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# EXTRAVAGANZAS.



Testimonial Edition.

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Chas: H. Clarke.

*January. 1880.*

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J. R. Planché  
Somerset Herald;  
28 Oct. 1879.

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Testimonial Edition.

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THE  
EXTRAVAGANZAS

OF  
J. R. PLANCHÉ, ESQ.,

(SOMERSET HERALD)

1825—1871.

EDITED BY

T. F. DILLON CROKER

AND

STEPHEN TUCKER (ROUGE CROIX).

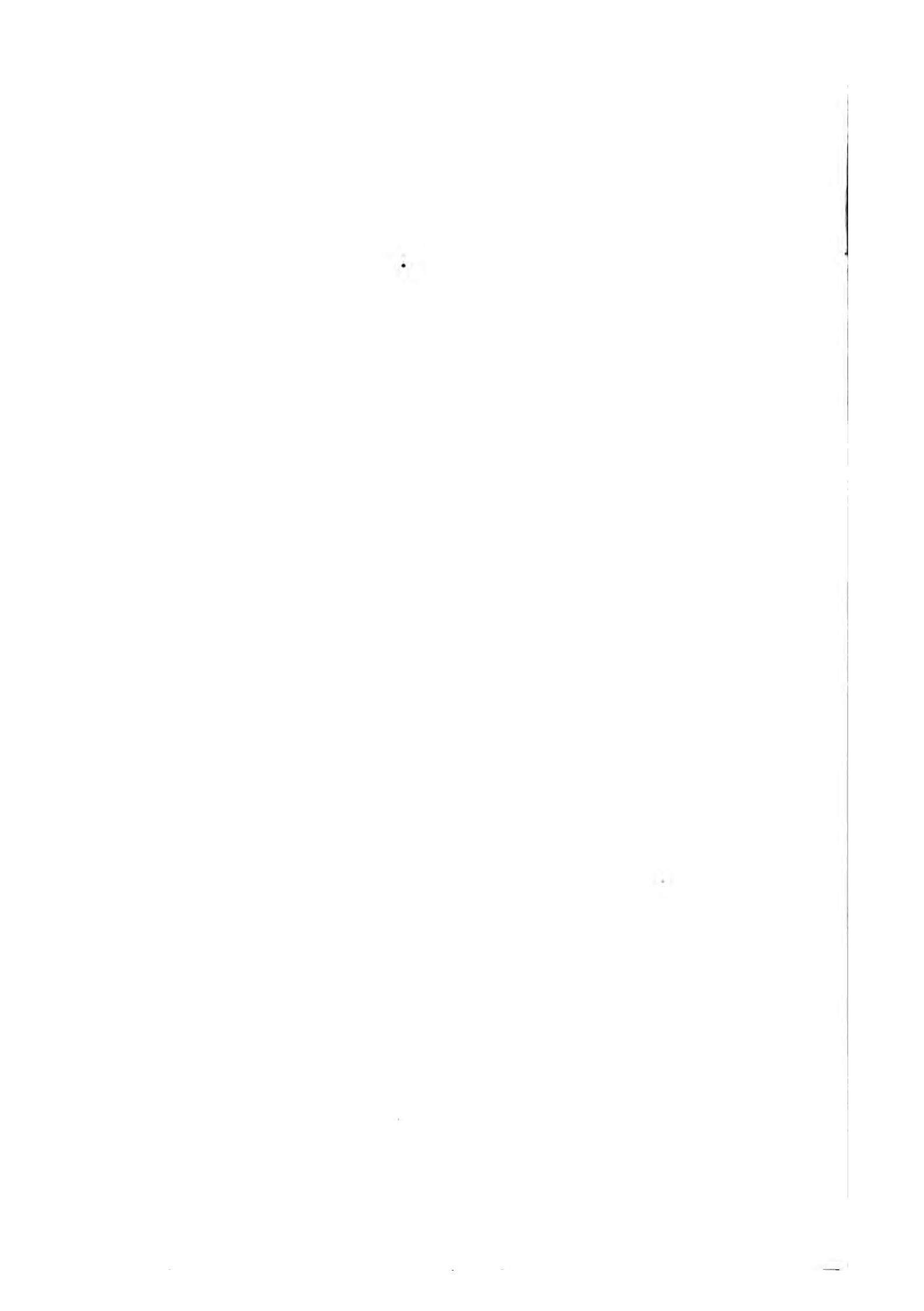
VOL. V.

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LONDON :  
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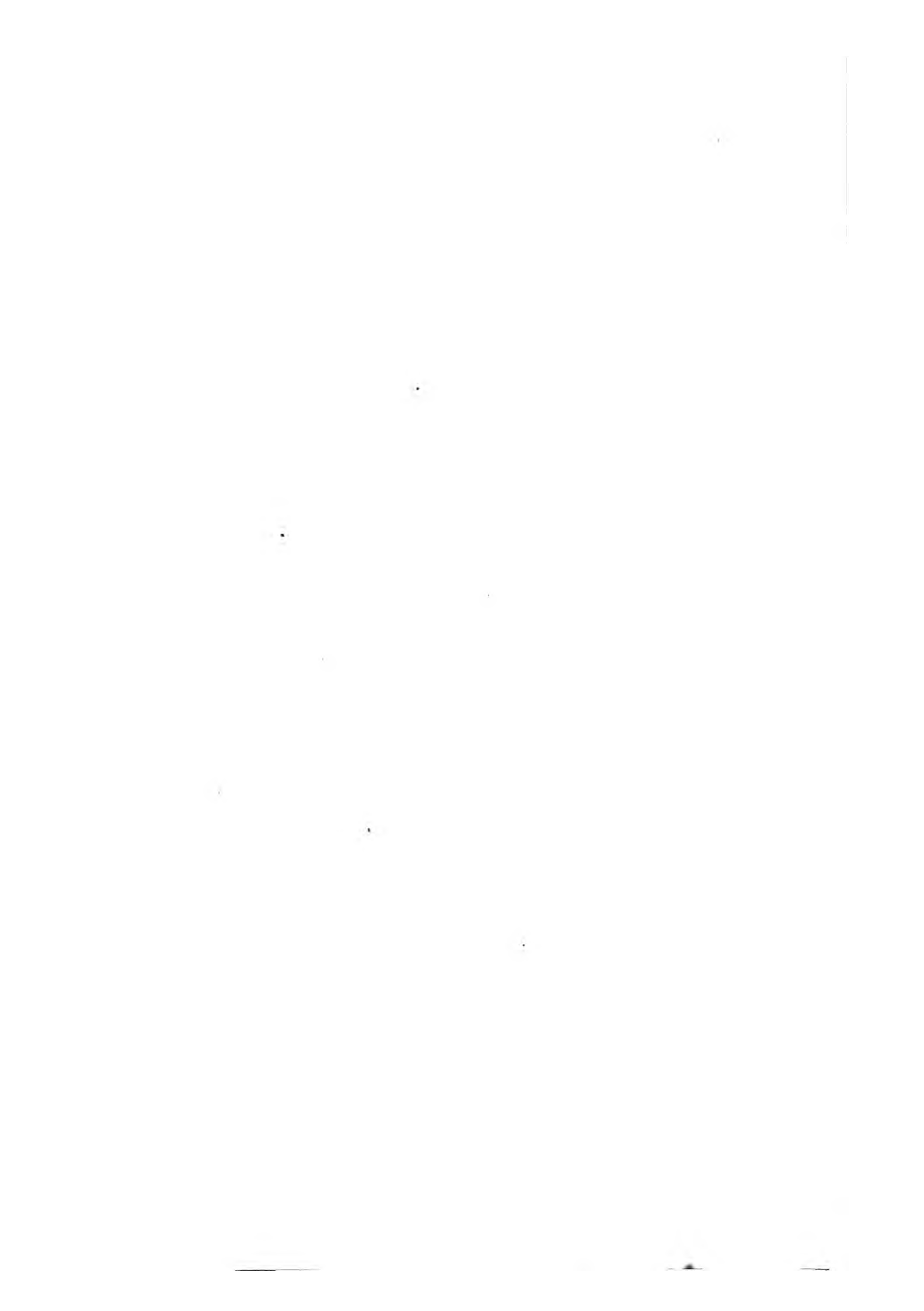
1879.



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MR. BUCKSTONE'S VOYAGE

ROUND THE GLOBE

(IN LEICESTER SQUARE).

*A Cosmographical, Visionary Extravaganza, and  
Dramatic Review,*

IN ONE ACT AND FOUR QUARTERS.

---

First performed at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, Monday,  
17th April, 1854.





MR. BUCKSTONE'S VOYAGE ROUND  
THE GLOBE

(IN LEICESTER SQUARE).

---

There really appears no necessity for me to say a word about this Easter piece in the way of preface. Obviously the result of the great success of "Buckstone's Ascent of Mount Parnassus," the allusions in it to the Crimean War and the French alliance must be perfectly clear to all but the very youngest of my readers, and it is only some half dozen references to the popular dramas and exhibitions of that day that will require a foot-note in explanation. I have here, therefore, only to express my regret that this was the last extravaganza in which I had the pleasure and advantage of the support of Mrs. Fitzwilliam. She died on the 11th September following. I have known few in the profession possessing such talent so free from all selfishness, petty jealousy, and other foibles which are deplorably prevalent in it, and are too often found intermingled with the greatest genius. For two seasons Mrs. Fitzwilliam directed the stage business of the Haymarket Theatre, and I have the most agreeable recollection of her genial, conciliatory manner, and the strict order which she maintained without the least fussy display of authority.



## D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

MR. BUCKSTONE (Sole Lessee of the Theatre Royal, Haymarket; his second appearance in that character) ... ..	MR. BUCKSTONE
AN AUTHOR ("a Youth to Fortune and to Fame Unknown") ... ..	MR. W. FARREN
BOX BOOK KEEPER ... ..	MR. CULLENFORD
PROPERTY MAN ... ..	MR. CLARK
CYBELE, <i>alias</i> TELLUS (Goddess of the World)...	MRS. FITZWILLIAM
EUROPE	MISS ELLEN GREY
ASIA	MISS GRANTHAM
AFRICA	MRS. CAULFIELD
AMERICA	MISS A. VINING
} Her Four Daughters }	
SPIRIT OF THE OCEAN MAIL (From the Royal Gallery of Illustration) ... ..	MISS FEATHERSTONE*

The NEW SCENERY by Mr. W. Callcott and Messrs. Morris & O'Connor

FRONT OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

Mr. Buckstone determines to Circumnavigate the Globe, and gives his reasons for so doing.

*Foot of the Staircase in Wyld's Model of the Earth, Leicester Square.*

Mr. Buckstone, as a preparatory step to a Voyage round the Globe, visits the Model to obtain an insight of the subject and—sleeps upon it.

## MR. BUCKSTONE'S DREAM.

*EUROPE,*

As it appears in Mr. Wyld's Model, and the World as it appears to Mr. Buckstone. Preparations for a start.

The Young Man with the Carpet Bag ... Mr. E. VILLIERS.

## DISPLAY OF THE SPIRIT OF EUROPE

Out of Mr. Wyld's Model, and in the warlike attitude it assumes at the present moment.

## PANORAMA OF THE OCEAN MAIL.

*THE STRAITS OF GIBRALTAR.*

The "Ripon" steamer, with the Grenadiers on board, on her passage to Malta, saluted by a French brig.

\* Mrs. Howard Paul.

*CONSTANTINOPLE AND THE GOLDEN HORN.*

MR. BUCKSTONE VISITS THE THEATRE OF WAR,

But without the slightest intention of managing it.

*GALLIPOLI, AND LANDING OF THE FRENCH FORCES.*

Retrospective glances of Rival Richards.

The Duke of Glo'ster, from "Drury Lane" ... Mr. —

Duke of Glo'ster, from the "Princess's"... ... Mr. —

Mr. Buckstone retreats without coming to an engagement, and crossing the Dardanelles, continues his journey by the "Overland Route" to

*ASIA.*

DISCLOSURE OF ITS DIVINITY.

*A GRAND ORIENTAL SPECTACLE.*

Bayaderes, Miss LYDIA THOMPSON, Miss L. MORRIS, and the Corps de Ballet.

Reproduction (on this occasion only) of the Extraordinary Feat of the  
*WISE ELEPHANT OF THE EAST,*

As exhibited at Astley's Amphitheatre. Followed by the FEAST of the DRAGON; or, wonderful performances of the CHINESE MAGICIANS, one of whom will not stick at Impaling (?) his Friend with huge Knives.

Chin Gan ... Mr. H. MARSHALL. WAN SING ... Mr. J. MARSHALL.

Mr. Buckstone sails for

*AFRICA. Sad Appearance of its Dark Angel.*

Ethnological Notes and Reflections on the Bosjesmans, Zulu Kaffirs, Earthmen, and other unnatural curiosities. Mr. Buckstone crosses the line and the Atlantic, and visits

*AMERICA.*

Interview with the Esquimaux from Cumberland Straits and the Adelaide Gallery.

*GLIMPSE OF THE NATIVE GENIUS OF AMERICA.*

Effects of the "Thirst of Gold," and perilous position of the Wild Flower of Mexico on THE SEA OF ICE, as frozen on the Stage of the Adelphi.

Mr. Buckstone attacked by the "auri sacra fames." A violent "Struggle for Gold" by the Theatres in general. Awful Catastrophe. End of Mr. Buckstone's Golden Dream.

Grand Exhibition of the Four Quarters of the World

*IN THEIR NEW QUARTERS AT THE HAYMARKET,*

And "Sic Transit Gloria (Easter) Mundi."

MR. BUCKSTONE'S VOYAGE ROUND  
THE GLOBE

(IN LEICESTER SQUARE).

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SCENE FIRST.—*The Front of the Haymarket Theatre—The  
BOX BOOK KEEPER standing at Box Office Door.*

*Enter an* AUTHOR *hastily, with a manuscript in his hand.*

AUTHOR. Have you seen Mr. Buckstone ?

B. K. Not to-day.

AUTHOR. At the stage door they said he'd gone this way.

Plague take it ! Of all things of human kind,

A manager's most difficult to find

When *you* want *him* ! but just let *him* want *you*,

He's to be found all day and all night too !

He's not at home, I know—I have knocked there.

B. K. At home. Oh, no ! He is abroad somewhere.

He's got so strange a crotchet in his brain,

I fear he'll never be at home again.

AUTHOR. What do you mean ?

B. K. We've apprehensions serious

His past success has made him quite delirious.

Since Mount Parnassus he last year ascended,

His interest in theatricals seems ended.

He looks upon the stage as a machine,

A vehicle to run the poles between,

And thinks no scene in all the British Drama

Is equal to a foreign panorama.

AUTHOR. I'm not at all surprised. 'Tis ever so

With managers. The fellows never know

When of a thing the town has had enough.

If once they make a hit with any stuff,

They cram the public with the self-same fare  
 Until the stuff's completely worn threadbare.  
 A great mistake! In all the best society  
 You'll hear the constant cry is for variety.  
 No piece should run above a night or two,  
 B. K. Yours, I believe, sir, very seldom do.  
 AUTHOR. Mine! I can't get for one of mine a chance  
 Because my dramas are not filched from France.  
 They are original!  
 B. K. And I'll engage  
 Not one of them "*adapted* to the stage."  
 AUTHOR. Not one! or I would burn it—I protest!  
 B. K. (*aside*) Of all your plays, that Act would be the  
 best.  
 Our Property Man comes.

*Enter* PROPERTY MAN, *laden with books.*

What have you got  
 Under your arm?  
 PROP. M. Of books a precious lot.  
 AUTHOR. What are they, pray? and whom may they be for?  
 PROP. M. All Murray's Handbooks for the Governor.  
 Germany, North and South, France, Holland, Spain,  
 Switzerland, up the Rhine, and back again,  
 Italy, Russia, Egypt, Turkey, Greece,  
 Some of 'em twelve or fourteen bob a-piece.  
 And now I've got to go for loads of maps,  
 To Wyld and Arrowsmith's, and all them chaps.  
 I don't know what the Governor's about,  
 But if he can't an Easter piece bring out  
 Without this bother about foreign climes,  
 I'd rather get up fifty pantomimes. (*going*)  
 B. K. Go through the box office, 'twill save some paces,  
 And look as if some one had come for places.  
 (*Exit* PROPERTY MAN *through the office*)

AUTHOR. Here's the great little man, I do believe!  
 B. K. Then stand aside, for should he you perceive,  
 It suddenly may strike his recollection  
 He's wanted in the opposite direction.  
 (*they retire*)

*Enter MR. BUCKSTONE.*

MR. B. "There is a tide in the affairs of men,"  
Says Shakespeare, "which," if it be taken when  
'Tis "at the flood, leads on to fortune." So  
At least said Shakespeare a long time ago,  
But now they've altered him so many ways,  
No one can say exactly what he says.  
But the fidelity of my quotation  
Is not the great point for consideration.  
It is a fact there is a tide now flowing  
And nobody can doubt which way it's going.  
It's running up at Exhibition stairs  
And overflows all reserved seats and chairs.  
Casts off the painter from the dry old Drama—  
Empties her pit and fills his Panorama.  
Last Spring-tide I was borne by it to Greece,  
Got up Parnassus for an Easter piece,  
And found there was a way to fortune by it.  
Then should I hesitate again to try it,  
With the same crew—in the same jolly boat !  
No ! I won't rest till I'm again afloat ;  
And with all canvass spread, and flag unfurled,  
I'll sail in search of fortune—round the world !

*Air—MR. BUCKSTONE—"All round my hat."*

All round the world, like a new Robinson Crusoe ;  
All round the world I will travel on the stage ;  
And if anybody asks me the reason why I do so,  
I'll say because geography's becoming quite the rage.

AUTHOR. (*advancing*) Breakers ahead !

MR. B. Whose voice is that I hear ?

AUTHOR. An author's.

MR. B. Then a breaker may be near.

For there are shoals of authors I would shun,  
As very dangerous flats on which to run.

AUTHOR. Sir, I am one—

MR. B. I feared as much. Good-day.  
(*going*)



- AUTHOR. Nay—I am one, I was about to say,  
 Whose plays, if managers had penetration,  
 Would purify the stage——
- MR. B. By ventilation?
- AUTHOR. An audience “fit, though few,” would grace your  
 pit.
- MR. B. I never thought an audience few was fit.
- AUTHOR. Such sordid views the risk of wreck increases;  
 Come to me *for*, and you won't go *to* pieces.
- MR. B. What pieces have you written?—I forget.
- AUTHOR. I've written none that have been acted yet.
- MR. B. Not acted! How could they success achieve?
- AUTHOR. Simply by being acted, I believe.  
 I have great confidence in all I do!
- MR. B. You must have very great—to say so too!
- AUTHOR. Allow me just one scene to you to read,  
 And you shall judge.
- MR. B. I can't just now, indeed!  
 I'm off, before the tide turns.
- AUTHOR. Off, sir—where?
- MR. B. All round the globe!
- AUTHOR. The globe in Leicester Square?
- MR. B. Pshaw! The great globe itself! In hopes to  
 find——
- AUTHOR. What?
- MR. B. Novelty!
- AUTHOR. There's nothing of the kind;  
 And why to see the world through perils roam,  
 When you can see it safely here at home?  
 As Mathews did, who, with his wit and whim—  
 “At home” to all the world—made it see him.
- MR. B. No; monypolylogue is not my forte,  
 Though actors all like something of that sort;  
 But you have put a notion in my noddle—  
 Before I scour the globe I'll see the model;  
 And may upon some point or other pop,  
 To which I can go straight without a stop.
- AUTHOR. You'll own, then, my ideas are something  
 worth?
- MR. B. This is the best you ever had—on earth—  
 And if it prove a lucky one for me——
- AUTHOR. You'll bring my play out, won't you?

MR. B. We shall see.  
 At all events, my circumnavigation  
 You shall arrange for stage representation  
 If you have no objection.

AUTHOR. Sir, I'll do  
 All in the world I can to pull you through.  
 For all the world's a stage on which I may  
 At last get some one to produce my play.

*Duo—MR. BUCKSTONE and AUTHOR—“ Without a  
 Companion.”*

MR. B. Come, be my companion, then, into the square ;  
 That journey, at least, won't take long ;  
 No doubt, in the world, we shall get a hint there  
 For a scene, or a joke, or a song.

AUTHOR. You're right, my good sir, we shall sure make a  
 hit,  
 If with spirit we do something sprightly ;  
 While safely at home in your arm-chair you'll sit,  
 And see all your places fill nightly.

BOTH. Then come on, we decide that a piece shall come  
 out,  
 With a cast that is brilliant and strong ;  
 So it draws, we don't care what on earth it's about,  
 And that of the matter's the short and the long.  
 (Exeunt)

SCENE SECOND.—*Interior of Wyld's Model of the Earth,  
 Leicester Square, at the foot of the great staircase, which  
 occupies the centre of the stage—Portions of the lower part  
 of the Globe visible on each side of it—In front two or three  
 chairs.*

*Enter MR. BUCKSTONE and AUTHOR.*

MR. B. Thus far into the bowels of the earth  
 We have marched on to get a shilling's worth  
 Of universal knowledge. But, dear me,  
 The only people in the world are we ?

AUTHOR. The company are up stairs, every one.  
The lecture, I believe, has just begun.

MR. B. Up stairs!

AUTHOR. The world begins on the fifth floor.  
MR. B. Five stories! and the lecture makes one more!  
My patience! I don't mind so much the walking  
Up stairs, but own I tremble at the talking.  
Lectures, above all things on earth, I hate!  
I shall go fast asleep as sure as fate.

*Air*—MR. BUCKSTONE and AUTHOR—“*Such a getting up stairs.*”

MR. B. Such a getting up stairs, of a model in the middle,  
Such a getting up stairs I never did see.

AUTHOR. I question if it's worth the pain  
Thus to begin the world again.  
I've heard 'twas hollow oft before,  
But never guessed how great the bore.

Such a getting up stairs, &c.

MR. B. I feel uncommon drowsy—even here.

AUTHOR. There's something heavy in the atmosphere  
About this globe—I'm half inclined to doze—  
This chair, methinks, invites me to repose!

MR. B. And this one in its friendly arms shall take me!  
When that confounded lecture's over, wake me.

*They sit and sleep—Music—The staircase sinks gradually  
till it exhibits the upper platform, with that portion  
of the Globe which is visible from it.*

*The GODDESS CYBELE appears.*

CYB. Children of earth!—sleep on, but in your dreams  
Hear what the world itself says of your schemes.  
For in that mimic world the stage they call,  
'Tis by her voice that you must stand or fall!

*Air*—CYBELE—“*Oh, slumber, my darling.*”

So slumber, my darlings, as if it were night,  
While mother earth shews herself in a new light.

The lands and the realms on her model you see,  
 They all shall in turn furnish subjects for glee.  
 Then slumber, my darlings, and dream, while you  
     may,  
 Of something for Easter that's likely to pay.

MR. B. Where am I?

CYB. In the centre of the globe,  
 Whose secrets of attraction you would probe.

AUTHOR. And who are you with your majestic mien?

CYB. The Goddess Cybele—of earth the Queen—  
 Sometimes called Tellus.

MR. B. Tellus! Then, no doubt,  
 You'll kindly tell us all the world about.

CYB. I came to be your guide to any part  
 You wish to see—are you prepared to start?

MR. B. I am.

*Music—A large carpet bag rises, and a young man in evening  
 dress steps out of it, with a sketch-book in his hand.\**

YOUNG MAN. You are?—without a carpet bag!  
 That's not the way about the world to wag  
 And character to note—however brief,  
 You'll want a sketch-book—you may take a leaf  
 Out of my book. I've characters a host of.

AUTHOR. Pray, what's your own?

YOUNG MAN. That's not for me to boast of,  
 What the world thinks of me, the world must say.

CYB. Well, you're a lively fellow in your way.  
 Your bag has been a lucky bag—some good in  
 Your head there must be—though it's really *Woodin*.

*Air—CYBELE—"The Lowbacked Car."*

When first in London city  
 I saw this youngster play,  
 The shoes in which he tried to stand,  
 Seemed large ones, I must say;

---

\* Mr. W. S. Woodin, of "carpet bag and sketch-book" celebrity, who was then giving his entertainments in the style of the elder Mathews.

But in them he, without a slip,  
Has made so strong a spring,  
He yet may wear as great a pair,  
Of his own manufacturing.

The man with the carpet-bag  
Has really some cause to brag,  
For the world is inclined  
To say everything kind  
Of the man with the carpet bag.

YOUNG MAN *bows and re-enters carpet bag, which sinks.*

MR. B. He may give all the world the bag for me,  
So I'm allowed to fill my *sac de nuit*—  
Which ere I can be well off, I must do.

CYB. Have you decided where you'd be off to?

MR. B. Around the Globe I am prepared to sail.

CYB. Then we'll leave England by the "Ocean Mail."  
In Regent Street's the place of embarkation,  
The Royal Gallery of Illustration.\*

*Music*—SPIRIT OF THE OCEAN MAIL *rises.*

*Air*—SPIRIT OF THE OCEAN MAIL—"Far, far, upon the  
*sea.*"

Not far from here you'll see  
The Royal Gallery,  
To which in crowds are flocking young and old  
To view the Ocean Mail,  
Upon canvass spread its sail,  
And to get a wrinkle from the story told.  
If you're wise the stage you'll leave,  
Do as Telbin did and Grieve,  
They're the boys to paint a panorama rare.  
Overboard the Drama fling,  
And all that dull sort of thing,  
And gaily make your hay  
While the sun shines fair.  
As far as I can see,  
Whate'er the country be,

---

\* The diorama of the "Ocean Mail," painted by Grieve and Telbin, was exhibited there. The views were explained by Mr. Stocqueler.

The town will at a picture of it stare.  
 Whether strait or in a ring,  
 A panorama is the thing  
 By which to make your hay  
 While the sun shines fair.

MR. B. With such a lovely craft who wouldn't sail?  
 What is your name?

SPIRIT. Sir, I'm the Ocean Mail.

MR. B. The Ocean Mail!—The Ocean Female say!  
 A Syren come to sing our hearts away.

AUTHOR. A picture worthy of the art of Titian!

CYB. She's been a most attractive exhibition.

MR. B. If you can bring as much cash to my gallery,  
 You'll find that we shan't quarrel about salary.

CYB. Circular notes you'll take to my four daughters,  
 Which will be honoured in their separate quarters.  
 And as on Europe you may want to draw  
 At once, I'll introduce you.

MR. B. Will you? La!  
 That will be a fine feather in my cap!  
 I've seen a drawing of her on a map.  
 But I've no doubt she looks as well again,  
 For there when she's not coloured, she's quite plain.

*(flourish of drums and trumpets)*

EUR. *(behind scenes)* To arms!

CYB. Hark! that's her voice.

MR. B. It's a good loud one.

CYB. It well becomes her state, which is a proud one;  
 For now, upon the glorious side of right,  
 She bids her champions draw their falchions bright,  
 And guard her balance, which, too rudely shaking,  
 Ambition was upon the point of breaking!

*Music—The Model of Europe opens, and the GENIUS appears in full armour, on a throne placed in a tent and surrounded by Military and Naval Trophies—The flags of France and England conspicuous—She has a drawn sword in her right hand, and a pair of scales in the other.*

CYB. Behold her, undismayed by war's alarms.  
 Europe! my child! My noble child in arms!

MR. B. I fear she's to the Haymarket unfitted,  
For there "children in arms are not admitted."

EUR. Who interrupts me in my expedition?

CYB. A manager upon a peaceful mission,  
And a young dramatist who burns to write  
A play that may find favour in your sight.

MR. B. (*aside*) All over curiously she seems to con me!  
Ahem! The eyes of Europe are upon me.

EUR. I'm bound to reverence all good peacemakers,  
No matter whether dramatists or Quakers.  
I go, myself, a glorious peace to gain.  
The sword of justice, never drawn in vain,  
Flames in my strong right hand—and freedom's sure  
hope

Rests in her balance, which is that of Europe!

MR. B. Madam, I'm not at all a politician,  
But see the justice quite of your position;  
The sword which to the point so well applies,  
Will take the scales off certain people's eyes.  
The grand ballet of action you bring out  
Will be one blaze of triumph, I've no doubt;  
But Easter will be on us in a trice,  
And I must have a piece at any price.

AUTHOR. A taking subject give us just a wink of.

EUR. There is but one which just now I can think of.  
For Easter an appropriate selection—  
For it lies in an Easterly direction!

*Air*—SPIRIT OF THE OCEAN MAIL—"A row there'll be in  
*the building.*"

A row there'll be in this quarter soon,  
For the Bear would swallow the poor half-moon;  
But we'll make him dance to a pretty tune,  
If he doesn't eat his words with a spoon.  
To shake "the balance" if he dream, sir,  
He'll find himself soon kick the beam, sir;  
Amongst our records none shall push a  
History of Turkey, *bound* in Russia.

Row, row, row!  
If Bruin wants a row,  
We're ready to indulge his humour  
Now, now, now!

*During this music clouds have covered the stage, which now clearing disclose the Straits of Gibraltar—The Ocean Mail on her passage out, and the Ripon steamer, with the Grenadiers on board, rounding the Rock.*

MR. B. Where are we?

SPIRIT. Off the Rock, sir, of Gibraltar;  
And yonder is the Ripon, bound for Malta.

*(a French brig passes the Ripon and cheers her)*

And hark! 'tis France Old England's flag who cheers,  
Waving above the British Grenadiers!

*Air—SPIRIT OF THE OCEAN MAIL—"British Grenadiers."*

Since first yon pillars bounded  
Thy labours, Hercules,  
Their echoes ne'er resounded  
With such brave shouts as these.  
Thus, noble friends, for ever  
Pursue your grand careers!  
Hurrahs let us raise for the "Gardes Françaises,"  
And the British Grenadiers.

AUTHOR. I'll book that for a scene as new as glorious  
And the success of which should be uproarious.  
The sternest judge upon the Critic's Bench  
With pride will see us take that from the French!

CYB. The world is proud to see such nations friends,  
Much to her welfare their alliance tends;  
But while their soldiers fight in foreign quarters,  
The world must not forget their wives and daughters.

*Air—CYBELE—"The girl I left behind me."*

While yon brave troops o'er ocean's foam  
'Mid friendly shouts are steering,  
Forget not there are hearts at home  
Which have more need of cheering;  
While England's honour they maintain  
(The glorious task assigned them),  
Oh, be it her's to soothe the pain  
Of the girls they leave behind them.



MR. B. What port is this we're making?

SPIRIT. 'Tis the prime port  
Just now in all folks' eyes—it's the Sublime Porte!  
Behold where glitters in the light of morn  
The seven-hill'd city and its Golden Horn!

*Panoramic view of Constantinople, Pera, and the Golden Horn.*

MR. B. Which golden horn? for now there are so many—  
There's one in Piccadilly, blown by Kenney,\*  
At the Egyptian Hall, whose notes have long  
Been answered by the echoes of Mont Blanc.  
Another Burford puffs in Leicester Square;  
You'd one yourself—in short, it's quite Horn Fair;  
And folks who wish to see the best of them are  
Themselves between the horns of a dilemma.

SPIRIT. This is a new view of the subject—one  
The public may be proud to look upon.

AUTHOR. If a review's the sort of thing you need,  
You can't see one more likely to succeed.

*Air—AUTHOR—"Partant pour la Syrie."*

"Partant pour la Syrie,"  
Entendez vous ce chant?  
A vos Fanfares! Russie,  
Comme il répond gaiement!  
La France et l'Angleterre,  
Entre eux n'ont plus q'une voix—  
"S'il faut enfin la guerre  
Que Dieu défend le droit!"

Un Prince a dit naguere,  
"L'Empire c'est la Paix,"  
Avec transport la terre  
Reçut ces mots sacrés.  
Malheur au téméraire,  
Qui vient troubler sa joie,  
A ce tyran la guerre!  
Et Dieu défend le droit?

---

\* Charles Kenney delivered the lecture on Constantinople written by Albert Smith and Shirley Brooks.

MR. B. If I know what to be at I'm a Turk !  
 This is a pretty job of journey work.  
 Things are assuming such a hostile attitude,  
 I feel I'm getting quite out of my latitude ;  
 In seeking for a piece I've gone so far,  
 I've got into the Theatre of War !

AUTHOR. To singularity you can't lay claim,  
 Others have managed to do just the same.

CYB. Where could you on a fitter subject light,  
 Than Turkey ?

MR. B. If 'twas Christmas time, I might  
 With Turkey hope the Haymarket to cram ;  
 But Easter's mint sauce comes with playhouse lamb ;  
 A little, frolicking light, April fool,  
 Not the substantial fare we roast at Yule.

SPIRIT. Shall we try back ? The coast of Greece is  
 near—

You can touch there.

MR. B. No, I touched there last year.

SPIRIT. Corfu or Malta, Italy, France, Spain,  
 Or Corsica—

MR. B. Ugh ! don't name that again—  
 I've had enough of its odd pair of brothers.

AUTHOR. At Drury Lane they have got up two others,  
 Drawn out to such a length—

MR. B. A reason stronger,  
 For nobody to want to see them longer.

CYB. Suppose we take a last view of them both ?

MR. B. To take a *last* view I should not be loath.

CYBELE *waves her hand—Music—Clouds close in the scene.*

CYB. Appear !

RICHARD III. *from Drury Lane and RICHARD III. from the  
 Princess's arise at the same moment at opposite sides of the  
 stage.*

MR. B. Two Corsicans ! Pshaw ! how absurd !  
 Two Dukes of Glo'ster !

AUTHOR. Two Richards the Third !

CYB. How came they their appearance here to make ?

MR. B. I see—a most ridiculous mistake,

They've sent us up, out of the wrong trap-doors,  
 Two other "bloody and devouring bores."  
 SPIRIT. Fiercer than two Kilkenny cats they look.  
 MR. B. One is too *Kean* the other long to *Brooke*.  
 AUTHOR. Well, if but double parts the stage can foster,  
 I much prefer this fine old double Glos'ter ;  
 With English stomachs English fare agrees,  
 And to get bread by this would be the cheese.  
 CYB. But we're forgetting that which brought us hither, (*to*  
*the RICHARDS*) Down ! down !—Pell mell—and  
 say I sent ye thither !

*Music—The RICHARDS sink.*

MR. B. Quickly transport me to some other quarter——  
 CYB. We are within sight of our eldest daughter,  
 As she is sometimes called. Yonder she dwells,  
 Just on the other side the Dardanelles.  
 As you're no Hero, will you be Leander ?  
 MR. B. And swim the Hellespont like that young gander ?  
 No thank you.  
 SPIRIT. Well, then, give me, sir, your hand,  
 "The Ocean Mail" was once "The Overland,"  
 And has so oft the route to India shown,  
 That every step of it to her is known.

*Music—SPIRIT waves her wand, clouds separate and shew  
 the model of Asia, which opens, and the GENIUS OF ASIA  
 appears reclining in a Kiosque, attended by Slaves, Danc-  
 ing Girls, &c.*

BALLET.

MR. B. A gorgeous Eastern spectacle ! the dress  
 Of which alone would have insured success.  
 When such were wont on Covent Garden stage,  
 At Easter, every year, to be the rage.  
 But brilliant dresses now alone won't do—  
 They must needs have the language sparkle too—  
 A whim the manager that greatly bothers ;  
 One can make dresses, but one can't make authors.  
 AUTHOR. Look how our partner's rapt !

CYB. In admiration !  
 Have you no words for its interpretation ?

MR. B. I learned a few of Arabic when young ;  
 I will address her in the Eastern tongue—  
 "Salâm Alicum."

ASIA. Sir, the same to you  
 And all your family. What can I do  
 To serve you ? Pray speak English ! it's well known  
 Throughout my empire—now all but your own.

MR. B. Light of the Harem ! pearl of the first water !  
 Your slave is burning in this sultry quarter  
 To find some novelty beneath the sun.

ASIA. I sent all I could find in '51,  
 To your Great Exhibition in Hyde Park.

MR. B. And is there nothing left that's worth remark ?

ASIA. Nothing, I fear, sir, that your views will meet,  
 Save of my elephants the wondrous feat.

*Scene opens and discovers "the wise elephants of the East," as  
 lately exhibited at Astley's—one of the animals is standing  
 on its head with its heels in the air.*

MR. B. The wondrous *feat*, indeed ! Colossal trotters !  
 They ought to make a stand whatever totters.

SPIRIT. He a wise elephant ! well, to my eyes,  
 In that position he looks otherwise.

ASIA. How could he clearer shew, at man's commanding,  
 The elevation of his understanding ?

AUTHOR. A creature with such strength ought to draw  
 greatly,  
 But he's kicked up his heels at Astley's lately.

MR. B. He is more fitted for that stage than mine.  
 And I've no opening in the heavy line.

CYB. And if you had, actors I'd find, or eat 'em,  
 Who'd give such brutes a hundred weight and beat 'em.

MR. B. My stage shall never be for beasts a show,  
 So pray let him pack up his trunk and go.

*(Elephants disappear).*

ASIA. He's a wise elephant, and knows his cue  
 Without a prompter.

AUTHOR. That is rather new.

MR. B. Then you have really nothing in my line—  
eh?

ASIA. What say you to some fowls from Cochin China? \*

MR. B. Say! that to get my bread I'll nothing foul  
try—

Mine is the Haymarket, and not the Poultry!

ASIA. Stay! *a propos* of China, there's a lot  
Of Chinese jugglers I'd almost forgot.  
If the town's tired of the Feast of Reason,  
The Feast of Dragons may be more in season.

*Music—Enter DWARF and CHINESE JUGGLERS.*

TRIO—“*Ching-a-ring.*”

Ching-a-ring a ring-ching,  
Feast of dragons,  
Like a pack of tom-cats moll-row-ing,  
Chong-moon—Chin-gan—  
Ar-cow—Zan-Ban—  
Yang-gyn—Arling—Wan-sing!  
Half-a-dozen carving knives you'll see, one  
At another fling with might and main,  
Every minute you'll expect there'll be one  
Sticking in his *juggler* vein, sir!

Ching-a-ring, a ring-ching,  
Feast of dragons,  
Like a pack of tom-cats mow-row-ing,  
Oh, dear Wan-sing  
Don't, good man, sing,  
'Till in tune you *can* sing.

*The performances here take place of the Chinese Jugglers.†*

ASIA. Their tricks are wonderful you must allow.

MR. B. I wish they were impossible, I vow!

---

\* At about this period the Cochin China breed of fowls was creating considerable attention at poultry shows.

† The Jugglers were appearing at Drury Lane. Their most startling performance was styled “the impalement,” which caused much astonishment.

If by such hands the stage can pull in pelf,  
I own I am no conjuror myself.

ASIA. Adieu, then ; here your time you only lose !

SPIRIT. The world is still before you where to choose.

*(clouds close up)*

CYB. Perhaps my daughter Africa may find  
A subject for you of a darker kind.  
The public take an interest sometimes,  
In heroes guilty of the blackest crimes.

MR. B. The Haymarket had one, a long time back,  
Direct from Africa—Three-finger'd Jack.

AUTHOR. And where could tragedy find scenes of woe  
To match those which poor Africa can show ?

MR. B. Say then we just touch at the Cape to see  
What Good Hope for the Drama there may be.

CYB. Or put into the Gulf of Guinea !

MR. B. Nay !

Too many managers, before to-day,  
Have found their theatres were Gulfs of Guineas,  
Without a gold coast like your piccaninnies.

*Clouds open and discover model of Africa.*

SPIRIT. Well, we have made the coast, if not the gold.

MR. B. I hope not, like its natives, to be *sold*.

CYB. I hardly know where I shall find my daughter,  
The world knows very little of this quarter.

*(strikes the model with her wand)*

*Trio—AUTHOR, CYBELE, and SPIRIT—“Coal Black Rose.”*

Hark ! that sound proclaims her come,  
Don't you hear her banjo, tum, tum, tum ?  
But music can't her sorrow chase,  
Forced to run in fetters half her human race.

Here grows { my } coal black rose.  
                  { the }

What she yet may come to—goodness knows.  
Few the gems of jetty genus—

An African Roscius \* and a Hottentot Venus.

\* The late Ira Aldridge.

The gentleman he wanted no cork to black his  
muzzle,  
And the lady, I am told, needed none for her  
bustle.  
Such shows are no great goes,  
What she next may send us goodness knows.  
She fears to open—I will knock once more.

*The Model opens and the GENIUS OF AFRICA appears.*

- AF. Holloa ! who am dat knocking at de door ?  
CYB. Thy Mother Earth ! (*aside*) Poor child, she makes me  
shudder.  
AF. Dis child am berry glad to see her mudder.  
But who dem da ? Me no like buckra man.  
Him use poor nigger badly when him can.  
CYB. Not these—where'er their nation's flag you see,  
The scourge is broken, and the slave is free—  
These are your true friends.  
AF. Den me lub 'em dearly.  
Me kiss 'em.  
MR. B. No, there's no occasion, really.  
She shews her white teeth, and so grins to greet  
us ;  
She seems so fond of us that she could eat us !  
CYB. She's many faults, no doubt, to be corrected—  
Her education has been so neglected.  
But niggers have proved that they do not lack art,  
And music they have made almost a black art.  
MR. B. I fear their arts are fitter for demolishing.  
What the stage wants is, not blacking, but polishing.  
Here in this zone, which you may call the torrid,  
Have you no novelty, however horrid ?  
AF. De Bosjesmans, dem berry horrid !  
MR. B. Poh !  
Those gemmen were all bosh some time ago.  
AF. De Zulu Kaffirs. \* (*the Zulu Kaffirs rush on*)  
MR. B. In town all last spring.  
They're done so brown, not one brown more they'd  
bring.

---

\* See p. 306, vol. IV.

- CYB. Well, here are the peculiar sons of clay—  
 The Earthmen. \*
- MR. B. Earthmen ! the Earth babies, say ;  
 Poor little brats ! their Mother Earth should  
 be  
 Ashamed to know they're out for folks to see.
- AUTHOR. Without a subject we must hence depart ;  
 Africa's still a desert as to art.
- MR. B. How very odd ! no spark of talent shining ?  
 Under the line—nothing worth underlining ?
- AF. Dis child hab noting buckra man tink good ;  
 Still workee—workee ! How poor nigger could ?  
 As dat Boz-gemman, Massa Dickens, said ;  
 Me sure me wish dat Africa was dead.

*Air—AFRICA—“ Mungo here—Mungo dere.”*

Dear heart, what a terrible life I am led,  
 De dog has a better dat's sheltered and fed.  
 Night and day 'tis de same,  
 Deir pain is my game.  
 Poor Africa ! wish she was dead !

Can nothing be done  
 For her poor black son ?  
 Nigger here, nigger dere—  
 Nigger eberywhere  
 Dey chain, dey flog,  
 Dey shoot like a dog.  
 Oh, oh, oh, oh, no pity shew !

Poor Africa ! wish she was dead !

- MR. B. Spirit of Mungo—I mean Mungo Park !—  
 Matters here certainly look very dark.  
 The Moors are no more ; out of tune is  
 Tunis ;  
 Algiers, without a joke, a French “Commune”  
 is ;

---

\* Exhibiting with the Aztecs. Said to be the first of either race  
 ever seen in Europe.



The Sphinx was by the Brouchs made food for fun ;\*  
 The Nile in Piccadilly had its run.  
 There's nothing left in Nubia that is new ;  
 The hippopotamus such crowds that drew  
 Has had his ugly nose put out of joint !  
 Poor Cleopatra's Needle has no point ;  
 And if the gipsies are a race Egyptian,  
 I've shewn the town the best of that description.

*Music—Tableau, from "Guy Mannering"—* MEG  
 MERRILIES' first interview with HENRY BERTRAM, and  
 DANDIE DINMONT in the gipsy encampment.

(Clouds close in tableau)

CYB. There can be no doubt for your stage a Cushman  
 Is infinitely better than a Bushman ;  
 And that reminds me of my youngest daughter,  
 America—for to that rising quarter  
 You are indebted for your last effect.

MR. B. Some novelty in her we must detect.  
 If the new world can nothing new unfold.  
 I might as well have stood still in the old !

SPIRIT. Then, by a course we may call *negro-mantic*—  
 From Africa we'll cross the wide Atlantic.

*Air—SPIRIT—"To the West—To the West."*

"To the West, to the West, to the land of the free—"  
 Which means those that happen white people to be—  
 "Where a man is a man—" if his skin isn't black—  
 If it is, he's a nigger to sell or to whack.  
 "Where children are blessings—" *perhaps*, as elsewhere,  
 "And he who has most—" may have some he could spare.  
 Where the legs of the tables in trousers are dressed ;  
 Away, far away, to the land of the West !  
 In the West, in the West, something new we should see,  
 Or a mighty misnomer the New World must be.

\* A burlesque by the Brothers Brough (Haymarket, 1849), in which the late Robert Keeley was a humorous representative of "the Sphinx."

† The late Miss Cushman was an admirable "Meg Merrilies." She was on this occasion personated by Mr. Chippendale, whose "make-up" was positively startling, even to by-standers.

Such I fear it will prove, but we'll hope for the best ;  
So away ! far away ! to the land of the West !

*(the clouds open and shew the model of North America)*

MR. B. O hail, Columbia ! To great fortunes born !  
Surely we must 'twixt Greenland and Cape Horn  
Find something.

CYB. If to Greenland you would go—  
What say you to a group of Esquimaux ?

MR. B. They'd have been novelties some few months back.  
But now in town already they've a pack.

SPIRIT. Yes, in their seal-skins they've a visit paid,  
My sister Gallery—the Adelaide.\*

*Air—SPIRIT—"Tight little Island."*

In the Lowther Arcade,  
Their appearance they've made,  
In England, the first we have seen land ;  
And to see them they say,  
If we English will pay,  
It is ours that we ought to call *Green* land.  
Oh, it's a wonderful *Green* land,  
And has proved so since ever it's been land.  
But there's one thing I know,  
That by friend or by foe  
Old England was ne'er called a mean land.

AUTHOR. But where's the genius *loci*?—trot her out.

