingers burning—
No fun at all, and lots to pay.

(takes a flute out of his pocket and sits in the alcove)

Ye old familiar echoes ! too long mute,
I'll wake ye with a warble on my flute !

*(plays—an adder glides into the alcove and coils
itself round his leg)*

Holloa ! what's this ? As I'm alive an adder
Is making of my precious leg a ladder !
I'll seize him with my kerchief by the head.

*(lays down flute, draws his handkerchief from his
pocket, winds it round his hand, and seizes the
adder)*

Now, my fine fellow, you're as good as dead.
I meant to play upon the flute, but you
Shall find I can play on the *serpent* too.
Yes, you may shew your teeth, but you can't bite.

Enter GARDENER, hastily, with a hoe

GAR. Ha ! master, have you caught it ? hold it tight.

The pois'nous warmint gave me such a race

LEAN. How piteously it looks me in the face,

As if beseeching me its life to spare ;

To kill it, really now, I couldn't bear.

See what unusual tints its surface mottle.

I will preserve it !

GAR. Do, sir, in a bottle.

But kill it first, or let me, with this hoe.

LEAN. The poor thing fled to me for succour. No !

Its touching confidence it ne'er shall rue.

GAR. Then, sir, that's more than you are like to do.

LEAN. Do as you would be done by, cruel clown.

GAR. You'll be done by it, sir, uncommon brown.

LEAN. See, in good spirits, now the creature twine.

GAR. I'd rather see it in good spirits of wine.

LEAN. On flowers and milk it henceforth shall exist.

GAR. You'll find a snake has got a famous twist.

LEAN. In the alcove for safety I will lock it!

(*puts up his handkerchief, and shuts the adder in the alcove*)

GAR. (*aside*) He's put his other wiper in his pocket.

(*hunting horns*)

LEAN. Horns! how I love the sound! Ha! there they go.

Oh, for a hunter! yoicks, yoicks! tally-oh!

GAR. Yes, tally-oh, over our garden wall,

That sport don't tally with my hoe at all. (*runs off*)

LEAN. (*looks off*) The royal liveries! why it must be Prince Furibond! Yes, sure as fate 'tis he, And down, by Jupiter! his steed has stumbled, And plump into the ditch his Highness tumbled. The boar too, now on his pursuer turns; To think on past offence Leander spurns. Forth, my good sword, and shew thy temper true.

Music—Exit LEANDER—Four HUNTSMEN rush in.

HUNT. Help! help! the Prince!

Re-enter LEANDER, supporting FURIBOND, who is covered with mud.

LEAN. He's safe!

FURL. (*to HUNTSMEN*) No thanks to you.

You cowards who can only cut and run,
When you should run and cut, as he has done.
Up with the game, of course, I wished to be,
But zounds, the game was nearly up with me!
My brave preserver—whom I must reward—
Allow me pray to ask you for your card!

LEAN. Leander, sir. Does not your Highness know me?

FURL. (*recognising him—aside*) Ha! if I am not in a fix now, blow me!

(*aloud*) Rescued by you?

LEAN. As Tom Thumb said before,
"I've done my duty, and I've done no more."

FURL. (*aside*) So, so, my gratitude this knowledge checks.
Come here, you rascals. (*to HUNTSMEN*) If you'd save your necks,

Prove you can stick a man, if not a boar,
And nail my friend there fast against that door.

*Music—As they turn upon LEANDER, a voice from the
alcove calls "Forbear!" Thunder and lightning—The
PRINCE and HUNTSMEN exeunt in terror.*

*The alcove changes to a Fairy Temple, and discovers the
FAIRY GENTILLA seated on an enormous Serpent.*

LEAN. A lady! seated on a snake!
Surely I dream?

FAIRY. Oh no, you're wide awake.
I am the adder of your preservation.

LEAN. An adder quite beyond my calculation.

FAIRY. You've heard, no doubt, of fairies, now you see one.

LEAN. I had a slight suspicion you might be one.

FAIRY. My name's Gentilla.

LEAN. None could be genteeler.

FAIRY. I see, sir, you're in compliments a dealer.

LEAN. Pardon me, madam, really in this case—

FAIRY. No matter—to your own—I'm of a race
Who live a hundred years in blooming youth.

LEAN. To see you, madam, is to feel that truth.

FAIRY. A change to vipers then we undergo.

LEAN. "I would not hear thine enemy say so."

FAIRY. Fact on my honour—for eight days we pass
Our wretched lives as snakes amongst the grass,
And may be killed, like any mortal creatures,
And never more regain our fairy features.
You saved my life—in turn, as you're aware
I have saved yours, but I will not stop there;
What can I do to please you most?

LEAN. Stop here.

FAIRY. You are gallant, indeed, but that I fear
Would not be quite correct in your position.
But tell me—if to reign you've an ambition;
I'll make you king of any realm you'll name.

LEAN. No, but I thank you, madam, all the same.

FAIRY. Would you become a spirit?

LEAN. I should shew,
A more becoming spirit to say no.

FAIRY. You'd have the power invisible to be,

Flit like a fairy over land and sea
Where'er you will, unseen, be ever present.

LEAN. Egad! sometimes that might be rather pleasant.

FAIRY. Aye, think again, and don't in haste refuse;
You are too good such power to abuse,
Or I'd not grant it.

LEAN. Now you flatter me!
But to be brief, I will a spirit be.

FAIRY. 'Tis well.

LEAN. Stop, stop, one moment! Tho' an elf,
I still shall have a body like myself?

FAIRY. Oh, certainly, for tho' you need not fetter
Yourself to that, you couldn't get a better.

LEAN. A finer compliment was never uttered.

FAIRY. You're so well bred, you ought to be well butter'd.

*(waves her wand; a golden arm rises through stage,
bearing a scarlet cap and feather)*

This little scarlet cap and feather see,
Fifty leagues off if you desire to be,
Just put it on and wish, and you are there.

LEAN. Licensed to carry one and charge no fare.

(takes cap, arm sinks)

FAIRY. To be invisible when you're inclined,
You've but to turn your cap the plume behind,
And though a hundred folks were looking right at you,
There's not a saucy boy can take a sight at you.

LEAN. Thus gifted, they at least can't see my fellow.

FAIRY. Now pluck three roses, red, and white, and yellow.

*(music—LEANDER gathers them, and gives them to
the FAIRY)*

This crimson flower *(gives them to LEANDER one by
one)* secures you florid health;
The yellow one will yield exhaustless wealth;
The white will test the truth of woman's love——

LEAN. This last I prize all other gifts above!

FAIRY. Thus by investiture of cap and flower,
I create you, in virtue of the power
Granted to me as Fairy Grand Rewarder,
A Knight Companion of our Elfin Order,
Of the first class, by name of Lutin, and

With rank and style of Prince in Fairy-land.
And now, until we meet again, good-bye.

Music—the FAIRY mounts her Serpent and disappears.

LEAN. I'm all agog my magic gifts to try.
You in my vest I'll wear, sweet Rose of health,
You in my pocket, my rich Rose of wealth,
You nearest to my heart, pure Rose of true love,
Till drawn to test the heart of her I do love,
Or rather *may*, for though I've sighed for fashion,
I'm yet a stranger to the tender passion!
So in the hope some fair dame to fall in with,
I'll wish myself five miles off to begin with.

(Scene changes suddenly to

SCENE THIRD.—*A Forest—On one side a mile-stone, on which is written "Five miles from the spot on which Hicks's Hall formerly stood."*

All's right, no doubt ; five miles, I see, they call
This from the spot wherè once stood Hicks's Hall.
Where Hicks's Hall once stood was never known,
But now 'tis clear—'twas five miles from this stone.*
In what direction, though, it doesn't say—
Well, even that we may find out some day,
For were it in the moon there's yet a hope
Now we have got Lord Rosse's telescope.†

ABRI. (*without*) Help! help! Police! police!

LEAN. Police! I fear
Lord Rosse's telescope can't help us here ;
For even with that speculum so vaunted
You can't see a policeman when he's wanted.

* Hicks's Hall was the old Sessions House in the county of Middlesex, situated in the broad part of St. John's Street, Clerkenwell, opposite the Windmill Inn, and so named after Sir Baptist Hicks, of Kensington, a mercer of Cheapside, one of the justices of the county, and afterwards Viscount Campden, at whose cost it was built in 1612. It was taken down and rebuilt on Clerkenwell Green in 1782. The distances on the mile-stones of the Great North Road were formerly measured from the site of the earlier building. Some were remaining in 1846, and exercised the curiosity of passengers.

† Perfected in the previous year, 1845.

ABRI. (*without*) Help ! help !

LEAN. Again ! a maiden in a mess !

"I fly to aid a female in distress !"

As I heard some one shout once at the Surrey,

In—pshaw ! no matter what—I'm in a hurry.

Soft—hold a little—prudence bids me stay,

Four rogues are dragging a poor wench this way,

Fierce whiskered gents, as ever in pea jackets

Smoked bad cigars on board the penny packets.*

I'll turn my cap the plume behind, and see,

If so equipped, the rascals will smoke me.

(*music—turns his cap*)

Enter RUFFINO, SANGUINO, DESPERADO, and STILETTO,
dragging in ABRICOTINA.

RUF. Here ! This way ! To this tree the baggage bind
Whilst we cast lots for her.

LEAN. (*aside*) All's right, I find.

ABRI. If ye be men, for male attire ye wear,

And I can't see your faces for the hair ;

Have mercy on a hapless, helpless maid,

Who, in an evil hour, from home has strayed

In search of a pet parrot ; all my wages,

If it's not found, my lady'll stop for ages.

DES. You'll stop with us till some one pays your ransom,

And, if you're mine, they'll have to come down
handsome.

LEAN. (*to* DESPERADO) That's more than you can do for
any money.

DES. (*turns to* RUFFINO) I dare say, now, you think that
very funny.

RUF. Who, I ? I never spoke a word.

LEAN. (*to* RUFFINO) You lie !

RUF. I lie ? there (*stabs* DESPERADO, *who falls*), so do you
now.

ABRI. Oh ! oh, my——

LEAN. (*aside*) So much for one !

DES. I'm settled. Oh, Sanguino,
Avenge my death.

* See Preface to "New Planet."

SAN. I will—take that, Ruffino !
(*stabs RUFFINO, who falls and dies*)

LEAN. (*to SANGUINO*) Stab in the back ! ah coward !

SAN. (*turns and strikes STILETTO*) Coward ?

STILET. Oh !

Villain ! thy blood shall answer for that blow.

(*they fight off—LEANDER turns his cap and salutes
ABRICOTINA*)

LEAN. Madam, your most obedient, very humble——

ABRI. Oh mercy ! from the sky, sir, did you tumble ?

LEAN. I would have tumbled twice as far to aid you.

ABRI. I'm glad you're come I'm sure, what ever made you ?

LEAN. Pair off with me, ma'am, whilst their swords they
measure.

ABRI. Oh, that I will, sir, with the greatest pleasure.

*Duet—ABRICOTINA and LEANDER—“ Ober de
Mountain.”*

ABRI. (*aside*) The sweetest youth I e'er did see.

LEAN. But you're attached, ma'am, to this tree.

ABRI. (*aside*) I soon shall be attached to him.

LEAN. (*aside*) To try my white Rose I've a whim.

Say, Rose of true love,
Should she be my darling ?

(*touches her with the white rose—the leaves droop*)

No, its leaves are changing,
She is fond of ranging.

Re-enter SANGUINO and STILETTO, fighting.

BOTH. Yah, yah, yah, yah !

LEAN. } Come along with me, ma'am, over the mountain,

ABRI. } I'll along with you, sir, over the mountain.

(*Exeunt LEANDER and ABRICOTINA—SANGUINO
and STILETTO at the end kill each other*)

SCENE FOUR.—*Rocks on the sea shore, an opening in centre, through which is seen the sea, and in the distance the Palace of Pleasure on the Island of Tranquil Delights—A boat is moored to the shore.*

Enter LEANDER and ABRICOTINA.

ABRI. Thank you, kind sir, for seeing me so far,
I'm just at home now.

LEAN. Home? the deuce you are!

ABRI. You see that island; well my dwelling there is.

LEAN. That golden palace! 'tis a home for fairies!

ABRI. It is the mansion of a fairy's daughter.

LEAN. Lovely, of course?

ABRI. A gem of the first water.

LEAN. Married?

ABRI. Oh no, a virgin most immaculate!

Ne'er *saw* a man.

LEAN. How?

ABRI. Thought you would ejaculate!

But it's a fact; not even in a picture—

Her ma won't let her.

LEAN. She is much too strict, sure!

What can have caused so strange an interdiction?

ABRI. A common matrimonial affliction.

LEAN. Tell me the tale, we've time enough before us.

ABRI. Well, in a song then, if you'll sing the chorus.

Song—ABRICOTINA—"The Bold Dragoon."

There was a fairy queen,
And she lov'd a smart young man,
And marry him she would in spite
Of all her fairy clan.
In vain they warn'd,
Advice she scorn'd,
And Hymen tied this fond young pair up,
But ere waned the honeymoon,
They'd a strong mind both to flare up.

Whack row de dow dow!
Fol lol de riddle iddle, &c.

The bride was very jealous,
And the bridegroom much too gay,
He flirted with each pretty girl
In quite a shocking way.
Till in a rage
She in a cage
Shut up her spouse a desert crag on,
And flew back to fairy-land
On a long-tailed fiery dragon.

Whack row de dow dow, &c.

A twelvemonth scarce had pass'd.
When she had a little daughter,
Whom she brought up very strictly
In that palace on the water.
No men are we allowed to see
Altho' I'm sure they would adore us,
So my story now is told
In a long song with a chorus,

Of whack row de dow dow, &c.

LEAN. My curiosity your news excites !
Your island there is named——

ABRI. Tranquil Delights,
The palace styled of Pleasure.

LEAN. Without love,
What pleasure can there be this earth above ?

ABRI. Oh, sir, I'm quite unused to such expressions,
And sworn to doubt all gentlemen's professions.
Sunset ! I ne'er was out so late before.

LEAN. Permit me, pray, to see you to the door.

ABRI. No, sir, indeed I can't—I should be proud,
But 'tis a rule—No followers allowed.

LEAN. Are there no means by which to see your
Queen ?

ABRI. You would be slain as soon as you were seen,
Our lady lancers keep a sharp look out.
A strong coast-guard the island girds about,
Posted in towers, which they call Martello.

LEAN. Sure you could smuggle in a little fellow
Like me ?

ABRI. Impossible to run a mouse.
 There are no frauds, sir, in our Custom-house.

LEAN. But do you swim across ?

ABRI. No, here's the very boat
 I came in.

LEAN. Ah ! a fairy ferry boat ?
 Well, if it must be so, fair maid, adieu !
 "Bon voyage."

ABRI. Thank you, sir, the same to you.

DUET—" *Oh, come to me when daylight sets.*"

ABRI. I must be gone ere daylight sets,
 And you can't come with me,
 So in my gondola I *gets*,
 And off I *puts* to sea.

LEAN. (*aside*) My curiosity begins
 With me to run away,
 And faint heart ne'er fair lady wins,
 I'll venture—come what may !
 But she must go ere daylight sets,
 And I can't go with *she*,
 So in her gondola I *lets*
 Her go alone to sea.

ABRI. I must be gone, &c.
 (*at the end ABRICOTINA gets into boat and rows
 off, to symphony*)

LEAN. Aye, pull away, my hearty, my *sweet hearty* ;
 But long before you I will join the party.
 So with the plume behind I don my cap,
 And wish myself in yonder palace, slap !

*Scene suddenly changes to Throne Room in the Palace of
 Pleasure—Rare birds on golden perches on each side of the
 stage.*

*The PRINCESS is discovered on her throne, surrounded by her
 Court—LEANDER stands as if wonder-stricken, whilst the
 LADIES of the Court dance and sing, evidently unconscious
 of his presence.*

CHORUS—" *Cellarius.*"

Of all the pleasures here so various,
The one that never seems to weary us,
Is dancing this divine Cellarius,
Surpassing polka, waltz, or gay quadrille.

PRIN. Since the million
Cut cotillon.
And the minuet so serious,
Ne'er from France,
Has come a dance,
So calculated hearts to steal.

LEAN. (*aside*) Wonder roots me !
Cupid shoots me
With delight almost delirious !
Dazzled—raptured,
Wounded—captured,
I'm a lost young man, I feel.

CHORUS. Of all the pleasures, &c.

PRIN. Is there no news yet of Abricotina ?

LADY. No, madam, none of us have lately seen her.

PRIN. She'll have some difficulty, after dark,
To make the port with her *Peruvian bark* :
To leave the island what could e'er possess her ?

LEAN. (*aside*) Without alarming, how can I address her !
What if this parrot I pretend to be ?
(*pointing to one*) Yes, there's no doubt, that's pretty
poll-i-cy.

PRIN. Should she be lost, whatever shall I do ?

LEAN. (*speaks from behind the Parrot's perch*) Abricotina's
coming.

PRIN. Who spoke—you ?

1ST LADY. No, madam, it was yonder scarlet lory !

2ND LADY. No, 'twas this cockatoo !

LEAN. (*as before*) Oh, what a story !

PRIN. Why, I declare ! it must have been this bird,
That I could never get to speak a word.
Of all my parrots the most dull and stupid !
Who taught thee, Poll, to use thy tongue, pray ?

LEAN. Cupid.

PRIN. Cupid ! Who's he ?

LEAN. The God of Love.
 PRIN. For shame !
 Within these halls that's a forbidden name !
 Ladies, I'm sure I hope you didn't hear it.
 This bird is dangerous, pray don't go near it.
 If it should be bewitched !

LEAN. I am, I am——
 PRIN. By whom ?
 LEAN. By you.
 PRIN. Now, Polly, that's a flam !
 Stand farther off, young ladies ! He'd cajole
 A convent.

LEAN. Kiss poor Polly—scratch a poll.

DUET—“*Beggar's Opera.*”

LEAN. “Pretty Polly,” say :
 With him kiss and play.
 Why should you such fear betray
 Of a feathered lover ?

PRIN. What great surprise !
 His singing vies
 With aught that flies,
 For aught I can discover.
 Fondly, fondly see him loll.

LEAN. Say, “pretty, pretty Poll.”

PRIN. Sure to love such a bird can't be a sin !
 1ST LADY. Madam, Abricotina's just come in.

Enter ABRICOTINA.

PRIN. Wherever have you been to all this while ?
 ABRI. Oh, madam, I have wandered many a mile
 In search of your lost favourite, but in vain ;
 And I myself had ne'er seen home again,
 But for a gentleman's extreme politeness.

PRIN. A gentleman's ?
 ABRI. A gentleman's, your mightiness.
 And such a gentleman ! oh, goodness me, ma'am !
 If such a gentleman you were to see, ma'am——

PRIN. Abricotina !
 ABRI. Such a darling !

- PRIN. Hush !
- LEAN. (*aside*) Although invisible, I'm bound to blush.
- PRIN. Talk of a man in such a rapturous tone
Before our Court.—Ladies, we'd be alone.
(*Exeunt LADIES, GUARDS, &c.*)
- Now, if you've aught particular to say
About the hideous creature——
- ABRI. Hideous, nay ;
The creature, ma'am, was anything but hideous,
Quite an exception to his sex perfidious.
His smile so sweet, his eyes such roguish glisteners.
- LEAN. (*aside*) Come, this belies the proverb about listeners.
- PRIN. What was he like ? not that I care to know.
- LEAN. (*aside*) Upon my word I think I ought to go,
And yet——
- ABRI. Like nothing that you ever saw,
And then so brave and so gallant, ma'am !
- PRIN. Pshaw !
The girl's in love with him !
- ABRI. So would you be
If you could see him.
- PRIN. I ! fiddle-de-dee !
I love a man !
- LEAN. (*forgetting himself*) Why not, if he loved you ?
- ABRI. Oh, mercy, sure that was his voice !
- PRIN. Poo ! poo !
That stranger runs so in your head—what folly !
It was this parrot spoke, this saucy Polly,
Who has been saying things downright audacious
During your absence.
- ABRI. That one ?—goodness gracious !
But really, madam, now to speak the truth,
Shouldn't you like to see the stranger youth ?
He's dying at your feet to fall.
- PRIN. Absurd !
- LEAN. (*as Parrot*) It's true.
- PRIN. Hush, hush ! you naughty little bird ;
How dare you talk to me about young men ?
I'll have you whipped if you do so again !
To see one here is quite against the law !
What would mamma say ?

LEAN. (*as Parrot*) Never mind mamma.

PRIN. Not mind mamma! you wicked little wretch!
Where could the parrot up such language catch?
Do you know?

LEAN. (*as Parrot*) What's o'clock?

PRIN. Ah, by-the-bye,
What *is* o'clock? I'm hungry.

LEAN. (*aside*) So am I!
For notwithstanding I'm an airy sprite
I've got a very earthly appetite.

PRIN. It must be supper time, go fetch the cat.

(*Exit ABRICOTINA*)

LEAN. (*aside*) The cat! she's never going to eat that.

Re-enter LADIES, GUARDS, &c.

CHORUS—"Old Dan Tucker."

PRIN In my blue cat I take a pride,
He bears the bell from all beside—
There's many a cat they call "a blue,"
My Tom would blush to be likened to.

CHORUS. Oh, come along—oh, come along,
Hot boiled beans, and very good butter:
Won't you please to come to supper.

*Music—Banquet is brought in—ABRICOTINA re-enters with
Cat (BLUET) in a basket.*

ABRI. Here's Bluet, madam.

PRIN. Place the darling's chair.

LEAN. (*aside*) A blue Cat! Well, that is a strange affair;
And shall at supper that blue devil sit,
While I stand here, and never pick a bit?
No, master blue-skin, I'm not such a goose,
Of your cat's paw I'll shew you the true use.

*Two ATTENDANTS have brought a large arm-chair—LEANDER
seats himself in it, and ABRICOTINA, not seeing him, places
the Cat in his lap.*

PRIN. (*helping the Cat*) There, pussy dear, I know you're
fond of leveret.

LEAN. (*taking the piece up by the Cat's paw and eating it*)
 And one more tender, certainly, I never ate!
(*aside*)

CAT. Mow, wow!

LEAN. (*aside*) Poor puss don't find it quite so
 pleasant!

PRIN. That gone already!—here's a bit of pheasant.

(LEANDER *eats it as before*)

CAT. Mow, wow!

ABRI. Tom, don't make such a noise; for shame.

LEAN. (*aside*) We're playing cribbage and he's lost the
 game.

PRIN. He seems quite famished. Twice he's cleared his
 platter. (*helps him again—LEANDER eats as before*)

CAT. Miou—wow—wow—wow!

ABRI. Why, what can be the matter?

PRIN. Perhaps he's thirsty, fill his saucer, haste!

ABRI. He likes milk punch. (*pouring it out*)

LEAN. (*aside*) I quite approve his taste. (*drinks it*)

CAT. Mow—wow!

ABRI. He's lapp'd it up and mews for more!

LEAN. (*aside*) He'd ne'er so much cause to look blue
 before.

CAT. Miou—wow!

PRIN. No, no; more punch would make you reel;
 Here's a delicious crême à la Vanille.

(LEANDER *eats it as before*)

CAT. Miou—wow!

PRIN. Not satisfied with that! why surely,
 Abricotina, he is very poorly.

ABRI. I thought this morning he looked rather sickly.

PRIN. Take him and put him in his basket quickly,

ABRI. A little nap will cure him beyond question.

LEAN. (*aside*) He won't be kept awake by indigestion.

(*Exit ABRICOTINA, with Cat—Music—The banquet
 is cleared*)

PRIN. How silent Polly has been all this while;
 Some tell us after supper walk a mile,
 But we say, after supper dance a measure.
 Will you pipe for us, pretty Poll?

LEAN. (*as Parrot*) With pleasure.

Re-enter ABRICOTINA.

AIR and CHORUS—“*Buffalo Galls.*”

LEAN. As I was flying down the street,
A Yankee Poll I chanced to meet,
Who taught me this sweet tune :
“ Beautiful girls can’t you come out to-night,
And dance by the light of the moon.”

CHORUS. Beautiful girls, &c.

PRIN. O Polly, this is naughty talk,
I shall go and take a walk
Where I can’t hear this tune.
So follow me, girls, we will go out to-night,
And walk by the light of the moon.

CHORUS. Come along, girls, we will, &c.

ABRI. (*aside*) Oh, I could hear it all my life,
And he who’d have me for a wife
Has but to sing that tune.
And say, “ Beautiful girl, can’t you come out
to-night,
And dance by the light of the moon.”

CHORUS. Beautiful girls, &c.
(*Exeunt, LEANDER following*)

SCENE SIXTH.—*Grotto in the Gardens of the Palace of
Pleasure—Moonlight.*

Enter PRINCESS.

PRIN. “ A little learning is a dangerous thing ;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.”
So I have heard, and now I feel the danger ;
The little I have learned about that stranger
Has filled my mind with fatal curiosity,
And made my pulse beat with extreme velocity.

Mamma, I know, would call it an atrocity,
She bears to man so great an animosity,
Whom she describes as hideous to monstrosity—
A creature full of falsehood and ferocity,
Incapable of love or generosity.
But why do I indulge in such verbosity,
Which adds but to my spirits ponderosity,
I'll strive to treat the subject with jocosity.

GRAND MEDLEY SCENA.

RECIT.—“*The Power of Love.*”

A child no more—no more the child I'll play ;
A woman now—like one I'll have my way.
The Power of Love in Covent Garden reigns ; *
What if I ask in one of its own strains,
But for a moment, just to let me see
That nice young man I fancy fancies me.

AIR.

Love has power, they say,
Hymen's bonds to bless ;
Why should I then stay
In single blessedness ?
There may be a prize
Fortune's wheel within,
She who never tries
Cannot hope to win.
Then, for weal or woe,
Seal, O Love, my fate
Quickly, for you know
Woman hates to wait.
Hear the tuneful spell,
Murmured like a dove,
By fair Satanel-
La, in “*The Power of Love.*”

* This was written on the occasion of the revival in 1859. The opera of “*Satanella, or the Power of Love,*” was produced in the beginning of the year.

"Wait for the Waggon."

Quickly send him hither, Cupid dear,
 I long my swain to see,
 For I've not the slightest notion
 What a lover like can be.
 And spite of mother's warning,
 I'm bent, whate'er betide,
 To doat the wicked wag on
 And bolt as his bride.
 Doat, doat the wag on,
 And bolt as his bride.

(harp music heard behind)

What magic music on the night breeze swells!
 'Tis from my grotto, built of tuneful shells,
 And fragments of the Rock Harmonicon,
 A sort of savage Apollonicon.

*(the grotto opens, and discovers LEANDER as
 the statue of Apollo.)*

LEANDER *(continuing Air)*.

I do believe you, sweet Princess,
 And take you at your word;
 I vow to make you happy,
 And prove your ma absurd.
 So don't mind that she-dragon,
 My dear, my lovely bride,
 But jump my gallant nag on,
 And off with me ride.
 Jump, jump my nag on,
 And away with me ride.

*(jumps down—PRINCESS shrieks and faints
 upon bank)*

LEAN. She faints, and 'tis no feint, she's really fainted!
 First here I'll place the miniature I've painted,
 Now, while insensible she thus reposes,
 I'll test the power of my magic roses.

*(produces the red and white roses and places the
 white one on her heart)*

The white one changes not—she can love true !
 (puts the red one on her cheek)
 The red one tints her cheek—she's coming to !
 Abricotina's coming too ; 'od rat her !
 Where's my red cap? (retires behind rock piece)

Enter ABRICOTINA.

ABRI. Dear me, ma'am, what's the matter ?
 PRIN. (rises and looks about) Abricotina ! Oh, I've seen a
 sight ;
 A living statue ! Such a horrid fright !
 LEAN. (aside) The proverb, this time, is more true than
 pleasant.
 ABRI. Where, madam ?
 PRIN. Yonder.
 ABRI. There's none there at present.
 PRIN. No statue ?
 ABRI. No ; the pedestal alone.
 PRIN. (aside) The site remains although the statue's gone !
 It spoke some words, my ear that failed to reach.
 ABRI. The figure spoke !—a mere figure of speech.
 PRIN. It was alive, and did both sing and speak.
 ABRI. Ah ! then it must have been a pose plastique !*
 PRIN. A pose plastique ! what's that ? you pose me now.
 ABRI. An endless exhibition.
 PRIN. Endless ! how ?
 ABRI. Why, how long they may open keep, who knows ?
 When every day they're less inclined to close.
 Group nods at group—each tableau has its brother,
 Trying, the wags say, to *outstrip* the other.
 PRIN. Talk of a tableau—what is this one here ?
 ABRI. The miniature of some young man—that's clear !
 Oh, madam, now you may yourself convince,
 For that's the portrait of the stranger Prince !
 PRIN. Why, with the statue's face this face agrees,
 They are as like each other as two peas !
 ABRI. And yet you said it was a horrid fright—
 PRIN. That I was in—I did not mean the sight ;

* Madame Wharton's exhibition of living statues or "Poses Plastiques," in Leicester Square.

But for my fear, I should have been well gratified
To gaze for hours on it !

LEAN. (*aside*) My honour's satisfied.

PRIN. And but for my mamma——

ABRI. Mamma ! I vow

I had forgotten !—she was here just now,
And brought such news !—We're threatened with
invasion.

PRIN. By whom ?—for what ?

LEAN. (*aside*) Here may be an occasion
To prove my love.

ABRI. The Prince of Allaquiz,

Despairing by fair means to make you his,
By force of arms his arms would force you into.

LEAN. (*aside*) What ! Furibond ! the wretch the earth I'll
pin to.

PRIN. Double the coast-guard, the militia call out.

ABRI. His army trebles ours when we've called all out.

PRIN. Her fairy host mamma has but to beckon——

ABRI. Ah, madam, there without your host you reckon !
She has deserted us.

PRIN. You never mean it.

ABRI. I'd not believe it if I had not seen it.

No sooner had she set foot in the mansion
Than she cried out, "Oh, love, thy snare who can
shun ?

A vile male creature has come o'er the water,
And with his flummery will come o'er my daughter.
I came from Furibond's assault to save her.
But since her head's been turned by this young shaver,
Prince Furibond may cut it off, if willing,
And I will cut her off—with a bad shilling !"
With that she jump'd upon her fiery griffin,
And cut herself off, a prodigious miff in !

PRIN. But no male creature, either good or bad,
Have you or I seen.

ABRI. No ; I wish I had.

PRIN. Deserted by my magic ma !—oh, dear !

ABRI. Now, madam, don't you wish my Prince was here ?

PRIN. Oh, that I do indeed, with all my heart.

LEAN. Have then thy wish ! (*appears armed as an Amazon*)

PRIN. Oh, mercy !

SCENE SEVENTH.—FURIBOND'S *Pavilion*.

Flourish—Enter FURIBOND, MARQUIS, NOBLES, *armed*
INDIANS, &c.

FURI. Here have I pitched my tent—tho' not for long;
'Tis my intent elsewhere to pitch it strong.
This haughty Princess—of my heart a scorner,
Knows she a longer range than Captain Warner,*
That thus she dare reject my fond addresses?

MAR. I do not know, my lord; but as I guesses—

FURI. Well, as you *guesses*?

MAR. Unknown to her mother,
Perhaps she loves another.

FURI. You're another.
Is there another like me, stupid pup?

MAR. No, sire.

FURI. Then guess again.

MAR. I give it up.

FURI. But so won't I—the lady or her dibs!
My cash is low. I long to count my ribs.
Who has descried the number of our foes?

MAR. Some twenty little women without bows.

FURI. We'll find 'em *beaux*, I warrant, to their taste,

MAR. A score of Amazons run up in haste.
Children in arms of course we didn't count.

FURI. Why, our battalia trebles that amount.
Besides of Cat's-Paw Indians we've a lot,
Which on the adverse party they have not.
Who's seen the sun to-day?

MAR. It's not yet out,
But here's the *Globe*. (*gives paper*)

FURI. Holloa! what's this about!
"One pound reward to any one who'll carry
"The head of Furibond to her he'd marry.
"No greater offer will be made the bearer—
"The head being of no use, e'en to the wearer."
A weak invention of some penny-a-liner.
No more upon that head—shew me a finer.

* See Preface to "New Planet."

Enter COUNT PALAVA.

What says the Princess? Does she yield?

COUNT. She don't ;

She'll see you further first, and then she won't.

FURL. Off with her crown ! and on my head quick set it.

COUNT. Permit us, sire, to wait until we get it.

FURL. Well, be it so, but I won't give my scheme up,

I'm panting like an engine with its steam up.

A thousand boilers bubble in my bosom !

Advance, my Cat's-Paws, risk your lives, and lose 'em.

Screw up your courage, drub these young Moll Flagons,

Blaze on 'em like blue fiery snap dragons.

Upon them ! forward ! charge like Trojans !—go !

And when you've won the battle—let me know.

(Exeunt GUARDS, &c.)

SONG—“ *The dashing white Sergeant.*”

He's a donkey, I know,

For a soldier who'll go.

Do you think I'll do so—oh no, no, no,

No, no, not I—

Whilst there lives a cat's-paw,

Not a sword will I draw,

But I'll take the *éclat*

Of the victory.

With the cash and the glory I'll march away,

As others have done before to-day,

March away, &c.

Trumpet—Enter DON MOUSTACHEZ.

MOUS. My liege—a lady, with a flag of truce.

FURL. A flag of truce !—then shew her in, you goose.

(Exit DON MOUSTACHEZ)

A dashing white sergeant from o'er the water,

As if the very tune I sang had brought her.

Re-enter DON MOUSTACHEZ, with LEANDER as an Amazon.

MOUS. *The New Belle's Messenger.*

- FURI. By Jove, a strapper !
A belle, no doubt, with a prodigious clapper.
- LEAN. Thus speaks my Sovereign to——
- FURI. I've seen that phiz.
- LEAN. The borrowed majesty of Allaquiz.
- FURI. The borrowed majesty !
- LEAN. If that don't suit you,
The *stolen* majesty, you ugly brute, you.
- FURI. Good words !
- LEAN. Good cabbage !—that's more in your way.
- FURI. Odds bobs !
- LEAN. Be quiet—hear what I've to say :—
The Princess of the Isle of Calm Delights,
Who hates all monsters, and ne'er goes to fights,
Thinking a war in these enlightened times
The worst of follies, as the worst of crimes,
Is willing to pay any sum you mention,
If to her hand you'll give up all pretension.
- FURI. Humph ! ha ! a very business-like proceeding,
And a much more agreeable mode of bleeding,
To those who can afford expensive pleasures.
- LEAN. She knows you are attached but to her treasures,
And therefore begs you won't be over nice;
She'll think the riddance cheap at any price.
- FURI. Are you her steward or her banker ?
- LEAN. Both.
- FURI. I've seen that face before, I'll take my oath.
- LEAN. Most probably—I always wore it so.
- FURI. How ?
- LEAN. Why, before.
- FURI. You are *facetious*.
- LEAN. Oh !
But come, to business.
- FURI. Well, upon my honour,
I really set so high a value on her,
Suppose we say a hundred—thousand—millions.
- LEAN. 'Twere tedious counting. Say, of yon pavilions,
How many filled with gold.
- FURI. What, great or small ?
- LEAN. Yes.
- FURI. Well, as you're so kind, just fill 'em all.
- LEAN. Agreed : you'll sign the bond on these conditions ?

FURI. I will. (*aside*) My mind is full of strange suspicions !
She's got no baggage—I begin to doubt her,
She can't have got so much small change about her.

LEANDER *draws the yellow rose from his bosom.*

LEAN. (*aside*) Now by your golden leaf, good Rose, I trust
You'll come down pretty freely with the dust.

Music ; as he shakes rose, the tents fill with gold.

COUNT. Look, look, my liege—tent after tent she's filling.

MAR. From some strange flower she is gold distilling.

MOUS. Rose nobles out of a gold rose she's shaking.

FURI. Holloa ! a fool of me this girl's been making !

Before she goes I'll better terms by far gain—

I'll have that precious rose into the bargain.

LEAN. There—I have settled, sir, your small account,
So give me your receipt for the amount.

FURI. Not quite so fast, there's something else to settle.

LEAN. What do you mean ?

FURI. Yourself, my lass of mettle.

I may say *bell* metal, for we suppose

You've uttered base coin, there, under the rose.

LEAN. You've uttered a base lie—but don't be rasher,

Or in one sense you may find I'm a *smasher* !

FURI. No bullying !—you'll hand that little rose over,

Or with the next tide to the isle we goes over.

LEAN. What ! break a treaty—forfeit a king's word ?

FURI. That's nothing now-a-days—it's quite absurd

To think of keeping anything but what

Will get you something more than you have got ;

So give the rose, and you are free to go, ma'am.

LEAN. You're a freebooter !

FURI. Oh, oh ! am I so, ma'am ?

Then seize that baggage !

LEAN. Yes, I think I *sees* you.

(*puts on his cap*)

But you can't me.

MOUS. My liege, she's gone, so please you.

FURI. Pursue her ! drag her back—alive or dead !

A thousand ducats for the vixen's head.

(*Exeunt NOBLES, OFFICERS, &c.*)

LEAN. Traitor !

FURI. Ha ! here—come back—I heard her speak ;
She's playing somewhere here at hide and seek.

Re-enter MARQUIS *and* COUNT.

LEAN. (*seizes him by the throat*) Silence !

FURI. Oh, what's this ?

MAR. Nothing, sire, I see.

FURI. Then stick at nothing—here.

(*points to where LEANDER stands—As the NOBLEMEN strike, LEANDER changes places with FURIBOND, who receives the blow—Exit LEANDER*)

Oh, you've stuck me !

Air—FURIBOND—“Sally, come up.”

He's let the daylight through me clear ;
Go fetch a surgeon, rogues, d'ye hear ?
I feel particularly queer !

I may say very badly ;

That bouncing belle

Had he pink'd as well !

But she cut off, how, none can tell,

And I'm cut up most sadly.

Sadly cut up ! sadly cut down !

Traitors ! I'll twist your necks all round !

D'ye call this nothing, you stupid hound ?

You've run me right through the middle.

(*falls and dies*)

COUNT. Well, I just have ! Of all the awkward jobs !

MAR. What's to be done ?—I tremble for our nobs !

COUNT. There's but one way to save 'em left, you gander,

The tyrant's dead—let us proclaim Leander !

The true Prince.

MAR. Where to find him ?

Re-enter LEANDER.

LEAN. Here he is.

Re-enter GUARDS *and* NOBLES, *one bearing crown and sceptre on a cushion.*

BOTH. Long live Leander, King of Allaquiz !

LEAN. Elected thus, by general acclamation,

To hesitate would be an affectation ;
Take that bad sovereign up.

(*they raise and bear out FURIBOND*)

As I'm your debtor,
I'll do my best to change him for a better.
I go to seek a queen to share my crown with,
And leave you all the dust I have come down with.

FAIRY GENTILLA *appears*.

FAIRY. Stop—there's no need to use your cap and feather ;
I'll take up and transport you all together.

(*waves her wand—change to*

SCENE EIGHTH—*The Island of Tranquil Delights.*

Enter the PRINCESS, ABRICOTINA, LADIES, AMAZONS, &c.

FAIRY. (*to PRINCESS*) Madam, your foe's defunct, and in your
lover

The rightful King of Allaquiz discover.

The important question he has come to pop.

PRIN. Before so many people—I shall drop.

ABRI. Then drop at once into his arms.

PRIN.

O la !

LEAN. Say you are mine.

PRIN.

Sir, you must ask mamma.

FAIRY. I have done that—and her consent I bear.

PRIN. Then pop one question more, ma'am, if you dare,

And set us quite at ease——

FAIRY.

I understand her——

But that were better done by you, Leander.

LEAN. (*to Audience*) It is the old one—Ladies, I propose

To you—your ayes can make man hide his noes.

Say, of your faculties we've touch'd the risible,

Nor doom me henceforth to be quite invisible.

FINALE.

LEAN. In my cap kindly place a new feather,
And all your acquaintance convince,
They should come here, whatever the weather,
To see "The Invisible Prince."

Let us have a fair share of your leisure,
 With the rest of the holiday sights,
 And make this house a Palace of Pleasure,
 In the world of dramatic delights.

PRIN. As the queen of the island, a *levée*
En masse in our cause we invite ;
 If our tax on your patience be heavy,
 Our tax on your income is light.
 Approve, then, my minister's measure,
 Stand up for my old Bill of Rights,
 And build me a new Palace of Pleasure,
 In this Island of Tranquil Delights.

ABRI. One word for the author, whom often
 You've cheered as your Holiday Bard ;
 There is really some reason to soften
 The heart of the critic most hard.
 For the mind of the man doomed to measure
 The taste of the town as he writes
 Is not quite a Palace of Pleasure
 In an Island of Tranquil Delights.

Enter FURIBOND.

I'm dead—but I must add a stanza,
 For I fancy that some may inquire—
 "Do you call this an Extravaganza,
 Without a 'last scene,' or 'red fire ?' "
 Dear Public, don't fly in a passion,
 Nor condemn a poor bard of times past,
 Who before "grand *last* scenes" were in fashion,
 Only tried to write scenes that would *last*.*

CHORUS. Then give us a fair share of your leisure,
 With the rest of the holiday sights,
 And make this house a Palace of Pleasure,
 In the world of dramatic delights.

CURTAIN.

* This verse was added in 1859, at which time "grand last scenes" were considered indispensable to the success of an extravaganza. See prefatory observations to "The Island of Jewels," Vol. 4.

THE NEW PLANET;

OR,

HARLEQUIN OUT OF PLACE.

*A Classical, Astronomical, Quizzical, Polytechnical,
Experimental, Operatical, Pantomimical
Extravaganza,*

IN ONE ACT.

First performed at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, Easter Monday,
April 5th, 1847.

THE NEW PLANET ;

OR,

HARLEQUIN OUT OF PLACE.

This was the last of the Extravanzas I had to produce during my engagement at the Haymarket, and an important astronomical discovery (that of the Planet Neptune, 23rd September, 1846) having been the subject of much conversation in society and correspondence in the Press, I fancied that I had an attractive title as well as a suggestive subject for one of my favourite compositions, a *Revue*.