CYB. She's somewhere in the backwoods, I've no doubt.

*Music—"Hark ! 'tis the Indian Drum."*

*The model opens, and the GENIUS OF AMERICA appears.*

MR. B. A handsome squaw—but looking like a fury—  
Pray is she Mrs. Sippi, or Miss Ouri ?  
Because we've full length pictures had of both ;  
Though to pronounce them like, I should be loath.

CYB. She is the native Genius, brave and wild.  
Two foreign gentlemen who found the child  
Gave her their names by which she now is known ;  
But e'en to me she never told her own.

---

\* See note to "The Drama at Home," vol II.

- AMER. What would the white man more? hath he not all  
 My warrior hunters used their own to call?  
 My forests bow their heads down to his axe,  
 Through my vast prairies run his iron tracks,  
 O'er my bright rivers smoking fleets are rolled,  
 And my soil bored by quenchless thirst of gold.
- MR. B. By thirst of gold! of course, why do we all,  
 Scramble and ramble round this earthly ball,  
 But for what out of it we hope to scratch?  
 Who is it the gold fever doesn't catch,  
 And for the precious metal toil and struggle,  
 Write, fight, sail, dig, dance, fiddle, act, and juggle?
- CYB. Over the stage I know its potent power,  
 Witness of Mexico your own "Wild Flower."

*Scene opens and discovers "The Sea of Ice" in the melo-drama  
 of "The Thirst of Gold" at the Adelphi.*

- MR. B. A sea of ice! I don't say so to quiz it,  
 But if that's not *an ice scene*, pray what is it?
- AUTHOR. Well, you can't say it's one without a flaw.
- MR. B. It's so cracked up though that it's sure to draw.  
 I'll have a piece of it!
- CYB. Take care! Take care!  
 More people to play on it, it won't bear!
- MR. B. Tempt not a desperate man! Let go your hold!
- CYB. What do you struggle for?
- MR. B. For gold! For gold!

*The Marylebone, Standard, City and other theatres rush in  
 upon the scene.*

- AUTHOR. Five theatres already on it fall.\*  
 One piece of ice cannot support us all!  
 See, it gives way! There! there, I told you so.  
 It's let some of them in, and down they go!

*The ice clears off as in the drama, and the theatres sink  
 between the pieces.*

- MR. B. Help! Help! the stage is sinking!

---

\* There were several versions of "The Sea of Ice" being played at different theatres.

- CYB. I've been told  
That ever since I was a twelvemonth old.
- MR. B. But don't you see the Drama going down ?
- CYB. Get something up that will attract the town,  
And save it.
- MR. B. I came out but with that hope.
- MR. BUCKSTONE and AUTHOR *sink into their chairs on each side the stage, and scene changes to staircase as before.*
- MR. B. (*in his sleep*) A rope! a rope! my kingdom for a rope!  
Out of the North-West Passage drag the pole,  
And throw the line itself across the hole!
- AUTHOR. (*in his sleep*) We crossed it long ago!
- MR. B. Back for it steam!
- The scene changes to the foot of the staircase, as before.*
- MR. B. (*waking*) Have mercy, critics!—Soft! 'twas but a dream!  
Where am I—in the world still? Ah! who's there?  
The Author! fast asleep in t'other chair.  
Wake!
- AUTHOR. (*waking*) What's the matter? Is the play begun?
- MR. B. It's over.
- AUTHOR. You don't say so!—Will it run?
- MR. B. I've no idea. I feel I'm still on ice,  
And that I may be tripped up in a trice.  
When round the world I venture to look here  
I scarcely know which course 'twere best to steer.  
Just now I dreamed the world was on my side.
- CYB. (*entering*) Let's hope the vision will be verified.  
If I have not the world misrepresented,  
Say that with this voyage round it you're contented;  
Accept the homage of myself and daughters,  
And here let all the world take up its quarters.  
Demonstrate to the town the earth's attraction,  
And so give universal satisfaction.

*Stairs sink again and discover*

LAST SCENE.—*The Four Quarters of the Globe on splendid emblematical thrones, two on each side of the stage—In*

*centre at back, The Globe, on which are seated in triumph and close alliance England and France.*

FINALE—" *La Reine des Roses* "—*Valse.*

All the world who strive to please  
Has a difficult task,  
And indulgence may ask  
On occasions such as these.  
When the world to good humour's inclined,  
Don't say that to bring the Globe here  
We have travelled quite out of our sphere.  
All the world is a stage,  
And we live in an age  
When to move it has made up its mind ;  
Then to give our stage new life,  
Do the Globe a good turn,  
And its progress to learn,  
Nightly round it as we steer,  
Let us see "all the world and his wife."

CURTAIN.





Mrs. Wey and Alfred  
Lulu Robson

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THE  
YELLOW DWARF  
AND THE  
KING OF THE GOLD MINES;

*A Fairy Extravaganza,*

IN ONE ACT.

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First performed at the Royal Olympic Theatre, on Tuesday,  
December 26th, 1854.



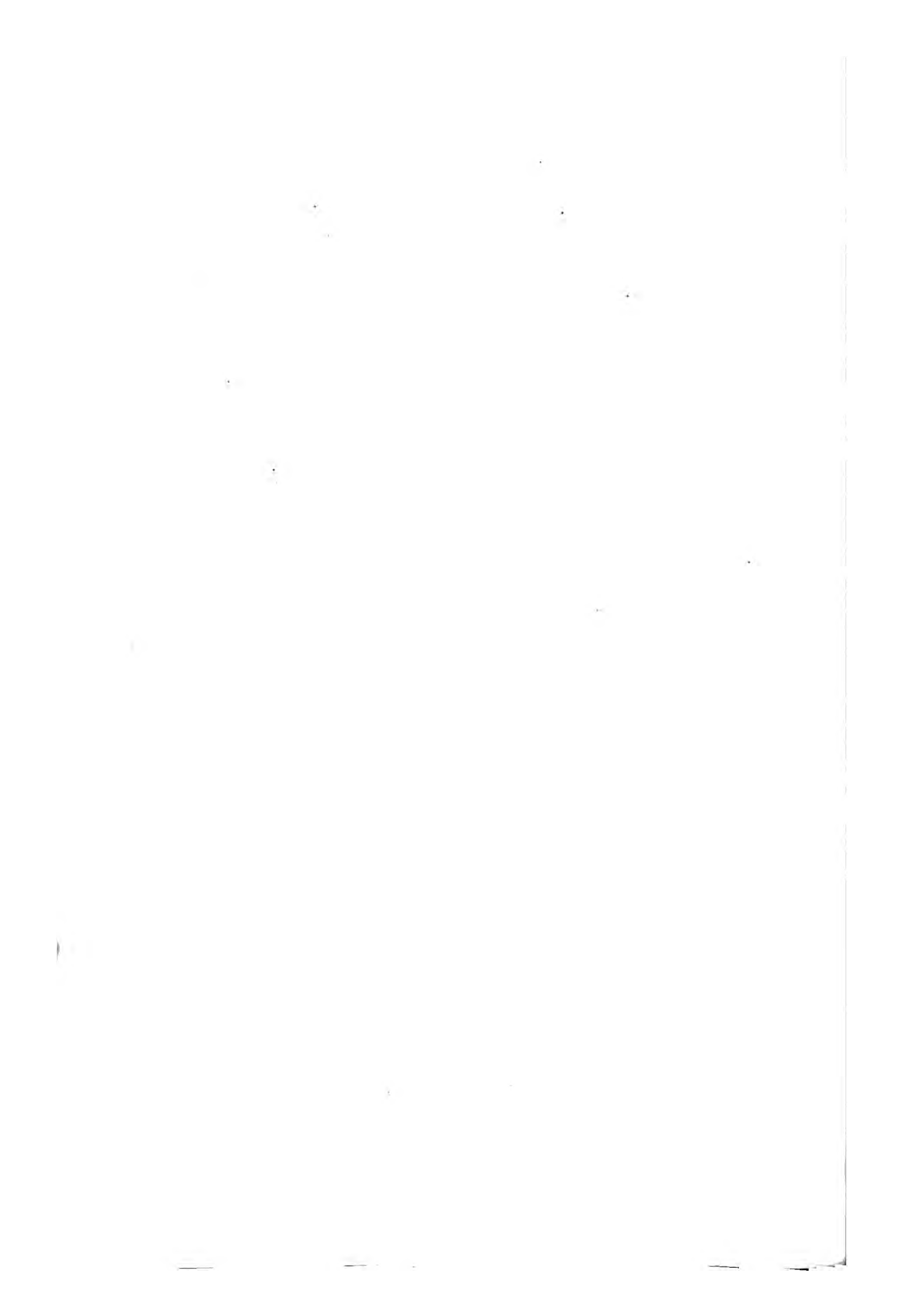


THE YELLOW DWARF  
AND THE  
KING OF THE GOLD MINES.

---

“Le Nain Jaune” was not one of the best known of the “Contes des Fées” of Madame D’Aulnoy five-and-twenty years ago ; but the story was full of interest, and in Mr. Robson I thought I saw such a representative of the Dwarf as I might never see again, and I was not mistaken. So powerful was his personation of the cunning, the malignity, the passion and despair of the monster, that he elevated Extravaganza into Tragedy. His delivery of the lines, slightly parodied from the wail of Othello over the dead body of Desdemona, moved Thackeray, “albeit unused to the melting mood,” almost to tears. “This is not a burlesque,” he exclaimed, “it is an idyl !”

My young friend, Miss St. George, made a spirited King of the Gold Mines, and the piece being well acted all round, the success was complete, and is one of the best remembered of my productions. It originally ran for a period of exactly five months, and was performed later on in the season for Mr. Robson’s benefit. It has been much played in the provinces, that clever actress, Miss Charlotte Saunders, having adopted the part of the Dwarf, and I am told (for I have not had the pleasure of witnessing the performance), rendering its execution very effective.



---

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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INDULGENTA (Queen of the Nursery Grounds)... MRS. FITZALLAN  
PRINCESS ALLFAIR (her Spoiled Child) ... MISS E. ORMONDE  
BARON LOWBOW (Usher of the Spared Rod) ... MR. J. H. WHITE

Lords and Ladies of the Court, Pages, Guards, &c.

Half-a-dozen Sovereigns, just struck with the Princess Allfair :—

MELIODORUS (King of the Gold Mines) MISS JULIA ST. GEORGE  
BLAZE (King of Diamonds) ... .. MR. DANVERS \*  
SUGAR (King of all the Twelfth Cakes)... .. MR. MOORE  
TUNG-LONG (Khan of Currant Tartary) ... MR. CLIFTON  
MEER GAUM (Rajah of Jam-Jellee) ... MR. HARWOOD COOPER  
PRINCE BONBON .. ... .. MISS BURETTE  
GAM-BOGIE (the Yellow Dwarf)... .. MR. F. ROBSON  
HARIDAN (the Desert Fairy) ... .. MISS MARSTON  
SYRENA (a Mermaid) ... .. MISS BROMLEY

Demons and Very Familiar Spirits, &c., &c.

---

\*Mr. Horace Wigan.

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 PROGRAMME OF SCENERY, &c.
 

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*The Royal Nursery Grounds,*

Illuminated for a Grand *Fête Al-fresco*, given by the King of the Gold Mines to the Princess Allfair.

CHAMBER IN THE QUEEN'S PALACE.

*THE GREEN SPOT IN THE DESERT,*

So often heard of—and, on this occasion, with a *Plant* upon it.

TWO RED LIONS (FROM BRENTFORD),

With additional Heads and Feet, by “*four* single gentlemen rolled into *two*.”

*Nettle-field Cottage, Thistle Grove,*

A Hunting Lodge of the Yellow Dwarf.

COURT OF ARCHES IN THE QUEEN'S PALACE.

The DESERT FAIRY'S CHRISTMAS BOX, drawn by Two Delicacies of the Season.

*The Steel Castle and Enchanted Groves of the Yellow Dwarf.*

Fac-Simile of the King of the Gold Mines ... MISS ST. GEORGE.

A Supernatural Beauty ... MISS MARSTON.

ROCKS ON THE SEA SHORE.

A Deeper Part of the Enchanted Groves.

*Throne Room of the Palace of King Meliodorus, in the Olympic Gold Mine.*

General Meeting of the Company (Provisionally Registered), and application for

A SHARE IN PUBLIC FAVOUR.

## THE YELLOW DWARF

AND THE

KING OF THE GOLD MINES.

---

SCENE FIRST.—*Gardens of the Palace—Wings of the Palace brilliantly illuminated and a fountain in the distance—Night.*

LADIES and GENTLEMEN *discovered dancing; after which enter* GUARDS, QUEEN, PRINCESS ALLFAIR, MELIODORUS, BLAZE, SUGAR, TUNG-LONG, MEER GAUM, PRINCE BONBON, BARON LOWBOW, COURTIERS, &c.

QUEEN. Sure of all *fêtes*, since *fêtes* were first invented,  
One so superb was ne'er at Court presented.

MEL. Your gracious Majesty is pleased to flatter ;  
In my land we make light of such a matter.

QUEEN. Make light ? Illuminations such a sight of,  
Can only, sir, in one sense be made light of.  
And then the concert, fireworks, and the ball,  
Surpassing Jullien's, Cremorne, Vauxhall—  
Not to say anything of the collation !

MEL. Enchanted that it's met your approbation.  
If your fair daughter—of all belles the belle,  
But thought it pretty——

ALLF. Well, 'twas pretty well.

MEL. Oh rapture ! to the world the tidings tell,  
The Princess has pronounced it pretty well !  
Bear it, ye zephyrs, over hill and plain,  
And let the echoes bear it back again !  
Till every rugged rock has learned to spell,  
And can repeat distinctly, "pretty well !"

*Air*—MELIODORUS—" *Yes ! 'tis a spell.*"

Yes ! for a spell's in ev'ry phrase  
That lips so sweet let fall ;  
And "pretty well !'s " the greatest praise  
She ever gave at all !  
With gratitude my bosom glows,—  
Fresh hopes my heart now swell :  
For me Fame's trump no flourish blows  
Like Allfair's "pretty well !"

Oh, how it would take out the shine  
Of many I could name,  
Who owe to puff and penny line  
The patents of their fame !  
Could *Allfair* but the critic be  
Of all they do or sell,  
What works now called "sublime" you'd see  
Reduced to "pretty well !"

Oh, proudest day, or rather proudest night,  
Of my existence ! if presume I might  
To hope this trifling proof of my affection  
Would move your heart gently in this direction !

ALLF. My heart is not inclined to move this quarter.

QUEEN. I'm really quite astonished at you, daughter !  
I can't imagine, Allfair, how you can  
Snub such a very nice and rich young man ;  
The King of all the Gold Mines in the earth—  
Impossible to say how much he's worth !

ALLF. For any other he might be a catch ;  
But I'm a Princess, difficult to match.

QUEEN. I know you are, my pet, I always said so !  
But, dearest child, I *do* want you to wed so !

ALLF. Why ?

QUEEN. I would see you happy.

ALLF. Happy ? La !

I'm very happy as I am, mamma.

QUEEN. Is there not one, in all this princely train  
Of lovers, who may hope your heart to gain ?

ALLF. Not one ! They only waste their breath in wooing.

QUEEN. (*aside*) It serves me right—it's my own foolish  
doing.

Ne'er from her cradle has she known correction,  
 But still been taught to think herself perfection.  
 Weakly I kissed, instead of daily cuffing her,—  
 Ne'er blew her up, but was for ever puffing her.  
 And now, alas ! her arrogance and vanity  
 Amount almost to something like insanity !  
 (*aloud*) Shall I ne'er see thee made a joyful wife  
 ALLF. A joyful maid ; I mean to pass my life  
 In single blessedness—a matchless fair,  
 Like chaste Diana, whose costume I wear.  
 MEL. But even chaste Diana had her *bow*.  
 ALLF. A bow will bend—a husband mayn't do so.  
 QUEEN. Alas ! you'll bend your beaux until they break.  
 SUGAR. I would draw you for Queen of my Twelfth Cake !  
 ALLF. I should feel more obliged if you'd with-draw.  
 BLAZE. Most brilliant Princess !—gem without a flaw !  
 As Queen of Diamonds wilt thou not be hailed ?  
 ALLF. You'd best cut, Diamonds,—your suit has failed.  
 TUNG. O'er Currant Tartary decide to reign !  
 ALLF. You'll catch a Tartar if you long remain.  
 MEER. Rajah of Jam Jellee, to you I stick !  
 ALLF. "*Ohe jam satis.*" Sir, of you I'm sick.  
 BON. Come, share my pretty box—my *bonbonnière*.  
 ALLF. Sweet sir, I should be in the wrong box there.  
 BON. Your heart's a block of ice.  
 ALLF. It is, sir, one  
 Which can't be melted by your father's son.  
 In brief, your time away you all are throwing,  
 So stand not on the order of your going,  
 But go at once,—as some one said before.  
 Mylord, (*to BARON*) shew all these gentlemen—the door.

ENSEMBLE—" *Katty did*"—*Polka*.

ALLF. Bow 'em out quickly !  
 All the whole corps !  
 Hither they needn't  
 Come any more !  
 Gentlemen all,  
 I'm yours—to the floor,  
 As you're *adorers*,  
 There is the door !



MEL. *and* RIVALS. Bow us out quickly !  
 Shew us the door !  
 Men of our quality  
 Never before  
 Treated were, certainly,  
 With such *hauteur* !  
 All her adorers  
 Turn out o' door !

ALLF. If you don't hurry you'll miss the last train.

MEL. Rather in yours let me remain !

ALLF. No ; there's a terminus to that line.

MEL. Then with a cord I shall terminate mine !

ALLF. Bow 'em out, &c.

MEL. *and* RIVALS. Bow us out, &c.

*Exeunt Lovers (shewn out by BARON) and QUEEN and  
 COURT, on opposite sides.*

SCENE SECOND.—*A Chamber in the Palace.*

*Enter QUEEN, disguised in a cloak and hood.*

QUEEN. Had I but died an hour before this row  
 'Tis ten to one I hadn't lived till now ;  
 And so should have escaped the anguish wild  
 Of feeling I have drawn it much too mild,—  
 And, striving but her vanity to tickle,  
 Preserved the rod and made my child a pickle !  
 My hints, my prayers, my tears all disregarded,  
 Of lovers the whole pack she has discarded.  
 But wed she shall—aye, marry shall she ! though  
 How it's to be contrived I do not know.  
 The only soul who might hit on a plan  
 Is the great Desert Fairy, Haridan !  
 But to approach her is, for any stranger,  
 A work of some considerable danger ;  
 The monstrous lions that patrol the dale  
 Might make the British Lion e'en turn tail !

Lions with two heads ! on eight feet that run !  
 And make you own two heads are worse than one.  
 To choke 'em off the traveller must make  
 A certain sort of sugar-candy cake,  
 With eggs of crocodiles and millet flour,  
 Which the said lions will with joy devour,  
 And let the bearer pass without a scratch.  
 Of these said cakes I lately made a batch,  
 And, as time presses, it must be conceded,  
 My cake has not been made before 'twas *needed*.

*Music—She goes off and returns with a covered basket  
 containing the cakes, then exit.*

SCENE THIRD.—*The Desert—In centre a gigantic orange  
 tree.*

*Music—Enter QUEEN with the basket on her arm.*

QUEEN. So far I've wandered o'er this desert dreary,  
 It is no wonder I feel rather weary ;  
 Beneath this solitary tree I'll rest.  
 Why, 'tis an orange tree, I do protest !  
 In size surpassing any that one sees—  
 'Tis certainly the Prince of Orange Trees !  
 Laden with luscious fruits that would convert  
 The dryest desert into a *dessert*.  
 Well, if my journey after all prove bootless,  
 This friendly tree prevents its being fruitless.

*(plucks an orange)*

Amid these burning sands the sun-scorched rover  
 Blesses kind Nature for this great *chef-d'œuvre* (shade  
 over).

*Music—The QUEEN seats herself under the tree, and is  
 about to peel the orange, when the boughs above open,  
 and discover the YELLOW DWARF seated, eating  
 oranges—He waves his hand—The QUEEN goes to*

*sleep—The basket she has put down at the foot of the tree rises up to the YELLOW DWARF, who takes and conceals it—Hideous roars heard at a distance—The QUEEN wakes in a fright.*

—What noise was that ? The lions, sure enough !  
Where are the cakes I brought the beasts to stuff ?  
My basket gone ! whatever have I done with it ?  
Somebody passing by must off have run with it ?  
Thieves ! murder ! I may bawl till I am hoarse !  
There's no policeman to be found, of course !

DWARF. Ahem ! Ahem !

QUEEN. Methought that, not far off,  
I heard one rather troubled with a cough.

DWARF. Ahem !

QUEEN. (*looking up*) Who's there ? a peeler in the tree ?

DWARF. Yes, I'm an orange-peeler, as you see.

QUEEN. To you then, as a peeler, I appeal !

Some one has robbed the lions of a meal  
I brought for them ; and my distress is great,  
They'll make a meal of me as sure as Fate !

DWARF. They will consider you a greater treat—  
They don't so often get a Queen to eat !

QUEEN. You know my rank ?

DWARF. Oh, yes ; I'm a detective.

QUEEN. Then my commands will not be ineffective.

I'll give the brutes in charge.

DWARF. For what, ma'am, pray ?

QUEEN. Eating the Queen upon her own highway.

So take 'em up at once.

DWARF. More than I durst ;

The law says I must see 'em do it first !

QUEEN. Is that the law ?

DWARF. "Thyself shall see the act."

QUEEN. Must I then die ?

DWARF. A melancholy fact !

If you've no cake, the lions give no quarter.

QUEEN. I shouldn't mind, if t'were not for my daughter.

DWARF. Have you a daughter ?

QUEEN. Yes, an only one.

DWARF. Pretty ?

QUEEN. There's nothing like her 'neath the sun.

DWARF. I'm glad to hear it—if she's like no other ;  
 I was afraid she might be like her mother.  
 Let's strike a bargain—come, I want a wife ;  
 Say she is mine, and I will save your life.

QUEEN. Your wife ! my daughter ?

DWARF. You refuse compliance ?  
 Choose 'twixt the lions, then, and my alliance.

*(roars nearer)*

They come !

QUEEN. Oh, mercy ! Sir, Allfair is thine !

DWARF. Allfair is too fair. Madam, I decline !

QUEEN. You'd not be guilty of such great barbarity.

DWARF. Well, then, I will accept her—out of charity.

But keep your word, or you and all your kin  
 Will suffer for it.

QUEEN. Trust me, sir.

*(the trunk of the tree opens)*

DWARF.

Walk in !

*Music—The QUEEN enters the tree, which closes again—Two Monsters, each with two lions' heads and eight feet, cross the stage, as in pursuit of the QUEEN.*

SCENE FOURTH,—*A Field of Nettles and Thistles—Thatched Cottage.*

*Enter QUEEN.*

QUEEN. Mercy upon me ! whither have I got ?  
 Into this field like rubbish I've been shot  
 Out of the trunk, in which packed up so neatly  
 I gave the lions the go-by completely.  
 Though safe, with terror still my hair all bristles.  
 What a sad waste of nettles and of thistles !  
 A wretched hut, beside a muddy ditch,—  
 On such a place to live in who could pitch ?

*(Door of cottage opens, and the YELLOW DWARF appears at it)*

Ha ! here's the owner ! Owner ? Goodness me !

The first-floor lodger at the orange tree !

Why, he's a dwarf, I vow—fit for a show !

DWARF. Mother-in-law, welcome to my château.

QUEEN. Mother-in-law ! (*aside*) Oh, mercy ! I'd forgot.

DWARF. Aye, you will be so shortly, will you not ?

QUEEN. Yes, certainly, of course. But did you say  
Your château ?

DWARF. Well, then, my cottage *ornée* !  
Call it whate'er you please—'tis mine ; and soon  
Your daughter here will pass her honey-moon,  
With her devoted husband.

QUEEN. (*aside*) Husband ! monkey !

DWARF. Upon these thistles she can keep a donkey  
To ride these lovely pleasure grounds about on,  
Or go a-hunting, or a-fishing out on ;  
And in the fens and marshes, swamps, and bogs,  
Catch for her dinner some delicious frogs.  
But, what will most conduce to her delight,  
I shall be near her—morning, noon, and night ;  
For 'twould distress me should her shadow be  
A closer follower than she'll find me.

*Air—DWARF—“ Der Freischutz.”*

Mark my words ! the day you'll rue  
If the Yellow Dwarf unto

You have told a crammer !  
Try upon me any trick,  
Down upon you I am, quick  
As a (yellow) hammer !

But your promise keep with me,  
And your daughter queen will be  
Of this fine empire—O !  
Here I sing, and feast, and sport,  
Dancing, though my legs are short,  
As in *Lanky-shire*—O !

(*Lancashire clog hornpipe*)\*

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\* Introduced specially for Mr. Robson who had made a popular feature of it in the provinces. Neither song nor dance are required in this situation and their omission, as in all cases of forced introduction would be an improvement.

QUEEN. (*aside*) Oh! wretched mother! still more wretched daughter!

Live here with a vile dwarf on frogs and water.

Horrible thought! who could have had a guess of it?

I've been and gone and made a horrid mess of it!

DWARF. Well, madam, you are charmed, I trust?

QUEEN. Oh, surely!

But, sir, I feel particularly poorly.

So faint and queer—I—wish—I was safe back again

At home! (*sinks on a bank*)

DWARF. You shall be, madam, in a crack again.

*Music—The scene suddenly changes to*

SCENE FIFTH.—*Interior of the Palace.*

*The bank on which the QUEEN had fallen changes at the same time to a couch—She remains insensible upon it.*

*Enter PRINCESS ALLFAIR, in bridal attire, followed by BARON.*

ALLF. What can this mean? It adds to my affright.

My royal mother not in bed all night?

Nor to be found this morning?

BARON. 'Tis too true!

She's gone, your Highness, no one knows where to;

Which makes me fancy, one way or another,

Something is up—besides your royal mother.

ALLF. Whatever's up, run you this instant down,

And hunt for her through every court in town.

BARON. Ah, madam, look! to hunt I needn't go far,—

Here lies her Majesty upon the sofa!

ALLF. So far so good—one load is off my mind;

But there's another—I can't say behind,

For 'tis upon my heart. (*to QUEEN*) Mamma!

QUEEN. (*waking with a start*) Who's there?

ALLF. 'Tis I—your daughter.

BARON. The Princess Allfair.

ALLF. Why roll your eyes about with air so wild?

QUEEN. Where is he? gone? and left my precious child!

ALLF. He—gone?

BARON. She dreams.

- ALLF. What can she mean by "he?"
- BARON. Perhaps the night-mare.
- ALLF. Pshaw! that would be "she!"  
Mamma, what made you wake in such a fright?
- QUEEN. What do I see? my daughter all in white?  
Dressed like a bride? Answer me quickly!—who,  
Child, are you going to be married to?
- ALLF. Nobody, dear mamma—that is the joke!  
I found myself so dressed when I awoke.
- QUEEN. (*aside*) Joke! Oh, poor victim! there is no joke  
in it,—  
He will be here to fetch her in a minute.
- BARON. Perhaps your Majesty can solve the mystery.
- QUEEN. (*aside*) Alas, too well! But, oh! the horrid  
history  
I dare not tell her.
- ALLF. What's the strangest thing,  
Upon my wedding-finger there's a ring,  
Made of red hair; and vain is force or skill,  
It won't come off.
- QUEEN. (*aside*) Which means the wedding *will*!
- ALLF. I think it may be as a trick regarded,  
Played by some lover whom I have discarded;—  
One of the pack whom I last night sent packing.
- QUEEN. (*aside*) Ah! just as I my wretched brain was  
racking  
For some quick means of 'scaping this disaster,  
Her words have for my wound supplied a plaster!  
(*aloud*) Say, have your lovers all left in despair?
- ALLF. I really don't know, and, what's more, don't care.
- QUEEN. "Don't care" came to be hanged—and you'll be  
finding  
A knot as fatal, if you keep not minding!  
(*to* BARON) Fly! stop their Majesties and Royal  
Highnesses,  
And tell 'em not to pack up all their finesses  
Until they have a message from the Queen!  
(*Exit* BARON)
- ALLF. Good gracious, dear mamma! what can you mean?  
Is't possible that any one can view  
Anything wrong that I could say or do?

QUEEN. Question me not! but lend your serious hearing  
 To what I shall unfold. That's not a mere ring  
 Of hair you wear. No; you are in a scrape  
 From which there is but a hair-breadth escape  
 To be hoped for. Sure as I am your mother,  
 Out of that ring you must get through another.  
 You have of lovers, luckily, a score;  
 Marry but one of them—I ask no more.

ALLF. Marry but one of them? Well, to please you,  
 I promise that I will not marry two!

QUEEN. You can't—the law won't let you—there's no doubt  
 of it,

And that's the very way you will get out of it!

ALLF. Get out of what?

QUEEN. Daughter, I'll tell you when  
 You're married.

(Exit QUEEN)

ALLF. You will never tell me then.

I married! I e'er condescend to say  
 To living man that I will him "*obey?*"  
 I, who am faultless, both in form and mind?  
 Indeed I shall do nothing of the kind!  
 If any suitor could have suited me,  
 The young King of the Gold Mines had been he;  
 Not for his gold—if he had not a pennyweight,  
 With me that circumstance would not have any  
 weight—

I'd take him in his skin, without a *tanner*.  
 How silly to be talking in this manner  
 About a man at all—folks would suppose  
 I was in love with him: I'm not, heav'n knows!  
 And even if I were—— Pooh! nonsense! stuff!  
 I won't wed anybody—that's enough!  
 Unless the donor of this dress can hit  
 Upon a body just as good a fit

*Air—ALLFAIR—“Son Virgin.”*

I woke from a doze, ah!  
 This morning, and rose, ah!  
 In these fine new clothes, ah!  
 By some one supplied;



But *who*, goodness knows, ah !  
 I can but suppose, ah !  
 'Tis the work of some fairies,  
 Whose project so rare is  
     To make me a bride :  
 But if such their care is,  
 This habit to wear is  
 Absurd, unless there is  
     A bridegroom beside.

Yes, surely those who dressed me as a bride  
 Are bound to find a groom for me beside.

YELLOW DWARF *rises through trap.*

DWARF. (*aside*) And here he is beside you, my proud  
 fair!

ALLF. (*turning and seeing him*) Ugh, lud ! what horrid little  
 monster's there ?

Who let you in ? and what d'ye come to do ?

DWARF. I come to make a morning call on you.

ALLF. On me ? a morning call ? Supreme audacity !

Will you inform me, pray, in what capacity ?

DWARF. Your most obedient servant to command.

ALLF. (*aside*) Servant ? Oh ! now I think I understand ;

A dwarf, to entertain me, sent by some one.

Well, he's undoubtedly a very rum one,

But he's too ugly, really, to be pleasant.

(*aloud*) To whom am I indebted for the present ?

DWARF. Her Majesty.

ALLF. The Queen ? she made no mention

Of such a gift.

DWARF. No doubt 'twas her intention

Agreeably to surprise you. But come, say,—

For I'm impatient,—name the happy day.

ALLF. What happy day ?

DWARF. Our wedding-day. What other

Could you think happier ? Your royal mother

Has given her consent—so it's all right ;

We can be tied up, if you please, to-night.

ALLF. Tied up ? I'll have you tied up pretty soon.

Presumptuous pigmy ! insolent buffoon !

What ho ! my guards ! within there, and without there !  
 DWARF. Thou but offend'st thy lungs so loud to shout  
 there ;

Not one can move or stir until I choose ;  
 Look to your own hand ere you mine refuse.  
 Oh, it's no use to frown, and fume, and fidget.  
 What have you got upon your wedding digit ?  
 Just place that ring these golden ringlets near,  
 And see if that hair doesn't match this here.

ALLF. Horrible fact ! there cannot be a doubt,  
 From that small bunch of carrots 'twas pulled out !

DWARF. Answer me next : Whence came your wedding  
*trousseau* ?

That dress, that might astonish Madame Tussaud ?  
 There's nothing finer in her room to view.

ALLF. Nor in her chamber, horror like to you !

My mother ever call her son-in-law you ?  
 I'll bet her crown my mother never saw you !

DWARF. You'd lose it ! I've her licence, you've my ring !

ALLF. I don't believe you then—it's no such thing !

And so, you little ugly brute, get out !

DWARF. Brimstone and treacle ! mind what you're about.

Like it or lump it, you're engaged to me !

ALLF. But I won't have you !

DWARF. Won't you ? we shall see !

ALLF. I'll go and pull this dress off, to begin.

DWARF. You can't ! 'twill only come off with your skin.

'Twas ordered for your wedding, and was made  
 By the first hands in all the fairy trade.

They warrant it to wear, and you must wear it ;

Off you can't pull, or cut, or burn, or tear it :

Your ladies' maids may take their solemn oaths

Till you're a bride no more of cast-off clothes !

ALLF. A woman live in one dress all her life ?

DWARF. Yours won't be long, unless you are my wife.

Make up your mind to pass your life with me,

Or yours will be as short, in short, as me.

*(sinks through trap)*

ALLF. What's to be done ? was ever such enormity ?

Betrothed to such a monster of deformity !

I must be dreaming, or I am delirious !

And yet why was my mother so mysterious ?  
 Why ring such changes upon wedding rings ?  
 Why rush to railways after turned-out kings ?  
 Why ask if " *he* " were gone, with rolling eyes ?  
 Why ?—why ?—oh, why ? if it were otherwise ?  
 She comes.

*Re-enter* QUEEN *with* BARON.

Mamma, what have you done ? explain !  
 QUEEN. Brought all who courted you to Court again,  
 In hopes a husband out of them you'll pick,  
 And marry him directly.  
 ALLF. Answer—quick !  
 Had you not promised me to one before ?  
 QUEEN. Humph !  
 ALLF. Don't say " humph ! " or say it and no more,  
 For that's enough ; and on the hip I catch you.  
 QUEEN. Oh, you don't mean he has been here to fetch  
 you ?  
 ALLF. He was to come here, then ? and you—you  
 knew it ?  
 QUEEN. Indeed—indeed, I didn't go to do it !  
 To save my life he made me make a vow,—  
 I'll tell you all about it, but not now.  
 Marry at once some Prince who can protect you,  
 And then the Dwarf to wed him can't expect you ;  
 He knows the law will not allow polygamy,  
 And, little as he is, 'twould still be bigamy.  
 ALLF. Ah me ! I feel 'tis no use hesitating.  
 QUEEN. (*to* BARON) Admit the royal gentlemen in waiting.  
 (*Exit* BARON)  
 ALLF. If I must marry, it shall be at least  
 A handsome man, and not an ugly beast.  
*Music—Re-enter* BARON *with* MELIODORUS, BLAZE, SUGAR,  
 TUNG-LONG, MEER GAUM, *and* BONBON.  
 MEL. One sentence from your lips to hear we run,  
 By which we all shall be sent hence but one.  
 Oh, name that one !  
 OMNES. We all implore, in chorus !  
 ALLF. The King, then, of the Gold Mines—  
 Meliodorus !

MEL. Oh, rapture !

BLAZE. Madness !

SUGAR. Fury !

TUNG. Rage !

MEER. Distraction !

BON. (*to MELIODORUS*) Sir, you will have to give me satisfaction.

MEL. Oh, sir, the satisfaction will be mine.

BON. *Diable !* then, to spite you, I decline.

MEL. Just as you please. Can I do anything  
In that way, pray, for any Prince or King ?  
To prove my title to so great a treasure  
I should be proud with all my sword to measure.

BLAZE. Diamond cuts diamond only.

SUGAR. I would fight,  
But cannot draw except upon Twelfth Night.

TUNG. I can, but won't—a candid Khan I am.

MEER. Self-preservation is the law of Jam.

ALLF. In fact they all fight shy ; but understand,  
Some one may yet appear to claim my hand  
By whom your courage will perchance be tried,  
So pause before to take it you decide.

MEL. Pause ? talk of pause with such a hand in view ?  
I fain would see who dare lay paws on you !  
Without more ceremony thus I seize——

ALLF. Nay, one more ceremony if you please.

QUEEN. For which all's ready—parson, licence, ring.

MEL. Madam, you make me happier than a king.

Let's to the parson, love, this instant go.

ALLF. I'm not the *parson* now, sir, to say "no."

*Bridal March—Mendelssohn.*

MEL. Strike up the Bridal March in most stunning style !  
Let every brick among you fling up his tile !

RIVALS. Off let us quickly march ; nor see this young file  
Hand off her Highness in this off-handed style !

MEL. *and* ALLF. Set all the bells a ringing  
Merry peals to tell,  
How happy Meliodorus  
Goes to ring the *belle !*

Strike up, &c.

RIVALS. Our hearts, alas ! 'tis wringing,  
More than we can tell,  
To see King Meliodorus  
Bear away the *belle* !

Off let us, &c.

*(they form in procession—as they are about to leave, HARIDAN appears, followed by a brazen coffer drawn by two large turkey-cocks)*

MEL. What's here ? a strange old woman with a box !

ALLF. Drawn by a pair of goblin turkey-cocks.

QUEEN. What can she want ?

MEL. Speak, if you've aught to say ;  
If not, your carriage, madam, stops the way.

HARIDAN, *leaving the coffer and turkey-cocks in the centre, walks round the stage, examining the company, without speaking.*

ALLF. No answer ?

QUEEN. Sure she's dumb.

MEL. A silent woman !  
A person most remarkably uncommon.

ALLF. Who can she be ?

QUEEN. *(aside)* I'm half afraid to guess.

HAR. *(who has suddenly stopped in the centre of the stage, brandishing her crutch)* Aha, my Queen—oho, my fine Princess !

Is this the way you keep your word at Court ?

Think you to make the Yellow Dwarf your sport ?

MEL. The Yellow Dwarf ?—who's he, when he's at home ?

HAR. One who your scented periwig will comb  
Unless you brush with it, you may depend.  
I am his old and very faithful friend,  
The Desert Fairy !

QUEEN. Ha !

MEL. Why from her shrink so ?

QUEEN. *(aside)* Mercy preserve me ! if I didn't think so,

HAR. *(to QUEEN)* Is this your gratitude, for having packed  
you

Safe in a trunk when my coast-guard attacked you ?

Without his orange tree, ungrateful Queen,  
Where, by this time, d'ye think you would have  
been ?

Where it might not be delicate to say,—  
But down Red Lion Street a precious way !  
Did you not swear, if he would save your life,  
Your proud young daughter there should be his  
wife ?

And now, the peril past and you in clover,  
You'd coolly throw your life-preserver over !  
Such pranks are not in Fairy-land permitted,  
The debt you owe the Dwarf must be acquitted.

I came to see all fair—and I will see  
Allfair his bride, as she is bound to be.  
Aye, by my hood I swear she shall be such,  
Or in my kitchen fire I'll burn my crutch !

MEL. (*to* QUEEN) Did you so swear ? Refute the allegation.

QUEEN. I took an oath under intimidation,  
Therefore it can't be binding.

ALLF. Let her storm ;  
I didn't promise, and I won't perform.

HAR. You're not of age, so that plea falls to ground—  
The daughter by her mother's act is bound,

MEL. Bound or unbound, vile hag, you'd better quick  
Out of this palace cut your wicked stick ;  
For, if you give us much more of this jargon,  
I'll burn your crutch, and you into the bargain.

*Music—He advances on her—Thunder and lightning—The lid of the brazen coffer flies up with a tremendous clang, and the DWARF appears seated on a great cat.*

DWARF. (*advancing*) Rash boy ! insult not this illustrious-  
fay—

It is with me you'll square accounts to-day.  
I am your rival, and your deadly foe,  
The Yellow Dwarf.

MEL. They may well call you so.

As Byron says, "I never, no, I never  
Saw any man so yellow. How's your liver?"

DWARF. You'll find I'm not white-livered, to your cost.  
Resign that lady's hand, or you are lost :

- She is my bride—by her own mother there  
I was contracted to Princess Allfair.
- MEL. Something's contracted you, that's pretty plain :  
If I were you I'd get drawn out again.
- DWARF. Madam, (*to ALLFAIR*) by you is this base fraud  
defended?  
To save your mother's life I condescended  
To be your yoke-fellow.
- MEL. Yoke-fellow ? nay,  
Her yolk-of-egg fellow, you mean to say.
- ALLF. You talk of fraud, who plays such juggling  
tricks  
On travellers when they are in a fix ?
- HAR. He tricked her not ; but at her utmost need  
He took her in——
- QUEEN. Ah, that he did, indeed !
- DWARF. And there I was in fault, I must agree.  
I ope'd the door of the old orange tree,  
And let into its parlour neat and tidy  
A traveller who wasn't *bond fide* !
- MEL. No more of this. If you would 'scape with life,  
Vacate the building.
- DWARF. Not without my wife.  
She has my ring upon her finger fair,—  
Those are my orange blossoms in her hair.  
Try to pluck off that ring, or one small flower,  
Then say if you've the pluck to brave my power.
- MEL. Thus do I answer !  
*(makes a blow at the DWARF)*
- HAR. Nay then—one—two—three !  
Off with the girl, and leave the boy to me.

*Music—As she speaks she strikes the KING'S sword from his hand with her crutch, and he becomes fixed to the ground—She touches ALLFAIR with it, who falls insensible into the arms of the DWARF, and, waving it in the air, the stage becomes dark, the sun turns red as blood, a thick mist descends and envelopes all the characters, during which the DWARF disappears with ALLFAIR, and HARIDAN with MELIODORUS—The mist then disperses gradually, and discovers*

SCENE SIXTH.—*The Steel Castle of the YELLOW DWARF and Enchanted Gardens*—ALLFAIR, *still insensible, is reclining on a couch of flowers, and the YELLOW DWARF is standing at her side, gazing upon her.*

DWARF. "Sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,"  
 Has most completely sewed up fair Allfair ;  
 Tacked her sweet lips together, and pretended  
 To darn a pair of eyes that can't be mended.  
 So much their brilliancy my soul bewitches,  
 I am afraid to cut those careful stitches  
 And blink again before the fiery flashes  
 Which have almost reduced my heart to ashes.  
 What, shall this heart—a marble to a foeman—  
 Now knuckle down at ring-taw with a woman ?  
 No ; far gone as I own it is, with shame,  
 I'll see it further ere I lose the game.  
 Let strains as magical as those of Orpheus  
 Gently release her from the arms of Morpheus.  
 How happy that chap Morpheus must be.  
 Would that I were Morpheus, and Morpheus me !  
 Then he would be a dwarf, deformed and yellow,  
 And I should be a much more downy fellow. *(music)*

ALLF. *(waking)* "What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?"

DWARF. I am that angel.

ALLF. *(starting at sight of him)* Angel ? Had'st thou said  
 Quite the reverse, the fact I might not question.

DWARF. I understand the delicate suggestion ;  
 But with that gentleman if you're acquainted,  
 You'll own I'm not so black as he is painted.

ALLF. To colour o'er thy deeds thou can'st not hope.

DWARF. *(aside)* I'll try how I am off for yellow soap.  
*(aloud)* Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,  
 To give the Dwarf leave to be his own showman.

ALLF. Vouchsafe, deformed infection of an elf,  
 To take thy leave and go and hang thyself.

DWARF. By such despair I should myself accuse.

ALLF. Didst thou not kill the king I chose to choose ?

DWARF. I'm not aware of it : but put the case,  
 I only sent him to a better place.



ALLF. Thou art unfit for any place but one,  
That I could name——

DWARF.                             Don't—it is never done  
To ears polite. But say I did the act ;  
You an accomplice were, before the fact.

ALLF. You'll have some pains to prove that; I suspect.

DWARF. Thy beauty was the cause of that effect.

ALLF. If I thought so, I'd spoil it in a trice.

DWARF. I couldn't let you, ma'am, at any price.

To scratch those cheeks would be a crime most  
scrubby.

He who bereft thee, lady, of thy hubby,  
Did it to help thee to a spouse more proper.

ALLF. Where is he ?

DWARF.                     Here.

ALLF.                             Well, if that ain't a whopper  
I never heard one, and shan't while I live.

DWARF. If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,  
Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword,  
And humbly beg my death. (*kneeling*)

ALLF. (*taking the sword*)             Upon your word ?

DWARF. Aye ; do not pause I cribbed your mother's cake,  
But then I stole it only for your sake.

(*ALLFAIR gives him a poke with the sword, but it does not  
pierce him*)

Go it again ! I floored King Meliodorus,  
But 'twas your face made me so indecorus.

(*she gives him another poke, without effect, and then flings  
the sword down*)

Why drop the sword ?

ALLF.                             The deuce is in his luck,—  
I try to stick him and he won't be stuck.

DWARF. Take up the sword again, or take up me.

ALLF. You are much sharper than your sword, I see.

What is the reason through I haven't thrustured you ?

DWARF. (*rising*) Because you can't—or I should not have  
trusted you.

You don't think such a fool I could have been ?

I'm jolly yellow, but not jolly green.

This sword a fairy for my father made ;

No cutler ever knew so keen a blade ;

A better tempered weapon cannot be,—  
 It makes a point of never hurting me !  
 With plates of the same steel I've faced yon walls,  
 Which, by a magic light that on them falls,  
 Like burning glasses can reduce to tinder  
 The ragamuffin whose approach I'd hinder.  
 Once in these groves you cannot leave 'em ; so  
 If you attempt it, you'll find it's *no go*.  
 Then make your mind up like a girl of sense,  
 And marry me at once.

ALLF. On no pretence.

DWARF. I will surround you with all pomps and joys,  
 And thou wilt have no end of yellow boys.

ALLF. Go, get along to Old Virginny—do,  
 And find some yellow girl to marry you ;  
 To Meliodorus I'll be true for ever.

DWARF. (*aside*) That name gives me a fit of yellow fever.  
 Ha ! could I make her fancy him untrue,  
 I might give her the yellow fever too ;  
 I'll try a spell that ne'er to fail was known,  
 And raise some spirits that may raise my own.

(*aloud*) What if your Meliodorus should deceive you ?

ALLF. Though you should swear it, I would not believe you.