With the assistance of a very strong cast, on this occasion including for the first time the name of John Baldwin Buckstone, I succeeded almost beyond my expectations.

We have now arrived at a date when the various events and entertainments alluded to will be within the personal recollection of my elder readers, and familiar from hearsay to nearly all. Henceforth, therefore, it will not be necessary to encumber the margin with notes of explanation, except in instances where particulars interesting to the public, or illustrating the history of the stage, can be supplied from private sources.

The following memoranda may, however, be acceptable to some of the more juvenile of this generation with reference to a few of the allusions :—

The Electric Telegraph Company was established in 1846.

The first penny steamboats were "The Ant" and "The Bee," and commenced running in September, 1845; and the first twopenny omnibuses began to run 21st October, 1846, between Paddington and Hungerford Market.

Covent Garden was opened for Italian Opera, in opposition to Her Majesty's Theatre, on 6th April, the night after "The New Planet" was produced.

Wyatt's statue of the Duke of Wellington was set up on the arch at Hyde Park Corner 30th September, 1846, and its position there much criticised.

Numerous experiments in gunnery were making at this period by a Captain Warner and Earl Dundonald, better known as the gallant Admiral Lord Cochrane. The former officer invented a cannon which would carry to such a distance that it obtained the name of "the long range," alluded to in "The Invisible Prince," page 142.

Gun-cotton was invented by Professor Schönbein, of Basle, and made known in 1846.

The Colosseum in the Regent's Park was purchased, in 1845, by a Mr. D. Montague, of Messrs. Braham and Yates, for 23,000 guineas, and opened with a variety of novel attractions, designed and executed under the direction of Mr. William Bradwell, including the panoramic view of "London by Night."

Of the Egyptian Hall and the Polytechnic, existing institutions, no notice is required.

"The New Planet" ran for forty-six nights.

PLANETS PERSONIFIED.

THE NEW PLANET (an undoubtedly heavenly body, absurdly called <i>Neptune</i> by persons who have not the honour of her acquaintance)		MISS P. HORTON	
JUNO	{ (her Celestial Sisters, forming a Beautiful <i>Gal-axy</i> not to be outshone in any existing Theatrical Hemisphere) }	MISS REYNOLDS	
VENUS		MISS JULIA BENNETT	
PALLAS		MRS. L. S. BUCKINGHAM	
CERES		MISS TELBIN	
VESTA		MISS ADAMS	
MERCURY	{ (Masculine Planets of various degrees of eccentricity) }	MR. BUCKSTONE	
JUPITER		MR. CAULFIELD	
MARS		MR. JAMES BLAND	
SATURN		MR. ROGERS	
URANUS, <i>alias</i>			
GEORGIUM SIDUS		MR. CLARK	
THE EARTH (a Planet of a certain, <i>i.e.</i> , uncertain age)	MRS. W. CLIFFORD	
A CLUSTER OF STARS (in attendance on the New Planet)	... MESSRS. BRIGHT, SHINE, RAY, BEAM, &c.		
THE SATELLITES, or Moons of Uranus, by a Small Set-o'Lights. (Sixes.)			
HARLEQUIN (his first appearance in that character)	MR. BUCKSTONE	
MYSTERIOUS LADY	MISS ———	
THE LANTUM SERENADERS	{ (Rival Professors of the Black Art in Music) }	MESSRS. WHITE, &c	
THE ETHIOPIAN DITTO		MESSRS. BLACK, &c.	

THEATRICAL STARS OF VARIOUS MAGNITUDES.

LE DOCTEUR NOIR	By a Master of (Black) Arts
THE BONDMAN (done brown)	By a "Child of the Sun"
GISELLE, from the <i>Opera</i>	{ (Beautiful Gals who can come out to-night, and dance by the Light of the Moon) }	{ By the MISSES WILIS }
GISELLE, from <i>Drury Lane</i>		
GISELLE, from the <i>Adelphi</i>		
GISELLE, from the <i>Princess's</i>		
SPIRIT OF <i>Her Majesty's Theatre</i> (over the way)		MRS. CAULFIELD
SPIRIT OF THE <i>Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden</i> (removed from over the way)	MISS WOULD
NORMA (the perihelium of "LA DIVA," a well-known Star of the first magnitude)...	MISS REYNOLDS

PROGRAMME OF SCENERY, &c.

The Star Chamber of the New Planet.

TRANSIT OF THE PLANETS TO LONDON BY NIGHT

As Seen in the Colosseum.

“ ——— It is not a picture ;
It is Nature ! ”

“ *Times* ” loquitur.—*Vide Bill of Colosseum.*

THE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION,

With a Series of Experiments illustrative of the Electro-Magnetic Telegraph, and Professor Schönbein's Gun Cotton, by SIGNOR ARLECHINO (*Comical Chemical Lecturer to the Theatre Royal, Haymarket*).

THE EGYPTIAN HALL.

THE HAUNT OF THE WILIS (MOONLIGHT).

HARLEQUIN'S TABLEAUX VIVANTS!

By various Living Statues of Celebrity.

The whole to conclude with

THE ENTHRONIZATION OF THE NEW PLANET.

The Scenery by Messrs. Pitt, Johnstone, Morris and Assistants.

The Dresses by Miss Cherry, Mr. Barnett and Assistants.

The Machinery by Mr. W. Adams and Assistants.

The Appointments by Mr. T. Ireland and Assistants.

The Songs adapted to the “ Music of the Spheres ” by Professor Airy (no relation to the Astronomer Royal).

THE NEW PLANET;

OR,

HARLEQUIN OUT OF PLACE.

SCENE FIRST.—*The Star Chamber of the NEW PLANET—
The PLANET seated on her throne, surrounded by her
SATELLITES.*

GLEE and CHORUS—“*The winds whistle cold*”—PLANET,
STARS, &c.

The sages of old, who the stars rightly read,
Strange tales could unfold that ne'er entered man's
head.

There were horoscopes made and nativities cast,
Not infringing the law, I trow ;
But mortals so bold have grown wiser, we're told,
And to laugh at the stars folks allow,
So we'll at them laugh now—
Merry stars, merry stars, merry stars !
So we'll at them laugh now !

PLAN. Yes, on the world 'tis fit we turn the tables,
Her sons pretend to treat our tales as fables,
And think a leader in the *Times* or *Post*,
More worthy credence than the starry host.
Poor purblind wretches ! yet they brag and shout,
Because, the other day, they spied me out.
No wonder though they as a triumph view it,
They've taken some few hundred years to do it ;
And I've been shining on them all the while.
It is enough to make e'en Saturn smile.
And apropos of Saturn, I've asked him
And a few other planets, for a whim,

To meet old Mother Earth, who's quite delighted
 To find a child of hers is so quick-sighted,
 As to discover what the poor tom-noddy
 Insists on calling "a new heavenly body."
 Although so long ago, her wisest one—
 Owned there was nothing new beneath the sun.

AIR—" *Una Voce*"—PLANET.

"Nothing new beneath the sun,"
 Was an adage long ago,
 Yet do silly mortals run
 After all things fancied so!
 Deeming, saving wine and gold,
 Nothing can be good that's old!
 New facts—new fallacies—
 New friends—new faces—
 New laws—new palaces—
 New courts—new places—
 New streets—new theatres—
 Still rising round.
 Though where, no man can know.
 In them to live or go,
 Folks can be found!
 A new metropolis
 London they tell me is,
 Spurning all bound—
 So the new planet may
 Wanted be soon, they say,
 For building ground.

The company's arriving—Thro' the sky,
 Rolls Mercury, in his quick-silver fly.

Music—Enter MERCURY.

MER. First, I declare! I've come to light your candles.

PLAN. You ought, as you're light fingered.

MER. Truce to scandals!

My speed deserves a kinder welcome, truly!

PLAN. Well, how's your friend, the sun?

MER. Faith, very poorly.

PLAN. He's gone to bed!

MER. Yes, in his usual place.

Those ugly spots are spreading on his face.

PLAN. He thinks it was the heat last year.

MER. Pooh, pooh!

He drinks too freely of that mountain dew.

PLAN. You, as his nearest neighbour, might advise.

MER. What! when he's fifteen million times my size!

Catch me! I know my sphere—should I resist him,
He'd bowl me right out of the solar system!

PLAN. Well, with your wings, you're always in high feather.

Music—Enter JUPITER and JUNO.

Ha! Jupiter and Juno!

MER. What, together!

JUP. I own, a most unusual exhibition;
We're generally found in opposition.

In fact, 'tis owing opposition to,
For she would come with me, all I could do.

JUNO. Of course! I wouldn't trust the faithless spark
Out of my sight one moment after dark!
He would have sneaked off, but a rat I smelt,
And kept tight hold upon him by his belt.

AIR—"I'll be no submissive wife"—JUNO.

Be his humble satellite!
No, not I! no, not I!
"A mean distance" keep all night?
No, not I! no, not I!
Do you think I'd let him stray
All along that milky way!
Flirt with every star so gay?
No, not I! no, not I!
Upon others let him shine?
No, not I! no, not I!
As his orbit may incline,
No, not I! no, not I!
Should he with another frisk,
Would I hesitate to whisk
These ten digits in his disk?
No, not I! no, not I!

JUP. My dear, I blush for you, you are so yellow.
 JUNO. Blush for yourself, you good-for-nothing fellow !
 Didn't I catch you winking at the stars ?
 JUP. They winked at me.
 ALL. For shame !

Music—Enter VENUS and MARS.

PLAN. Venus and Mars ?
 MER. (*aside to PLANET*) Of course—they're in conjunction.
 PLAN. Oh—oh, fie !
 MER. (*to VENUS*) Hail to the brightest planet of the sky !
 VEN. Nonsense ! I'm not the brightest—Mars, now am I ?
 MARS. I'll fight whoever dares deny it—damme !
 JUNO. Oh, shocking ! How these soldiers swear,—for
 shame !
 VEN. (*to PLANET*) Well, dear, where's this old Mother
 What's-her-name ?
 PLAN. Old Mother Earth ?
 VEN. Aye, that's her appellation !
 JUNO. (*aside*) As if she didn't know ! What affectation !
 PLAN. Not yet arrived ; but Time is on the wing,
 For here comes Saturn.

Music—Enter SATURN.

MER. Yes ! I know his *ring*.
 SAT. You'd better not of old Time make a mock,
 Or, though a planet, you may know his knock ;
 Out of the brightest Time can take the shine.
 VEN. Dear Saturn, you're so very saturnine !
 PLAN. Where is your sire, Uranus ?
 SAT. Poor old soul !
 He's got a terrible long way to roll ;
 But he is coming.
 PLAN. Dear old Georgium Sidus ;*
 I shan't forget what pains he took to hide us.
 His fidgetting at last awoke suspicion,
 And pointed out exactly my position. †

* The name originally given to Uranus (discovered 13th March 1781), in compliment to King George III.

† Fact.

MER. But he meant well.
 PLAN. Oh, certainly, no doubt !
 VEN. It's so unpleasant, though, to be found out.
 JUNO. You ought to know, I'm sure !
 VEN. I, madam ?
 JUNO. Nay,
 I only spoke.
 MARS. Spoke ! damme !
 MER. (*interfering*) Ladies, pray——

MORCEAU D'ENSEMBLE—“*Post-horn Galop.*”

VEN. Madam, if you've aught to say
 Concerning me in any way,
 Speak out at once—no hints, I pray.
 You're *too* insinuating !
 JUNO. Oh, dear ! I meant no harm, I vow !
 But as for speaking out just now,
 There'd scarce be time, you must allow,
 For half the tales relating !
 PLAN. Ladies ! ladies ! pray consider——
 JUP. This is jolly ! this is jolly !
 PLAN. To be quiet prithee bid her !
 MARS. Demme ! demme ! here's a volley !
 MER. Patience, patience, pretty Planet——
 JUNO. Such a breach of all decorum——
 VEN. She began it ! she began it !
 ALL. Stop 'em ! get before 'em !

PLAN. Here come our sisters, Pallas, Ceres, Vesta.

Music—Enter PALLAS, CERES, VESTA.

PAL. We have all hastened to your little festa.
 MER. And here's Uranus hobbling up at last,
 With his six satellites, to hold him fast.

Music—Enter URANUS, supported by his six MOONS.

PLAN. I feared you would not come.
 URA. You're very kind,
 I am a little my son Time behind ;

But such a distance, and so dark, odd zoons,
I took the liberty to bring my moons.

PLAN. I'm glad to see them, sir.

URA. They're very small,
No man but Herschell ever saw them all.

PLAN. Indeed!

URA. It's fact. Some chaps below, odd rot 'em,
Are bold enough to say I haven't got 'em!
A pack of fools!

MER. Here comes the Earth apace;
So don't abuse her sons before her face.

Music—Enter the EARTH.

EARTH. How do? how do?—To see you I'm so glad.
"Fie! how my bones ache! what a jaunt I've had."
And such a bustle, now, on my own ball,
I thought I shouldn't get away at all.
However, here I am at last. And so
You're the New Planet; well, of course you know
The fuss we've had about you,—the contention
Who first of your existence made the mention,
Whether the French or English have most claim to
you?
And who has the best right to give a name to you.
And now I see you, clear of every cloud,
You are a star of which man may be proud.
How old are you, my dear?

PLAN. A question rarely
Put to a lady. Must I answer fairly?

VENUS. I wouldn't tell, if she asked me—that's flat!

JUNO. How old are you, ma'am, if you come to that?

EARTH. Oh, I can't tell, or else I would, sincerely—
I used to think I knew, or very nearly;
But the geologists, with their commotions,
Have upset all my poor, old-fashioned notions.

JUP. Yes, if by their account you must be dated,
They'd prove you born before you were created.

GLEE—"The Huge Globe"—JUPITER, MARS, &c.

The huge globe has enough to do,
Rolling and bowling about the sun,

Without keeping count of the years it knew
 Ere mortals its surface began to dig through,
 And worry it as they have done.
 And man has not yet from geology got
 A notion of how he may better his lot,
 But we who are planets know more about
 The age of the world than we choose to let out,
 So we won't on the subject enter ;
 But the secret we'll keep,
 Dig they ever so deep,
 Down, down to the very centre !
 Doctor and Dean may hammer their brains,
 And squabble and spout over fossil remains,
 Ho, ho, ho, ho ! but little they know,
 However 'tis whirl'd, however 'tis twirl'd,
 How many years has wagg'd the world !

EARTH. Well, I must go.

PLAN. Go ! whither ?

EARTH. Back again.

PLAN. Why, you've just come—I thought you would
 remain

At least the night with us.

EARTH. Heaven bless you—never !
 The world can't stop—there's more to do than ever !
 No one can tell the bustle I am in—
 The worry, the confusion, and the din
 Of politics, inventions, speculations,
 Repeal, protection, free-trade agitations,
 Poor-law commissioners, and bank directors,
 East India governors, railway projectors,
 One-penny steam boats and two-penny carriages,*
 Italian operas, and Spanish marriages,
 The Press, the bar, the senate, and the stage,
 All in a fuss, a fever, or a rage !
 And with these endless calls on my attention,
 A family increasing beyond mention.
 Like the old woman who lived in a shoe,
 I'm positively puzzled what to do.

MER. Whip 'em and send 'em all to bed, as she did.

* See Preface.

EARTH. Alas! there's something more than whipping
needed,

Naughty or not, Earth's children must be fed,
And their poor mother scarce can find them bread.

PLAN. But now 'tis night, and all the world's asleep.

EARTH. Not half! Too many wake, and work, and weep;
Too many waste in revel and in riot,
The moments granted me for rest and quiet.
In short, I'm kept in such a constant whirl,
I feel sometimes quite giddy.

MER. Poor old girl!

PLAN. And yet to see you on a fine, clear night
Down in the distance, there, you shine so bright,
'Tis quite impossible for us to trace
The least disturbance in your placid face.

EARTH. " 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,"
" All is not gold that glitters."

MER. Very true!

EARTH. Will you go down with me and see the sights,
That one small spot of earth can shew o' nights?

PLAN. With all my heart. Friend Jupiter, will you go?

JUP. I've no objection, though it's not a new go,
For me.

JUNO. No; pretty tricks you used to play
On earth before you were a planet, eh?

EARTH. (*aside*) And may again, for anything that you know.

JUNO. (*aside*) Oh, if he quits the sky my name's not Juno!

PLAN. Will Venus join our party?

VEN. Oh, with pleasure!
You will escort me, Mars?

MARS. Of course, my treasure!

PLAN. And Pallas?

PAL. Wisdom's wanted upon earth.

PLAN. And Ceres?

CERES. Since of corn there is a dearth,
It is my duty to go down, no doubt.

EARTH. And there's no duty now to keep you out.

PLAN. We shall keep Time, I hope, in our careers.

MER. And beat time to the music of our spheres.

EARTH. Say, Saturn, will you to my globe repair?

SAT. I can't, indeed, I have no time to spare.

And so, Time flies!

(*Exit*)

EARTH. Well, Mercury *must* go
To tell the weather.

MER. *Must*—that's *whether* or no !

URA. I'm much too old after strange sights to yearn,
I'll keep house for you all till you return.

(*Exit with his SATELLITES*)

EARTH. And Vesta, too, had best in heaven remain,
Because——

PLAN. There's no occasion to explain.

(*Exit VESTA*)

VEN. By what conveyance shall we make our transit ?

MER. Oh, by the "atmospheric" we must chance it.

MARS. And in these dresses ?

EARTH. Yes, they'll only say
Those folks are going to some *bal masqué*.

PAL. A *bal masqué* ! how I should like to see one !

EARTH. You shall. I've no doubt, somewhere, there will
be one.

VEN. Let us all go—I goddess am of mirth !

PAL. Must we wear masks ?

EARTH. Most people do on earth——

The globe itself is but one great masked ball,
Of which the true face is scarce seen at all ;
Indeed, as far as vizards go, they wear
Them less at masquerades than anywhere.

PLAN. I think some characters we should assume.

MER. You'll find a queer assortment in the room.

EARTH. Venus might go as "Beauty."

JUP. In that case

She wouldn't want a mask upon her face !

VEN. How pretty of you, Jove ; but where's my "Beast ?"

MER. There's Mars !

MARS. Consume it, no—I must, at least,
Go as an officer.

VEN. Not unattached ?

MARS. Attached to one that never can be matched !

JUP. With regimentals too my robes I'll cover.

I'll be a general !

JUNO. Yes, a general lover !

You shan't go out to-night in any guise,
So don't attempt it, or I'll raise the skies !

JUP. Nay, really——

JUNO. Home, sir, troop, and no grimaces !
 (To PLANET) Good night—we tear ourselves from your
 embraces.
 When you return from all these wild-goose chases,
 You'll find us in our geocentric places.

(Exit with JUPITER)

VEN. I'm glad the vixen's gone, with all my heart.
 But who on earth will play the showman's part.

MER. I will, as harlequin !

PLAN. And who is he ?

MER. A most mercurial notoriety,
 A wit at Naples, half a fool in France,
 In England he does little else than dance ;
 Subtle as quick-silver and light as air,
 Can change to anything, go anywhere,
 Leap through the moon, or down his own throat.

VEN. Never !

MARS. Zounds ! I can't swallow that !

PAL. He must be clever.

PLAN. What is he like ?

EARTH. (to MERCURY) Quick, in his shape appear.

Music—MERCURY changes to HARLEQUIN.

PAL. Why, he's a black !

PLAN. How funny !

VEN. What a dear !

Music—HARLEQUIN goes through the usual positions.

EARTH. Enough of that ; now speak, my little man.

HAR. As harlequin, I don't know that I can.

It's such a time ago since last I spoke ;

My voice will crack.

EARTH. Then let it crack a joke.

HAR. A joke ? I haven't heard a joke so long.

I scarce know what it means.

EARTH. Then sing a song.

HAR. I never sing ; you're thinking of the clown.

EARTH. Sing when I bid you, or I'll set the town

About your ears !

HAR. Oh, madam ! (to PLANET) pray don't let her,
 I'll do my best.

PLAN. The best can do no better.

Song—"Nong Tong Paw"—HARLEQUIN.

Poor Arlechino took a prance
To merry England, *vid* France ;
Came just in Christmas-pudding time,
And welcomed was by Pantomime.
But Pantomime's best days are fled :
Grimaldi, Barnes, Bologna—dead !
And Harlequins have ceased to draw,
The town say, "*Je vous n'entends pas.*"

The last time here they brought him out,
I recollect he had the gout,*
But managed still dull care to chase ;
But now he's fairly out of place !
A situation much he needs,
To gain one here if he succeeds.
Some friends around him he may draw
Who won't say, "*Je vous n'entends pas.*"

EARTH. Very well sung, for you—now shew the way
To London, and such sights as there you may ;
Be a good guide—a pleasant cicerone,
And you, as Harlequin, may make some money.

HARLEQUIN *strikes the stage with his wand—the scene changes to the INTERIOR OF THE COLOSSEUM † AND THE VIEW OF LONDON BY NIGHT.*

PLAN. Arrived so speedily ! Oh, what a sight
Is this before us !

HAR. London, ma'am, by night.

PLAN. What, real London ?

EARTH. Well, if not reality,
With Nature Art's almost on an equality.

HAR. But we're in London, at the Colosseum.

MARS. There's the Horse Guards !

PAL. And there's the Athenæum !

My statue crowns its portico so wide.

PLAN. I hope the wisdom is not all outside.

* This was an allusion to the elder Mathews, who, after a serious carriage accident in 1814, hobbled on in the character of a gouty Harlequin, in "Harlequin Hocus Pocus," at the Haymarket.

† See Preface.

CERES. And there's Mark Lane, where rogues in grain are
rank.

EARTH. How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon the Bank.

HAR. It's so near Capel Court, you are aware,
Matters are frequently all moonshine there.

EARTH. Don't joke on that. It's been no joke of late.

PLAN. And there's the moon herself, in silver state!

And close beside her Venus I can see,

VENUS. That Venus! pshaw! it's not a bit like me.

Now is it, Mars?

MARS. No, damme, not a bit!

EARTH. Come, it is time the building we should quit.

PLAN. Where next?

PAL. To something scientific fly!

EARTH. Enough, the Polytechnic is close by.

There science, by the gallon, you may quaff,

Converse by the electric telegraph,

Learn to gun cotton how much power the state owes,

And what on earth has come to the potatoes.

*Music—Scene changes to EXTERIOR OF THE POLYTECHNIC
INSTITUTION—HARLEQUIN touches the scene and it opens
in centre, and discovers EXHIBITOR, with the electric
telegraph, and two ASSISTANTS.*

HAR. Hermes, the swift-winged herald of the sky,
Would know how fast intelligence can fly.

EXHI. Suppose you wish to know which way the wind is

Blowing at Bangalore in the East Indies—

To give them notice, first you ring the bell, there,

Then, what you on this dial mark, they spell there,

And in a quarter of an hour, or less,

Back comes the answer—"South east."

HAR. I confess

That is a tolerably rapid movement,

But there is still some opening for improvement,

EARTH. Something to tell us how the wind *will* blow.

PLAN. Exactly!

EXHI. That's impossible!

HAR. Oh, no,

Test my experiment—oh, you may laugh.

But here's the true electric telegraph!

(produces a silk purse)

EXHL. Silk is a non-conductor.

HAR. *Empty—true—*

But filled with gold——

(the purse appears full—EXHIBITOR runs towards it)

Ah, now its magic view !

A non-conductor, eh ? Why, thus with ease,

I'd lead your honour anywhere I please,

And, by the power of the magnet in it,

Get any question answered in a minute.

PLAN. Talk of the loadstone, I, with Hamlet, say,

“Here's metal more attractive,” every way.

SONG—“*You Gentlemen of England*”—PLANET.

You gentlemen and ladies,
 You need not sure be told
 No magnet has attraction
 Compared to that of gold.
 This purse the indicator,
 Its sliders high or low,
 Can tell pretty well
 How the wind's about to blow.

Well filled, you've but to place it
 At one end of your chain,
 And quicker no electric spark
 An answer could obtain.
 Just let the world perceive the way
 To *raise* the wind, you know,
 You're a dunce if at once
 You can't tell which way 'twill *blow*.

MARS. 'Tis my turn now to give the word “Attention !”

What is this new combustible you mention ?

SONG—“*British Grenadiers*”—MARS.

Some talk of Captain Warner,*
 Of Lord Dundonald some,
 Of shooting round a corner,
 Or something quite as rum ;

* See Preface.

But of all the strange inventions,
The strangest this appears—
If with cotton-twist you the charge may resist
Of the British Grenadiers!

EXHI. This is the article that you require.

(*produces gun cotton and is about to ignite it*)

MARS. Halt!—As you were!

(*runs behind a wing; the others do the same*)

Now, ready—present! fire!

(*the EXHIBITOR explodes the cotton*)

VEN. Is that all? la! that tiny little puff!

PLAN. No noise! no smoke!

EARTH. It has made noise enough;
For some time past I've really had my ears
Stuffed with gun cotton.

HAR. Then they're cannoniers.

PLAN. And do you as a great discovery view it?

EARTH. I can't say that I greatly cotton to it;
In Woolwich 'tis not thought so much a boon.

VEN. Perhaps there'll be a *Berlin Woolwich* soon;
Of fleecy hosiery if thunder's made
My husband may at once give up his trade.

SONG—"When Vulcan forged the bolts of Jove"—VENUS.

When Vulcan forged the bolts of Jove
(My spouse he is, you know)
He dream'd not Schönbein e'er would prove
His rival here below!
But finding men have grown so deep,
And woollen thunder made so cheap.
He'll change his name to *Woolcan*, and
Turn woollen-draper in the Strand.

MARS. Now is the wadding of our former years
Made glorious powder by these sage mynheers.
Our woollen stockings may be changed to guns,
Our cotton nightcaps to percussion ones.
Grim-visaged war hath gained a wrinkle more,—he
Instead of seeking the field bed of glory,
With a flock mattress falls upon the foe,
Or capers cuts with light fantastic *tow*

To spinning jennies turning powder mills,
 Whilst in the sky I fear more serious ills.
 The *Fornax chemica* will laugh at Mars,
 And make of cotton balls sharp-shooting stars.

HARLEQUIN *strikes a part of the scene—A large handbill appears on the wall, on which is printed, in large letters, "New Grand Joint Stock Company; Capital, 50,000,000."*
 HARLEQUIN *draws from underneath a Prospectus.*

HAR. Something still more destructive I could find,
 Which leaves as little residue behind.
 You see this sheet of paper ; 'tis a scheme
 To make a fortune, we'll suppose, by steam.
 It is prepared with common printer's ink,
 And there's no mischief in it, you would think ;
 But let a spark of truth fall on the matter,
 And a whole company at once 'twill scatter ;
 No shell invisible, no congreve rocket,
 Could work such ruin as this on your pocket.
 The touch of such a paper has been known
 To blow a man from London to Boulogne ;
 Nay, carried some so far that folks maintain,
 They'll never in their lives come back again.

SONG—" *The girl I left behind me* "—HARLEQUIN.

Your cotton wool may chance to miss,
 Or be of good productive ;
 But linen rag prepared like this,
 Is sure to be destructive.
 Nor house, nor land, the shock can stand,
 The longest range you'll find it ;
 Of all the cash you had in hand,
 No trace it leaves behind it.

VEN. I'm sick of lectures—I came down for mirth.
 Is all amusement banished from the earth ?
 Is there no conjuror, no play, no ball ?

HAR. A conjuror ! at the Egyptian Hall
 There's "a mysterious lady."*

* I believe this was one of the earliest of these exhibitions which have lately been so multiplied. Something similar, under the name of the "Invisible Girl," was, as I have already mentioned, formerly located in Leicester Square.

PLAN. That sounds well.
 PAL. Oh, yes, I'm told that she can all things tell.
 VEN. Oh, dear! but that is very indiscreet,
 Isn't it, Mars?
 MARS. Undoubtedly, my sweet!

DUO—"Whisperings heard by wakeful maids"—PLANET
 and PALLAS.

Whisperings heard of wishes made,
 Tho' yards from you divide her—
 What is in your hand displayed,
 Without her sight to guide her.
 Hearts shewing—all knowing
 Such cunning—quite stunning!
 VEN. Oh! you've made me so afraid,
 I couldn't think of going!
 PLAN. and PAL. Oh! we've made her so afraid,
 She couldn't think of going!

HAR. You're there already!

Strikes the scene; it changes to THE EGYPTIAN HALL.

VEN. Ah!
 PAL. And lo, behold her!

HARLEQUIN *strikes scene, which opens, and the MYSTERIOUS
 LADY is seen seated in a chair with her back to Audience.*

HAR. (*touches VENUS with his wand, and addresses himself
 to the MYSTERIOUS LADY*)

Who's this?

M. LADY. The Queen of Beauty.

VEN. Some one told her!

HAR. (*pointing to PALLAS*) What's the complexion of this lady?

M. LADY. Blue,

And very deep! (*scene closes*)

HAR. That's very deep of you!

EARTH. Wisdom will shortly look more blue, alack!

For, in some branches, art is getting black.

HAR. Vide the so-called Lantum Serenaders!

*Strikes scene; it opens, and discovers "THE LANTUM
 SERENADERS."*

PLAN. In music, they cannot be called *fair* traders.

SERE. Come, darkies, let your voices ring!

(as they are about to commence the ETHIOPIAN SERENADERS appear)

EARTH. Tarnation!

Why, here's another Yankee importation!

HAR. From the St. James's these, where fashion, panting
For something new, their chanting thought *enchanting*.

MARS. And why *enchanting*?

HAR. There's an easy answer

To that—each singer is a *negro man, sir!* (*necromancer*)

YANKEE NIGGER AIR—" *Lantum Serenaders.*"

At the end, enter LE DOCTEUR NOIR.

PLAN. Why, here's another man of sable hue!

HAR. "The Docteur Noir," from the St. James's, too.

EARTH. This Doctor is a master in his craft.

HAR. *Oui, c'est "Le maitre!"* *

EARTH. Oh, give him a black draught!

Enter "THE BONDMAN" (" *Le Chevalier St. George* "). †

PLAN. Another black? Does nothing white remain?

HAR. This is a whitey-brown from Drury Lane.

The "Bondman."

PLAN. Musical?

HAR. Oh, to a tolly!

EARTH. Ah *mé!* most musical—most melancholy!

AIR—" *Child of the Sun*"—The Bondman.

Child of the sun! done very brown,
To sing I must not dare
The poet's words as written down,
Though wonderfully fair.
My soul disdains to make so free
With others' proper-ty,
I only privileged can be
Those words to paro-*dy*.

* The celebrated French melo-dramatic actor, Frederick Lemaitre, who created the part.

† Opera of "The Bondman," produced at Drury Lane.

PLAN. So heavy a shower of blacks I've never seen.

HAR. That proves you planets never burn camphine.

EARTH. "More light and light—more dark and dark our woes!"

Have all my nightingales become Jim Crows?

Is each John Bull-finch turned out by a raven?

Where have these black swans driven the Swan of Avon?

HAR. Shakespeare? he's gone to lodge at Sadler's Wells!*

HARLEQUIN *strikes scene, and it changes to* THE HAUNT OF THE WILIS, *from the Ballet of "Giselle"—GISELLE from the Opera, GISELLE from Drury Lane, GISELLE from the Adelphi, GISELLE from the Princess's, and WILIS discovered)*

PLAN. Hold! What are these?

HAR. Giselles.

PLAN. What?

HAR. "Phantom dancers," "night dancers," the rage
For the last twelve months upon every stage,
The Wilis have been danced almost to death,
Night after night, without a pause for breath—
They find it still a way the house to fill, is.

VEN. Why, there must be a way where there a *will is*.

HAR. Here's one, a hundred nights who's known no rest,
And yet keeps on her legs.

(brings forward the Adelphi GISELLE)

PLAN. Oh, femme *Celeste*.†

DUO—"He loves me—loves me not"—PLANET and VENUS.

Say, which is of this flock the flower
Whose spell had o'er the town most power;
Of melody the spirit sweet—
The genius of the twinkling feet—
'Twas this one,
No, 'twas not!
This one?
You be shot!

* Then under the management of Mr. Phelps and Mrs. Warner.

† Madame Celeste, the personator of that character at the Adelphi.

Leave the town alone to tell
Which is thought the best Giselle ;
Each a different art reveals ;
Each to different taste appeals.

Leave the town, &c.

PLAN. But who comes here, in amber satin, pray?

HAR. Italian Opera, from o'er the way.

Enter the GENIUS of Her Majesty's Theatre, in yellow satin and chintz, with a banner covered with arabesques, and followed by FEMALE CHORISTERS, dressed as those in "La Favorita," and the principal characters in that opera, and in the ballet of "Coralie."*

CHORUS—"La Favorita" (Act Second).

Eccola ! Eccola ! in her amber array,
Comes the old opera from over the way,
With "La Favorita," "L'Inconstant Chevalier,"
And a long programme of what's coming some day,
With her chorus so grand, and her corps de ballet,
And her famous new band that can everything play.

Eccola ! &c.

AIR—GENIUS of Her Majesty's Theatre—Second part of
Chorus from the same Opera.

Come to me, and hear Gardoni,
With a voice as sweet as honey ;
Hearken to the great Frascini,
True successor to Rubini ;
List to Verdi—Donizetti,
Sung by Bouché and Coletti ;
Don't go join the other party,
They've no dancer like Rosati.
Have not I the prince of bassi,
In Lablache, with form so massy ?
Is not La Jeune Taglioni
Just the girl to draw the money ?
Lucile Grahn, and La Cerito.
Both have signed with me their *scritto*.

* The colours of the decorations of Her Majesty's Theatre.

From Silesia's camp the drumming,
Tells you Jenny Lind is coming !
Why uneasy about Grisi ?
Cannot Sanchioli please ye ?
Castellan and Faggiani
Surely are two sweet soprani.
Then come to me.

PLAN. Etcætera! etcætera! etcætera!
But where is Jenny Lind?

HAR. *Je ne sais pas.**

AIR—"Molly Bawn"—PLANET.

Oh, Jenny Lind, why keep us pining ?
All London waiting here for you,
While other stars are brightly shining,
Because there's nothing else that's new.
The papers they have up been keeping,
About you such fine to-do
Your rivals all you'll set a weeping,
If only half we've heard be true !

Oh, Jenny Lind, &c. *(trumpet)*

MARS. But hark ! a bold defiance someone sounds,
And lo ! a rival opera forward bounds !

Enter the GENIUS of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, in crimson and white and gold, † followed by DRUIDS and DRUIDESSES and lastly NORMA.

CHORUS—"Norma."

Flourish your trumpets ! Thunder your drums !
See where the wrathful Diva comes
Vengeance to wreak on all around ;
Her voice may be heard a mile hence !
Soon shall the march of Norma sound
Thro' her new halls—and soon—*Bang !*
Soon shall her brazen bucklers clang
Break Covent Garden's silence !

* The long delay of that lady's appearance was a subject of great speculation in professional circles.

† The colours of the decorations of that theatre.

DUO—" *Mira Norma* "—PLANET *and* NORMA.

PLAN. Mighty Norma ! Why this passion ?
What has caused you thus up to flare ?
In the high world of rank and fashion,
Is there no one can settle this affair ?

NOR. Mind your own—a prima donna
Thus to talk to, how can you dare ?
In the world one was ne'er yet known, a
Rival calmly beside her throne to bear.

Solo—NORMA—" *Qual cor tradisti.*"

The corps thou'st slighted,
The corps thou'st spited,
At Covent Garden the town shall foster !
In vain thou ravest !
In vain thou cravest !
From Norma's vengeance thou canst not flee.
Thy fate deciding,
Thy threats deriding.
Her band united, whate'er it *cost her*,*
Shall play crescendo,
You may depend, O !
Until an end, O
They make of thee !

MARS, BONDMAN, *and* MALE CHORUS.

What has her fury so much excited ?
In spite of all that has been indited,
Who has been wronged, or who should be righted,
No mortal creature appears to know.
The town divided or undecided,
For this declaring, or neither bearing,
'Tis pretty certain that one or other
Amid the pother, to pot must go.

* Signor, now Sir Michael Costa, seceded from Her Majesty's Theatre, and became director of the music at Covent Garden.

PLANET, VENUS, PALLAS, *and* FEMALE CHORUS.

The lady really is much excited ;
 I wish again they could be united,
 I'm sure the town would be quite delighted,
 If in one boat all again should row.
 'Tis quite a pity that folks so clever
 Should each the other to harm endeavour.
 Why did they sever ? oh, did you ever ?
 Oh, no I never ! oh never, no !

GENIUS of *Her Majesty's Theatre.*

By all this fury I'm not affrighted,
 By hook or crook I will still be righted ;
 With Jenny Lind soon the town delighted,
 Shall fill my house to an overflow.
 You, for yourselves, ma'am, may be too clever ;
 To curb your temper I pray endeavour,
 Don't from it sever ! oh, did you ever ?
 Oh, no I never ! oh never, no !

(*The two OPERAS attack each other violently*)

EARTH. "Part them, they are incensed !"

Music—TWO DRUIDS *approach and cover* NORMA *with black veil and exeunt with her.*

PLAN. Can nothing be
 Arranged 'twixt tweedledum and tweedledee ?
 The town, unless this fatal discord ceases,
 By two wild operas will be torn to pieces !

MARS. "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war."

VEN. The nightingale's sweet *jug* has made a *jar* !

PAL. Are there no greater sights our eyes to greet ?

HAR. There's Mrs. Armitage in Regent Street !

She is the greatest sight by many a stone ;
 A dozen single women rolled in one !

VEN. Let's go to see Tom Thumb !

HAR. You can't.

VEN. How so ?

HAR. He went to *sea* himself some time ago.*

* He had returned to America.

PAL. Then "The dissolving views!"

EARTH. I'm most intent
On the dissolving view of Parliament;
But stay! at the Haymarket, not long since,
I heard some talk of an "Invisible Prince."
Can't we see him?

HAR. No, though he stands before ye!
He's turned his magic cap.

PLAN. (*as the Parrot*) "Oh, what a story."

VEN. That's just his voice when he like Polly spoke!

HAR. I told you he was present.

VEN. Have your joke!
But if there's nothing else worth seeing here,
I'm going to the ball—ain't you, my dear?

(*to PLANET*)

HAR. Which? for the keepers of all sorts of shops
Have lately ta'en to speculate in hops.

(*strikes scene—It changes to a quantity of advertising vans
placarded with bills of all the various casinos, &c.*)

Baths, public-houses, theatres, and clubs,
Museums, exhibition-rooms—each dubs
Itself "casino," each has got its puffers;
The "Cat and Bagpipes" and the "Cow and Snuffers"
Will have its quantum, soon, of catgut scrapers,
And legs of mutton cutting their own capers.

AIR and CHORUS—"Such a getting upstairs"—HARLEQUIN
&c.

Such a getting upstairs, and a playing on the fiddle,
Such a getting upstairs I never did see.
He's wrong who any parish styles,
Or this St. George, or that St. Giles,
But on one patron now they call,
St. Vitus is the Saint of all.

Such a getting, &c.

St. James' at Crockford's nightly reels,
St. Martin's waltzing in the fields,
St. Mary's polking in the Strand,
St. Clement *deigns* to own a band.

Such a getting, &c.

They'll dance the City down the middle,
 For *Bow*, of course, must have its *fiddle!*
 In fact the mania spreads so fast,
 They'll all be in St. Luke's at last.

Such a getting, &c.

EARTH. To some sad tumbles all this tripping tends.

HAR. "These *violin* delights have violent ends."

PLAN. What are "The poses plastiques"? They flourish rarely.

Are they fit to be seen?

HAR. I should say *barely*;
 But 'tis the cheapness which secures their filling,—
 They really shew you *too much* for a shilling.
 Here is a sample of their bill of fare!

(*strikes scene—Large bills of "The Walhalla,"
 "Hall of Rome," &c., appear in the place
 of the former*)

VEN. What's this? At the Walhalla, Leicester Square
 They shew you Venus rising from the sea!
 How dare they take such liberties with me!
 By the simplicity of all my doves,
 By all my graces, and by all my loves!
 And by the fate that did to Dido come,
 When false Æneas left her Dido dumb;
 By all the fibs that man e'er told to woman,
 In number just what woman has told to man,
 Of that same place from which they send these lies out,
 To-morrow *truly* will I take a rise out!

AIR—"It's oh, Johnny Cope, are you," &c.—VENUS.

It's oh, won't I send the rogues marching yet,
 The Hall of Rome in a blaze I'll set,
 And the Walhalla shall be soon to let,
 I give Madame Wharton warning.
 They make no doubt of a planet light,
 But they seem to have forgotten quite
 Though as "Vesper soft" "I may rise at night,
 I am "Lucifer" in the morning.

MARS. I'll stop this scandal, don't yourself distress—
 I'll make 'em halt!

HAR. You'd better make 'em "*dress.*"
 EARTH. Leave them to Time—he is the great *redresser.*
 And our time's nearly up.
 VEN. You're a good guesser !
 And since I've got to be a morning star
 To-morrow, I am up too late, by far.
 HAR. But ere we leave our friend the Earth alone,
 Let's have some "living statues" of our own !
 (*roars of wild beasts behind the scenes*)
 PAL. But hark ! what brutish roars my ears profane ?
 VEN. Oh, mercy ! all the beasts from Drury Lane !
 HAR. They act "The Desert " there.*
 EARTH. Oh, shame ! oh, rage !
 They'll make a desert of the British stage !
 PLAN. Quick, let us from such desecration fly,
 And shew our "living statues" in the sky.

Lights down—Scene changes to A DARK CLOUD, which opens in centre and shews the Tableaux Vivants in succession during the

FINALE—*Vaudeville.*

MER. To finish our Extravaganza
 In the fashion of the day,
 Each shall sing a little stanza,
 Whilst a tableau I display.
 But sinking first the motley hero,
 As myself I sue for grace ;
 Mercury is down to zero
 If Harlequin be "out of place."

FIRST TABLEAU—SHAKESPEARE.

JUNO. See of Britain's stage the splendour;
 Not for ages, but all time,
 Wrote the bard whose form we render ;
 Who shall reach his height sublime ?
 Till the earth to circle ceases,
 Till no eye his scenes can trace,
 Spite of fashion's wild caprices,
 He will ne'er be out of place.

* Van Amburgh, the lion-tamer, exhibited his wild beasts in that drama, written for that express purpose.

SECOND TABLEAU—WELLINGTON.

MARS. Carping critics, now have at you,
 Mars the gauntlet up will take !
 Fling his buckler o'er the statue
 For his darling soldiers' sake !
 After such a life of glory,
 To the town 'twere more disgrace
 To have *no* record of the story
 Than one—a *little* out of place.

THIRD TABLEAU—BRITANNIA.

VEN. Britain, like fair Aphrodite,
 Rose from out the azure main,
 O'er his blue dominions mighty
 Neptune bade her ever reign.
 First and fairest—long may ocean
 Roll obedient to thy race.
 To our native land devotion
 Never can be out of place.

Scene changes and discovers FOURTH TABLEAU—*Enthronization of the NEW PLANET—All the PLANETS discovered.*

PLAN. For your mirth, the new found Planet
 Ventured from its silver shrine,
 Fear of you would quite unman it,
 Were its gender masculine.
 Neptune, some I'm told believe me,
 Who have never seen my face !
 You alone a name can give me
 Which may keep me *here in place.*

CURTAIN.

THE
GOLDEN BRANCH;

A Fairy Extravaganza,

IN TWO ACTS.

First Performed at the Royal Lyceum Theatre, Monday,
December 27th, 1847.

THE GOLDEN BRANCH.

My engagement with Mr. Webster at the Haymarket having terminated, I was free to accept the offer of my old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews, who had become the lessees of the Lyceum Theatre, and requested me to resume the position I held under their management for three years at Covent Garden. I willingly consented, and the theatre, newly and tastefully decorated by Mr. W. Bradwell, having opened with great *éclat* on 18th October, 1847, with my comedy, "The Pride of the Market," I set to work for Christmas on Mdme. D'Aulnoy's story, "Le Rameau d'Or."

In its production I had the assistance once more of Harley and dear old Mrs. Macnamara, who had joined the company at the Lyceum, and of several ladies and gentlemen who speedily became favourites with the Lyceum audiences, amongst them Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam, daughter of the excellent actress of that name, her first appearance on any stage; Mr. Henry Hall; Miss Howard (a lovely and intelligent girl, who was "all my fancy painted" of a fairy princess); and Miss Mary (Polly) Marshall, who, it might have been said, was born on the stage, so early was her first acquaintance with it. In the scenic department we had for the first time in London an artist whose name was shortly

to be one of the most celebrated in that peculiar (golden) branch of the profession—Mr. William Beverley, with whom I had the pleasure of working for upwards of six years. An ingenious machinist, as well as an admirable painter, he was of the greatest importance to me in carrying out effectively the many complicated changes which were necessary for the comprehension of the rather intricate plot of the piece, and which in less skilful hands might have endangered its success. Every point was so carefully arranged and so perfectly executed that, although we were so sorely pressed for time that the hour for opening the doors had arrived before we had finished the rehearsal, and consequently the last scene was never rehearsed at all, not a hitch nor a blunder of the slightest description occurred to mar the intended effects, which were novel and beautiful enough to have saved a very inferior drama. The scenes in Arcadia, designed from the *chef d'œuvres* of Watteau, presented a succession of *tableaux* certainly never previously equalled on the English stage, and obtained for Madame Vestris the most gratifying commendations from Edwin Landseer and other eminent artists, and gave a *cachet* to the reputation of the new management of the Lyceum for the production of spectacular drama. Unfortunately, in one sense, for me, the *mise en scène* of "The Golden Branch" is imperatively required to be of so elaborate and costly a description that it has less chance of revival than any other of my Extravaganzas, and an abortive attempt at it some years ago at Glasgow is the only one I ever heard of.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HUMGUFFIN (an Enchanter of the Old School)	MR. S. SMITH
MANDRAGORA (his Sister, a Sorceress of the Old School)	MRS. MACNAMARA
BLUERUINO (an Illicit Spirit)	MR. H. MARSHALL
PASTORELLA (a Fairy of the New School) ...	MISS MARSHALL
KING BROWN (Tyrant of the Silly Islands) ...	MR. H. HALL
PRINCE HUMPY (his only Son)	MISS K. FITZWILLIAM
QUAKE (Lord Chamberlain)	MR. KERRIDGE
QUIVER (Captain of the Guard)	MR. HARLEY
SHAKE (Usher of the Brown Rod)	MR. DE COURCY
PRINCESS DUMPY (only Daughter of King Stumpy)	MISS HOWARD
SUIVANTA (her Waiting Woman and Confidant)	MADAME VESTRIS

ARCADIANS.

BENIGNANTA (Queen of Arcadia)	MISS LEE
TRANSIMENUS (an Arcadian Prince)	MISS FAIRBROTHER

Royal (OPERA) Arcadians.

MR. GILBERT, MISS BALLIN, and MR. MARSHALL.

CORYDON	{ "Arcades ambo" }	MISS K. FITZWILLIAM
TITYRUS		MR. HARLEY
PHILLIS		MISS HOWARD
AMARYLLIS		MADAME VESTRIS

PROGRAMME OF SCENERY.

ACT FIRST.

Spirit Vaults and Private Still in the Enchanter's Castle.

N.B.—Only two hundred years are supposed to elapse between this Scene and the one immediately following, namely: The

BROWN STUDY OF KING BROWN;

Room in a Round Tower,

and curiously Illuminated Manuscript,

THE TURQUOISE CHAMBER.

THE BOWERS OF ARCADIA, WITH FÊTE AL FRISKO.

The Costumes in this Scene designed from the most Rococo authorities in China.

Pas de deux à la Watteau, by Mr. Gilbert and Miss Ballin.

Pas de ditto à la Catchafairy, by Mr. and Miss Marshall.

Arcadian Mazurka, Polka, and Pastoral Gallopade.

ACT SECOND.

Gallery in the Palace of King Brown.

A PASTORAL LANDSCAPE IN ARCADIA,

With a Vocal Version of the Minuet de la Cour and Gavotte de Vestris (adapted to the peculiar resources of this Establishment).

Transatlantic Medley Pas de Deux by Miss Fairbrother and Miss Howard.

A VERY WILD WOOD.

THE SPIRIT VAULTS,

In much the same state as they were Two Hundred Years before.

GOLDEN GARDENS AND FAIRY TREE OF ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

The Overture and Music composed and arranged by Mr. R. Hughes.

The Dances composed by Mr. Oscar Byrne.

The Scenery by Mr. W. Beverley, Mr. J. Meadows, and Assistants.

The Costumes by Mrs. Baily and Miss Grundy.

The Machinery by Mr. H. Sloman. The Properties by Mr. J. W. Brogden.

THE GOLDEN BRANCH.

ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.—*Spirit vaults beneath the Enchanter's Castle—*
MANDRAGORA, *the Sorceress, discovered brewing mischief,*
assisted by BLUERUINO and other ILLICIT SPIRITS—
HUMGUFFIN, *the Enchanter, rises.*

HUM. Speak, sister, speak,
Is the job jobbed?

MAN. Long ago—long ago!
Twelve glasses since we have hob-nobbed.
Mischief I'm seldom slow
A brewing!
But as we brew so must we *bake*,
As we shall one day find, and no mistake.

HUM. Many more, many more
Mischiefs may we brew,
Before Old Nick shall come to claim his due.

CHORUS. He must, he will—he must, he will,
He will have us some day;
So on earth first we'll have the deuce to pay!

MAN. Yes, brother, I have worked your wicked will.
And am, you see, brewing more mischief still.

HUM. Well done! well done! more fun we'll have
between us.

But where's that traitor—that vile Transimemus?

(MANDRAGORA *waves her hand, the wall opens and*
discovers an Eagle)

MAN. Beneath that form behold the Prince ungrateful,
As false to me as he to you was hateful.
Fast to that perch with potent spell I tethered him,
Whilst my ingenious spirits tarred and feathered him.

HUM. A bird! Why not a beast?

MAN. I thought the thing
When you called out a rival, was to *wing*
The gentleman!

HUM. Well—but then why the deuce
Didn't you make him look more like a goose?

MAN. Because his rank in Fairy-land was regal,
I couldn't make him look less than an eagle!
How have you punished the Arcadian Queen,
Whose charms the plague of both of us have been?

HUM. Behold where lies the proudest of princesses,
Who dared reject a Humguffin's addresses!

Waving his wand, the wall opens, and discovers QUEEN
BENIGNANTA *asleep on a couch of state.*

Into a state of coma I have cast her,
Which for two centuries at least shall last her.
If in Arcadia she would then abide,
She'll be on what they call the shady side!
Meantime to town I go in hope to find a
Lowther or Burlington Arcadian kinder.

Song—HUMGUFFIN—“It's no use knocking at the door.”

So I'm off to town on a little bit of spree,
And I hope to make acquaintance with a prettier girl
than she.

But somebody's trying to lift up the latch,
And I shouldn't be surprised if it was Old Scratch!
Who is that knocking at the door?
Is that you old fellow?

FAIRY. (*without*) No! the Fairy Pastorella.

HUM. Then you're no friend of ours, so you can't come in,
And it's no use knocking at the door
Any more—
It's no use knocking at the door.

Enter the FAIRY PASTORELLA through the keyhole.

FAIRY. No use! you're no great conjurers I doubt,
To think a door can keep a fairy out.
At Christmas, too, of all times in the year,
When we have special license to appear.

But to be short, as fairies short you see,
 And to be quick, as fairies ought to be ;
 I've just stepped in to say these are my friends,
 And you shall not obtain your cruel ends,
 If love or charity enough remain
 To make of earth a fairy-land again.
 A "Golden Branch," plucked from the magic tree
 Of entertaining knowledge, shall set free
 The pinioned Prince—and ope the lovely eyes
 Of the fair Queen you've dared to mesmerise !

HUM. Not for two hundred years——

FAIRY. They'll soon be past.

A fairy tale wiles time away so fast,
 That amongst those that take an interest in it,
 Two hundred years are over in a minute !

Air—PASTORELLA—"I'm the genius of the Spring."

With the genius of the Spring
 I have had an interview,
 And a most ingenious thing
 She has promised me to do.

That next year will leap-year bring
 Is well known to every dunce,
 So she means to make one spring,
 And leaps two hundred years at once !

'Tis a most ingenious thing,
 And, I think, completely new ;
 So jump, my gentle Spring,
 As you've promised me to do.

*The whole scene, together with the personages in it, vanishes,
 and the stage represents—*

SCENE SECOND.—*The Brown Study of KING BROWN.*

*The KING is discovered seated in an attitude expressive of
 deep reflection—QUAKE, Chamberlain, QUIVER, Captain of
 the Guard, SHAKE, Usher of the Brown Rod, enter in
 rotation, and with great precaution.*

Round—QUAKE, QUIVER, and SHAKE—“*Perfida Clori.*”

Lo ! where a scowling,
To himself growling,
Sits without winking,
Doing his thinking,
In mood black as ink, King
Brown, surnamed “The Bear.”

QUIV. Silence ! his Majesty’s about to (KING *sneezes*) sneeze.

QUAKE. Much good, sire, may it do you. If you please—

KING. And if I don’t please ?

QUAKE. I that wish recall.

(*aside*) And wish it may do you no good at all !

KING. What’s that you mutter ?

QUAKE. N—nothing, sire.

KING. Beware !

’Tis not for nothing I am called “The Bear !”

QUAKE. Dread Sovereign—

KING. Peace ! and answer you, sir knave, (*to QUIVER*)

Have my ambassadors returned ?

QUIV. They *have*.

KING. Admit them, with the portrait they import,

And call our son Prince Humpy into court.

Music—Enter NOBLES, GUARDS, and four SERVANTS, bearing a picture in a case, which, by direction of the KING, is placed in the centre of the stage.

CHORUS—“*Gustavus.*”

Hail ! all hail to the great King Brown !
The world turns pale at his royal frown !
Hail ! all hail to the great King Brown !
Of vast renown !
Down on your marrowbones,
For, from his cleavers dread,
Nobody’s safe who owns
An interest in a head !
Who would dare to brave him ?
Once his voice that hear did ;
Close enough he’d shave him
In his wrath, if bearded.

Hail ! all hail, &c.

KING. Where is Prince Humpy?

Enter PRINCE HUMPY.

PRINCE. Sire, behold your son!

KING. (*aside*) I'd rather not—he's such an ugly one!
Who could suppose him child of mine to be?
And yet in one sense he takes after me—
For after me he takes this royal crown,
Sole hope of the illustrious house of Brown.
Malicious stars—my heart ye have with care rent,
So plain an heir should ne'er have been apparent!
Why gave ye not to me, as to King Jones,
Or to King Smith a score of little ones?
Why stint the issue of my line, alas,
To one poor Brown I am ashamed to pass?

PRINCE. In a quandary seems our royal sire;
May I presume the reason to inquire?

KING. Presume, indeed! Presumptuous boy, would you
Be heir apparent and presumptive too?
Inquire the reason! Shall a subject dare
Interrogate a king like Brown the Bear!

PRINCE. Pardon, great sire, I meant not to offend——

KING. Peace! and obediently our will attend.
You have arrived at years of indiscretion,
And it is time to settle the succession.

Therefore it is our pleasure you should marry.

PRINCE. You'll find that point, sir, difficult to carry.
E'en though a prince, few girls would care to catch me.
I fear it is impossible to match me!

KING. Nothing's impossible to kings like us!
The bride is found—so don't you make a fuss.
We've lighted on a match that nought shall hinder,
Where there is so much tin, hearts catch like tinder!
We're flint and steel—and you the happy spark.

PRINCE. Then keep me, sire, no longer in the dark—
But say who is "the inexpressive she,"
Will condescend Prince Humpy's bride to be?

KING. No less a lady than the Princess Dumpy,
The only daughter of the rich King Stumpy!
Here is her portrait—painted from the life.

(opens case and discovers portrait of the PRINCESS)

PRINCE. Preserve and pickle me ! that fright my wife !
Why she's a cripple ! seated in a bowl !

KING. Can't walk—but then in riches she can roll !
When countless millions over to you handing,
Would you complain of want of understanding ?
Besides, with such legs as you have to boast of,
'Twould be a lame excuse when made the most of.

PRINCE. But she is hideous !

KING. You're a pretty fellow,
To talk of ugliness—you Punchinello !
In one word, will you wed her—yes, or no ?

PRINCE. In one word—No.

KING. No ! Oho ! Is it so ?
What ho ! The captain of our archer guard !

(QUIVER *advances*)

'There's a round tower in our castle yard,
Built by King Brute five centuries ago,
Rebellious princes safely in to stow.
Two hundred years no key has oped the door,
'Tis time it should be tenanted once more.
In it confine this contumacious cub,
With bread and water for his bub and grub.
Let fly at him if he attempt to fly,
Your head shall answer for his custody !

Air and Chorus—KING BROWN and COURTIERS—
"Statute Fair."

Away with him to prison strait,
His manners need improvement,
In shopping him I advocate
The "early closing movement."
In limbo leave him alone to sob,
Or back the lady to wed, post—
If any one grumbles I'll scuttle his nob,
In the twinkling of a bed post !

(*Exeunt* QUIVER and GUARDS, with PRINCE HUMPY
prisoner)

KING. So much for one !—But now, how much for t'other ?
The bride is on her road ! Ah, there's the bother !

She may arrive ere I can say Jack Rob——(*flourish without*)
 (Exit QUAKE)
 —inson!—She has so! There's a pretty job!
 Now with what face can I the fact make known?
 Pshaw! It can't be a worse face than her own!

Re-enter QUAKE.

QUAKE. The Princess Dumpy!
 KING. Bid her walk up stairs,
 We'll come to Hecuba at once—who cares?
 QUAKE. Walk up. Alas! Her Highness, sire, is not
 Able to walk.
 KING. By Jupiter! Forgot!
 QUAKE. Borne in a golden bowl by way of litter——
 KING. Tell 'em to pass the bowl, and quick admit her!
 (*march*)

Enter PRINCESS DUMPY, *carried by four* BLACK SERVANTS,
and attended by SUIVANTA.

KING. Welcome, fair Princess, to our royal Court.
 PRINCESS. (*sobbing*) Ah! Oh!
 KING. "Ah! Oh!" What may such sound import?
 PRINCESS. Oh! Ah!
 KING. "Oh! Ah!" We still desire to know
 What moves her Royal Highness so?
 SUIV. (*sobbing*) Ah! Oh!
 KING. Can no one speak except in interjections?
 SUIV. Alas! There's no commanding our affections;
 And therefore, sire, the point at once to go to,
 Excuse our saying we object *in toto*
 To this alliance.
 KING. We! Zounds—who are you?
 SUIV. My name's Suivanta, waiting woman to
 Her Royal Highness.
 KING. Waiting woman, wait
 Till you are spoken to! How dare you prate?
 Object! 'Sdeath, madam (*to* PRINCESS), do you mean
 to say
 That *you* object?
 PRINCESS. I do.

KING. And wherefore, pray ?
 PRINCESS. Sir, to be plain with you——
 KING. You may say plain.
 PRINCESS. Prince Humpy ne'er could my affection gain,
 If he be half as ugly as he's painted.
 When first I saw his picture, sir, I fainted.
 KING. You! faint at ugliness! Well, come, that passes.
 In your Court pray are there no looking glasses?
 PRINCESS. Oh! I'm aware, sir, of my own defects——
 SUIV. And that's a reason, sir, why she objects.
 She thinks she ought to wed a prince who'd be
Her better half, as there's no hope that she
 Could be the better half of any man.
 And I must say that I approve her plan.
 KING. Will no one stop that woman's tongue? Odds life!
 Madam (*to PRINCESS*), do you refuse to be the wife
 Of our sole heir, Prince Humpy?
 PRINCESS. Most emphat-
 ically.
 KING. Ha! Indeed! We'll soon see that.

Air—SUIVANTA—“Rory O' More.”

Don't roar any more, for as sure as you're born,
 Your hope's of the sort, sir, they call the forlorn.
 His Highness is not formed a lady to please,
 So it's no use her Highness on that score to tease.
 To take it quite easy you really should try,
 It's very undignified thus out to fly.
 Like great King Dagobert whom I've heard talk about,
 You've put on your—waistcoat I fear wrong side out.
 Then act like another great king, sir, to-day,
 And don't lose your temper in this stupid way,
 But just please to order our coach to the door,
 And as I've got a head-ache don't roar any more!

KING. A flourish trumpet, strike alarum drum,
 Let not this loud-tongued woman talk us dumb.

Air and Chorus—KING BROWN, &c.—“Elisire d' Amore.”

A flourish, ye trumpets, my drums sound alarum,
 These termagant women, to prison quick bear 'em;

I'll bring both the jades on their marrowbones down,
I'm in such a passion I've turned whitey-brown !
SUIV. For a king such as you I'd not give half-a-crown,
He's in such a passion he's turned whitey-brown.

CHORUS. He's in such a passion, &c.

(*Exeunt KING and COURTIERs, and GUARDS with
PRINCESS and SUIVANTA prisoners.*)

SCENE THIRD.—*A Room in the Round Tower.*

Enter PRINCE HUMPY and QUIVER.

PRINCE. Here must I linger to despair a prey ?
(*to QUIVER, who is going*) Stay !

QUIV. Eh ?

PRINCE. O say——

QUIV. Nay——

PRINCE. Pray——

QUIV. Away ! Good day !

PRINCE, Leave me not in this dungeon dark and chill !

QUIV. Young boy, I must——

PRINCE. And will you ?

QUIV. And I will !

PRINCE. Have you the heart ? When you were once in
quod

Didn't I pay for you thirteen pounds odd ?
All I could raise upon my watch and chain,
And I did never ask it you again !
And can you suffer me to pine and shiver
In darkness here ?

QUIV. I've sworn to do it——

PRINCE. Quiver !

If any one alive had said you ever
Could have done this, I should have answered,
“ never ! ”

Leave *me*, who in your need posted the coal,
Without a shovel-full, in this black hole !

QUIV. Well, then, I won't ; I'll brave the tyrant's ire,
May I be burnt if you shan't have a fire !

For you in turn I'll post the coal, in sacks ;
And candles too——

PRINCE. Now you're the lad of wax
I thought you were.

QUIV. Behold—at once to light
(produces wax taper)

I bring a candle's end, a perquisite,
Which, with some cheese parings, I get per diem—
You shall have all the ends as I come by 'em,
And the cheese parings also, if you please.

PRINCE. No, no, the candles only—that's the cheese !
For there are books I see within this tower,
Which by my taper's light I shall devour.

QUIV. They're such old books you cannot read 'em.

PRINCE. Poh !

My friend, the hardship is to read the new.
Lend me a hand to pull this huge one out !

QUIV. Heavens ! what a book, what can it be about ?
*(they lift with great difficulty an enormous folio from the shelf,
and lean it against the wall at the back of the stage)*

PRINCE. *(opening it)* 'Tis full of pictures. Quaint
illuminations.

Folks of all sorts in various occupations.

QUIV. A volume of some old *Pictorial Times*,
Or *Illustrated News* of other climes.

PRINCE. Hunting and fishing, playing cards and dice,

QUIV. Eating and drinking everything that's nice.

PRINCE. Why, Quiver, sure as fate that must be I,
And here again—in each you may espy

(turning over the leaves)

A dwarfish, humpbacked, ugly little elf,
The very model of my precious self ;
And in my clothes too——

QUIV. Well, there's no denying—
The portrait's much more like than gratifying !

PRINCE. And by my side, whatever I am doing,
A lovely shepherdess my actions viewing,
Beautiful as I'm frightful, and arrayed
Like some that I have seen of china made ;
More like a sylvan queen than rustic lass
Keeping her sheep beneath a shade——

QUIV. Of glass.
(music pianissimo ; the volume expands, and a page becomes transparent)

PRINCE. Mercy upon us ! see, the volume grows
 Brighter—its page with light unearthly glows.

QUIV. I feel remarkably intimidated—
 By whom d'ye think it's now illuminated ?

PRINCE. As I'm alive ! so are the pictures too !

QUIV. Shut up the book directly, sir, pray do.
 The devil's in it.

(a repetition of the room on the stage appears through the transparency, and the forms of the SHEPHERDESS and PRINCE HUMPY become visible)

PRINCE. No—an angel rather,
 For there's my Shepherdess !

QUIV. I'll tell your father !

PRINCE. The chamber is the one we stand in—see,
 She points to yonder wall, and lo ! a key
 I find, with which I ope a secret door
 Behind those hangings.

QUIV. Don't see any more.
(a bower of roses is seen, and the same figure of the SHEPHERDESS surrounded by SHEPHERDS and SHEPHERDESSES)

PRINCE. Another picture. There's my fair again,
 Leading of youths and maids a brilliant train.

SHEP. Prince Humpy !

PRINCE. Ha ! on me they call.

QUIV. No doubt.
 If they should call on me, say I'm gone out.

GLEE—*Voices behind the scenes*—"Hark, the Lark."

Hark ! a lark if you'd enjoy,
 And gain a precious prize,
 The spell that binds our Queen destroy—
 In slumber deep she lies.
 'Tis time that she should now begin
 To ope her lovely eyes ;
 Go in and win, 'tis you must sing,
 " My lady sweet arise." *(the volume closes)*

QUIV. Riddle my riddle my riddle my ree.

Who can tell what this riddle may be?

PRINCE. (*discovering key and secret door*) Why, of the riddle here, I've found the key!

A queen to wake.

QUIV. You wouldn't go to do it.

PRINCE. I will, and here's the door.

QUIV. I can't go through it.

DUO—"Come where the aspens quiver."

PRINCE. Come on, my trusty Quiver.

QUIV. Oh, how I shake and shiver;

Think of papa,

Ruined we are.

PRINCE. Follow the Prince you love!

Think of the fame and glory,

Think how you'll live in story.

QUIV. Longer to live just now, sir,

I should prefer by far!

PRINCE. Come on, my trusty Quiver, &c.

(*Exeunt PRINCE and QUIVER through the door behind the hangings*)

SCENE FOURTH.—*The Turquoise Bed Chamber—On one side a large window; an alcove in centre, closed by curtains.*

Enter PRINCE and QUIVER.

PRINCE. The door has slamm'd to, and the bolt has shot to.

QUIV. 'Twas a fool's bolt soon shot.

PRINCE. Where have we got to?

QUIV. Where we've no business—in such queer concerns

One's only profit lies in quick returns.

PRINCE. Peace! Lo, perchance, the object of my search.

(*PRINCE HUMPY undraws the curtains of the alcove, and discovers QUEEN BENIGNANTA on a couch of state, as in the first scene*)

QUIV. A lady!

- PRINCE. Fast asleep too !
- QUIV. As a church !
- PRINCE. Madam ! Ahem ! She stirs not—gently shake her.
- QUIV. Not I—I'm much too wide awake—to wake her.
- QUEEN. (*in her sleep*) My Transimenuus.
- QUIV. Hark, sir !
- PRINCE. Silence, keep !
And listen—she is talking in her sleep.
- QUEEN. Monster, away !
- PRINCE. Monster !
- QUIV. That's not polite.
- PRINCE. Though fast asleep, she sees that I'm a fright.
- QUEEN. (*in her sleep*) I'll never marry you.
- PRINCE. Ne'er marry me !
Stop till I ask you, ma'am ! (*QUEEN rises and advances*)
She rises ! See !
- QUIV. What caper next is she about to cut—
Her eyes are open——
- PRINCE. But their sense is shut.
- QUIV. Why rubbing of her hands so does she keep ?
- PRINCE. Because her very fingers are asleep.
- QUEEN. On the spot still—ruffian, my hand let go,
'Tis pledged to Transimenuus. Oh ! oh ! oh !
Out, out, I say—out of the window fly.
An eagle, and afraid ? Fie, my lord, fie !
One—two—nay, then, 'tis time that I should wake,
Come, bring the Golden Branch the spell to break.
(*goes to a chair and sits*)
- PRINCE. Did you mark that ? She must be in a trance.
- QUIV. Perhaps she's in a state of clairvoyance.
- PRINCE. What's clairvoyance ?
- QUIV. The art of seeing through
Those who're not sharp enough to see through you !
- PRINCE. But if they're fast asleep, what can they spy ?
- QUIV. 'Tis a magnetic sleep that's all my eye !
And if this lady's in that sort of trance, sir,
To any question she'll give you an answer.
- PRINCE. I'll put her to the question, then, instanter.
Who are you, ma'am ?
- QUEEN. My name is Benignanta,
And of Arcadia I was once the Queen.
- PRINCE. Indeed ! How long ago may that have been ?

QUEEN. Two hundred years.
 PRINCE. Two hundred years !
 QUIV. Oh, fie !
 Asleep, how very fast some people lie !
 PRINCE. Two hundred years, ma'am, do you mean to say
 You've been asleep here ?
 QUEEN. Yes, sir, to a day.
 PRINCE. Your bed, methinks, you've lain quite long enough in,
 Who tucked you up in it ?
 QUEEN. The great Humguffin !
 QUIV. Humguffin !—what a name to go to bed with !
 PRINCE. And wherefore ?
 QUEEN. For that him I would not wed with !
 PRINCE. No doubt some other suitor you preferred ?
 QUEEN. Oh, yes !
 PRINCE. He's dead, of course,
 QUEEN. No—he's a bird !
 QUIV. } A bird !
 PRINCE. }
 QUIV. A precious old bird he must be !
 No chaff could catch him to a certainty !
 QUEEN. Oh, no—he calls upon me every day.
 QUIV. A bird-call ! (*music*)
 Hark ! those notes, no doubt, announce, sir,
 His visit.
 (*the casement flies open, and the large Eagle seen in the first
 scene flies in, bearing the Golden Branch in his beak*)
 Zounds ! an eagle, and a bouncer !
 PRINCE. At sight of him the Queen no word can utter !
 QUIV. The eagle, too, is in a precious flutter.
 PRINCE. What means that golden bough ? I wish to know.
 QUIV. I wish he'd make another bow, and go.
 PRINCE. I have it !
 QUIV. What ?
 PRINCE. The branch—there's magic in it.
 And this, perhaps, may be the lucky minute ;
 And I the lucky mortal fixed by fate
 To break the spell, and change this lady's state.

AIR—" *O Fortune à ton caprice.*"

O Fortune, if in your caprice
 You've cast the pleasant lot to me

This sleeping beauty to release,
 Her eyes shall quickly opened be !
 Golden Branch, I take you
 Boldly from your bearer's clutch ;
 And, lady fair, to wake you,
 Your heart I'll gently, gently touch.

O Fortune, if, &c.

QUEEN. (*starting up*) My Transimenus, stay !
 (*the Eagle flies out of the window*)
 Again he's flown.

PRINCE. A very flighty lover you must own.

QUEEN. Forgive a passion not to be suppressed,
 My first words should have been to you addressed ;
 I thank you for your aid, sir, most sincerely.

PRINCE. Don't mention it, I am too happy, really.

QUEEN. You, for my benefit, have played a part——

PRINCE. Which any gentleman must know by heart.

QUEEN. I am a queen, who benefits can heap.

PRINCE. You told me all your story in your sleep.

QUEEN. How I was wooed by a vile necromancer,
 A wretch who would not take "no" for an answer ?

PRINCE. The great Humguffin.

QUEEN. Aye. Upon your word !
 And how Prince Transimenus to a bird
 Was changed, by a foul sorceress he hated ?

QUIV. The facts, in brief, your Majesty has stated.

QUEEN. Then you shall hear the rest some other day,
 For I am now impatient to repay
 My obligations to you, which are heavy.

PRINCE. Madam, I but assisted at your *levee*.

QUEEN. (*takes the branch*) You are too modest ; pray some
 wish discover.

PRINCE. I wish you were united to your lover,

QUEEN. Nay, generous youth, you must not think of me
 Before yourself. Say would you wish to be
 As perfect in your person as your mind ?

PRINCE. Your Majesty is really very kind.

I can't admit my title to perfection,
 In any wise ; but still have no objection,
 To come more near the human form divine,
 For others' sake a great deal more than mine.

QUEEN. Be handsome then as you are good and fearless,
 No more Prince Humpy—you are now Prince Peerless.
*(touches him with the Golden Branch—his deformities
 vanish)*

QUIV. Prodigious ! Sir, permit me to inspect you ?
 You're grown so handsome none could recollect you.
 Oh, madam, pardon me, but ere you go,
 A boon, perhaps, on me you would bestow.

QUEEN. For what am I indebted, pray, to you ?

QUIV. I did the looking-on part——

QUEEN. Very true—
 And in most offices it stands confest,
 The lookers-on are often paid the best ;
 So name your wish, my friend, for I'm in haste.

QUIV. I needn't tell a lady of your taste,
 That in the way of personal attraction,
 Nature has given me ample satisfaction.
 My sole desire is to preserve intact,
 This head and body, which the awkward fact
 Of yielding to the Prince's supplication,
 Exposes to a sudden separation.

QUEEN. If of your whole request that is "the tottle"
 Upon my toilet table stands a bottle
 Filled with sulphuric ether, which if smelt
 Some moments ere the fatal blow is dealt,
 Your head beneath the sword or axe may fall
 Without your feeling any pain at all !

QUIV. Pardon me once again, most gracious Queen,
 But that is not at all the thing I mean.
 My head and body wish to stick together.
 To sing—"How happy could I be with *ether*,"
 Is not my object—I should be quite loth
 To part with either—I would keep them both.

PRINCE. Poor Quiver knows the temper of my father.

QUEEN. Is King Brown so tyrannical then ?

QUIV. Rather——
 About the edges——

QUEEN. Come, then, both with me,
 My guests awhile in Fair Arcadia be.

PRINCE. With all my heart ! But how are we to go ?
 Is there a railway ?

QUIV. There's a branch——

QUEEN. Just so.
 With Fairy Pastorella's kind assistance
 From here to there will scarce seem any distance.

*Air—*QUEEN—“*Fenny Lind's Farewell.*”

So away we go to a far off land,
 Where awhile your home shall be,
 And perhaps you may find in that bright new world
 The fair one you wish to see.
 The trembling throng in your father's halls
 You'll change for a happy band,
 And you'll jump for joy, “I believe you, my boy,”
 At the sight of my fairy-land.

The scene changes to

SCENE FIFTH.—*The Bowers of Arcadia—The stage is filled
 with SHEPHERDS and SHEPHERDESSES.*

CHORUS—“*Echo Quadrille.*”

Hail ! Hail ! Hail to our Queen !
 Too long absent she's been.
 Home now, welcome her all,
 Sing, dance, keep up the ball !
 Come, Pastorella, our friendly fay,
 Dance to our rustical roundelay.
 Here let us gambol,
 Revel and ramble,
 Till the “star company” o'er our heads
 Bids us sheer off to our sweet *flock* beds.

BALLET—“*Pas de deux à la Watteau,*” by MR. GILBERT and
 MISS BALLIN.

“*Pas de ditto à la catchafairy,*” by MR. and MISS
 MARSHALL.

Arcadian Mazurka-Polka and Pastoral Gallopade, by MES-
 DAMES BURBIDGE, HERBERT, CLAIR, DOUGLAS, FINART,
 E. LEE, FORD, SIDNEY, HEALEY, S. HEALEY, E. MERCER,
 SIMMONDS, HUNT, E. HUNT, COLLIER, E. HEALEY.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.—*Gallery in the Palace of KING BROWN—Large window, the shutters of which are closed—PRINCESS DUMPY discovered seated in a Gothic chair, GUARDS in attendance—SUIVANTA brought on by GUARDS—As curtain rises GUARDS exit.*

SUIV. Madam, your patience is to me provoking ;
I would put up with such affront from no king !
Incarcerated in this model prison ;
Except our own—to look no mortal phiz on !
Write to your father—bid him make a racket.

PRINCESS. I have, but they refused to post my packet.

SUIV. Couldn't they get it through the office gate ;
Or did it much exceed a hundred weight ?
For put but heads enough upon the elf,
And you might post the post-master himself.

PRINCESS. 'Twas not its size—but should my sighs transpire,
They feared the weight they might have with my sire.
To bribe the guard I made a vain endeavour,
They're bound to take no note of us whatever.

SUIV. Oh, that old bear, King Brown ! Look, ma'am, just see
In what a prison polka he's put me.

Song—SUIVANTA—“ Old Joe, or Somebody in the House with Dinah.”

Old King Brown he kicked up a din,
And this prison polka he put me in,
I said 'twas too short ; but he answered, “ Stuff !
Ere you get another 'twill be long enough !”
Oh, what “ a Joe !”—what an “ old Joe !”—
A very “ old Joe !”
Old Joe Miller made the joke before,
But nothing tells better than a good old Joe !—
How many are the wits that I know,
How many are the wits I know,
How many are the wits that I know,
Trading upon poor old Joe !—

Many good things said funny old Joe,
Which were printed in a book long ago,
Old Joe's book is now very rare,
But they take leaves out of it everywhere.
What, old Joe's ! yes, old Joe's !—
Such old Joe's !
Old Joe Miller made 'em all before,
But nothing tells better than a good old Joe.

How many are the wits that I know, &c.

PRINCESS. If one could hail somebody passing by.
SUIV. But that old-fashioned window's up so high,
That I can hardly reach to ope the shutter,
And then, perhaps, it looks out on the gutter,
*(opens shutter and discovers painted window ; on one side the
figure of the PRINCESS, on the other a SHEPHERD)*

Oh, madam ! oh, your Highness, only see !

PRINCESS. Why, there's a little figure, just like me ;
And gazing on her from the other pane,
A young and very handsome shepherd swain,
Who looks as with her he would be acquainted.

SUIV. Oh, what a pity that he's only painted !
In his whole figure there is not a flaw,
And finer eyes in glass I never saw.

PRINCESS. I'll speak to him as though alive he were.

SUIV. You'd better then address him—"Glass, with care."

PRINCESS. Say, gentle shepherd ! *(the FIGURE moves)* Ah,
I'm all amazement !

The figure sure is moving in the casement !

(the figure of the PRINCESS becomes also animated)

SUIV. And this moves too ! I don't know what's occurring,
But certainly the incident is stirring. *(symphony to glee)*

PRINCESS. Hark ! Music, which Jullien's even surpasses.

SUIV. The window is paned sure with musical glasses.

GLEE—"The Wreath."

FIGURE OF PRINCESS.

Shepherd, tell me, tell me, have you seen
An eagle fly this way ?
He is the lover of Arcadia's queen.
And Pastorella's princely protégé.

SHEPHERD.

Yes, round and round this round tow'r oft before
 He's flown at evening's stilly close ;
 And in his beak the branch he bore,
 With which you are to change him, I suppose.

PRINCESS *and* SUIVANTA.

Shepherd, tell us, tell us, pray, what can you mean,
 What can you mean—by what you seem to say ?
 Where is this eagle to be seen ?
 And who, and who is Pastorella, pray ?

SUIV. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell us more.

(FIGURES *move slowly off*)

What is behind—that we've not heard before.
 Say on what ground glass you appear to chuzzle us,
 And why you've taken all these pains to puzzle us ?

(*the FIGURES disappear*)

The glass had bubbles in it when 'twas blown,
 And these are of them——

PRINCESS. Whither have they flown ?

SUIV. As with a diamond,—cut out of *their* pane,
 Left us in *ours*—and but the window, plain,

(*window closes*)

Like the old story of the bear and fiddle,
 Begun, but broke off in the very middle.

PRINCESS. Would they had stayed—a window should have
 thrown

More light upon a subject of its own.
 I'll tax it with unkindness——

SUIV. Hold, ma'am, pray,
 Windows are taxed enough, another way.
 But certainly it wasn't very civil.

PRINCESS. It opens !

(*the Eagle appears at it with the Golden Branch*)

SUIV. (*frightened, and dropping on her knees*) Oh, the devil,
 ma'am, the devil !

PRINCESS. Suivanta ! silly girl, don't be absurd,
 'Tis but an eagle—such a noble bird !
 Perched in the gutter ; why, what can it mean !

SUIV. The finest *gutter percher* ever seen.

PRINCESS. And in its beak it bears a golden sprig.

SUIV. An eagle with a branch—then, ma'am, I twig——

PRINCESS. You twig?

SUIV. Yes; with it give him a slight pat.

And say—"There, take your change, sir, out of that."

PRINCESS. Suiivanta? Wouldn't that be very bold?

SUIV. 'Twas what the shepherd in the glass foretold
Would happen—and what is to be, you know,
Comes usually to pass.

PRINCESS. It must be so—

Hand me the talisman, and for a freak

I will go boldly up before the beak!

SUIV. This eagle may with safety fly a kite

He's gold enough to cash a bill at sight.

What a fine partner in a bank he'd make!

A branch with so much gold would never break.

Music—SUIVANTA wheels the PRINCESS up to the
window, on the side of which the Eagle is
perching.

Incantation—PRINCESS—"The Fine Old English
Gentleman."

If you are a bird as you appear to be,
You will not moult a feather at the tickling of this tree,
But if you are a gentleman, upon your honour and
word,

Why then behave as such, and be no more a dicky
bird.

(*touches the Eagle with the branch; the bird dis-
appears and in its place is seen PRINCE
TRANSIMENUS*)

SUIV. Oh, Gemini! (*continuing air*) He's a fine young
fairy gentleman,

One of the modern time.

PRINCESS. Who are you, sir?

TRANS. With gratitude most fervent,
Madam, I am your very humble servant!

SUIV. (*aside*) Well, that is what I call a handsome chap,
At him I certainly must set my cap!

TRANS. How may I best my gratitude evince ?
 Speak, and upon my honour as a prince
 There's nothing in my power I will refuse.

SUIV. If he asked me I know what I would choose,
 And that's himself !

PRINCESS. Sir, I am more than paid
 In seeing what a charming change I've made,
 And only hope 'tis not too bright to last.

TRANS. I've been expecting it for some time past.
 Two centuries have now elapsed since I
 Was literally forced my realm to fly.
 During which time, though always in high feather,
 I've been beneath a cloud for years together.
 Driven, though a prince, like any common sinner,
 To trust to my own *talons* for a dinner,
 Matters have sometimes gone so very ill
 I could raise nothing, even on my bill.
 Whilst drawn upon by needy bows at sight,
 I've had an arrowish escape by flight.
 And but for being rather a high mounter
 My days had ended in the poultry counter.

SUIV. Had ever bird so sad a tale to spread ?

TRANS. My tale is told—so no more on that head.
 But ere I hop the twig—I mean depart—
 I must some way relieve my grateful heart.
 You (*to PRINCESS*) have been put into this cage—
 excuse—

I mean this prison—because you refuse
 To pair with—that is, wed, the ugly chick—
 Son, I should say, of an old gun, who'd stick
 At nothing which would help his nest to feather,
 I mean by which he could scrape wealth together.
 But, gentle Princess, banish all alarm,
 Beneath my powerful wing—I mean, my arm—
 I beg your pardon, it is too absurd,
 But when a man has been so long a bird—

PRINCESS. Pray don't apologise—your meaning's clear.

TRANS. You must no longer mope in sadness here,
 But beautiful as you are good and kind,
 A lover worthy your affection find !
 In Fairy Pastorella's name, behold

In turn I touch you with this branch of gold.
And make you now as lovely as you're kind.

(touches PRINCESS, who springs to her feet and appears as a beautiful SHEPHERDESS, the same as seen in the magic book)

I've changed your person—don't you change your mind.

SUIV. *(whose dress changes at the same time)* Oh! madam,
what on earth has come to pass?

I, too, am changed into a rustic lass.

TRANS. And now the fairest, as you are the best,
Come—in Arcadia be by Cupid blest.

Changes to

SCENE SECOND.—*A Pastoral Landscape.*

In front, a beech tree, under which QUIVER, in shepherd's attire, is seated, playing on a pipe—PRINCE PEERLESS, in the costume of the SHEPHERD seen in the painted window, is reclining on a bank on the opposite side, guarding his sheep.