DWARF. He has done so.

ALLF. You jest !

DWARF. I'm not so jocular.

ALLF. Give me some proof he has.

DWARF. You shall have ocular.

*Music—He waves his hand—The trees open, and discover  
 the form of the KING OF THE GOLD MINES kneeling at the feet  
 of a beautiful Nymph.*

Behold your faithless lover on his knees  
 To something like a beauty, if you please !

ALLF. Start eyes ! stern creditors, from out your sockets,  
 And strike against my bankrupt heart your docketts.  
 But no ! I doubt this proof, though 'tis autoptical !  
 Such base delusion can be only optical ;  
 Some wicked trick contrived my mind to trouble,—  
 Some juggling stereoscope that shews his double.

DWARF. Right, but you know that stereoscopic cases  
 Are made to shew up folks with double faces.

She is so much more beautiful than you,  
You cannot doubt.

ALLF. Oh, now I see 'tis true!  
For the gay bold-faced baggage smiles on me,  
And points at him for hers!

DWARF. (*aside*) It works, I see—  
With yellow she's completely overcast,  
To this complexion she has come at last.  
(*he waves his hand—Tableau disappears*)

ALLF. Gone? Let this hour be henceforth marked with  
black,

And stand accursed in the almanack!  
Oh, give me death by anything but slow means.

DWARF. But you are satisfied?

ALLF. No—not by no means.

DWARF. Take vengeance on him by rewarding me.

ALLF. That would be with a vengeance—certainly.

No, though he's treated me so very sadly,  
I'm not a going to behave so badly.

DWARF. Ha! Flour of sulphur! what prevents my taking  
you

At your own word, and an example making you  
Of all who would the Yellow Dwarf defy?  
Answer me.

ALLF. I don't know.

DWARF. No more do I.  
My head spins like a top—my sight grows hazy!  
'Twill love and rage this girl will drive me crazy!

*Duet—DWARF and ALLFAIR—"Norma."*

DWARF. In my power at last I hold you,  
Just exactly as I told you.  
You must wed me.

ALLF. No, I shan't, sir!

DWARF. But I'll make you.

ALLF. You can't, sir!

Hear me!

Spite of all we've seen before us,

Here I swear that I will never

Marry any, save Meliodorus!

So to make me you'd be clever.

- DWARF. This the last time is of asking—  
 You'll repent it if you refuse me.
- ALLF. All your power it would be tasking,  
 Still more cruelly to use me.  
 I defy you—I detest you !  
 This true heart you cannot shake !
- DWARF. In my bank then I invest you,  
 Till more interest I can make.

*At a sign from the DWARF the bank of roses on which ALLFAIR was discovered at the opening of the scene, changes into a rock and encloses her—The scene changes to*

SCENE SEVENTH.—*A Cavern on the Sea Shore.*

*Enter HARIDAN.*

- HAR. To ask a question which itself explains,  
 "What means this tumult in a vestal's veins?"  
 It means, alas ! that I, great Haridan,  
 Who for five hundred years have hated man,  
 Have fallen into a trap by Cupid baited,  
 And am by my own captive captivated.  
 Yes, that sly knave of hearts has gone and sold mine  
 To that too handsome King of every Gold Mine.  
 The instant his sweet phiz I clapped my eyes on  
 They drank in a full cup of—not "*cold* pison,"  
 And I determined off at once to carry him,  
 And here, by my own special licence, marry him.  
 But though I've got him safe 'neath lock and key,  
 The job is now to make him marry me.  
 I've tried to frighten him—which surely you  
 Would say the sight of me's enough to do :  
 But no,—nor look nor menace can alarm him ;  
 I must by greater charms essay to charm him.  
 My friend the Dwarf upon my rival Allfair  
 Has just now played a trick she mightn't call fair !  
 But which, I think, is all fair in fair time,  
 And it has given me a hint sublime.  
 I'll turn his tableau into a reality,  
 And be the belle of that beau-ideality.

*Music—She changes to the Beauty in the vision of the previous scene.*

After five hundred years, it's hard and strange  
 One's face and habits all at once to change.  
 "De gustibus non disputandum est ;"  
 But I prefer my old ones, I protest.  
 Though there be harridans I know in plenty  
 Would give the world to make themselves look twenty ;  
 And use as much paint as would fill a cart,  
 To snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.  
 Now on my prisoner to try my spell ; (*waves her hand*)  
 This is for him another sort of *sell*.

*Music—The rock opens and discovers MELIODORUS chained in a hole of it.*

(*feigning surprise*) What do I see? King Meliodorus here?

MEL. A fine young woman ! How d'ye do, my dear ?

HAR. I'm pretty well, I thank you. How are you, sir ?

MEL. Oh, bored to death by a vile old Medusa.

HAR. (*aside*) The monster !

MEL. But pray tell me, who are you  
 Who seem' to know me, and to look me through ?

HAR. A nymph—the owner of a neighbouring grotto.

MEL. A fairer one was never drawn by Watteau !

With face so lovely and with form so airy—

HAR. You could love me, then, though you can't the Fairy ?

MEL. Oh, couldn't I ?

HAR. And will you ?

MEL. No, I won't.

HAR. Dost mock me, cruel monarch ?

MEL. No, I don't ;

But my affections were engaged before,  
 Or you're the sort of girl I could adore.

HAR. You could ? Then do, and I will ever stay with you ;

Or, if you would prefer it, run away with you.  
 I fear you think me bold.

MEL. No ; I might say

A little fast—if you would run away.  
 But chained as I am to this rocky shelf,  
 I am too much a *fast* young man myself.

HAR. Love me, and I will change each horrid fetter  
 To links of roses, which would look much better.  
 I am a spirit of no common sort ;  
 A slap-up brougham and pair you'll find I sport ;  
 I have a brilliant bow'r in Belgrave Square,  
 In every first-rate company a share,  
 A free admission to all sorts of sights,  
 An opera-box alternate Thursday nights  
 On the grand tier—a stall to see the ballets,  
 A season ticket for the Crystal Palace.  
 No bill shall bother you—no business bore,  
 No nothing never trouble you no more.

MEL. I'm very sorry, but you must excuse me.

HAR. Have you the heart, barbarian, to refuse me ?

MEL. (*aside*) I'm of a nature not at all suspicious,  
 But in her eye there's something rather vicious.

HAR. (*aside*) My rage to smother I am scarcely able.

MEL. (*aside*) I look down towards her feet,—but that's a  
 fable !

No, 't isn't—there they are—a frightful pair !

HAR. (*aside*) At what on earth does the young villain  
 stare ?

Confusion ! all my hopes a fatal blow to !

My transformation wasn't made *in toto* !

I quite forgot in those infernal laws

About my feet there is some horrid *clause*.

But though I couldn't change their shape or skin,

I might have found "*que'que chose*" to put 'em in.

MEL. To catch me this is some perfidious plan.

If not Old Harry, you're old Harridan !

HAR. Well, you are right—the latter one of them it is,

Whom love has driven to these strange extremities !

MEL. (*aside*) By rating her, her wrath I shall but waken ;

A little gammon yet may save my bacon.

(*aloud*) Madam, I own appearances are more

In favour of you than they were before ;

Your beauty now is absolute perfection.

Give me a little more time for reflection :

And, what would give me much more satisfaction,

A little greater liberty of action.

I must, if I'm to make another match meant,

Get over this unfortunate attachment.

My feelings then might undergo revulsion—  
No mortal man can love upon compulsion.

HAR. If I could hope to warm that heart so icy——

MEL. Well, now you've made yourself to look so spicy,  
If I were free—Egad ! I wouldn't swear.

HAR. Well, as an earnest of my favour—there !

*Music—His chains fall off, and the back of the cavern opens,  
discovering the ocean.*

Go, take a turn on my Marine Parade ;  
Of your escape I'm not the least afraid :  
No craft of any sort in sight can heave,  
Much less approach the shore without my leave,  
So wild I've made the sea about these caves,  
Even Britannia couldn't rule the waves !

MEL. My gratitude at least for this is owing.

HAR. Farewell !

(Exit)

MEL. Farewell—and thank you much for—going.

Oh, all ye ocean gods and little fishes  
That ever swam in brine or smoked in dishes !—  
Pity the sorrows of a poor land lubber  
Who more than any whale has cause for blubber ;  
Whose anguish no cod-liver oil can cure !  
Who flounders in a net he can't endure ;  
Whose soul's so sad, he wishes he were dead  
As any herring that was ever red ;  
In brief, whose misery is metaphorical  
In every sense that can be piscatorial !  
If you've of Justice but a single scale,  
If there's among ye one who with a tale  
Like mine, to pity I've the power to move—  
If ever oyster yet were crossed in love,  
Let but that native to my rescue rise,  
Nor here in vain hear me apostrophize !

*Song—MELIODORUS.*

*Air—“ The Red, White, and Blue.”*

O Britannia, the pride of the ocean,  
Who slaves to make every one free,  
Won't you second a poor fellow's motion,  
And save him from *felo-de-se* ?

You, the Blacks who have emancipated,  
 (And a fine lot of browns it cost too !)  
 Can't see a man so sitivated,  
 Let his colour be red, white, or blue.

Though the waves on this coast some may deem, ma'am,  
 For even your ruling too great,  
 I believe if you'd get up your steam, ma'am,  
 You'd soon rule 'em remarkably straight.  
 Could I but some of your jolly Jacks see,  
 Who are longing for something to do,  
 'Stead of looking so black in the Black Sea  
 They might help a poor wight o'er the blue.

There's something coming now indeed to pass !  
 A lady—with a comb and looking-glass !

*Music—SYRENA appears in the water.*

*Duet—SYRENA and MELIODORUS—"Oberon."*

SYREN. Moved by all the salt tears you have shed,  
 I turned out of my coral bed,  
 And to the surface of ocean fair  
 Came without staying to comb my hair ;  
 So I must beg that excuse you will  
 My calling upon you *en déshabille* ;  
 And while in ev'ry sad key you sing,  
 Permit me my dripping locks to wring.

MEL. No apology, pray, to me ;  
 I'm too happy a friend to see.  
 If an excuse you could need, fair lass,  
 You'll find one, I'm sure, in your looking-glass.  
 One so form'd to enchant each eye,  
 On no other form need stand, sure-ly.  
 So unfold to a captive King  
 The name you bear, and the tale you bring,

SYREN. My name, sir, is Syrena—I'm a mermaid ;  
 You know Queen Amphitrite, I am her maid  
 Of honour. She has yielded to your wish,  
 Expressed in sounds that frightened all the fish ;  
 I come to offer you a passage free  
 To the Dwarf's Castle, where Allfair you'll see.





And in possession of the diamond sword,  
 By which alone I can be floored or bored !  
 But is it true ? for one may doubt the half  
 At least, of what we hear by telegraph.  
 Electric eels are famed for tails that shock one,  
 They're slippery bodies who delight to mock one ;  
 Official tidings will but come to hand  
 By the bi-monthly fairy overland,  
 And it will never do for that to wait,—  
 The foe may be already at my gate.  
 My plated fort defies a common storm,  
 But that would make it for me much too warm !  
 The diamond sword dissolves the burning steel.  
 Already on hot plates myself I feel.  
 At magic I must take a precious spell,  
 Or I shall go to—where I mustn't tell !

*Air and Chorus—DWARF and DEMONS—“ Robert le  
 Diable.”*

RECITATIVE.

DWARF. I must sing something queer,—  
*A la mode de Meyerbeer !*

AIR.

Holloa, ho, there ! below there !  
 You infernal crew,  
 Your talons come shew—  
 There's a job here to do !

DEMONS. (*without*) Oho, oho ! is there so ?

DWARF. There's a chap here, coming slap here,  
 The deuce who will play,  
 Unless a man-trap here  
 For him we can lay.

DEMONS. Oho, oho ! is there so ?

*Enter DEMONS.*

DWARF. To face the foe, disguise your fiendish features,  
 And come out strong, like devilish handsome  
 creatures ;

Sly as a weasel, here I'll wait to pop  
Out on him, if the sword you make him drop.

*(music—they retire)*

*Enter MELIODORUS.*

MEL. So far I've made my way with perfect ease,  
Through groups of very civil orange trees,  
That with their lowest boughs my sword saluted,  
And seemed in admiration of it rooted ;  
Their nodding fruit the cheering hope conveyed,  
That I might count upon their orange aid.

*Music—Enter NYMPHS with garlands, who group themselves  
so as to intercept him.*

Soft ! what are these ? so light and full of mirth  
They look not like the inhabitants of earth  
And yet dance on it, in my path thus skipping ?  
Amongst them it won't do to be caught tripping.  
By your leaves, ladies—*(tries to pass their garland)*

*(they invite him to dance)*

Choose a partner ? No.

*(two take hold of each arm)*

Nay, then, I must cast off two couple—so,  
And down the middle—

*(they bar his progress en masse)*

*(to the foremost)* Back, you foolish flirt, you !

Upon my honour you will make me hurt you.

SYREN. *(within)* Strike, or you'll not find Allfair !

MEL. Not find Allfair ?

Then take the consequences, short or tall fair !

*(he attacks them—They vanish, and DEMONS appear in their  
place)*

Ha, my fine fellows ! foul of you I'll fall ;

Come, cut and long-tail,—Bucks, have at ye all !

*(he attacks and disperses them)*

*Enter ALLFAIR.*

MEL. Ha ! *(starting)*

ALLF. Oh ! *(starting)*

MEL. (*advancing*) Yes!  
 ALLF. (*retreating*) No!  
 MEL. (*advancing*) 'Tis she!  
 ALLF. (*about to fly*) 'Tis he!  
 MEL. (*stopping her*) Yes, me!  
*Toujours fidèle!*  
 ALLF. *Toujours fiddle-de-dee!* (*indignantly*)  
 MEL. What means my love by playing on that fiddle,  
 As if she thought I told a tarradiddle?  
 ALLF. And have you not a tarradiddle told?  
 Did not these very eyes that form behold  
 In form proposing to a brazen belle,  
 To whom you told your love, and tolled my knell?  
 MEL. Never! it was a piece of hocus-pocus  
 Of that vile Dwarf, as yellow as a crocus;  
 I swear it, whilst upon my knees I low drop,  
 And kiss that hand as white as any snowdrop!

*Music—Kneeling down and seizing her hand he drops his sword—The DWARF, who has been on the watch, rushes forward and seizes it.*

ALLF. The Dwarf!  
 MEL. The devil!  
 DWARF. The diamond sword I hold.  
 ALLF. Spare him!  
 DWARF. No, not for all his mines of gold,  
 Unless upon the instant you consent  
 To be my wife, and give up this young gent.  
 MEL. Oh, rather let the fiend encore my death  
 A thousand times!  
 ALLF. It takes away my breath  
 To think of such a solo. Rather let  
 Our lives together end in a duet!

*Duet—MELIODORUS and ALLFAIR—"Favorita."*

Some woes can't be uttered in words,  
 Unless airs they are set to, that I know.  
 When lovers are down on their lucks,  
 On such notes 'tis delightful to dwell.

Must swans be the only fine birds  
 Who to music, to music can die? No!  
 We'll prove that two dear little ducks  
 Can to melody waddle off equally well!

DWARF. I'll hear no more! this blade cuts short the  
 parley,  
 And thus brings your duet to a finale! (*stabs*  
 MELIODORUS)  
 For this among the rest did I engage.

MEL. (*falling*) Oh, and for much more murder—on this  
 stage,

If you're allowed to act this part by me!  
 Allfair, farewell! "*Bon soir la compagnie!*" (*dies*)

ALLF. Gone? dead and gone? Don't think to leave me so.  
 My life—my husband! (*snatching sword from DWARF*  
*and stabbing herself*) I come for to go! (*falls*  
*and dies*)

DWARF. Allfair also? Oh, here's a precious go!

*Music—Enter HARIDAN.*

HAR. Monster, what means this tragical tableau?

You've killed the little King on whom I doted.

DWARF. And caused her death to whom I was devoted.

Oh heavy trial! Verdict—Serves me right!

Whip me ye devils—winds come, blow me tight!

Roast me in flames of sulphur—very slow!

Oh Allfair—Allfair!—Dead—O, O, O, O!

HAR. Sweet Prince, that thy sad shade may wander never,

Become a palm, and flourish here for ever!

DWARF. Your troubled spirit, dear Princess, to calm,

Rise hand in hand with him—that's palm to palm.

*Music—Two Palm Trees rise in front of the bodies and a*  
*fountain between them.*

HAR. What's springing up between them—a fine fountain?

DWARF. Something's in this on which I wasn't counting.

HAR. Something indeed! a mermaid in fresh water!

DWARF. So far out of the sea what can have brought her?

SYREN. (*who has risen in the fountain*) Necessity, which  
 knows no law aquatic,

Upon the stage to alter laws dramatic.

Though palm to palm like holy palmers kiss,  
 D'ye think upon the house to palm off this ?  
 Because the story ends so in a book,  
 Are dramatists no further, pray, to look ?  
 A tale of mirth to close at such a season  
 On two dull trees would be the dullest treason ;  
 Though Madame D'Aulnoy brings the pair to  
 grief,  
 We'll make these palms turn over a new leaf ;  
 And if the town take interest in their fate,  
 Restore them to a much more palmy state.

*Music—The scene changes to*

SCENE NINTH.—*Throne Room in the Palace of MELIODORUS  
 in the Royal Gold Mine.*

MELIODORUS and ALLFAIR *re-appear as the Palms descend,  
 surrounded by the QUEEN and COURT, all the other KINGS,  
 PRINCES, &c.*

MEL. (*to Audience*) Restored to form and throne, happy and  
 glorious,  
 'Tis you alone can make me here victorious.  
 Join all your palms that I may long behold mine,  
 And make this house, for the lessee, a gold mine.

FINALE—" *The old friends at home.*"

MEL. Let other miners seek the diggings  
 Far, far away—  
 Here on this minor stage of Wigan's  
 I'm more inclined to stay.  
 From the realms I now behold mine  
 No more bid me roam,  
 But make this house a little gold mine,  
 And for your old friends a home.

ALLF. How far am I from perfect, sadly  
 I feel to-day ;  
 And fear Allfair would fare but badly  
 But for your kind hearts' stay.

All the world in search of pleasure  
 At this season roam ;  
 Here bring, to pass a little leisure,  
 All of your young friends at home.

MORAL—“*Villikins and his Dinah.*” \*

DWARF. The moral, like me, is so uncommon small,  
 I might almost say there's not no moral at all,—  
 But that pretty young girls should beware of sly  
 elves,  
 And not be so werry much “nuts” on themselves.  
 Singing, Too ral, lal loo ral, &c.

Now all you young folks who are home for the  
 holidays,  
 And children of all growths who hate melancholy  
 days,  
 Come add to the number of Allfair's adorers,  
 And join every night in the popular chorus  
 Of—Too ral, lal loo ral, &c.

CURTAIN.

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\* A song in Henry Mayhew's farce of “The Wandering Minstrels,” which Robson had previously made exceedingly popular by the dramatic power he threw into it.







THE NEW  
HAYMARKET SPRING  
MEETING;

*AN EASTER EXTRAVAGANZA,*

IN ONE ACT.

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First performed at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, on Monday,  
April 9th, 1855.



## THE NEW HAYMARKET SPRING MEETING.

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I do not think it necessary to trouble my readers with any prefatory observations respecting this *Revue*, which was the last of that particular class of Extravaganza I wrote for the Haymarket. The numerous events and entertainments alluded to are (nearly all of them) sufficiently fresh in the recollection of persons in general. The commencement of the great improvements in the City of London, the creation, as it may be called, of the new districts, Belgravia and Tyburnia, the battle of Inkerman, the "charge" at Balaklava, the siege of Sebastopol, at that date in progress, &c., &c., require no illustrations. The piece enjoyed the same good fortune as its predecessors, and like them contains some lines which might be written at the present day, and have recently been quoted in the public journals with reference to existing circumstances, viz: the removal of Temple Bar, the reform of the City Companies, and the purification of the Thames.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LONDON	...	...	...	...	MRS. CAROLINE WHITE *	
WESTMINSTER (her Sister)	...	...	...	...	MISS HARRIETT GORDON	
BELGRAVIA	}	Westminster's Adopted			}	MISS GRANTHAM
TYBURNIA		Daughters				MRS. COE
TIME	...	...	...	...	MR. CHIPPENDALE	
LORD MAYOR'S FOOL	...	...	...	...	MR. BUCKSTONE	

SPIRITS OF

THE CITY OF LONDON THEATRE	...	...	...	MR. COE
THE STANDARD THEATRE	...	...	...	MISS SCHOTT
BRITANNIA SALOON	...	...	...	MISS LAVINE
EAGLE TAVERN	...	...	...	MR. CLARK

PROGRAMME OF SCENERY, &c.

*INTERIOR OF GUILDHALL (Looking West).*

"LONDON BY NIGHT."

*City Dagger-o-Type of the Lord Mayor's Show,*

BY WATER AND LAND.

LONDON BY MOONLIGHT.

The Part of the Moon (nearly at the full) will be Spoken by the Man in it. (Who has been engaged expressly for this occasion.)

Architectural Elevations of the Extra-Mural

*CITY OF LONDON & STANDARD THEATRES.*

BRITANNIA & GRECIAN SALOONS.

Bird's-eye View, from the Top of the Grand Stand on Upsand Downs, of the

*RACE COURSE in the FIELD of SPECULATION*

Late Favourites Trotted out by Time :—

L'ETOILE DU NORD.	JANÉT PRIDE.	PRINCE PRETTYPET.
YELLOW DWARF.	LOUIS XI.	PEREA NENA.

\* Afterwards known as Mrs. L. S. Buckingham.

Names of the Horses and Colours of the Riders entered  
for the  
**GREAT METROPOLITAN HANDICAP,**  
*Or, London and Westminster Easter Stakes.*

1. Mr. John Bull names "The Sultan" out of "Turkish Exhibition"... .. Dark Blue, Red Cap.
2. Mr. Wyld's "Sebastopol," by "Modeller" out of "Crimea"... .. All Black.
3. Mr. Grieve's "Balaklava," by "British Hero" out of Miss Conception, and brother to "Alma" and "Inkerman"... .. All Crimson.
4. Mr. Alb. Smith's "Mont Blanc"... .. All White.
5. Baron Panopticon's "Fountain"... .. Light Blue, Rainbow Sash.
6. Count Polytechnic's "Steam Gun," by "Perkins"... .. Iron Grey, Black Cap.
7. Mr. Burford's "Panorama" (aged)... .. Green, Brown Sleeves, Light Blue Cap
8. Mr. Gye's "Royal Italian" White, Crimson Sleeves and Cap.
9. Mr. Jarrett's "Foreign Opera" Scarlet, Blue Sleeves, Black Cap.
10. Mr. Allcroft's "Burlesque" Yellow, Blue Sleeves, Red Cap.
11. Mr. Webster's "Fairy Tale" White, with Silver Sleeves and Cap.
12. Mr. Charles Kean's "Romance"... .. White, Tri-coloured Sash and Cap.
13. Mr. Buckstone's "Extraganza"... .. Yellow, Red Sleeves, Blue Cap.

*JOCKEY HORNPIPE.*

"LE VOLTIGEUR GALOPE," composed by Lady Gay Spanker.\*

OPENING OF THE GRAND STAND AND THE START,

When Mr. Buckstone will back himself behind the Curtain, respectfully bowing to the Public in general, and the decision of the Jockey Club in particular.

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\* Mrs. Curties Whelam *née* Planché.

THE NEW HAYMARKET SPRING  
MEETING.

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SCENE FIRST.—*Interior of Guildhall (looking west)—The statues of Gog and Magog are seen occupying their proper position in the angles on each side of the great west window—Night—the GENIUS OF THE CITY OF LONDON is discovered asleep—St. Paul's is heard to strike midnight.*

*Enter TIME.*

*Song—TIME—"Gavotte de Vestris."*

Past twelve o'clock !  
Another day of London's ended ;  
Past twelve o'clock !  
Another day begun ;  
Past twelve o'clock !  
How much that still has to be mended ;  
Past twelve o'clock  
Will see to-morrow's sun.  
Isn't it a pity  
Such a noble city,  
Fast asleep to view here,  
With such work to do here,  
Deaf to Time,  
Who counts the chime ?  
Past twelve o'clock !  
  
Past twelve o'clock !  
Whilst in this ancient hall you're dreaming,  
Past twelve o'clock !  
Of future banquets gay,  
Past twelve o'clock !  
What tears from sleepless eyes are streaming,  
Past twelve o'clock !  
Which might be wiped away !



While you are naps enjoying  
 Time goes on destroying,  
 Though he can't help feeling  
 Wounds he might be healing.  
 London wake !  
 For goodness sake !  
 Past twelve o'clock !

LON. (*waking*) King-Lud ! who's making such a horrid riot ?

Why won't you let the City sleep in quiet ?

TIME. It's Time ; as I was passing o'er Guildhall  
 I thought I'd just give you a morning call.

LON. A morning call ! why, what's the time by you ?

TIME. Past twelve !

LON. D'ye call that morning ?

TIME. Yes, I do.

LON. I don't, and so good night.

TIME. You'd best take warning.

You may not live to see what you call morning.

LON. (*rising hastily*) Good Gracious Street ! What do you mean ? Explain.

Am I on fire again in Pudding Lane ?

Or is an earthquake likely up to swallow me ?

TIME. Can't tell. I never know what ills may follow me.

I only say, when I am here, don't lose me,  
 And then for your own negligence abuse me ;  
 When the steed's stolen folks the stable-door lock,  
 Though they've been told to take Time by the forelock.

LON. The proverb's somewhat musty.

TIME. From neglect ;

Like many things in London, I suspect.

LON. You're saucy !

TIME. No, I'm only plain and true.

Time has done wonders in his time for you,  
 And now that he has brought you to maturity,  
 Thinks you should do a little for futurity.

LON. It's my belief you're one of the committee  
 That has been lately sitting on the City,  
 Calling me over my own coals, and making  
 A fuss about the money I've been taking,

Bidding me set my Mansion House in order,  
And of my sentence be my own Recorder.

TIME. Well, Time has had a hand in it, I own ;  
I am a watchman, on my beat well-known,  
And, if folks stop the way of Progress just,  
I cry, "Move on, there!" and move on they  
must.

LON. And have I not obeyed you in my movements?  
Look at the thousands I've spent on improvements.  
Haven't I cleared out Smithfield's pens and stalls,  
And opened Cannon Street up to St. Paul's?

TIME. So far so good ; but don't stop at the corner,\*  
Or I shall cry "Move on !"

LON. Unmannered warner !  
Move on yourself.

TIME. I do—my sands still run ;  
Although you heed him not, Time flies.

(*St. Paul's strikes one*)

Past one ! (*Exit*)

LON. His voice to me is like a raven's croaking!  
What right has Time his old nose to come poking  
Into Guildhall, and up such matters stir?  
The City has its own Remembrancer.  
His doleful ditty has disturbed me quite,  
And I shan't get another wink to-night.  
What's to be done? This state of things can't  
last,  
Can I no wisdom gather from the past? (*turning  
to Gog and Magog*)

Oh, my right trusty, well-belovèd giants,  
Who on approaching foes still frown defiance,  
Stupendous relics of my ancient state,  
All I have left—unquestionably great !  
Have you no word upon this theme to say, Gog?  
Can you not comfort me, most mighty Magog?  
Your wondrous wooden heads together lay,  
And of my Common Council be to-day.

(*they roll their eyes*)

\* A matter in dispute in 1855.

Roll not your goggle eyes in grandeur dumb ;  
 Speak out like honest giants.

GIANTS. Fee-fo-fum !

LON. Pshaw ! Fee-fo-fum's an answer vague and  
 cursory,

You speak like giants just out of the nursery.  
 Can't you talk common sense ?

(*they shake their heads*)

They shake their shockheads—

I fear they're but a monstrous pair of blockheads.

*Music*—LORD MAYOR'S FOOL *rises from trap.*

FOOL. Of course they are ; but they are not the first  
 You've called to council, nor perhaps the worst.

LON. And who art thou that dare the City school ?

FOOL. The City ought to know the Lord Mayor's  
 Fool.

LON. The Lord Mayor's Fool ? there's not been one  
 for ages.

FOOL. Because folks play the fool without the wages,  
 And therefore are much greater fools than me.

LON. You're not the fool I took you for, I see.  
 How came you at this moment up to cast ?

FOOL. You wished to gather wisdom from the past,  
 And that to do you first must see its folly,  
 And here I am, alive again and jolly,

LON. And what have you to shew me, pray, beside ?

FOOL. Something you used to shew yourself with pride.

(*the end of the Hall opens, and discovers a dense  
 yellow fog.*)

LON. What's that ?

FOOL. The Lord Mayor's Show.

LON. The Lord Mayor's Show ?

I can see nothing like it.

FOOL. Can't you though ?

Just give your memory a gentle jog ;

I think it very like it—in a fog :

The dear old famous dark November vapour

Of neutral tint, 'twixt pea soup and brown paper,

Through which the City stalks in grand array  
 Nine times in ten upon the Lord Mayor's Day.  
 Now, if a show's worth shewing you'll agree it  
 Ought to be shewn when somebody can see it.

Song—FOOL—“Remember, remember the Fifth of  
 November.”

Remember! remember  
 The Ninth of November  
 Is more often foggy than not;  
 I see no reason  
 'Gainst changing the season  
 For shewing what grandeur you've got;  
 Why not, why  
 Another month try?  
 To stick in the mud  
 Cannot honour King Lud;  
 There's the sweet First of May,  
 Which *was* chimney sweeps' day,  
 Or if that is considered too late in the spring,  
 My own First of April would just suit the thing.

LON. Is this the way you would the City cheer up?  
 I still am in a fog, which you must clear up.

FOOL. Oh, pardon me, I'll do so in a minute,  
 And you shall judge the worth of what there's in it.

(*Music—The fog clears off, and the Lord Mayor's  
 Show is seen by water and land.*)

LON. Why shew me what I've seen so oft before?

FOOL. Because you may not see it any more!

(*scene closes*)

LON. They're both in the same strain; both Time and  
 Folly

Seem bent on making London melancholy.  
 Why has this rage arisen, down to run  
 The greatest city now beneath the sun?

FOOL. The greatest now beneath the *moon*, I say. \*

LON. True, and of hope that sheds a cheering ray;  
 For, if the planets rule the fate of man,  
 That gentle one will help me if it can.

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\* Alderman Francis Moon was Lord Mayor in that year.

*Song—LONDON—" Rise, Gentle Moon."*

Day will soon dawn on the Thames's brown billow,  
 London they'd make, alas! make her last will, O!  
 Time hurries on, from her arm-chair to shove her,  
 Rise, gentle moon, and shew London you love her.

With your mild light if upon her you soon shine,  
 Let her not find that her hopes are all moon-shine;  
 You know what betides, since the tides you rule over,  
 Rise, gentle moon, and assist, if you love her.

*(scene draws, and discovers the Moon, nearly at  
 the full, and attended by its Satellites)*

LON. Great luminary of—

FOOL. "He knows thy thought;  
 Hear his speech, but say thou nought."

LON. He! his? All things are changed upon my  
 word;

It was "the lady moon," 'tis now "my lord"

MOON. In the moon's changing there is nothing new.

LON. Granted; but I desire no change in you,  
 For by this light discern full well I can  
 The gentle moon is quite the gentleman.

MOON. I'm flattered by the City's approbation,  
 And sorry I possess no information  
 Upon the point which gives you such affliction;  
 The matter's not within my jurisdiction.  
 The cause by which you will be saved or undone  
 Is tried at Westminster, and not in London;  
 And, really, whether you will lose or win it,  
 The moon knows no more than the man that's in it.

*(scene closes)*

LON. At Westminster? Ah! then my doom is sealed,  
 And to my younger sister I must yield;  
 Or, playing once again a Roman part,  
 The dagger in my arms strike to my heart;  
 Or set the sword-bearer 'gainst London Wall,  
 And on the unsheathed weapon nobly fall!

FOOL. Who'd be the fool then, madam—I or you?  
 Live and improve, as London ought to do.

LON. What! and to Westminster's dictation bow?  
Let her improve herself—she needs—

*(noise of a carriage driving rapidly up, followed by a  
thundering rat-tat-tat at the door)*

How now?

Who knocks as if my door they meant to split?

*(Music—FOOL opens the door, and WESTMINSTER  
enters in mediæval costume.)*

FOOL. Talk of the devil—Westminster to wit.

WEST. How d'ye do, sister?

LON. *(turns her back on her)* Matchless impudence!

WEST. "Now do I fear I've done some grave offence  
That looks disgraceful in the City's eye,"

As Glo'ster says to the Lord Mayor; or why  
Should London turn from Westminster so coldly?

LON. "Why!" Can you ask that question?

WEST. Yes, and boldly.

LON. Boldly, indeed! Dost thou not seek my fall?

Would'st not wrench from me cap, sword, mace, and  
all?

Put down my Show, suppress my Corporation,  
Of my own Thames dispute the conservation,  
Give my Lord Mayor and Sheriffs both the bag,  
Make of my livery mere tag and rag,  
Chase Common hunt and silence Common Crier,  
Fling all my precious green fat in the fire,  
Hang the whole Court of Aldermen in chains,  
And leave of London's glory no remains?

WEST. You are mistaken; London's glory lies  
In her great works and noble charities;  
My Parliament is proud of them as you,  
And honour gives where honour's justly due.  
You're wrong to put yourself in such a passion,  
Reform, my dear, is coming into fashion.

LON. Reform! My ears are weary of the word.

WEST. It isn't pleasant, but it will be heard.  
I'm sure against it Westminster fought hard,  
In Covent Garden and Old Palace Yard,  
But 'twas no use; so, sister, make your mind  
up,  
And all your old affairs with courage wind up;

Take a fresh start—go hand in hand with me,  
 Care less for calipash and calipee,  
 Your ancient hospitality keep up,  
 But wider circulate the loving cup ;  
 Instead of up the Thames alone swan-hopping,  
 Help me to keep it clean from Kew to Wapping ;  
 Release the poor from pestilential sties,  
 Think of their rooms more than your companies !  
 Shall we, whose vital interests mutual are,  
 Divided see them still by Temple Bar ?  
 Down with all bars that would two sisters sever,  
 London with Westminster should live for ever !

*Song*—WESTMINSTER—“ *O ! I love, I love the morning.*”

O ! begin this very morning,  
 A new way the East adorning,  
 All narrow notions scorning,  
     Go hand in hand with me ;  
 Though the Past has had its pleasures,  
 Its banquets, and its treasures,  
 By a few enlightened measures  
     More merry, merry days you'll see.

LON. I fear your habits won't agree with mine ;  
 So late you rise—so very late you dine.

WEST. You're getting gradually into my ways,  
 Your cits are not the cits. of other days ;  
 With all the scorn for Fashion they profess,  
 They ape her whims, her dinners, and her dress ;  
 And though on 'Change still early hours they keep,  
 No longer o'er their warehouses they sleep,  
 But fly for entertainment and fresh air  
 To Hyde Park Gardens or to Eaton Square.

LON. That's true, I own ; for eastward after dark  
 I scarcely now can catch a banker's clerk.  
 What can they find so charming in the West ?

WEST. Come, see yourself.

LON. I'm tempted, I protest.

WEST. Indeed, to tell the truth, I've brought my daughters.  
 To beg you'll pay a visit to their quarters.

LON. Your daughters ?

- WEST. Yes, adopted—not by marriage.
- LON. Where are they ?
- WEST. Waiting outside in the carriage.
- LON. Pray bring them in,—whilst she a hall can boast,  
London will ever be a liberal host.  
Where is that fool of mine to ope the door ?
- FOOL. (*at her elbow*) You're just as ne'ar a fool, ma'am,  
as before !
- LON. Persuade those ladies to walk in.
- FOOL. No fear ;  
Folly has oft led Fashion, even here.  
(*Music—FOOL goes to door, and returns with  
BELGRAVIA and TYBURNIA in fashionable  
morning dress.*)
- FOOL. (*announcing*) Ladies Belgravia and Tyburnia !
- WEST. Here's  
Your great aunt, London, wants to know you,  
dears.
- LON. (*aside*) Expensively got up, and very pretty !  
(*aloud*) Young ladies, you are welcome to the City.
- BEL. Delighted, madam, I am sure, to know you.
- LON. I fear I've very little here to shew you.
- TYBURN. Thank you—I think I've been here twice or  
thrice.
- BEL. I drove here once to ask some man's advice  
About some horrid shares that I had got  
In a—— I really don't remember what ;  
I know I lost my money, and that's all.
- TYBURN. Look, Bel, there are the giants—ain't  
they tall ?
- FOOL. (*aside to LONDON*) That girl Belgravia, a few years  
ago,  
Was found in the Five-fields at Pimlico,  
So poor, so wild, you might have been afraid of her ;  
It's wonderful what Westminster has made of her.
- LON. And I remember, surely, 'tother daughter.
- FOOL. Of course—in a low place this side Bayswater ;  
She was called Tyburn then—of all folks you  
Can't well forget where she *hung out*, or who.
- LON. What changes can be made by wealth and dress !  
That she was Tyburn who on earth could guess ?



*Song—LONDON—“ Since laws were made.”*

When plays were made worth going to see  
 Macheath I remember oft singing to me,  
 He wondered we'd not better company  
     Upon Tyburn Tree.  
 With wonder now indeed he might sing,  
 For instead of poor rogues hanging up in a string,  
 The Sheriffs themselves go and take their full swing  
     Where stood Tyburn Tree !

BEL. (*advancing*) Mamma informs us you'll do her the honour  
 Some morning shortly to look in upon her ;  
 Should you be our way, between eight and nine,  
 We should be charmed if you would stop and dine.

TYBURN. I'm sure it would delight us beyond measure.

LON. I am so busy I've no time for pleasure.

WEST. You made me hope just now you'd come to-day.

BEL. We're going to the races.

TYBURN.

Do come, pray.

LON. What races ?

BEL. The New Haymarket Spring Meeting.

LON. What stories have they been to me repeating  
 About there being nothing new to see ?

WEST. Oh! the old stories—just what they tell me ;  
 But, notwithstanding, when the town's a mind  
 To be amused, amusement it can find ;  
 So, come, from business you can sure spare one day,  
 Besides, remember this is Easter Monday,  
 And that's a holiday for great and small.  
 You used to have a hunt and give a ball.

LON. For some time past I've ceased to hunt or hop,  
 The chase abandoned, and the ball let drop,  
 For what with books to keep, and bills to meet,  
 I scarce can spare an hour except——

FOOL. To eat !

WEST. Have you no entertainment but a feast ?  
 You have a theatre or two, at least.

LON. Outside my gates there are some four or five,  
 But really I've no notion how they thrive.

WEST. Do let us see them now that we are here.

LON. Oh, by all means. My theatres appear !

*Music—The CITY OF LONDON and STANDARD THEATRES, the BRITANNIA SALOON and the EAGLE TAVERN rise, and occupy the stage.*

*Enter* GENIUS OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

*Song—CITY OF LONDON THEATRE—“ O ! such a town.”*

All through the town, through this wonderful metropolis,  
 Folks are seen their fortunes making every day ;  
 Prints for Potichomanie, and plans for a Necropolis,  
 Everything is patronised except the play !  
 In the City actually no one cares about the stage,  
 And “ Bishopsgate Within ” remains still Bishopsgate  
 without a stage ;  
 The Drama now has not a booth 'twixt Temple Bar and  
 Aldgate :  
 So if you want to see her you must come to Norton  
 Folgate ;  
 All through the town, through this wonderful metro-  
 polis,  
 Where everything is patronised except the play.

WEST. A startling fact, that in this stirring age,  
 The City's not advanced a single stage.

*Enter* GENIUS OF THE STANDARD THEATRE.

*Song—STANDARD THEATRE—“ The Standard Bearer.”*

“ The flag that braved the battle and the breeze,  
 A thousand years,” or something very like it,  
 With pride, Shoreditch above my building sees,  
 And not to any rival will I strike it !  
 Beneath it, here, I pick up pelf,  
 Though for the stage the times are altered and hard,  
 “ The blood of *Douglas* can protect itself.”\*  
 And all the plays produced here must be Standard !

LON. Of course they must—there can be no denying  
 The Standard has come off with colours flying.

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\* The name of the then lessee, with whom this quotation from Home's tragedy of “ *Douglas* ” was a favourite reply.

*Enter* GENIUS OF THE BRITANNIA.

*Song*—BRITANNIA SALOON—“*Red, White, and Blue.*”

“ Britannia’s the pride of the ocean ”  
 And I’m of Britannia the host ;  
 Of sinking the shop I’ve no notion,  
 I’m proud of my sign and my post.  
 With my dogs and my monkeys so active,  
 Performers who ne’er miss their *cue*,  
 Let them shew me a bill more attractive,  
 Be it printed in red, black, or blue.

FOOL. The Drama there one consolation sees,—  
 Her audience may *sup porter*, if they please. \*  
 (*an Eagle appears over the portico, of the EAGLE  
 TAVERN and sings.*)

*Song*—EAGLE—“*Pop goes the weasel.*”

I’m the Bird of *Conquest*—made †  
 First by Romans famous,  
 Though “Grecian” my Saloon was named,  
 By some ignoramus.  
 “Up and down the City Road,  
 In and out the Eagle,  
 That’s the way my money *comes*,  
 Pop goes the weasel !” (*Eagle disappears*)

WEST. They seem a jolly party altogether.  
 FOOL. The Eagle’s in remarkably high feather.  
 WEST. And, *apropos* of feathers, wing your flight  
 Now to the West with us, and take a sight  
 At all we have to shew in our gay clime.  
 LON. I’ve no objection, if I can find Time.

*Enter* TIME.

TIME. For what folks like, Time always can be found.  
 FOOL. Not to lose Time, then, get over the ground.  
 LON. Would you go to the course ?

\* Alluding to the licence of that theatre for the sale of refreshments.

† The name of the enterprising original lessee, Mr. Benjamin Conquest.

FOOL. Of course I would ;  
The Lord Mayor's Fool likes everything that's good,  
And in these races there should be good fun.

(Exit)

LON. Where is the course, and what the distance run ?  
WEST. All round the town, and up to Whitsuntide,  
Then straight down through the season, 'tother side.  
LON. That's a long way—far as I can discern,  
There'll be a few tail off before the turn.  
TIME. Come to the course at once ; there you will see  
All candidates for popularity  
Ready for the great Easter Stakes to start.  
LON. Well, as Time presses, I must needs depart.

*Trio—WESTMINSTER, LONDON, and TIME—“ Turn on, Old Time.”*

Come on, Old Time, and by thy glass  
The Easter Races let us see,  
Who first the winning post shall pass  
Can but be shewn by thee.

LON. and WEST. We'll trust to Time, he'll prove as fast  
As any younger whip, you'll find ;  
He'll give us down the road a cast,  
And leave all drags behind.  
Dan Phœbus turns out with a team,  
That good 'uns are to go,  
But when Old Time gets up his steam,  
The sun himself seems slow.

TIME. Yes, trust to Time, he'll prove as fast  
As any younger whip, you'll find ;  
He'll give you down the road a cast,  
And leave all drags behind, &c.

ALL So off we go ! so off we go !

*Scene changes to*

*The Grand Stand on the Upsand Downs, overlooking the  
Race-course in the Field of Speculation.*

TIME. There are the Upsand Downs, and far as you  
Or I can see, the course o'er them you view ;

It has been laid out by Imagination  
In the unbounded Field of Speculation.

LON. What sums have in that field been won and lost!

WEST. Here's the Grand Stand!

LON. But where's the Winning Post?

WEST. Oh, Time will shew you that.

TIME. It may be here,  
Or there, or anywhere—remote or near;  
Of speculation once the race begin,  
No one can tell at what point he may win.  
How few that start guess how severe the pace is!

*Enter FOOL, with cards.*

LON. (*to FOOL*) What's this?

FOOL. Fancy's correct card of the races,  
Names of the horses, colours of the riders.

WEST. Which are the favourites, and which outsiders?

FOOL. State of the betting up to last night.

BEL. Law!

What are the odds?

FOOL. "As long as you are——"

BEL. Pshaw!

WEST. What horse will you back, London? Come,  
declare!

FOOL. London is bound, of course, to back her *Mayor!*

WEST. Talking of mares, over the card I pore,  
But can't see anywhere L'Etoile du Nord.

TIME. If you mean she that ran at Drury Lane,  
I don't much think that she will start again.

WEST. I'm told there were some good points her  
about.

LON. As we've got Time, suppose he trots her out.

*Music—Enter L'ETOILE DU NORD, with JOCKEY.*

WEST. What if we saw all those who won the last time?

FOOL. Well, really now, that's what I should call past-  
time!

TIME. In a few minutes that we shall be able,—  
Here's Janet Pride from the Adelphi Stable.\*

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\* A very successful play by Boucicault.

*Music—Enter JANET PRIDE, with JOCKEY.*

Prince Prettypet, out of Display, by Beverley.\*

*Music—Enter PRINCE PRETTYPET with JOCKEY.*

The Yellow Dwarf young Robson rode so cleverly.

*Music—Enter YELLOW DWARF, with JOCKEY.*

FOOL. That horse is with the yellows very ill,  
Or else he has been bred on Saffron Hill.

*Air—WESTMINSTER—"The Boy in Yellow wins the Day."*

Against this colt my pet was matched,  
And ran her best—but now she's scratched;  
And little Robson's left to say,  
"The Boy in Yellow wins the day."

WEST. With such a jockey any horse I'd back.

TIME. Louis XI.—the Princess's crack.

*Music—Enter LOUIS XI., with JOCKEY.*

LON. He does great credit to his English trainer.

TIME. The Spanish Favorita, "Perea Nena."†

*Music—Enter PEREA NENA, with JOCKEY.*

D'ye mark the Andalusian blood that's in her?  
There's action for you!

FOOL. She looks like a winner.

Nena against the field if she's to run!

Twenty to one upon her!

WEST. Done, Fool!

FOOL. Done!