TRANS. Beneath the shade yon beechen boughs diffuse,
See Tityrus invokes his sylvan muse,
While youthful Corydon recounts his love,
And for his Phillis fills with sighs the grove.

PRINCESS. O sir, in mercy tell me, who is Phillis?

TRANS. Yourself.

PRINCESS. Oh! joy.

TRANS. *(to SUIVANTA)* And you are Amaryllis
Till further notice. Take good heed of that,
Nor from the bag emancipate the cat
Until I bid you. Foes are mischief brewing—
Love without prudence leads too oft to ruin.

(Exit TRANSIMENUS)

PRINCESS. He goes.

SUIV. And don't say when he'll come again.

PRINCESS. And leaves us here alone—

SUIV. With two young men!

PRINCESS. Who won't leave us alone, perhaps—let's run—

SUIV. It's too late. They have seen us. *(aside)* Oh, what fun!

(*aloud*) And see where yonder stretched upon the grass
The very shepherd we saw in the glass!

PRINCESS. Where are we in the name of all the Magi?

PRINCE. (*addressing QUIVER*) "*Tityre tu patulæ recubans sub
tegmine fagi*"——

PRINCESS. Suiwanta! Hark, what language does he speak?

SUIV. It may be Latin, but to me it's Greek.

PRINCE and QUIVER *rise, and advance towards the LADIES ;
the PRINCE salutes the PRINCESS, and they retire in con-
versation, whilst SUIVANTA addresses QUIVER.*

SUIV. Pray, shepherd, can you play upon this pipe!

QUIV. In course I can.

SUIV. Then play me "Cherry Ripe."

QUIV. What's "Cherry Ripe?"

SUIV. A song I'm partial to.

QUIV. Then sing it me—as I can't play it you.

Air—SUIVANTA—"Cherry Ripe."

Cherry ripe, cherry ripe—ripe, I cry,
That's the ballad you should buy,
Herrick's sparkling poetry,
Horn's true English melody.
Let the belle of London balls,
Dream she "dwelt in marble halls."
Let the husband she would get,
Hope they "may be happy yet ;"
But cherry ripe, cherry ripe, still I cry,
'Twas a spell, in years gone by.
Must it yield the prize of song
"To "Lucy Neal," or "Lucy Long?"
No—though Yankees black to view,
May be cherry colour too.
"Old Dan Tucker," with "Jim Crow,"
To old Virginny back shall go—
And cherry ripe, cherry ripe, still to me,
Shall the sweetest ballad be.

PRINCE and PRINCESS *return—The PRINCE and QUIVER
advance and offer garlands, the PRINCE to the PRINCESS,
and QUIVER to SUIVANTA.*

QUARTETTE—“ *Minuet de la Cour and Gavotte de Vestris.*”

PRINCE *and* QUIV. Fairest Nymph, all nymphs excelling,
Take this wreath, my passion telling.
Beauty such as thine compelling
Every shepherd's heart to love.

PRINCESS *and* SUIV. Gentle swain, the wreath you're weaving,
Pray excuse me from receiving.
Men, alas, there's no believing,
Faithless they too often prove !

PRINCE *and* QUIV. Say, by what name may I address you ?

PRINCESS. Phillis—

PRINCE. A goddess I should guess you.

SUIV. Mine, sir, is Amaryllis.

QUIV. Bless you !
I never saw your like before.

PRINCE. Corydon here the shepherds name me.

QUIV. “Tityrus dear” the nymphs proclaim me.

BOTH. But you alone could thus inflame me.

The lovely Phillis } I adore !
Sweet Amaryllis }

Gavotte.

PRINCESS. Oh ! Amaryllis, love has set my heart on fire !

SUIV. Oh ! Phillis, I as deep am in the mire !

PRINCESS. In quite a fearful fashion for Corydon it burns !

SUIV. And mine the tender passion of Tityrus returns.

PRINCESS. Young Corydon without a rival reigns, reigns,
reigns !

SUIV. Sweet Tityrus the sweetest is of swains, swains,
swains !

Enter QUEEN BENIGNANTA, *meeting* PRINCE TRANSIMENUS,
each attended by SHEPHERDS *and* SHEPHERDESSES.

CHORUS—“ *Acis and Galatea.*”

O ! the pleasures of the plains,
Happy nymphs and happy swains.
Benignanta ! Transimenus !
Joy with them for ever reigns.

Transatlantic Medley Pas de Deux.

By PRINCE TRANSIMENUS and PRINCESS.

*(Exeunt omnes)**Re-enter* PRINCESS, *followed by* PRINCE PEERLESS.

PRINCE. Too lovely maid, ah! wherefore dost thou fly me?

PRINCESS. Sweet shepherd, if you please, don't come a-nigh me.

PRINCE. What from her Corydon can Phillis fear?

PRINCESS. Making herself too cheap, and him too dear!
Besides, no longer ought I here to stay."The curfew sounds the knell of parting day,
The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,"
And there are yet no lodgings found for me.PRINCE. I have a lodging in Lamb's Conduit Street,
Genteelly furnished, small, but very neat.
To occupy it, if you'll but consent,
I'll never ask you for a farthing's rent.PRINCESS. Lodge at a bachelor's! You don't expect
I should do anything so incorrect.
If you were married——PRINCE. 'Tis my wish to be,
If lovely Phillis will but marry me.PRINCESS. Alas! fond shepherd, I am not of age,
And a stern father did my hand engage
To one of a much higher rank than you.

PRINCE. I question that, sweet maid, if all you knew.

PRINCESS. What! are you not the shepherd that you look?

PRINCE. Oh, yes, I am a shepherd (*aside*) with a hook!
But in Arcadia princes tend their sheep.

PRINCESS. Are you a prince?

PRINCE. Dear Phillis, can you keep
A secret?PRINCESS. (*aside*) O, how shall I keep my own?PRINCE. I am a prince, and yet may claim a throne,
Which with my Phillis I would gladly share.

PRINCESS. Then, shepherd, know I also am——

TRANS. (*appearing amongst the trees*) Beware!

PRINCE. What voice was that?

PRINCESS. A friendly warning to me.
For breach of promise somebody might sue me.

O let me fly from you, while fly I can !
Do, there's a dear, good-natured, little man !

Air—PRINCE—“ *La Barcarole.*”

O stay, my blushing beauty,
Let love thy steps enchain,
And beg of cruel duty
That she will call again.
No black sheep of a lover
To fleece my lamb am I !
Some love for me discover,
Oh, try ! Oh, try ! Oh, try !

On some fine summer morning,
If I must hope give o'er,
You'll find, I give you warning,
My death laid at your door.
And if at your bedside leering,
Some night a ghost you spy,
Don't be surprised at hearing
'Tis I, 'tis I, 'tis I !

(*Exeunt* PRINCE and PRINCESS)

Enter QUIVER and SUIVANTA.

- QUIV. To Amaryllis love compels my way,
My grazing sheep up Gray's Inn Lane may stray.
SUIV. You'll lose a lamb while you are following me.
QUIV. I'm a lost mutton since I gazed on thee !
SUIV. Am I a bell-wether to lead you so ?
QUIV. You are my belle, whether I will or no !
SUIV. Go, cast an eye upon your sheep, man, do !
QUIV. No, let me stay, and cast sheep's eyes at you—
The fairest ewe—the lamb that I would fold
In these fond arms.
SUIV. Shepherd, you grow too bold.
QUIV. My passion's growing every moment stronger.
I can't and won't live single any longer.
O, Amaryllis, on your shepherd look,
Mine you must be by hook, love, or by crook.
Regard your Tityrus without a titter,
And say where would you find a husband fitter.

SUIV. (*aside*) A husband?—that deserves consideration.
 And yet, to wed a person of his station—
 How to refuse him? It is very hard—
 If he were but a captain of the guard!

DUET—"The Swiss Girl."

QUIV. Oh! hear me, pretty miss!
 Come tend the flocks with me,
 We'll cut a shine amongst
 These boors of Arcady!

SUIV. No, no, strange doubts my bosom fill—
 Though simple maid, I'm not so green
 To follow thee—at least, until
 The ring and license I have seen.

QUIV. Oh, come with me, I'll wed you there,
 'Pon honour, bright and fair.

SUIV. No, no, no,—I'm very well here,
 Contented, sir, to stay.
 I never trust men's honours.
 So I wish you, sir, good day!
La, la, la, &c,

QUIV. Oh! hear me, pretty miss!

BOTH. La, li, ut, li, ut!

QUIV. My cottage shall be thine,
 At Shepherd's Bush 'tis found
 With kitchen garden, paddock green,
 No end of pleasure ground!

SUIV. No, no, I'd rather single live,
 Than wed a man almost unknown:
 And find, when I'd no more to give,
 I dared not call my soul my own!

QUIV. Say yes; your slave I'll be with pride,
 Oh, say thou'lt be my bride!

SUIV. No, no, no, I'm very well so,
 Contented here I'll stay,
 And ever free and happy,
 Sing and drive old care away.
La, la, la, &c.

QUIV. Oh, say thou'lt be my bride!
 La, la, la, &c, (*Exit SUIVANTA*)

QUIV. I die, and death shall finish all my pain !

Enter PRINCE, hastily.

PRINCE, Where's Phillis ? I have sought for her in vain !
Speak, wretch, I'm sure thou knowest.

QUIV. Who, sir ? I, sir ?

You might as well have asked me "Where's Eliza !"*

PRINCE. Run ! Fly ! Haste, seek her, over hill, through
grove.

I've lost myself—if I have lost my love !

Air—PRINCE—"Through the Wood."

Through the wood ! through the wood follow, and mind
you,

Hunt, hoop, and holloa ! dash forward pell-mell

Run as if Old Nick himself were behind you,

For if you don't find her I'll wallop you well.

Look in at "The Barleymow"—call at "The Rose ;"

Into the cells of the station-house peep.

Weary with looking for lodgings, who knows

The rural police may have caught her—asleep !

Through the wood, &c.

(Exeunt PRINCE and QUIVER)

SCENE THIRD.—*A Forest.*

*Enter BLUERUINO, who beckons on HUMGUFFIN, and
MANDRAGORA, then exit.*

MAN. Why, how now, brother ? you look very grumpy.

HUM. Have I not reason, beldame ? Young Prince
Humpy

Has roused Queen Benignanta from her nap,

And Princess Dumpy helped that dandy chap

To cast off the strong pinions that he wore ;

And take up arms against us as before.

* All London was placarded with bills, simply containing this question, of which nobody could comprehend the meaning.

MAN. Are you sure, brother, that this news is true ?

HUM. Positive ; it's in all the papers too :

The *Magic Times*—the *Fairy Morning Post*—
The *Daily Spectre*, and the *Evening Ghost*.
I just lounged in to take an ice at Grange's,
And saw it headed "Fashionable Changes."
Read and convince yourself, if you doubt yet,
Here's the *Official Conjuror's Gazette*.

MAN. (*reading*) "Queen Benignanta at the Royal Bower,
Arcadia, from a tour."

HUM. Misprint for "Tower."

MAN. (*continuing*) "Prince Transimendus, in Transportman
Square,

After a lengthened sojourn in the air."

HUM. There's no mistake—Hemlock and Donnabella !

This is the work of that vile Pastorella.
If with her branch of Entertaining Knowledge
She's to shew up the black arts of our college
There'll not be left one superstitious fogie,
And babes will laugh when threatened with Old
Bogie !

MAN. What's to be done ?

HUM. Why, all the harm we can
Whilst power is left us o'er the mind of man !
To work with every fiend in darkness nurst !
Let Knowledge do her best—we'll do our worst !

MAN. A mortal footstep ! Who comes here so late ?

HUM. A female by the style and by the gate.
Pretty and young. Sister—Ahem ! Begone.

MAN. O brother ! well, you are a wicked one !

(*Exit MANDRAGORA—HUMGUFFIN retires*)

Enter PRINCESS.

PRINCESS. In this bewildering wood I've lost my way,
To shun temptation I have gone astray.
A country life will not suit me 'tis plain,
Bred in a court, I'm bothered in a lane,
And in a forest where no road I see,
As Jonathan would say—"I'm up a tree !"
Is there no human being within hail ?

HUMGUFFIN *re-appears disguised as an old man with a staff.*

O yes! (*to him*) "Turn, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way."

HUM. With pleasure, maid.
(*aside*) As I'm a conjuror the very jade
Who made a man again of Transimenu—
I owe you one for that, my little Venus!

Duo—HUMGUFFIN and PRINCESS.

HUM. Where are you going to, my pretty maid?
PRINCESS. Going astray, sir, I'm afraid.
HUM. What came you into this wood to seek?
PRINCESS. Lodgings to let, sir, by the week.
HUM. My wife has an attic, if that will do?
PRINCESS. O, yes, if you please, sir, and thank you too.
(*Exeunt* HUMGUFFIN and PRINCESS)

Enter PRINCE.

PRINCE. O for a falconer's voice! my own I'll strain,
To lure my tassel gentle back again.

Air—PRINCE—"Fry poco a me recovero."

I've poked in every cover, O!—
But all without avail, O!—
And now, poor wretched lover, O!
My hopes begin to fail, O!—
None know how much I miss her, O!—
Man cannot comfort me!—
Since from these fond arms she flies-a,
In the *Times* I'll advertise her,
And have bills of every size-a,
Stuck all over—stuck all over town, to tell,
The sad loss of her I prize-a,
(As they did about Eliza.)
To return I will advise her,
To the friends who'll use her well!
Oh yes! I'll advertise her,
To return I will advise her
To the friends who'll use her well!

PRINCE. Nought can I see, the wood's as dark as pitch!

Re-enter MANDRAGORA.

MAN. Whom seek you, shepherd?
 PRINCE. Not you, you old witch.
 MAN. Old witch!
 PRINCE. But if you are a witch—be kind
 And tell me where I may my Phillis find!
 MAN. A shepherdess?
 PRINCE. Oh, yes, whom I adore.
 MAN. Then, silly swain, don't do so any more,
 For she's a false one—
 PRINCE. False one! You're another!
 MAN. I say your Phillis bolted with my brother.
 But if the chase you are inclined to follow,
 Right through the wood I'll give you the view hollow!

Enter BLUERUINO.

(at a sign from MANDRAGORA BLUERUINO causes the trees to divide and shew the Enchanter's Castle by moonlight—HUMGUFFIN is seen guiding PRINCESS towards it)

Now, shepherd, am I worthy of belief?
 PRINCE. It is my Phillis! Ho, police! Stop thief!
(Exit hastily)
 MAN. Old witch! I'll make you rue that word, young
 swaggerer,
 If I don't witch you, my name's not Mandragora!
(Exit MANDRAGORA)

SCENE FOURTH.—*The Spirit Vaults, in much the same state they were two hundred years before.*

Enter HUMGUFFIN and PRINCESS.

HUM. Walk in and make yourself at home, my dear.
 PRINCESS. At home! Alas, I'm all abroad, I fear;
 Are you the master of this house?
 HUM. To shew it,
 I'll make you mistress.

- PRINCESS. Not, sir, if I know it.
Where is your wife?
- HUM. My love, I never had one.
- PRINCESS. I'm very much afraid that you're a bad one.
Hence let me fly—
(she attempts to go, but is prevented by BLUERUINO)
- HUM. Ha, ha! Fly, Princess, do—
My web's too strong for such a fly as you,
You are no shepherdess, but don't look so sheepish;
In love with you I've tumbled rather deepish!
My name's Humguffin.
- PRINCESS. And you look the part.
- HUM. I condescend to offer you my heart—
Be Mrs. Humguffin, and share my pelf—
My palace—
- PRINCESS. I! I think I see myself.
- HUM. Pause ere you answer.
- PRINCESS. No, at once—paws off.
- HUM. Sad is the fate of those at me who scoff,
Observe those bottles, in due order set,
Filled with the strongest spirits I could get;
A drop from one of those, and you would be
A beast, bird, insect, reptile, vile to see—
Therefore once more beware how you decline.
- PRINCESS. Your ardent spirits cannot conquer mine—
"I'd rather be a toad," as says Othello,
Than wife of such a horrible old fellow!
- HUM. You would!—then, my bold belle, I'll try your mettle,
I have an old account with you to settle.
A toad you shall be, traitress, in a twinkling.
*(takes down a vial, and taking out the stopper, sprinkles
some of the contents upon her)*
This "leprous distillation" o'er you sprinkling—
Confound it!—Somebody has changed the stoppers,
This is the compound essence of grasshoppers!
*(the PRINCESS disappears and a Grasshopper is seen
in her place)*
Yes, there she is, a grasshopper.
*(the Grasshopper vanishes in the same manner as
PRINCESS)*

And zounds !
With one spring she has hopped out of my bounds.

Enter MANDRAGORA.

MAN. Oh, brother, I have caught a man.

HUM. At last !

MAN. Aye, you may sneer, but 'tis of value vast ;
I've lured Prince Humpy hither !

HUM. What, the chap
Who roused Queen Benignanta from her nap ?

MAN. The very same—see where he comes, in search
Of your new flame, who left him in the lurch,
The pretty Phillis.

HUM. Ho ! my rival too.
Then his arrival he shall dearly rue.

MAN. Where is the wench ?

HUM. By some unlucky blunder
Turned to a grasshopper—but, fire and thunder !
This meddler shan't escape with so much ease.

MAN. Nay, I shall deal with him, sir, if you please.

Enter PRINCE.

PRINCE. Where is my love ? Restore her to my arms.

MAN. Audacious Prince, who has despised my charms,
Your love's a grasshopper !

PRINCE. What have I heard ?

MAN. And you shall be a little butcher bird
That feeds on grasshoppers—so if you meet her
The chances are you'll snap her up and eat her.

PRINCE. I be the butcher of my own pet lamb !
You cannot be in earnest.

MAN. Yes, I am.

And this shall prove.

*(takes down a vial and sprinkles him with it—The
PRINCE disappears and a Cricket is seen in his place)*

How now ! why he's a cricket.

(the Cricket vanishes)

And run to earth before I'd time to stick it.
HUM. Another blunder ! Sister, we're betrayed !
Some bottle imp on us a trick has played,

And changed the draughts without the doctor's order :
 Our lab'ratory's in complete disorder.
 Of mischief half the spirits gone, and more—
 And not a single mixture as before.

The FAIRY PASTORELLA rises.

FAIRY. I rise, sir, to explain—that imp am I.
 HUM. I thought she had some finger in the pie.
 FAIRY. The time has come to stop your private still,
 With ignorance in darkness brewing ill !
 To make of simple mortals beasts and brutes,
 The spirit of the age no longer suits.
 To your black art she scorns to be a debtor ;
 Her object is to change man for the better ;
 And benefiting those e'en who despise her,
 Would make men merrier as she makes them wiser,
 And while she makes a jest of old wives' stories,
 Leaves their bright morals in their ancient glories.

*Scene changes to GOLDEN GARDENS AND FAIRY
 TREE OF ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE IN ALL ITS
 BRANCHES—In the hollow of the trunk are seen the
 Grasshopper and the Cricket.*

*Enter PRINCE TRANSIMENUS, QUEEN BENIGNANTA,
 SUIVANTA, and QUIVER.*

SUIV. I hope we don't intrude, but 'twould appear
 To seek intelligence we should come here ;
 To find our friends we're told this is the ticket.

FAIRY. The Prince is here as merry as a cricket.

QUIV. To ask after the Princess is it proper ?

FAIRY. She's here, and she shall sing like a grasshopper.

*(tree opens and discovers the GUARDIAN SPIRIT of its
 leaves ; the Grasshopper and Cricket disappear)*

Enter PRINCE PEERLESS and PRINCESS, and ARCADIANs.

Finale—PRINCE—"Don Pasquale."

The "Golden Branch"
 By friends so staunch,

In this parterre now planted,
A Christmas tree
Of mirth shall be
By all good spirits haunted ;
And every shoot
Again take root
Within this soil enchanted,
To flourish and nourish
Us with its golden fruit !

Solo—SUIVANTA—“ La Truandaise.”

Merrily, merrily,
Ariel-like, beneath the bough here,
Merrily, merrily,
By your leaves shall we live now here ?
Merrily, merrily,
Let the “ Golden Branch ” succeeding
Be a branch to Fortune leading
Mine and me !

CHORUS. Merrily, merrily, &c.

CURTAIN.



Yours very sincerely
Kathleen Fitzgibbon

THESEUS & ARIADNE ;

OR,

THE MARRIAGE OF BACCHUS.

A Classical Extravaganza,

IN TWO ACTS.

First performed at the Royal Lyceum Theatre, Thursday,
April 24th, 1848.

THESEUS AND ARIADNE ;

OR,

THE MARRIAGE OF BACCHUS.

“On revient toujours à ses premiers amours,” says the French song. Having to seek for a subject for Easter, the scene of which should not be Fairy-land, and there being nothing sufficiently stirring in the theatrical or political world for me to *review*, I bethought me of an early flirtation of mine with a mythological maiden on whom I had written verses many years previously, and recalling the favourable reception of all my classical Extravaganzas, from the “Olympic Revels” to “The Golden Fleece,” I routed out my old song, which had never been printed, and upon those *lines* constructed “Theseus and Ariadne,” which was successfully launched on the 24th April, 1848.

For Charles Mathews, who had been so amusing as the Chorus in “The Golden Fleece,” I introduced a similar character, with the song above-mentioned, in which he communicated the story *confidentially* to the audience, and also another song, written for private society about the same period, in imitation of James Smith, of “Rejected Addresses” celebrity, which Mathews had taken a great fancy to ; but as all the persons of that day to whom it alluded were dead, and many forgotten, the names of more familiar notorieties had to be substituted for them, and we spent a merry evening in the work. The former song has recently appeared in the tenth number of *Mirth*, and the latter, in its original state, is printed in my “Recollections,” if any one cares to refer to it. The piece went off brilliantly,

but a melancholy event occurred a few days after Easter which deprived us of the important aid of Madame Vestris. Her sister, Mrs. Anderson, died, and the part of Theseus was transferred for a week to Mrs. Leigh Murray, a clever actress in her line but not a vocalist like Madame Vestris, and the consequence was a serious diminution of attraction. The piece, however, kept its ground satisfactorily, Mathews being delightful as Dædalus, Miss Polly Marshall coming strongly to the front as Cupid, and Kathleen Fitzwilliam nightly increasing her popularity by her unaffected *naïveté* and charming vocalisation. "Theseus and Ariadne" ran forty-four nights to fair houses, Madame Vestris resuming her part, but she could never be induced to play in another Easter piece. For what reason neither I, nor any one else could ever ascertain. She never stated any, and if she had you could not have relied upon it, for it was a singular trait in her character which no one who was not closely connected with her in business as I was for twenty years could be aware of, that she invariably concealed the real motive of her objections, and I have known whole days wasted in contending against the extraordinary reasons she gave for some of her decisions, as whatever might be the cogency of your arguments they were altogether beside the question. I soon discovered this idiosyncrasy, and having honestly given my opinion on any point in dispute between us never made any further attempt to change her determination, as I could not possibly guess what it was founded on.

"Theseus and Ariadne" has been a favourite with amateurs, and was capitally acted on two evenings at Woolwich by the officers of the garrison for the benefit of the distressed Lancashire weavers, with a prologue which I wrote at their request for the occasion.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

IMMORTALS.

BACCHUS	MR. H. HALL
CUPID	MISS MARSHALL
PAN	MR. H. MARSHALL
SILENUS	MR. MUCKLOW
DIANA	MISS MARTINDALE
DANCING FAUNS	MR. GILBERT
						MR. MARSHALL
BACCHANTE	MISS BALLIN

Tritons, Nereids, Zephyrs, Bacchantes, Bacchanals, Fauns, Satyrs, &c.

GREEKS.

THESEUS	MADAME VESTRIS
DÆDALUS	MR. CHAS. MATHEWS
OFFICER	MR. BURT

CRETANS.

MINOS II. (King of Crete)	MR. S. SMITH
ARIADNE	} (his Daughters)	MISS KATHLEEN FITZWILLIAM
PHÆDRA		MISS J. COLEMAN
THE MINOTAUR...	MR. F. COOKE

The Music arranged by Mr. R. Hughes.
 The Costumes by Mrs. Baily, Mrs. Ranoe, Mr. Smithyes.
 The Machinery by Mr. H. Sloman.
 The Properties by Mr. J. W. Brogden. The Incidental Dances and
 Action by Mr. Oscar Byrne.

The SCENERY, by Mr. Beverley and Mr. J. Meadows, will exhibit in

ACT FIRST,

THE OCEAN.

"Great Dædalus, of Athens, was the man
 That made the draught, and formed the wond'rous plan."
Ovid. Met. Book VIII.
 "The first who sailed in air."—*Virgil. Æneis, Book VI.*

The Port and City of Heracleum,

In the Island of Crete.

"—— the kind artist, moved with pious grief,
Lent to the loving maid this last relief."—*Virgil. Æneis, Book VI.*

The Dungeon.

"And in a prison fettered fast is he,
Till the time he should yfreten be."—*Chaucer. Legend of Ariadne.*

The Labyrinth.

"A thousand doors—a thousand winding ways."—*Virgil. Æneis, Book V.*

"Such was the work, so intricate the place,
That scarce the workman all its turns could trace.

* * * * *
These private walls the Minotaur include,
Who twice was glutted with Athenian blood,
But the third tribute more successful proved,
Slew the foul monster, and the plague removed."—*Ovid. Met. Book VIII.*

The Galley under Weigh.

"When Theseus, aided by the virgin's art,
Had traced the guiding thread through every part,
He took the gentle maid that set him free,
And, bound for Dias, cut the briny sea."—*Ovid. Met. Book VIII.*

ACT SECOND.

The Grotto in the Island of Naxos.

"When Ariadne, his wife, aslepe was,
For that her sister fairer was than she,
He taketh her in his honde, and forth goeth he
To ship, and as a traitor, stole away."—*Chaucer. Legend of Ariadne.*

The Precipice.

"A hill was nigh, whose summit thinly crown'd
With shrubs, above the beating billows frown'd."—*Ovid. Epistles, X.*

The Vines, before the Temple of Bacchus.

"And now the God of Wine comes driving on,
High on his chariot, by swift tigers drawn."—*Ovid. Art of Love, Book I.*

"Bacchus returning from his Indian war,
By tigers drawn triumphant in his car,
* * * * *
With curling vines around his purple reins."—*Virgil. Æneis, Book VI.*

The Doom of Theseus.

"Unhappy Theseus! doomed for ever there,
Is fixed by fate on his eternal chair."

The Constellation of the Crown of Ariadne.

"With Heaven I will endow thee, and thy star
Shall with propitious light be seen afar,
And guide o'er seas the doubtful mariner."—*Ovid. Art of Love, Book I.*

THESEUS AND ARIADNE;

OR,

THE MARRIAGE OF BACCHUS.

— — —
ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.—*The Sea-shore.*

Enter DÆDALUS.

DÆD. My gentle Public, one word in your ear :—
I come incog.—for I have much to fear.
In former times my name was very famous ;
I'm Dædalus—the son of Eupulamus.
To me mechanics owe one half their tools,
Their axes, wedges, wimbles, levels, rules.
Don't be alarmed, though what I say is true,
I came not here to make a tool of you.
I only think it right the fact to mention.
The sails of ships were also my invention ;
And one day, for a freak, by dint of stitches,
I made myself this pair of satin—which is
A novelty in dress—the Greeks can't bear 'em,
But times may come when e'en our wives will wear 'em!
And, amongst other very useful things,
I made myself this pretty pair of wings ;
By means of which I 'scaped a king tyrannical,
Who found my genius for him too mechanical.
I mean old Minos here—the King of Crete,
Whom for a hundred pounds I wouldn't meet—
Except in this disguise—in which I doubt
If my own mother would know I was out.

But here I am—'tis fit that you should know it,
At the request of the poor trembling poet,
Just to explain in the old classic way,
The more intricate portions of his play.
For of the labyrinth you'll here inspect,
I was the celebrated architect ;
And if unguided through its winding ways,
You might be all left really in a maze!
So at great risk—for Minos would for certain
Hang, if he caught me here behind the curtain—
I of our story just the heads will through go,
And from your memories rub the classical *erugo*.

SONG*—"*I remember, I remember.*"

You remember, you remember, when you read Ovidius
Naso,
A second Minos ruled in Crete, who had his cruel way so,
That on such terms he forced the poor Athenians to treat,
The major part, with all their heart, wished he was minus
Crete.
You remember, you remember'd this at school, you will
allow.
If you don't—pray just remember that you don't forget it
now.

You remember a fine labyrinth I built him for his sport—
You may have seen one if you've been as far as Hampton
Court.
A monster he kept in it, who was called the Minotaur,
And half a man and half a bull, was reckoned quite a bore.
You remember, oh, I'm sure you do, all this you'd to
translate,
From Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, in Fable 2, Book 8.

You remember the Athenians then, to such despair Fate
drove 'em,
That they agreed each year to feed this "semi virumque
bovem."

* See Preface.

Seven fine young men, seven nice young maids, 'twas quite
enough to tire 'em—

Consigned per annum to the jaws of this “semi bovemque
virum.”

You remember the quotation—'tis from Ovid as before,
You'll find it in his Art of Love, Book 2, verse 24.

(*a ship appears in sight*)

Well—there's the ship put up for sale, that passes the next
lot,

And in it comes young Theseus—but stop, here begins the
plot,

And Minos on the pier appears to see the victims land.

Whence arise misunderstandings, which I hope you'll
understand.

For remember, I've remembered thus far to remember you,
If you don't, you must remember—I can't find you memory
too.

*The scene moves, and the coast of Crete, with Pharos, Seaport,
Palace, and other buildings, gradually appears; the quay
crowded with PEOPLE, GUARDS, &c.—MINOS seated, sur-
rounded by his Court—At the same time the ship, which has
passed over the back of the stage, enters the harbour, and
THESEUS, with six other Grecian YOUTHS and seven Grecian
GIRLS, is landed in charge of an OFFICER.*

CHORUS—“*Lombardi.*”

On our shore see the victims are landing
Athens sends us her tribute again.

For his food

To the monster her sons over-handing
In return for Androgeus slain.

Very good.

Of our customs no doubt they are haters,
Thus in bond to be seen hurts their pride,
And though envying e'en our tide waiters.

They had rather be waiters untied,
So they would.

OFFICER. Oh, son of great Lycastes! hail and reign!
To feed your monster, Athens once again

- In duty bound commands me here to render
 Seven lovely virgins, warranted most tender,
 And seven nice young men—for a small party,
 On whom, no doubt, he'll make a dinner hearty !
- MINOS. Let him alone for that—he'll soon begin it ;
 These will be *eaten* boys in half a minute ;
 And these dear little ducks be pretty pickings—
- THES. Before they're hatched 'tis wrong to count one's
 chickens.
- MINOS. Whose voice was that? What slave is so
 facetious ?
- OFFICER. So please your Majesty, it's Master Theseus.
- MINOS. Who's he when he's at home? So much
 presumption
 Argues a lamentable lack of gumption.
- OFFICER. Dread King, he is the son of old Egeus,
 By Ethra, daughter of the sage Pittheus,
 Who from great Pelops—
- MINOS. Bother Pelops !—say
 How fell the lot on this young fellow, eh ?
- THES. It didn't fall—I came a volunteer !
- MINOS. A volunteer ! There must be something queer,
 I should imagine, in his upper story.
 (*to THESEUS*) On what fool's errand cam'st thou
 hither ?
- THES. Glory !
- MINOS. An errand many a fool before has run of ;
 And one that I have ceased to see the fun of.
 When a young soldier, I had just your view of it,
 But an old soldier knows a trick worth two of it !
 Answer distinctly, what was it brought *you* here—
 What did you come for to go for to do here ?
- THES. Relieve from this poll-tax a groaning nation,
 And in Greek bonds defeat your speculation.
- MINOS. Indeed !—and how ?
- THES. By literally taking
 The bull by the horns ; my life 'gainst his beef
 staking.
- MINOS. To use a common phrase, I am afraid
 'Twill be the greatest beefsteak you e'er made ;
 But you shall have a speedy opportunity
 Of trying—and if you 'scape with impunity—

Say that *this* Minos is no judge, whate'er
The other Minos may be—you know where.

THESEUS. My brave companions—partners of my toil,
My feelings and my fame!—The sport I'll spoil
Of this inhuman bull in human shape,
And get you all out of this ugly scrape.
With this good arm I'll bravely tussle for you ;
"There's life in a mussel!"—and here's muscle for
you !

MINOS. Off to the station-house with every sinner,
Until the monster rings his bell for dinner !

Air—MINOS—" *Non piu andrai.*"

I've no doubt you're a famous bull-baiter,
But no man ever made a bull greater.
Say "Good-bye" to your pater and mater,
For you'll never see them any more ;
Taken to the monster's station
For his special mastication.
Though you may be very brave, I
Think you will soon cry "peccavi ;"
Introduced to the Minotaur, he
Will assuage your thirst for glory.
Now upon the horns a fixture,
Of this man and Oxford mixture,
Now in air ungraceful sprawling,
Now to earth a jelly falling,
Till having beaten hollow you,
And finding more to follow you,
He'll condescend to swallow you,
As the Red Cow did Tom Thumb !

CHORUS.

"Go," my boy, "where glory waits you,"
Since for glory here you come !

(*Exeunt* MINOS, GUARDS, &c., THESEUS, CAPTIVES, *and*
OFFICERS)

Enter DÆDALUS.

DÆD. (*advancing*) I'm sure it greatly would distress the
ladies

Should such a brave young man dance off to Hades,
 To a bull's-horn gallop—or make a feast
 For any such a monstrous nasty beast.
 But there's a friend at Court, or I'm mistaken,
 Who'll go the total hog to save his bacon.
 Fair Ariadne—the King's eldest daughter,
 Was at her window, and by Jove he's caught her.

Enter CUPID.

CUPID. No, Master Dædalus—'twas not by Jove.

DÆD. Discovered!

CUPID. Don't be frightened—'tis but Love,
 Who, though called blind, sees all disguises through.

DÆD. It *is* young Love!—Old fellow, how d'ye do?
 You won't betray me?

CUPID. When was love a traitor?

DÆD. Oh! when?—I like that!—

CUPID. Sir, I am a hater
 Of anything like treason. Love is Truth.
 If man be false am I to blame, forsooth?
 'Tis Fancy, and not Love, that makes him so.

DÆD. Well, there's no arguing with Love, I know.
 But what of Theseus?

CUPID. Why this, you stupid!
 'Twas not by Jove he caught the wench—but Cupid.
 He is a great pet with my mother, Venus,
 And to protect him we are bound, between us.
 I count upon your aid.

DÆD. On mine!—the deuce!

But, if you think that I can be of use—

CUPID. Lo! Ariadne comes with her fair sister.

DÆD. But—

CUPID. No buts. Love's despotic!

(retires)

Enter ARIADNE and PHÆDRA.

ARIAD. *(to DÆDALUS)* Here!—you Mister—
 I don't know what's your name—you in the cloak

DÆD. I beg your pardon, I believe you spoke?

ARIAD. And rightly you believe—I spoke to you.

Oh, tell me, and in pity tell me true!

Who is the leader of that wretched band
Walked off in custody along the Strand?

DÆD. His Royal Highness the Prince Theseus!

ARIAD. Alas! his fate has rendered most uneasy us.
Is there no way to snatch him from the danger?
Forgive me—I'm aware you're quite a stranger—
But there is something in your voice and mien,
Which I have never heard, and never seen
Before.

DÆD. If quite a stranger—pray, how could you?

PHÆD. You wouldn't lend a hand to help us—would you?

DÆD. Do you an interest also in him take?

PHÆD. I do—but only for my sister's sake.
Behold the scalding tears her cheeks that blister!
I'm not a sister, would I not assist her!

ARIAD. Harkye—you needn't mention it again;
Of mighty Minos we're the daughters twain!
And any price you'll put upon your aid,
Down on the nail with pleasure shall be paid.

DÆD. To business, then. You are in love—

ARIAD. I own it.
My heart is gone; fate sent that boy to bone it!

QUARTETTE—“*A Life by the Galley Fire*”—ARIADNE,
PHÆDRA, DÆDALUS, and CUPID.

ARIADNE. Oh! love in my breast a fire
Is lighting with passion wild,
That youth in the Grecian attire
Exactly suits this child.
He looks such a smart young lad,
And he cast on me such an eye,
That I really think I should go mad,
If the dear little fellow should die.
Oh! love in my breast a fire, &c.

PHÆDRA, DÆDALUS, and CUPID.

Oh! love in her breast a fire
Is lighting with passion wild,
That youth in the Grecian attire
Exactly suits this child,
Yes, suits, just suits,
Exactly suits this child.

DÆD. You couldn't meet a counsellor more meet,
To lend a hand at any dext'rous feat,
A most inventive genius I possess.

ARIAD. By your direction, then, prove your address.

PHÆD. If of the labyrinth we had a plan——

DÆD. To give you that I am the very man.

For—'twixt ourselves—I made it——

BOTH. Made it!—you?

ARIAD. This is indeed important news—if true.

DÆD. Upon my honour!—You are still incredulous.

But, sure as you're alive, ma'am, I am Dædalus.

PHÆD. Oh, Jupiter! what wonders come to pass!

You Dædalus!

DÆD. I had been dead—*alas!*

But for these wings, which bore me through the skies.

But—*à propos* of wings—time also flies,

And therefore we must seize him by the forelock;

Here is a key will open any door-lock,

Bramah—or Chubb; next for the youth's inspection,

Here of the labyrinth, the ground-plan and section.

Also a ball of cotton-twist, which through

Its winding ways will serve him for a clue.

And last—this blade, with which, if he have pluck, he

May first the bull's throat cut, and then his lucky.

QUARTETTE—"The Boatman Dance"—ARIADNE, PHÆDRA,
CUPID, and DÆDALUS.

ARIAD. } With joy we'll dance, with joy we'll sing,

PHÆD. } The brute if he can over fling.

CUPID. } I never knew a pretty girl in my life,

DÆD. } But she wished to be a hero's wife.

Solo—ARIADNE.

Give him but a chance,

O give but a chance, O.

He'll take a sight

At the bull to-night,

And go home with his pals in the morning.

ALL. Oh! Oh! away he'll row,

Going down the river in his galley, O.

Closed in by

SCENE SECOND.—*A Prison—Enter THESEUS.*

THES. How long, I wonder, in this horrid limbo,
Shall I be left to stand with arms a-kimbo.
(*noise of a key turning in lock*)

The door opens, and ARIADNE appears at it.

They come to lead me to my fate, no doubt.
ARIAD. Are you at home?
THES. Would I could say I'm out.
ARIAD. You shall say so, whate'er the consequences.
THES. "Mine eyes are made the fools of my other
senses,
Or else worth all the rest!"—I'll bet a pony
You are the girl I saw in the balcony.
ARIAD. I am, and daughter of the King of Creta.
THES. In Creta never was a *cretur* sweeter!
A flood of rapture through my system rushes!
Say, is it love that brought you?
ARIAD. Spare my blushes.
THES. No; I could not spare anything so pretty.
ARIAD. I pity you, and love's akin to pity;
And I will save you from the monster's jaws.
THES. Ha! in your will honour has stuck her clause.
I cannot profit by the kind bequest.
I've sworn to die, or ransom all the rest.
ARIAD. But if I brought you means the rest to ransom?
THES. That would be like yourself — uncommon
handsome.
ARIAD. Take then these articles—mind you don't lose
'em.
And follow me! I'll tell you how to use 'em.
Yet stay—one moment—for my heart is beating,
To think this may be our last time of meeting.

Air—ARIADNE—"Feannette and Feannot."

You'll be going far away when the monster you've upset,
And toco from my father I instead of yam shall get,
But still I'll think of you, love, wherever you may go.
Can you look me in the face, and say the same? No, no!

When you've killed the Minotaur, and no longer need
 my aid,
 You'll pretty soon forget the fine speeches that you
 made.
 With some lady on your arm, that you left the other side,
 You'll be marching off to church with her, and making
 her your bride.

THES. By all the gods to whom I am related ;
 By Neptune, who was once my father stated ;
 By Venus, who has always called me her man ;
 By mighty Hercules, my cousin-german ;
 By Phœbus, to whose shrine I dragged for sticking
 The Bull of Marathon alive and kicking ;
 I swear, if out of this scrape you can get me,
 To make you Mrs. Theseus—if you'll let me.

Air—THESEUS—" *Cheer up, my own Jeannette.*"

Cheer up—cheer up—if I'm not ate
 By this mad bull, we'll go
 To Athens, dear, across the sea,
 And there be spliced, you know.
 And surely you need not be told
 To bear this truth in mind,—
 That if we go together,
 You cannot be left behind.

There's not a girl on Grecian land,
 That ever I have seen,
 Could cut out you, my pretty pet,
 So kind as you have been.
 Nor should I care a button,
 Had fate cast the lot on me,
 To be the monster's dinner, love,
 If my *desert* you'd be.

ARIAD. (*aside*) Methinks this gentleman protests too
 much.

But sure he'll keep his word, if he be such.
 Oh, yes—to doubt the darling were a sin.
 (*aloud*) Come ! To the labyrinth ! Go in and win !

Duo—THESEUS and ARIADNE—“*Norma*.”

Then we together will live, will die,
Hymen's sweet bonds our hearts so tight in !
First fighting boldly, then fighting shy.
Taking French leave our bark so light in.
Roused is { my } Grecian mettle
 { his }
The tough bull's hide to tan.
Soon { he } the hash will settle
 { I }
Of this wild Oxon man. (Exeunt)

SCENE THIRD.—*The Labyrinth.*

Enter THESEUS, with the clue.

THES. Thus far into the middle of the maze,
Through thousand doors and thousand winding ways,
I have marched on without impediment,
And cool as if to go in peace to bed I meant,
Instead of battle with a monster dread,
My life, I may say, hanging on a thread.
So on we goes again—to fear a stranger !
With such a clue I cotton to the danger.
But here, I take it, does the monster dwell,
I'll take the liberty to pull his bell.
If at my ring he will but ope the lock,
I warrant you he'll answer to my knock. (rings)

The MINOTAUR appears at gate of building.