*(Bell rings—Exeunt THEATRES and JOCKEYS.)*

\* The Extravaganza produced the previous Christmas by Wm. Brough, and the last under the management of Madame Vestris.

† The principal dancer of the Spanish troupe engaged at the Haymarket.

TIME. Hark ! that's the bell for saddling—in a cluster  
 All that intend to start will shortly muster  
 To take their gallop just before they run.

WEST. Well, sister, don't you like it?—ain't it fun ?

LON. It's fun for those who win, I must allow ;  
 But many managers are trembling now,  
 And may be posed, as it's both play and pay,  
 To meet engagements upon settling day.

WEST. In Capel Court you've some such sort of fun,  
 Where bulls and bears, instead of horses, run ;  
 And there you'll see a duck look much forlorn  
 Than any goose that goes to Hyde Park Corner.

*Song—WESTMINSTER—"Ben Bolt."*

Oh, don't you remember how often men bolt,  
 In the Alley when they are done brown,  
 When they've bought or sold for what they call "the  
 account "

And "Consols" have "gone up" or "gone down."  
 Don't fancy the spirit of gambling, my dear,  
 To "the Corner" confined is alone,  
 Or that more folks get hurt by *a fall* on the turf,  
 Than in alleys hard by London Stone.

I'd have you remember that jobbing in stocks  
 Bad as backing of horses may be,  
 To be posted at "Tat.'s or "declared" in the  
 "house,"

Seems about the same thing, dear, to me.  
 We may both look grave, if, alas ! we think  
 Of the ruin folks are daily running to,  
 And of how many friends who were fast young men,  
 There remains but their "I.O.U."

FOOL. Here come the terribly high-mettled cattle !  
 Off at a killing pace they'll shortly rattle.

*Music—Enter the SULTAN, with his JOCKEY.*

TIME. Here's the first favourite, in fine condition,  
 "The Sultan," out of Turkish Exhibition.

WEST. All England backs the Sultan ; he must win  
The Crescent Stakes.

FOOL. The Czar will drop his tin.

TIME. France has got on him, too, a lot of money.

LON. Who rides him ?

TIME. A good fellow—Bono Johnny ;  
Both at Silistria and Eupatoria  
He beat Cossack and Muscovite.

LON. Victoria !

FOOL. You've heard the last joke running on the turf ?  
Britannia rules the waves—Russia the *serf*.

LON. What's this, with jockey all black as a coal ?

TIME. A very dark horse—Wyld's Sebastopol.  
He's lately in the bidding gone back sadly ;  
They say he has been managed very badly.

WEST. The knowing ones their heads have at him shaken.

LON. Ten to one 'gainst Sebastopol ! (a pause)

FOOL. Not taken ! \*

*Music—Enter BALAKLAVA and JOCKEY.*

LON. Here's one looks like a charger.

TIME. That all red one ?  
That's Balaklava—he's a thorough bred one,  
Brother to Alma and to Inkerman ;  
A better bit of blood yet never ran.

LON. He's of a race that never ran away.

WEST. And yet his owner's Greive. †

TIME. And well they may.

*Music—Enter MONT BLANC, FOUNTAIN, STEAM GUN, and  
PANORAMA, with JOCKEYS.*

LON. Here's one with jockey all white.

TIME. Oh, of course !  
That's Albert Smith's Mont Blanc—a famous horse.

FOOL. As winner of the Piccadilly Plate  
He ought to have been made to carry weight.

LON. What's the gay-coloured one behind the Mountain ?

TIME. Baron Panopticon's light-footed Fountain.

\* It was not taken until the September following.

† The eminent scene-painter.



FOOL. A fountain ought to run well any case in.  
 WEST. Yes, for a cup.  
 FOOL. She's entered for a basin.  
 TIME. Count Polytechnic's Steam Gun.  
 FOOL. That's a stunning  
 Horse,—he'll go like a shot in the straight running.  
 I know a colt though'd beat him on one ground.  
 TIME. Which?  
 FOOL. Colonel Colt, for he can run all round.  
 TIME. Here's Panorama runs round like a good one ; \*  
 He's an old horse, but by no means a screwed one.  
 FOOL. Upon the turf he's had a long existence ;  
 I know his course—it's once round and a *distance*.  
 TIME. And that completes the Exhibition lot.  
 LON. What horses has the English Drama got?  
 TIME. Few thorough-bred, I fear ; but here they come.

*Music—Enter ROYAL ITALIAN, FOREIGN OPERA, STRAND, ADELPHI, HAYMARKET, and PRINCESS'S, with their JOCKEYS.*

Royal Italian, out of Tweedle-dum !  
 LON. That can't be English.  
 WEST. No, but he's the fashion,  
 And gentlemen to back him have a passion.  
 BEL. And ladies, too—there are some dozen pair  
 Of gloves, I know, on him, in Belgrave Square.  
 TYBURN. Oh yes ! upon Italian we all doat,  
 And he'll win by a neck.  
 FOOL. You mean a throat.  
 LON. Alas ! in any race, it may be said,  
 There are few now who can win by a head.  
 TIME. A foreign filly's matched against that colt.  
 FOOL. Those foreign fillies are so apt to bolt.  
 TIME. Four more dark horses that may win or fail—  
 Allcroft's Burlesque, and Webster's Fairy Tale,  
 Buckstone's Extravaganza, Kean's Romance.  
 WEST. Extravaganza hasnt' got a chance.  
 FOOL. The deuce ! And I've been fool enough to back it !  
 TIME. Hedge while you've Time—get some one up to crack  
 it.

---

\* Burford's, in Leicester Square.

*Air*—WESTMINSTER—“*The Charge is prepared.*”

The jockeys are weighed, the horses are met,  
 The judges are there—a beautiful show ;  
 But you look dismayed, for you have a bet—  
 A bet on a horse—no one knows how 'twill go.  
 Then take Time's advice, Fool, and hedge while you can,  
 Try what you can do both with East and West Ends,  
 Or scratch it at once—it may be the best plan,  
 For that way, perhaps, you'll please all your friends.

FOOL. Let's first see in a gallop how 'twill look,—  
 Who knows but it may suit somebody's book ?

*Music*—“*Voltigeur Galop,*” then *exeunt* THEATRES and  
 JOCKEYS.

TIME. Now clear the course—it's time for them to start.

FOOL. I've such a palpitation of the heart !  
 For, notwithstanding 'tis a sporting age,  
 The odds are fearfully against the stage ;  
 And in the Drama's neck-or-nothing race  
 My horse may be too weak to live the pace ;  
 Besides, I've really laid out such a lot on it,  
 I needn't tell you I have put the pot on it—  
 I've gone to the expense in hopes of beating,  
 To make a Grand Stand here for this Spring  
 Meeting ;  
 It's not quite open yet, but if you're kind,  
 Fortune and Fame in it I yet may find.  
 And to enjoy the New Haymarket Races,  
 London and Westminster flock here for places ;  
 I'll ride myself—I'm little, light, and smart,  
 All I implore is, give me a good start,  
 See us all fairly off, I'll trust to luck  
 And jockeyship to come out of the ruck ;  
 I'll wait upon the favourite up the hill,  
 And let the Public see I'm pulling still,  
 Challenge him at the distance, with him close,  
 And, with a Chifney rush, win by a nose.  
 You are the judges—be the starters, too.  
 Say go, and we will go—the season through.

FINALE—" *Rouse, brothers, rouse.*"

TIME. Come, brothers, come! the course is clear before us,  
Fair be the start, and fair be the race;  
Luck to us all! May no misfortune floor us!  
In public favour we seek but a place.

LON. Backers we hope for in both the Cities,  
And while to please we do our best,  
With friends we feel that filled our pit is,  
Whether they come from the East or the West.  
Come, brothers, come, &c.

WEST. There's room enough for all to thrive in,  
Wide elbow-room—and, truth to say,  
So hard the course we're doomed to strive in,  
More than enough room oft found at the play.  
"But while there's life there's hope," say the cunning.  
So with our jockeys we here make a stand,  
Each drama well mounted—your signal for running  
Our handicap, we await cap in hand.  
Come, brothers, come, &c.

CURTAIN.

THE  
DISCREET PRINCESS;  
OR, THE  
THREE GLASS DISTAFFS.

*A New and Doubly-moral though Excessively Old  
Melo-dramatic Fairy Extravaganza,*

IN ONE ACT.

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“ Idleness is the root of all evil.”

“ Prudence is the parent of security.”

---

First Produced at the Royal Olympic Theatre, Wednesday,  
December 26th, 1855.



## THE DISCREET PRINCESS;

OR, THE

## THREE GLASS DISTAFFS.

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Regardless of the opinion of the few self-constituted judges who contended that a moral was out of place in an extravaganza, and had evidently overlooked the fact that there is no very popular fairy tale without one, I most contumaciously persisted in my error, and on the present occasion, actually selected a subject which had *two*. It had been a favourite story with me for a long time, but I had not availed myself of it, because I had been told that a brother dramatist had an intention to try his hand upon it, and I can honestly declare that I never, knowingly, anticipated a fellow labourer in any branch of literature however great has been sometimes the temptation. Having recently ascertained that my friend had abandoned his idea, and feeling that I could never hope to find a more perfect "Richcraft" than Robson would make him, I set to work on "L'Adroite Princesse" in "Les Contes de ma Mère l'Oye," by Charles Perrault, and was amply rewarded for my trouble by the success that attended it.

Mr. Emery, who had succeeded to the throne vacant by the abdication of Bland and Frank Matthews, made a stupendous King Gander. The piece was acted all round as well as it could be, and had a run of 105 nights.

The stereotyped excuse of "urgent business," which had been rather too frequently pleaded for leave to return home by English officers during the Crimean war, was highly appreciated by the gallant Lord Clyde, who one evening, when I was present, startled the stalls by the hearty laughter and applause with which he greeted the allusion to it.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GANDER THE STUPENDOUS (Rex Anserorum semper Agoosetus) ... ..		MR. EMERY
PRINCESS IDELFONZA	} (his Three Daughters) }	MISS MARSTON
PRINCESS BABILLARDA		MISS F. TERNAN
PRINCESS FINETTA		MISS J. ST. GEORGE
THE COUNT OF TOWER AND TAXES (Prime Minister) ... ..		MR. J. H. WHITE
BARON WANDINHAND (Grand Chamberlain) ...		MR. E. CLIFTON
BLOCK	} (State Councillors) }	MR. CONEY
STOCK		MR. DAVIS
MOCK		MR. LYGOE
HOCK		MR. THOMSON
SCHARP (State Page) ... ..		MISS MAYNARD
HORN (a Messenger) ... ..		MR. FRANKS
PRINCE RICHCRAFT	} (Sons of Fogrum, King of Nomark) }	MR. F. ROBSON
PRINCE BELAVOIR		MISS MASKELL
WOLF	} (Creatures of Richcraft) }	MR. H. COOPER
WORM		MR. DANVERS
STAB	} (Free Companions, in the pay of Richcraft) }	MR. BARKS
GRAB		MR. GREEN
KNAB		MR. BALL
DAB		MR. WYX

In the Ancient Uniform of their Corps on the Surrey Side of the Water.

MOTHER GOOSE (Protector of the Royal House  
of Gander) ... .. MISS STEPHENS

In the Ancient Costume of Fairy-land, first introduced to England in the Witching Days of Queen Bess.

THE POPULATION OF GANDERSHOLM by Messrs. A., B., and  
C. Smith, and Mesdames D., E., and F. Brown.



PROGRAMME OF SCENERY,  

---

*Council Chamber in the Royal Castle of Gandersholm.*

EXTERIOR OF THE ROUND TOWER OF GOSLINGBORG.

*TERRACE GARDEN ON THE TOP OF THE  
TOWER.*

THE OLD HALL OF JUDGMENT AND OUBLIETTE  
In the Vaults of the Tower.

THE EXTERIOR OF THE TOWER (NIGHT).

*Summit of the Rocksanblocksanfels overhanging  
the Brockeneckarthal (Sunrise).*

CHAMBER IN THE CASTLE.

*THE GARDENS OF GANDERSHOLM BY MOONLIGHT.*

THE FAIRY PALACE OF THE GOLDEN EGGS.

---

THE DISCREET PRINCESS;

OR, THE

THREE GLASS DISTAFFS.

---

SCENE FIRST.—*The Council Chamber—The KING discovered in Council.*

KING. Props of our power and pillars of our State,  
Supporting of our government the weight,  
Like—I may say without offence—like bricks ;  
To you King Gander turns, when in a fix,  
That as you in your wisdoms may think fit,  
You may advise him to get out of it.

MIN. My liege, as you sagaciously surmise,  
That is exactly what we do advise.

KING. What ?

MIN. To get out of it without delay.

KING. But how ? By what means ? In what kind of way ?

1ST COUNCILLOR. Ere we decide, perhaps 'twill please your  
grace

To favour us by stating first the case.

KING. The case ?

2ND COUN. We can't well argue it without  
Knowing a little what it is about.

KING. Can't you ? Why how, do other councils do  
That know no more of anything than you ?

MIN. But we are not a common council, sire.

KING. Certainly not !

1ST COUN. And if we might inquire——

KING. Well, it won't make much difference, and so  
The case is this. Some nineteen years ago  
I prayed for three fine boys my name to bear.  
Indulgent fortune granted my fond prayer  
By sending me three girls.

2ND COUN. Three graces !

1ST COUN. Goddesses !

Not to be matched in Iliads or in Odysseys.

KING. The eldest, Princess Idelfonza, who

Does nothing——

MIN. As a princess ought to do.

KING. The second, Babillarda, fair as young,

But with no end whatever to her tongue.

1ST COUN. But then so musical each word it drops,

It may be called an organ——

KING. Without stops.

The third—Finetta—who one happy morn,

With a full set of wisdom teeth was born,

So shrewd—so prudent—'tis our firm impression,

That all her years have been years of discretion.

MIN. A fact almost to make one doubt her sex.

1ST COUN. A fact to please you, sire ; and not perplex.

KING. Granted ; but there is yet to state another :

Fate has deprived them of their royal mother ;

And when I go, as by my vow I'm bound,

The Paynim foe in Palestine to pound,

Like all the ancient Ganders of my race,

Who shall protect them in their parent's place ?

How keep them from believing gay deceivers

Whilst I am pummelling the unbelievers ?

Answer me that, ye Councillors, who can.

MIN. My liege, methinks I could propose a plan

On which your Majesty might act with ease.

KING. Which is——?

MIN. To do whatever, sir, you please.

KING. Humph ! that idea had occurred to me.

What say you, Baron ?

1ST COUN. With humility,

I differ from so learned an authority ;

No doubt I shall be quite in a minority—

But still my sense of duty makes me dare,

Dread sire, emphatically to declare

That in a case—permit me the expression—

A case, my liege, affecting the succession,

You're bound to do—not as has been expressed,

Just what you please—but just what you think

best ;

And we, as loyal subjects, bending low,  
Are bound to think what you think best is so.

**KING.** Courageous Councillor! who ventures thus  
To speak his mind, and tell the truth to us!  
I'll follow your advice, sir, to the letter,  
And let me see the man who dares think better.  
Has any one another word to say? (*all shake their heads*)

**MIN.** They answer, nothing—in the usual way.  
The Council is unanimous.

**KING.** And so  
Am I. (*they rise*) Accept my thanks before you go,  
For having, after grave deliberation,  
Confirmed me—in my own determination.

(*Exeunt all but KING*)

Though what that is, I have not quite decided.  
Kind fortune, who has every gander guided,  
Since 'twixt the legs of Jove one saved his life  
From old Philemon's hospitable knife,  
Be to an anxious father of some use,  
And to my goslings prove a——

(*Music—The back of the throne opens and discovers  
MOTHER GOOSE*)

Mother Goose!

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings!  
What would your gracious figure?

**MOTHER G.** First of kings,  
In whom I've ta'en an interest for ages,  
Being a special pet of my own pages,  
I come to solace your paternal pains,  
And with my art supply your lack of brains.

**KING.** I feel the compliment.

**MOTHER G.** I know you do.  
I read your thoughts, and could your mind look  
through.  
If you had one.

**KING.** I've half a mind, good mother,  
But can't quite make it up, some way or other.

**MOTHER G.** Yes! to lock up your daughters in a  
tower!

As if Dan Cupid hadn't got the power

To make in adamantine walls a gap!  
Love laughs at locksmiths!

KING. That's a farce.

MOTHER G. Mayhap.

There's but one way the tempter to avoid;  
Keep head and hand in honest work employed.  
Idleness of all evil is the root.

KING. A fact established quite beyond dispute!  
I wrote it in my copy book at school;

MOTHER G. Then make your daughters copy the same  
rule.

KING. A brilliant thought! 'tis plain whate'er inviting,  
They can't be wronging if they're always writing;  
I'll order in, of copy books, a van full,  
Hundreds of pens, of ink a mighty can full.

MOTHER G. Nay, nay, though goose quills I must needs  
respect,

Young ladies' hands they sometimes mis-direct.  
I'll keep them safer occupation in,  
The proper task of spinsters is to spin.

*(Music—Waves her crutch—Three Glass Distaffs  
rise through the stage.)*

*(presents them)* There is a precious gift for each fair  
lass.

These distaffs are of fine cut fairy glass;  
Though force can make upon them no impression,  
They shiver at the slightest indiscretion.

KING. Odds bobs! they're ticklish tools for girls to  
handle!

MOTHER G. But safeguards against violence or scandal.  
On your return, if they're produced unbroken,  
Of prudence you can't have a surer token.  
Farewell! upon my friendship reckon freely.

*(music—MOTHER GOOSE disappears)*

KING. No fairy could behave much more genteelly.  
Astounding incident! But quick! time presses;  
Ho! some one—summon hither the Princesses.

*Enter SCHARP.*

SCHARP. One Princess comes unsummoned, gracious sir.

KING. 'Tis well! if so, you need not summon her.

But tell the other two to bring their too—  
Too solid flesh to melt into adieu !

(*Exit* SCHARP)

*Enter* FINETTA.

FIN. "Adieu !" in time I come, then.

KING. Ah, Finetta !  
Or, as thy mother called thee, Pin Basketta !  
Thou always comest *apropos*, my dear.

FIN. It's *apropos de bottes* this time, I fear ;  
For if the news be true about that's bruted,  
By glory spurred, you'll speedily be booted.

KING. The tidings are authentic, daughter mine,  
Like brave Dunois, I'm bound for Palestine.

FIN. And wherefore off to Palestine thus bustle men ?

KING. We go to Palestine to fight the Mussulmen.

FIN. But why to fight the Mussulmen, in fine ?

KING. Because, my love—we go to Palestine.

FIN. That is no answer, sir, my question to.  
What have the Mussulmen, pray, done to you ?

KING. What have they done to me ?—Good gracious, why ?  
They have done—Pshaw ! what can that signify ?  
If people stopped to ask why out they fall,  
There'd be no fighting in the world at all !  
Suffice it that for glory I've a passion—  
Besides, "Partant pour la Syrie's" the fashion.\*

*Enter* SCHARP.

SCHARP. The Princess Babillarda.

*Enter* BABILLARDA.

BABIL. Oh, papa !  
What's this they tell me—you are going to war ?  
And not alone—which nobody would mind, sir—  
But leaving not an officer behind, sir,  
To chat or flirt with—it is much too hard.  
Not a young Guardsman to take off his guard—  
No Grenadier to form a forlorn hope with—  
No Light Dragoon a lady could galope with—

---

\* Composed by Queen Hortense. It was substituted by Napoleon III. on his accession as Emperor for "Vive Henri Quatre" and the "Marseillaise."

To dance "The Lancers," not a Lancer near us,  
 And when we're toasted, no Hussar to cheer us!  
 It's too bad—all our beaux off thus to walk too,  
 And leave us not a single soul to talk to!  
 I——

KING. Hold your tongue!

BABIL. I can't! I never could!  
 And is it likely in this case I should!  
 I've got a thousand things to you to say.

KING. Well, tell me all then—when I'm gone away.

BABIL. But——

*Song—BABILLARDA—Air, "Domino Noir."*

I must to-day, sir, have my say,  
 Before you go away;  
 And so I beg you'll stay,  
 And hear me, pray.  
 For not a word as yet I've heard  
 Of what has just occurred,  
 That doesn't seem absurd, say what you may.  
 If go you must for glory's sake, sir,  
 There's no reason you should take, sir,  
 All the nice young men in town, sir,  
 Who don't care about renown, sir;  
 And would rather here at home at soldiers play.  
 It's folly, quite, to go and fight,  
 When at your ease you might  
 Be morning, noon, and night—says Mr. Bright.  
 And I'd agree with that M.P.,  
 If folks would let you be!  
 But then they won't, you see—despite advice:  
 Yet still, I think, if you'd but send  
 To them, some "honourable friend,"  
 Who to practise what he preaches,  
 Would do nothing but make speeches,  
 They'd be glad to buy his peace at any price.

KING. Silence!

FIN. Dear sister! Pray obedient be—

Or, if you can't stop talking—talk to me. *(they go up  
 stage talking aside)*

*Enter* SCHARP, *preceding* IDELFONZA,

SCHARP. (*announcing*) The Princess Idelfonza !

KING. So ! At last—

You haven't made much haste !

IDEL. I can't walk fast—

You know, papa, it puts me in a flurry.

Where are you going, sir, in such a hurry ?

KING. To Palestine, to gather laurels !

IDEL. Law !

Why can't you gather laurels here, papa ?

Or send somebody—though it cost you double—

To gather 'em and save you all the trouble ?

KING. The trouble is a pleasure !

IDEL. Well, I vow,

I can't think trouble pleasure—any how.

KING. You must be taught to think so, daughter. See

Here are three distaffs.

(FINETTA *and* BABILLARDA *come down*)

IDEL. There then let them be

KING. Nay, they are presents from a learned friend—

There's one for each—and, girls, you may depend

During my absence you'll find great enjoyment

In this serene and primitive employment.

BABIL. I spin !

KING. Why not ? you love to spin a yarn.

IDEL. You'll tell us next our stockings we should darn.

FIN. Nay, sister, history, and fable show

Princesses used to spin some time ago ;

And Babillarda knows such occupation

Is no impediment to conversation.

BABIL. Well, that's some comfort certainly and though—

KING. Let me get one more word in, ere I go,

And then talk till you're tired, if you can.

IDEL. Let me sit down, then, there's a dear good man.

For I am tired. (*sits*)

KING. Hear me, girls, all three !

Through these glass distaffs you don't clearly see.

They have been made by magic.

THREE PRINCESSES.

Magic !

KING.

Magic !

And your ends may be tragic.



THREE PRINCESSES. Tragic!  
 KING. Tragic!  
 If by misconduct you should chance to break 'em!  
 BABIL. Then what a shame of you to go and make em!  
 KING. I didn't.  
 FIN. No, he told us just before  
 They're made by magic. Pa's no conjuror!  
 KING. Not I! But to proceed. They will protect you  
 Whilst you behave as prudence should direct you.  
 But if you swerve the least from her dictation,  
 You'll find 'em brittle as your reputation.  
 BABIL. Do you suspect us, sir, of—  
 KING. Heaven forbid!  
 But I shall treat you just as if I did,  
 And upon this score to feel quite at ease,  
 Make you your own "material guarantees,"  
 By wisely locking up the stable door,  
 Not after the steed's stolen—but before!  
 BABIL. What! Lock us up? 'Twill be my death, sir!  
 FIN. Pshaw!  
 Papa's not going, child, to lock your jaw.  
 With work and books it won't be so distressing.  
 IDEL. Well, I shan't have to move, and that's a  
 blessing!  
 BABIL. And where's this hateful prison, pray, to be?  
 KING. In the Round Tower, which I go to see  
 Prepared for your reception. You safe in it,  
 On my own tour I set out the next minute.

*Quartett*—KING, BABILLARDA, FINETTA, and IDELFONZA—  
 "Goosey Gander."

KING. Like a gallant Gander,  
 Ere hence I wander,  
 You three  
 I'll see  
 Safe in the Tower yonder.

THREE PRINCESSES. If any young man  
 Drops in unawares?—  
 KING. There's a policeman  
 Ready, if he dares!

To take him by the right leg,  
 Take him by the left leg,  
 Take him by both legs,  
 And drop him—down stairs.

ALL. Like a gallant Gander,  
 Ere hence { I } wander  
           { he'll }  
 You { three  
 Us {  
 I'll } see  
 He'll }  
 Safe in the tower yonder.

(*Exeunt KING and PRINCESSES.*)

SCENE SECOND.—*Exterior of the Round Tower.*

*Music*—WORKMEN enter, and employ themselves in fixing a crane and pulleys (to which are attached a rope and basket) to Tower—STONE-MASONS enter with materials for walling up the door, GRAND CHAMBERLAIN superintending.

*Air and Chorus*—GRAND CHAMBERLAIN and WORKMEN—  
 “*Bartlemy Fair.*”

Come bustle, boys, about,  
 It is time you'd all cleared out ;  
 Get the crane and pulley ready,  
 And the basket to make steady,  
 Select a very sure rope.  
 Don't the balance lose of *your rope*,  
 Or you'll find it an awkward affair, O !

Work away—no delay  
 Scrub and burnish—paint and furnish ;  
 By the drumming, the King's coming ?  
 If he find you all behind you  
 Will sing, hey down, ho down,  
 Derry derry down,  
 To a very, very different air, O !

*Flourish—Enter PEASANTS, preceding GUARDS, PAGES, LADIES OF HONOUR, then enter the three PRINCESSES, with their PAGES, and the KING, attended by his MINISTER and COUNCILLORS.*

KING. The hour is come, when from my dearest daughters

I must depart for foreign country quarters,  
But first secure 'gainst Cupid's artful dodgings,  
I'll place you in genteelly furnished lodgings;  
You'll find in them your own linen and plate,  
And as upon yourselves you'll have to wait,  
There'll be no extra charges for attendance.

IDEL. And upon what, sir, can we place dependence,  
For board, as well as lodging, pray?

BABIL. I hope  
You'd not have us depend upon a rope!

KING. No, not without a basket at the end on't.  
But by these simple means you may depend on't,  
You'll be provided with three meals a day,  
"Provided always," as the lawyers say,  
You turn a button you'll find in the wall,  
As you would have the basket rise or fall.  
I've given strict orders to my Major Domo,  
And he alone, of all the *genus homo*,  
Will have with you intercommunication—  
All persons else by Royal Proclamation,  
Are warned from coming even near this spot,  
On pain of being sent to instant pot.

BABIL. Only the Major Domo! Cruel whim!  
But I may say whate'er I please to him?

KING. Whate'er you please, without the slightest fear,  
For he's as deaf as the door post.

BABIL. Oh dear!  
But shan't we be allowed to take the air?

KING. Upon the top you'll find a garden fair,  
Laid out in plots, where you may walking go.  
And laugh to scorn plots laid for you below.  
Thus, armed at all points, do I take my leave.

FIN. 'Tis too late to prevent you, I perceive,  
You've ta'en your place already in the mail,  
And fate alone has power to turn the scale.

KING. True ! But although I've steel'd this manly breast,  
 To which, for the last time, perhaps, thou'rt pressed,  
 While all the father in my bosom warms,  
 I feel myself again a child in arms ! *(weeps)*  
 Snivelling ! O shame ! A Gander and in tears !  
 Brush off fond drops, and you, my pretty dears,  
 Brush in.

THREE PRINCESSES. Good-bye, papa !  
*(the KING embraces them as they pass—then all  
 THREE PRINCESSES enter the tower)*

KING. Farewell ! Once more !  
 They've entered ! Men of stone, block up the door !  
*(MASONS busy themselves in building up door)*

Adieu, my people ! When I'm far away,  
 Remember me, and punctually pay  
 Your taxes. You'll be gratified to learn  
 They will be doubled until I return—  
 Which, though of parting it increase the pain,  
 Ensures you joy to see me back again.  
 Strike up, my drums, and let my trumpets bray !  
 Like a good knight, I wish you all good day !  
*(March—Exeunt KING, followed by MINISTER,  
 COUNCILLORS, GUARDS, PAGES, LADIES, PEAS-  
 ANTS and WORKMEN)*

BABILLARDA *appears at window of tower.*

BABIL. Heigho ! What will become of me now ! There  
 Is Idelfonza sunk in an arm-chair  
 And half asleep already—sister Fin  
 In her own room has gone to sit and spin,  
 No mortal creature, not e'en a poor bird,  
 With whom I can exchange a single word.  
 Well, I must talk then to myself until  
 Somebody passes, but nobody will !  
 'The horse patrol would stop 'em on the high road,  
 And this bye-road is not a passing-by-road.  
 Yet sure there's something moving on it now !  
 Is it a man, a donkey, or a cow ?  
 It's an old beggar woman, I declare !  
 Who looks as if just come out of Rag Fair.

*Music—Enter RICHCRAFT, as an old woman, with basket and long string of ballads.*

BABIL. Here, here! Good woman! What have you to sell?

RICH. Ballads, my pretty mistress.

BABIL. Ballads! Well

I love a ballad in print. Have you many?

RICH. Three yards of songs, miss—forty for a penny—

Here's "Old Dan Tucker," "Will Watch," "Nelly Bly,"

"Love Not," "Hot Codlings," "Coming' thro' the Rye."

"Long ago," "Mary, I believe thee true,"

"I'd be a Butterfly," "Red, White, and Blue,"

"Pop goes the Weasel," "Far upon the Sea,"

"When the wind blows," "Then you'll remember me,"

"Cheer, boys, Cheer," "On the Banks of Allan Water,"

"Gentle Zitella," "The Ratcatcher's Daughter."

BABIL. Oh! the Ratcatcher's Daughter! How I should

Like to hear that. Pray sing it.

RICH. That I would,

But I'm afeard to stop so long, my dear,

I'm told they'll hang me if they catch me here—

Couldn't you let me in? I'm old and poor—

Order your porter, pray, to ope the door.

BABIL. Order our porter! We've no porter here,

To order—if we wanted it—our beer;

No door to open, if we had a porter,

They've gone and blocked it up with stones and mortar.

RICH. Oh dear! To take me in, find some way, do,

I'd try to find some way to take in you.

If you've no servant, you'll want one, no doubt—

And if you'll let me in, I'll serve you (*aside*) out.

BABIL. How can I let you in, when——

RICH. What's to hinder

Your winding me up safely to the *winder*?

The basket I see hanging to that pulley,

I'm pretty sure would hold me beautifully!

BABIL. I never thought of that! The very thing!

What fun to trick papa! But where's the spring?

Oh ! this must be it—yes ; down goes the basket ;  
 My explanation's ready if they ask it—  
 I've but obeyed his Majesty's commands,  
 To take up any one found on these lands.  
 Say when you're ready.

(RICHCRAFT steps into the basket which has descended)

RICH. Now then--that will do,  
 Haul up ! (*aside*) And 'twill be soon all up with you.  
 (*Music—The basket ascends with RICHCRAFT—  
 when it is level with the window, BABILLARDA  
 helps him in, and the scene changes to*

SCENE THIRD—*The Garden on the top of the Tower.*

*Enter BABILLARDA, followed by RICHCRAFT (as old woman).*

BABIL. One more step, and you're at the top.

RICH. I'm glad  
 To hear it, for my breath's so very bad.

BABIL. Sit down, and take some fresh then—for, no doubt,  
 You couldn't sing conveniently without.

RICH. Who was the lady fast asleep below ?

BABIL. My eldest sister, Idelfonza.

RICH. Oh !  
 But you've another sister, I've been told.

BABIL. Oh, yes, Finetta ! Won't she fume and scold,  
 When she finds—

(RICHCRAFT goes to alcove and leaves basket)

*Enter FINETTA, followed by IDELFONZA dragging a camp stool.*

FIN. Ha ! my fears then were too true !

BABIL. (*aside*) Oh, my ! she's here, and Idelfonza too !

IDEL. Why, Babillarda ! who on earth's this stranger ?

FIN. Who let her in ?

BABIL. I did, and where's the danger ?

FIN. There's always danger where there's disobedience.

BABIL. Folks shouldn't drive one, then, to such expedients.

FIN. Your indiscretion will be punished—see

Your distaff's broken !

BABIL. So it is—dear me !

When could I break it ?

FIN. When you broke your word.  
 BABIL. I never gave it, so don't be absurd.  
 FIN. Alas, more mischief may be brewing!  
 BABIL. Stuff!  
 Don't preach. I've done it, child, and that's enough.  
 What mischief can this poor old body do,  
 I should just like to know, to me or you?  
 I brought her in to wait on us.  
 IDEL. Delightful!  
 The thought of waiting on one's self is frightful.  
 BABIL. Besides she can sing songs, and so amuse me!  
 If you don't like it, you can go.  
 FIN. Excuse me,  
 I shan't leave you such company alone in.  
 BABIL. Well, I don't care, if I'm not left my own in.  
 So sing, good mother, and don't mind her prosing.  
 IDEL. Yes, do sing! it's so pleasant while one's dozing.  
 RICH. What shall I sing? ugh, ugh! I'm rather hoarse.  
 BABIL. Oh, "the Ratcatcher's Daughter," dame, of course.  
 RICH. D'ye know the song?  
 BABIL. I know the air—no more.  
 RICH. Then you have never heard these words before?

*Song—RICHCRAFT—Air, "The Ratcatcher's Daughter."*

Not long ago there lived, somewhere,  
 A king who had three fair daughters;  
 But he didn't quite like to leave 'em there,  
 While he went t'other side of the waters.  
 The father smelt rats, for he'd often caught flats,  
 A prowling about his quarters;  
 So packed up snug, in a sort of stone jug,  
 Were these purty little Flatcatcher's Darters.  
 Singing, Doodle dee, doodle dum,  
 Didum doodle da.

Chorus, Ladies—Doodle dee, &c.

But Cupid is a downy cove,  
 Wot it takes a deal to hinder;  
 And if you shuts him out o' the door,  
 Vy he valks in at the *winder*.

So one day there came a poor old dame,  
 Who all in rags and tatters,  
 By an artful dodge, got into the lodge  
 Of these purty little Flatcatcher's Darters.  
 Singing, Doodle dee, &c.

Now I have heard since, that a rich young prince,  
 Who had come from a foreign land, O,  
 Laid a wager that he, out of one of the three,  
 Would inveigle her lily-white hand, O.  
 So in this disguise, he flung dust in the eyes,  
 Of the girls wot he was arter ;  
 And like a sly fox, spite of bolts, bars, and locks,  
 Bolted off with one purty little Darter.  
 Singing, Doodle dee, &c.

RICH. In plain prose, I'm the hero of the story,  
 And thus fling off the mask, like gay Count Ory.

*Music*—RICHCRAFT *throws off his old woman's disguise*—  
 BABILLARDA *screams and rushes off, followed by FINETTA*—  
 IDELFONZA, *who has gone to sleep during the song, is*  
*aroused by the scream, starts up, and is about to follow, but*  
 RICHCRAFT *intercepts her.*

RICH. Fly not, sweet princess !

IDEL. I don't want to fly ;

It's so much trouble, but perforce must try.

RICH. Wherefore ?

IDEL. Because 'twould be great impropriety,  
 For me to stay alone in your society.

RICH. Oh, say not so ! For you alone I came,  
 For you alone I've played this desperate game !  
 You are alone the prize I have in view.

IDEL. Leave me alone, then—and be quiet, do.

RICH. Not till my passion moves you to compassion.

IDEL. It bores me to be moved in any fashion—  
 Besides, how can you talk such trash to me ?  
 It was my sister you came here to see.

RICH. What, Babillarda ! That eternal chatterer,  
 Who, to call magpie, would but too much flatter her !  
 No ; 'tis the sloe black of those sleepy eyes !  
 'Tis Idelfonza that I idolise !



'Tis the delicious languor of that air  
 That laps me in Elysium ! Matchless fair,  
 I am a Prince—of money I have plenty,  
 And love, like you, the "*dolce fa niente.*"  
 Of slaves you will possess a countless band,  
 Besides your humble servant, to command.  
 And you shall sit as long as daylight lingers,  
 Twiddling, in graceful ease, those fairy fingers.  
 And you shall have not only naught to do,  
 But your own time to do it in !

IDEL. 'Tis true  
 You talk this well !

RICH. By Heaven, I'll do this, lady !  
 Say but to marry me that you are ready—  
 I've lords in waiting, who in ambush tarry,  
 To carry you off, if my point I carry.

IDEL. Somebody must, for I will ne'er be married  
 Unless to church, at any rate, I'm carried.

RICH. You shall be, in a litter !

IDEL. Really ! Shall I !  
 You don't mean what you say ?

RICH. Yes ! Liter-ally.

IDEL. Well, I suppose I ought to ask papa.

RICH. But then your father's gone so very far,  
 And never may come back again, I'm told,  
 And by that time we should be both so old.

IDEL. Well, you may take my hand, then.

RICH. Rapture ! thus,  
 Upon my road to bliss, I take a *buss* !

*(Music—As he kisses her, the Glass Distaff she carries at her girdle flies into pieces.)*

IDEL. Ah ! There's my distaff, now, gone all to shatters ?

RICH. *(aside)* That's number two ! *(aloud)* Well, dearest,  
 and what matters ?

IDEL. Not much, I grant, for I should never use it.

RICH. *(aside)* Now for the third ! Time flies ! I mustn't  
 lose it !

*(aloud)* The sun is going down, and so must I,  
 To call my friends up—off with you to hie !  
 Rest in this bower till 'tis time to start.

IDEL. Oh, I'll rest anywhere with all my heart.

(*aside*) He really is a charming little man !

(*goes into alcove*)

RICH. (*quickly shutting the door and locking it*)

I have caught you, now catch me if you can !

Song—RICHCRAFT—*Air*, “*Like the lightning.*”

Like the lightning, or as slick as grease,

I fly to conquests grander,

And, please the pigs, I'll cook the geese

Of all the race of Gander !

I'm aware that time is fleeting,

But I can't avoid repeating,

That like lightning, or as slick as grease, &c., &c.

(*Exit RICHCRAFT*)

SCENE FOURTH.—*A Room in the Tower—Door in centre with staircase leading to upper part.*

FINETTA and BABILLARDA appear at opposite entrances.

FIN. Ah !

BABIL. Ah !

FIN. It's only me !

BABIL. It's only you !

Are you quite certain ? Dear ! what shall we do ?

FIN. Where's Idelfonza ?

BABIL. Haven't the least notion ;

So limited her power of locomotion,

It's possible she's still just where we left her.

FIN. And of her life that wretch may have bereft her,

Following us, I'm sure I thought I heard her.

BABIL. Let's up stairs to the window and scream murder !

Here she comes ! No, she doesn't ! It is the man !

Where shall we fly to ?

(*Exit BABILLARDA*)

FIN. You fly where you can !

I will not budge a foot ! This Tower shall fly

From its firm base as soon as basely I—

Though I've not here Clan Alpine's warriors true,  
 I'll do exactly as did Roderick Dhu!  
 For, as like him, I stumbled here some sacks on,  
 I fortunately laid my hand this axe on. (*takes axe from  
 wing and conceals it behind herself*)

Song—FINETTA—Air, "*Di quella. Pira.*"

Let him appear, ah  
 Shan't he get toco  
 For yam as surely  
 As I stand here!  
 On his base marrow-bones  
 I with this cleaver,  
 Will "Con fuoco"  
 Play without fear!  
 Yes, from this chopper  
 He'll get a topper;  
 And since with oper-  
 —A plots he makes free,  
 While of "Count Ory"  
 He apes the story,  
 "Il Trovatore!"  
 This bold air gives me!

*Enter* PRINCE RICHCRAFT.

RICH. So here you are at last! I've had some pains  
 To find you, Princess.

FIN. If you've any brains  
 Move not a step, or I shall solve the doubt  
 By trying if I can knock any out.

RICH. With what? That distaff? You'll excuse my  
 grinning——

FIN. No, something that will set your head a spinning.  
 Behold! I have a weapon! (*brandishing axe*) A small  
 toy  
 Left in a corner by some chopping boy,  
 It has cut blocks as thick as yours.

RICH. The deuce!  
 You wouldn't make of it so bad a use;  
 To gain that hand these brains I have been taxing.

FIN. You'll find my hand's not to be had for *axing*.

- RICH. But hear me, Princess !  
 FIN. I can hear you there.  
 Where's Idelfonza ?  
 RICH. I don't know or care.  
 You are the idol that I worship !  
 FIN. How ?  
 RICH. 'Pon honour !  
 FIN. Poh ! I know your worship, now,  
 And doubt your honour.  
 RICH. You know me ! Who am I ?  
 FIN. My father's deadly foe—Prince Richcraft !  
 RICH. (*aside*) Demme !  
 FIN. Of old King Fogrum, eldest son and heir.  
 RICH. Discovered ! Then I'll candidly declare  
 Since I'm found out, that I am Richcraft, and  
 Delighted to find you at home—your hand.  
 FIN. Not without this ! Some mischief you intend.  
 RICH. No, with our union let all discord end !  
 Say you'll be mine, and of your father I  
 Will henceforth be the good and true—*ally*.  
 FIN. (*aside*) Exactly ! (*aloud*) After such a declaration  
 There may be grounds for some negotiation ;  
 I will despatch a letter to my father  
 And let you know his answer.  
 RICH. Let me rather  
 Have yours at once.  
 FIN. But I am not of age,  
 And can't against his will my hand engage.  
 I am a minor.  
 RICH. Say, an under-miner,  
 Though you're a fine girl, you will find me finer.  
 I'll wait for no man's will, so don't be silly,  
 Mine you must be, proud Princess, willy-nilly !  
 Lay down that axe while I am yet pacific ;  
 And drive me not to acts much more terrific.  
 FIN. (*aside*) I'll feign a little female hesitation.  
 (*aloud*) Grant me a short time for consideration.  
 RICH. I will. It shall be short, as you implore ;  
 I grant you just five minutes, not one more,  
 If still you hesitate you'll to your cost  
 Prove that the maid who hesitates is lost ;

You can't imagine how uncommon funky  
You'll feel, if once you quite put up my monkey!

*Song*—RICHCRAFT—*Air*, "The Campbells are coming."

Not e'en Gordon Cumming—oh, oh, oh, oh!  
Not e'en Gordon Cumming—oh, oh, oh, oh!  
Has e'er seen a lion,  
That you mightn't try on,  
More safely your humming—oh, oh, oh, oh!

No tiger Van Amburgh had ever to dare,  
No bear ever petted by Labarriere,  
Was half so ferocious, rapacious, atrocious!  
So, madam, I'd have you beware, beware!

(*Exit RICHCRAFT*)

FIN. What's to be done? Not Richcraft, I'm afraid;  
He is a keen, though badly-tempered blade!  
Oh, my poor distaff! Quite of spirits I'm out,  
You won't be wanted now to spin the time out!  
But till the spinsters three my thread shall sever,  
To hold you harmless I will still endeavour!  
Heyday! how's this? It made me quite spin round,  
And makes a point of pointing to the ground—

(*trap opens*)

And a trap opens in it, and displays  
One of those horrid cells of other days,  
Called "Oubliettes," because when in they let you,  
Though they would ne'er forgive they'd quite forget  
you.

This opens a new prospect of success;  
To make it work, I've but this spring to press;  
Though Richcraft is a very downy chap,  
He may not be quite up to such a trap;  
And if he's not up to it—he must be  
Down in it—ere he can be down on me!  
I hear his step—quick! let me set the trap for him.

(*touches spring and trap closes*)

There! it's all right! and I don't care a rap for  
him!

*Re-enter* RICHCRAFT,

RICH. Time's up ! Am I to count on your *axe*-cession ?

FIN. Sir, I surrender at my own discretion ;  
I lay my arms down (*flinging axe away*) and present  
my hand.

RICH. On ceremony, then, no more I stand,  
But thus——

(*Music—Springs forward to seize her hand, but the  
moment he steps on the trap he disappears*)

FIN. You fall ! Victoria ! That's a case,  
I hope, of the right man in the right place !

*Recitative*—FINETTA.

The plot was deep !—the plotter now lies deeper !  
Babillarda !

*Enter* BABILLARDA.

*Duet*—FINETTA and BABILLARDA—“ *Il Trovatore*.”

BABIL. Oh, joy ! I scarce can trust my eyes !  
Alive I thus behold you ;  
And no “ alarming sacrifice,”  
To him who thought he'd sold you.  
My tongue, in vain, for utt'rance tries,  
I want words, I declare, dear,  
A want in me so rare, dear,  
It adds to my surprise.

FIN. “ Full fathom five,” the traitor “ lies,”  
Like—I forget whose—father ;  
Those mayn't be “ pearls that were his eyes,”  
But he a *purl* had—rather.

BABIL. Huzzah !

FIN. Away, away ! if most unwise  
To let him in you were, dear ;  
I've let him in, just there, dear,  
Much more to his surprise. (*Exeunt*)

SCENE FIFTH.—*Exterior of the Tower—(Night).*

*Music—Enter WOLF and WURM, cautiously.*

WOLF. Hush !

WURM. Silence !

WOLF. Soft ! From yonder turret high  
Methought I heard—Nothing !

WURM. And so did I.

WOLF. No signal ! Then I fear Richcraft's success  
Will not be signal.

WURM. I suspect, no less.

WOLF. Within the Tower, all's as dark as pitch !

WURM. There's something darker rising from that ditch !

*RICHCRAFT, covered with mud, rises slowly out of the ditch.*

RICH. (*faintly*) Wurm !

WOLF. It's old Bogie ! And he's come for you !

RICH. Wolf !

WURM. Oh ! It must be ! For he wants you too !

RICH. Knaves ! Don't you know !—the Prince—

WURM. Of Darkness ! Oh !

RICH. (*advancing*) Fools ! I'm Prince Richcraft !

WOLF. Eh ? You don't say so ?

WURM. His Highness ! Is it possible ?

*(they both go to assist RICHCRAFT out of ditch and lead him forward)*

RICH. Too true !

WOLF. All over black !

RICH. I grieve to add—and blue !

WURM. How came you in this pickle—pray explain ?  
Have you been up a flue ?

RICH. No, down a drain !

WURM. Into the Tower, then, you never stole ?

RICH. Oh, yes ! And went completely through the  
whole.

Flung through what oft has lost a man his station,

A story utterly without foundation !

The mud I fell in only broke my fall,

But I have spoiled my clothes, both great and small.

WOLF. Take comfort, sir, and change them.

RICH. Never! No!  
 Like to the Pontic Sea whose icy flow  
 Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but still goes on tick,  
 By rushing up the spout to the Propontic  
 Without a change—even so, behold, I swear  
 This jacket and etcetras to wear.  
 Till I have washed the stains out in a flood  
 Of blood! By Jingo! Blood! Blood! Blood! Blood!  
 Blood!

WURM. Whose—gracious sir?

RICH. Finetta's! That false fair's—  
 If all her hairs were lives—

WOLF. First, catch her hairs!

RICH. In course! So hounds!—I let you slip, and woe  
 Betide you, if you let her slip, also!

WURM. Footsteps! If it should be the bobbies! Run!

WOLF. It's but a booby! (*looking out*)

RICH. Then you're two to one,  
 And where he twice a booby—quite his match.

WURM. It's a King's messenger, with some despatch.

RICH. Dispatch him, then! First knock him gently  
 down,  
 And then we'll hear—the message from the Crown.

*Music—They retire—Enter a MESSENGER—He approaches the Tower, and raises a horn to his mouth, but before he can sound it he is knocked down by WOLF—WURM takes a letter out of the man's pouch, and hands it to RICHCRAFT.*

RICH. A letter! But of light there's not a spark!

WURM. (*at back*) I've got a lantern, though it's rather dark.

RICH. (*takes lantern—breaks the seal of letter and reads*)

What do I read? My eyes deceive me, surely!  
 King Gander has been taken very poorly,  
 And feeling in his head a sort of dizziness,  
 Is coming home on "urgent private business."\*  
 Accursed chance!

WURM. A happy chance, sir, rather.  
 Let's give Finetta this note from her father,—  
 'Twill lure her out.

\* See Preface.



RICH. O, mischief! thou art quick,  
 To enter into heads, however thick.  
 With speed about it! Doff your cloak and cap,  
 And put on those belonging to this chap;  
 Then fling his body in the ditch there plump,  
 (*Music—They act accordingly*)

Now, take his horn, and blow it like a trump.

(*WURM blows the horn—FINETTA appears at the window of Tower—RICHCRAFT and WOLF retire*)

FIN. What means that mournful blast, mysterious stranger?

WURM. Madam, your royal father's life's in danger.

FIN. My father's life in danger! Is he ill?

WURM. Dying! but can't die easily, until  
 He see his darling child, Princess Finetta.

FIN. What proof of this?

WURM. An autographic letter.

Drop me a line, sweet maid, and, by return,  
 The truth you in a line from him will learn,

FIN. You'd get me in a line, insidious knave!

I much suspect this is some barbarous "shave."

WURM. I shave a lady! Not with softest soap.

FIN. Send up the line, then—and beware the rope!

(*Music—She lets down the basket—WURM throws the note in it—FINETTA draws up the basket, takes out the note, and reads it.*)

My father's hand. I can no longer doubt!  
 But the seal's broken!—how came that about?  
 Who dared to ope this scroll, thou, naughty elf?

WURM. His gracious Majesty's most royal self.

He wanted to add something, but he couldn't,  
 And so, on second thoughts, he thought he wouldn't.

FIN. How like the circumspection of his race!

WURM. O, hasten to receive his last embrace.

FIN. Where is he?

WURM. Hard by, in the wood; no further

Could he bear carriage? To delay is murder!

FIN. I come!

(*Music—FINETTA gets into the basket and descends*)

WOLF. (*aside*) We have her !

RICH. Seize the jade and gag her.

(*as FINETTA steps out of the basket, they obey RICHCRAFT'S order, by throwing a cloak over her head*)

Call up your fellows ! O'er the border drag her !

(WOLF hurries out with FINETTA)

Would she had forty thousand lives, that I  
Might forty thousand ways to take 'em try,  
Or that she had but nine lives, like a cat—  
But as she has but one, I will take that  
In such a way, that no cat of nine tails,  
Could ever raise of woe, such horrid wails.  
Get me a barrel, stick it full of spikes,  
So sharp, nobody ever felt the likes !  
In it I'll cram the baggage like a ball,  
And roll it down the Brockeneckerthal !  
Once off, she'll find her way to the bottom. Mizzle !

(Exit WURM)

On the hot gridiron of hate I grizzle !  
Vengeance, be thou my Lord Mayor ; at thy feast,  
See if I don't just make myself a beast.

(Exit PRINCE RICHCRAFT)

SCENE FOURTH.—*Summit of a mountain*—WOLF, WURM,  
*and other ATTENDANTS OF RICHCRAFT enter with FINETTA  
prisoner.*

WOLF. Of Gander's kingdom we're safe o'er the border,  
And there's the pit to which she'll have an order.

FIN. Are ye banditti ? If so, name my ransom,  
My father is a king, he'll come down handsome.

WOLF. Will he ? If that's your hope it is but small,  
'Twould'nt be like his Majesty at all.

FIN. Answer my question, man of features grim !

WOLF. Here comes his Highness, pop it, ma'am, to him.

FIN. His Highness!—this low mudlark?

*Enter* PRINCE RICHCRAFT.

Ah, Prince Richcraft!  
 Alive, and out of limbo! This is witchcraft!  
 RICH. No, traitress! Deep the craft through which  
 I fell,

But here is trap for trap, and sell for cell.

FIN. No traitress I, but double traitor thou,  
 Who to two sisters equal love could vow.

RICH. For equal love read henceforth equal hate;  
 For know I found out in the "Book of Fate,"  
 And sticking sundry pins in fortune's wheel,  
 Thy father's kingdom fallen "*en quenouille*"  
 Would with my father's to some other pass  
 By one of those three distaffs made of glass;  
 If indiscretion caused them not to snap.  
 Two are in two——

FIN. Too sad is our mishap.  
 But yet there is a third thou canst not harm  
 While I am wide awake.

RICH. Despair thy charm!  
 And let old Mother Goose who manufactured  
 The distaff, tell thee though it mayn't be fractured,  
 Richcraft will still be of the crown a winner,  
 By breaking all to bits the artful spinner.

FIN. Upon the wheel?

RICH. No, in a novel way.

*(WURM beckons on MEN with barrel, the inside of  
 which is furnished with steel spikes, hooks, &c.)*

Invention is the order of the day,  
 And here is my new organ of destruction,  
 To which you shall have speedy introduction.

FIN. A barrel organ!

RICH. Yes, to grind your bones  
 At every turn it takes over those stones.

*(MEN take barrel up the mountain)*

You needn't be afraid of falling out,  
 The spikes in it will hold you fast no doubt.

FIN. What, chuck me down the mountain?

RICH. Yes, my chuck.  
Not long ago you made me run-a-muck,  
Now I'll see how you like it, my fair lady!

FIN. I'll not be cast down.

RICH. You look so already.

FIN. Will no just lightning singe this dirty dog's head?  
Mercy!

RICH. No, you shall go the entire hogshead!

*(Music—He drags her up the mountain)*

First let me see though, there are spikes enough in it,  
Before this dainty bit of goods we stuff in it.

*Music—RICHCRAFT mounts on a piece of rock and looks into the barrel, FINETTA tipping him over—He falls into it, and the barrel rolls down the hill and disappears, amidst the cries of the ATTENDANTS, who rush after it, leaving FINETTA to run out unperceived.*

WURM. *(on rock piece)* Stop! Stop him! Ha! Upon a rocky shelf

He has been good enough to stop himself!  
If it had only rolled another yard with him,  
Over those stones it had gone very hard with him.

*Music—Re-enter WOLF and the rest, bearing and surrounding RICHCRAFT, insensible.*

WOLF. Gently, boys, gently! Here's a sad disaster,  
In a rude spot where there is no court plaster!  
Of opodeldoc, not a drop to use!  
No spermaceti for an inward bruise!

WURM. If you are dead, sir, speak, and tell us so!

RICH. *(slowly reviving in arms of ATTENDANTS)* I think  
that I may venture to say, no.

*(ATTENDANTS set him down)*

Of stout bull's hide my under jerkin, tough,  
Kept those vile spikes from working my own buff.  
But oh, my back! *(they rub him)* Upon the  
other side!

Where is the minx? I'll have her sliced and fried!  
The very thought a thrilling joy diffuses,  
Like Friar's balsam, over all my bruises!

WURM. Sir, without warning she has dared to quit again.

RICH. Finetta 'scaped! Ah me! then comes my  
fit again;

And all my pains return—because I've lost 'em!

Who let her 'scape? their dog's ears it shall  
cost 'em!

WOLF. We couldn't run two ways at once.

RICH. That's true.

What's to be done? for something I must do,  
To bar that fatal prophecy's fulfilment.

WURM. Administer some "leperous distilment!"

Some "juice of cursed hebanon in a vial!"

WOLF. Or some new pill, that "only asks one trial!"

RICH. Ha! I remember a low sort of shop,  
Where they sold peppermint and lollipop,  
And lozenges in boxes by the score,  
With this inscription o'er them "COUGH NO MORE."  
I gazed upon the things, red—green—and blue,  
And others of a still more sickly hue;  
And thought if one for poison had a whim,  
There lived a seedy chap would sell it him;  
And prove the truth that brief inscription bore,  
For in his coffin he would "cough no more!"  
Ha, ha! I feel unnaturally merry!

WURM. (to WOLF) I think his head's a little——

WOLF. (to WURM) I think—very.

RICH. My brain is overtaxed! Oh, yes, I feel  
Fate has surcharged me, and I must appeal:  
They have assessed my wits in schedule D,  
As if wit ever was a property!  
Now they're distraining on them, I'm done brown.  
An undone brother sits upon my crown,  
And takes away the use on't! And my scept-  
Re—changed to the distaff which Finetta kept,  
Is lost and gone! Hah! fiends to Pluto's region  
Have come to drag me! Though you were a legion,  
Aye, e'en the Foreign Legion, thus I'd fall  
Among you, and—and—over-reach you all!

*Music—The RETAINERS rush off alarmed—business of "Sir  
Giles Overreach"—RICHCRAFT sinks into the arms of  
WOLF and WURM, and they bear him off—Scene closes.*

SCENE SEVENTH.—*Interior of KING GANDER'S Palace—  
Flourish and shouts without—Enter KING GANDER,  
leaning on his MINISTER, and followed by his COUNCIL-  
LORS and PAGES, bearing his helmet and shield.*

KING. Thanks, countrymen ! Thanks, loving friends  
Alack !  
You're always glad, I know, to see me back !  
What ! (*to MINISTER*) Have the Masons made my  
daughters free  
Of the Grand Lodge, in which we lodged all three ?  
*(loud knocks heard)*

MIN. My liege, e'en now they're knocking at the door.

KING. It's no use knocking at it any more,  
For here, I take it, are our daughters come.

MIN. But one, and she is looking rather rum.

*(Exeunt MINISTER and COUNCILLORS.)*

*Enter FINETTA.*

KING. My child !

FIN. He lives ! And I've a parent still !

How fares my gracious father ?

KING. Not so ill,  
But that we might be worse, yet not so well,  
But that we might be better.

FIN. Tell, oh, tell  
Thy daughter all. The worst, oh, let me learn !  
I fear small profit from this quick return.

KING. You may be a false prophet.

FIN. Aye ! indeed ?

But you were indisposed ?

KING. Yes—to proceed—  
Thou shalt know all ! Yon moon which rose last  
night

Round as my shield—

FIN. Which is not round.

KING. Not quite,  
Had not quite risen, when with great long bills,  
A band of fierce barbarians from the hills,  
Rushed on my gallant host. My warriors fled  
For safety and for succour. I, instead,

On bended bones—familiarily called marrow,  
For quarter sued. When lo! a young cock-sparrow  
Flew to my rescue with his bow and arrow.

FIN. A young cock-sparrow! Surely not the sparrow  
That killed cock robin?

KING. No, ingenious child!  
Not the winged hero of that legend wild,  
But a young stripling, fair as early dawn!  
We fought and conquered ere a sword was drawn!

FIN. Oh, speedy conquest!

KING. Interrupt me not!  
I made a vow, if off scot-free I got,  
One of my daughters should become the bride  
Of that brave youth, and wear my crown beside—  
When I have done with it.

FIN. And who's the man, sir?

KING. I asked that question, but received no answer,  
But I will know who my deliverer is—  
He comes.

*Music—Enter PRINCE BELAVOIR.*

FIN. (*aside*) Oh, Cupid! what a charming phys—  
Iognomy! If he be married,  
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

KING. Young sir, I think you said you were a knight,

BEL. I'm a knight-bachelor.

FIN. (*aside*) So far all's right

KING. You want a wife, then?

BEL. Frankly, I declare,  
I want just such an one as I see there!

KING. I have two more such, and have sworn that you  
Shall take your choice.

BEL. Oh, then allow me to—

KING. Allow you two!

BEL. To take her, this choice fair.  
Her eyes are load-stars, and her tongue's sweet air,  
More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear.

KING. Why, you've not heard it.

BEL. No, but long to hear.  
With one sweet syllable my ear then bless,  
And let that sweet one be your sweetest yes.

- FIN. Sir, first my sisters let me beg you'll see,  
They are much handsomer indeed than me ;  
If, after that, you still should press me so,  
It is just possible I mayn't say "no."
- KING. (*embraces her*) Still of thy sex discreetest, wisest,  
best—  
But ah ! I had forgot the magic test,  
Thy distaff !
- FIN. (*aside*) Heavens !
- KING. Thou hast it not ? Ha ! say !  
Is't lost ? Is't broken ?
- FIN. No, over the way !  
I left it in my haste to fly to you.
- KING. Fetch it !
- FIN. I will ! (*aside*) What will my sisters do ?  
Ah, here they come, and all must out 'tis clear !
- KING. She hesitates !
- BEL. What mystery is here ?
- Enter PRINCESSES IDELFONZA and BABILLARDA, the former has FINETTA'S distaff, which she holds behind her.*
- BABIL. } Papa !  
IDEL. }
- KING. Before I answer to that name,  
Your distaffs !
- IDEL. (*shewing FINETTA'S*) Here is mine, sir !
- FIN. Oh, for shame !
- BABIL. (*to whom IDELFONZA has passed the distaff unseen by the KING*) And here is mine—and here is yours, Finetta,  
We brought it for you. (*giving it to her*)
- FIN. Come, that's rather better.
- KING. Humph ! Here's some sleight of hand !
- FIN. (*aside*) I feel a feather  
Would knock me down.
- KING. Shew all three, both together !  
Present arms ! Two are absent ! Wretched sire !
- FIN. (*aside*) 'Tis done, and all the fat is in the fire.
- KING. Who is the owner of the one unbroken ?
- BABIL. Well, then, sir, if the truth must needs be spoken,  
It is Finetta's. But my fault was small.
- IDEL. And I did nothing, sir, I'm sure, at all.



KING. Both guilty! Six months with hard labour, you.  
(to IDELFONZA)

For you, the silent system!      *(to BABILLARDA)*  
 FIN. Oh, sir, do

Forgive 'em, I implore you, for my sake,  
 Or else their little hearts they next will break;  
 They've saved the pieces, let that make their own.

KING. Well, for your sake, but yours shall be my throne,  
 And as I've sworn, your troth you now shall plight  
 To this illustrious and renowned knight,  
 Sir Something—Thingumbob—zounds! What's your  
 name?

Your patronymic you must now proclaim;  
 For though your modesty mayn't care about one,  
 You can't be asked in church, you know, without  
 one.

BEL. I dread to name my name, yet must, I know;  
 I am the son of Fogrum, your old foe.

ALL. The son of Fogrum!

KING. Richcraft!

BEL. No; the other—

Prince Belavoir, his poor and younger brother;  
 Turned out of doors by that insidious sinner,  
 And forced to go a hunting for a dinner.

BABIL. The brother of that wicked little man!

IDEL. Oh, no; it can't—oh no; it never can!

FIN. My only love sprung from my only hate,  
 To early seen, unknown, and known too late.

KING. O, fatal vow! The son of my worst foe—  
 The poor one, too! Consarn it—here's a go!  
 This bitter pill is far too big to bolt;  
 And yet, my honour! Shall a Gander moult  
 One feather of his white, unsullied fame?  
 And for a name—a name—"What's in a name?"  
 Yet reputation's called, by the same poet,  
 "A bubble!" 'Sdeath! I could almost say, blow it!  
(a trumpet sounds without)

Somebody has blown something. What's the row?

*Enter SCHARP with a scroll.*

SCHARP. A letter for the unknown stranger.

BEL. How?  
For me? Art sure of that, sir? By what sign?  
SCHARP. There's no name on it.  
BEL. Then it must be mine. (*reads*)  
Ah! can I credit what is herein stated?  
My brother dead—my father abdicated!  
The people call me to the vacant throne.  
KING. My son-in-law!—the son I'm proud to own!  
King Belavoir, Finetta is thy queen.  
BEL. The future, now, will sure be all serene.  
FIN. (*aside*) O, happiness, I feel too great to last;  
By his shade I cast over—overcast.

*Song*—FINETTA—“*The Tempest of the Heart*”—  
*Il Trovatore.*

Though 'twas in self-preservation  
That I threw his brother over!  
Still I dread his condemnation,  
When the truth he shall discover!  
So to me joy brings no gladness—  
Pleasure wears the dress of sadness;  
Mem'ry with a spoon, like madness,  
Stirs the tempest in my heart.

*Quintette*—KING, GANDER, FINETTA, BABILLARDA, IDEL-  
FONZA, and PRINCE BELAVOIR.

*Recitative*—KING.

Away! Prepare  
A banquet rare!

BABILLARDA—“*Polka*”—*Allary.*

Who'd have thought it? Cunning little puss!  
Here's for the *Court Circular* a pretty piece of  
news, dear!  
Our youngest sister married before us,  
At the wedding we shall have to dance without our shoes,  
dear!

IDEI. Why about the matter rave ?  
 It don't seem to me so serious ;  
 I don't dance, and so shan't have  
 To go without my shoes.

FIN. (*aside*) Wherefore am I pestered thus,  
 With presentiments mysterious !  
 In the midst of all this fuss,  
 I tremble in my shoes.

KING and BEL.  
 Here's a splendid day for us ;  
 I with joy shall go delirious !  
 All my woes are banished, thus !  
 By this glorious news.

(*Exeunt*)

SCENE EIGHTH.—*Gardens of the Palace by moonlight—  
 Bank, alcove.*

*Enter* PRINCE RICHCRAFT, *enveloped in a mantle,  
 carrying a scroll.*

RICH. After a long succession of short fits,  
 I have got back a small part of my wits ;  
 Only again the lot well nigh to lose,  
 At hearing this extraordinary news !  
 My father has resigned his crown in favour  
 Of Belavoir ; and that smooth-faced young shaver  
 Is going to be married to Finetta,  
 And so heal up the deadly old vendetta.  
 This is the fun fate's book was at me poking ;  
 But fortune's wheel I still may put a spoke in.  
 I've hoaxed my brother with a *billet-doux*—  
 He thinks he's coming here to bill and coo ;  
 And now, that upon horrors he may sup,  
 I'll act the ghost, before I give it up ;  
 E'en such a ghost, so pale, so woe begone,  
 As I have seen another brother warn.

For a costume, to me now most accessible,  
The loss of mine, being all but inexpressible ;

*(throws off his mantle, and appears in his  
tights and white shirt, like the Ghost in  
"The Corsican Brothers")*

In this attire, upon him gently stealing,  
I'll try to work on his fraternal feeling.  
If I can but persuade the simple elf  
To kill Finetta—he will kill himself.  
Lo, where he comes, in mood the most romantic !  
Now to look Corsican and Corsicantic !

*(pouder his face, then resuming his mantle steals  
behind a tree)*

*Enter* PRINCE BELAVOIR.

BEL. In a sweet note, than note of wood lark sweeter,  
My love, by moonlight begged alone I'd meet her.  
I thought she seemed something to have to say  
Too tender to be told by light of day.  
This is the spot—the centre of the grove ;  
There stands the oak, and there a snug alcove.

*(RICHCRAFT groans)*

What sound was that ? 'twas like some yawning  
grave  
That teems with an untimely ghost ; or cave  
Through which winds squeeze, like courtiers at a  
levée ;  
No matter what : and yet my heart feels heavy.

*(seats himself on a bank in front of the oak)*

*Music*—RICHCRAFT comes from behind the tree, as the ghost  
does in the last scene of "The Corsican Brothers," and  
touches him on the shoulder.

BEL. *(starting up)* Kings, Queens, and Ministers in place  
defend us !

Be thou my brother, or a fiend they send us ?  
Bringing with thee an air from the Princess's,  
In the most questionable of un-dresses.  
I will speak to thee, ask thee, what's the matter ?  
Oh, answer me ! and tell—who is your hatter ?

- That thus bare-headed he can let you go ;  
Say, why is this ? wherefore do you do so ?
- RICH. Mark me !
- BEL. I will, if you touch me again !
- RICH. Bully me not ! I rise, sir, to explain.  
I am thy brother's spirit ! Pray desist  
From asking questions, and list, list, oh list !  
If ever thou didst thy dear brother love.
- BEL. I can't say you were over and above  
Affectionate to me ; but never mind,  
You're dead, and I forgive you.
- RICH. Well that's kind.
- BEL. What can I do, pray, to oblige you further ?
- RICH. Revenge my foul and most unnatural murder !
- BEL. Murder !
- RICH. The most unnatural ever seen.
- BEL. Haste me to know it then, that I, as clean  
As a new broom, may sweep to my revenge.
- RICH. Swear !
- BEL. By my head !
- RICH. Swear harder !
- BEL. By Stonehenge !
- RICH. That's hard enough ; now hear—'tis given out,  
That slipping on a mountain here about,  
I cracked my cranium ; but that's rank abuse ;  
For know that she who cooked thy brother's  
goose  
Would share thy crown.
- BEL. Oh, my prophetic soul !  
Finetta !
- RICH. Aye, she gave me such a roll !  
Oh, brother ! what a falling off was there !  
But soft ! methinks I scent the morning air !  
(*music—piano*)  
So, as I always was—brief let me be !  
Adieu ! Adieu ! Adieu ! Remember, *She !*  
(*Exit RICHCRAFT*)
- BEL. Remember she ! I wish I could forget her !  
But I have sworn—and off I must not let her—  
She's here ! Confusion ! I've forgot my dagger !  
Back to my chamber for it, I must stagger !

But though her gruel, I am bound to give her,  
I'll take another oath—I won't outlive her !

(Exit PRINCE BELAVOIR)

RICH. (*who has peeped and listened*) Hurrah ! The work goes  
bravely on ! I've tricked him !

And here, in good time, comes the other victim !

(retires)

Enter FINETTA.

FIN. Some mischief's in the wind.—Some wicked folks  
Have played upon my Belavoir a hoax.  
I found a little note he dropped, inviting  
Him to meet me here—but 'tis not my writing—  
My mind misgives me ! It is only Richcraft  
Who could be up to anything like *sich* craft—  
So for myself I've brought a substitute—

(*goes to wing and returns with a milliner's  
doll's head and dummy figure, dressed like  
herself*)

And trust once more to circumvent the brute !

Song—FINETTA—Air, "Meet me by moonlight."

I'll meet him by moonlight alone,  
And then I will tell him a tale  
Of a tub, which I managed, I own,  
To tumble down into the dale.  
I must say, if Richcraft's not dead,  
That he certainly ought to have been ;  
But no more on that—or this head,  
Till the object more clearly I've seen,  
Of this meeting by moonlight alone !

Lie there, my double ! (*placing figure on bank*) If  
there's aught to dread,

This plan must surely bring it to a head.  
Meanwhile to foil my foe, and guard my love,  
I'll bide the issue in this dark alcove.

(*hides in alcove*)

*Re-enter* PRINCE BELAVOIR, *with a dagger.*

BEL. What would make some men drunk, has made me bold!

I've drained a full pint of "Tom," called "the old,"

And now I must fulfil the *pint* of honour!

Lo! Where she sleeps! I dare not look upon her!

*(stabbing the doll, as he turns away his face)*

Thus! thus! I keep my oath!      *(FINETTA screams)*

O cruel brother!

Thou art avenged!

RICH. *(aside)* One's gone! Now for the other!

*(retires)*

BEL. I swore I'd not survive her, and I won't!

Thus! thus! I follow thee! Eh! No I don't!

*(looks at the dagger, which has changed into a bunch of roses)*

What potent power my stern will opposes?

My dagger's changed into a bunch of roses!

RICH. *(advancing)* The deuce it is! And I have none to lend him!

FIN. *(entering)* And if you had, I'm here, sir, to defend him!

BEL. Finetta living! Yet Finetta dead!

FIN. I backed myself, and beat him by a head!

MOTHER GOOSE *enters.*

MOTHER G. Yes, but there's few can beat me at a tale,  
So I'll wind this up!

FIN. I hope without fail!

*(music—MOTHER GOOSE waves her crutch, and the scene changes to*

SCENE NINTH.—*Fairy Palace of the Golden Eggs.*

FAIRIES *discovered at back—one* FAIRY *in centre with three glass distaffs—The* PRINCESS BABILLARDA *and* IDELFONZA, *with* KING GANDER, MINISTER, COUNCILLORS, GUARDS, PAGES, *and* LADIES *of* HONOUR *discovered.*

MOTHER G. *(joining the hand of* BELAVOIR *and* FINETTA)  
Here crown'd and wedded happy may you be.

RICH. Well, but I say, what's to become of me ?  
 Of crown—of queen—of vengeance all bereft.  
 MOTHER G. Without 'em for the moral you are left.  
 RICH. I! Well, I shan't be the first rogue of quality  
 Who at the last has taken to morality ;  
 (to audience) We've all been guilty of a deal of folly,  
 But then it was to make our young friends jolly,  
 And teach them, too, some lessons often told,  
 But not at all the worse for being old ;  
 And first the Author owns he's made strange use,  
 Of these thrice golden eggs of Mother Goose :  
 But you'll observe he humbly hopes and begs,  
 Some reason in this roasting of her eggs.  
 As idleness of evil is the root,  
 So safety is, of prudence, the rich fruit ;  
 We've not been idle, that I think you'll own—  
 Whether we have been prudent will be shewn  
 By your decision ; if a kind one, we  
 To golden eggs shall change the distaffs three !

FINALE—*Air*, “ *The Ratcatcher's Daughter.*”

FIN. At Christmas time, whate'er the rhyme,  
 It should convey a moral ;  
 For giving you a piece with *two*,  
 With us you will not quarrel.  
 So may distress, through idleness,  
 Ne'er make your children smarter ;  
 But prudence still ensure success  
 To your pretty little sons and daughters.  
 Singing, Doodle dee, &c.

BABIL. The “ *Yellow Dwarf*” to Easter ran,  
 And a very long time arter ;  
 And our Princess may do no less,  
 If you'll but kindly start her ;  
 Then from east and west, come here, and just  
 Make these your winter quarters ;  
 And every night, we'll strive to delight,  
 All your pretty little sons and daughters.  
 Singing, Doodle dee, &c.



RICH. Wych Street's not fur from Westminster,  
As you come up the Strand, O ;  
And here we are, at Temple Bar,  
With the City close at hand, O.  
There are busses vot run to Islington,  
And t'other side of the water ;  
So we trust you'll bring, every mother's son,  
With his purty little father's *darter*.  
To sing, Doodle dee, &c.

CURTAIN.

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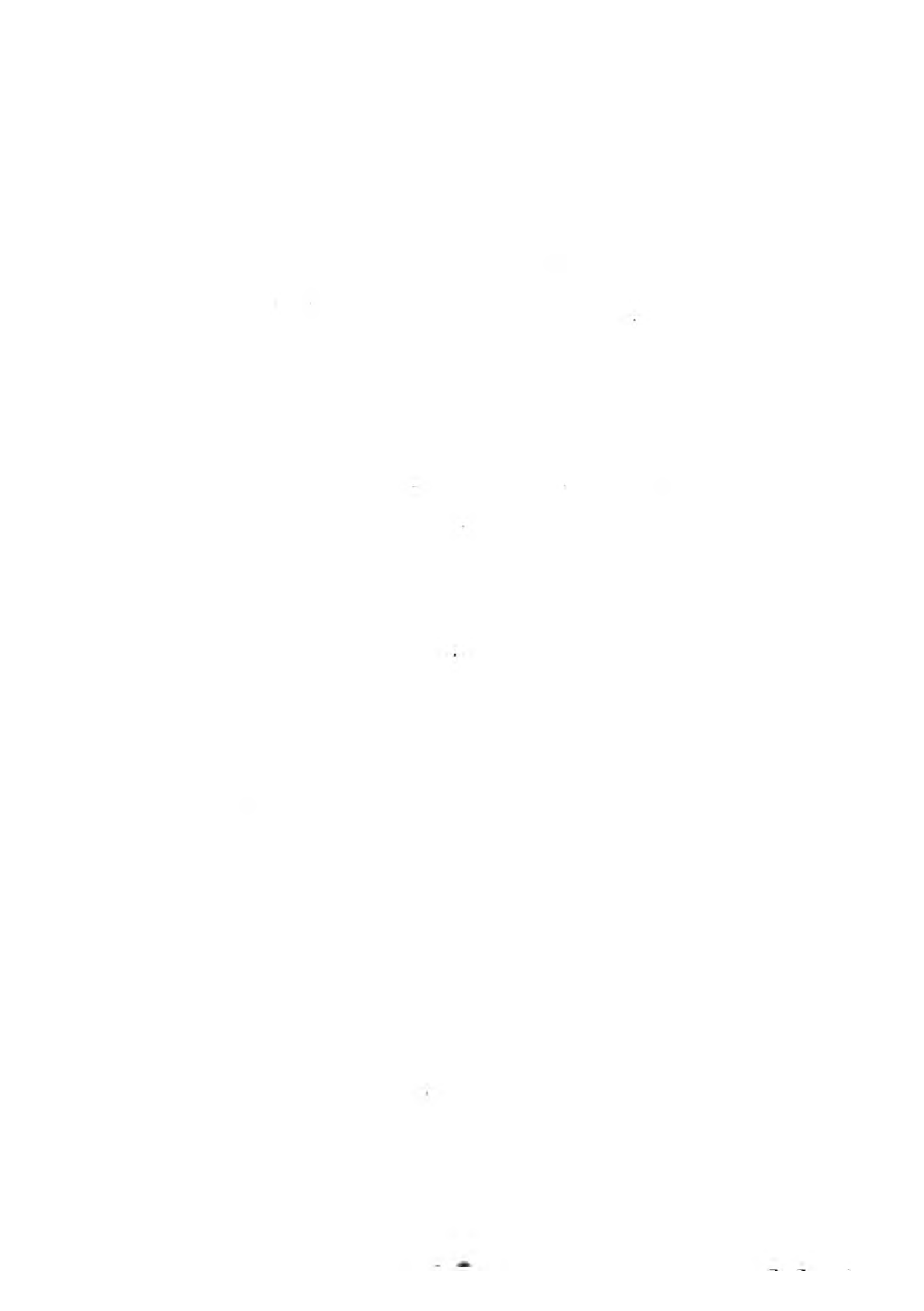
# YOUNG & HANDSOME.

*A FAIRY EXTRAVAGANZA,*

IN ONE ACT.

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First performed at the Royal Olympic Theatre, on Friday  
December 26th, 1856.



## YOUNG AND HANDSOME.

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This, my last fairy extravaganza, was founded on the little known, and by the million less understood, story of "Jeune et Belle," by the Countess de Murat, and one, to my thinking, of the most imaginative in the "Cabinet des Fées." The wholesome lesson conveyed in the punishment of the thoughtless Zephyr, who, discontented with his happy, ethereal existence, desires to exchange it for that of a mortal, and having obtained his wish, finds himself burdened and tormented by all the perils and "ills that flesh is heir to," has the special advantage of being so ingeniously told that though the subtlety of the satire may escape observation, the fun of the situation is broad enough to amuse the large majority of readers or spectators who are "pleased, they know not why, and care not wherefore." I consequently felt that I might indulge my constant desire to elevate the character of Extravaganza without running the risk of failure from a non-appreciation by the audience of the deeper meaning of the subject. In Mr. Robson I had an actor whose drollery was irresistible, while his refined taste and keen sense of the poetic side of a composition rendered him the most valuable representative of the part that I could have found in the whole profession. I had also in Miss Swanborough a popular actress whose claim also to be entitled "young and handsome" was indisputable. A clever young comedian who had made himself a name at the Strand Theatre, Mr.

James Rogers (too early lost to the stage), had joined the company at the Olympic this season, and did his best with the small, but important part of *Jealousy*. It was not quite in his line, but his appearance was picturesque, and he played it carefully and like an artist. The piece was extremely well received, and was just beginning to make its mark with the public when Mr. Robson was suddenly attacked by a serious complaint to which he was unfortunately subject, and compelled to give up the part; and though after a short period he resumed it, he was never again, during the season, equal to the exertion which the continual dancing required, and the piece was withdrawn after a run of seventy nights. On the retirement of Mr. Wigan at the end of that season Mr. Robson became joint lessee of the Olympic with Mr. Emden; but the attacks of his malady became more frequent, and on the 12th August, 1864, he expired at the early age of forty-three, depriving the stage of an actor who, had his physical powers been equal to his mental capacity, might have succeeded Edmund Kean in *Richard III.*, *Othello*, and *Sir Giles Overreach* without fear of comparison.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PRINCESS YOUNG AND HANDSOME (Daughter of the Fairy Pastora, by her late lamented Husband, King Fabulous) ... ..	MISS SWANBOROUGH		
MORDICANTA (a Witch, or Fairy, or <i>whichever</i> you please) ... ..	MRS. MELFORT		
PHŒBE {	} MISS CASTLETON		
PHILLIS {		} MISS BROMLEY	
CHLOE {			} MISS A. SHIPLEY
DAPHNE {			
ALIDOR (a Shepherd, descended from the Shepherd Kings of Fairy Land ... ..			
MISS THIRLWALL			
IPHIS {	} MR. LESLIE		
LUBIN {		} MR. DANVERS	
STREPHON {			} MR. H. COOPER
COLIN {			
CUPID (that wicked little God) ... ..			
MISS C. ST. CASSE (Her First Appearance here)			
ZEPHYR (commonly called "The Gentle"—"A Chartered Libertine," Son of Aurora, and Husband of Flora, &c., &c., &c. ... ..			
MR. F. ROBSON			
BOREAS {	} MR. G. COOKE		
AQUILO {		} MR. F. CONEY	
EURUS {			} MR. THOMPSON
AUSTER {			
JEALOUSY (a Green-eyed Monster, too well-known to need description, and much better known than trusted) ... ..			
MR. J. ROGERS			
GRIM MALKIN (Mordicanta's Familiar)... ..			
MR. FRANKS			
Nymphs-in-Waiting on Young and Handsome—Mademoiselles Jackson, Cushnie, Huddart, Shipley, Austin, Hughes, and Gregory.			
Tritons and Syrens—Messrs. Green, French, and Roberts, Mademoiselles Shipley, Newell, &c.			

## PROGRAMME OF SCENERY &amp; INCIDENTS.

*Ruins of the Castle of Romance in the Realms of Fiction.*

## THE VALLEY OF VIOLETS.

*Bal Champêtre Poudré.*Minuet by Miss Swanborough, Miss Thirlwall, Miss Maskell, and  
Miss Bromley.

## PAS DE FASCINATION

(Adapted to the Situation),

By Miss Swanborough and Mr. F. Robson.

*INTERIOR OF ALIDOR'S COTTAGE ORNÉE.*

## EXHIBITION OF BLACK-ART TREASURES.

Fancy Sketch of a Lady, in the Costume of a Fairy Queen, by  
Mrs. Melfort.Portrait of Young and Handsome, as a Shepherdess, by  
Miss Swanborough.

## THE CASTLE OF FLOWERS

*(The Summer Residence of Princess Young and Handsome).*

DANCE OF NYMPHS and PAS DE ZEPHYR by MR. F. ROBSON.

*Wreck of the Royal Yacht, "Water Lily."*

Narrow Escape of the Crew with the Loss of One Passenger.

## ENCHANTED CAVERNS BELOW THE LAKE.

*Boudoir of the Princess in the Castle of Flowers.*

## THE DRAGON'S DEN.

A Perfectly Tame Dragon, by a Member of the Peace Society.

*Illuminated Porcelain Pavilion and Inauguration of  
the Statue of Zephyr.*

YOUNG AND HANDSOME.

SCENE FIRST.—*Romantic Ruins—The abode of*  
MORDICANTA.

MORDICANTA is discovered seated, studying her magic books by the light of a lamp on a table; on the other side of the table, on a fragment of the fallen wall, sits a large BLACK CAT.

MOR. (*taking off her spectacles and closing the volume*) The world is turning upside down, depend on't !  
E'en I can scarce see what will be the end on't !  
Mortals have grown so wonderfully wise ;  
Their art and science rule earth, sea, and skies.  
Long since from all their classical vicinities,  
They drove the dear old heathenish divinities ;  
And now, so far they carry their vagaries,  
They "pooh, pooh !" witches, and make fun of  
fairies !  
And through the world dispute our jurisdiction,  
Save in what poets call—"the realm of fiction !"  
A realm that every day is smaller growing ;  
Like an estate at auction—"going ! going !"  
My only comfort is, from night till dawn,  
To think how they'll regret it, when 'tis "gone !"  
And they are taught by their fine education ;  
That happiness was in imagination.  
Oh ! it's a sweet revenge, I see in store for them,  
And fatal mischief, magic can't do more for them.  
Short is your triumph, ye conceited elves,  
Whom no one can deceive, except yourselves.

CAT. Ha ! ha !

MOR. How now ! What impudence is that ?  
Am I to be laughed at by my own cat !  
Dost thou know who I am ?



- CAT. Of course, I do.  
The great witch Mordicanta.
- MOR. So ! and who  
Art thou ?
- CAT. I'm your familiar.
- MOR. Far too much  
Thou art familiar ! Dost thou see this crutch ?  
Grin once more like a Cheshire cat at me,  
And it shall tickle thy catastrophe !
- CAT. Mercy ! Indeed I couldn't stifle that laugh,  
It really was enough to make a cat laugh.  
That mortals can't be cheated seems so funny ;  
While still they make such Gods of Love and  
Money.
- MOR. Of Love and Money ! Well, of course, I know  
Those deities have still some power below ;  
Though as poetic Plutus, known no more.  
Man worships gold in the material ore,  
And Cupid lurks about—the sly young thief,  
Insinuating still the old belief  
In vows and sighs, as was his usual custom ;  
So sweet his words, I sometimes all but trust 'em.
- CAT. You, mistress ! at your age I should have  
thought,  
You would have set Dan Cupid's words at naught.
- MOR. You talk like a rude cat, and an absurd one !  
Mortal or fairy, I have never heard one  
Of the fair sex, admit in any fashion  
She was too old to feel the tender passion ;  
And I confess there is a gentle swain,  
For whom I might a *tendresse* entertain,  
But that he is so dull—so coy—so shy ;  
That love could never move him.

CUPID *appears.*

- CUPID. Couldn't I ?  
What will you bet ?
- MOR. Love, here !
- CUPID. Where am I not ?  
From the proud palace to the humble cot ;  
In the salt desert—on the mountain range.  
Aye, madam, even on the Stock Exchange !

*Song—CUPID—"Up to the Forest he."*

Who shall my power defy?  
 In every class and clime,  
 Master of all am I,  
 As they all find out in time.

So oft you've heard before this,  
 In ev'ry tongue and style,  
 That e'en to say once more this  
 Is scarcely worth my while.

Every poet 'neath the sun,  
 From Homer down to Bunn,  
 Has made rhymes upon my rigs,  
 And has had 'em set to jigs,  
 And if not the words—the tune  
 Is heard morning, night, and noon,  
 On organs ground,  
 Until the sound,  
 You're sick of very soon.

Who shall, &c.

MOR. His presence makes me feel I don't know how.

CAT. So it does me—miow, wow, wow, wow, wow, wow!

CUPID. Shew me the mortal who defies my power.

(MORDICANTA waves her crutch—the back of  
 the scene opens and discovers a glade by moon-  
 light—ALIDOR is seen sleeping on a bank of  
 flowers)

MOR. Behold him!

CUPID. What, the shepherd Alidor!

Is he the gentle swain of whom you spoke?

MOR. Oh, spare my blushes!

CUPID. (*aside*) Well, this is a joke!

And if to spoil it I should be so stupid,

I'm not that wicked little god called Cupid.

(*aloud*) Well, I approve your taste, as far as looks go;

But rather wonder you should down to crooks go,

Who might of sceptres sure a choice command,

Few monarchs would refuse a fairy's hand.

MOR. Can Cupid feel surprise at such a case?  
 But know, that shepherd is of royal race;  
 Last of a line of shepherd kings—cut short  
 By a proud fairy queen one day for sport.  
 I hate that fairy and I love that boy;  
 Make me less sensitive, or him less coy.

CUPID. Sure as yon Planet Venus, was my mother,  
 Before she winks I will do one or t'other.

*(shoots an arrow at ALIDOR)*

There; if he have a heart that shaft is in it!  
 Now, madam, all you have to do's to win it;  
 He'll love the first fair lady he may see.

MOR. Then I'll take care that lady shall be me.

CUPID. *(aside)* And I'll take care it shan't!

*(waves his bow—hunting horns heard without)*

MOR. What sounds are those?

CUPID. Diana's been out hunting, I suppose!

MOR. Diana, driven horn-mad! she found too soon  
 A lunatic asylum in the moon.

CUPID. Then what fair huntress bends her steps this  
 way?

MOR. It is the daughter of that hateful fay,  
 The Princess Young and Handsome!

CUPID. Is she so?

A sort of person Love, then, ought to know.

MOR. Oh, if some mischief I for her could brew—  
 I hate her worse than her mamma—I do.

*Music—PRINCESS YOUNG AND HANDSOME, in hunting attire,  
 appears amongst the trees.*

CUPID. Perhaps I can oblige you in that matter.  
 I will let fly my deadliest arrow at her.

*(shoots at the PRINCESS)*

MOR. Nay, don't do that!

CUPID. I've done it; you're too late.

MOR. She'll fall in love with him, as sure as fate!

CUPID. Him! Who?

MOR. My shepherd.

CUPID. Zooks! I'd quite forgot him.  
 Now you remind me, I believe I shot him.

MOR. Of course. And should he wake and see her first—  
*(as she speaks, ALIDOR wakes and sees PRINCESS, who from the moment CUPID shot at her has been gazing with admiration at the sleeping SHEPHERD)*

Distraction! he has done so.

*(the PRINCESS disappears—ALIDOR, who has started to his feet with a gesture of admiration and astonishment, rushes out, as in search of her, and scene closes)*

CUPID. *(aside)* I shall burst  
 With laughter! *(aloud)* Bless me, I have made some blunder!

But Love's so blind, you know, that it's no wonder.

MOR. Blind! it was done on purpose, and you know it,  
 You good-for-nothing little villain!

CUPID. Go it!  
 I'm used to it. I have been from my birth  
 The best abused divinity on earth;—  
 There's not a crime or folly folks commit,  
 But Love, of course, must be the cause of it.  
 With all my heart;—I'm callous to your clamour,  
 And laugh at threats. *Omnia vincit amor!*  
 But take my word for it; that weak or bold fool,  
 In love there's no fool, madam, like an old fool.

*(Exit CUPID)*

MOR. Oh, I could burn my broom for very spite!  
 Old fool, indeed! The vagabond is right.  
 What had I with the little wretch to do?  
 I sought him not—his tricks too well I knew—  
 But of his own accord the traitor came,  
 Flattered my hopes, and now—O rage! O shame!  
 But I will be revenged on Love, and all  
 He favours. There's one fiend will hear my call,  
 Who can the strongest spells of Love destroy,  
 Poison his shafts, embitter every joy,  
 And torture hearts with agony unknown.  
 I'll do it, though I feel 'twill rack my own.  
 Rise, Jealousy, with all your scorpion brood!

*JEALOUSY rises out of cauldron.*

JEAL. A true Paul Pry, I hope I don't intrude.

I think you called me ; but from inclination,  
 Had just dropped in, without an invitation.  
 Can I make anybody wretched ? Pray  
 Command me. Anything in my small way ?  
 MOR. You know the shepherd, Alidor ?  
 JEAL. Not I.  
 MOR. But you can seek him out ?  
 JEAL. Perhaps ;—I'll try.  
 MOR. He is in love,  
 JEAL. Then, madam, never doubt me !  
 For Love, they say, cannot exist without me !  
 Who's the fair object ?  
 MOR. Proud Pastora's daughter—  
 Called Young and Handsome, which *I* never thought  
 her.  
 Go ! make them miserable beyond measure,  
 As you have made me !  
 JEAL. With the greatest pleasure.  
 (*Exit MORDICANTA*)  
 Quick to the scene of action I repair !  
 (*the scene changes as he speaks to*

SCENE SECOND.—*The Valley of Violets—A Shepherd's Hut, a small garden which is attached to it, is entered through an arbour—Sunrise.*

JEAL. And hither trips "a trifle light as air,"  
 Which Jealousy, "a confirmation strong,"  
 Shall make for one or both my friends, ere long!  
 (*retires up*)

*Music—Enter ZEPHYR—He trips round the stage, occasionally stepping on a flower or leaf, and dancing on it à la Taglioni in the Sylphide.*

*Air—ZEPHYR—"La Sylphide."*

I'm Zephyr the Gentle,  
 Of fame sentimental ;  
 The son of Aurora ;  
 The husband of Flora.

The flowers of the valley,  
 The bard in the alley,  
 The pet of the ballet,  
     All doat upon me,  
 I am out for the morning,  
 I give you all warning :  
 Ye roses and lilies,  
 And daffadowndillies,  
 All your sweets I shall rifle,  
 And with your leaves trifle,  
 And with jealousy stifle  
     Each big bumble-bee.

For I'm Zeyphr the Gentle, &c.