MINO. Holloa ! what's all this row about, I wonder !
THES. I've come to call you out.
MINO. Lightning and thunder!
A chap like you tug at my tintinabulum,
And that, too, just when I'm in want of pabulum !
Run, you young dog, before I masticate you.
THES. I'll run at you like a bull-dog and bait you !

“Monstrum horrendum et informe ingens,”
 Prepare to get the soundest of all swingeings !
 Beneath my blows this spot you shall expire on,
 Though your ox-hide may be oxide of iron !
 MINO. By ox-eyed Juno ! this is past belief !
 Come on !—you’ll not require two rounds of beef.
 THES. I thirst for glory—so look out, Bull-calf,
 For I shall pitch into your half-and-half !
 MINO. If you pitch—I can toss, as you shall find.
 THES. Calve’s-head, I win—ox-tail you lose—behind !

Duo—THESEUS and MINOTAUR—“*Haydn’s Surprise.*”

MINO. You another tale shall tell,
 These two horns shall sound your knell,
 And toss you up, my precious swell,
 Therefore mind your fool’s eye !
 THES. Short your ox-tail I will cut
 And stave in your occiput.
 Spite of horns you’ll be my butt,
 So, sir, mind your bull’s eye !
 (*Exeunt fighting*)

Enter ARIADNE.

ARIAD. By this time the decisive blow is struck !
 Either the monster is by Theseus stuck,
 Or I have lost my stake in this sad broil ;
 Anxiety—thou work’st me to an oil !
 So stood “Eliza on the wood-crowned height,”
 “O’er Minden’s plains, spectatress of the fight,”*
 With this exception—there’s no height for me
 To stand on—so the fight I cannot see,

Air—ARIADNE—“*My Skiff is on the Shore.*”

I’m going to sea with my gallant Theseus,
 Down among the Greeks in the Peloponnesus,
 Happy there we’ll be, so fond and gay,
 Courting till the break of day.

Tra, la, la.

* Has everybody forgotten the “Enfield Speaker?”—N.B. This is not the Eliza whose whereabouts was a matter of so much curiosity in 1847.

Our galley's off the shore, there on the sea,
Oh ! kill the Minotaur, and come with me ;
And as we paddle on, my song shall be,
None love you better than Ariadne.

Tra, la, la.

Enter THESEUS.

THES. The tyrannous and blustering bull is dead.

And we are free and easy on that head.

ARIAD. Victorious and unhurt ! oh, joy of joys !

THES. Release the other Grecian girls and boys,
And let us bolt.

ARIAD. To that I'll be no bar—
But where is Phœdra ?

Enter PHŒDRA.

PHŒD. Here !

ARIAD. Oh ! there you are.

My sister—(*introducing her to THESEUS*) with us we
must carry her too.

THES. (*crosses to PHŒDRA*) If you insist on it—I'll marry
her too.

ARIAD. By no means ! we will find a spouse in Greece for
her.

THES. (*aside*) So young—so fair ! my heart will have no
peace for her !

(*aloud*) Come !

Enter DÆDALUS.

DÆD. Stop !

THES. For what ?

DÆD. For me.

THES. For you !

ARIAD. Oh, true !

This is the gentleman lent me the clue.

THES. Indeed ! it served me many a good turn,
And he deserves the others. May I learn
Your pleasure, sir ? (*crosses to DÆDALUS*)

DÆD. For Athens you'll set sail,
But in so long a run, your wind may fail ;

And I've invented something that will do
Instead of wind.

THES. Steam?

DÆD. No.

THES. What then?

DÆD. A screw,

Which through the water will with speed propel you.

THES. Zounds! Neptune won't much like that, I can tell
you;

He's not so fond of steam his kingdom through driving,
And I suspect he'll never stand your screw-driving.

DÆD. Let him with Eolus no tempests brew;
If either grumbles, just put on the screw.
Behold!

Enter CAPTIVES.

From prison I have let your crew loose;
On board—ere Minos dreams there is a screw loose.

(music—Exeunt THESEUS, ARIADNE, PHŒDRA, and CAPTIVES)

Enter CUPID.

Duet—DÆDALUS and CUPID—"Billy Taylor."

DÆD. Master Theseus is a brisk young fellow,
Full of mirth and full of glee,
But his mind I can discover—
He'll with Phœdra make too free.

CUPID. Fiddle, diddle, dee!
"Make too free."

DÆD. Ri tol de riddle lol—well, you'll see!
He will break his first engagement,
All along of that wench so sly.
But if it gets wind, his wife 'll dust his jacket
When she discovers his treachery.

CUPID. Fiddle, diddle di!
"Treachery!"

DÆD. Ri tol de riddle lol—won't she cry!
Yes! when the poor creature she comes for to know
of it.
She'll very much upbraid him for what he has done.

And she'll take up with the first lieutenant
On half pay, that comes under her thumb.

CUPID. Fiddle, diddle dum,
"Under her *thumb!*"

DÆD. Well, that rhyme *is* rather rum!

CUPID. Well, I'm their bowsman—so here goes, my boy,
To pipe all handy winds and waves ahoy!

(waves his bow and exits)

The scene changes, gradually discovering the Sea-shore—Group of NYMPHS, NEREIDS, TRITONS, &c., and the Galley under weigh, with THESEUS, ARIADNE, PHŒDRA, and CUPID on board—Grand Tableau, and

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST—*A Grotto on the Sea-shore in the Island of Naxos.*

Enter DÆDALUS.

DÆD. Well, there's nothing like wings—as you'd find, if you wore 'em.

Here am I, in the island of Naxos before 'em.

Although, ere I started, they'd cleared out of dock,
I'm sure a full hour—"by Shrewsbury clock."

That precious young scamp, Master Cupid, would go
with them,

And, one way or other, he'll tamper, I know, with them.

Here they come, sure enough, in the captain's own gig,
With Cupid for coxswain—and there! dash my wig!

If the rogue isn't poor Ariadne diverting,

While Theseus with Phœdra is shamefully flirting!

And then the young villain says—oh, dear! he never
Was guilty of treason! Well, well, if I ever!

However, of mine it's no business—that's clear,
 Only there'll be a pretty row presently here,
 And how to ward off, or to heal the dissension,
 Is something beyond e'en my powers of invention.

Enter CUPID.

DÆD. So, my fine fellow, you're at your old game.
 CUPID. What game?
 DÆD. Cross-purposes! oh, fie for shame!
 To think of shooting Phœdra!
 CUPID. You be shot!
 DÆD. I'm much obliged to you—I'd rather not.
 CUPID. If she be wounded, 'twas by accident;
 My bow was not at all on mischief bent.
 DÆD. I wish for her beau I could say as much.
 CUPID. Besides, I told her not the string to touch.
 DÆD. Because you know she'd then be sure to do it.
 You're a nice boy—I don't think—but you'll rue it.
 And so will Theseus for his vile ingratitude,
 Fifty degrees out of all decent latitude.
 CUPID. Ingratitude to whom?
 DÆD. His life-preserver!
 Fair Ariadne, who with so much fervour
 Loves him. But I will give her warning.
 CUPID. You!
 You'll stop the piece, remember, if you do!
 DÆD. The piece!
 CUPID. Of course; such inconsiderate chatter
 Would end the plot.
 DÆD. Ah, that's another matter.

Duo—DÆDALUS and CUPID—"Clari."

DÆD. Little Love, you're a mischievous boy,
 And every one's peace *you* destroy.
 I would take you, you wicked chap you!
 If I were your mother, and slap you.
 CUPID and DÆD. { Fal lal de ral, &c.
 CUPID. 'Tis false, there is no mischief in me,
 But all the world wishes to win me,

And when by their own fault they lose me,
They think they can't too much abuse me.

CUPID and } Tra lal de ral, &c. (Exeunt)
DÆD. }

Enter THESEUS, ARIADNE, and PHŒDRA.

THES. Sweet Ariadne, I am sure you're weary.
Suppose you take a nap?

ARIAD. No, thank you, deary.

PHŒD. I'm sure you'd better—I'll watch whilst you
sleep.

THES. And I with Phœdra company will keep.
In this deep cave, (*crosses to grotto*) dug by no mortal
hand,

I'll spread my paletôt for you on the sand,
My carpet bag shall that dear head sustain——

PHŒD. My victorine shall be your counterpane.

ARIAD. Well—I will do as kindly you advise,
For a few moments I'll just shut my eyes.

THES. (*aside*) If to my conduct you'd do so for life,
I couldn't wish for a more charming wife.
But after marriage, any bet I'll make,
The woman will be always wide awake.

Duo—THESEUS and ARIADNE—"Lullaby."

ARIAD. Softly slumbering near the ocean,
Ariadne now will lie ;
Whilst her love with fond devotion,
Soothes her with a lullaby.

Lullaby, lullaby, &c.

THES. Softly slumbering near the ocean ;
Ariadne now will lie ;
Having not the slightest notion,
Of the dodge I mean to try.

Lullaby, lullaby, &c.

THES. (*aside*) She's fast already—I must not be slow.
(*drawing PHŒDRA to the front of the stage*)

I've much to say to you.

PHÆD. You don't say so !

THES. Hush !—you can guess why hither I have brought her.

PHÆD. You said you must put in to wood and water,
And she'd rest here to-night.

THES. And when go hence?

PHÆD. To-morrow—as she purposes.

THES. Nonsense!

Oh, never shall the sun that morrow see.

PHÆD. What can you mean? Is this our home to be?

THES. Thy face, my Phœdra, I've but in to look,
And find that it much better suits my book,
Than Ariadne's.

PHÆD. Oh, fie! you can't mean it;
Or if you do, I wish you'd never seen it.

THES. From the first moment that you met my sight,
I felt that it was over with me quite!
Your image took the place of her's my heart in,
You're fair as day—she's dark as Day and Martin.

PHÆD. Remember, 'tis my sister you are blacking;
I ought to brush, but feel the power is lacking.

THES. Oh, brush with me, and you shall shine in Greece,
At Athens' highly-polished Court!

PHÆD. Ah, cease
To tempt me with this flummery and frippery,
Young men, all over Greece, must needs be slippery.
Besides you haven't known me long enough
To love me.

THES. Long enough to love you—stuff!
Love's not a flower in a garden plot,
That must be watered with a watering pot,
That long preparing for a blow out you see,
That takes its time to blossom, like Miss Lucy.*
A nod—a wink—a fresh eye—or a new lip,
And in a jiffey—there you are, my tulip!

Air—THESEUS—“*Come o'er the Sea.*”

Come o'er the sea,
Pretty Miss Phœ,
Ariadne leave to doze,

* “Take your time, Miss Lucy,” a popular song parodied in the
“Fair One with the Golden Locks.”

You are my prize,
 Your lovely eyes,
 Out of joint have put her nose.
 I'll hang or drown if with me you start not.
 My blessing thou art, I'm blest if thou art not.
 So come o'er to Ce-
 —cropia, with me.
 Ariadne leave to doze.
 You are my prize,
 Your lovely eyes
 Out of joint have put her nose.
 Some may think me
 Rather too free,
 Talking in this kind of tone.
 "Hang him," they'll say,
 "That's just his way,
 He never will leave the girls alone."
 But I can prove that I now have done so.
 For in this island I surely leave one so.

Then come o'er, &c.

PHÆD. It is no use 'gainst love and fate to strive !
 Sweet Theseus !—I am yours—so look alive.
 For Athens quickly get your sails unfurled,
 I'll follow thee, my love, throughout the world.
 Unhappy sister !—you'll be much offended,
 To find I've run away with your intended.
 But search through history, and I suspect
 You'll find it's classical—though not correct !

THES. Adieu—adieu !—my bride that's not to be—
 I leave you my paletôt and sac-de-nuit.
 To other climates my own trunk I bear,
 And give the sack to one I well can spare !

Air—THESEUS—" *The Minstrel Boy.*"

Your Grecian boy to his bark is gone,
 When you wake you'll be puzzled to find him ;
 To his father's court he has cut and run,
 And has left his baggage behind him ;
 And says, "Who likes may marry thee,

But I'm for no such slavery,
 For love has ne'er such charms for me
 As when spiced with a little bit of knavery."

(*Exit with PHÆDRA*)

Enter DÆDALUS.

DÆD. Alas, I told you so ! and there ! by Jupiter !
 The rogue has hoisted at the fore the Blue Peter.
 Up goes the anchor—the ship's under weigh.
 When Ariadne wakes what will she say ?
 In this dark cavern left alone to dwell,
 As in a dungeon!—what a shocking *cell* !
 Now o'er one half the the world nature seems dead,
 And wicked dreams confuse the sleeper's head.
 I'd one just now—left me in trepidation,
 A most astonishing conglomeration.

*Song—DÆDALUS.**

I'm still in a flutter—I scarcely can utter
 The words to my tongue that come dancing—come dancing,
 I've had such a dream that I'm sure it must seem
 To incredulous ears like romancing—romancing.
 No doubt it was brought on by that Madame Wharton,
 Who muddled me quite with her models—her models ;
 Or Madame Tussaud, who in wax-work can shew
 Of all possible people the noddles—the noddles.

I dreamt I was walking with Homer, and talking
 The very best Greek I was able—was able.
 When Guy, Earl of Warwick, with Johnson and Garrick,
 Would dance a Scotch reel on the table—the table.
 Then Hannibal, rising, declared 'twas surprising
 That gentlemen made such a riot—a riot,
 And sent in a bustle to beg Lord John Russell
 Would hasten and make 'em all quiet—all quiet.

He came and found Cato at cribbage with Plato.
 And Zimmerman playing the fiddle—the fiddle.
 And snatching a rapier from Admiral Napier,
 Ran Peter the Great through the middle—the middle.

* See Preface.

Then up jump'd Alboni, and looked at Belzoni,
 Who sat by her side like a mummy—a mummy.
 But pious Æneas said, "This mustn't be, as
 I never play whist with a dummy—a dummy."

I am almost perplexed to say what I saw next,
 But I think it was Poniatowski—atowski,
 Who was driving Nell Gwynne with Commissioner Lin,
 Over Waterloo Bridge in a drosky—a drosky.
 When Sardanapalus, who thought fit to hail us,
 Remarked it was very cold weather—cold weather !
 And flinging his jasey at Prince Esterhazy,
 They both began waltzing together—together.

The news next was spread that Queen Dido was dead,
 And Alderman Gibbs in a huff, sir—a huff, sir,
 Had seized Lola Montes, at Fribourg and Pontet's,
 For feeding her bull-dog with snuff, sir—with snuff, sir.
 Whilst Bunn in a hurry ran off to the Surrey,
 And clapped Abdel-Kader in irons—in irons,
 And engaged Julius Cæsar to play Adelgiza
 To Widdicomb's Lady of Lyons—of Lyons.

I caught up a candle, and whispered to Handel,
 There must be an end of the matter—the matter,
 When bang through the skylight, came down upon my light,
 Lord Brougham, with a deuce of a clatter—a clatter.
 In terror I woke, crying, "This is no joke,"
 And jumped smack out of bed, like King Priam—King
 Priam.

And I've but to remark, if you're still in the dark,
 That you're not a bit worse off than I am—than I am.

ARIAD. (*within*) My Theseus !

DÆD. Her voice ! here'll be a shindy !

ARIAD. Phœdra ! it's very dark, and very windy.

Enter ARIADNE.

Why have you left me here without a light ?
 I've had the nightmare, and I'm in a fright.
 Methought my Theseus was beset with thieves.
 I grasped his arms—they were but his coat sleeves.

DÆD. (*aside*) Alas! he's laughing in his sleeve at you!

ARIAD. Where are you, Theseus? Answer me! pray do!

DÆD. (*aside*) He's got enough to answer for—that's plain.

ARIAD. Diana! take a rise out of the main;
That by thy beams my spouse I may discover,
Rise, gentle moon, and light me to my lover!

Air—ARIADNE—"Rise, Gentle Moon."

I just laid down here beside the broad billow,
A coat for my bed, and a bag for my pillow—
He's hurried off—he's hurried off, where I cannot
discover—

Rise, gentle moon, and light me to my lover.

(*the moon rises, DIANA seated in it, who sings second verse*)

Would that my light could shew something to soothe
thee;

Lighter than me has his conduct beento thee!

With another girl he the blue sea rows over—

Light is the loss, sure, of so light a lover,

Gentle maid. (*the moon enters a mist*)

ARIAD. Fled with another! me, his wife, forsaking!

DÆD. (*aside*) "The devil's in the moon for mischief-making."

ARIAD. Theseus, return! perfidious as unkind;

You've left both bag and baggage here behind!

Ho! change your course—it's anything but proper;

What ship ahoy! for love's sake back her! stop her!

DÆD. (*aside*) I pity her with all my heart, poor soul!

ARIAD. Ah! I will stick his paletôt on a pole,

And wave it from yon mountain's scraggy summit.

(*Exit*)

DÆD. 'Twill be no go, though very strong she'll come it.

Enter CUPID.

(*to CUPID*) The woman's wits you'll certainly unsettle;
Of fish, you must own, here's a pretty kettle.

CUPID. Fish! there's as good fish always in the sea

As you take out of it—leave all to me.

Whom love has wounded, love alone can cure;

I've got a spouse for her.

- DÆD. Don't make too sure ;
A mate has no charms for one so check-mated.
- CUPID. Oh, by my friend she'll be intoxicated.
- DÆD. What ! will he out of Theseus take the shine ?
- CUPID. Completely ; spirit, sparkling—form, divine !
- DÆD. Rich ?
- CUPID. There's no saying sometimes what he's worth.
- DÆD. And powerful ?
- CUPID. So pow'rful few on earth.
- DÆD. Well, if you can bring such a match about——
- CUPID. Can ! why, with Love can there be any doubt ?
- DÆD. You're mighty clever in your own opinion.
- CUPID. Clever ! who does not bow to my dominion ?
What can I not do ? and where am I not ?
You know what's said of me by Walter Scott.
In peace : love tunes a pipe Sweet as Gardoni ;
In war : he mounts a horse, à la Franconi !
In courts of crownèd heads he is the crony ;
In hamlets dances like a Taglioni !
Love rules the court, the camp, the railway-station,
And gods above, and men of every nation !
For heaven is love, and love is——
- DÆD. Botheration !
Don't stand here making such a long oration,
But introduce me to your friend.
- CUPID. With pleasure !
I only fear you'll like him beyond measure.

Air—CUPID—“ Il Segreto.”

A rare master he is of the revels,
And the sworn foe of all the blue devils ;
He the wonderful secret possesses
Of assuaging all earthly distresses.
He can dry up the salt tear of sorrow,
Leave the grumbler no last word to say.
Make the poor man forget that to-morrow
Will be (sure as it comes) quarter day !
Could he but tell him where he might borrow,
The cash he is called on to pay !

While you thus by his aid lose your trouble,
Every pleasure you sometimes see double ;

And though cynics are found who abuse him,
 He hurts none but those who misuse him.
 With his drops I have known him soothe pain, sir,
 Which hydropathy couldn't allay,
 And a friend with a very bad sprain, sir,
 In a polka send whirling away!
 But I won't say he didn't complain, sir,
 Of the headache he had the next day. (*Exeunt*)

SCENE SECOND.—*A Mountain Top.*

Enter ARIADNE, with a paletôt on the top of a pole.

ARIAD. 'Tis all in vain—his ship is nearly hull-down,
 And I am left to die upon this dull down.
 O, wilder than the wildest of wild men are!
 More savage than the savagest hyena!
 Oh, perjured wretch, to cut off in your cutter,
 And leave me here with neither bread nor butter!
 Oh, had I but a boat to row to Crete in!
 Yet there a foe my father I should meet in!
 Isle of the hundred cities, which was my nurse,
 Fair Crete, where Jupiter was once at dry nurse!
 Beloved cliffs, where as an infant lone
 I walked your chinks, before I walked my own.
 Why did I leave you for a faithless sinner,
 Who but for me had been a monster's dinner?
 Oh, worse than monster to leave me in trouble!
 Talk of the Minotaur as being double!
 You who could thus a trusting maid trepan,
 Are more a brute, and less a gentleman!

Recitative and Air—ARIADNE—" *Il Pirata.*"

He's gone—he's mizzled—the wretch I saved from
 slaughter;
 He's bolted with my sister—to Greece, across the
 water;
 Though he vow'd he'd to *me* stick—like bricks and
 mortar!
 Who'd have thought, scarce one day arter

He swore I was his deary,
 Upon this coast so dreary,
 He'd cut me—he'd cut me to the core !
 But soon I'll seek my tomb—ah !
 And that false-hearted gent—he
 May when too late repent—he
 Can find but the bones of his rib on the shore.
 The bones of his rib on the shore. (*Exit*)

SCENE THIRD.—*The Vines, before the Temple of Bacchus.*
Grand March and triumphant entry of BACCHUS, returning
from the Indian War.

BAC. Here, from the Indian War, return'd victorious,
 I mean to get particularly glorious.
 Put up my tigers, and fill up the bowls,
 We'll make a day of it, my jolly souls.
 A fig for Mars ! If contests there must be,
 This is the field, and these the arms for me !
 Pleased, I discharge my pistol for a flask,
 Put off my helm, and get upon my *cask*.
 Blow gunpowder and shot, in every shape !
 And pour me in a shower of my own grape !
 " *Ultima ratio regum* " is all fun.
 No reason like the raisin' of the sun !
 There, in close order, hang the tempting masses,
 And so—"Up lads and at 'em"—charge your glasses.
 (*music—The BACCHANALS, &c., gather the grapes, and*
press them into the goblets)

Air and Chorus—BACCHUS, &c.—"Der Freischutz."

BAC. Up and at 'em, lads and lasses !
 To their muzzles charge your glasses.
 Drink and shout "Victoria !"
 Hip, hip, hip—hurrah, hurrah !
 Bacchus leads you ! ha, ha, ha !

CHORUS. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha !
 Bravo, Bacchus !—ha, ha, ha !

BAC. Talk of chloroform and æther !
 Balm for pain I fancy neither—
 Here's the true Panace-a
 In this goblet ! Æther ?—Psha !
 Wine for ever !—Ha, ha, ha !

CHORUS. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha !
 Bravo, Bacchus !—ha, ha, ha !

(BACCHUS sits on a barrel at the table, on which
 are cups and tankards, placed for him by SATYRS)

BALLET.

Enter CUPID and DÆDALUS.

CUPID. There sits the bridegroom.

DÆD. He astride the tun ?

Why zounds !—that must be Bacchus !

CUPID. Ay—the son

Of Semele, who flared up so for Jove.

What do you think of him ?

DÆD. His *port* I love !

CUPID. I'll introduce you. (*advancing*) Bacchus, how d'ye
 do ?

BAC. Cupid, my boy ! who thought of seeing you !

CUPID. Why, love and wine give zest to one another.

BAC. You're right. I'm glad to see you. How's your
 mother ?

CUPID. Complains of cold.

BAC. No doubt—with seas between us,

We all know without Bacchus "frigit Venus."

Her better health! (*drinks*) You'll join us ?

CUPID. I intend.

I took the liberty to bring a friend.

(*presenting DÆDALUS*)

BAC. The more the merrier ! Sit down, my good man.

My foster dad, Silenus—my friend, Pan.

(*introducing them to DÆDALUS*)

Wine here ! your health !

CUPID. (*aside to DÆDALUS*) He's set in for a soaking.

BAC. Here's pipe—and baccy—if you're fond of smoking

DÆD. You're very kind—permit me to refuse.

(*aside to CUPID*) Yonder's the sort of *Bacchæ* I should choose. (*pointing to BACCHANTES*)

BAC. Come—bumpers round! No day-lights—let's be cozy!
(*dances*) A song—a dance!—Ho, music! Play up,
Nosy!

(*to DÆDALUS*) Now, Mr. What-d'ye-call, I call on you
To sing a song or tell a story.

CUPID. Do!

DÆD. Me!—sing!—I can't.

CUPID. You can sing very well;
And heaven knows what a story you can tell!

DÆD. You mean about—

CUPID. Of course—(*aside to him*) It's just the season.
You try with rhyme, and I will try with reason.

BAC. Now—silence!—Sir, for you we're all attention!

DÆD. Well—it's a fact I am about to mention.

So you'll excuse the real names. To scandal
I should be sorry to afford a handle.

The hero—of a great nob—is the nobby son—

BAC. Oh, call him anything you please—Jack Robi'son!

DÆD. Jack Robi'son? Oh, well, with all my heart.

BAC. Come, fire away! Pan, pitch the note—now start!

Song—DÆDALUS—“Jack Robinson.”

The perils and dangers of the voyage past,
The ship in port here arrived at last.
The captain of her he was a rayther fast
Young fellow of the name of Jack Robi'son.
He brought with him a fine young woman ashore,
Who had got him out of a mess before;
And was now his messmate because he swore
That he'd make her, honour bright, Mrs. Robi'son.

But this young woman's sister was with 'em, d'ye see,
And the captain, he says to her, “My dear,” says he,
“Shall we cut and run together?” and, by Jingo, she
Said “yes!” instead of “no!” to Jack Robi'son.
So away they went together aboard the ship,
And were soon under sail—and over his flip,
“There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip!”
Says this precious young rip, Jack Robi'son.

Now, poor Mrs. Jack, she had laid her down,
 In the arms of Morpheus her cares to drown,
 Not dreaming she was done so uncommonly brown
 By her good-for-nothing sister and Jack Robi'son.
 But when she woke up, as night did fall,
 You may guess there was soon a pretty squall ;
 "My eyes !" says she, "why, I can't see Jack at all !"
 And she screeched and she shouted, "Hoy ! Jack
 Robi'son !"

Then the tell-tale moon arose to state
 That Jack was off ; for he couldn't wait !
 "Why, you don't mean to say, that he's got another mate?"
 "Indeed I do," says the moon to Mrs. Robi'son.
 "The wretch," says she, "while you were a-bed,
 With somebody else has somewhere fled ;
 And you'll read in some newspaper as how you are dead !"
 "Why, I've not been dead at all !" says Mrs. Robi'son.

Then she met a man, and she says, "I say !
 Mayhap you can tell which road they went away ?
 It was somewhere here about." The man said, "Nay—
 Indeed I cannot !" to Mrs. Jack Robi'son.
 "But to fret and stew about it now is all in vain ;
 So you'd better take and go to Holland, France, or Spain,
 For it arn't of any use your running after him again,
 As he's got another Mrs. Jack Robi'son."

Then the poor creature sank down upon the grass,
 And she wrung her hands and she cried, "Alas !
 That ever I should come to such a shocking pass,
 To be sold by such a fellow as Jack Robi'son !"
 Now, young ladies, all take warning by her fate, I pray,
 And don't believe a word what the young chaps say ;
 But insist on being married in the regular way,
 Or they'll be off before you can say "Jack Robi'son."

BAC. The saddest story that I ever heard.

DÆD. True, every bit of it—upon my word.

CUPID. It happened here, upon this very island.

DÆD. This very day——

BAC. A lady left on my land !——

CUPID. Without a friend—or penny in her purse
To buy a drop of comfort !

BAC. How?—My curse
Upon the villain ! Leave the girl to sink
For want of cash to buy a drop of drink !
And whilst we're swimming in good claret here,
She may be driven to a watery bier !
Run !—those that can—and seek her out, poor soul !
We'll drown her sorrows in our own deep bowl !
I'd run myself—but don't much think I could.

(*Exeunt several BACCHANTE*)

DÆD. Kind Bacchus, who shall say that wine's not good ?

CUPID. I say, (*to BACCHUS*) why don't you marry ?

BAC. Well, some day,
When I am very drunk, perhaps I may.

DÆD. (*aside*) He's not far off, then, a united state.

CUPID. Why till you're very tipsy should you wait,
Before you enter on a married life ?

BAC. Because—I think—to venture on a wife
One must be much in love—or much in liquor.

CUPID. Well, much in love you scarcely could be quicker.

Re-enter the BACCHANTE, bearing ARIADNE—CUPID shoots BACCHUS.

There, what d'ye say to that ?

BAC. Oh, the deuce take you !

CUPID. If now you're not in love, nothing can make you.

BAC. I'm shot right through the heart ! A goddess,
surely !

CUPID. Ought to be one——

DÆD. How are you ?

BAC. Very poorly.

CUPID. You have no wound but what her smiles can
heal.

ARIAD. Ogygian Bacchus, at thy feet I kneel.

BAC. Rise, madam. Queen of such a world of charms,

We here salute you with presented arms !

This gentleman has told us your sad story,

To cheer your heart we should esteem a glory.

I whining hate, though God of Wine I am,

Your real pain I'll drown in floods of *cham*.

ARIAD. An action, worthy sir, of generous wine.

BAC. Fair dame, I cannot make you more divine ;
But if you'll condescend my throne to share,
You never more shall know a worldly care.

ARIAD. Alas ! but won't the wicked world be thinking
That I was crossed in love, and took to drinking ?

BAC. Let the world wag, and don't you be a sappy,
For what's the odds, as long as you are happy !

ARIAD. May I believe you ?—I've been once so sold !

BAC. "In vino veritas ;" the priest behold !

I've my own license—here's the ring, you gipsy !

ARIAD. Then here's my hand.

BAC. With joy I now am tipsy !

ARIAD. But Theseus——

BAC. The Jack who left his Jill——

CUPID. Oh, he has had a precious trip down hill !

The scene opens at the back, and discovers

SCENE FOURTH.—*The Infernal Regions*—THESEUS is
seen seated on a rock.

See where in Tartarus 'twixt pitchy Styx
And fiery Phlegethon, he's in a fix.
Stuck to a stone, which as his heart is hard,
For such inconstancy a fit reward.

DÆD. To earth he couldn't e'en his tricks confine,
But stole down stairs to flirt with Proserpine ;
But grim King Pluto found what he was arter,
And so in Tartarus he caught a Tartar !

Air—THESEUS—" *Sitting on a Rail.*"

Old Charon rowed me o'er the Styx,
But Pluto caught me at my tricks—
And Justice Minos did me fix,
In this infernal jail.
Sitting on a rail of rocks I weep and wail !
Will no one be my bail ? O, pity my sad tale !
For Proserpine I angled, but
She wouldn't bite, the cunning slut !
The Styx I'd cross'd, I couldn't cut—

So here they did me nail !
Sitting on a rail of rocks I weep and wail !
If I Old Scratch
Could only catch—
I'd pull him by the tail !

BAC. It serves you right.

THES. I'm not the only goose
Who for a woman has gone to the deuce !
Where Orpheus sought Eurydice's well known.

DÆD. Yes, but the wife he went for was his own.
You sought another's—that's the rock you split on.

THES. But this is such a horrid rock to sit on.

Love, intercede for me, I do implore.

CUPID. Well, will you never act so any more ?

THES. I can't say that ; because if all goes right,
I hope to act the same to-morrow night.

CUPID. You would come out again—like Don Giovanni ?

THES. Yes, if I could but get permission—can I ?

CUPID. Try. You're at liberty upon parole.

THES. (*rising, and advancing*) Ladies and——

BAC. Stop, I haven't said the whole
Of what I've got to say.

THES. Let me conclude it.

Our play is done—if you have kindly view'd it,
Your praise will shed a lustre round the name
Of Ariadne and her fickle flame ;
Which may for many a merry evening shine,
And like her starry crown (which hands divine
Hung in the skies—the wandering seaman's mark)
Into safe harbour guide our little bark.
Do you protect, whatever ills attack us,
We ask no better friends than you to *Bacchus* !

*The scene changes, and discovers the constellation of the
Crown of Ariadne.*

FINALE—CHORUS—“ *The Eclipse Polka.*”

CHORUS. Join your hands and theirs,
Banish all our cares—
Pass the wine,
And don't decline

- To drink success to our affairs.
Bacchus 'twould delight,
Bumpers ev'ry night
Here to view,
For filled by you
Our cup of joy, indeed, is bright.
- THES. E'en that most inconstant swain,
Theseus, never more would range.
Of your favour justly vain,
He ne'er wishes for a change.
- ARIAD. Placed amongst the starry skies
Ariadne's crown may shine,
But the crown for which she sighs,
Is the wreath your hands entwine.
- CHORUS. Join your hands, &c.

CURTAIN.

THE KING OF THE
PEACOCKS;

A FAIRY EXTRAVAGANZA,

IN TWO ACTS.

First performed at the Royal Lyceum Theatre, December 26th, 1848.

THE KING OF THE PEACOCKS.

With Christmas, of course, came a Fairy Extravaganza, and on this occasion I selected "La Princesse Rosette," by Madame D'Aulnoy, for its subject, introducing my old friend Harley in the character of a Chinese skipper, and John Reeve, jun., who had embraced his father's profession, as a May-Fly. Selby, who was a good Frenchman, was the King's cook, under the transparent name of *Soyez* Tranquille, and was made up to resemble the celebrated *chef* of the Reform Club, who lent him his cap and apron for patterns. Hall was an excellent Irishman, another introduced character; Miss Howard a lovely and lively Princess Rosetta, and young Marshall the drollest dog that can well be imagined. With Kathleen Fitzwilliam for King Florizel, Mrs. Macnamara for the Governess, and, to crown all, Madame Vestris in what it is now the fashion to call "the title *rôle*," it must have been my fault entirely if the piece had been a failure. It was a great success, running seventy-two nights. In 1860 it was revived at the St. James's on the opening of that theatre by Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan, Miss Kate Terry enacting the Princess, and that capital actor, the late Mr. Belmore, O'Don't-know-who. His recent death in America was a serious loss to the stage.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ISLANDERS AND INLANDERS.

ARGUS, THE BRILLIANT-EYED (King of the Peacocks)	MADAME VESTRIS
FLORIZEL THE FAIR (King of the Verdant Valley)	MISS KATHLEEN FITZWILLIAM
PRINCE JESSAMY (his Brother)	MISS J. COLEMAN
POO-LEE-HA-LEE (Captain and part Owner of the Chinese Junk)	MR. HARLEY
SOYEZ TRANQUILLE (<i>Chef de Cuisine</i> to H.M. the King of the Peacocks)	MR. SELBY
O'DONT-KNOW-WHO (pronounced "O'Donoghue" —a Milesian)	MR. H. HALL
PAGE OF THE BACK STAIRS	MR. KERRIDGE
PRINCESS ROSETTA (Sister to Florizel) ..	MISS LOUISA HOWARD
BARONESS VON HUGGERMUGGER (Ex-Nurse and Gouvernante)	MRS. MACNAMARA
RUMFIZINA (Daughter of the Baroness)	MISS FRIGHT

FAIRY-LANDERS.

FAIRY FAITHFUL (a loyal "Old Fairy-lander")	MISS MARSHALL
FAIRY FICKLE (a fast "Young Fairy-lander")...	MISS L. MARSHALL
A MAY-FLY (such as may fly in Fairy-land—quite "a <i>Lusus Naturæ</i> ")	MR. JOHN REEVE
FRETILLON ("a Green Dog with one ear") ...	MR. H. MARSHALL

OUTLANDER.

THE GREAT SEA SERPENT (as far as you can see Serpent)... ..	MR. ENDLESS
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The Overture, Vocal and Melo-dramatic Music, composed and arranged by Mr. E. Fitzwilliam.

The Ballet Music by Mr. Eames.

The Dances and Incidental Action by Mr. Oscar Byrne.

The Costumes by Mrs. Baily, Miss Nowland, and Assistants.

The Appointments by Mr. J. W. Brogden. The Machinery by Mr. H. Sloman.

The Scenery by Mr. W. Beverley, Mr. J. Meadows, and Assistants.

PROGRAMME OF SCENERY.

ACT FIRST.

Pleasure Gardens and Château de la Beauté in the Verdant Valley.

THE OLD WORLD'S END.

With a View beyond the Bounds of Probability.

Gates of the City and Palace of the King of the Peacocks.

HOME PARK IN THE VERDANT VALLEY.

DECK OF THE CHINESE JUNK.

Voyage of the Junk, and Arrival off the Coast of Peacockia
(à-la-Haidée).

ROYAL PEACOCKIAN NAVY QUADRILLES.

The Crew of the Royal Barge, by a first-rate set of Pretty Fellows.

Ben Burbidge,	Harry Herbert,	Kit Collier,	Mat Mercer,
Charley Clare,	Sam Sidney,	Tim Smithies,	Mike Maile,
Martin Maurice,	Jack Honey,	Tom Cushnie,	Dick Cushnie,
Tom Hunt,	Ned Hunt,	Will Wadham,	Fred Forde.

ACT SECOND.

All-Right Bay & Point-to-Come-in, with Fisherman's Hut.

PLUME CHAMBER IN THE PALACE OF KING ARGUS.

THE ROYAL KITCHEN.

Grand Selection from the celebrated Opera of "Les Huguenots."

BLESSING OF THE ROLLING PINS.

INTERIOR OF FISHERMAN'S HUT.

THE DUNGEON.

SUPERB SPREAD and FAIRY FESTIVE HALL, formed by the Magnificent Termination of a Peacock's *Tale.*

THE KING OF THE PEACOCKS.

ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.—*Pleasure Gardens and Château de la Beauté
in the Verdant Valley.*

*As the curtain rises to Fairy Music, FAIRY FAITHFUL
descends, and as soon as she touches the stage, a rose tree
opens, and FAIRY FICKLE appears—They meet.**

FICKLE. Well, Fairy Faithful, what's the news with you?

FAITH. Ah! Fairy Fickle, sad as it is true!

FICKLE. Stands Elf-land where it did when I was last
there?

FAITH. Alas! poor country! sorry scenes have past there!

Like others it has had its revolution—

The silly Elves would have a constitution,

Not seeing that the whole domain of Fairy

Was nothing if it wasn't visionary.

King Oberon at first defied opinion,

And fought for Fancy's absolute dominion—

But finding modern Science lent her aid

His fairest passages to barricade,

He broke his lily sceptre in despair

And fled with Queen Titania—Heav'n knows where!

FICKLE. And what of this "*émeute*" was the conclusion?

FAITH. Nothing but anarchy and wild confusion.

The Empire of the Fairies is no more—

Reason has banished them from ev'ry shore;

Steam has outstripped their dragons and their cars;

Gas has eclipsed their glow-worms and their stars.

* The whole of this scene has reference to the French Revolution of 1848, commencing 23rd of February in that year, and continuing to the 20th of December.

Robbed of the legends of their golden age,
 Mortals make sport of them upon the stage ;
 And all the poetry of ancient times
 Profane by paltry puns and doggrel rhymes.

FICKLE. So much the better ! Novelty for me
 In any shape—I love a change to see !
 For musty codes I've not the least compassion ;
 Let me be anything—but out of fashion !

FAITH. Faithful by nature, as I am by name,
 Such vile inconstancy I view with shame.
 " Good people " we were called in olden days—
 We may be wiser—but not better fays.

FICKLE. We never did agree—and never can ;
 The world turns round—and so, of course, must
 man.
 Then why should Fairy-land of all we survey,
 Be never in its turn turned topsy-turvy ?
 I'm for the new lights of this wondrous age—
 No Fairy-land—except upon the stage !

FAITH. In my allegiance I will falter never !
 King Oberon and Fairy-land for ever !

*Duet—FAIRY FAITHFUL and FAIRY FICKLE—" Two Merry
 Gipsies."*

Two rival Fairies are we,
 And we never yet could agree.
 So this vain debate.
 Now to terminate,
 War to the wand let it be.

FAITH. Hither since we both have flown,
 Let the trial of skill be shown,
 In this flowery dell,
 Where the magical spell
 Of each can be worked unknown.

TOGETHER. Two rival Fairies, &c.

FICKLE. War to the wand, then ! I will cast a spell
 On the fair sister of King Florizel,
 And set her brain some crotchet running after,
 Which shall make all her doings food for laughter.

FAITH. Be it my task the Princess to defend,
And through her trials be her constant friend.
To-day she leaves the tow'r in which she's been
Immured from childhood. She is just fifteen,
Fresh as a rose begemm'd with morning dew.

FICKLE. "Fresh as a four-year-old," we now say.

FAITH. Pooh!

Her royal brothers come to set her free.

FICKLE. That's liberty and true fraternity. (FAIRIES *retire*)

Enter KING FLORIZEL, PRINCE JESSAMY, *and* COURT.

FLOR. Full fifteen years this April morn have passed,
Since our late sire locked his sole daughter fast
Up in yon tow'r, to pass her lonely days,
And shun the fate foretold by gossip fays,
Who trumped up some portentous tale or other
To frighten into fits our nervous mother.
But having now succeeded to the crown,
We'll smile at stars if they attempt to frown,
And let the Princess freely run about,
As her poor mother cannot know she's out.
And we have passed our royal word as King
That our fair sister should "come out" this spring.

PRINCE. No longer shall she linger "all amort;"
Come, sister, and presented be at Court.

Opening door of tower and leading forward PRINCESS
ROSETTA, *who is accompanied by the* BARONESS VON
HUGGERMUGGER.

ROSE. Insolvent as I am in thanks, affection
Tells me in this Court I shall find protection.
I take the benefit of the act, but will
Count myself, sir, your grateful debtor still.

FLOR. Sweet sister, we, your brother, moved with pity,
Present you with the Freedom of the City,
Permission our own halls your tent to pitch in,
Wine, coals, and candles, and the run of the
kitchen.

PRINCE. Our next care, brother, must be to provide
A handsome bridegroom for so fair a bride!
Some wealthy prince, some mighty king or Kaiser.

ROSE. I marry !

FLOR. Marry, why not ?

ROSE. By-and-bye, sir.

Let me awhile enjoy my liberty.

I who through skylights only saw the sky,
Am quite enchanted with my mother earth,
To whom I've been a stranger from my birth ;
The hills, the valleys, and the flowery mazes,
No end of heartsease, and no *lack o' daisies*.

(FAIRY FICKLE waves a wand, and a Peacock appears
on a branch)

And oh ! what beauteous bird do I behold,
Who yonder does a wondrous tail unfold,
Displaying such a sight of eyes the tips in,
All spectacles I ever saw eclipsing ?

FLOR. 'Tis called a peacock, 'tis the bird of Juno——

ROSE. Is there a king of them ?

FLOR. Can't say I do know.