The critics all own I  
 First taught Taglioni  
 To dance on a sunflower or a peony,  
 And in la belle France,  
 "Le dieu de la danse,"  
 The great Monsieur Vestris, took lessons of me.  
 I float on light pinions  
 Through Flora's dominions ;  
 (The Greeks call her Chloris)  
 In *jure uxoris*,  
 I'm ranger of bowers,  
 Inspector of flowers,  
 And, under the rose, kiss the fairest I see.

For I'm Zephyr the Gentle, &c.

ZEPH. I feel to-day particularly sprightly—  
 My bosom's lord scarce ever sat so lightly  
 Upon its throne—to use a phrase poetical.  
 Of conquest 'tis a symptom quite prophetic.  
 My gentle whispers and my plastic poses  
 Will play the deuce to-day among the roses. .  
 I'm getting rather *blasè*, though, of flowers,  
 And fancy, as I flit through ladies' bowers,  
 I should prefer a little sweet flirtation  
 With one of those fair objects of creation.  
 I'm jealous of the fops that flutter round them,  
 And sigh to cut the rascals out—confound them !

(JEALOUSY *advances*)

- JEAL. Talk of the devil—and his horns appear.  
 You spoke of Jealousy—behold him here !
- ZEPH. *Façon de parler*, sir—without evasion,  
 For jealousy I never had occasion.
- JEAL. Perhaps not—but you wouldn't much object  
 To kindle it in others, I suspect.
- ZEPH. Not in the least !—indeed, in my excursions,  
 'Tis one of my most favourite diversions.  
 I am a most determined garden rake,  
 And sigh that blossoms have no hearts to break.
- JEAL. You'd break a human heart, then, if you could ?
- ZEPH. Well, as I am not human, then—I would !  
 Indeed, my only fear, if I have any,  
 Is that, if human, I might break too many.  
 “I would be cruel—not unnatural”—mind,  
 And spare, at least, a few of woman-kind.
- JEAL. In that case, pray allow me to point out  
 The fairest of her species here about,
- ZEPH. You're very kind ! (*aside*) and most infernal ugly !
- JEAL. In yonder garden then come, nestle snugly,  
 For love now lures her to this very spot.
- ZEPH. Upon my word, a pretty garden plot ;  
 I've not much need to lie in ambush, though,  
 For only pigs can see the wind—you know.
- JEAL. And jealousy.
- ZEPH. That's but one proof the more  
 That jealousy must be a perfect bore.
- JEAL. Look, where the lady comes by love's direction.
- ZEPH. Of pinks I ne'er before saw the perfection !  
 (*they retire*)

*Enter* PRINCESS.

- PRIN. This is the hut in which the shepherd dwells,  
 In form and face who every youth excels  
 It ever yet has been my lot to see.
- ZEPH. 'Tis evident she has not yet seen me !
- PRIN. Oh, happy hut, to shelter one so dear !
- ZEPH. She might say so, if she knew I were here !
- PRIN. Yet, happy hut, thou art a wretched hovel,—  
 Unworthy such a tenant !
- ZEPH. Neat and novel !

- PRIN. I'll use the power that my mother gave me,  
 From spiteful Mordicanta's arts to save me.  
 And here, a model lodging-house display.  
 Cottage, become a cottage more *ornée* !  
*(the hut changes to a beautiful pavilion, formed  
 entirely of flowers, jessamine and orange flowers  
 being predominant)*
- ZEPH. Heyday ! my pinions ! here's a flower show !  
 Why, she's a fairy !
- JEAL. Not exactly so.  
 She is a fairy's daughter, and possessed of  
 Some little power.
- ZEPH. As we've had a test of.  
 But wherefore does she try it such low huts on ?
- JEAL. To please the shepherd that she's rather nuts on.
- ZEPH. Nuts on a shepherd ! Pshaw ! when *I* attack  
 Her heart, such nuts will vanish in a crack !
- PRIN. *(looking out)* He comes !
- JEAL. *(pointing)* Lo ! This way moves the favoured  
 spark !
- PRIN. His wonder, I will stand aside to mark.  
*(retires)*

*Enter* ALIDOR.

- ALI. I've scoured all the country clean around,  
 Brushed through each bit of brushwood to be found.  
 But of the most enchanting country fair  
 No trace can I discover anywhere.  
 Queen Mab must o'er my nose have driven her  
 team ;  
 And it was but a midsummer night's dream,  
 Got up by my own brain in every part,  
 Regardless of expense—to my poor heart !  
 For, oh, I feel that having fancied one fair,  
 To fancy any other would be unfair.
- PRIN. O sweet confession ! all my fears you wipe out !
- ZEPH. I know an air shall put the shepherd's pipe out !
- ALI. But I am out of breath with this fond chase,  
 So home to——  
*(observes the change in the cottage)*  
 Eh ! I've come to the wrong place,



Or I am not the right man to be in it ;  
 In this poor suit——(*looking at his dress*)  
 PRIN. You shall be in a minute !  
 For I am so inclined your suit to favour,  
 That not the richest king shall wear a braver !  
 (*she waves her wand, ALIDOR'S dress changes to one of amber satin and silver, his hat, which he had flung on a bank at entering, becomes one of jonquils and blue hyacinths ; his crook turns to a gold one, richly ornamented with jewels, and his scrip, hung upon a branch, is beautifully embroidered and suspended by a wreath of roses*)

Quartette—ALIDOR, PRINCESS, ZEPHYR, and JEALOUSY—  
 “*La Traviata.*”

ALI. Has fancy conjured up this crook,  
 A sort of fairy fairing !  
 And is it only with a hook  
 This fancy dress I'm wearing !

PRIN. Never was gentle shepherd more  
 A gentleman in bearing ;  
 Soon with another fair—ring,  
 I'll wed my Alidor.

ALI. Who can explain this change mysterious ?

PRIN. With love and joy I'm half delirious !

ZEPH. I don't believe she can be serious.

JEAL. Love shall to her be deleterious.

ZEPH. } Too high that shepherd's pipe is pitched !  
 JEAL. }

ALI. I am enchanted—I am bewitched !

(*at end of which, ALIDOR rushes into cottage, and PRINCESS disappears amongst the trees*)

ZEPH. She's gone ! To follow her, oh, let me fly !

JEAL. Halt !

ZEPH. What for ?

JEAL. To be dressed !

ZEPH. Dressed ! am not I ?

JEAL. For one who can't be seen, why, pretty fairly.  
 But for society, I should say—*barely.*

- If to a princess you your court would pay,  
It must be in *full dress*—*Habit Français*.
- ZEPH. Diable ! What, bag, wig, and powder—vest,  
Embroidered coat, and——
- JEAL. Of course, all the rest.  
The world no goddess now but fashion sways,  
And every one appears *à la Française* ;  
*Gods à la Grecque* are known but in a ballad,  
And nought's *à la Romaine* but punch and salad.
- ZEPH. But a court suit can't surely be inflated ;  
To wear it I must be incorporated.
- JEAL. Provisionally ; or you'd otherwise  
Be nobody at all in ladies' eyes.
- ZEPH. A solid reason—but 'twill spoil my figure ?
- JEAL. I'll take you to an out-and-out outrigger.
- ZEPH. But there's my body first to find—who can  
I trust for that ?
- JEAL. The tailor makes the man.  
And mine supplies the clothing and the frame.
- ZEPH. If he don't fit me, mind, you'll be to blame.  
But what on earth shall I do with my wings ?  
I can't afford to part with the dear things,  
They make me the most favourite of friskers ;—  
A man of fashion's lost without his whiskers.
- JEAL. Contrive to hide—I don't want you to lose 'em ;  
Only, don't shew 'em till I bid you use 'em.

*Duo*—ZEPHYR and JEALOUSY—“ *La Sonnambula*.”

- ZEPH. Pray do not mingle my human feeling,  
Any form that is ungenteel in !  
However real,  
My frame may be, all  
The beau ideal  
Of beaux make me !
- JEAL. Never fear me, I shall suit you  
And you'll find that, without dispute, you  
Of belles the passion,  
“ The glass of fashion,”  
“ And the mould of form,” will be.

(*Exeunt*)

*Re-enter ALIDOR from cottage.*

ALI. Sure, of my senses I shall be bereft !  
 Of the "Old House at Home," there's nothing  
 left.  
 'Tis to a green house, by some magic feat  
 Transformed, with all the furniture *en suite*.  
 My table is of Covent Garden marquetry,  
 The floor all floral in its fine green parquetry !  
 My bed's a flower bed, made with taste and care,  
 And in the panels, painted by Paterre,  
 Are pictured shepherds, who in other days  
 Were favourites with goddesses or fays.  
 Oh, is it possible? Oh, can it be,  
 Some fay or goddess is in love with me ?  
 Immortal beauty, if thou art, appear,  
 And bless again my sight ! She doesn't hear !  
 Or will not answer ! And I cannot guess  
 Where she resides, though sure of her *address*.  
 She call'd on me, and found me out ; I call  
 On her, but cannot find her out at all !

*Air—ALIDOR—" My Cottage near Rochelle."*

When I behold myself arrayed  
 In satin fine and rich brocade,  
 I ask no fitter wife than she  
 Who so completely fitted me ;  
 And as a housewife who could beat,  
 A wife who builds a house so sweet,  
 That I declare for sight and smell,  
 There's no such cottage near Rochelle.

But hark ! I hear the sound of pipes and tabors ;  
 And here come all my friends—I mean, my neigh-  
 bours ! *(goes up)*

*Rustic Music—Enter COLIN, IPHIS, LUBIN, STEPHON,  
 PHEBE, PHILLIS, CHLOE, and DAPHNE—They dance round  
 stage, then sing chorus.*

*Chorus—SHEPHERDS and SHEPHERDESSES—Morris Dance.*

Now the sun is piping hot,  
 Come with pipe and tabor,  
 To this cool and pleasant spot—  
 Love our only labour !  
 Leave the sheep themselves to keep  
 Alive, from being roasted ;  
 While every lass, in cheerful glass,  
 Is by her shepherd toasted.

ALIDOR *comes down.*

IPHIS. Why, Alidor ! Oddsbodikins—look there !  
 The lad's as fine as five pence, I declare.  
 PHÆ. O, what a lovely jacket ! Well, I never !  
 (*aside*) I vow he's ten times handsomer than ever.  
 LUBIN. A crook of gold—all over gems.  
 PHIL. O, gemini !  
 COLIN. And a new house all built of flowers.  
 CHLOE. Criminy !  
 STREPH. He's made a fortune somehow, lads, depend.  
 LUBIN. Have you been dabbling in the stocks, my friend ?  
 COLIN. Married a widow with a lot of tin ?  
 PHÆ. Or to a nabob turned out next of kin ?  
 CHLOE. Or been to California gold digging ?  
 IPHIS. Or taken to the turf ?  
 LUBIN. Or thimble-rigging ?  
 STREPH. Of a new company become projector ?  
 IPHIS. Or of some British Bank been a director ? \*  
 ALL. Speak,—tell us !  
 ALL. My good neighbours, cease your pother !  
 Upon my honour, neither one nor t'other.  
 My house owes more to orange flowers than stocks,  
 I've not been fleecing even my own flocks ;  
 As to the turf—like you, I've seen some fun on it,  
 Got up a bank, and sometimes had a run on it—  
 But naught beyond ; and hard as I have pleaded,  
 Alas ! I've neither married nor succeeded.

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\* The scandals connected with the stoppage of the Royal British Bank, 3rd of September, 1856, must be too fresh in the memories of many sufferers to need more than a passing allusion to them.

PHŒ. (*aside*) That last avowal I'm struck almost dumb by!

IPHIS. Then all this finery how did you come by?

ALL. I've no more notion than you have yourselves.

PHŒ. It may have been the work of wicked elves!

LUBIN. Or some mad frolic of that goblin Puck.

CHLOE. Or fair Titania's favour.

ALL. No such luck,  
I fear! though last night, by the haunted stream,  
I saw a fairer being—in a dream.

PHŒ. Who was she like? Do tell me, Alidor?

ALL. Like—nobody I ever saw before.

PHŒ. (*aside*) Provoking!

ALL. And the more I on it ponder,  
The more I'm puzzled.

LUBIN. (*looking off*) Who is that wench yonder?

IPHIS. Wench! If I'm any judge of pretty faces,  
It must be Venus or one of the Graces!

*Music—Enter PRINCESS, attired as a Shepherdess, followed by JEALOUSY, who in pantomime directs the following scene.*

ALL. Venus or not! she is the very creature  
Of my mysterious dream, in form and feature!

PRIN. Good friends, for so I would be with you all,  
Don't let me interrupt your rustic ball;  
I came not here to spoil your sport, but share it.

PHŒ. (*aside*) But I'll spoil yours, sweet madam—you may  
swear it!

I can see fast enough why here she came.

ALL. Mortal or goddess! whatso'er your name—  
You are!—you must be!

PRIN. Bless me, shepherd! what?

ALL. The very person!

PRIN. No, indeed I'm not.

ALL. Till you know who I mean, how can you say?  
Though not attired exactly the same way,  
'Twas you I saw last night in yonder dell;  
None but yourself can be your parallel.

PRIN. Were you the shepherd I saw sleeping there,  
Who woke with such a start and such a stare?

ALL. I was; and cause enough I had to start,  
For as I woke, you snatched away my heart.

PRIN. Oh, fie! to think that such a thing I'd do!

PHŒ. (*aside*) As if she didn't know she'd done it—pooh!

PRIN. At least, on purpose.

ALI. Do but give me thine  
In fair exchange, and keep for ever mine.

IPHIS. Young woman, if you'll take a friend's advice,  
Don't think of doing it at any price.

ALI. What do you mean?

PRIN. (*smiling*) That, for your sake, perhaps,  
These shepherdesses might be pulling caps.

PHŒ. (*aside*) One would, at least.

IPHIS. No, that is not the danger!  
But Alidor's the pet of some grand stranger—  
Some goddess or enchantress.

PRIN. Can it be?

ALI. I care not, sweetest, if thou art not she.

PRIN. Oh, that's all well enough, fair sir, for you;  
But if this honest shepherd's tale be true,  
And I've a rival of such power and skill,  
She'll scratch my eyes out.

PHŒ. (*aside*) If she don't—I will!

LUBIN. Or send a fiery dragon, off to carry you;

STREPH. Or some Welsh giant, with three heads, to marry  
you.

ALI. They must destroy me first!

PRIN. Suppose the latter—

I don't perceive how that will mend the matter.

ALI. Distraction! Then am I to understand  
That you will not accept my heart and hand?

PRIN. Your heart may not be free as you insinuate,  
But I accept your hand just for a minuet.

*Music—He leads her up the stage, and with others they take  
their places for a dance—Minuet, at end of which  
JEALOUSY re-enters with ZEPHYR, in a Watteau  
costume.*

ZEPH. (*aside*) For conquest armed, a mighty pretty fellow  
see!

I shall drive all these rustics mad! Eh, Jealousy?

JEAL. (*pointing to PRINCESS*) She's there!

ZEPH. And in what beautiful society!  
Of tulips there's an exquisite variety!

JEAL. Mind—you are visible—remember.

ZEPH. Right!

By Jupiter, I had forgot that quite.  
Of course I am an *air apparent* now  
To all these treasures! I must make my bow.

(*bows to SHEPHERDESSES, who come down in a group  
to observe him*)

PHŒ. Why, as I live, here is another stranger.

ZEPH. (*aside*) Poor things! their heartsease is in desperate  
danger!

CHLOE. Bless me! who can be this fine scented beau?

PHIL. Some nobleman, no doubt, incognito.

ZEPH. Fair lilies of the valley! Sweet primroses,  
Surpassing all that Flora's realm discloses,  
You were about to dance; don't let me, pray,  
Be an impediment in any way.  
For dancing I have some slight reputation,  
And shall be proud to join your recreation.

ZEPHYR—" *With an air, Debonair.*"

With an air,  
Debonair,  
I salute the ladies,  
Lovely, young, and witty,  
I know how to hit it ye—ah!  
Such a grace,  
In each pace,  
In my voice such charms—Ah!  
All with passion burning,  
And my love returning,  
Fall into my arms.

(*dances*)

PHŒ. What airs!

PHIL. What manners!

CHLOE. What seductive graces!

(*all the SHEPHERDESSES gather round ZEPHYR, who  
flirts with each alternately*)

IPHIS. Confound the puppy! with his vile grimaces,  
His pumps and perriwig, and twists and twirls,  
He's turned the heads of all those silly girls!

- LUBIN. The coxcomb will corrupt the whole community.  
*(the SHEPHERDS group together, and threaten ZEPHYR)*
- PRIN. *(aside)* To try my shepherd, here's an opportunity.  
*(advancing to ZEPHYR)* Dear sir, how charmingly you  
 pirouette.
- ALI. *(coming down)* She, too!
- PHŒ. *(to ALIDOR)* Your new friend seems a rare  
 coquette.
- ZEPH. *(to PRINCESS)* Your praise transports me!  
 May I be allowed  
 The honour?
- PRIN. Oh, sir, I shall be too proud!
- ALI. Hold, sir! That lady is to me engaged.
- PRIN. Not for this dance.
- PHŒ. *(aside)* Delightful! He's enraged!
- ALI. Cut me so true! for one who can cut three!
- ZEPH. *(aside)* A pas de fascination this shall be!

*Pas de deux—ZEPHYR and PRINCESS.*

- IPHIS. Divine! enchanting! If she's not Terpsichore,  
 Then say my coffee isn't made of chicory!
- PHŒ. Fine goings on, upon my word of honour!  
 I wonder you don't all cry shame upon her!
- ZEPH. *(aside)* She's fascinated me, I do declare.
- PRIN. *(aside)* Poor Alidor, I see, is in despair.
- ZEPH. *(aside)* I feel a new set of such queer sensations,  
 And the most violent of palpitations.  
 My heart seems as if 'twere about to quit me!  
 They must have given me one that doesn't fit me!
- PRIN. *(looking at ALIDOR)* I must console him. *(aloud)*  
 Shepherd, why this sorrow?  
 Smile, if you wish that we should meet—to-morrow.
- ALI. To-morrow! When?—where?
- PRIN. Love shall let you know.
- ALI. You swear!
- PRIN. I do, by Cupid's strongest bow.  
 In that same place—wherever that may be—  
 To-morrow, truly, will I meet with thee.
- PHŒ. *(aside)* An assignation!



ZEPH. How?—an assignation!  
 Oh! there's another precious queer sensation!  
 Right in my ribs my heart first sharply poked me,  
 Then jumped up in my throat, and almost chok'd me.  
 Where's Jealousy? He's not far off, I'm sure!  
 (JEALOUSY comes down behind him)

This is a thing I can't—and won't endure,  
 There must be something wrong the work about;  
 I've some misgivings of his fitter out.  
 The tailor's name was Nicoll—Nicoll? no,  
 Not Nicoll—something deuced like it though!

JEAL. Did you call out?

ZEPH. Call out? Yes; well I might!  
 My heart's too big, or else my throat's too tight;  
 One moment I'm on fire—the next quite icy,  
 And I look spooney when I should look spicy.

JEAL. Well, you're in love, and you must be a spoon;  
 You'll get accustomed to it very soon.  
 Don't shew it though, or you'll be laughed at.

ZEPH. Launched at! That would be something new! Me

JEAL. She's off—you'll lose her!—be a man! And see.

ZEPH. I'll try;  
 But 'tis hard work.

PRIN. Time flies, and so must I.

ZEPH. Oh, fly not yet—as Tom Moore used to sing.  
 (*aside to PRINCESS*) Or fly with me?

PRIN. Don't mention such a thing!  
 To fly in such uncommon fast society  
 Were flying in the face of all propriety.

ZEPH. Then stay.

PRIN. I can't! A parent most maternal  
 Is not aware her daughter is external.

IPHIS. Then we'll all see you home to your own door!

PRIN. Not one step, or you'll never see me more.

*Ensemble*—"Fly not yet"—PRINCESS, ZEPHYR, and  
 SHEPHERDS.

ZEPH. Fly not yet. For half-an-hour  
 To stay you surely have the power.

And as an Irish bard would say,  
That time of night's the time of day  
For maids that love the moon.

PRIN. Delighted I should be to stop,  
But home, indeed, I now must hop,  
My mother does not know I'm out,  
And will be anxious me about,  
If home I don't get soon.

ALL. Oh, stay ! Do pray !  
Or let us see you on your way,  
For though police so much we pay,  
Your throat's not safe at noon.

PRIN. Nay, pray here stay,  
You must not see me on my way,  
I'll come again some other day  
And see you very soon.

*Chorus of SHEPHERDS.*

Oh, stay, &c.

*Chorus of SHEPHERDESSES.*

Oh, pray don't stay !  
Home you'd better take your way,  
You'll come again some other day,  
No doubt, ma'am, very soon.

*(Exit PRINCESS—PHŒBE and SHEPHERDESSES follow her at a distance, as if to observe the road she takes—SHEPHERDS remain in a group)*

ALL. *(stopping ZEPHYR, who is stealing out after PRINCESS)*  
What are you after ?

ZEPH. After ? Nothing.

ALL. No ?  
Lend me your ear ! *(brings him down the stage by it)*

ZEPH. Oh ! But don't pull it so—  
It hurts !

ALL. One word in it—that lady follow,  
And I will give you greater cause to holloa.  
That's all I have to say to you at present.

*(Exit ALIDOR)*

ZEPH. More new sensations, and still more unpleasant.

I've joined a Company that's much too spirited,  
And find my liability's not limited.  
I shall withdraw.

IPHIS. Stop, I've a score to settle  
With you, my friend.

ZEPH. (*aside*) Zounds! Here's another nettle!

IPHIS. Hark ye, Mounseer! I don't know what's your  
name—

And I don't care—but Phillis is my flame.

You whisper nonsense to her if you dare—

I'll crack your crown, as sure as you stand there!

ZEPH. (*aside*) He'd do it—I can see he would—Alack!

Why did I ever have a crown to crack!

(*aloud*) Not whisper! I shall whisper, if I please,

I can't help whispering amongst the trees.

IPHIS. You can't! (*twirls him round*)

LUBIN. (*twisting him the other way*) My Chloe you'd have  
snatched a kiss from,

If she had let you. D'ye think I'll stand this from

A puppy, just because he wears a spit?

Aye, draw it, and I'll baste you well with it!

ZEPH. Sir, I shall draw it, or not, as I choose it.

(*aside*) Oh, that I only knew the way to use it!

LUBIN. You won't? Take that, then, coward! (*hits him*)

ZEPH. (*aside*) Oh! oh my!

He's gone and hit the wind in the wind's eye!

STREPH. (*taking him by the collar*) I saw you chuck my  
Daphne 'neath the chin;—

I've a great mind that pond to chuck you in.

ZEPH. Chuck me into a pond! Now do! Just do!

STREPH. I will.

(*gives him a lift, and ZEPHYR is thrown completely out of  
sight*)

My stars! where have I chucked him to?

LUBIN. I saw him fly, but never saw him fall!

STREPH. He felt like nothing in my hands at all!

IPHIS. Hunt for him, neighbours!—don't let him off so!

We'll have more fun with him. Yoicks! tally-ho!

*Hurried music—They run out in search of ZEPHYR.*

SCENE THIRD.—*Interior of ALIDOR'S Cottage—In the panels are paintings of "Cybele and Atys" and of "Paris and Ænone."*

*Enter MORDICANTA.*

MOR. So Young and Handsome has been at her tricks,  
And Old Nick yet, to serve me, has done nix.  
I'll put my shoulder to Miss Fortune's wheel,  
And try on Cupid a rogue's march to steal.

*(retires)*

*Enter ALIDOR.*

ALI. Wonders will never cease! Outside! 'tis night;  
Inside my cottage is as noon-day bright!  
The obligation, though, would be still greater,  
Were more light thrown on the illuminator.  
Is that sweet shepherdess my benefactress?  
If so, she is a most consummate actress;  
If not, I'm in a deuce of a quandary—  
I lose my fair, or I affront my fairy!

MORDICANTA *touches the wall with her crutch and retires again, and the paintings in the panels change—"Atys" appears frantic, and "Paris" is seen dead.*

Ha! To my question comes an answer magical.  
Shewing, of these two tales, the turn up tragical.  
Where Atys knelt to Cybele, the pompous,  
The perjured shepherd now is seen *non-compos!*  
And where Ænone called false Paris master,  
Paris lies cold as cast in his own plaster!  
Each an immortal beauty's love could slight,  
And verdict in both cases, "Serve him right."  
It's a broad hint, I own it to my shame;  
But, madam fairy, you're the most to blame!  
How could you be so shockingly unwise  
To let that shepherdess my heart surprise?  
Why didn't you first shew yourself to me,  
And then, perhaps—

*(the panel opens and discovers the portrait of a beautiful female, attired as a fairy queen—below is an inscription, "On her love depends your fate.")*

Good gracious! Can that be

Her portrait ? (*reading the inscription*) On her love depends my fate !

Thanks for the warning—but it's rather late.  
A splendid creature I must needs confess ;  
If I had never seen my shepherdess.

(*the other panel opens and discovers the portrait of the PRINCESS in her shepherdess's dress,—under the portrait is an inscription, "Forget her or she will destroy you."*)

Ha ! here she is—just as she was this morning !  
And 'neath her portrait there's another warning—  
She will destroy me ! Well, then I say, let her,  
And I'll forgive her ; but I can't forget her.  
No, though my funeral bier that mischief's brewing,  
Like Jaffier, I'm in love and pleased with ruin.

*Air*—ALIDOR—" *I love her.*"

I love her—not Sam Lover  
Himself how much in words could say ;  
Nor even Stephen Glover  
Set music to them I could play,  
'Tis so beyond all measure ;  
No Manchester Art Treasure  
Could give me half such pleasure  
As that *charmant portrait.*

I love her, &c.

(*Exit ALIDOR*)

MOR. (*advances*) Curses !

CUPID *appears.*

CUPID. You see, old lady, it won't do.  
Love's too strong for you.

MOR. Oh, you viper, you !

CUPID. The rogue's march now I beat, and you're the  
marcher ;

You're an arch hand, but Cupid is an *archer* !

MOR. Were justice known to you, I might demand some.

I am your slave, as much as Young and Handsome,  
Why favour her, and make me your derision ?

CUPID. Madam, your passion quite obscures your vision.

I move all hearts to love throughout creation ;  
 But leave to chance, or fate, their inclination ;  
 The youth you love inclines towards another,  
 Take my advice, and love him—like a mother.

MOR. Monster ! I see you'll drive me to despair !

CUPID. Well ! you won't be the first I've driven there !

MOR. You are no gentleman !

CUPID. I don't pretend to be.

MOR. When of your tyranny is there an end to be ?

CUPID. When the world ends which love was made to  
 revel in ;

And where he is defied to play the devil in !

MOR. Two can play at that game, as you shall find.

*(Exit furiously)*

CUPID. Poor woman ! she's gone quite out of her mind !

To mar their bliss she'll do her worst no doubt.

But love will keep for them a bright look out ;

Ho ! Alidor ! awake ! a friend to see !

*(calling off)*

*Re-enter ALIDOR,*

ALI. What early tongue so sweet saluteth me ?

CUPID. 'Tis Love's !

ALI. I thought so, by the tone seraphic !

CUPID. I bring to you a message telegraphic.

*(hands paper)*

ALI. *(reading)* "From Young and Handsome to her  
 Alidor !

Hasten forthwith to the Château des Fleurs."

Yes, "Young and Handsome!" That must be her  
 name !

No mortal has to it a fairer claim !

But where on earth is this divine château ?

And which the way to it ?

CUPID. That love will shew.

ALI. Then please to do it, at a railroad pace !

Annihilate, in short, both time and space,

And make two lovers happy.

CUPID. I'll my best

Do, to grant your prodigious bold request.

*Duet—CUPID and ALIDOR—"Over the Sea."*

- CUPID. Over the land ! over the sea !  
 Swifter than any bird Cupid can flee  
 Over the land ! over the sea !  
     Going, we shall not be long ;  
 So march ! march ! march !  
     In double quick time,  
     To love's magical rhyme !  
 March ! march ! march !  
     Ye minutes and miles to my song.  
Over the land, &c.
- ALI. Over the land ! over the sea !  
 Sweet Young and Handsome, I'm flying to thee,  
 Over the land ! over the sea !  
     Somebody's coming ere long !  
 So march ! march ! march !  
     Ye scenes and ye hours,  
     To the castle of flowers,  
 March ! march ! march ;  
     In double quick time to our song.
- BOTH. Over the land, &c.

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SCENE FOURTH.—*The Castle of Flowers—It is in the centre  
 of a lake, and composed entirely of flowers.*

- CUPID. Here dwells your love.  
 ALI. Oh, what a lovely scene !  
 CUPID. Of all this fair domain she is the Queen.  
 ALI. The Queen ! What ! is she not a shepherdess ?  
 CUPID. No—half a fairy—wholly a Princess.  
 ALI. A Princess ! fairy ! Why then—  
 CUPID. Yes—you're right—  
     She changed your dress and lodgings.  
 ALI. Oh ! delight !  
     But whose then was that portrait of a lady ?  
 CUPID. A sort of Mrs. Harris—very shady.

ALL. There's no such person !

CUPID. No—but the old wretch  
Who took that likeness from a fancy sketch,  
Will try some other dodge your heart to sever—

ALL. From Young and Handsome ? Then she must  
be clever !

CUPID. She is a witch—I warn you—and a cunning one  
You run a risk.

ALL. Where's he who would fear running one  
For such a prize ?

CUPID. Then run it.

*(Exit CUPID—Music)*

ALL. *(looking off)* Powers above !  
It is my lady—Oh, it is my love !

*Music—Enter PRINCESS in regal attire, and attended.*

PRIN. Well—you see I am not a shepherdess.

ALL. No—but I love you not a bit the less.

PRIN. To rank and riches, then, you've no objection ?

ALL. None in the least—enriched by your affection.

PRIN. I feared a swain so sweetly sentimental,  
Might scorn a crown, and deprecate a rental.

ALL. Dismiss your fears ! Although I never had one,  
I'd not refuse a crown, unless a bad one.

“Love in a cottage” has a special charm in it ;

But say “a palace,” I can see no harm in it.

And as I'm told my father was a king,

I soon shall get accustomed to the thing.

PRIN. How sensible ! My heart you quite relieve.

ALL. Sweet Princess, I entreat you to believe.

There is no wealth a Rothschild ever knew

That I should not rejoice to share with you.

PRIN. Accept then, with my heart, my hand and throne.

ALL. Enchanted so to do—with all my own.

PRIN. Away ! *(to her ATTENDANTS)* And for our wedding  
celebration,

Let all my court make instant preparation.

*(Exeunt ATTENDANTS)*

ALL. One foolish doubt arises in my breast ;  
I'm quite ashamed to own it, I protest.



But such great lengths in flowers you seem to go ;—  
You're not the Lady of Camellias ?

PRIN.

No.

*Duet*—PRINCESS and ALIDOR.—“ *Parigi o cara.*”  
*La Traviata.*

PRIN. From Paris I brought not my Castle of Flowers.  
Not one camellia you'll find in my bowers,  
Though florid my taste, and my manners not haughty,  
Sound are my lungs and my principles too.  
Only the music of that very naughty  
“ *La Traviata* ” I ever knew.

ALL. From Paris she brought not her Castle of Flowers.  
Not one camellia appears in her bowers.  
Though florid her tastes and her manners not haughty,  
Sound are her lungs and her principles too!  
Only the music of that very naughty  
“ *La Traviata* ” she ever knew !

(*Exeunt* ALIDOR and PRINCESS)

*Enter* MORDICANTA and JEALOUSY.

MOR. What ! orders given for the wedding feast,  
And Jealousy has no chance——

JEAL. Not the least ;  
They love too truly—stop till they are married.

MOR. Talk not to me of stopping ! I have tarried  
Too long. I have discovered by my art  
A secret, which gives vengeance a fresh start.  
My foe, Pastora, gave her precious daughter  
Some power on earth, but none upon the water :  
Just let me catch her loving swain afloat,  
And see if I don't row in the same boat.  
Quick ! a new element I'll try my luck in ;  
I am a witch, and not afraid of ducking.

(*sinks into lake*)

*Enter* ZEPHYR, *limping.*

JEAL. What, my friend, Zephyr ! Why, whence did you  
spring ?

ZEPH. From where that brutish boor chose me to fling.

And had it not been for my wings and wits,  
 I had been broken all to little bits ;  
 E'en as it is, I am all over bruises,  
 Hear that, Apollo ! Hear it, ye nine Muses !  
 Your own sweet Zephyr—Zephyr, black and blue  
 In sundry places ! Sprained my ankle too !  
 Can you imagine conduct more improper. Ah ?

JEAL. I have heard of such cases at the opera,  
 But never saw one, save in a certificate.

ZEPH. Well, on this *contretemps* not to amplificate,  
 I mean to jump out of my mortal skin,  
 And if you like it, friend, you may jump in.

JEAL. What ! Be again an airy spirit ?

ZEPH. Yes !

I'm tired of my body—and my dress.  
 To be the "glass of fashion's" well enough ;  
 But of this "mould of form," I've quantum suff.  
 Off it shall brush—Shake me again no man shall !  
 I am "too flattering sweet to be substantial."

JEAL. Then, Young and Handsome you give up completely ?

ZEPH. No, I will flutter round her still more sweetly,  
 Invisible to ev'ry other eye,

And on her white hand breathe my softest sigh.

JEAL. But Alidor won't care for that, you sappy.

ZEPH. Well, what's the odds, so long as I am happy ?

For now I feel quite down upon my luck,  
 And since I've had a heart, I've got no pluck !

*Air—ZEPHYR—"If a body meet a body."*

If a body love a body,  
 As somebody I,  
 If a body snub a body,  
 It makes a body cry.  
 Every lass has got her lad,  
 To kiss one if I try,  
 Up comes a hulking chap, half mad,  
 And says—"I'll punch your eye !"

With a body unencumbered,  
 Flirting night and morn,  
 In a rose's bed I slumbered,  
 Reckless of a thorn ;

But I've got in horrid pickles  
 Since I've had a heart,  
 And I feel all over prickles  
 In my tenderest part !

Bother bodies ! let Tom Noddies,  
 Wear them if they please,  
 In lighter things, with gauzy wings,  
 I feel much more at ease.  
 Jealousy, you don't suit me,  
 Grim sorcerer, good-bye ;  
 However keen—there's something green  
 In your great saucer-eye !

And when a body's served a body,  
 Whether low or high,  
 Off a body throws a body,  
 And, blow me ; so will I.

JEAL. They're coming ! I hate sport I cannot spoil !

ZEPH. You cut ! I'll shuffle off this mortal coil !

*(Exeunt separately)*

*Re-enter ALIDOR and PRINCESS, preceded and followed by  
 DANCING NYMPHS.*

PRIN. *(presenting ALIDOR)* Be kind, my Nymphs, to this  
 young gentleman,  
 Make the best curtseys to him that you can,  
 Hop in his paths and gambol in his eyes,  
 In the most graceful way you can devise,  
*(sits on bank)*

*Music—Dance of NYMPHS—in the midst of which, re-enter  
 ZEPHYR, in his first dress; he mingles in the dance, and  
 every now and then flutters round PRINCESS.*

PRIN. *(to NYMPHS)* Break off !

ALI. What is the matter ?

PRIN. Never mind !

*(aside)* I can see there is something in the wind.

- ALL. Suppose we on the water have a sail?
- PRIN. (*aside*) I shall be followed by that wanton gale;  
Yet sure there's nothing to be frightened at,  
In such a very trifling breeze as that.
- ALL. Something has ruffled you!
- PRIN. A whisper, silly.  
Women, my fairy yacht, the Water Lily!  
(*Music—The NYMPHS make a movement, and four go off*)
- ALL. I'll bring your fairy ship round to the landing,  
And in it soon, your fairyship, be handing.  
(*Exit ALIDOR*)
- PRIN. Nay, Alidor! pray look before you leap,  
Remember that you can't drive ships like sheep;  
The wind is freshening and blows off the shore,  
They can't beat up against it! What a bore!
- Music—The vessel, formed of a water lily, appears, with NYMPHS and ALIDOR on board.*
- PRIN. (*stopping as she is about to go*) There's music on the water!  
(*three TRITONS and three SYRENS appear in the lake, and approach the boat*)
- ALL. What are these?
- PRIN. Tritons and syrens from the outer seas!  
This is some masque invented to surprise us.
- ALL. (*to TRITONS, who are catching hold of boat*) What are you at? Hold hard! or you'll capsize us.
- PRIN. Alas! they've thrown the mask off to my cost,—  
They'll drown my husband! Alidor!—he's lost!  
(*the vessel goes to pieces—the centre part with ALIDOR sinks, surrounded by the TRITONS and SYRENS—the rest floats away with the NYMPHS*)

*Re-enter ZEPHYR.*

- PRIN. Help, help! (*faints on bank*)
- ZEPH. My rival sinking! This is glorious!  
She's fainting!—she wants *air*! I am victorious!

*Music—The bank changes to clouds, on which the PRINCESS is drawn off, ZEPHYR leaning over and fanning her in a classical attitude—The scene, meanwhile, has begun to rise, and ALIDOR is seen sinking through the lake until the change is complete to*

SCENE FIFTH.—*Enchanted caverns below the Lake.*

ALIDOR *is left standing in the middle of the stage.*

ALL. My feet appear as if they'd found a landing,  
Yet scarcely can support me notwithstanding,  
Explain this to myself, I really can't,  
That water lily must have been a *plant!*  
Dragged under water, shovelled under ground,  
Buried alive, as soon as I was drowned!  
And now left on this dark and lonely shelf;  
A solitary ghost—to haunt myself!  
Who has done this?

MOR. (*within*) A friend!

ALL. A friend! that's good!  
And yet 'tis every day so understood,  
If a man's jilted, or popped into quod,  
It's always through a friend—that's very odd!  
And is it really the same thing down here?  
Wherever this may be, for I'm not clear.

*Enter MORDICANTA.*

MOR. Behold the friend who served you in this case.

ALL. Zounds! It's some very old friend—by the face.

MOR. Judge not by faces they are sometimes double.  
I could change mine.

ALL. Then pray do take the trouble,  
If you are long to be my *vis-à-vis*.  
You couldn't lose by it.

MOR. That we shall see.

ALL. You served me *in* this case—you say?

MOR. I do.

ALL. Couldn't you serve me *out*?

MOR. We'll see that too.

- ALL. To whom am I indebted, madam, pray?  
I should be glad to pay you—the same way.
- MOR. Cease, cruel boy, to wound a heart that throbs  
For you so fondly.
- ALL. Throbs!—for me? Oddsbobs!
- MOR. I've loved thee ever since I saw thee first!
- ALL. With me the fact exactly is reversed.
- MOR. Is this thy gratitude for love like mine?
- ALL. Your mode of shewing love is superfine.  
Restore me to my love—my bride—my joy?
- MOR. She'd be the ruin of thee, foolish boy!  
I've power to raise thy fortunes, far beyond  
That peevish poppet of whom thou'rt so fond.  
I *am* a fairy! She's scarce half a one.
- ALL. Were you ten times a fairy, and she none,  
She's young and handsome—you are old and  
hideous!  
I grant you the comparison's invidious.  
But for her sake I'd burn a town, like Paris!
- MOR. (*appearing as the Fairy Queen in picture, Scene Third*)  
What am I now?
- ALL. By Jingo! Mrs. Harris!
- MOR. A second time this form I have assumed,  
To please your eye; though for it I am doomed  
To pay severely—still your love to buy—
- ALL. It can't. I know those charms are all my eye  
That Mrs. Harris is a specious vamp,  
Beneath which grins a subtle Sairey Gamp.  
And still in charms, my princess is your peer!
- MOR. If beauty cannot tempt you—just look here!  
(*waves her wand—the scene becomes illuminated,  
and treasures appear*)  
In silver, gold, pearls, diamonds—countless millions!  
Love me—and draw on me at sight, for billions!
- ALL. For wealth, alone, I've not the least avidity;  
I worship Cupid, madam—not cupidity!
- MOR. Can nothing tempt you?
- ALL. Nothing you can offer,
- MOR. Beware how you tempt me, ungrateful scoffer!  
Once turn my love to hate—there is a pit  
Within these magic caverns—deeper yet—

The dragon's den ! If once I pop you in it,  
 You'll be chewed up in less than half a minute !  
 ALI. Do it ! I'm desperate ! and I defy you !  
 I scorn your love ! Let me be *pittied* by you.  
 MOR. (*furiously*) Then open, pit ! and dragon, quickly  
 swallow him !  
 (*Music—ALIDOR sinks*)  
 Oh ! could it swallow me, with joy I'd follow him.  
 (*rushes out*)

SCENE SIXTH.—*The Boudoir of the PRINCESS, in the Castle  
 of Flowers—A cloud, on which the PRINCESS extended  
 insensible, is wafted in by ZEPHYR.*

ZEPH. Poor creature ! what more for her can I do ?  
 I've brought her home—but cannot bring her to.  
 It's quite astonishing, that she can be  
 So very long insensible to me.  
 And what I comprehend with less facility,  
 Is that it so affects my sensibility ;  
 A foolish feeling, which however odd, I  
 Could not quite cast off with my cast-off body ;  
 That touch of nature, which the poets say,  
 Makes the whole world kin. Proving, by the way,  
 That it is one touch of their common mother,  
 Makes all men prone to cousin one another.  
 But soft ! I do believe she is reviving !  
 PRIN. Help, help ! To save him, vainly I am striving ;  
 The vessel parts, and he is sinking, sinking !  
 ZEPH. Of that confounded shepherd still she's thinking !  
 PRIN. In some dark fold my precious lamb they  
 pen up.  
 Here they went down. Oh, I'll dig ; dig the  
 den up !  
 (*rises*) Where am I ? Hah ! who's there ! What do  
 I see ?  
 ZEPH. Don't be alarmed—it's nobody but me,

- The gentle Zeyphr, who has hither flown,  
His aid to render and his love to own.
- PRIN. Mock not my grief, thou trifler too ethereal,  
Thy love, thy aid, alike are immaterial !
- ZEPH. You thought not so, when in material togs,  
Brocaded coat, and other thingumbobs ;  
I was your partner at the village hop.
- PRIN. Were you, then, that conceited little fop ?  
I thought I knew your voice, upon my word ;  
But couldn't fancy you'd be so absurd !
- ZEPH. Absurd ! there's not a god that you could name,  
On Mount Olympus, but has done the same !  
Jove as a bull, Europa deigned to woo,  
And I—I made myself an ass, for you !  
And the sad fact, I'm even now revealing,  
That though I've cast the skin, I've kept the feeling !
- PRIN. Forgive me, if your feelings I have hurt,  
You mustn't fancy me a heartless flirt ;  
I didn't mean to wound you ; I declare  
I'd no idea that one could wound the air !  
But for a light, inconstant wind like you,  
The only lass to turn attention to,  
Would be a wind-lass.
- ZEPH. That has wound me up !  
Oh, for poor Villikin's pison cup !
- PRIN. My Villikin's is drowned, or worse—that hag,  
Vile Mordicanta, hides him where no drag  
Can find—no diver reach to break the spell,  
Or I myself would be a diving belle !  
Oh, Alidor ! my life ! my lord ! my blessing !
- ZEPH. Hem ! This is positively quite distressing ;  
I must evaporate ! I can't stand this !  
Exquisite wretch ! Oh, that I off might kiss  
The tears that trickle down her innocent nose,  
As oft I've kissed the dew-drops from the rose.  
But her cheek—Oh, such purer pearls bedew it,  
I feel I haven't got the cheek to do it.
- PRIN. You pity me, I see you do, for I  
Am half a fairy—and with half an eye,  
See more than others could with two or three.  
Oh, Zephyr, you are a divinity !  
And——



- ZEPH. You're another. Swift! to any quarter  
Despatch thy slave; and over land and water  
He'll fly to serve you.
- PRIN. Over will not do,  
I need some power that can go under too,  
And to restore my husband, means discover.
- ZEPH. A cool request to make an ardent lover.
- PRIN. But you are not a selfish mortal man;—  
Act like a demi-god—you know you can.
- ZEPH. (*aside*) What eyes she has! that last look was a  
twister!  
One must be more than mortal to resist her—  
I can't! The struggle's over—it is past!  
To blight such love 'twould take a sterner blast.  
(*aloud*) Madam, behold the generous friend you  
seek,  
I'm a brave spirit, not an airy sneak;  
I'll go through fire and water for your sake,  
And if I haven't strength to stir the lake,  
I'll call on my big brother winds, to rise,  
Wherever I can find them in the skies!  
And such a jolly breeze we'll make together,  
No land or water witch the storm shall weather.
- PRIN. Do that—and I'll in turn be your adorer;  
And build a temple here, to you—and Flora.  
(*Exit PRINCESS*)
- ZEPH. My wife! That is a floorer! Never mind!  
For Young and Handsome still I'll raise the wind;  
And as I've so legitimate a view in it,  
Even my wife can't blow me up for doing it!  
Swift! Let me see which way the wind blows  
(*runs to window*) Oh!  
East and by north it's coming on to blow;  
That's not a bad wind, if we get enough of it.  
It's getting up! I just caught the first puff of it!  
Ho! Aquilo!

AQUILO *appears at the window.*

- AQUI. Ha! how d'ye do, young fellow?
- ZEPH. Step in, I want you.
- AQUI. (*jumping in*) Now! what's up?

ZEPH. Don't bellow !

Where's Brother Boreas ?

AQUIL. A few points behind.

ZEPH. Just whistle to him then, but gently, mind.

(AQUILO whistles at the window)

And Auster ?

AQUIL. He's gone round to blow a cloud

With Eurus.

ZEPH. Hush ! for heaven's sake, not so loud !

Here's Boreas !

BOREAS at the window.

BORE. What's the row ? (enters)

ZEPH. Hush ! don't you make one !

Until I tell you (*shakes hands*) Bother ! How you  
shake one !

Whisper ! (*ZEPHYR whispers the two Winds*)

AQUIL. { No ! you don't say so ?