ROSE. I hope there is, for, brother, on my life,
No other creature shall e'er call me wife !
I've sworn it.

FLOR. Rash Rosetta, what d'ye mean ?

ROSE. If there's a King of Peacocks, I'm his Queen.

PRINCE. A King of Peacocks ! Wildest of vagaries !

FLOR. Oh ! rather say the King of the Canaries !
I think I've heard of him——

ROSE. But I won't hear
Of him or any other.

PRINCE. Dear !

FLOR. How queer !

ROSE. So, brother, if you love me as you say,
Find out his Majesty without delay.

KING FLORIZEL and CHORUS—*Air*—“ *Thus when a good
housewife* ”—“ *Beggar's Opera* .”

Oh, never was such a whim in the head
Of a Princess Royal taken.
How to find the king she wants to wed,
Would puzzle Friar Bacon.

For him her heart goes pit-a-pat,
Her nose up at all others she cocks !
And for no king does she care—that !
(snapping fingers)

Excepting the King of the Peacocks.

CHORUS. For him her heart, &c.

FLOR. But, sister, should there no such person be ?

ROSE. Then I will wed no person.

FLOR. Or, if he
Should turn out, after all, to be a bird ?

ROSE. I'll wed him all the same for that.

FLOR. Absurd !

ROSE. I don't see that at all. You'll own, at least,
I'd better wed a bird than wed a beast—
As far too many hapless women do.

PRINCE. Upon my honour, brother, that is true !
And by the knightly spurs I daily sigh for,
This King of Peacocks I'll hunt far and nigh for.
I swear it to the Peacock and the ladies,
The vow by gallant knights that always made is !

FLOR. Shall I be outdone by my little brother ?
No ! if you go a-head—I'll go another !
To find a sovereign I will risk a crown,
And bring my nobles all to ninepence down.

ROSE. Oh, happy sister, who can brothers find
Not more than kin, but more, much more than kind.

FLOR. Rosetta, we appoint you Princess Regent
During our absence.

ROSE. Sir, your most obedient !
I'll rule your kingdom for you, never fear ;
Petticoat government's in favour here.
But which road do you take ?

FLOR. "The King's-road," till
We come to "the world's end," if 'tis there still—*
But the world's been of late so queerly spinning,
What was the end may now be the beginning.

* Still standing at the corner of Cremorne Lane. It was a noted house of entertainment in the reign of Charles II. and mentioned by Congreve in his comedy of "Love for Love."

However, "Luck's a lord," and may provide
A special train, not found in "Bradshaw's Guide."

Air—KING FLORIZEL—"Norma."

RECIT.

Farewell, dearest Rosetta ; come, my brother,
Let's embrace—another, and yet another.

AIR.

If I but this peacock see,
He shall wed you by proxy !
And with delight, intoxi-
—Cated, I'll home return.
The bells set-a-ringing,
"Old Rose" my subjects singing,
And in the bonfire flinging
The bellows all to burn.*

(*Exeunt* KING FLORIZEL and PRINCE JESSAMY)

ROSE. So here am I, left in a court to play
At being queen—a fine game, I dare say.
And *apropos* of game, I beg to mention,
To preserve peacocks it is my intention,
Strictly—whoever dares one kill or eat,
Shall quickly find such food's for him not *meet* ;
And any daw, in peacock's feathers tricked out,
Shall of our Court immediately be kick'd out.

FAITH. (*advancing and aside*) If such the fate of all in
borrowed plumes,
How very thin 'twould make some drawing rooms !
Her love of truth assists my good design ;
Arise, my trusty sprite, in form canine.

FRETILLON *rises suddenly up a trap in the shape of a green
dog with one ear*—*Exit* FAIRY FAITHFUL.

ROSE. Bless me ! what curious creature have we here ?

* To "sing old Rose and burn the bellows" was a phrase indicating a great jollification—probably now forgotten.

BARONESS. A green dog, madam—and with but one ear !
The horrid fright !

ROSE. Say rather odd and funny ;
For such a poodle I'd give any money.
Dressed in a ruff, too, and a scarlet jerkin,
Like Punch's Toby ! green, though, as a gherkin ;
Poor fellow, see how prettily he begs.

(FRETILLON *begs and dances*)

And dances, too, upon his hinder legs.

BARONESS. The little monster is as green as spinach,
Bred in the Isle of Dogs, just facing Greenwich ;
Where at the fair, no doubt, they've often shewn
him.

ROSE. To whom does he belong ? does no one own
him ?

Then I will, for the darling's worth a million !
Upon his collar is a name " Fretillon !"
Fretillon ! there, he answers to it, see !
My pretty Fretty, will you follow me ?

(FRETILLON *barks and bows*)

No dog could bark a plainer " yes," I vow,
And what a bow he makes for a bow-wow.
I'll have him daily washed and combed, and shaved.
There never was a dog so well behaved ;
He'll make the best of courtiers, I expect,
Despite his odd auricular defect.

Air—PRINCESS ROSETTA and CHORUS—" *Bow-wow.*"

This dog has but one ear, and so his memory may bother
one.

For what goes in at that one ear cannot go out at t'other one,
But then he has two qualities, on which to place dependence,
There's none at court can better beg or longer dance
attendance.

CHORUS. Bow, wow, wow. Tol de riddle, &c.

PRINCESS ROSETTA *dances round the stage, followed by the
DOG, then goes off, followed by the BARONESS and all the
COURT.*

SCENE SECOND.—*The Old Original World's End.*

Enter KING FLORIZEL *and* PRINCE JESSAMY.

FLOR. This farthest shore, washed by the farthest sea,
Was once supposed the old world's end to be.

And hereabouts is Queen Mab's house of call—

PRINCE. Or, where it used to stand, like Hicks's Hall.*

FLOR. True; for from hence all fairy ground is measured
And back fare paid to sites in memory treasured,
When nurse and grand-dame told their tales of
mystery,

Before the new "Child's night lights" † dawned on
history.

The march of intellect is quite terrific,
No tales tell now unless they're scientific.

Song—KING FLORIZEL.

AIR—*Page's Song in "The Huguenots"*—*Meyerbeer.*

No, no, no,
No little books bound in gilt paper,
At Tabart's or at Tegg's,
Now tell how Jack made Giants caper,
Nor how sly Puss-in-Boots, when funds ran taper,
His cat's paw made of use.
Percinet forgets his duty—
Wide awake, the Sleeping Beauty,
Now would teach Mother Goose
How to suck golden eggs!
Gone are Mother Bunch's glories,
Their wonder and their fun,
Swamp'd by Peter Parley's stories,
Of all the little Jack-a-Norys,
The story now is done!

Here on the verge of fancy, with facility,
We can o'erlook the bounds of probability.
But to inquire our way, we must begin.

PRINCE. Without a house we can't "inquire within."

* See note to "Invisible Prince."

† Named after the maker. They were *new* then.

FLOR. No mortal can I see upon this coast,
Nor upon either hand, a finger post.
No rail, no road, no carriage—but oh, my !
Here comes a most extraordinary Fly !
PRINCE. A most extraordinary Fly-man rather—
Of all the Daddy-long-legs sure the father.

Enter MAY-FLY.

MAY-FLY—*Air*—“ *I'd be a butterfly.*”

Start not, I'm but a fly,
Come for an hour,
To Paul Pry about after anything sweet.
In Fairy-land I'm thought,
Of May-flies the flower.
A *lusus naturæ* remarkably neat.
If there is anything, sir, in my power,
I shall be happy your wishes to meet ;
For though I am but a fly out on a *tour*,
I don't stand on trifles with such legs and feet.

In the land that I've flown from,
What here you call dumb things,
Are commonly blest with the gift of the gab.
Birds, Beasts, Fishes, Insects,
Do all sorts of rum things ;
And leaves are loquacious,
And blossoms can blab ;
Besides, you've in town had a talking Canary,
And a Mouse that indulged in a musical vein ;*
And I know a Blue-bottle who lodged in the area,
Of the Old Whistling Oyster, close by Drury Lane.

FLOR. There couldn't be a May-fly more polite.

MAY. Embrace me !

FLOR, Willingly, if you don't bite.

MAY. Not I ; a May-fly neither bites nor stings.

Come to my arms—that is, my legs and wings.

(they embrace)

* Exhibitions at that period.

Where the Peacocks have their dominions
And their King cuts such a swell.
There we'll tell him the simple story
Of the sister in whom we glory.

May-fly waft us, &c.

MAY. Yes, I'll waft you to that dominion,
And the Peacock's Crown Hotel,
For you've risen in my opinion,
Since so nobly out you shell.
Don't be afraid of falling,
Off his stand a fly thus calling—
Safe he'll waft you, &c.

(Exeunt—The scene sinks and discovers

SCENE THIRD.—*Gates of the City, and Palace of the KING
OF THE PEACOCKS.*

*Grand March and Procession—Enter from city KING OF
THE PEACOCKS, in a car drawn by Twelve Peacocks,
attended by GUARDS, &c.—and met by MAY-FLY,
FLORIZEL, and PRINCE JESSAMY—MAY-FLY advances.*

ARG. Who interrupts us in our expedition?

MAY. Two foreign gentlemen, who crave permission,
To pay their homage to Peacockia's King.

ARG. I'm glad to see folks who'll pay anything,
In these disjointed times. Whom may you be,
And of what nation?

FLOR. Mighty monarch, we
Are like yourself, of royal birth.

ARG. Indeed!

FLOR. I am King Florizel.

ARG. A king! proceed.

FLOR. This is Prince Jessamy, my only brother,
Because——

ARG. Because you haven't got another.

FLOR. Exactly so, but I've a sister who
Has fallen, strange to say, in love with you.

ARG. How, "Strange to say?" That's scarce polite. What
mean you?

- ARG. I'll only say, if such your sister's face,
Your offer I'm delighted to embrace,
And shall not rest till I embrace her too !
- PRINCE. We'll fetch her.
- ARG. No ! deuce fetch me if you do.
You are my prisoners. If she's as handsome
As she is painted, her hand pays your ransom,
But if not so confess'd by all beholders
I'll have your faces taken off your shoulders !
- FLOR. A bargain ! I agree to this.
- PRINCE. And I !
But who shall fetch her ?
- ARG. Why not send the Fly
That brought you hither, back for her ?
- FLOR. Hold there !
For such a carriage she's too high a *fair* ;
Besides, her very sight might quite upset him.
- PRINCE. Suppose we write a letter, and just let him
Drop it as he goes by our door.
- FLOR. My ring
Will do as well. (*giving it*) Go ! say we've found the
King
We sought for—that our point we've with him carried ;
And beg she'll come at once here to be married.
- PRINCE. No word of our condition, it might scare her,
And spoil her looks.
- MAY. But who's to pay the bearer ?
- ARGUS. Here is an order on my treasury,
So put your best foot foremost, Fly, and fly.

Air—KING ARGUS—“ *Ma Brunetta.*”

Fly, good Fly, to my Rosetta,
Bid her haste to get—a—
Board her gondoletta
In a fever say I fret—ah—
Which she alone can cure
I'm *Peacock* sure !
If the sweet eyes on which I'm gazing
Have such a power at second sight,
How will they set my bosom blazing,
Beaming with Love's electric light !

How will her cheeks of living posies,
 Put to the blush this painted pair,
 And prove a real "Feast of Roses,"
 In lieu of but a "Fancy Fair."
 Fly, good Fly, &c.

ALL.

Fly, good Fly, to $\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{his} \\ \text{our} \\ \text{my} \end{array} \right\}$ Rosetta, &c.

Bid her haste, &c.
 Bid her, &c.

Say, the wound with which he's met—ah—
 She alone can cure,
 He's *Peacock* sure.

(Exit MAY-FLY—Scene closes on Tableau)

SCENE FOURTH.—*Home Park in the Verdant Valley.*

Enter ROSETTA and BARONESS.

BARONESS. Madam, affairs of weight demand your care.

ROSE. Tell my Prime Minister that's his affair ;
 If weighty matters on my head must fall,
 My minister I shan't think prime at all !
 Where is my Fretillon, my darling pet ?

BARONESS. Madam, your dignity you quite forget.

ROSE. Don't talk of dignity and state to me,
 In neither any happiness I see !
 Of politics I can't discern the merits,
 And this eternal *reigning* damps my spirits.
 I'd rather roam the fields, and dance the hay
 With my dear dog——

BARONESS. Your dog has had his day.
 To higher objects you should turn your mind,
 And let him turn a-spit.

ROSE. He's too refined

For such a service ! No base cur is he,
But most distinguished for his courtesy.
As hateful to me as my old dark tower.
Where my gay bower, without my sweet bow-wow-er.

PRINCESS ROSETTA—*Air*—“ *My Dog and my Gun.*”

On matters of state
Let others debate
For pleasure to me it is none ;
I care not a jot
For plan or for plot,
Whilst I have my dog and my fun.

BARONESS. 'Tis really too bad that this vile green poodle,
Should of your Royal Highness make a noodle !
Pardon my freedom—but by me brought up, I
Can't see you blindly led by such a puppy.

ROSE. He is no puppy—but were such the case,
Are puppies in a court so out of place ?
Or was there never princess known before
Who prized a puppy far beyond a *bore* ?

(FRETILLON *barks without*)

Hark ! that's his bark,—he bounds yon streamlet by.
What is he chasing ?

BARONESS. An enormous Fly.

ROSE. He's caught it too !

MAY. (*without*) Oh ! you young dog, don't bite so.

ROSE. A fly that speaks ! amazing, ain't it ?

BARONESS. Quite so.

Enter FRETILLON with MAY-FLY.

MAY. Madam, pray call your dog off from my shanks.

ROSE. Fretillon ! let go, sir, directly !

MAY. Thanks.

ROSE. Excuse his zeal ; you're not an every-day Fly ?

MAY. No ! I'm a Mandragon, or Fairy-May-fly,
Order Neuroptera—the rarest known,
Even in Fairy-land, from whence I've flown.
Not found in any work on Entomology,
But for my presence this is my apology. (*gives ring*)

ROSE. My brother's signet—he's alive and well?

MAY. Health to his sister sends King Florizel.
The Sovereign of the Peacocks he has seen
Who begs you'll hasten to become his Queen.

Air—MAY-FLY—" Lord Lovell."

King Florizel stood at the Old World's end,
A wondering how to proceed,
When who but I should chance to come by,
A flying at pretty good speed—good speed, &c.

" Oh, where are you going, Lord love ye," I said,
" And what did you come for to see ?
" The King of the Peacocks," he answered,
" If you can tell where he may be—may be."

I told him I could and I'd take him safe there,
With his brother—for half-a-crown.
And he said like a king, he would double the fare,
And he paid without stickling down—down, down.

I flew and I flew with them off like a shot ;
To the King of the Peacock's Empire,
Where they shew'd him a picture of you they had got,
Which his Majesty much did admire—mire, mire.

And so with this ring I was bid to take wing,
As they'd no time to write you a letter ;
And say if you mean to become a great queen,
The sooner you *be* come—the better, better, better.

ROSE. Oh, joyful news. Become his Queen, indeed !
Ay, that I will, with all becoming speed !
But whereabouts may his dominions be ?
And how am I to go, by land or sea ?

MAY. By sea—this chart will tell you how to steer,
By public laugh to 'scape each *private tear*,
What points to make, what straits you'll have to run
thro',
And what confounded flats you may be done thro'.

ROSE. 'Tis well ; no dangers shall my heart appal,

A Chinese junk lies moored near yon black wall,
I'll with her cable give my train the slip,
And get her anchor, and myself, a trip.
Go, fetch the captain, there's a good dog, hie!

(Exit FRETILLON)

And you, good honey nurse, upon the sly,
Haste to my wardrobe, pack up all my traps—
For such indeed are women's gowns and caps!
With me, I shall but take you and your daughter,
And my dear dog, who like a duck takes water!
BARONESS. Were it not well to weigh the consequence?
ROSE. I will weigh nothing but the anchor. Hence.

(Exit BARONESS)

Now don't go buzzing this about, Fly.
MAY. Mum.
But here I take it is the captain come.

Enter FRETILLON, with POO-LEE-HA-LEE.

Trio—ROSETTA, POO-LE-HA-LEE, and MAY-FLY.

Air—ROSETTA—"John Highlandman."

John Chinaman, I wish to go,
To a land, perhaps, which you don't know.
But I'll pay you well, if you'll aid my plan,
And take me aboard of your Chinaman!
Sing hey, my good John Chinaman;
Sing ho, my brave John Chinaman;
In short, sing what you like, or can,
But don't say "no," John Chinaman!

Air—POO-LEE-HA-LEE—"Bronze Horse."

"Sing hi!" "sing ho!" if you sing so,
Chinee lingo you seem to know;
So yeo—heave ho! I swear by Fo!
To fare so fair, I can't say no.
Blow high, blow low, the junk shall go,
Where'er you show the wish to row.

* A Chinese junk had arrived at Blackwall and was a great object of curiosity.

The bronze horse he an ass would be
 Compared to my junk going free,
 Which o'er the sea skips like a flea,
 So follow me—Poo-lee-ha-lee.

(*Exeunt* POO-LEE-HA-LEE and ROSETTA)

Air—MAY-FLY to FRETILLON—“*The Three Flies.*”

Now you young dog, about to roam,
 Take my advice and stay at home!
 For 'twixt ourselves, I warn you now,
 These Chinese people eat “bow wow.”
 And some fine day, it's likely you,
 May find yourself in such a stew;
 So take this lesson from a fly—
 They'll think you quite a luxury.

(*The* DOG and FLY *polk round the stage and off*)

SCENE FIFTH.—*Deck of the Chinese Junk*—POO-LEE-HA-LEE
discovered assisting the PRINCESS on board—*The CHINESE*
SAILORS assist the BARONESS and RUMFIZINA, and the
DOG jumps on board—*Luggage, &c., is brought over the side*
and taken off stage—*Seats on each side.*

ROSE. Now, good sweet nurse, why dost thou look
 so sad!

BARONESS. Fie! how my bones ache, what a jaunt I've
 had!

ROSE. I' faith, I'm sorry that thou art not well.

BARONESS. I feel so very poorly, you can't tell.
 My head spins round so, I can scarcely see things,
 Amongst this ugly set of China tea things.
 At every breath of wind my fear increases,
 The slightest shock may break 'em all to pieces.

POO. Avast there, ma'am. I say the best of Jack Tars
 Are those who, 'mongst the breakers, prove they're
crack tars.

ROSE. I'm sure I hope you'll all remain whole sailors,
 Though by your heads you look more like retailers.

POO. Ay, ay! we're never out of pig-tail here,
 And scud under bare poles, ma'am, without fear;
 Our ship's so handled no sea ever swamped her,
 For each man knows his *cue* without a prompter.

ROSE. Captain, upon my word, you rather smart are.
 Are you an English tar?

POO. No, I'm a Tar-tar.

ROSE. Born at Canton, perhaps, or Hong Kong?

POO. No,

At Chel-sea; but my dad came from Ning-Po.
 He sailed to England one fine day in spring,
 And there he saw the beautiful Nan King,
 Who kept a china chop in Cheyne Walk.
 He never told his love, he couldn't talk
 English, so he made signals, but so plain,
 She understood, and answered him again.
 And so they married, to his signal joy,
 And I was born, a little *Peeking* boy;
 But now a seaman stout all danger in;
 A daring man, though not a mandarin.

Air—POO-LEE-HA-LEE—“*Jolly Young Waterman.*”

Oh, did you ne'er hear of a jolly young waterman,
 Who near Blackfriars Bridge used for to ply?
 Because, if you did, 'twouldn't take much dexterity,
 To prove that young waterman, ma'am, wasn't I.
 He looked so neat, and he rowed so steadily.
 Such a mistake might have been made readily.
 But your oath you may take before any Lord Mayor,
 That this here young waterman wasn't that there.

ROSE. And what came of your father and your mother?

POO. Why after me, there came my little brother.

ROSE. No, no; I mean what was their fate, their lot?

POO. Went back first to Ning-Po, and then to pot.
 Made prisoners by a horde of Manchoos grim,
 The wretches toasted her and roasted him!

ROSE. Poor bodies!

BARONESS. Captain! how long shall we be?
 I'm sick of seeing nothing but the sea!

POO. We're but just out of port.

- BARONESS. Then bring some sherry,
For I feel qualmish.
- ROSE. Nay, sweet nurse, be merry.
- SAILOR. Land, captain !
- POO. Land ! Where ?
- SAILOR. On the starboard bow.
- BARONESS. Yes, land by all means—anywhere or how.
- POO. Impossible ! My glass. (SAILOR *gives it*) We can't be
nigh land—
It's moving !
- ROSE. Some quicksand or floating island !
- POO. A chain of mountains going through the water,
And bearing fast down on our weather quarter !
- ROSE. No, 'tis alive !—some blackleg of the deep
Gambling and sporting—a sea *monster sweep* !
- POO. Tell that to the marines ! A bet I'll lay
It's the sea serpent spoken by McQuae !
And if he's in a sweep for sporting folks,
It won't be for the Derby—but the *Hoax* !
Yes ! there's his head !—no one e'er saw his tail !
- BARONESS. What is he like ?
- POO. Why, very like a whale !
(*the Sea Serpent heaves in sight*)
- I'll hail him ! Snake, ahoy !
- SER. The same to you !
And many of 'em !
- POO. Where are you bound to ?
- SER. The Admiralty. I am rather late,
Promised to dine with the First Lord at eight.
- ROSE. Dine at the Admiralty ! with the First Lord !
- POO. Not the first odd fish they've seen at their board.
And he can tell 'em something 'bout the ocean,
Of which some naval lords ne'er had a notion.
(*Exit SERPENT—SAILORS retire*)
- ROSE. It's getting dark, I feel inclined to sleep ;
Deeply I'll slumber on the slumbering deep !
Spread, Baroness, our royal mantle o'er us
Here on the deck—
- POO. Will that be thought *decorous* ?
- ROSE. No matter ! I cannot turn in below—
That horrid berth would be my death, I know !

Here will I lie to-night, and you, my sweet,
My faithful Fretillon, lie at my feet.

Music—ROSETTA stretches herself on a mattress which is placed on the deck—FRETILLON lies at her feet—The BARONESS covers her over with a mantle—FAIRY FICKLE appears—BARONESS seats herself and tries to sleep.

FICKLE. Now is the witching time of night, in which
Those who are wicked may behave as sich.
Into yon nurse's brain a sudden thought I call,
So naughty, it must *certainly* be nautical !

(waves her wand over the BARONESS'S head and exit)

BARONESS. Something shot through my head ! It seems
confused, too—

It must be an idea, which I'm not used to.
It is a bright idea, yet a dark one.
She sleeps ; there's nobody about to mark one.
Hist, captain ! sure the coast we must be nearing ?

Poo. Not yet, ma'am.

BARONESS. Step this way, just out of hearing.

Poo. Ay, ay, ma'am !

BARONESS. Tell me candidly—

Poo. Well, what ?

BARONESS. Would you just join me in a little plot,
To make a little fortune with much ease ?

Poo. I'd rather make a great one, if you please.

BARONESS. Then say a great one.

Poo, Then I'll not say no.

BARONESS. You'll not betray your friend ?

Poo. I swear by Fo !

If I betray you, shiver all my chop sticks !

So out with whatsoever in your crop sticks.

BARONESS. The matter's delicate I must confess—

Help me to make away with the Princess !

Poo. To make away !

BARONESS. Ay, pop her in the water,
And make a way to empire for my daughter.

Poo. How ?

BARONESS. To the King of Peacocks we will carry her,
And as Princess Rosetta he will marry her.

Poo. Will he ? Suppose he don't ?

- BARONESS. Oh, don't suppose
Any such thing! When dress'd in her fine clothes,
My girl will look as well as she, and better.
Fine feathers make fine birds! You'll drown Rosetta?
- POO. I must drown something else first.
- BARONESS. What, the dog?
- POO. No, ma'am, my conscience.
- BARONESS. So you shall, in grog!
I've in this case some rare Jamaica rum.
- POO. Well, in that case, then, hand us over some.
- BARONESS. Just clap your nose to it.
- POO. (*smelling*) Oh, crikey, Bill!
- BARONESS. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
For if your head were fifty times as strong,
'Twould make you tipsy, neat.
- POO. (*tossing it off*) Your health and song.
- BARONESS. (*aside*) Good gracious! half the bottle down he
sent!
He's a rum customer to some extent!
(*aloud*) You'll do the deed?
- POO. I've lost my perpendicular!
Won't it be murder?
- BARONESS. Folks who are particular
Might call it so—but in these tasteful times
There are so many pretty names for crimes;
We needn't surely pick out the most plain.
- POO. I feel my scruples will not weigh a grain
When put into the scale against this dram.
- BARONESS. Are you resolved?
- POO. Another pull. (*drinks*) I am!
I'm as ferocious as a Sallee rover!
Come, bear a hand, and we'll soon pitch her over.
- BARONESS. Just as she lies, and with her nasty dog.
- POO. Oh, I'll pitch over anything for grog.
*They fling the PRINCESS and DOG over on the
mattress—the day begins to appear.*
- BARONESS. I call that giving the poor girl a lift.
- POO. I'm not so drunk but I can see her drift.
To leeward fast. (DOG *barks*)
- BARONESS. Her whelp's awake though. Hark!
- POO. Well, let her try and get aboard that *bark*.

BARONESS. We're just in time, for day is breaking, Lud !
And I can see the land, as clear as mud !

Enter SAILORS.

And walls and towers rise on the horizon.
I'll go below, and out my daughter dizen.
We mustn't stand on trifles with the King.
POO. Me ! I can scarcely stand on anything !
SAILOR. A sail ! A sail !
BARONESS. Two ! three ! A royal fleet !
The King has put to sea the junk to meet !
My daughter—let me hasten to enrobe her. (*Exit*)
POO. I'm very much afraid I'm growing sober.
Conscience is making signals of distress.
I've lost that girl the number of her mess,
And got myself perhaps into a sad one,
Besides the bargain—but that's not a bad one.
The prize brought home, I shall have gold galore.
I'll cut the junk, and eat salt junk no more ;
On dainty dishes be a daily diner,
And drive the grandest coach in Cochin China.

Music—The Royal Galley comes alongside the Junk—All the COURT come over the side, and receive the KING OF THE PEACOCKS, who is followed by his GUARDS.

ARG. My fond impatience would not brook delay ;
Where is the lovely Princess, captain, say ?

Air—KING ARGUS—"All in the Downs."

All in the Downs I long lay moored,
A-waiting for an answer kind,
Until I felt completely bored,
And not quite easy in my mind.
So tell me, captain, if you're not too drunk,
If my sweet Princess sailed on board your junk ?

POO. An' please your Majesty, she's being drest
In all her colours—rigged out in her best.

ARG. What need of gilding such refined gold ?
Is she as beautiful as we've been told ?

Poo. She wears a veil, and so I couldn't twig her
Face, but folks say that she's a *perfect figure*.

Air and Chorus—KING ARGUS—"The Breeze."
(From the Opera of "Haidee.")

Bride cake and favours—
Cards at the engravers—
License and settlements all ready too;
Crowds crying "Heyday!
Where is the lady?
Here is the *sail*, and she's not 'on view!"
Wherefore is she staying?
What's in the wind, that she's so long delaying?
I shall the deuce very soon be for playing,
Kicking up a breeze, and off if once I go—
Blow up, blow up—I *can* blow up, you know.

Up and down leaping,
My heart is keeping,
Like a baby jumper—that invention new.
What, the deuce take 'em,
So long can make 'em?
Here must I wait till all is blue?
Can sweet Rosetta fear me?
Play up, my minstrels, something gay to cheer me!
Hark! now she's coming—no, she isn't! dear me!
Call her if you please, or really I must go.
Halloa, halloa! come tumble up, halloa!

Poo. (*aside*) Stand by for squalls, now! (*aloud*) Here she
comes full sail!

*Enter RUMFIZINA, richly attired and veiled, conducted by the
BARONESS.*

ARG. Pearl of thy sex, remove that envious veil.
(*the BARONESS removes it*)

Fire! murder! thieves! I'm lost! I'm robbed!
I'm sold!

BARONESS. What ails your Majesty? Your bride
behold!

ARG. Avaunt! and quit my sight—let the earth hide her!

My bride! I'd rather wed a bottle spider!

BARONESS. My liege, you scare her Highness. Pray compose—

ARG. Scare her! she's much more like to scare the crows.

And if I did her justice, she should feed 'em,
For taking with my sight so rude a freedom!
Go, clap the hideous creature under hatches,
There let her brood till she this portrait matches.

BARONESS. Sire, spurn you thus a tender maid, and regal?

ARG. Yes, woman, for the tender made's not legal,
And you shall share her fate on board *this* tender!

BARONESS. Mercy!

ARG. No mercy for an *old* offender.
Away with them.

(GUARDS *take off* BARONESS and RUMFIZINA)

POO. (*aside*) They're taken quite aback,
It's time to sail upon the other tack.

ARG. And you who brought this greatest of humbugs,
Don't make at me your ugly China mugs!
Down on your Chinese knees, or for this mockery,
I'll have you smashed to bits like so much crockery.

POO. (*kneeling*) Illustrious brother of all suns and moons—

ARG. Peace, I'm ashamed a set of vile tea-spoons
Should stir up in my soul so fierce an eddy.
Go, go to Bath! your heads are shaved already!
But for the vile impostors who could try
To play the knave on such a king as I,
I'll have their skins made parchment for a drum,
And so tattooed to death—oh! you are come!

Enter FLORIZEL and PRINCE JESSAMY, *over side of vessel.*

FLOR. Where is Rosetta?

PRINCE. Where's our lovely sister?

ARG. Upon your tongue that fib should raise a blister.
I'll teach you, rogues, to poke your fun at me,
Your sister's uglier than a Chimpanzee.

FLOR. Back in thy teeth, proud King, I fling the fib !
She's fair as day.

POO. Then some one's fouled her jib!

FLOR. What says the fellow?

POO. Why, in all my days,
An uglier craft I never saw in stays.

ARG. You may say *craft*.

FLOR. With wonder I'm a fixture !
You talk of craft, you spurious Howqua mixture !
You half seas over Chelsea China Waterman !
You never saw my sister, much less brought her, man !
Great King, as sure as yonder sail's bamboo,
This bamboo sailor would bamboozle you !
Spare us a week, and if within that time
Our real sister reach not this fair clime,
And prove she's peerless, we're content to die.

ARG. One week is nothing to one strong as I,
'Tis therefore granted. To the dungeon keep
You both shall march, and there fall in two deep.
Plunged in its lowest cell 'twill be admitted,
Whate'er your crime, you are profoundly *pitied*.

*(they are taken off by the GUARDS—KING ARGUS
beckons on his CREW from his barge alongside)*

This floating tea chest as your prize, lads, seize ;
Make her a jolly-boat, which way you please.

(Exit—Grand Naval Quadrille)

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST—*All-right Bay and Point to come in.*

Enter O'DONT-KNOW-WHO, from hut.

O'DONT. I'll be obliged to give my valy warning,
There have I been two hours this blessed morning,

Bawling and swearing, and enough to make me.
 Because that villain wouldn't come and wake me.
 And who's my "Valy r?" Faith, you may ask that.
 I keep no man alive, except the cat,
 And he died yesterday for want of meat ;
 That's fish of course—there's nothing else to eat
 Upon this coast—and though I coax 'em daily,
 They won't fork out, they're so uncommon scaly.
 I can scarce keep a soul in my old body ;
 Oh, to leave London wasn't I a noddy ?
 There as a waterman, I'd lots to eat,
 For 'twas at a cab stand in Conduit Street.
 And talk of fish ! I'd like to see the coves
 That wouldn't be content with Mr. Groves,

AIR—" *The Groves of Blarney.*"

At Groves's, in Bond Street, they are so charming,
 Fresh taken out of the purling brooks ;
 There's trout and salmon, a playing backgammon,
 Upon the counter so clean that looks.
 Near there the lover of snipe and plover
 May suit himself also to a hare ;
 Beside the pheasant, and the partridge pleasant,
 All hanging up in the open air.

There's venison gracing that noble place in,
 With cod and turbot, and sometimes chub ;
 And oysters that are so good for patties,
 And the comely eel in the water tub.
 The sweet Thames flounder, with lobsters round her,
 Alive and frisky you'll see so fine.
 Oh, more's the pity, I've left that city,
 To set up here in the fishing line.

But sorra a tear I'll shed ; grief's unavailing,
 Leave those to blubber who are fond of whaling.
 I won't lose caste by fearing Fortune's frown,
 Something may cast up, if I'm not cast down.

(*dog howls without*)

What's that ? It surely was a howl at sea,

Some dog-fish met with a catastrophe. (bark)
And there's a bark.

The PRINCESS ROSETTA and FRETILLON appear floating on the mattress in the distance.

And something like the sort o'bed
That Dr. Arnott designates a water bed.
Murder, alive! There's some one alive on it!
A woman, by the powers—without a bonnet!
And some queer looking cur as green as Erin
That howls worse than ten Paddies at a berrin!
Faith, then, an Irishman was never known
On land or sea to let a girl alone;
When she's in trouble too—where's my boat hook?
I'll get her safe ashore by hook or crook.
And spite of all that surly puppy's snarling,
Rescue the darling—like a male Grace Darling!
(takes a boat-hook from hut, and wading into the water, catches the mattress as it approaches the shore, and drags it on to the beach)

Come out of that entirely!

ROSE. Noble stranger!
Who to our rescue rushed—despising danger—
Accept the warmest thanks can emanate
From a damp damsel in a famished state,
And swell the gratitude already due
By ordering breakfast instantly—for two.

O'DON'T. *(aside)* Breakfast for two! Faith, I'd be glad
to see

Breakfast for one—'twould suit me to a T.

ROSE. You hesitate—you guess my rank, and fear
That I may look for delicacies here;
But I assure you, no. The plainest thing—
Of a roast chicken just the liver wing;
A *pâté de foie gras*—or, if you please,
A cutlet, simply dressed, *à la soubise*—
With chocolate and tea—or one, or both,
I'm not particular—

O'DON'T. I'll take my oath
You're not—no more am I—so pray walk in—
(aside) There's nothing of the cat left but the skin.

And, faith, 'twill take a deal of artful dodging
 To find a bit of board about the lodging.

ROSE. Come, Fretillon, my faithful friend canine,
 You need but meat—you furnish your own *whine*.

O'DON'T. Walk in and take—all I've to give—a seat,
 While I go fish for something you can eat.

ROSE. Fish for it! Have you nothing in your cup-
 boards?

O'DON'T. No, faith; they're all as bare as Mother
 Hubbard's.

ROSE. Then my poor dog, who begs but for a bone,
 Like that respected lady's, will have none.

O'DON'T. It is too true an evil—gone the meat is,
 And here I live on point—without potatoes!

ROSE. O, fate! on what inhospitable shore
 Have we been cast!

O'DON'T. Peacockia——

ROSE. Ha! once more,
 For pity's sake, kind friend, repeat that name!

O'DON'T. Peacockia!

ROSE. Where King Argus reigns?

O'DON'T. The same!

ROSE. Mysterious destiny! Do you speak true?

O'DON'T. I'm under the impression that I do!

ROSE. Then know before you stands your queen elect.

O'DON'T. (*aside*) Poor soul! a little crazy, I expect.

ROSE. How far is't to the palace?

O'DON'T. Scarce a league——

ROSE. Too far for one just sinking with fatigue.
 But you, dear dog, whom nature has provided
 With two more legs than she to me confided,
 Run to the royal kitchen, and thence bring
 The daintiest dish they'd set before the King.

O'DON'T. She must be crazy! Stop! I'll tell you what,
 Don't send him—if you do—you'd better not.
 (*aside*) I'll humour her! (*aloud*) His Majesty, at
 present,
 Is pleased to be uncommonly unpleasant—
 There's something sticking in his jocular vein,
 Which, in his temper, gives him a bad pain.
 And joking, when a man is not the least for it—
 To lose his dinner, don't improve his taste for it.

I have taken things much too calmato,
Sforzato 'tis time to essay.
When affairs become thus agitato
Con spirito, monarchs must play ;
Or they shortly may be obligato,
To cut, precipitato, away !

Enter PAGE.

ARG. How now, what's up ? You look quite pale and sickly,

PAGE. Sire, the head cook demands an audience, quickly.

ARG. The head cook ! Then the matter's grave, or gravy.
I'll see him straight—admit the slave or slavey.

(Exit PAGE)

Although sometimes denied great princes to,
I always see my cook—a *cordon bleu* !

Enter SOYEZ TRANQUILLE.

ARG. Now, Monsieur Chef, the matter ?

SOYEZ. *(kneeling)* O, mon roi !
As de girl sing—"Grace—Grace pour moi !"

ARG. Grace !—you mean grease, I fancy, but enough.
Come, cleanse your bosom of this kitchen stuff.
What have you done ?—the roast to rags, or boiled
The fish too much, or the ice-pudding spoiled,
That thus for pardon at our feet you kneel ?
Speak, we are merciful—Soyez Tranquille. *(rises)*

SOYEZ. *Mille fois pardon, encore*, most gracious King.
I am artiste, I never spoil noting.
As cook, my *gloire*, my *honneur* is *sans tache* !
Je suis François, I should not be so *lâche*
To live if I should spoil von *bagatelle* ;
I fall on my *couteau à-la Vatel* !

ARG. Then what has happened ?

SOYEZ. *Majesté*, I freeze,
I am *frappé de glace*, sire, if you please,
Vid *terreur* and despair !—as Shakespeare
Make say de Scochewan, "Let not your ear

Despise my tongue for ever—dat shall fill him
 Vid de forced meat of grief—enough to kill him.”
Hélas ! Un grand malheur !—

ARG. So much distress at it !—
 As t’other Scotchman answers—“Humph ! I guess
 at it.”

The Dodo ! That rare bird—so fine, and fat—
 Stolen—and, you’ll no doubt say, by the cat.

SOYEZ. No, sire ! not by de cat—but by de dog !

ARG. The dog !—the turnspit !—Speak out, you French
 frog !

SOYEZ. No, sire ! no turn de spit about de court—
 A stranger dog dat came in by de *porte*,
 And ven my *dos* is to de Dodo—*Tien !*
 He run away vid him !—*O sacré chien !*—

ARG. What all my Dodo ! All my precious chicken !

SOYEZ. All—every bit of him !

ARG. How ’scaped he sticking ?

SOYEZ. Sire ! I stick at him—ver moche—but it seem
 He cut his stick, before my stick cut him.

ARG. Alive into the oven be he hurled !

There’s not another Dodo in the world !
 The race is quite extinct—this was the last !
 A present to my future from the past,
 And I had ordered it myself—vile sinner !
 In hopes she might have come in time for dinner.

Re-enter PAGE.

PAGE. Sire, all the household is in agitation !
 Dairy and kitchen-maids in consternation !
 Cries of “stop thief” the welkin rend in vain !

SOYEZ. By gar ! dat Monsieur Dog’s son come again !

ARG. Ho ! treachery ! let all the doors be locked !
 By a vile mongrel shall we thus be mocked ?
 When not a joint is left a king to feed
 The times are sadly out of joint indeed !
 Fetch me my blunderbuss—cram it with slugs—

(*Exit PAGE*)

We’ll be pugnacious since defied by pugs.
 And you, to arms !—Spits, skewers, choppers seizing,
 Pursue with the whole *Batterie de Cuisine !* (*Exeunt*)

SCENE THIRD.—*The Royal Kitchen.*

Enter KING ARGUS, SOYEZ *and* COOKS, COURTIERS *and* GUARDS.

SOYEZ. (*entering*) De coquin dog? He nowhere to be found!

ARG. Send out more scouts and scour the country round!
Has any one proclaimed that lots of tin
Shall be his lot who brings the traitor in?

PAGE. Such proclamation has been made, my liege.

ARG. Declare the city in a state of siege;
If any dog about the streets is seen,
Seize him—particularly if he's green!

SOYEZ. Ah, *Majesté*, lend me your royal ear!
Dis dog, he not so green as he appear!
He take de hint from all dis *grand parade*;
We must lay wait for him *en ambuscade*!
"First catch your dog," so Madame Glass you tell,
And den you dish—

ARG. "Plato, thou reasonest well!"
Cooks, courtiers, countrymen, like good Jack Horners
Go hide yourselves in all the chimney corners,
And there lie dark till you hear me cry "Bo!"
We'll soon see if 'tis to a goose, or no.

SOYEZ. *Furons!* We swear as in Les Huguenots! (*they group themselves as in the opera—a SCULLION advances with a basket of rolling pins*)

KING ARGUS *and* CHORUS—"Blessing of the Poignards"—
"Les Huguenots."

CHORUS.

Vengeance! we'll pour on him like hail!
Vengeance! sudden and appalling,
Upon the cur be falling,
Our grub who would curtail!

KING ARGUS.

Sworn to defend our luncheons,
On you these trusty truncheons,
As special favours I bestow. (*distributes rolling pins*)

CHORUS.

All are bound by this new tie !
 Yes ! all—will do their duty.
 We can thus our authority show,
 With a word—and a blow !
 But silence we must keep !
 In whispers only speaking,
 Into your corners creep ;
 The foe will soon come sneaking,
 Revenge upon him wreaking ;
 For your cook ! for your king !
 If we can catch the traitor,
 The daring devastator,
 Like a dog, in a string, he shall swing !
 Hush, and hide—
 Softly glide,
 In whispers only speaking,
 Let not a shoe be creaking,
 Till out we rush.

*(very loud, and rushing to front of stage as
 in the opera)* Silence ! Hush !

Boys—make no noise !

*(they all retire and hide—Soft music—“ Clear
 the Kitchen”)*

*Enter FRETILLON, with his basket—He looks cautiously about,
 then approaching a spit, or stewpan, conveys the meat into
 the basket, and is making off, when the KING cries “ Bo !”—
 All rush out—The lid of a saucepan hung over fireplace
 rises, and FAIRY FAITHFUL appears.*

ARG. Ready ! present !

FAITH.

Miss !

ARG.

Fire !

*(all the muskets miss fire accordingly, and
 FRETILLON, avoiding the blows of the
 other weapons, escapes)*

Ratted ! odzooks !