BORE. }

ZEPH. Do be quiet !

You'll blow the roof off, if you make this riot !

Whisper again ! (*whispers them*) Now what d'ye say ?

AQUIL. All right——

I'll do it.

BORE. If I don't, just blow me tight !

ZEPH. Away, then ! Rouse up Africus and Corus ;

United we must carry all before us.

But not a breath that may the foe inform——

BORE. Oh ! the old dodge—the lull before a storm.

*Trio—ZEPHYR, BOREAS, and AQUILO—“ Zitti, Zitti.”*

ZEPH. Zitti ! Zitti ! Piano ! Piano !  
Mind you don't let mamma know ;  
She'll blush, and let papa know.  
He's a Titan, rather slow.

BOR. He'd order old Æolus  
In his round-house up to roll us :  
Or leave poor Zephyr solus,  
To fall without a blow.

AQUI. Then away, with Zephyr hieing,  
To assist his purpose trying ;  
Through the window quickly flying,  
Like an arrow from a bow.

ALL. Piano ! Piano !  
Soon from every point the wind shall blow.  
*(Exeunt all by the window, very cautiously)*

SCENE SEVENTH.—*The Dragon's Den.*

ALIDOR *is discovered standing in an attitude of astonishment, gazing at CUPID, who is seated on a Dragon, which appears perfectly tame and tractable.*

ALI. Oh prodigy ! I wonder and adore !

CUPID. You've said so about twenty times before ;  
And stood to manifest your joy and gratitude,  
As many minutes in that striking attitude,  
Come, for awhile your admiration season ;  
Nor think, because I'm Love, I won't hear reason.

ALI. Forgive me, if in such a situation,  
My reason suffers some slight alienation.  
That man alone, who has been such a hobble in.  
And found Love where he looked but for a gobble-in ;  
Who, doomed to stuff a horrid monster's maw,  
Has seen that horrid monster hold his jaw,  
And coolly turning tail, just as he met him,  
Sit down and pick his teeth, as *if* he'd eat him ;  
That man alone—let prejudice not blind him—  
And first, remember, you have got to find him—  
Could understand the feelings that steal o'er me,  
Viewing the interesting group before me.

CUPID. I grant, the animal which I bestride,  
Is more agreeable to behold—outside ;  
And that you see it from that point of view  
Is an advantage that's occurred to few.

St. George—who I acknowledge was a game one—  
 Could whop a dragon ; but he couldn't tame one.  
 But taming monsters is to Love a trifle ;  
 To bring the wildest down he needs no rifle.  
 Of all the creatures that have hearts to feel with,  
 Love oft finds man the hardest brute to deal with.

ALI. But since for this poor little man before you  
 You've done so much, you'll do a little more—you  
 Will, I am sure, and set me free instanter.

CUPID. Softly ! this race we can't win in a canter.  
 The course of true love never did run smooth ;  
 And there's a green-eyed monster yet to soothe,  
 Who in that course is throwing stumbling-blocks  
 More hard to get through even than these rocks.  
 To trip us up he'll stick at no atrocity.

ALI. Alas ! then who shall help us ?

CUPID. Generosity,—  
 True love's best friend—proof against all temptation,  
 And at a wish comes its impersonation.

*Enter ZEPHYR.*

ZEPH. Where there's a will there *is* a way. A chink  
 I found, by good luck, on the very brink  
 Of desperation, and I've wriggled through it ;  
 Now I've no body, I'm the boy can do it !  
 And here you are ! living on Love, no doubt !  
 Half-starved, and dying for a good blow out,  
 And you shall have it in a brace of shakes. (*noise*)  
 Hark ! what a row one of my brothers makes  
 Rumbling down after me !

ALI. Who is this mighty  
 Brisk little fellow ? he seems rather flighty !

CUPID. Zephyr ! he has been visible to you  
 Before, and was your rival once.

ALI. (*starts*) Ah, true !

CUPID. But there is no occasion for that start—  
 To do much harm he never had the heart ;  
 But here comes one that has. Now for the struggle.

*Enter MORDICANTA and JEALOUSY.*

MOR. Hah ! what strange phantoms with my senses juggle ?

What light now breaks on my suspicions dark ?  
 CUPID. The light of Love—the most electric spark.  
 MOR. Out on thee for a false intriguing knave !  
 What dost thou here ?

CUPID. I came your love to save.  
 Behold him, perfect still in form and feature ;  
 And here's your monster, quite another creature :  
 So tame, a child might play with him at snap-  
 dragon,  
 Or a young lady make of him a lap-dragon.

MOR. Alidor, still alive ! Jupiter Ammon !  
 And you preserved him for my sake ?

JEAL. (*aside*) Oh, gammon !

CUPID. Yes, that you might release him without  
 ransom,  
 And, in the best of senses, do the handsome.

JEAL. By giving him to Young and Handsome—don't !

MOR. Oh, never fear me—no ! no ! that I won't !  
 I am omnipotent this lake below !

ZEPH. (*advancing*) Then I'll blow up the lake, and you  
 also.

MOR. You ! Zephyr ! why, you flimsy little wipster,  
 You couldn't make its tiniest billows tip stir !

ZEPH. Will you, once, twice.

MOR. Ten thousand times—No, no !

ZEPH. Then enter Messrs. Boreas and Co.

*Enter* BOREAS, AQUILO, EURUS, *and* AUSTER.

Blow, winds, until you crack your cheeks ! Rage !  
 Blow !

I'll help you ! Ev'ry little helps, you know.

JEAL. Even for Jealousy this work s too warm !

(*Exit* JEALOUSY)

CUPID. Love rides the whirlwind, and directs the  
 storm !

(*a tremendous tempest—wind, thunder, &c.—the rocks  
 are blown away, and discover—*)

SCENE EIGHTH.—*The Porcelain Pavilion.*

*Enter* PRINCESS, NYMPHS, &c., SHEPHERDS *and* SHEPHERDESSES, &c., &c., CUPID, *with* ALIDOR *and* ZEPHYR.

ZEPH. I've kept my promise—Now keep yours, and set  
me  
Up in this building.

PRIN. If the gods will let me.

ZEPH. Then turn your heavenly eyes towards the ceiling.  
While Cupid to the *beau monde* is appealing,  
In box and stall—I fly to the Parterre,  
Of course, and whisper, I'm your favourite air!  
I know how very gracious you can be,  
'Twas you who first made somebody of me.  
Then let me for this "airy nothing," claim  
"A local habitation and a name."

FINALE.—"Yankee Melodies."

"My Mary Ann."

PRIN. Though "Young and Handsome," everybody knows  
Myself I did not style ;  
I hope all those who are so, in yonder rows,  
Will on their namesake smile.

ALI. And let the drama play Merry An-  
Drew for a little while,  
And the gay cap of Folly permit her to wear  
In the old Olympic style, Merry Friends !  
In the old Olympic style !

ZEPHYR—"Bobbing Around."

One year I was a Yellow Elf,  
The next a Prince who frown'd around ;  
But now you see me as myself :  
I'm Young—and Handsome, too !  
As such to-night I've danced and sung,  
Bobbing around, around, around !

And if perchance I please the Young,  
The Handsome sure you'll do.  
And let the Drama play Merry An-  
Drew for a little while,  
And come down with the ready for your holiday fare,  
In the old Olympic style, Merry Friends!  
In the old Olympic style!

*Chorus.*

And let the Drama, &c.

*(during the chorus, ZEYPHR is elevated on a pedestal, and  
the NYMPHS in a group form a Tableau)*

CURTAIN.  
  

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*Yours very truly  
Louise Shelley*

# LOVE AND FORTUNE;

*A DRAMATIC TABLEAU,*

(IN WATTEAU COLOURS).

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First performed at the Royal Princess's Theatre, Saturday,  
September 24th, 1859.



## LOVE AND FORTUNE.

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In 1859, the late Mr. Augustus Harris, of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, having taken the Princess's Theatre, Oxford Street, applied to me to write him a piece introductory of his management, as I had previously done for Buckstone, at the Haymarket, and Wigan, at the Olympic. On this occasion I made an attempt to introduce a new style of drama, as well as a new manager, to an English audience. A comedy in verse, after the fashion of those acted in the seventeenth century at the fairs of St. Germain and Fontainbleau, in France, and which were the origin of the "Opéra Comique" in that country. They partook of the nature of Extravaganza, but had one distinguishing feature, which was the almost invariable introduction into all their plots of our familiar friend Harlequin, who suddenly makes his appearance in them in the peculiar costume which, with little variation except spangles, he wears to the present day; and of which, as well as of his name, the derivation has been the subject of controversy for two hundred years, and remains as great a mystery as ever. The French "Arlequin," however, as many of my readers most probably know, is not "the nimble footed" dumb pantomimist into which Rich transformed him in the reign of Queen Anne, but a cowardly, greedy rascal generally the valet of the lover in the piece, and singing and speaking with the rest of the characters. A collection of these short,

witty, and whimsical trifles was published at Amsterdam, in 1723, and amongst them I found one entitled "La ceinture de Venus," acted at the Fair of St. Germain, in 1715, which gave me an idea for the *cadre* of my *pièce d'occasion*, and which was performed for the first time on the opening of the Princess's Theatre by Mr. Harris, 24th of September, 1859, under the title of "Love and Fortune," the title *rôles* as the French call them, being charmingly sustained by Miss Louise Keeley, who made her *début* in London as Love, and by Miss Carlotta Le Clercq, as Fortune. Tastefully put on the stage by the manager, and extremely well acted throughout, I believe the piece would have benefited the treasury of the theatre as much as it did my reputation with all those whose judgment I most highly value, had not Mr. Harris, against the advice of every one who was privileged to offer it, persisted in producing it as an after piece, instead of a "*lever de rideau*," for which it was so obviously intended. A melo-drama, entitled "Ivy Hall," literally translated from "Le Roman d'un jeune homme pauvre," the principal part very indifferently acted by a new importation from the provinces, "dragged its slow length along," testing the endurance of the audience till close on eleven o'clock, on a Saturday night, too, so that when the curtain rose upon my piece, the majority, dissatisfied and weary, had begun to retire to their beds, and no higher compliment could have been paid to me than that any mortal creature who was not compelled should have sat out "Love and Fortune." Its favourable reception at such an hour of the night, actually Sunday morning, was next to a miracle; but of course all the allusions to the new management were much less effective than they would have

been before a failure had soured the temper of the public, and ill-disposed them to accept "promissory notes," after the probability of their being "duly honoured," had been rendered doubtful by such an unfortunate performance.

As in the case of "The Birds of Aristophanes" also, I found that, notwithstanding all the precautions I had taken to prevent the press and the public mistaking my intentions, one of those absurdities were expected from me which had found such favour in their sight, and they had determined to look upon "Love and Fortune" in that light and in no other. Not only had I described it in the Bill simply as a dramatic tableau, in *Watteau* colours, but I had appended to the title a quotation from the song of "April" in my version of "Cymon," which distinctly stated :—

"It is *not* a *Burlesque* nor an *Extravaganza*,  
But a something or other  
That pleased your grandmother,  
And, we hope, will please you in your turn."

But no, it was all in vain. A Burlesque or an Extravaganza they had resolved to consider it and to criticise (?) it accordingly, one writer complained there were not as many *puns* in it as usual, I having specially avoided indulging in anything that could give the piece the character of Burlesque. The higher class of reporters, however, understood and appreciated it, and in one notice it was observed that "the piece fell like an unknown jewel amongst the audience." There is an old saying, as true as it is coarse, descriptive of the preference usually accorded by the owner to the most unfortunate sheep in his flock, and I am well aware of the tendency of authors to cling most fondly to those of their works which have been

least successful. I feel, as one of the tribe, that occasionally there may be some excuse for this partiality. The poet may have written over the heads of his readers, the dramatist may have been misinterpreted by his actors, and in either case, though he must bear the blame, he is not likely to agree with his censors but feels more tenderness for his disregarded darling. I freely confess that in this instance, as in the previous one of "The Birds," the comparative failure in point of attraction has not in the slightest degree affected my opinion that, both as regards motive and execution, they are not surpassed by any of my more popular productions, nor has my present careful reconsideration of them, after a lapse of twenty and thirty years, shaken my confidence that they will yet one day justify that opinion. It may be as well to add here, once for all, that the vocal music of this piece was, with one exception (Crispin's song), most ingeniously and admirably selected and adapted to the words, from Offenbach's "Marriage à la Lanterne," by the musical director of the theatre.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LOVE	...	...	...	...	MISS LOUISE KEELEY (Her First Appearance in London)
FORTUNE (with a few words of Introduction before the Act Drop)	...	...	...	...	MISS CARLOTTA LECLERCQ
CASSANDRE	...	...	...	...	MR. FRANK MATTHEWS
VALERE (a Poor Young Gentleman)	...	...	...	...	MISS CLIFFORD
LEANDRE (a Rich Young Gentleman)	...	...	...	...	MISS GRACE DARLEY
ARLEQUIN (Valet to Valere—"Poltron, Gourmand et Fripon, très célèbre")					MR. SAKER
MEZZETIN (Valet to Leandre)	...	...	...	...	MR. R. CATHCART
CRISPIN	}	(Servants to Cassandre)	}		MR. J. G. SHORE
PIERROT					M. PETIT
NICOLAS (a Bridegroom)	...	...	...	...	(Of the Académie Impériale de Musique, Paris. His First Appearance) MISS R. LECLERCQ
ARGENTINE (Cassandre's Daughter)	...	...	...	...	MISS HELEN HOWARD
DIAMANTINE (Cassandre's Ward)	...	...	...	...	MISS WADHAM
NICOLETTE (a Bride)	...	...	...	...	MISS KATE LAIDLAW
COLOMBINE (Wife of Pierrot)	...	...	...	...	MADemoisELLE VILLIER (Première Danseuse of the Académie Impériale de Musique, Paris. Her First Appearance in England)

SCENE.—*THE GARDENS OF CASSANDRE.*

The INCIDENTAL DIVERTISSEMENTS, composed by Mr. Oscar Byrne, will comprise

*LA NOCTURNE AMOUREUSE,*

By Mademoiselle Villier, Mr. Frank Matthews and M. Petit.

*LES COQUETTES,*

By Mesdames Adams, J. Lovel, Lovel, A. Taylor, C. Taylor, F. Taylor, A. Stevens, L. Stevens, Barnes, Hassan, Collier, Lamb, Osmond, Ennis, Phebe, and Hobbs.

*PAS DE COLOMBINE,*

By Mademoiselle Villier and M. Petit; assisted by Mesdames Rosine, C. Adams, Adams, and Marie.

*JUBILEE FINALE,*

By the Characters.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

PHYSICS 435

LECTURE 1

1.1

1.2

1.3

1.4

1.5

## LOVE AND FORTUNE.

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### INTRODUCTION BEFORE THE ACT DROP.

*Music—LOVE and FORTUNE rise from opposite traps—both have bandages over their eyes—they feel their way to the centre of the stage, where they encounter each other.*

LOVE. Holloa !

FOR. Who's there ?

LOVE. You stupid body you,  
Why can't you look where you are going to ?

FOR. I look ? Alas, 'twould be of little use,—  
I am a poor blind woman.

LOVE. Blind ! the deuce !  
Why, I'm a poor blind boy !

FOR. I ought to know  
That voice.

LOVE. I've heard that step before.

FOR. (*feeling*) A bow !  
Nay, then I'm sure——

LOVE. (*feeling*) What have we here ?—a wheel !  
(*seizing FORTUNE*) Fortune is in my grasp !

FOR. 'Tis Love I feel.

LOVE. Feel—ha, ha, ha ! The truth why try to smother ?  
(*pushes up his bandage*)

We can see much too clearly through each other.  
You're no more blind than I am, you sly jade.

FOR. (*peeping under her bandage*) Hush !

LOVE. Hush ! For what ! Of whom are you afraid ?  
There are no mortals here to see we see !  
And if there were, they are more blind than we ;  
And still would trust the painter and the poet,  
Who flatter them at our expense.

FOR. I know it.

And therefore punish them by oft bestowing  
 My prizes on the greatest boobies going.  
 Genius and I are rarely fellow lodgers,  
 Poets I've always shunned.

LOVE. Except Sam Rogers.

FOR. Rogers was rich ere he began to write.

He never wanted me, or else he might

LOVE. I only laugh at the conceited elves,  
 And make them very blindly love themselves;  
 But sooth to say, although not their intention,  
 They've served us mightily by their invention,  
 For when we're called capricious or unkind,  
 'Tis such a fine excuse—"We are so blind!"

FOR. No doubt, but what has brought you here to-day?

LOVE. Oh, Love is in the plot of every play.

FOR. And Fortune must attend it, good or bad—

If I can make it good, I shall be glad,  
 For the new lessee's sake. I like new faces.  
 Besides, you know the proverb says, "Audaces  
 Fortuna juvat."

LOVE. Oh, yes, 'tis as old  
 As true that Fortune's partial to the bold.  
 And he who takes a theatre, I own,  
 Must be amongst the boldest ever known.

FOR. Well, Love resembles Fortune closely there.

"None but the brave," 'tis said, "deserve the fair."

So let us see what we can do betwixt us  
 To aid this scheme in which the Fates have mixed us.  
 What is this play about?

LOVE. I scarcely know.

'Tis a mere sketch in *Watteau* colours.

FOR. Oh!

LOVE. A frame to shew some scenery and dresses in.

FOR. From what I hear, the author a fine mess is in.

He has no wit.

LOVE. If he had I'll engage  
 You wouldn't catch him writing for the stage.

FOR. No poetry.

LOVE. That's a good job, Heaven knows!

There's so much poetry that's so like prose.

FOR. And not a tittle of imagination.

LOVE. Who wants it in these days of adaptation?

FOR. It is an adaptation, then ?

LOVE. Of course.

But then, you know, one man may steal a horse,  
And t'other not look over a French leaf,  
Without some critic crying out "Stop thief!"  
What does it signify ? Pooh ! let 'em bawl !  
"Tantararara !" Cupid cries, "Thieves all !"  
It saves a deal of smoky midnight oil ;  
All my advice is, if you steal, don't spoil.  
*" Chacun reprend son bien ou il le trouve,"*

Shakespeare himself could prig as I could prove

FOR. Oh, don't name Shakespeare—of his awful shade

The new lessee is horribly afraid.

Here in such state he lately wore his crown.\*

His spirit on us fatally may frown.

LOVE. What, gentle Shakespeare ? pleasant Will, who'd run

Through a whole page to make a shocking pun !

Who shed a glory round things most grotesque ?

Who wrote for Grecian clowns the best burlesque ? †

He look on harmless mirth with angry eyes ?

No, no, he is too genial and too wise.

His heart was e'en his matchless mind above—

He nothing owes to Fortune, much to Love !

FOR. Granted ! so let us do the best we can

To pull through this poor little modern man ;

He seems a bard to whom I may shew kindness !

And still preserve my character for blindness.

LOVE. And though he may take something from the French,

It is a field on which so many trench.

To act no piece that had a smack of Paris in,

Poor Mr. Harris would find very harrassing.

FOR. At blind man's buff, though, we again must play,

For with the public we've to feel our way,

We musn't be too fast.

LOVE. Nor yet too slow.

FOR. You'll follow Fortune ?

LOVE. Love does often so.

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\* Mr. Harris succeeded Mr. Charles Kean in the management of the Princess's, whereat the latter had revived several plays of Shakespeare with great magnificence,

† Pyramus and Thisbe, in "Midsummer Night's Dream."

*Duo—LOVE and FORTUNE.*

- LOVE. As a child, by your direction,  
I am quite content to go.
- FOR. Woman-like, I've no objection,  
My power over Love to shew.
- LOVE. But the scene of this effusion  
Is laid in France long time ago.  
And to keep up the illusion,  
We must be dressed *après Watteau*.
- FOR. Of course? I'd quite forgot! how stupid!  
But dresses they have here by scores.
- LOVE. I've got a dress in which, as Cupid,  
I danced before Louis Quatorze.
- BOTH. Quick, our bandeaux re-adjusting,  
Let us slip the scenes behind,  
To please the public—humbly trusting  
They'll "remember the poor blind!"

*(Exit FORTUNE leading LOVE)**(Act drop rises and discovers)*

SCENE.—*The Gardens of CASSANDRE'S Country House, a raised curved path between trees—Group from Watteau—"Noces de Village."*

## CHORUS.

- WOMEN. Nicolas, the brave and gay,  
Stole each maiden's heart away,  
But laugh'd at love until he met  
And owned the charms of Nicolette.  
Banish Nymphs, your vain regret,  
Nicolas weds Nicolette.
- MEN. Nicolette, the young and fair,  
Drove each shepherd to despair,  
Till her hand and heart she gave  
To Nicolas, the gay and brave.  
Shepherds, all your pangs forget  
In the joy of Nicolette.
- ALL. Vive Nicolas; Vive Nicolette!

*Distant bells—Enter BRIDAL PROCESSION of NICOLAS and NICOLETTE—The SHEPHERDS and SHEPHERDESSES present them with bouquets*

*Solo—NICOLETTE.*

Thanks, neighbours and friends,  
For my husband you see,  
Like a dear little man,  
Leaves the talking to me.  
I wish all the single  
Soon married may be,  
And the married ones ever  
As happy as we.

*DANCE—Les Coquettes.*

*Exeunt NICOLAS and NICOLETTE, followed by BRIDAL PROCESSION, &c.*

*CASSANDRE advances with ARGENTINE and DIAMANTINE.*

CAS. Is there no soft infection in this scene,  
To touch the cold heart of Diamantine?  
Can she behold the bliss of this fond pair,  
And still deny as fond a lover's prayer?

DIA. Yes, I am happy other's joy to see,  
But have no wish myself a bride to be.

ARG. But I, papa, to wed am quite content,  
And only wait for you to give consent.

CAS. Consent? to marry whom, pray?

ARG. Poor Valere!

CAS. *Poor* you may well say. Wed him if you dare!  
When you can call him rich it will be time  
To think of it.

DIA. Is poverty a crime?

CAS. A crime? of course it is. The worst on earth.  
If folks have nothing, what can they be worth!

*Air—CASSANDRE.*

CAS. Look at me if you would see  
What a husband ought to be!

I have coffers full of gold,  
 Corn in barn, and flocks in fold ;  
 All when I shall quit this life,  
 I intend to leave my wife.  
 Let defeated rivals snarling,  
 Talk of one foot in the grave ;  
 Better be an old man's darling,  
 Than become a young man's slave.

(*to DIAMANTINE*) All will be yours when I am gone,  
 you know.

DIA. Well, then, I'll wed you—just before you go.

(*exit DIAMANTINE into house*)

CAS. The cruel tyrant ! Mistress, (*to ARGENTINE*)

In before !

Let me catch *poor* Valere but near my door.

(*Music—Exeunt CASSANDRE and ARGENTINE into house*)

*Enter ARLEQUIN.*

*Air—ARLEQUIN.*

“ Learning is better than house and land.”  
 A fact that I never could understand.  
 But I freely own I shouldn't be loth  
 To settle the point by trying 'em both.  
 Beginning with “ house and land,” and turning,  
 When heartily sick of them, to ‘ learning.”

ARLE. Yes, there's my master, a youth fresh from  
 college,

Crammed with all sorts of what some folks call  
 knowledge ;

And having not a Louis in his purse,  
 Must fall in love to make the matter worse.

I'm very sorry for Monsieur Valere.  
 If he can live on love, I can't on air,  
 And for another master I must seek,—  
 I haven't had a decent meal this week.

*Enter MEZZETIN, with a basket on his arm.*

What do I see? Leandre's valet here?

Why, Mezzetin!

MEZ. Ah, Arlequin, my dear  
Old friend, who ever thought of meeting you?  
In service still?

ARLE. Yes, for my sins.

MEZ. And who  
Your master pray? The owner of this garden?  
The rich Cassandre?

ARLE. No, I beg your pardon;  
I'm not his servant—would to Fate I were.

MEZ. Whose then?

ARLE. Alas! your master's friend, Valere.

MEZ. A fine young gentleman, by reputation.

ARLE. Without the tools required for that vocation.

MEZ. No money?

ARLE. Not a sou. But may I ask it,  
Without offence? What have you in that basket?

MEZ. Sweetmeats.

ARLE. The deuce! (*eats some*) And very good ones,  
too!

MEZ. (*changing his basket to the other arm*)  
Paws off, friend Arlequin! They're not for you,  
They are an offering at beauty's shrine—  
From my young master.

ARLE. Ah, to whom?

MEZ. Divine.

ARLE. Not to *our* beauty? Surely you don't mean  
To say Leandre worships Argentine?

MEZ. No, 'tis Cassandre's ward.

ARLE. (*passing to the other side of MEZZETIN*)  
That's some relief!

I feared we had a rival.

(*takes more sweetmeats*)

MEZ. How now, thief?

(*changes basket to the other arm again*)

ARLE. Excuse me, in a moment of abstraction,  
I just—

MEZ. Abstracted. Don't repeat the action!



I know your tricks of old, you greedy sinner !  
 ARLE. Greedy ! So you'd be if you'd had no dinner !  
 MEZ. I'll give you one.  
 ARLE. You will ?  
 MEZ. If by your aid  
 This basket can be cleverly conveyed  
 Into the hands of fair Diamantine.  
 ARLE. It shall, by me. (*offering to take it*)  
 MEZ. No, no—by me, I mean !  
 There is a letter in it. (*confidentially*)  
 ARLE. (*passing round to the side of the basket*)  
 Ah, a letter ?  
 MEZ. Stop on that side.  
 ARLE. I can hear so much better  
 On this.  
 MEZ. (*changing his basket again*) Then stay on this. Ah,  
 who comes here ?  
 ARLE. Pierrot.  
 MEZ. Cassandre's man !  
 ARLE. Oh, never fear,  
 He's dumb.  
 MEZ. But he's not blind.  
 ARLE. Yes, when he pleases.  
 The bribes he gets his conscience vastly eases.  
 Upon whatever errand he's now running—  
 To let it be a fool's one he's too cunning.

*Music—Enter PIERROT, who sees ARLEQUIN, advances to him mysteriously, and slips a letter into his hand, putting his finger on his lip, and making signs that they are observed by MEZZETIN.*

ARLE. I understand, Pierrot. But there's no danger ;  
 That gentleman to me is not a stranger.  
 And you, I'm sure, he would be proud to know.  
 Hem ! Monsieur Mezzetin—Monsieur Pierrot.  
 (*they salute each other*)  
 Of this despatch I dread Valere's perusal—  
 Cassandre gives his suit a plump refusal ?  
 (*PIERROT nods affirmatively*)

*Duo*—ARLEQUIN AND MEZZETIN.

- ARLE. Alas ! bereft of every hope,  
     A halter will, I fear, to-morrow,  
     End with his life, my master's sorrow !
- MEZ. If he can only beg or borrow  
     Enough to buy himself a rope !
- ARLE. And as for me—
- MEZ. Oh, as for you,  
     There's no occasion that to do,  
     My poor dear friend, your country will  
     Be glad to shew its grateful sense  
     Of all your merit and your skill,  
     And hang you at its own expense.
- ARLE. You're too polite. (*to PIERROT*) Pray let me  
     recommend  
     To your good offices, my worthy friend,  
     Who won't be hanged—that he may rest contented,  
     (*aside to PIERROT*) At least for having gunpowder  
     invented ;  
     He's a fat-headed, foolish, go-between—  
     Leandre and the fair Diamantine.  
     (*aloud*) And if you can contrive, for my sake, pray do,  
     And let him in (*aside*) to get the bastinado.  
     (*PIERROT signifies he understands, and enjoys the  
     notion—then beckons MEZZETIN to follow him,  
     and goes into house*)
- MEZ. (*to ARLEQUIN*) A thousand thanks.
- ARLE. But stop—my dinner ? (*holding his hand*)
- MEZ. True !  
     (*pulls out a purse, then putting it up again, as if on second  
     thoughts*)  
     Be at the "Turk's Head," this day week, at two.  
     (*runs after PIERROT into house*)
- ARLE. The villain ! This day week ! Well, well, no matter,  
     I trust they'll beat his bones into a batter !  
     I must go tell Valere of his disaster,  
     Then pawn the last shirt I have left my master.
- (*Exit*)

*Enter LOVE and FORTUNE.*

LOVE. Well, here we are in time, I hope, to do  
Some good.

FOR. Or mischief.

LOVE. That depends on you !  
When most to favour mortals I incline—  
Your wheel too often puts a spoke in mine,

*Air—LOVE.*

Why did the course of true love, pray,  
Never run smooth? Because, you know,  
'Tis your delight in Cupid's way,  
Ever some stumbling block to throw.  
But for my pinions, famed for flight,  
Over it I my neck might break.  
'Tis but by taking wing, in spite  
Of Fortune, sometimes a match I make ;  
Those who upbraid me know me not.  
Lovers should learn, of chance, the game !  
Then they would find, when crossed their lot,  
Fortune, not Love, is most to blame !

FOR. Don't lay your peccadilloes at my doors.

LOVE. Would you have proofs? Here's one now out of  
scores.

*Enter VALERE with ARGENTINE'S note open.*

VAL. Accursed Fortune !

LOVE. (*to FORTUNE*) Madam, pray attend !

VAL. Two loving hearts asunder thus to rend,  
Blindly the selfish and the cold you cherish,  
And leave the fond and true to pine and perish.

FOR. Men should have souls—their fortunes far above.

*Enter LEANDRE.*

LEAN. O, cruel, barbarous, tyrannic Love !

FOR. (*to LOVE*) Hark ! 'Tis your turn,

LEAN. No pity wilt thou take  
Upon a heart that suffers for thy sake !

Diamantine is deaf to all my sighs—  
 Diamantine my tender suit denies !  
 LOVE. Poor devils ! Come, what say you (*to FORTUNE*) to  
 our healing  
 The wounds which we are thus accused of dealing ?  
 FOR. As far as I'm concerned, with all my heart.  
 Indeed, it is so written in my part.  
 (*they become visible to VALERE and LEANDRE*)  
 LOVE. Mortals, unjustly Love and Fortune blaming—  
 Behold the powers 'gainst whom you've been de-  
 claiming !  
 LEAN. Cupid—  
 LOVE. To whom all bosoms are subjected.  
 VAL. And Fortune—  
 FOR. Who arrives when least expected.

*Duo—LOVE and FORTUNE.*

FOR. (*to VALERE*) Dismiss your fears !  
 LOVE. (*to LEANDRE*) Dry up your tears !  
 BOTH. Your foes no longer rate us.  
 FOR. (*to VALERE*) Accept this purse—in former years  
 Possessed by Fortunatus.  
 As soon as you have emptied it,  
 With gold afresh I stock it.  
 The world's your slave while you've the wit  
 To keep it in your pocket.  
 LOVE. (*to LEANDRE*) The cestus of Venus, Leandre, behold !  
 Its power is equal, or nearly, to gold.  
 You've but to encircle her waist with this zone,  
 And the heart of the cruellest fair is your own !  
 TOGETHER. Haste the potent spells to try,  
 But don't blame us, remember, pray,  
 LOVE. (*to LEANDRE*) If my gift you misapply !  
 FOR. (*to VALERE*) If you fling your chance away !  
 BOTH. Dismiss your fears—dry up your tears,  
 Your foes no longer rate us ;  
 We don't so much delight in spite  
 As some who execrate us.

(*exeunt LOVE and FORTUNE*)

LEAN. Is this a dream ?

VAL. That I can quickly test.  
*(empties the purse into his hat, and it appears full again)*  
 Full again! Look, and judge yourself, friend.

LEAN. Peste!  
 You are in luck!

VAL. And so I trust are you.

LEAN. At present I can only trust so, too.

*Enter ARLEQUIN.*

ARLE. Monsieur. *(to VALERE)*

VAL. The very man I wanted.

ARLE. Say

The man you must still want.

VAL. How, sirrah? Pray

Explain yourself.

ARLE. Monsieur, it breaks my heart,

But I'm compelled to tell you we must part.

VAL. Part!

ARLE. I had hoped to live with you for ages.

But——

VAL. But? But what?

ARLE. The merest trifle—wages.

VAL. Aha! and prithee how much do I owe?

ARLE. Three years, at twenty crowns.

VAL. Make sixty—so—  
*(takes out his purse)*

There are a hundred. *(empties it into his hat)*

ARLE. Can I trust my sight?

Twenty-five Louis d'ors!

VAL. Count—see they're right,

And then—go to the devil!

ARLE. Without you?

No, sir—the devil take me if I do!

I leave my master—my dear, liberal, kind,

Good master!

VAL. Scoundrel! I've the greatest mind

To break your bones.

ARLE. Do—do, sir, I entreat!

I ask it as a favour at your feet.

I can bear anything but separation,

From one for whom I have such veneration.

LEAN. Forgive him ! Of the world 'tis but the way  
Of human nature quite a touching trait !

VAL. Hence ! See of all things I've a fresh supply,  
And order dinner.

ARLE. Dinner, sir—I fly ! (Exit)

*Music—Enter MEZZETIN, pursued by CRISPIN, with a stick,  
and CASSANDRE.*

MEZ. Help—murder !

CAS. Baste him ! never mind his bawling !  
I'll teach them to come here a cat-a-wauling ?  
I'll sugar plum and comfit ye, I will !

LEAN. Hold—'tis my servant whom you use so ill,  
What has he done ?

CAS. Your servant ? Then you wrote,  
I may presume, this pretty little note,  
To my fair ward, Diamantine ?

LEAN. I did.

CAS. Which, in a basket full of sweetmeats hid,  
That varlet would have slyly to her handed.

LEAN. Monsieur, he only did as I commanded.  
If you have anything to say, I'm here  
To give you satisfaction.

CAS. Me—oh, dear !  
I'm satisfied completely. You've no chance,  
And on my ward in vain attendance dance.  
She loves nobody, and shall marry me,  
Or marry nobody.

LEAN. That we shall see. (*retires*)

CAS. And you, Monsieur Valere—how often, pray,  
Must I repeat—

VAL. Monsieur, I come to say  
That I am now as rich as I was poor,  
And, therefore, claim your daughter's hand.

CAS. Eh ? Sure  
The moon is at the full ! Forgive a doubt,  
And say how came this happy change about ?

VAL. A freak of Fortune—sudden, unforeseen,  
Unhoped for.

CAS. Hah, indeed ! (*aside*) What does he mean ?  
Have you some fifty Louis won at Faro,  
Or found out you're the Bashaw of Grand Cairo ?

VAL. (*taking out his purse*) Do you know gold, pray, when you see it?

CAS. No—  
Not till I feel it.

VAL. Nay, then, be it so.  
How many thousand livres must I pay  
For your consent?

CAS. How many thousands? Stay,  
Let me consider. (*aside*) This must be some plot.  
Tell me—how many thousands have you got?

VAL. More than I can the trouble take to count.  
So name your price, whatever the amount,  
I'll pay it down in cash.

CAS. (*aside*) I can but try him.  
If he's not mad, I should be to deny him.  
(*aloud*) Suppose, now, I said twenty thousand?

VAL. Good.

CAS. Or thirty—

VAL. As you please.

CAS. As I please! Would  
You make it forty, then—or fifty?

VAL. 'Sdeath!  
I tell you name.

CAS. (*aside*) He takes away my breath!  
(*aloud*) My excellent young friend, I *can't* decide  
This moment. But my daughter is your bride  
As soon as I receive the sum agreed on.

VAL. Kind Fortune, now the happy moments speed on.

(*Exit—CASSANDRE directs CRISPIN to follow  
VALERE, and then exits*)

LEAN. (*advancing.*)

Fortune has smiled upon Valere, 'tis plain—  
May Love for me, a prize as soon obtain.  
By all my hopes, here comes Diamantine!  
But some one's with her. I will here, unseen,  
Await the opportunity alone—  
To fling around her this mysterious zone.

(*Exit*)

*Enter ARGENTINE and DIAMANTINE, from house.*

ARG. Dearest Diamantine, my joy conceive!  
My father has relented—I have leave

To see Valere, and soon will be his wife.

DIA. And have you, then, no dread of married life ?

ARG. Dread ! Wherefore ?

DIA. Well, I have no trust in men ;  
Our slaves until we wed—our masters then.

ARG. Oh, not where Love joins hearts, as you will see,  
Proved to the world by dear Valere and me.  
For we shall live as though we'd but one heart,  
One mind between us—no joy when apart,  
No sorrow when together.

DIA. Well, my dear,  
I do not doubt you, but I vastly fear  
That if you really should lead such a life,  
The world will not believe you man and wife.

ARG. You are incorrigible !

DIA. May be so.  
No *man* shall e'er correct me, that I know ;  
I'd rather laugh at your old dad, Cassandre,  
Than cry to think—I'd married young Leandre.

ARG. You'll change your note, dear, soon.

DIA. That may be, too !  
But I'm afraid, dear, not so soon as you.

ARG. Heaven grant me patience !

DIA. Ay, indeed, heaven grant it !  
For when you are a wife I'm sure you'll want it.

ARG. I will not stay to hear you love disparage.

(*going*)

DIA. I never spoke of love !

ARG. Of what then ?

DIA. Marriage.

(*ARGENTINE flounces out—DIAMANTINE seats herself under a tree*)

*Enter FORTUNE.*

FOR. I must play Love a little trick—just one.  
His course would, otherwise, too smoothly run,  
And spoil the proverb—nay, perhaps, the piece,  
So Fortune will indulge in a caprice.

LEAN. (*peeping*) My charmer is alone at last. Oh, joy !  
Fortune befriends me !

FOR. Poor deluded boy !



(as LEANDRE steals cautiously round towards the tree  
DIAMANTINE suddenly rises and exits)

ARGENTINE enters, and seats herself in DIAMANTINE'S place,  
just as LEANDRE arrives behind the tree, and hastily puts  
the cestus round her waist.

ARG. Ah, who is that? What ails me? Let me fly!

LEAN. Adored Diamantine—fear not, 'tis I.

ARG. Diamantine! Alas, sir, you mistake!

LEAN. How! Not Diamantine? Am I awake?

ARG. But as you love her, would to fate I were!

LEAN. Madam! you sure mistake me for Valere?

ARG. Valere! Oh, do not such injustice to  
Yourself, Leandre. Who can look on you,  
And not confess, in feature, form, and mind.  
You far excel Valere—nay, all mankind?

LEAN. What do I hear?

ARG. Alas, forgive me pray,  
I know not what I do, or what I say.  
Some mighty power compels me thus to speak,  
Despite my swelling heart and flaming cheek,  
Go—go, Leandre—pity, and forget.  
Oh, would to heaven we had never met.

(Exit)

LEAN. It is the magic zone! *Her* heart I've won!  
Oh, fatal error!—what is to be done?  
Diamantine 'tis useless now pursuing!  
Accursed Fortune! This is all thy doing!

(Exit)

FOR. Well, there I think I've made a little knot,  
Which to untie will much improve the plot,  
The cestus lost to make affairs still worse,  
Valere imprudently must lose his purse.

*Enter CASSANDRE and CRISPIN—They whisper, then  
advance.*

CAS. What's this you tell me?

CRIS. What I've seen and heard.

CAS. A magic purse, that fills itself! Absurd!  
Fairies have fled the earth this many a day!

CRIS. Believe or not, the thing is as I say.

I saw him empty it five times, at least,  
To pay for clothes, lace, jewels, and to feast  
His friends, and that poor, gormandizing knave,  
His valet, Arlequin.

CAS.                   The case is grave !  
I must possess that purse by hook or crook.  
CRIS. He comes in all his new-bought splendour—look !  
With running footmen, and a little fellow—  
A blackamoor, with a superb umbrella.

*Enter VALERE, richly dressed, in Sedan chair, preceded by running FOOTMEN, a black BOY, &c., and followed by a NOTARY, with his CLERK and papers.*

VAL. Monsieur Cassandre, have you yet decided ?  
With every proper form I come provided.

CAS. (*to NOTARY*) Please to be seated.

(*NOTARY places himself at a little table—CLERK produces papers, &c.*)

Now, Monsieur Valere,  
I have thought seriously on this affair ;  
And as I'm quite convinced that you are one  
Whom I shall be too proud to call my son—  
I should not like the world to say I sold  
My darling child to any man for gold,  
Therefore, no money shall buy my consent.  
Give me that purse, and I will be content.

VAL. This purse ? But all my wealth is in it.

CAS.                   All !  
Bless me, to hold so much, 'tis very small ;  
However, as you will—if you decline,  
'Tis not my fault—I'm ready, mind, to sign.

VAL. But with no sum will you be satisfied ?

CAS. Nothing except the purse—so take your bride,  
Or leave her.

VAL.                   I leave Argentine ? No never !  
The purse is yours—let me be poor as ever  
With her I shall feel rich beyond all measure.  
Sign, I entreat you.

CAS.                   With the greatest pleasure.  
Give me the purse, together with the pen.

VAL. There ! *(giving purse as NOTARY gives pen)*  
 CAS. There ! *(signs)*  
 VAL. I am the happiest of men. *(signs)*  
 CAS. Go, fetch my daughter—she must also sign.  
 CRIS. She's here !

*Enter ARGENTINE.*

VAL. Sweet Argentine ! at length thou'rt mine !  
 ARG. Yours ?—never ! Pardon me, Monsieur Valere,  
 But I have hastened hither to declare  
 Another has my heart, and, while I've life,  
 None but that other e'er shall call me wife.  
 VAL. Argentine ! sure this is some ill-timed jest ?  
 ARG. It is the truth, Valere, I do protest.  
 CAS. What, you refuse ?  
 ARG. I do, sir.  
 CAS. Bless my soul !  
 Ha, ha ! oh dear ! how very, very droll !  
 VAL. *(advancing on him furiously)* Droll !  
 CAS. Mercy on us ! Pray don't look so furious  
 I meant to say how very, very curious,  
 After you've parted with your purse that she—  
 VAL. Give it me back.  
 CAS. Your purse ! oh, pardon me,  
 Upon what grounds should I the purse restore ?  
 I've given *my* consent, what would you more ?  
 If Argentine will not give hers, am I  
 To blame forsooth ?  
 VAL. I scorn to make reply.  
 CAS. You wouldn't have me force my precious child  
 To wed a man she hates ?  
 VAL. I shall go wild !  
*(aside)* Ah ! round her waist she wears the magic zone !  
 It is Leandre, then ! My rival's known !  
 By Love—by Fortune, thus at once betrayed !  
 Vengeance, I now invoke thee to my aid.  
*(rushes out)*  
 FOR. Thus mortals play the fool, and Fortune slander.  
 ARG. Quick of his danger let me warn Leandre  
*(Exit)*

CAS. Ho, ho ! Crispin ! with laughter I shall burst !  
 How lucky that the purse I'd taken first.  
 I'll prove it's magic power this very minute.  
*(taking it out of his pocket, going to the table to empty it)*  
 'Sdeath and destruction, why, there's nothing it !  
 I'm robbed ! thieves ! villain !

*(seizing CRISPIN)*

FOR. *(aside)* Know, wretch, to thy cost,  
 The gifts of Fortune, when abused, are lost.

*(Exit)*

CAS. Oh, dear ! Crispin, I'm very ill ! I'm dying,  
 And this all comes, you scoundrel, of your lying.

CRIS. I did not lie—I spoke the truth, although  
 I'm not accustomed to it, as you know.

CAS. I do, and yet believed you, for a wonder.  
 So we have each made a confounded blunder !  
 I'll go and make my will—no, no, I won't—  
 I'll marry Diamantine first.

CRIS. Pray don't !  
 At your age.

CAS. Age ! I'm not fourscore, and may  
 Live to a hundred.

CRIS. You've not lived a day.

CAS. How !

CRIS. I can prove it, though perhaps 'twill grieve you.

CAS. No, for this time, I swear I won't believe you.

*Air*—CRISPIN.

Three score and ten by common calculation,  
 The years of man amount to ; but we'll say  
 He turns four-score, yet in my estimation  
 In all those years he has not lived a day.  
 Out of the eighty, you must first remember  
 The hours of night, you pass asleep in bed ;  
 And counting from December to December,  
 Just half your life you'll find you have been dead.  
 To forty years at once by this reduction,  
 We come ; and sure the first five from your birth,  
 While cutting teeth and living upon suction  
 You're not alive to what this life is worth !

From thirty-five next take, for education,  
 Fifteen, at least at college and at school,  
 When, notwithstanding all your application,  
 The chances are you may turn out a fool.  
 Still twenty you have left us to dispose of,  
 But during them your fortune you've to make,  
 And granting with the luck of some one knows of,  
 'Tis made in ten—that's ten from life to take.  
 Out of the ten yet left you must allow for  
 The time for shaving, tooth or other aches.  
 Say four, and that leaves six too short I vow, for  
 Regretting past and making fresh mistakes !  
 Meanwhile each hour dispels some fond illusion,  
 Until at length sans eyes, sans teeth, you may  
 Have scarcely sense to come to this conclusion,  
 You've reached fourscore—but haven't lived a day !  
 (*Exeunt CASSANDRE and CRISPIN*)

*Enter LOVE and FORTUNE.*

LOVE. So, Madam Fortune ! just as I expected—  
 You've upset all the schemes I had projected.  
 On your assistance, too, when I had reckoned.  
 There's no depending on you for a second.  
 FOR. Who ever said there was ? You little pickle,  
 I like your twitting me with being fickle.

*Air—FORTUNE.*

How can I for ever favour,  
 All who make to me their prayer ?  
 What enchants one fervent craver,  
 Drives another to despair !  
 To my wheel so famed for turning,  
 Fools come begging to be bound ;  
 By no sad experience learning  
 That 'tis certain to go round !  
 Madly, then, against it straining  
 When their only chance, 'tis plain,  
 Lies in patiently remaining  
 Till the wheel goes round again !

LOVE. Well, what's your next turn then, for by this scurvy

One, you have turned three lovers topsy-turvy.  
Two who had solely placed in Love their trust,  
And one on whom you really fortune thrust.  
To make amends somehow you must endeavour ;  
They're railing at us both, now, worse than ever.