A blunderbuss indeed !

FAIRY.

“ Too many cooks !” *(disappears)*

ARG. Oh, there is more in this than meets the eye.
Pursue him instantly with hue and cry!
Take him alive! and fasten to his tail
A kettle—then let him give you leg bail;
But dog his heels, and where he takes up shelter,
There take up him and all—run, helter skelter.
(*Exeunt*)

SCENE FOURTH.—*Interior of Hut.*

Enter O'DON'T-KNOW-WHO, drawing a table after him, with various dishes on it.

O'DON'T. Sure, that green dog's a greyhound out of place.

He'd be the best horse in a steeple chase!
He's won two races in a brace of shakes,
And from the King's Plate carried off the *steaks!*
And now the third course he's just walking over!
Faith, while this lasts we'll live like cows in clover.
He's done the King out of his dainty dishes
Left for the minister no loaves and fishes!
And that the servants mightn't work the harder,
He's scoured the kitchen, and cleaned out the larder.

The mistress has laid down to take a snooze,
While she sleeps I can eat just what I choose—
I haven't had so good a chance for ages!
What's this—an apple tart made of green gages!
And here's a kickshaw I ne'er saw before,
It must have come from Savory and Moore!

Enter MAY-FLY through window.

MAY. Delicious! caught the odour passing by,
And just flew in——

O'DON'T. Your sarvant, Mr. Fly.
Sure it's some time since you were the last comer.

MAY. I went out fly-fishing with you last summer.

O'DON'T. Fly-fishing! Faith, of you that's mighty fine;
You wouldn't let me get you in a line.

MAY. No, to be sure—I only went to look on,
And wasn't in the least inclined to hook on.
I think the better boat's a butter boat.
But *apropos* of fishing—what's a float?

O'DON'T. A float?

MAY. What news? I've just returned; and I
Am, as you know, a very curious fly.

O'DON'T. You may say that. Well, then, I give you
warning,

Something uncommon was afloat this morning.

MAY. Indeed! what like?

O'DON'T. A damsel and a dog!
Two most illustrious strangers——

MAY. What, *incog.*?

O'DON'T. *Incog.*! No, faith, in bed—at least, a top
o' one.

MAY. Alas!

O'DON'T. A lass! yes, and a mighty proper one!
Thrown overboard by an outlandish skipper,
Who in the ocean had the heart to dip her!

MAY. What colour was the dog?

O'DON'T. Green as a lizard!

MAY. 'Tis she! Princess Rosetta!

O'DON'T. You're a wizard!
For that's exactly what she said herself.

MAY. Why, then your fortune's made, you lucky elf.
Haste to the King, who mourns, perhaps, her loss.
You'll be made Knight Companion, or Grand
Cross.

O'DON'T. Faith, night or day companion, I don't care,
If I get cash enough and some to spare.

MAY. You'll prove, no doubt, in either case, a jolly one.

Enter POO-LEE-HA-LEE.

O'DON'T. What chap is this?

POO. A very melancholy one.

MAY. The captain! or his ghost! Ombre Chinoise!
Ope, if you can, your Chinese lantern jaws!
And in your way, say why you hither wend it!

O'DON'T. If he speaks broken China, 'who's to mend it?

POO. I am a chap—chap fall'n—with Fortune out,
Who's conscience hanging his heart's neck about,
Like Gobbo junior's, would the owner strangle,
If at the yard-arm he'd no right to dangle.
For a policeman vainly did I look,
To take me up—so up myself I took—
And if you'll have the kindness to commit me,
They'll find, no doubt, a halter that will fit me.

MAY. Haven't we met before?

POO. The talking flyman!
Who drove a bargain with me——

MAY. Hark ye, my man,
Where is Princess Rosetta?

POO. Peace, tormentor!
She's gone to Davy Jones—'twas I that sent her.

O'DON'T. Faith, of his locker, then, she found the key——

Enter ROSETTA.

POO. Alive, as I'm alive! oh, that deep sea!
It can cast up as cleverly as Cocker.

*(DOG jumps in at window with saucepan to his tail—
A loud knock is heard.)*

O'DON'T. Thunder and turf! let go my street-door knocker.

Enter SOYEZ, COOKS, and COURTIERS, with a rope.

SOYEZ. In de King's name, you are my prisoners made
here!

Bind dem, two, tree, four, five—both all togeder.

AIR—"Vive le Roi"—*Balfe.*

CHORUS. Swearing death to traitor slave!
Fly we catch! dog we draw!
Soon the king shall beat the knave!
Vive le Roi! Vive le Roi!

O'DON'T. What's the row?

ROSE. What have we done,
That we thus are done to?

POO. To be hang'd I go for one.

MAY. I'll be hang'd if I do!

SOYEZ. You have all rob-a de King,
Like de Scotch Rob-a-Roy.
As Duprez, in "Tell," he sing,
"Suivez moi! Suivez moi!"*

CHORUS. Swearing death, &c.

They bind ROSETTA, POO-LEE-HA-LEE, O'DON'T-KNOW-WHO, MAY-FLY, and DOG all in one line during this chorus, and at the termination of it drag them out prisoners.

SCENE FIFTH.—*A Prison.*—*Enter FLORIZEL.*

FLOR. Here in cold cell, as dark as a coal cellar,
Have I been seven days and nights a dweller,
Of hopes and fears enduring a variety,
Upon that treadmill of the mind—*anxiety.*
From my dear brother, too, half broken-hearted,
Upon the solitary system parted—
Up to his neck almost in water yonder,
The boy they've left as in a pond—to ponder,
In such a dripping well incarcerated,
Our bonds, no doubt, will soon be liquidated.
Take warning from our fate, all ye whose humours
Lead ye to run astray on simple rumours,
For what has brought this peril on my head,
The idle tail a peacock chanced to spread.

Air—FLORIZEL—"Sister, dear."*

Sister, dear, down thy soft cheek,
Fast the tear drops would be stealing,
Couldst thou but know how sad the feeling,
(Although to own it may be weak)
Which makes the neck uncommon queer
I've risked for thee, my sister dear.

* See note to "Drama at Home."

† Song introduced by Braham in the English version of
"Masaniello."

Sister dear, to act in court
 As your solicitor, I've ventured,
 And for you an appearance enter'd,
 Your case determin'd to support—
 But you I fear, will not appear,
 And they'll sign judgment—sister dear !

Enter KING ARGUS, admitted by JAILER.

ARG. Good evening. Don't let me disturb you, pray—
 You were sol-fa-ing, sir ! sol-fa away.

FLOR. Would I were far away, or you were farther.

ARG. (*to JAILER*) Bolt ! we have business—

(*Exit JAILER*)

FLOR.

Sanguinary ?

ARG.

Rather—

But in suspicion guilt's a general dealer—
 The pickpocket thinks every pump a peeler.

FLOR. The hapless mouse, who knows the cruel cat
 Is on the watch, may surely smell a rat.

But wherefore dost thou come ? Is't for my life ?

ARG. It's twelve o'clock, and I've not seen my wife ;
 That matchless beauty who may matchless be,
 For aught I care, since she's no match for me.

FLOR. You mean to say she's not arrived ?

ARG.

I do ;

And therefore I have ordered chops for two.

Duo—ARGUS and FLORIZEL—“Vien tutto oblio”—
“Favorita.”

ARG. Yes ; you have “fail'd in your truth,”
 Like “the beautiful maid,” sir,
 Whom I made up my mind to adore,
 But whom now I shall never, I shall never see more.
 For cutting my heart to the core,
 The full price—the full price must be paid, sir ;
 Such was the bargain we made, sir,
 When you sold me—you sold me before.

FLOR. Here's a fine flourish forsooth.
 But an error you've made, sir ;

Once at least you must see her, before
 You can say that you'll see her—that you'll see her no
 more,
 For chops it is easy to roar,
 But you'll find when they come to be weighed, sir,
 Off such prime necks they'll cost more
 Than you e'er paid—you e'er paid before. (*dog yelps
 without*)

ARG. What dog is making such a dreadful row?
 Some new edition sure of "Snarleyow."

*Enter SOYEZ TRANQUILLE and GUARDS with FRETILLON,
 POO-LEE-HA-LEE, O'DON'T-KNOW-WHO, MAY-FLY, and
 ROSETTA, prisoners.*

SOYEZ. *Victoire!* Ah! *Majesté!* See in your power
 De dog dat did de Dodo dare devour!
 Vid two, tree coquins more—and—*écoutez—*
 Von pretty girl—ah!—*Gentille à croquer!*
 Among de rest, I instantly detect her,
 Beautiful sire, ah, sweeter dan my nectar.
Avancez, miss! (*ROSETTA comes forward*)

ARG. O heavens!

FLOR. What do I see?

You!

ROSE. I—myself—

ARG. Then she herself is—

ROSE. Me!

ARG. Rosetta!

FLOR. Sister!

ROSE. Brother! (*embraces—to ARGUS*) Husband!

ARG. Wife!

Transported I deserve to be for life!

And so I am—if you for life are mine!

"To err is human—to forgive divine!"

ROSE. Forgive my favourite then—who prigged your
 prog—

You know the proverb—"Love me—love my dog!"

ARG. With all my heart. I'll a new order found
 Of merit—I'll have Knights of the Green Hound.
 Dogs' collars they shall wear, and a dog's star!
 And this your favourite shall be registrar!

ROSE. Pardon, beside, this Tom Tug of a Tartar,
 Who was too drunk to know what he was arter.
 ARG. What was his crime?—for of it I've no notion.
 POO. Don't mention it—a mere drop in the ocean!
 O'DON'T. I hope, for nothing, sir, you'll pardon me!
 MAY. And I'm as innocent as fly can be!
 SOYEZ. Me too—so I—Oh, *soyez charitable?*
 ARG. Heaven sends us meat, but who sends cooks?
 SOYEZ. *Diable!*
 ARG. We here proclaim a general amnesty!
 MAY. That's a good general!
 POO. *Generally—*
 FLOR. (*to ROSETTA*) By whose direction found you out this
 place?

FAIRY FAITHFUL *appears.*

FAITH. By mine!—the friend of all her royal race.
 Never was good princess in Elfin story,
 But to protect her was the good Fay's glory.

FAIRY FICKLE *appears.*

You come too late for mischief, Fairy Fickle!
 FICKLE. What, is there no catastrophe to tickle?
 Not e'en the author's?
 ARG. Not if I prevail.
 He points the moral—I adorn the tale—
 Behold the end on't!

Scene changes to

Superb Spread and Fairy Festive Hall.

(*OSBERON and TITANIA, KING and QUEEN of the FAIRIES,
 rise on their throne*)

Say that we succeed,
 And make us all as Peacocks proud indeed.

FINALE—“*There's a good time coming.*”

FLOR. Here's a gay time coming, friends,
 A gay time coming;
 Oberon from Fairy-land,
 Flies for refuge to this Strand,

With his Elf Queen coming !
Long he ruled it o'er the brain,
Till science proved the stronger—
Let him, then, in fancy reign,
Here a little longer.

CHORUS. Here's a gay time coming, friends, &c.

ARGUS. Here's a gay time coming, friends,
A gay time coming,
Christmas comes but once a year,
Every evening, therefore, here,
In crowds be coming !
Since to-night you've mustered strong,
Muster each night stronger ;
"The Golden Branch " ran very long,
Make this run a little longer.

CHORUS. Here's a gay time coming, friends, &c.

CURTAIN.

THE
SEVEN CHAMPIONS
OF
CHRISTENDOM;

A Comic Fantastic Spectacle,

IN TWO ACTS.

— —

First Performed at the Royal Lyceum Theatre, April 9th, 1849.



THE SEVEN CHAMPIONS OF CHRISTENDOM.

This piece was announced in the play-bills, and subsequently published as "a comic fantastic spectacle." It is, in fact, "a dramatic political allegory." A *Revue*, not of theatrical and other popular novelties, as were "Success," "The Drama's Levée," "The Drama at Home," and "The New Planet," but of the state of Europe at a critical period, when some of the most momentous events, burning questions, and gravest social grievances were agitating nearly every nation on the Continent, as well as our own. Italy was commencing her life and death struggle for liberty. In recently revolutionised France liberty had degenerated into license, and for many months tumult, terror, and bloodshed had reigned unchecked in Paris. The trick of the Spanish marriages had seriously offended our Government, and the expulsion of the British Minister from Madrid at eight and forty hours' notice added insult to injury. Germany was throughout in a state of insurrection. In Ireland chronic discontent was being diligently fostered into disaffection, and a fearful visitation of the potato blight inflicted great

distress on the agricultural population. The only bright spot in the political horizon, so far as England was concerned, was the satisfactory establishment of the overland route to India by the indefatigable exertions of Lieutenant Waghorn.

To allude to such calamities in the jesting spirit of *Extravaganza* was incompatible with good taste and good feeling, and to comment upon them in language more serious than an Easter Monday audience was accustomed to in such entertainments was to run a greater risk than I incurred in my attempt to acclimatise "The Birds" of Aristophanes.

Yet to ignore the above was impossible, and I had always contended that the mission of the dramatist was of a much higher nature than the catering of mere amusement for the million. I therefore determined, with the sanction of the management, to hazard another step in advance and render the Champions of Christendom really deserving of that glorious title by flinging over their fabulous adventures the veil of allegory, and representing them attacking and destroying Tyranny, Superstition, Falsehood, Ignorance, and all the plagues of humanity, in the semblance of the gigantic ogres, witches, sorcerers, demons, dragons, serpents, and venomous vermin in the original legends, with the weapons with which modern science and "the march of intellect" had so powerfully

armed them. Thus while I preserved for the amusement of "the general" the familiar features of their old nursery acquaintances, I gratified my own "vaulting ambition" by writing a drama with a loftier purpose in the hope of its being appreciated by those who had the best interests of the stage at heart.

I am proud to say that my "vaulting ambition" did not "o'erleap itself." "The Seven Champions" proved a brilliant success, and although for obvious reasons it has never been, and can never be revived in its integrity, portions of it are, to this day, selected for "readings" and "recitations" in literary institutions, and are invariably received with the most flattering approbation.

It is imperative on me to recall to the recollection of readers in the present day the condition of Europe forty years ago, for their comprehension of the numerous allusions to it in the piece, which were clear enough to the playgoers of 1849.

I also desire to do justice to the memory of Madame Vestris by shewing how far she was above that class of "commercial managers" (to use Boucicault's felicitous designation of them) who care little for the character of the pieces they produce if they will only draw houses. Her venture was greater than mine, for a *fiasco* at Easter would have been the ruin of the season. As I was aware that I should not have the advantage of her abilities in the repre-

sentation of the piece, I made the most of Mathews to lighten and brighten it wherever a fair opportunity occurred to do so, and admirably he succeeded in the task, his three songs being particularly relished by the audience. The piece was put on the stage with the usual liberality, and "the scenery by Mr. Beverley" *was*, to quote the finale, "painted very cleverly," so cleverly, in fact, that the last scene, simply representing the seven pavilions of the Champions, was admired and applauded as much as would have been one of those elaborate and gorgeous "Transformation" *tableaux* the origin of which I shall have to record in the following volume.

 DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

 THE SEVEN CHAMPIONS.

ST. GEORGE OF ENGLAND	...	MISS KATHLEEN FITZWILLIAM
ST. DENIS OF FRANCE	MISS LOUISA HOWARD
ST. DAVID OF WALES	MISS MARSHALL
ST. ANTHONY OF ITALY	MRS. C. HORN
ST. JAMES OF SPAIN	MISS DE BURGH
ST. ANDREW OF SCOTLAND	MISS J. COLEMAN
ST. PATRICK OF IRELAND	MISS MARTINDALE

CHARLEY WAG, Esq. (in attendance on St. George)	MR. CHAS. MATHEWS
LAZZARONE (Slave to the Giant Ignoramus)	MR. HARLEY
LEPORELLO (with a well-known character from his last place)	MR. JOHN REEVE
AILE-DE-PIGEON (Perruquier from Paris)	MR. SELBY
MURPHY SHILLELAGH (an honest Bogtrotter)	MR. H. HALL
ORMANDINE (a Tartarian Sorcerer)	MR. F. COOKE
ART-I-CHOK (Caliph of Jerusalem)	MR. BELLINGHAM
MOTUS (King of Thrace)	MR. MUCKLOW
OMYEYEAH (Mameluke Sultan of Egypt)	MR. BURT
KATCHIM (an Officer)	MR. HONNER
HUM (a bad Spirit)	MR. CHARLES
TEE-TOE-TUM (the Cream of Tartar Phantom Dancers)	MR. MARSHALL
THE DRAGON (who having led the life of a Dog since Christmas, has become one of the greatest plagues to everybody in Egypt)	MR. H. MARSHALL
HURLY BURLY (Kalyba's Giant Porter)	MR. GREATHEAD
THE GIANT IGNORAMUS	MR. FEEFAWFUM
KALYBA (the Enchantress)	MISS CONNOR
UNA (the eldest Daughter of the King of Thrace)	MISS MALCOLM
ZULIEMAH (Daughter of the Caliph of Jerusalem)	MISS L. MARSHALL
MORA (Daughter of the King of Thessaly)	MISS GALE
THE FAIR SABRA (Daughter of the Sultan of Egypt)	MISS BRETNALL

The Overture composed and the Vocal and Melo-dramatic Music arranged by Mr. J. H. Tully.

The Ballet Music by Mr. Frank Eames.

The Dances and Incidental Action composed by Mr. Oscar Byrne.

The Costumes of all periods and nations executed, regardless of expense and authority, by Mrs. Baily, Miss Nowland, Mr. Glover, &c.

The Appointments by Mr. J. W. Brogden. The Machinery by Mr. H. Sloman.

The Scenery by Mr. W. Beverley, Mr. Gray, and Assistants.

PROGRAMME OF SCENERY.

ACT FIRST.

Courtyard of the Brazen Castle of Kalyba,

Shewing how the Enchantress Kalyba, who had kidnapped the Seven Champions out of their cradles, was enchanted herself by St. George, and shut up for ever in a rock. How St. George took the liberty of giving freedom to the other Six Champions, and how they all departed on their several adventures.

Kalyba's Band, Guard, Household, &c.

AN OASIS IN THE DESERT.

THE ADVENTURES OF ST. DENIS AND ST. JAMES.

How *St. Denis of France*, after taking French leave of his Companions, was changed into a Stag and back again; and how *St. James of Spain*, after killing a great Boar, had a narrow escape of being bored to death himself. How St. Denis released the Daughter of the King of Thessaly, and how St. James would have run away with the Daughter of the Caliph of Jerusalem.

HALL IN THE GIANT'S CASTLE.

THE ADVENTURE OF ST. ANTHONY.

How *St. Anthony of Italy* destroyed the Giant, and released one of the Seven Daughters of the King of Thrace.

Fairy Lake and Grotto of the Six Swans.

THE ADVENTURE OF ST. ANDREW.

How *St. Andrew of Scotland* restored the other Six Daughters of the King of Thrace (who had been changed into Swans) to their own forms, and their own Father.

Dua, Tria, Quarta, Quinta, Sexta, Septima (Six younger Daughters of the King of Thrace).

Charm of Highland Music and Lilt of the Water Lilies.

ACT SECOND.

RUINS IN THE VALLEY OF THE NILE.

THE ADVENTURE OF ST. GEORGE.

How *St. George of England* killed the Dragon, rescued the fair Sabra, Daughter of the Sultan of Egypt, and obtained as his reward the hand of the FEMALE and a free passage across the Isthmus for the Overland MAIL.

BA-BA (a poor Egyptian Fellah) MR. KERRIDGE
Other Fellahs, Messrs. De Courcy, Davis, Healy, Benedict, and Charles.
Forest in County Donegal, near Crow Patrick, Ireland.

THE ADVENTURE OF ST. PATRICK.

How *St. Patrick of Ireland* "was a gentleman" and "behaved himself as such" by rescuing from the Wild Men the Six Daughters of the King of Thrace, who came over in search of St. Andrew; and by driving the venomous reptiles out of the Emerald Isle into the Atlantic Ocean.

SIX WILD MEN.

O'Whack, O'Rack, O'Rint, O'Tool, O'Bother, O'Murther.
The story says 30, but the idea of 30 Wild Men in Ireland is too preposterous even for an Extravaganza.

THE ENCHANTED GARDEN of ORMANDINE.

THE ADVENTURE OF ST. DAVID.

How *St. David of Wales* essayed the adventure of the Magic Sword, called "Cheese-toaster," and fell asleep over it; and how, after many adventures which are left to the imagination of the Audience, St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick came to the Enchanted Garden of Ormandine, and caught the other Knights napping.

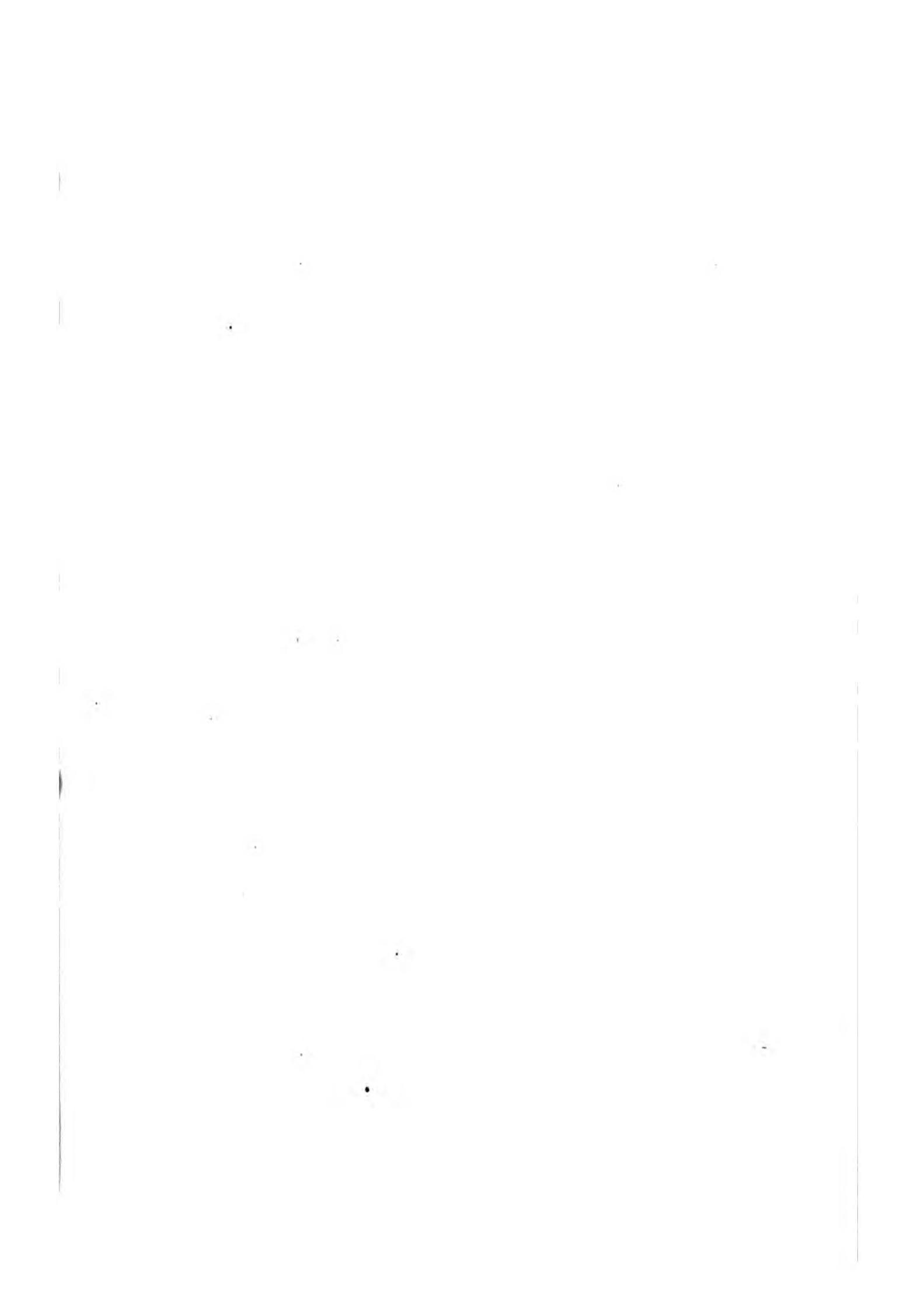
PHANTOM OF UNA (on this occasion) ... By the LADY HERSELF.
Female Phantom Dancers, Mdles. Burbidge, Clair, Hunt, J. Hunt, Maile, Meurice, Herbert, Mercer, Wadham, Mars, Love, Ford, Sidney, Collier, Webber and Honey.

Vault of the Seven Lamps.

CHARLEY'S OWN ADVENTURE.

How, after snuffing out several false lights, thanks to Charley, the Champions all became wide awake again, and, thanks to St. George, remained so ever afterwards.

THE CAMP OF THE SEVEN CHAMPIONS
AND
TABLEAU OF TRIUMPH,



THE SEVEN CHAMPIONS OF
CHRISTENDOM.

ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.—*The Brazen Castle of the Enchantress*
KALYBA.

Enter the DEMONIAK HOUSEHOLD and GUARDS of the
ENCHANTRESS, and lastly KALYBA.

CHORUS—*March in "La Tentation."*

March—march—march !
Hither come all who take Kalyba's wages !
Cloven foot guards and infernal young pages.
Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily march !
Blow your long horns
And make your serpents clamorous—clamorous !
Batter your drums
And flourish your cymbals so gay !
Spite of her scorns
Of Kalyba still amorous, amorous !
Ormandine comes !
In state, a kind visit to pay !

ORMANDINE *enters in a car drawn by Fiery Dragons.*

KAL. Welcome, great Ormandine ! and say, what is it
Procures us, sir, the honour of this visit ?
Seek you to solve some problem in our art,
Or such assistance as I can impart ?

- Or finding you had half-an-hour to spare,
Did you drive hither, just for change of air?
- ORMAN. The potent Kalyba is far too wise
To ask such questions, and require replies.
She knows the motive of my coming well,
And what events the hostile stars foretell;
Or else the scandal's true that I have heard,
And love has made her blind!
- KAL. Love! How absurd!
What will the idle gossips whisper next?
No—for your visit this is a pretext,
By jealousy inspired—come, disgorge
Your spleen in two words.
- ORMAN. So I will—St. George!
- KAL. Of course; if cause so plain I could not see,
Accounted blind *I should* deserve to be!
And now, supposing all you've heard be true,
Permit me to inquire—what's that to you?
- ORMAN. Ungrateful Kalyba! what is't to me?
Think'st thou, unmoved, thy ruin I could see?
Is it not written in the starry skies
That Seven Champions shall in Europe rise,
Whose valiant deeds shall sweep the earth of evil,
And one of them play, with yourself, the devil?
- KAL. It is—and need I tell you what *I've* done?
Have I not kidnapped every mother's son?
Did I not from their cradles have them caught up,
And here in solitary dungeons brought up,
Spell-bound, their weary lives away to pass,
In chains of adamant and walls of brass?
- ORMAN. Save one—who roams within your castle free——
- KAL. *Within*, I grant; but still my captive he,
As fast as either of the other six.
- ORMAN. No, you are his—and in an awkward fix,
You'll find yourself, as sure as you stand there,
If of that deep young dog you don't take care!
- KAL. Fear not—such care of him I mean to take,
That you shall not a victim of him make.
So, from your double face pull off the vizard,
And stand confessed, a jealous-pated wizard!
Who hates, because I love the beauteous boy,
And would your rival, not my foe, destroy.

ORMAN. I tell you danger in the stars I've read——

KAL. Add to your information, "Queen Anne's dead!"
Trot back to Tartary, most sage Manchoo,
Such is my counsel, in return to you.
I'm truly grateful for your friendly warning,
And wish you—very heartily—good morning!

ORMAN. Farewell, for ever, Kalyba! I see
You'll catch a Tartar, but 'twill not be me!

(*music—Exeunt ORMANDINE, GUARDS, &c.*)

KAL. No doubt he meant that speech to be pathetic.
That Tartar is, to me, tartar emetic!
Let him once more but dare to interfere,
And I will send him off with, in his ear,
The most gigantic flea that ever skipped,
Or, like a syllabub, may I be whipped!
Now to refresh my spirits with the sight
Of my young hero, who so longs to fight;
I must for him a box of soldiers find,
To pitch into, whenever he's inclined.

(*uproar without*)

Heyday! who's kicking up that dreadful row?
Somebody's pitching into some one now!
Speak! who is being pounded in a mortar?

PAGE. It's Master George, madam, punching the porter!

KAL. The porter! what, a giant?

PAGE. He don't care—
He'd punch Old Nick himself, if he were there!

(*GIANT looks over the wall, crying*)

GIANT. Ow! If you please I won't stop in my place,
If that young scamp's to go it at this pace,
Because I said the gate he mustn't pass,
He up and called me a great stupid ass.
And when I tried to push him back, ecod, he
Knocked almost all the breath out of my body. (*cries*)

KAL. (*aside*) The brave young rogue! Well, there, don't make
that noise!

The lad has spirit, and boys *will* be boys!
But 'twasn't pretty of him, I admit—
Go back, sir, to your lodge—I'll see to it!

GIANT. Mind, ma'am, if you can't make him more compliant,
You'll please to find yourself another giant.

KAL. Begone!

(Exit GIANT, grumbling)

One would suppose, to hear that sot,
There was no other giant to be got!
I know of twenty, taller, stouter, near
To whom that porter would but seem small beer!
Tell Master George to come to me.

Enter ST. GEORGE.

ST. GEO. Behold him.

KAL. What eyes he has—I've not the heart to scold
him.

ST. GEO. Now, what d'ye want me for?

KAL. One moment, dear—
My pet is too impetuous, I fear—
You've struck my porter—

ST. GEO. Well, then, why did he
Prevent my going out, the world to see?

KAL. He had my orders, love, and did his duty.

ST. GEO. I don't care! see if I don't spoil his beauty.
Just let him wait till I grow up, that's all,
And won't I serve him out!

KAL. You'll make me call
My spirits up, to bind you over, boy,
To keep the peace,

ST. GEO. Your spirits I'll destroy,
War, war, no peace! I'll be a soldier—

KAL. Stay—

ST. GEO. St. George for England! forward! charge!
hooray!

KAL. Be a good boy, and Kalyba but stay with,
And you shall have a sword and shield to play with.

ST. GEO. A helmet too?

KAL. A beautiful and bright one.

ST. GEO. With crimson feathers—I won't shew a white
one!

KAL. Enter my armoury—choose what you will.

(*aside*) Arm'd, I've no doubt, he'll look more killing
still.

(*waves her wand—The gates at back open and discover the
armoury*)

ST. GEO. Oh, what a jolly lot of swords and lances,
And all the things one reads of in romances ;
Here is a suit, that seems just made to suit me !

KAL. (*aside*) And you're a beau Love made I'm sure to
shoot me !

Without my leave, he's with my heart levanted,
The witch bewitched, th' enchantress quite en-
chanted.

(*aloud to him*) Too captivating captive, I surrender
At indiscretion. Lo, to thee I tender
My magic wand—use all its wondrous powers,
Reign paramount within these brazen towers,
Let pleasure hold here a perpetual orgie,
For Kalyba, and her sweet Georgy Porgy !

ST. GEO. Insidious sorceress, against your charms
I'm armed in proof, though a mere child in arms !
For noble deeds ordained, a youth precocious,
Long have I marked, and loathed your wiles
atrocious !

First will I use my power to set free
My six companions in captivity.
Equipped for battle, gallant friends, appear.

(*waves wand—Flourish—Enter the other SIX CHAMPIONS in
complete armour*)

KAL. Furies and fire, I've made a blunder here !
Give me my wand again, vile traitor !

ST. GEO. Never !
You've cut this wicked stick of yours for ever,
And so will I, as soon as I have done with it !
But first I'll have a famous bit of fun with it.
Your hour has come, and I know what's o'clock ;
Thus to their base I make your turrets rock !

(*the Castle changes to rocks—ST. GEORGE touches a portion
and a chasm appears*)

Between us, you'll observe, there is a split ;

Do me the favour to walk into it.
 You ne'er meant these good knights should see the
 day!
 Good night to you, ma'am ; turnabout's fair play !

KALYBA enters the rock, which closes on her.

So that account is closed ! (*to ST. PATRICK*) My brave
 young Paddy,
 Your hand ! (*to ST. ANDREW*) and yours, my bonnie
 Highland laddie,
 (*to ST. DAVID*) My dauntless David, and my trusty
 Tony, (*to ST. JAMES*)
 My Spanish don, (*to ST. DENIS*) and my gay Gallic
 crony,
 Your hands ! May all our nations thus be found,
 Link'd in true friendship, whilst the world goes
 round.

But come, there's business for us all to do ;
 And more, perhaps, than we can well get through.
 There never was a time when gallant knights
 Were more required to set the world to rights !
 Monsters of all sorts are abroad, in heaps,
 From monster meetings down to monster sweeps—
 Giant oppressors upon foreign shores,
 Horrible brutes, and most prodigious bores,
 Rapacious harpies, who on minors prey,
 Syrens, who sing the souls of men away !
 Fatal delusions, moral and political,
 That vex the Globe, and make the Times more
 critical.

Go forth, then, Champions, over land and water,
 Defend the right, and give the wrong no quarter !

Air—ST. GEORGE—“ Lucia di Lammermoor.”

Through the world be your bright swords gleaming,
 And your standards proudly streaming,
 Fast before your wrath shall vanish
 All the snares that man betray.
 Of ambition the wild frenzy curbing,
 Dark sedition's plans disturbing ;

Quacks expose and traitors banish !
 Truth to conquest points the way,
 Combat and conquer—come is the day !

Each to his task, and be renowned in story !
 St. George for England, to increase her glory !

(Exit)

ST. AND. Andrew for Scotland, to swell her Exchequer !

(Exit)

ST. DAV. David for Wales—to look after Rebecca !*

(Exit)

ST. DEN. Denis for France—who's had some awkward
 rubs,

From the wild men, who sway terrific clubs.†

(Exit)

ST. ANT. And Anthony for Italy—I hope

To find some Romans left, if not a Pope! ‡

(Exit)

ST. JAMES. St. James for Spain—intriguers vile to banish,
 Spaniards who feel for nothing but the *Spanish* ! §

(Exit)

ST. PAT. St. Patrick then for Ireland, I suppose,

But what's to be done with it—Heaven knows !

(Exit)

SCENE SECOND.—*An Oasis in the Deserts of Arabia—In the
 centre a mulberry tree.*

Enter ST. DENIS.

ST. DEN. Well may they call this Araby the blest !
 I've found, as yet, no wrong to be redrest.

* The outrages committed in Wales under that name commenced in October, 1848.

† Revolution, 1848. See note to "King of the Peacocks."

‡ Insurrection in Italy, then breaking out.

§ *i.e.* Money.

Soft! here comes one in such a shabby weed,
He wants redressing very much indeed!

Enter AILE-DE-PIGEON.

Who are you, friend, your name and station—say?

AILE. Aile-de-Pigeon, from Paris—Perruquier.

ST. DEN. A perruquier! what brought you to a nation
Where wigs are never worn?

AILE. Fraternization.

I sailed from Marseilles with a bold crusader,
Of whom I knew no more than Abdel Kader.
But I had money—he had not a sous,
And so 'twas settled I should pay for two.

ST. DEN. And what was he to do for you in turn?

AILE. Why, that exactly I could never learn,
Whilst the cash lasted.

ST. DEN. And when that was flown?

AILE. He had flown too—and so I've never known.

ST. DEN. *Pauvre Pigeon!* and these rags which I
view——

AILE. Are his old clothes; he took mine which were new.

ST. DEN. Take both your money and your clothes—the
thief!

AILE. *Pardonnez moi*—the crime in his belief

Was mine—all property is counted theft.

No man's all right till he has nothing left.

ST. DEN. Is this the new philosophy of France?

Against it will St. Denis break a lance!

Aile-de-Pigeon, your champion here you see.

From Paris, you must sure know St. Denis!

AILE. St. Denis! Sir, of you I've often read,

But always thought till now, you wore your head

Beneath your arm.

ST. DEN. An image merely, friend,

To shew you must not on your head depend

In countries where, to speak without a scoff,

It's one day heads up and the next, heads off!

But come, if to take service you've a mind

I want a squire——

AILE. Sir, you're very kind.

I'm tired of equality, and so
 Jump at proposals, made so apropos!
 ST. DEN. I'll get you into better habits soon.
 But I have travelled far this afternoon
 And need some slight refreshment and repose;
 Yon branches proffer shade, and food disclose.
 Gather me some of that rich tempting fruit,
 The whilst I make a pillow of the root.

Music—AILE-DE-PIGEON gathers some mulberries as
 ST. DENIS seats himself under the tree—AILE-DE-
 PIGEON hands him down some of the fruit, but the
 instant ST. DENIS has tasted it, he disappears, and a
 Stag is seen in his place.

AILE. (*retreating hastily from the tree*)
Miséricorde! what dreadful change is here?
 Oh, my dear lord! now more than ever dear!
 Since in a deer-skin you have wrapped your woes,
 And tears run trickling down your poor dear nose.
 What vile magician has thus changed your features
 And made you take up a four-footed creature's?

Air—AILE-DE-PIGEON—"Maitre Corbeau."

That such a beau! such a buck, I should say!
 A greater buck than ever should become to-day,
 And just as he began to "*parler bon Français,*"
 Be turned into a dumb brute who nothing can say;
 Not even tra, la, la, la, &c.
 And yet I don't know why I astonishment should show
 At any turn, however sudden, here below,
 For after all the changes in Paris I've heard ring
 There's nothing mightn't turn out in less time than you
 could sing
 The air of tra, la, la, la, &c.

VOICE. (*from tree*) Listen!

AILE. Ha! listen! Well, I do. Who spoke?

VOICE. The tree!

AILE. The tree! come, that is a good joke!
 It's some one locked up in a trunk.

VOICE. You're right !
 A vile enchanter did it out of spite ;
 But lose no time ! Go find a rose, and make
 Your master eat it, and the spell will break.

AILE. A rose ! I'll never rest till one I find !

(hunting horns in the distance)

But hark ! the hunter's horns are on the wind !
 Oh, quickly hide your horns, my dearest master,
 Or I foresee some terrible disaster.

VOICE. Go seek the rose, and leave the deer to me,
 My boughs are bent on sheltering him, you see.

*(the boughs of the tree gradually droop over the
 Stag and conceal him)*

AILE. Sensitive plant, you are a friend in season,
 I'll trust your leaves, although your fruit is *trees-on*.

(Exit)

Enter KATCHIM and HUNTSMEN.

CHORUS—" *Guillaume Tell*."

We all went out a hunting,
 The break of day before,
 In hopes to stop the grunting
 Of a most enormous boar !
 Tantarara—tantarara !
 But he made it soon appear—
 Tantarara—tantarara !
 We'd got the wrong pig by the ear—
 Till a young knight
 To our delight
 Into his spare rib poked a spear !

*Enter SLAVES, ART-I-CHOK, and ZULIEMAH in a litter or
 palanquin.*

KATCHIM. Commander of the Faithful, mighty Caliph,
 Your servants hope for ever that you may live,
 And they to see you——

ART. Speak

- KATCHIM. Great sir, without
Your leave, I dare not.
- ART. Get on, or get out !
- KATCHIM. The orders of my Sovereign are fulfilled.
The boar that bothered us so long is killed !
- ART. By whom ?
- KATCHIM. A stranger knight, who came *incog.*,
And went against him—the entire hog.
- ART. Set him immediately our face before !
- KATCHIM. Dread Sovereign, which—the stranger or the
boar ?
- ART. Both, for each might be both—
- KATCHIM. Approach !
- Music—enter ARABS, bearing the head of a gigantic Boar,
and followed by ST. JAMES.*
- KATCHIM. Behold,
O King ! the trophy and the victor bold !
To be rewarded handsomely he claims.
- ART. What art thou ?
- ST. JAMES. Caliph, I am called St. James,
Champion of Spain.
- ART. By Mahomet's grandmother,
He is an infidel !
- ST. JAMES. You are another !
The deed is done, and I demand the prize !
- ART. Seize him, and bind him to yon tree—he dies !
(*they obey*)
- ST. JAMES. I've killed a great boar, but this is a greater !
Is this your gratitude, you pagan traitor ?
- ART. For the short time you'll draw it, spare your
breath !
We'll grant one favour—you may choose your
death !
- ST. JAMES. Then by a maiden's hand let me be shot !
- KATCHIM, How very sentimental, is it not ?
- ART. Agreed ! And fortunately here's our daughter ;
She's a toxophilite of the first water !
Zulimah, darling, take your bow and arrow,
And shoot him as you would a young cock-
sparrow !

ZULIE. Alas, dear father, see, my arm's not steady,
 For he has shot me through the heart already!
 Oh, pardon him, or see your daughter fall
 On her own dart! (*suiting the action to the word*)

ART. Stop! that won't do at all.

ZULIE. Between your vengeance and your daughter
 choose!

ART. Oh, my paternal fondness you abuse!
 Release the infidel, and let him go. (*he is unbound*)

ST. JAMES. (*to ZULIEMAH*) To you I dedicate the life
 I owe.

ART. That dedication is not by permission!
 Hence, of your life take off this new edition.
 March!
 (*Exeunt ART-I-CHOK, ZULIEMAH, and Suite*)

ST. JAMES. Cruel fate! He takes my life away
 In taking her with whom for life I'd stay.

Air—ST. JAMES—"Isabelle."

Oft have I pondered on Peris and Houries,
 The stars of Arabian Nights,
 But this fair Pagan more beautiful sure is,
 Than any such false "Harem Lights."
 No gazelle! no gazelle! no gazelle
 Has such eyes, as of me took the measure!
 She's a belle! she's a belle! she's a belle
 I could ring with the greatest of pleasure,
 Zuliemah! Zuliemah!

Enter LEPORELLO.

LEP. Señor!

ST. JAMES. Ha!

LEP. May you live a thousand years!
 My mistress, Zuliemah, 'twixt hopes and fears,
 Sends you these flowers, which in their
 orthography
 Mean, she will fly with you through all geography,
 Cutting the Koran, as she cuts her tether,
 And so embrace your faith and you together!

ST. JAMES. Delicious flowers, back to that fairer
flower,
And beg she'll name the day, and fix the hour!
First at St. James's Church we'll tie the knot,
Then off to Spain, as fast as we can trot.

LEP. To Spain! Oh, St. Jago!

ST. JAMES. Hold, good fellow.
Are you a Spaniard?

LEP. Sir, I'm Leporello.

ST. JAMES. How, Leporello! What, the very zany
Who lived some time ago with Don Giovanni!
What wind has blown you, pray, so far from
Seville?

LEP. Why, when my master, sir, went to the devil,
I can't say that I felt inclined to follow him.
So, soon as I had seen the trap-door swallow him,
I bolted, and to Barbary went over.

ST. JAMES. What made you to that barbarous land a
rover?

LEP. Alas, señor, in many things to me,
Spain seems more barbarous than Barbary.
Kept by her own flies in perpetual blister,
By turns Christino, Carlist, Progresista;
Whilst liberty in strong convulsions lingers,
Monarchs make matches, but to burn their fingers;
With fluctuating funds, and constant fetters,
Mock patriots and bona-fide debtors,
'Tis hard to say who've most care on their
shoulders,
Those held in bonds, or those who are bond
holders.

ST. JAMES. Castile is famed for honour still, I hope?

LEP. Castile, at present, is more famed for soap.

ST. JAMES. Fine tempered blades Toledo still displays?

LEP. They're not quite so good-tempered now-a-days.

ST. JAMES. Poor Spain, a champion yet from wreck may
save her,

But first to liberate my fair enslaver!

LEP. Leave me alone for that, good señor mine,
I've had some practice in the eloping line;
I'll aid her to decamp from watch and warders,
And be your aide-de-camp till further orders.

Duo—ST. JAMES and LEPORELLO—“Giovinetti.”

Then } away to the lady and say 'tis { my } glory
 I'll } { your }
 To bear her from her Saracen pa,
 “As the bul-bul is true to the rose” the old story, old
 story,
 You } can say to her—et cetera, et cetera,
 I }
 That we'll start by the next ship will sail if
 The start we can get of the Caliph,
 And happy to be { I } can't fail if
 you }
 Beloved by the fair Zuliemah, Zuliemah !

(Exit LEPORELLO)

Enter AILE-DE-PIGEON.

AILE. I've beaten every bush to find a rose ;
 Not e'en a dog's one in the desert grows !
 Wonder of wonders ! who is this I see ?
 My master retransformed—great St. Denis.

ST. JAMES. St. Denis ! no, I am St. James of Spain.
 What know you of my friend in arms ?—explain.

AILE. Oh, sir, to save him, you by fate are sent, sure !
 He's had the most remarkable adventure !
 He took a fancy to some ripe mulberries,
 But they turned out to be vile black-art cherries.
 Changed to a stag, behold the gallant knight !

(parting the boughs and shewing the Stag)

ST. JAMES. I'm absolutely staggered at the sight !
 What can restore his blood to circulation,
 In human form, from this state of *stagnation* ?

AILE. Eating a rose—there's one in that bouquet !

ST. JAMES. The rose my love gave with her heart away !
 Yet, in such cause, to hesitate were sin !

(gives rose to AILE-DE-PIGEON, who gives it to the Stag.)

AILE. Eat, sir, and jump for joy out of your skin.

The Stag disappears, and ST. DENIS is seen in his place.

ST. DEN. My brother champion, and my liberator !

ST. JAMES. Of this vile deed, who was the perpetrator ?

VOICE. (*from the tree*)

Let me out, and I'll tell you in a minute.

ST. JAMES. A talking tree !

AILE. There is some *Miss Tree* in it !

ST. JAMES. Then let her out by all means.

ST. DEN. So I would, man,

If I but knew the way.

VOICE. Then, like a good man,

Don't spare the tree, but fell it at a blow,

With your good sword.

ST. DENIS. "Mont joie !" then, be it so !

It seems ungrateful to the boughs that hid me,

But, by their leaves, I'll do just as you bid me,

Music—He strikes the tree with his sword—It sinks and discovers the PRINCESS MORA.

MORA. Thanks, noble champion, a Princess am I,

The daughter of the King of Thessaly,

Boxed up for seven years alone to pine,

Because I boxed the ears of Ormandine,

A necromancer then at Court the fashion,

Who dared confess to me his lawless passion.

Enter ORMANDINE.

ORMAN. Who ventures mighty Ormandine to name ?

Ah ! fiends and fire, 'tis lucky that I came.

ST. DEN. Fair Princess, I your champion am for life.

Away !

St. JAMES. Stop ! I would also take a wife.

Enter LEPORELLO and ZULIEMAH.

LEP. And here she is, sir, ready to be taken !

ZULIE. Oh ! fly, my love, before my father waken !

(*going*)

ORMAN. Not quite so fast.

ST. DEN. S'death ! quickly clear the course, sir, or——

ORMAN. You are a saucy one, but I'm a sorcerer.

MORA. 'Tis Ormandine himself!

ST. JAMES. The wizard slay!

ORMAN. Fiends of the desert, hearken, and obey.
Simoon and sand-storm darken earth and sky,
And sweep my captives off to Tartary!

(*Music—Storm—Enter DEMONS—The KNIGHTS, their
LADIES, and ATTENDANTS are borne off by ORMAN-
DINE and STORM FIENDS*)

SCENE THIRD.—*Hall in the Giant's Castle—Arch in centre,
closed by curtains.*

Enter LAZZARONE.

LAZ. Who'd serve a giant? There can be no doubt,
The way to serve him is to serve him out!
And so I would, before he was much older,
Had nature made me just a trifle bolder.
But I confess that, in my composition,
Courage has been a singular omission;
And in my cranium, as described by Gall,
Combativeness I cannot find at all!

Air—LAZZARONE—"Non piu mesta."

I'm of that opinion quaintly told,
In verse, called Hudibrastic,
Which persons who are over bold
Profess to think sarcastic.
'Tis "That he who fights, and runs away,
May live to fight another day;"
Whilst he who is in battle slain
In future counts as Zero.
Then who a doubt can entertain
That prudence proves the hero!

For he who is in battle slain
 Can never rise to fight again ;
 Whilst he who fights and runs away
 The field again may trot to,
 Unless, as in my case, I'd say
 He would much rather not to.

Here comes the lady, who, with voice and lute,
 Lulls every night to sleep the monstrous brute!
 One of the King of Thrace's seven daughters.
 The other six are swans on yonder waters ;
 Poor spell-bound birds, with no hope their release of ;
 Their only crime, they wouldn't be made geese of.

Enter UNA.

UNA. Good Lazzarone ! I'm in such a flurry—
 Where is the Giant ?

LAZ. Gone out in a hurry—
 Called for his seven-league boots, before I'd black'd
 'em,
 And pulled them on so hard he almost crack'd 'em ;
 Put on his great great coat, that wasn't brushed !
 Shouldered his awful club, and out he rushed !

UNA. That's some relief, for know, to my amazement,
 I saw just now, whilst peeping from my casement,
 The nicest young man, standing in the garden,
 Who most politely bowed, and begged my pardon ;
 But having heard of our sad situation,
 He'd come to offer us emancipation.

LAZ. Emancipation ! a poor silly youth,
 Who wouldn't fill the giant's hollow tooth !
 Dissuade him, madam, from the rash endeavour,
 Or we shall be in a worse scrape than ever !

UNA. No ! for this beating heart with love is quite full !
 I've let him in——

LAZ. You have ! for something frightful !

Enter ST. ANTHONY.

ST. ANT. For something handsome, rather say, you lout,
 For I'm let in to let this beauty out !

Words I have none to speak my admiration,
St. Anthony ne'er had such a temptation.

LAZ. St. Anthony!

ST. ANT. Of Italy.

LAZ. Evviva!

Oh, then in you I must be a believer!
From Naples, I, Povero Lazzarone,
Forced by stern fate from mirth and macaroni;
Slave to a monster who delights to beat me,
And tells me to be thankful he don't eat me!

ST. ANT. Destroy the wretch!

LAZ. It's easy to say do it;
His skull's so thick, no pickaxe could break
through it!

UNA. His heart's so hard, no dagger need he dread!

LAZ. His neck's so stiff, you can't cut off his head;
Whilst yours he'd twist as easy as a pigeon's!

ST. ANT. I bring a wond'rous charm from happier regions,
The gunpowder of intellectual progress,
That floors the giant, and eats up the ogress;
Lay to it but the train of education,
And fire it with the spark of emulation,
A blaze of light these gloomy walls will rend,
And put to brutal ignorance an end!

UNA. Quick, where's the charm?

ST. ANT. Already in the mine,
Beneath his chair, placed there by hands divine,
I'll lay the train, and wake the electric spark
That shall achieve your liberation. *(two loud knocks)*

UNA. Hark!

LAZ. Oh, murder, there's his thundering double knock,
It gives my nervous system such a shock!

UNA. He has come home to supper.

ST. ANT. Let him sup,
After his blow out, shall come his blow up.

*Music—They retire—The curtains of the centre arch open
and discover the GIANT seated at a table.*

GIANT. How now! my supper, slaves, I'm hungry—
zounds!

Why isn't it on the table, lazy hounds?
Quick, or I'll gobble you up, one and all!

SLAVES *enter with supper, which they place on table.*

I've walked a thousand miles to make a call
On my friend, Ormandine, to talk about
These seven young vagabonds, but he was out.
Confound it! I'm not easy in my mind;
Where'er I go some of these boys I find
Are setting folks agog for knowledge, freedom,
Peace, commerce, and all things to good that lead 'em!
There'll be an end soon of these dear dark ages,
War be unknown, and labour gain fair wages,
No slaves to trample on, no weak to plunder—
What's to become of all great rogues, I wonder?

LAZ. (*aside and peeping*) I long to see what will become of
one.

GIANT. What, ho! you slaves; there, take away, I've done.

(SLAVES *remove plates*)

Where's Una?

UNA. (*advancing*) Here, my lord.

GIANT.

I want my nap!

Sing.

LAZ. (*aside*) It will be your dirge, I hope, old chap.

UNA. What shall I sing, sir?

GIANT.

Something very grand—

That means, which nobody can understand,
And consequently everybody's praising;
How fast I sleep through it, is quite amazing.

UNA. (*aside*) I'll sing a ballad, taught me by my mother,
The stupid brute don't know one air from t'other!

National Ballad—UNA—To its own air.

Hush a bye baby upon the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
Down tumbles baby and cradle and all.

Hark, how he snores! asleep already fast.

LAZ. There is a match for him, I hope, at last.

UNA. Now at a blow, Sir Knight, our bondage end.

ST. ANT. Here goes!

LAZ. And up goes our extensive friend!

(an explosion—The GIANT and building disappear, and change to

SCENE FOURTH.—*Coral Grotto and Fairy Lake—Six Swans are discovered on the lake, with golden crowns on their heads, and golden collars and chains round their necks.*

LAZ. St. Anthony for Italy! bravo!

'Twas a toss up, but we have won the throw.

UNA. Oh, gallant champion, crown your noble deed,
See where my sisters for their freedom plead.

LAZ. Their swan-like necks are yet as free from red scars,
As swan-down boas, bought at Swan and Edgar's!
But when foul Ormandine learns what you've done,
With swan shot he'll bring swans down every one!

ST. ANT. Alas! fair maiden, useless here my aid is,
I have no power to help these poor young ladies!

(trumpet without)

A trumpet? who comes hither—friend or foe?

LAZ. Oh, signor! such great news!

(bagpipes)

ST. ANT.

Those sounds I know!

Enter ST. ANDREW, BAGPIPER, and KING of THRACE.

ST. AND. Your friend and brother!

UNA. And I know that face!

My royal father!

ST. AND. Yes, the King of Thrace.

Wandering within a wilderness hard by,
I found him piping his paternal eye;
And pitying the poor old Pagan's pucker,
Proposed to give his seven daughters succour;
Provided he would change for ours his creed,
To which he for himself and heirs agreed.

You, my brave friend, the Giant's goose have cooked,
 I to re-dress his swans by fate am booked ;
 Instead of Pagan fowl, be Christian fair !
 Sink swans—and rise the darling ducks you were !

Chorus—INVISIBLE SPIRITS—“ Scots wha' hae.”

Swans that bitter tears have shed,
 Swans that weary lives have led,
 Sink into your watery bed
 And shake your feathers there.
 Now's the time of day, my flowers,
 Of Ormandine we brave the powers ;
 Rise at this command of ours—
 Ladies as you were !

“ The Lass of Gowrie.”

See, they rise in all their charms !
 They've dropped their wings, and shoulder'd arms,
 While Scotland's ancient music warms
 To life the fairy waters,
 Starting from their grottoes round,
 Wondering nymphs with lilies crown'd,
 Dance to that inspiring sound,
 As *they* were Scotland's daughters !

*Music—During which the Swans sink, and in their place
 Six PRINCESSES appear, gorgeously attired, seated in
 mother-of-pearl shells—Dance of Water Nymphs.*

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.—*Egyptian ruins in the Valley of the Nile—
EGYPTIAN HERDSMEN and PEASANTRY discovered.*

CHORUS—*Music by Rodwell.*

Ul! ul! ul! our hearts are full
Of grief this fine May morning.
The Dragon's got a prize, this lot
Poor people's daughters scorning.
Ul! ul! ul! that Fate should cull
The flower of Egypt's fair, O!
A precious row the Sultan now
Will kick up in Grand Cairo!

Enter CHARLEY WAG.

CHAR. Your pardon, good ladies and gentlemen all,
May I ask why so loudly you keep up the bawl?
I'm a stranger, you see, just arrived—not a native,
So I beg you'll be candid and communicative.

HERD. Why, where could you drop from, I *should* like
to know?

If you yet have to learn the sad cause of our woe;
Did you never hear tell of the terrible Dragon,
Whom no mortal ever as yet put the gag on?
For many long years the detestable glutton,
Out of flocks of our sheep took his large chops of
mutton!

Then pounced on our shepherds, till scarce you'd a
man see,

And now to our maidens he's taken a fancy;
And thinks nothing, forsooth, worthy his mastication,

But the daintiest fair he can find in the nation.

CHAR. I'm astonished—not at your alarm, or your
haste,

But to think that a dragon should have such good
taste!

- For if I were a cannibal, such as this blade is,
 I should certainly preference give to the ladies ;
 But can't you find some one, for love or for cash,
 Who could manage to settle this epicure's hash ?
- HERD. Not a soul—so by lots the poor lasses grow
 thinner,
 For a damsel, per diem, he has for his dinner ;
 And what now increases the nation's distress,
 The lot has to-day fallen on the Princess,
 Fair Sabra, the Sultan's sole darling and jewel——
- CHAR. Delighted to hear it ! (*all express surprise*)
 Don't fancy me cruel !
 For her Highness, believe me, I'm truly concerned,
 But the way of the world, by experience I've
 learned,
 This plague might have fasten'd your poor human
 kind on,
 And maidens have murmured, but still have been
 dined on ;
 But now the shoe pinches the Sultan's own poppet,
 Depend on it, means will be soon found to stop it.
- HERD. But the Sultan himself of the Dragon's in
 fear——
- CHAR. Well ! I'm happy to say that I know some one
 here,
 Who has no dread of any monstrosity living,
 And will soon put an end to this shocking
 misgiving.
- HERD. Your name, sir, pray permit me to inquire——
- CHAR. Your humble servant, Charley Wag, Esquire.

Air—CHARLEY WAG—“*A master I have.*”

A master I have, and I am his man,
 Galloping fearing none ;
 A master I have, and I am his man,
 Galloping, &c.
 To put down the Dragon he'll hit on a plan,
 And tickle his toby if any one can,
 With a scaly, maily, taily, gaily,
 Spiry, fiery, wingery, springery,
 Gobbling greedy one.

From England we came, by the overland mail,
 Waghorny quickly done ;
 From England we came, by the overland mail,
 Waghorny, &c.
 Where the sign of a dragon turns nobody pale,
 But simply inspires a thought of pale ale,
 With its wiskey, frisky, worky, jerky,
 Hoppery, poppery, spittery, bittery,
 Frolicking frothy fun.

But St. George is the foe of oppression and guile,
 Galloping fearing none ;
 But St. George is the foe of oppression and guile,
 Galloping, &c.
 His name alone gives them a fit of the bile,
 And his cannon before has been heard on the Nile,
 With a haily, saily, navy, gaily,
 Battering, shattering, sticking 'em, licking 'em,
 Gallant and glorious one !

So "cheer up, my boys, 'tis to glory we steer,"
 Going it, dingery dong :
 "To add something more to this wonderful year."
 Stop ! hang it—I've somehow got wrong.
 Those are not the right words, I'm sure, to this
 air ;
 But they mean what I mean, so perhaps you
 won't care,
 In a jingling, chiming, crambo, rhyming,
 Pattery, clattery, what can it mattery,
 Charley Wag sort of a song.

HERD. Haste with these hopes to chase the Sultan's blues !

(HERDSMEN *exeunt*)

CHAR. Here comes St. George !

Enter ST. GEORGE.

ST. GEO.

Well, Charley, what's your news ?

CHAR. Sir, there's a job for you, just in your way,—
A beauty to assist, a beast to slay.

ST. GEO. I mean to do it—I have heard the tidings,
And hope to give the soundest of all hidings
To this vile Dragon, to whose breath pestiferous,
The Serpentine compared is odoriferous !*

CHAR. The victim shortly to her fate they lead on.
She's much too nice for such a brute to feed on.

ST. GEO. The tempting morsel from his jaws I'll
snatch,
Out of his wicked will himself I'll scratch !
Go, for the Dragon keep a look-out bright,
And let me know the moment he's in sight !
In the meanwhile, fair Sabra I will talk with.

(Exit)

CHAR. And off, no doubt, eventually walk with.
We'll pack off to London the Dragon when stuff'd
He'll make as good gape seed as ever was puff'd,
And more worth a shilling to see than one half
Of the sights which they gull with poor Johnny
Bull-calf.

Air—CHARLEY WAG—“ *O such a day.*”

O such a town, such a wonderful metropolis,
With mysteries and miracles all London teems ;
Humbug has there got the snuggest of monopolies,
Everything is anything but what it seems.
You sleep upon an iron bed and fancy it a
feather one,
You think your ceiling carved in oak—why, bless
you, it's a leather one ;
Your marble mantelpiece turns out of slate, if
you're a scrubber, sir,
And paving stones are made of wood, or else of
india-rubber, sir.

O, such a town, &c.

* The foul state of the Serpentine was then a subject of continued animadversion.

O such a town, such a classical metropolis,
 Tradesmen common English scorn to write or speak ;
 Bond Street's a forum—Cornhill is an acropolis,
 For everything's in Latin now but what's in Greek.
 Here is a Pantehnicon, and there is an Emporium,
 Your shoes are "antigropelos," your boots of "pannus-
 corium ;"
 "Fumi-porte chimney-pots," "Eureka shirts" to cover
 throats,
 "Idrotobolic hats," and patent "Aqua-scutum over-
 coats."

O such a town, &c.

O such a town, such a picturesque metropolis,
 Taste is polychromical for painting wild ;
 Frescos for peers and art-unions for the populace,
 Schools where young designers learn to draw it mild.
 Dioramas, Cosmoramas, Cycloramas, charming ones,
 Mississippi Panoramas, four miles long—alarming
 ones !
 A national collection, where they never ask a fee
 at all,
 Besides the Vernon Gallery, a sight no one can
 see at all.*

O such a town, &c.

O such a town, such a musical metropolis,
 'Mid so many bubbles surely some must squeak ;
 Two Italian Operas—one over safe to topple is,
 Shilling concerts, shilling balls, and Poses Plastiques.
 Ethiopian Serenaders, Infantine Precocities,
 "Samuel Halls" in cyder cellars, growling black
 atrocities ;
 Every public-house allowed to clatter keys and twiddle
 strings,
 Whilst the poor old English drama sits and frets herself
 to fiddle strings.

O such a town, &c.

(Exit)

* The Vernon Collection was at that time in a dark basement story
 in Pall Mall.

Music—Enter GUARDS with the PRINCESS SABRA—they attach her to one of the pillars of the ruined Temple, and exeunt—Re-enter ST. GEORGE.

SABRA. Was ever Princess in so sad a scrape?
Were I unbound, I'm bound not to escape.
Come quickly, death, put up poor Sabra's hatchment,
Victim of this unfortunate attachment.

ST. GEO. Despond not, damsel, for St. George am I,
Beneath this sword your scaly foe shall die,
My flag has floated Alexandra o'er,
And Aboukir has heard my cannon roar.

Air—ST. GEORGE—"British Grenadiers."

This flag at Alexandria
Was borne through victory's cheers,
When gallant Abercrombie led
The British Grenadiers!
And it waved above a hero,
To England still more dear,
In the thundering row-de-dow-row-de-dow;
In the Bay of Aboukir.

SABRA. Will you espouse my cause?

ST. GEO. Ay, if I may so,
And after you.

SABRA. You're very kind to say so,
But when the Dragon comes, and breathes his flame,
Displays the claws with which he'll urge his claim,
I fear you'll very disagreeable find it.

ST. GEO. I'm a stout little fellow, and don't mind it.

Air—ST. GEORGE—"When the lads of the village."

When the Dragon I've tickled so merrily, ah!
(Who's behaviour's uncommonly wrong)
I vow unto thee, that verily, ah!
Verily, ah—verily, ah—verily, ah!
Thou and I shall be married ere long.

Yea, as soon as the brute who my dear would devour,
 Unmistakably brown shall be done,
 Let thy Mameluke daddy look ever so sour,
 In the church we'll be shortly made one.
 When the Dragon, &c.

Re-enter CHARLEY WAG.

CHAR. He's coming.

SABRA. What, the Dragon?

CHAR. I believe you,

And such a dragon, sir, I don't deceive you,
 When I assure you he's the funniest fellow,
 A sort of green and yellow Punchinello,
 Flapping about his queer shaped legs and wings,
 As if his body were all full of springs.
 Now upon four legs, now on two he prances,
 And now a sort of college hornpipe dances,
 Whilst up beneath his arm his tail he twitches,
 As sailors on the stage their little switches.
 To me he's more amusing than alarming,
 I've no doubt, if he chose, he could be charming.

St. GEO. Here is the fiddlestick shall make him caper
 To a new tune! Oh, thou unthinking gaper.
 Because crime gambols folly's garb beneath,
 You laugh and do not heed his claws and teeth!
 This Dragon is the foulest fiend on earth,
 Of pestilential sophistries the birth.
 License (the name by which he's sometimes known)
 Poisons the people, undermines the throne,
 Assumes of liberty the glorious dress,
 Degrades the muses and pollutes the Press.
 Never may England suffer from its rage!
 St. George against it endless war shall wage.
 This loyal sword shall the vile traitor slay,
 Or drive him, howling, from the realms of day!

CHAR. Gad, there's no nonsense about my young master,
 He means to fight when he throws up his castor;
 Rogues must look out when England lays about
 her,

I don't know what the world would do without her.

SABRA. The Dragon's here!

ST. GEO. Fear nothing, gentle maid,
 Let him come on !
 CHAR. Yes, damme, who's afraid !
 (they retire)

Music—Enter the DRAGON dancing a hornpipe ; he has his tail under his arm, and uses an eye-glass, &c.—He approaches SABRA, very politely bows, and is about to attack her, when he is opposed by ST. GEORGE and CHARLEY, who attack and kill him, cutting off his head and tail, &c.—CHARLEY releases SABRA—A loud shout is heard—The SULTAN, GUARDS, and PEOPLE enter.

ST. GEO. Sultan, receive your daughter safe and sound ;
 The Dragon fiend lies breathless on the ground.
 (two GUARDS bear off the body of the DRAGON,
 headed by CHARLEY)

SUL. And how shall we your services repay ?
 ST. GEO. By this fair hand, which I have won to-day,
 And a free passage to the Eastern Indies,
 Where I must go and kick up a few shindies.
 SUL. Indeed !
 ST. GEO. Some friends of mine are there in trouble,
 A wizard with them has been playing double ;
 He's clapped, according to my last despatches,
 Two of my knight companions under hatches ;
 Thrown into a mesmeric sort of trance
 The gallant champions both of Spain and France ;
 And may more mischief do if I don't stop him,
 But let me catch him, and oh, won't I whop him !
 SUL. Our daughter and our friendship both are yours ;
 England's alliance Egypt's life insures ;
 Throughout our land to come, to stay, to go—
 For self and friends the freedom we bestow.

GLEE—"Red Cross Knight."

Blow, trumpets, blow, and big drums thump,
 And your banners wave on high ;
 For St. George, he has fought like a slap-up trump,
 And has won the victory !

Let his praise be sung
By old and young,
And the feast eat merrily.

Solo—ST. GEORGE.

Oh ! I have come from St. George's Fields,
The obelisk hard by,
The only *device* I can bear is my shield's,
The Red Cross Knight am I.
I travelled here by the overland,
And have won the victory
O'er the Dragon so dread,
Who had otherwise fed
On the hope of your family.

CHORUS.

Thou'rt welcome here, brave Red Cross Knight,
To cross o'er our Red Sea ;
To make free you have sure a right
With those whom you've made free.
So all in Grand Cairo shall rejoice
That you've won the victory !
And your praise shall be sung
By old and young,
And the feast eat merrily. (*Exeunt all*)

SCENE SECOND.—*Bog and Forest, near Crow-Patrick,
County Donegal.*

Enter MURPHY.

MUR. Och, Winisthru and Philliloo, and all
The "sthru's" and "loo's" an Irishman can bawl,
What will I do? The country swarms with vermin,
And how to deal with 'em I can't determine ;

They've eaten up my pigs, the dirty creatures !
 And now, by dad, they've got in the potatoes !
 Let fly into the darlings' mealy faces,
 And given 'em all black eyes in the wrong places.
 If I had anything to eat, the question
 I'm sure would give me quite an indigestion.

AIR—"St. Patrick's Day in the Morning."

A plague on the question it makes such a pother,
 And settle it seemingly nobody will ;
 This party proposes some measure or other,
 Which t'other insists upon scorning ;
 Still they keep talking—talking, talking—
 Still they keep talking, talking on.
 'There's no legislation
 Can stop agitation,
 And if one goes further,
 The other cries "murder !"
 We're worse off than ever—we're ruined, undone !
 Will no one determine
 To kick out the vermin—
 St. Patrick's day in the morning.

And sure, because I've not enough to fret me,
 The girls, the devils, they alone won't let me ;
 And not content with our own colleen oges,
 Fate's sent a lot of foreigneering rogues.
 A whole half-dozen on the coast jist landed,
 A band of husseys that would be husbanded ;
 Playing at hop-scotch after some young Scot,
 Who did—I don't know where—I don't know what ;
 But after changing them from some foul shapes,
 Changed his own mind and left them to lead apes.
 St. Andrew, faith, they call him, serve 'em right,
 St. Patrick was the boy for them to fight ;
 Sure he'd have never left, but loved a score of 'em,
 If their ould mother had had any more of 'em.

AIR—"Savourneen deelish."

O sad was the hour when St. Andrew departed,
 And left six poor maidens with hearts fit to crack,

'Twas said in a steamer for Ireland he'd started,
 So after him hither they sailed in a smack.
 At first they thought sooner in Scotland they'd find
 him,
 But a wise man declared, and implored them to mind
 him :
 When the banks of the Tweed he had once left behind
 him,
 'Twas seldom a Scotchman was known to go back.

AIR—"Paddy O'Rafferty."

But before they'd come here they had better gone back
 again,
 For it's taken to steer, he has, on a new tack again ;
 It's a bitterish pill, and they're crying "O, lack!" again,
 But it's "Fly away, Gill," after "Fly away, Jack," again !
 Up in a hurry their traps they must pack again,
 Off they must scurry on board their old smack again,
 If they have luck they may hit on his track again,
 If not the poor ducks on a pond may go quack again.

Ri tol tooleroloo, &c.

Shrieks and cries of "Help! Help!"

MUR. Murder in Irish! what's this hubbaboo?
 The foreign females in an Irish stew!
 A prey to wild men of the woods.

*Hurried music—Enter Six WILD MEN dragging the Six
 DAUGHTERS of the KING OF THRACE.*

Leave go!
 Ye villains! wigs upon the green, here! ho!

*He attacks the WILD MEN, and is getting the worst of it
 when*

Enter ST. PATRICK.

ST. PAT. St. Patrick to the rescue!
(he slays and beats the WILD MEN off)

MUR. Eh ! what's that?
 St. Patrick ! By the powers, you have come *pat* !
 O ! ladies, ladies, down upon your knees,
 And help me bless St. Patrick, if you please.

(*they kneel*)

ST. PAT. Nay, my good fellow, little have I done——

MUR. Little ! you've kilt the blackguards every one !

ST. PAT. Little, I mean, to what I hope to do.
 Of Erin's troubles these are but a few ;
 I came the Emerald Isle of all to clear,
 That keep her foes in hope, her friends in fear :
 Out of the grass I'll hunt the cunning snake,
 That lives upon the mischief he can make ;
 Drive from the sunny bank the fierce black adder,
 That stings half frantic men to make them madder ;
 Banish the bloated toad that fat has grown,
 Squatting upon the peasant's cold hearth-stone ;
 And from the poor patch of the cultivator,
 Chase the devouring aphis devastator !

MUR. Kick out the serpents and restore the murphies !
 Oh ! you'll be blest wherever bog or turf is.
 Sir, if a clearance at that rate is made,
 It will be something like "*a rate in aid.*"

ST. PAT. And you, fair strangers, if you've no objection,
 To place yourselves beneath my poor protection,
 I know the object of your visit here,
 And when I've seen this coast of evil clear
 I'll with you seek the brave St. Andrew out.
 The cautious Scot concealed from all his route ;
 But I suspect he's gone to Tartary,
 Where two brave knights in magic slumber lie.
 This four-leaved shamrock by its power shall do,
 Justice to Ireland first, and then to you.

Air—ST. PATRICK—"*The Four-leaved Shamrock.*"

I've found the four-leaved shamrock,
 And with its holy spell ;
 I'll clear of vermin venomous,
 The land I love so well.

The plague that poisons all her food,
 Its virtue shall destroy,
 And Erin's honest heart again
 Beat high with love and joy ;
 For so I'll play the enchanter's part
 And scatter bliss around,
 That not a thing to wound or sting,
 Shall in the isle be found.

(Exit)

MUR. Justice to Ireland ! Bannagher that's beating !
 Ladies, I hope and trust you don't mind waiting.
 St. Patrick is a gentleman, good luck to him,
 And sticks at nothing to serve those who've stuck to
 him.

Song—AIR—“ St. Patrick was a gentleman.”

St. Patrick is a gentleman,
 And comes of decent people,
 He built a church in Dublin town,
 And on it put a steeple.
 His father is a Gallagher,
 His mother is a Brady,
 His aunt is an O'Shaughnessy,
 His uncle an O'Grady.
 So blessing on St. Patrick's fist,
 For he's our champion Saint O !
 He gave the snakes and toads a twist,
 He's a beauty without paint O !

AIR—“ While gazing on the moon's light.”

And faith, the whiles I'm talking,
 Ye see the fun has just begun—
 The snakes and toads he's walking
 Out fast as iver they can run.
 Out wid ye—I bid ye—
 Too long you've bothered Erin dear ;
 St. Patrick knows a trick
 Worth two of that ye'd play him here.

Get into the Bay of Galloway,
 For really you can't compete with him ;
 And give the great Sea Serpent, pray,
 My compliments—if you meet with him !

*The reptiles cross the stage, driven out by ST. PATRICK,
 followed by the PRINCESSES and MURPHY.*

SCENE THIRD.—*Enchanted Gardens of ORMANDINE—In the
 centre is a Loadstone Rock, out of which protrudes the hilt
 of the magic sword—Dance of SPIRITS.*

Enter ORMANDINE as the dance concludes.

ORMAN. Vanish ! (*Exeunt DANCERS*) Enough of revelry a
 present,
 Pleasure I've none for bodings most unpleasant ;
 But two out of these Seven Champions hated,
 Have I, as yet, in my "lock-up" located ;
 I am not safe till all the other five,
 Are in my custody, dead or alive !
 My art has raised illusion to distract them,
 And by this magnet I may here attract them,
 And throw them into the mesmeric sleep
 In which St. Denis and St. James I keep.
 At present I can do them no more harm,
 Their Christian creed defies each pagan charm ;
 Oh ! but for that I'd make each saint a martyr,
 And hang St. George up in his own blue garter.

(*a SPIRIT rises*)

Now, Spirit !

SPIRIT. From Thibet, the great Cham's Court,
 I've hither shot——

ORMAN. And what is your report ?

SPIRIT. Bearer of most important news I am.
 Made for his prowess champion of the Cham,

David of Wales has pledged his knightly word
 To try the adventure of the magic sword.
 ORMAN. Lured by the name, no doubt, the Cambrian
 boaster,
 Because for sport, I called it my cheese-toaster ;
 Well, let him try, into my trap he'll fall,
 And find his bait is not the cheese at all.

(harp heard without)

Hark, to those chords ! they speak the Welshman
 nigh,
 He'll find some cords much stronger by-and-bye.
 (ORMANDINE and SPIRIT retire)

Enter ST. DAVID and AP SHENKIN with a harp.

Air—ST. DAVID—"Jenny Jones."

I come from the court of the great Kara-Khan, sir—
 His champion I am, though St. David of Wales—
 To put out the pipe of an arch necromancer
 Who fills with his vapours this sweetest of vales.
 I own that a glance from the Cham's lovely
 daughter
 To try this adventure put up my Welsh blood ;
 And as my better half I hope her arms to quarter
 With those of my ancestors up to the flood.

Deep in this leafy glen, green as a leek,
 The wizard holds his soirées fantastiques !
 Plays all his tricks, deprives, in one séance,
 His hapless audience of all clairvoyance ;
 Makes all mankind his victims or his butts,
 And when he can no longer shuffle—cuts.
 Deserted now seem these bewildering bowers,
 But devils in a bush are all the flowers,
 And bent on mischief every branch and bough.
 Despite of all I will perform my vow !
 Where is the magic sword whose trenchant blade
 Has of the loadstone rock a scabbard made,
 And so defies the strength of mortal arm
 To draw it forth and break the wizard's charm ?

AP SHEN. It is here, look you ! (*pointing to it*)

ST. DAV. Ay, I see the hilt !

It is a wicked weapon, by the *gilt* !
To give the fiend a handle would be hard ;
With blade so sharp I must be on my guard ;
I'll pluck it out—if I have any luck,
At least it shall not be for want of pluck.

(*attempts to pull out the sword*)

Ah ! as I seize it something seizes me,
I sink in slumber !

(*sinks on a couch which moves on from one side*)

ORMAN. (*advancing*) Nabb'd is number three !

AP SHEN. Pless hur and save hur !

ORMAN. Change thy human habit,
And burrow there with brutes like a Welsh rabbit.

(*AP SHENKIN disappears, and a Rabbit appears in his place*)

Work on, brave spirits, lure them one by one
Into my toils, till brown each wight be done !
Through yon arcades again bright armour glances,
'Tis Anthony of Italy advances ;
The hated spark, who with his nostrum famous,
Destroyed that dear old giant, Ignoramus.
One of my Spirits, in fair Una's shape,
He follows blindly and shall not escape ;
By beauty's semblance lured, he duty fled,
Nothing can save a warrior so *mis*-led.

Music—The phantom of UNA enters, pursued by
ST. ANTHONY.

ST. ANT. Una, my love ! what means this sudden flight,
Why dost thou shun thy true and tender knight ?

Music—The PHANTOM points to the sword in the rock.

What dost thou mutely point at ? Ah ! a sword !
Plunged in the ground, the sign of old, adored
By the wild Scythians, and without a doubt,
You drew me in here but to draw it out.

Come forth ! (*seizes the handle*)
 What stupor steels my senses o'er ?

*He sinks on bank, which moves on—UNA disappears, and
 SPIRIT appears in her place.*

ORMAN. Featly done, phantom. (*Exit SPIRIT*) Fast is
 number four !

The charm works well. Ha ! what may this
 forebode,
(*looking at his ring*)

Why pales my magic carbuncle, that glowed
 With joyous fire ? Some dangerous combination,
 Of hostile powers—and lo ! in consternation
 My Spirits come !

Enter several SPIRITS.

SPIRIT. With evil we're beset.
 Three dauntless champions have together met ;
 St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick, bound
 By kindred ties, and each for arms renowned ;
 Singly their valour we should fearful find,
 What power can resist the three combined ?

ORMAN. Dissension and distrust between them spread !

SPIRIT. Faction tried that in vain—they struck her
 dead !

ORMAN. Still in the power of falsehood we are strong.
 Let dire chimeras rise their path along ;
 Shadows of evil oft will strike alarm,
 When evil's self would fail !

*Enter ST. GEORGE, ST. ANDREW, ST. PATRICK, with
 CHARLEY WAG.*

ST. GEO. Despair thy charm !
 Thus in the name of truth the spell I break !

*(pulls the sword out of the rock—Thunder and lightning, a
 chasm opens at the back, shewing a subterraneous vault, into
 which ORMANDINE and SPIRITS retreat—Scene closes)*

My brave companions, from your trance awake !

ST. AND. They answer not, though 'tis enough to make
'em.

ST. PAT. Perhaps, as I am Irish, I could *wake* 'em.

ST. GEO. Upon this blade some characters I see !

CHAR. Very bad characters they'll surely be !

ST. GEO. (*reading*) "Whilst in the vault seven spirit
lamps shall shine,

Nought can destroy the power of Ormandine."

Then if they shine much longer 'tis my fault,

Into the vault undauntedly I'll vault !

Follow your leader, Wag, you I shall want !

CHAR. As long as I can wag, depend upon't.

Music—ST. GEORGE *leaps into the vault, followed by*
CHARLEY WAG—FIENDS *oppose them with fiery swords*
—*They force their way through*—*The FIENDS attack*
ST. ANDREW and ST. PATRICK, *who fight them off as*
the scene closes.

SCENE FOURTH.—*Vault of the Seven Lamps.*

Music—*Enter ORMANDINE.*

ORMAN. I have retreated to my last retreat ;
My arts can neither terrify nor cheat
The downright champion of the ruby cross.
How even time to gain I'm at a loss !
For upon all my mean wiles fast he stamps ;
My only hope is in these spirit lamps ;
From which proceed, by *ignis fatuii* fed,
All the false lights that have the world misled,
Kept in a smoke and smother every nation,
And may eventually burn all creation.
Till every one's extinguished, fraud may juggle,
And against truth continue the old struggle.

Enter ST. GEORGE.

ST. GEO. Then, as St. Andrew says, "bide but a wee bit,"
 "Magna est veritas et prevalebit."
 Guided by truth I've threaded this dark maze,
 Tracked your sly steps thro' these intricate ways ;
 My sword's keen edge I know you cannot feel,
 But there's a power sharper edged than steel,
 Which can push humbug from his highest stool ;
 Nothing kills quackery but ridicule ;
 Its point is fatal to the boldest cheat,
 Its aqua fortis bites the counterfeit.
 Its scornful fingers snuff out folly's new lights.
 And shew up all pretenders in their true lights ;
 Forward, brave Wag, and with burlesque and whim,
 Douse of this artful dodger every glim.

(Exit)

Enter CHARLEY WAG.

CHAUNT AD LIBITUM—" *Alteration.* "

Well, with which to begin—it don't matter a pin,
 For they're all much in the same situation ;
 But perhaps this of Italy, flaring-up bitterly,
 Is the most likely to cause a conflagration.
 So out that goes pop—and to Spain next we hop,
 Where there's smoke enough to smother the whole
 nation,
 And keeps the poor people in such confusion,
 That one day under an extraordinary delusion
 They actually kicked out their nearest diplomatic relation
 Which might have caused an alteration—an alteration,
 A very deplorable alteration.

And now we advance to our lively friend France
 Who has lately undergone so much transformation
 That to say whether she stands on her heels or her
 hands
 Is an answer she really might not be able to give without
 considerable consideration.

But we've nothing to do with it—and so I'll not trouble you
with it—

But extinguish, I hope, in each nation
Every sort of desire to kindle any fire
Except that of a generous emulation,
Which will be an alteration—an alteration—
A very capital alteration!

As to England, Scotland, and Wales, such very good feeling
prevails,
That to put out the little farthing rushlights of fermentation
That left on their shelves would go out of themselves,
Is really almost an act of supererogation.
But there is one more—the spirit lamp at next door,*
Which keeps the whole kingdom in such a state of
inflammation,
That if I have but the wit to put out that, you'll admit
I am more up to snuff than any former administration ;
For it will make an alteration—an alteration—
A most desirable alteration !

And hark !—by that token !—the spell is now broken,
So to finish this rather long-winded oration,
I have only to request, as we really have all done our best
To add to your amusement and edification,
That when, as I mean, I change to the last scene,
Which, I think, you will own is a gorgeous decoration,
You'll be kind enough to say, in your usual good-natured
way,
That the scenery, by Mr. Beverley,
Has been painted very cleverly,
And that the piece, taken altogether, meets with your full
approbation,

For in your favour we don't want any alteration—altera-
tion—

No—not an atom of alteration.

*(as he puts out the last lamp thunder and ORMANDINE
sinks)*

* Ireland.

SCENE FIFTH.—*The Camp of the Seven Champions—Grand Tableau of ST. GEORGE and the DRAGON—The other CHAMPIONS ranged under their banners attended by KNIGHTS, LADIES, &c.—During the chorus FAME rises over ST. GEORGE.*

Finale—CHORUS—“Drum Polka.”

Bid the gallant champions hail !
Who have struggled well and long,
In the cause that should prevail—
Truth and right, 'gainst fraud and wrong !
Laurels they have oft before,
Fairly gathered in your sight ;
Let them gain one laurel more,
By a triumph here to-night.

CURTAIN.

END OF VOL. THREE.

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