FOR. Suppose then we change hands. Love help Valere,

And Fortune make Leandre now her care.  
Only remember that my wheel won't stop,  
And clever folks jump off—when they're *atop*.

LOVE. Agreed ! do you know Colombine ?

FOR. Not I !

LOVE. A pretty shepherdess who lives hard by—  
The wife of Pierrot ; although none suspect  
The fact—She's charming—has but one defect.

FOR. What's that !

LOVE. Why, like her husband, she is dumb.

FOR. That wouldn't a defect be thought by some.

LOVE. Fortune, you are malicious, there's no doubt.  
But you shall see my charmer.

FOR. Trot her out.

*Music—Enter COLOMBINE.*

*Pas Seul.*

FOR. Not bad.

LOVE. Not bad !

FOR. Well that's the highest praise  
Bestowed on any talent now-a-days.  
" The wealthy curlèd darlings of our isle,"  
Vote it quite vulgar to applaud or smile,  
And drawl out with an air absurdly sad,  
Between two puffs of a cigar—" Not bad."

LOVE. Fortune knows more than Love of youths of fashion.

Your fops don't patronise the tender passion.  
But now to work—take Colombine this dart,  
And with it tickle old Cassandre's heart,  
If heart it can be called. Meanwhile, I'll shew  
That Love has sometimes two strings to his bow.

*Air—LOVE.*

Two strings to his bow  
 Two arrows to fit—  
 Love gained long ago,  
 From Beauty and Wit.  
 The first one swiftly to the heart,  
 Wins a passage through the eyes.  
 Through the ears the other dart,  
 More slowly ; but as surely flies !  
 With both at once when aim he takes,  
 Vain defence the victim makes !  
 Ever since, with Wit and Beauty  
 Cupid has been hand and glove,  
 And to serve them deems his duty  
 With the shafts they made for Love.

*(exeunt LOVE and COLOMBINE)*

FOR. As I would have it. Here's Diamantine !  
*(retires)*

*Enter DIAMANTINE.*

DIA. Heigho ! I've got the fidgets and the spleen,  
 I'm sad without a sorrow—restless range,  
 Not pleased e'en with myself—how very strange !  
 It's something in the weather—I'm so nervous  
 I start at every step.

*Re-enter FORTUNE, as a Gipsy.*

Ugh ! Heaven preserve us,  
 Who's that ?  
 FOR. My pretty lady, shall I tell  
 Your fortune ?  
 DIA. 'Tis a gipsy woman ! well,  
 Tell me ; it may divert me.  
 FOR. Let me look.  
 In that white hand I'll read it like a book.  
*(DIAMANTINE gives her hand)*

There is a dark young man in love with you.  
 DIA. Pshaw ! I know that.  
 FOR. And there's an old one too.  
 DIA. In league you needn't with the old one be,  
 To find that out which every one can see.  
 What of the future ? I can tell the present.  
 FOR. The future, pretty lady's, not so pleasant.  
 Here is a cross line—bodes no good, and—stay,  
 There's a fair woman standing in your way,  
 Who has designs upon the dark man's heart.  
 DIA. (*starting*) Indeed ! (*carelessly*) I don't care.  
 FOR. Why, then, did you start ?  
 You are in love with him, though you don't know it.  
 DIA. What folly !  
 FOR. There are twenty signs that shew it.  
 What's here—a duel——  
 DIA. With Leandre ?  
 FOR. Eh ?  
 Is that the name ?  
 DIA. Of course—but go on, pray ;  
 He won't be hurt.  
 FOR. Of that I'm not quite sure.  
 I think I see a wound—which you might cure.  
 DIA. Cease trifling. If Leandre fight for me——  
 FOR. Oh, but he don't—it's the fair woman.  
 DIA. She !  
 Her name ?  
 FOR. What can it signify to you ?  
 You don't love *him*, you say.  
 DIA. Alas, I do.  
 FOR. (*appears as herself*) Then trust to Fortune—fear not,  
 but stand there.  
 (*placing her on one side*)  
 And see me act “ La Fortune de la Guerre.”

*Music—Enter LEANDRE and MEZZETIN, followed by VALERE  
 and ARLEQUIN, carrying swords.*

LEAN. Here, on this spot, where Fortune so deceived me.  
 VAL. Aye, on this spot, where Love of hope bereaved me.





*Air—LOVE.*

The cestus of Venus, by you misapplied,  
 The power of Fortune to loose it defied ;  
 It yields to the pressure of true Love alone,  
 Who rivets of Beauty the magical zone.  
 Thus with one touch of kindness your fault I repair,  
 And restore Argentine to her faithful Valere.  
 While Fortune, repenting her practice too keen,  
 Has won for Leandre his Diamantine !

VAL. }  
 LEAN. } Eternal gratitude to both we vow.

DIA. But there's my guardian——

LOVE. We're your guardians now.  
 Follow our counsel, and the vesper hour  
 Now striking, puts Cassandre in your power.

ENSEMBLE.

LOVE, FORTUNE, DIAMANTINE, ARGENTINE, VALERE,  
 LEANDRE, ARLEQUIN, and MEZZETIN.

Come ! come ! come away !  
 One more trick must Fortune play,  
 Love then will crown the happy day.  
 See where his star sheds its propitious ray !  
 Hail, lovers, hail ! L'Etoile du Berger !

*It has become quite dark, and the stars now appear—  
 PIERROT, ARLEQUIN, and MEZZETIN re-enter—ARGENTINE  
 and DIAMANTINE whisper to PIERROT, and LEANDRE and  
 VALERE to their SERVANTS—All retire off to the symphony,  
 led by LOVE and FORTUNE.*

*Enter CASSANDRE and CRISPIN.*

CAS. Crispin, I'm in a state of fermentation !  
 With a fair nymph I've made an assignation.  
 CRIS. What, with that shepherdess I saw dance round  
 you ?  
 CAS. Saw ? Then you peeped through the keyhole,  
 confound you ?

CRIS. Of course I did. Why, ain't I hired to peep?  
Your watchdog—whom worse than a dog you  
keep?

CAS. Watch, then, that none approach this bower  
mysterious,  
With love, the wench has made me quite delirious.

CRIS. Love!—and Diamantine?

CAS. Diamantine!  
An Æthiop compared to Beauty's Queen!  
Crispin, her eye went through me like a needle.

CRIS. Into some scrape your gooseship she will wheedle,  
And then go talk——

CAS. Talk! she can't speak a word—  
She's dumb.

CRIS. Dumb—and a woman? who'er heard——

CAS. She comes. Here's gold—obey me to the letter.

*(Exit into bower)*

CRIS. I will. *(aside)* Provided no one pays me better.

*Music—COLOMBINE appears in the distance—She glides through the trees, directed by PIERROT, and joins CASSANDRE—PIERROT advances, unseen by CASSANDRE, and puts a purse in the hands of CRISPIN, making signs to him.*

CRIS. Ha, yes. To understand him's not so hard—  
This is the true way to relieve the guard.

*(Exit)*

PIERROT places himself where he can watch CASSANDRE and COLOMBINE, mocking CASSANDRE'S actions, and occasionally exhibiting a little jealousy at the coquetry of COLOMBINE.

DANCE—"La Nocturne Amoureuse."

CASSANDRE, COLOMBINE, and PIERROT.

CRISPIN re-enters, cautiously, communicates with PIERROT, and then advances suddenly, as CASSANDRE falls on his knees to COLOMBINE.

CRIS. Run—run, sir, for your life!

CAS. Death and confusion !  
Crispin, what means this insolent intrusion ?

*Concerted Piece*—CRISPIN, CASSANDRE, ARLEQUIN, &c.

CRIS. Your life, sir, is in danger.  
'This young and lovely stranger  
Is the Princess Rocococo,  
Of the Emperor of Morocco  
The favourite Sultana,  
Escaped from his Zenanah !  
In pursuit of her, come over  
On board a Sallee rover,  
He has seized your ward and daughter,  
And determines all to slaughter !  
With of Corsairs a fierce crew, sir,  
He is hunting now for you, sir !  
Your head, with but a wave of  
His scimitar, he'll shave off.

CAS. Madam, is the rascal lying ?

(COLOMBINE *signs that it is too true*)

CRIS. No—you see there's no denying  
With terror she is falling.

(COLOMBINE *shrieks, pretends to faint in CAS-  
SANDRE'S arms*)

CAS. Oh, the deuce ! confound her squalling !

CRIS. Ah, I fear they must have heard her !  
Yes—they're coming !

CAS. Murder ! murder !

CRIS. Run !

CAS. I can't, she holds me tight here.

CRIS. See, they're coming with a light here !

*Enter ARLEQUIN, disguised fantastically as the Emperor  
of Morocco—VALERE, LEANDRE, and MEZZETIN as  
Moorish Pirates, dragging in PIERROT, ARGENTINE,  
and DIAMANTINE as prisoners—VALERE'S BLACK BOY  
with a torch.*

CAS. (*trying to get rid of COLOMBINE*)  
 This is all your doing, curse ye !  
 Mercy, mighty monarch ! mercy !

ARLE. Shallaballa ! Shallaballo !

CAS. What's he saying ?

CRIS. I don't know.  
 But if you wouldn't be his victim,  
 Don't attempt to contradict him.

ARLE. Hullaballoo ! hullaballee !

CRIS. He demands if you agree ?

CAS. Oh, to anything he pleases !  
 All my blood the monster freezes !

CRIS. Your daughter and your ward, sir,  
 He would take with him abroad, sir.

CAS. He is welcome to 'em both,  
 I'll take my solemn oath !

CRIS. And half of all you're worth.

CAS. Oh, anything on earth,  
 If my life he'll only spare !

CRIS. Sign this paper quick, then.

(*putting one given to him by ARLEQUIN on the ground before CASSANDRE, and MEZZETIN producing pen and ink*)

CAS. There ! (*signs*)

*Music*—LEANDRE picks up the paper—VILLAGERS enter suddenly from all sides with lights—CRISPIN raises CASSANDRE—ARLEQUIN, LEANDRE, VALERE, and MEZZETIN fling off their disguises, and releasing PIERROT, ARGENTINE and DIAMANTINE, all salute CASSANDRE—LOVE and FORTUNE appear at opposite sides.

ARLE. Monsieur Cassandre, your life I spare.

CAS. What do I see ? Leandre ! Valere !

ALL. Shallaballa ! Shallaballo !  
 You have signed and sworn, you know.  
 Ha, ha, ha ! ho, ho, ho !  
 Pray excuse our laughing, sir !  
 Princess Rocoloco—  
 Ha, ha, ha ! ho, ho, ho !  
 Is only Columbine, the wife of poor Pierrot !

CHORUS. Ha, ha, ha! ho, ho, ho!  
Pray excuse our laughing, &c.

LOVE and FORTUNE *advance.*

LOVE. It's very well to laugh at old Cassandre—  
But will they laugh with us who are seated  
yonder?

FOR. 'Tis time to put an end this folly to ;  
Dear Public, we must now appeal to you ;  
That we're not blind is obvious from our terrors.  
Would we could make you blind to all our errors.

LOVE. We see them at this moment far too clearly.  
But for love's sake don't judge us too severely.  
All for the New Lessee have done their best,  
And to assist him we have both professed.  
If you have some affection for the stage——

FOR. If you would have him keep pace with the  
age——

LOVE. Then in the name of both we you importune,  
To come for Love——

FOR. And make the fellow's Fortune.

FINALE.

FOR. Though Shakespeare has left for a while the  
Princess's,  
We yet may do something with scenes and with  
dresses ;  
And so many for them come the drama to see,  
What the piece is about mayn't of consequence  
be.  
Amidst your applause let the green curtain fall,  
And a piece of good fortune make this for  
us all!

LOVE. Stop a moment! Remember our scene's laid in  
France,  
And 'twas there the old fashion to end with  
a dance ;

This piece is produced in the style of the past,  
And its character must be kept up to the last.  
Then amid your applause may the green curtain  
fall,  
With Good Fortune to us, and my Love to  
you all!

GALOP AND CHORUS.

Here let Love with Fortune joining,  
Long remain these bowers to bless ;  
Two such Deities combining,  
Surely must command success.

TABLEAU.

CURTAIN.

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ORPHEUS IN THE  
HAYMARKET;

*AN OPERA BUFFO,*

IN THREE TABLEAUX AND A LAST SCENE,

Run into Rhyme, with Alterations and Additions, and Adapted to the  
English Stage (in the Haymarket) from the French of  
Monsieur Hector Cremieux.

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*THE MUSIC BY J. OFFENBACH.*

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First performed at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, December 26th, 1865





ORPHEUS IN THE HAYMARKET.  

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In September, 1865, I was applied to by Mr. Buckstone to adapt for him Offenbach's Opera Bouffe, "Orphée aux Enfers," with a view to the first appearance at the Haymarket of Miss Louise Keeley, who he promised should be adequately supported by vocalists he would engage expressly for the piece, there not being a member of the regular company who professed to sing operatic music. It was necessary also that Orpheus should play the violin, and there were other difficulties to be surmounted. The good intentions of Mr. Buckstone, however, only went the way of cart loads of similar materials to pave proverbially the regions we were about to lay the scene of in the Haymarket, as no singers of celebrity could be induced to accept the terms he offered them. I had been so much accustomed to this sort of disappointment in an English theatre that it did not much disconcert me. My principal difficulty lay in the piece itself; which, upon reading, I found was written in the style which had superseded on the French stage the ingeniously constructed and witty compositions which had so fascinated me in bygone years, and been the models

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which I had humbly, but earnestly, endeavoured to imitate.

It was not the utter subversion of the classical story, which I had faithfully followed in my early extravaganza, "Olympic Devils," that I objected to. The idea was whimsical enough, but it was the inartistic mode in which it was carried out, the unmeaning buffoonery forced upon it—"fooling" which nothing could make "admirable." I wrote the piece as well as I could, freely translating all that was good in it, expunging preposterous absurdities which, however amusing to a French audience in the hands of some favourite *farçeur*, would have been "perilous stuff" on the Haymarket stage, and by entirely reconstructing the two last tableaux, and flinging the whole into rhyme (the original being in prose), I think I succeeded in elevating the tone and imparting to the Drama generally a more definite purpose than the author appeared to have thought it worth his while to have done although there were several indications in the dialogue that he was not insensible of the opportunity. The next thing was to get it acted as well as I could. William Farren, who had received a musical education, made a pleasant Jupiter, Miss Snowdon (better known as Mrs. Chippendale), a splendid jealous Juno, Miss Helen Howard, who had evinced so much ability in "Love and Fortune," represented "Public Opinion" in a style calculated to obtain its favourable verdict, and an old favourite and true

artist, Mr. David Fisher, played Orpheus with intelligence, and "the fiddle like an angel." Venus found a pleasing representative in Miss Nelly Moore, a rising young actress, who was subsequently recognised as the most delightful of *ingénues*, and whose early death is much to be lamented. Miss Louise Keeley was a charming Eurydice, and sang like a little nightingale, so with the addition of pretty scenery, pretty dresses, and some pretty faces, we pulled through pretty well. It was not Offenbach's opera, but the piece went merrily with the audience, and ran from Christmas to Easter. As far as I was concerned the Press was most laudatory, and welcomed my re-appearance as a writer of Extravaganza, after a lapse of nine years, with a cordiality that was extremely gratifying to me, considering the change that in the meanwhile had come over the spirit of that class of entertainment. All I regretted was the title of the piece, which was hastily adopted by Buckstone at the suggestion of some friend, a stranger to me, one day at rehearsal. I have retained it in this publication, but should certainly alter it were it to be revived in my lifetime.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ AND SCENERY.

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TABLEAU I.

*A CORNFIELD,*

With the Suburban Villa Residences of Orpheus and Aristæus.

PUBLIC OPINION	...	...	...	...	MISS HELEN HOWARD (Her First Appearance at this Theatre)
ORPHEUS	...	...	...	...	MR. DAVID FISHER (His First Appearance at this Theatre)
EURYDICE	...	...	...	...	MISS LOUISE KEELEY (Her First Appearance at this Theatre)
PLUTO (under the assumed form of Aristæus)					MR. BARTLEMAN (His First Appearance at this Theatre)

TABLEAU II.

*ABODE OF THE CELESTIAL DEITIES,*

On the Summit of Mount Olympus.

JUPITER	...	...	...	...	MR. W. FARREN
JUNO	...	...	...	...	MISS SNOWDON
VENUS	...	...	...	...	MISS NELLY MOORE
CUPID	...	...	...	...	MISS ELLEN WOOLGAR (Her First Appearance on any Stage)
DIANA	...	...	...	...	MISS H. LINDLEY

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MERCURY	...	...	...	...	...	MISS FANNY WRIGHT
MINERVA	...	...	...	...	...	MISS COLEMAN
HEBE	...	...	...	...	...	MISS LOVELL
GANYMEDE	...	...	...	...	...	MISS PREVOT
MARS	...	...	...	...	...	MR. LANDER
MORPHEUS	...	..	...	...	...	MR. GEORGE

Gods and Goddesses, Demi-Gods, Graces, Nymphs attending on Diana, &c., by Messrs. Lovell, Cowbrick, Sharpe, Jones, Franklin, Pendergrast ; Mesdames Cowbrick, Grosvenor, Mainetti, Palermo, &c.

TABLEAU III.

*THRONE-ROOM IN THE PALACE OF PLUTO,*

With a peep into Tartarus, a distant view of the Elysian Fields,  
and the Banks of the River Styx.

CERBERUS	...	...	...	...	...	MR. WEATHERSBY
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LAST SCENE.

*TEMPLE OF BACCHUS.*

BACCHUS	...	...	...	...	...	MR. WEBSTER
PAN	...	...	...	...	...	MR. JOHNSON

Fawns, Satyrs, Bacchanals, Bacchantes, Nymphs, &c.

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## ORPHEUS IN THE HAYMARKET.

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*The Curtain rises, discovering the Act Drop.*

*Enter PUBLIC OPINION.*

PUB. O. Who am I? One to whose supreme dominion  
E'en monarchs sometimes bow—Public Opinion!  
Therefore, I'm—what I well may boast aloud of—  
Your own Opinion—which, of course, you're proud of;  
Every one thinks his own opinion best;  
I'm everyone's, so never mind the rest.  
At once, then, to the business before us.  
On this occasion I enact the Chorus.  
There's not an urchin, in this learned age,  
But knows that on the old Hellenic stage  
The Chorus told the audience all the plot,  
Whether there was one in the play, or not.  
And explained what, with common observation,  
They'd understand without an explanation.  
But in these days of progress, I admit,  
Dramas there are might puzzle folks a bit.  
Plots which are twisted with such sleight of hand,  
They're things "which no fellah can understand,"  
As Lord Dundreary says. Our simple bard  
Won't give you nuts to crack so very hard;  
But as the piece imported is from France,  
Morality demands my surveillance.  
So let the wife who would her spouse aggrieve,  
Beware! And let the husband who'd deceive  
His better half, tremble! Don't move, sir, pray—  
I'm speaking of the people in the play,  
Not those who come to see it. Heaven forbid  
I should do so—and help me if I did!

*(bell rings)*



But there's the bell that bids the curtain rise,  
(curtain rises)
 And shew a Grecian landscape to your eyes.

TABLEAU FIRST.—*A Corn Field—The House of Orpheus, over the door a large board, on which is written: "Orpheus, Doctor of Music and Professor of Poetry. Director of the Grecian Philharmonic Society. Ladies' Schools attended. Orchestras provided for Public Balls or Private Parties"—The Cottage of Aristæus, over the door a board, on which is written: "Aristæus, Dealer in Honey, wholesale and retail. Here and at the principal manufactory, Mount Hymettus. N.B.—The Trade supplied. Honeymoons made to order at the shortest notice"—Behind the standing corn, view of a Grecian temple and the sea-shore.*

*Enter EURYDICE.*

PUB. O. And here advances fair Eurydice,  
 As unlike Virgil's as she well can be ;  
 But that is not the fault of the adapter.  
 He's ta'en the envelope in which they've wrapt  
     her,  
 And sticking pretty closely to the letter,  
 Hopes he's not made her worse, if not much better.  
 The music—heard so oft in music-halls,  
 Where, naturally, one looks out for squalls—  
 Will take the town by storm, his hope and trust is.  
 No words of his, he feels, can do it justice ;  
 And flying in the face of all mythology,  
 Not e'en *Apollo* could make his *apolo-gy*.  
 (to EURYDICE) Now, madam, without fear, approach  
     and quaver,  
 Public Opinion's always in your favour.  
 I go—but not a step beyond yon wing—  
 As "Deus ex machina," thence to spring.

(*Exit*)

(*EURYDICE advances with basket of flowers*)

*Air*—EURYDICE.

Since Love has set my heart a-dreaming,  
 No rest can I take ;  
 When Sol is on the hills first beaming,  
 My couch I forsake ;  
 For 'tis then the meads and bowers  
 All their beauty display ;  
 But for whom seek I the flowers,  
 Must I truly say ?  
 Must I ?  
 Then mind you tell it not again—  
 I cull them for a charming swain,  
 Who dwells hard by.

The fairest blossoms that Aurora  
 Bespangles each morn,  
 I gather from the lap of Flora,  
 His porch to adorn ;  
 My poor heart, I feel, is fleeting  
 Too quickly away :  
 For whom it is so wildly beating  
 Must I truly say ?  
 Must I ?  
 Then mind you tell it not again,  
 'Tis beating for a charming swain,  
 Who dwells hard by.

EURY. (*opening door of the Cottage of ARISTÆUS, and finding no one within*) Not in ! He must be somewhere here about.

How sad it is to find one's lover out !  
 Sweet flow'rets, be my witness that I came  
 And called—alas, how vainly ! on his name.  
 My Aristæus, on the floor I strew  
 These gifts of Flora ! (*flings the flowers into Cottage*)

*Enter ORPHEUS, from his house.*

ORPH. (*aside*) Gods ! what meets my view ?  
 The lovely nymph whom I've so long adored !  
 Alone, too. Let me touch a tender chord.  
 (*plays on his violin*)

EURY. My husband !

ORPH. (*aside*) Fiends ! my wife ! at me she'll fly out ;  
The only way's to be the first to cry out !  
The injured husband I must grandly act.

(*aloud*) So, madam, I have caught you in the fact.

EURY. Caught *me* ! In what fact, sir, I beg you'll say ?

ORPH. To whom that floral tribute did you pay ?

EURY. To whom ? The winds ! And you, sweet spouse,  
explain,

To whom did you address that dying strain ?

ORPH. The moon !

EURY. At sunrise ? to the dear departed !

All moonshine, I've no doubt—ugh ! you false-  
hearted—

ORPH. Eurydice !

EURY. Oh ! come, no more of this !

I've seen you running after every miss,  
Who'll listen to your scraping.

ORPH. Scraping—mine !

EURY. You think your fiddling, don't you, mighty fine ;

It's execrable—there !

ORPH. The woman's mad !

EURY. And what you call your poetry's as bad.

ORPH. My Argonautics that all Greece enchant !

EURY. You didn't write 'em.

ORPH. Didn't !

EURY. Couldn't—can't !

Ask Aristotle.

ORPH. Why, the man's not born !

EURY. Well, ask him when he is then. I should scorn  
Such mean evasions.

ORPH. She is quite demented !

And the hexameters that I've invented ?

EURY. Six feet of stuff ! that's just two yards of fustian.

ORPH. I shall expire of spontaneous combustion !

Six feet—two yards ! Madam, you'll please to measure  
*Your* language, and not *mine*.

EURY. 'Tis not my pleasure.

And since extremities you drive me to,  
I hate your verse—your violin—and you !  
Another sun together shall not see us—  
I'll be divorced, and marry Aristæus !

*Duo—ORPHEUS and EURYDICE.*

- ORPH. Ah, say you so ?  
 EURY. I don't say no.  
 ORPH. You prefer him your husband to ?  
 EURY. Yes, sir, I do—it is quite true !  
 ORPH. My violin's your detestation ?  
 EURY. Exactly so ! exactly so !  
 ORPH. I have no genius in your estimation ?  
 EURY. No, surely no ! no, surely no !  
     Your fiddle playing  
     Is most distressing ;  
     A donkey braying  
     Is not so bad !  
     Your violin  
     Not worth a pin ;  
 The sound's enough to drive me mad.  
 ORPH. For this offence flagitious,  
     I'll vengeance take delicious.  
 EURY. In what way ?  
     Tell me pray !  
     In what way, I pray you ?  
 ORPH. I now intend to play you,  
     My dear Eurydice,  
     My latest composition,  
     My concerto in E.  
 EURY. Mercy ! mercy ! I implore  
 ORPH. No ; vainly you petition.  
     A treat you have in store ;  
     It lasts an hour and more.  
 EURY. Oh, grant me patience ! An hour or more ?  
     Not a note will I hear !  
 ORPH. Indeed you shall, my dear. (*plays*)  
 EURY. It is too frightful !  
     Of horrors quite full  
     It is too bad !  
     It drives me mad.  
 ORPH. It is delightful !  
     Of genius quite full !  
     Expression fine,  
     And tone divine !

To this movement listen now ;  
 "Linkèd sweetness" 'tis I vow. (*playing*)

EURY. Like a saw upon a fender !

ORPH. Oh, so sweet ! Oh, so tender !

Now tremelo—pizzicato—

Presto, presto ! agitato ! (*playing*)

EURY. Oh, torture past enduring ;

I can hear no more ! Oh pity me !

Love and Fate in vain conjuring

To set me free ! to set me free !

EURY. O, Jove ! relieve me from this spouse of mine,  
 And doubly wilt thou seem to me divine.

ORPH. Great Jove ! unwife me in a quiet way,  
 And your petitioner will ever pray.

EURY. What should prevent our instant separation ?

ORPH. For me, one serious consideration.

From our United States, such bold secession

Would greatly injure me in my profession.

Parents and guardians would at me be preachin' ;

At ladies' schools I should lose all my teaching ;

The Philharmonic would no more elect me ;

The Wandering Minstrels even would eject me.

An artist can't afford the world to brave.

Appearances we must contrive to save.

Till death do part us I with you must bear,

But let your precious bee-master beware !

He's been a serpent in my path long known.

Perchance he soon may find one in his own !

EURY. What do you mean ?

ORPH. No matter ! Just you warn  
 Him not to tread too hard upon my corn.

(*Exit ORPHEUS*)

EURY. Upon his corn ? I seize his double sense !

The monster's malice is no doubt prepense.

He's found out that the field he grows his wheat in

Is one my love and I are wont to meet in.

Some man-trap or spring gun, no doubt he's put in it

In hopes my charming swain may put his foot in it.

Quick ! Let me Aristæus fly to find.

He must be somewhere yonder scenes behind.

*Enter* PUBLIC OPINION.

PUB. O. Of course ; but now to see him would be wrong,  
He has to enter first and sing a song.  
This way, and patiently await your cue.

EURY. I'd quite forgot—I'm much obliged to you.  
(PUBLIC OPINION *leads* EURYDICE *to wing*—*They*  
*bow, curtsy, and exeunt separately*)

*Enter* ARISTÆUS.

*Recitative.*

Aristæus is my name—for my honey combs noted,  
A bee-master of fame—to melody devoted.  
Contented here I dwell, exempt from rent and tax.  
By the nymphs all esteemed, a lad of wax—(beeswax).

*Air.*

Neath the broad shade of trees,  
To sit in gardens sunny,  
Watching my pretty bees,  
So busy gathering honey.  
Or mark the morning,  
O'er earth and sky dispense her treasures,  
With gold the clouds adorning,  
With diamonds the plain,  
Oh, these are the pleasures  
Of an innocent swain.

In the green fields to gaze  
On snow-white ewe and wether,  
Watching them gravely graze,  
Or gaily frisk together !  
Or in the clover  
The shepherdess reclined, who measures  
The moments till her lover  
Will greet her sight again.  
Oh, these are the pleasures  
Of an innocent swain.

ARIS. Before the world thus innocent I seem,  
But who I really am you little dream ;

Or what infernal mischief I'm projecting,  
 If Orpheus but acts as I'm expecting,  
 To-night I fancy we shall make a *coup*,  
 And some one I won't name will get his due.  
 But mum, for hither hastes my charming fair.

*Enter EURYDICE, behind the corn field.*

EURY. In vain I seek! Ah, no! Behold him there!

ARIS. Eurydice!

EURY. My Aristæus—stay!  
 Not one step further if you love me, pray!

ARIS. Wherefore!

EURY. Your life's in danger!

ARIS. Danger! Nay!

You don't say so!

EURY. I do! My jealous spouse  
 On you the most terrific vengeance vows.  
 Within this wheat he's set some horrid snare,  
 And bade me bid you of it to beware!

ARIS. That's generous of him, I must admit,  
 And so—I don't believe a word of it!  
 In proof of which—

EURY. Advance not, I implore—  
 Go round—

ARIS. 'Twould go against the grain much more—  
 Thus to my sweet Eurydice I fly!

*(enters corn field)*

EURY. Nay, then, with Aristæus let me die!—

*(enters corn field from back, and suddenly stops)*

Ah!

ARIS. What's the matter?

EURY. Something's bitten me!  
 There's a snake in the grass! *(he leads her forward—  
 she sinks on a rocky seat by house)*

ARIS. And I am he!

Pluto! become thy godlike self again!  
 One! Two! Three! Presto! Pass! *(changes to PLUTO)*  
 Now for my train—  
 The down express!—and come thou “black bat,  
 Night,”  
 As by a son of song thou hast been hight,

In language more poetic than polite,  
Fly in the face of Day, and hide our flight !  
*(the stage becomes dark, excepting a circle of limelight  
around EURYDICE).*

EURY. What ails me ? I am losing all sensation !  
PLU. Then for the modern stage you've no vocation !

*Air—EURYDICE.*

Farewell ! beloved Aristæus,  
Across the Styx I'm doomed to row ;  
The cruel Fates will further see us,  
Than I alone now wish to go.  
Yet I should think myself their debtor,  
If they would only take you too—  
I feel I should be a shade better,  
If to the Shades I went with you.

EURY. Adieu ! I am no more ! *(dies)*  
PLU. No more you are !

But ere I pack you in my funeral car,  
You must a last word for your husband leave—  
You liked to have the last word I conceive ?  
And you shall write it, as you've lost your breath,  
And shew the ruling passion strong in death ;  
Although not quite consistent with chronology,  
I'll try a little electro-biology.

*(a fiery car rises, as a row of corn sinks—PLUTO extends his  
bident over EURYDICE ; she rises as under a spell, and  
moves according to his direction round to the door of  
ORPHEUS'S house)*

Fancy a pen—for characters ethereal  
Writing materials are not material.

*(she writes on door with her finger the following lines, which  
appear in letters of fire)*

“ I'm dead ; but my loss  
You will scarce think an evil ;  
Aristæus was Pluto—  
I'm going to the— —”



*Enter* PUBLIC OPINION.

PUB. O. Stop! The word's neither classic nor correct,  
And there's the Licenser, who might object.  
There can be no doubt of your destination.  
And "kind friends will accept this intimation."  
Sad dogg'rel! But she's dead, you know, and I've  
Seen quite as bad by folks who are alive.

PLU. Now for the realms below.

The short cut there  
Is *viâ* Paris! *Barriere D'Enfer!*

(PLUTO *lifts* EURYDICE *into car, and sinks with her*)

PUB. O. Now the fun of all this, if there's any fun in it,  
Consists in the fact you may learn in a minute,  
Which is simply, that neither in fiction nor fact  
Can be found any grounds for the plot we enact.  
Neither husband nor wife ever gave the least handle,  
As far as we know, to so open a scandal.  
To her spouse fair Eurydice lived most devoted,  
And Orpheus on his Eurydice doated;  
And went for his own wife as quickly the deuce to,  
As though she'd been somebody else's. But truce to  
These comments for here comes our man, and you'll  
see

What a job I shall have to make him follow me;  
But he must! for I'm here to control every action,  
And Public Opinion will have satisfaction.

(*stands aside*)

*Enter* ORPHEUS.

ORPH. Who has turned off the gas in the sky borders?  
Can Jupiter have given Nox new orders?  
It can't be noon, and yet day has shut up.  
I haven't dined, and it is time to sup!  
This is a very early closing movement,  
And only for one reason an improvement.  
I with my wife shall take but one repast  
Instead of two, and it will be the last.

(*approaches his door and sees the fiery inscription*)

What have we here? What demon has been scrawling  
Upon my door these characters appalling?

My wife's handwriting! dead—and gone to—Well  
 If ever! Pooh! Pshaw! this must be a sell!  
 The news is too good to be true—yet no—  
 She must be dead, or else she couldn't go—  
 No matter—she is gone somewhere—and I  
 Am free. Somebody coming—let me fly  
 These unexpected tidings to impart  
 To the divine possessor of my heart!

(going—PUBLIC OPINION advances and stops him)

PUB. O. Stop! I can't suffer this to pass—or you.

ORPH. Public Opinion! What would'st have me do?  
 My wife is gone—whither, you here may learn,  
 If not from "thoughts that breathe," from "words  
 that burn."

PUB. O. Follow me to Olympus, and implore  
 Great Jove your bosom's partner to restore.

ORPH. Restore! my partner!—after dissolution  
 Has been gazetted thus! Of elocution.  
 Through a professor, I should language lack  
 In such a cause. Why should I take her back?

PUB. O. To edify posterity—to shew  
 There was at least one husband who would go  
 So far his *cara-sposa* to recover.

ORPH. But she is not my *cara*—I don't love her—  
 Nay, if the plain truth must be told, I hate her.

PUB. O. That will but make the great example greater.  
 Posterity will——

ORPH. Hang posterity!  
 What has posterity e'er done for me,  
 That I should such consideration shew it?

PUB. O. Despise Posterity! and you a poet!

ORPH. A poet! if there be a soul on earth  
 To whom Posterity is nothing worth  
 It is the poet. Left 'mongst fellow-men  
 To live, that is—to starve upon his pen;  
 And when in death his glorious eyes are dim,  
 Leaving Posterity to feast on him;  
 To crown with laurel his unconscious bust,  
 To raise a pompous marble o'er his dust,  
 Out of the harvest by his genius sown,  
 Giving to him who wanted bread, a stone.

Thanks to Apollo, I the fiddle play ;  
 And, let me tell you, that's the thing to pay !  
 PUB. O. All very fine—and, may be, very true,  
 But with our business it has nought to do.  
 Will you to Jupiter with your petition ?  
 ORPH. No ! I will bear my fate with due submission.  
 PUB. O. Then you defy Public Opinion ?  
 ORPH. Nay ;  
 I but—  
 PUB. O. No buts—but instantly obey,  
 (*shaking scourge*)

Or of my fury dread the flagellation !  
 I'll ruin you in purse and reputation.  
 ORPH. Mercy !  
 PUB. O. No mercy—yield upon the spot  
 Assume a virtue, if you have it not.  
 Public Opinion has sufficient gumption  
 To comprehend the homage of assumption,  
 And in all suits which claim its interference,  
 Insists that you shall “ put in an *appearance*.”  
 Decide !

ORPH. 'Twixt Scylla and Charybdis ! How ?  
 (*aside*)

Well, to the world's opinion I must bow.  
 (*aloud*) Sir, to be led by you I am content,  
 And my petition humbly will present  
 To the Upper House as soon as I am able,  
 Praying it may be—(*aside*) laid upon the table.  
 (*aloud*) But how ascend Olympus ?—that's the rub ;  
 I'm not a member of the Alpine Club.  
 PUB. O. Public Opinion will give you lift ;  
 The rise of those whom I take up is swift.

*Duet.*

PUB. O. Come, come, come, 'tis honour that calls you,  
 and honour must be obeyed,  
 So follow your leader and don't be afraid ;  
 I will be your companion, protector, and guide,  
 Wherever you go, you'll have me on your  
 side

ORPH. (*aside*) The honour that calls me, no way can I see  
to evade ;  
So follow my leader I must I'm afraid ;  
My companion he will be, whatever betide ;  
Public Opinion must not be defied ;

(PUBLIC OPINION *leads off* ORPHEUS, *who attempts to turn back, but is prevented by* PUBLIC OPINION, *and compelled to follow*)

END OF TABLEAU (OR ACT) FIRST.

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TABLEAU (OR ACT) SECOND.—*The Stage represents the summit of Olympus, but covered with clouds, in which JUPITER and other DEITIES are discovered asleep—MORPHEUS is pacing the stage and scattering poppies over them—a tripod, with fire.*

*Chorus of DEITIES in their sleep.*

Strew on ! strew on ! His poppies o'er us  
Would Morpheus might for ever strew ;  
For here to sleep and snore in chorus  
Appears the best thing we can do.

*Enter CUPID—Solo.*

CUPID. I'm Cupid, you see, God of Love,  
Adored in every clime and nation ;  
I've flown back to the realms above  
To 'scape from Psyche's observation.  
Soundly here they slumber,  
All Olympus through !  
Why should not Love  
Sometimes sleep too ?

*(lies down and sleeps)*

*Enter VENUS—Solo.*

VEN. I, Venus am—Beauty's Queen!  
 To Paphos, where my earthly throne is,  
 Upon an errand I have been,  
 Which veiled in mystery, I own, is.  
 Soundly here they slumber,  
 All Olympus through!  
 Some beauty sleep,  
 Let me take too.

*(lies down and sleeps—hunting horns heard in the distance—JUPITER awakes, rises, and advances)*

*Solo.*

JUP. What is all that noise that I hear?  
 Who is making that uproar below?  
 'Tis Diana, my daughter dear,  
 With her horns in very full blow.  
 Up deities!—arise!—what ho!

*(all the GODS and GODDESSES awake, arise, and come forward, stretching and yawning)*

And don't stand idly gaping there!  
 With cheerful voice prepare  
 To bid the huntress queen good morrow,  
 The goddess of the silver bow!

*(throne descends—clouds clear off and shew the peak of the mountain by sunrise)*

*Enter DIANA, attended by NYMPHS.*

*Chorus.*

All hail, Diana! chaste as charming,  
 Goddess of the silver bow!  
 But what mean these looks of sorrow?  
 What mean these symptoms alarming?  
 Oh, nothing can exceed my woe!

DI.

*Air.*

Whene'er Diana left the mountain,  
 Tan, tan, tantivy, tan, tan,  
     Actæon came Diana to see,  
     Tan, tan, tantivy, tivee.  
 Close hid in a bush beside a fountain,  
 Tan, tan, tantivy, tan, tan,  
     There was Actæon sure to be,  
     Tan, tan, tantivy, tivee.

*Chorus.* There was Actæon sure to be.

DI. But when this morn I left the mountain,  
 Tan, tan, tantivy, tan, tan !  
     Hoping Actæon I should see,  
     Tan, tan, tantivy, tivee !  
 Close hid in the bush beside the fountain,  
 Tan, tan, tantivy, tan, tan,  
     No Actæon was there to see me,  
     Tantivy, tantivy, tivee.

*Chorus.* No Actæon was there to see.

DI. My poor Actæon ! I can't sleep a wink !  
 What has become of him I cannot think !  
 He who each day behind the bushes hid.  
 He thought I didn't see him—but I did.

JUP. What has become of him d'ye wish to know ?  
 His conduct was by no means *comme il faut* !  
 And would have compromised you soon, Diana.  
 So I've relieved you of him.

DI. In what manner ?

JUP. Into a stag tranformed him—nothing more.  
 He was, you know, a smart young buck before.  
 And to preserve on earth your reputation,  
 I've said 'twas done at your solicitation.

DI. At mine !

JUP. At yours. The whole world has been told  
 You thought his curiosity too bold.

DI. Why ?

JUP. For the honour of Mythology.  
 Mortals begin into our acts to pry

If we would put a check on their impiety,  
We must pay some attention to propriety.

DI. You pay it great attention—don't you ?

JUNO. Eh ?

Has he again been gallivanting ?

JUP. Nay !

Juno, my dear ! indeed, mere circulations  
Of the old stories in cheap publications.  
It's those vile poets ! rot 'em ! 'Pon my word it is.  
Who sing about me all sorts of absurdities !

JUNO. No, no ! I'm sure there must be something new.  
If you know, tell me, dear Diana, do ?

JUP. Madam, no scenes in public I desire.  
And silence all ! I now have to inquire  
Into a matter delicate to mention.  
But justice must be done. Mars !

MARS. (*saluting*) Here !

JUP. Attention !

You're charged by Vulcan with——

VEN. It isn't true !

JUP. Hah ! then you know you're inculpated too ?  
But true or not, henceforward I expect  
Your conduct, Venus, will be more correct.  
Nor yours alone—as the sky's *ensor morum*,  
I charge you all to observe more decorum.

VEN. Tyrant ! (*general murmurs*)

JUP. Where's Cupid ? him this much concerns.

JUNO. There, kissing Hebe. (*at the fire-tripod*)

JUP. While the ambrosia burns !

(*brings CUPID forward by the ear*)

You graceless scamp ! if here you play your tricks,  
I'll beat you black and blue ! I will by Styx !

CUPID. Let go my ear ! See if I don't tell mother !

JUP. There's six of one, and half a dozen of t'other !  
Arn't you content with driving mortals mad,  
That you must try to make the gods as bad ?

CUPID. (*to VENUS*) Mamma, I won't put up with this much  
longer ;

I'll let him know which of the two is stronger.

MARS. That's right ! let's all rebel ! Sound Love's alarms,  
And every deity will fly to arms.

DI. 'Pa 'Piter's really getting too despotic !

VEN. To talk of beating Love is idiotic.

JUP. Murmurs ! Begone ! And see you're all more steady.  
Ganymede, tell me when my nectar's ready.

(*all the DEITIES exeunt, grumbling*)

Now, by myself ! They're actually grumbling !  
I must begin to set my thunder rumbling.  
I've been too easy with these brats of mine—  
They'll be disputing soon my right divine.  
And in addition I have got to bear  
That jealous termagant's—

*Re-enter JUNO.*

Ahem, she's there !

Sticks to me like a leech ! (*aloud*) Ah, dearest wife !  
Anything new ?

JUNO. I'm tired of my life !

JUP. That *is* a pity, as you cannot end it.

But what's amiss, my dear ? and can I mend it ?

JUNO. "A miss, my dear !" There always is a miss,  
Or else a mistress—as, I hear, is this.

JUP. This what ? I swear that causeless are your fears.

JUNO. From earth a fresh report has reached my ears ;  
By some licentious god, a female—married,  
Off from her husband yesterday was carried.  
Beautiful—

JUP. "As a butterfly, and proud  
"As—"

JUNO. Silence ! My wrongs for justice cry aloud.

I've all the facts—I know the woman's name !

JUP. Polly ?

JUNO. Ah, try to hide your little game  
By this indifference ; but it won't do.  
Her name's Eurydice—the god was you !

JUP. I ? Come, that's capital !

JUNO. Who else would dare ?

JUP. Of this abduction I was quite aware.

JUNO. Of course !

---

\* A line from a popular song of the day—"Pretty Polly Perkins, of Paddington Green."



JUP. And have sent Mercury to learn  
The truth, and am expecting his return.  
For your suspicions there is no foundation,  
But mine, I think, will meet with confirmation.  
He comes ! I hear the rustle of his wings ;  
Now we shall know the real state of things.

*Enter MERCURY.*

MER. Hail to the mighty king of gods and——  
JUP. Use  
No ceremony. Briefly, what's your news ?  
MER. Back at full speed from Tartarus I come.  
JUP. Where you found Pluto ?  
MER. He was not at home !  
JUP. Out for the day ?  
MER. For fourteen days——  
JUNO. And nights ?  
JUP. You didn't see him then ?  
MER. Between the lights  
An hour ago he came back to his throne.  
JUP. From whence ?  
MER. The earth.  
JUP. Alone ?  
No, not alone.  
He brought a lady with him, a fair dame  
He'd taken from her husband.  
JUP. And her name ?  
MER. Eurydice.  
JUP. (*to JUNO*) I hope you're satisfied ?  
JUNO. I am ; this time it cannot be denied.  
But what says Pluto's wife to this affair ?  
Will Proserpine this insult tamely bear ?  
MER. She's with her mother, Ceres, gone to stay  
Six months as usual.  
JUP. (*aside*) What a holiday  
For Pluto ! would my wife would do the same.  
JUNO. What are you saying ?  
JUP. I say what a shame  
That Pluto should advantage take so base  
Of his wife's absence.  
JUNO. Say it to his face !

JUP. I will ! (*to MERCURY*) You called the lady fair—d'ye  
mean

Really—she's handsome ?

MER. Sire, as beauty's queen.

JUP. (*aside*) Lucky dog, Pluto !

JUNO. What d'ye say, my dear ?

JUP. I say 'tis lucky Pluto is not here.

Just at this moment my wrath so intense is  
I wouldn't answer for the consequences !

MER. I told him you required his presence.

JUP. Good.

JUNO. And will he come ?

MER. He promised that he would.

I think I hear the wheels now of his carriage !

JUP. I'll teach him to respect the bonds of marriage !

JUNO. By setting him a good example, Jove ?

JUP. Of course ; but go and get your breakfast, love—

I'll punish him, if you'll to me just leave him.

He comes ! Fly, Mercury—do you receive him.

(*Exeunt JUNO and MERCURY*)

And so this woman really is a beauty !

Then, as a judge, 'twill be my painful duty

To see her.

*Enter MERCURY, preceding PLUTO, who is followed by two  
DEMONS bearing a large hamper.*

MER. (*announcing*) His Infernal Majesty !

(*Exit MERCURY*)

PLU. Hail, Jupiter, great king of earth and sky ;  
Father of gods and men——

JUP. That's quite enough !

We'll spare you more preamble.

PLU. (*aside*) Rather gruff ;

And looks at me askance. Does he suspect ?  
To find his palace splendid I'll affect.

(*aloud*) Oh, happy Jove ! Upon Olympus fair  
To live amongst the clouds, in the pure air !

While I am doom'd my dark abode to fix  
Upon the gloomy banks of stagnant Styx.

Here all is light, and melody, and bloom.  
 Of everlasting flowers the perfume  
 Each zephyr bears. Nor not alone of flowers,  
 The perfume of the Graces, and the Hours,  
 The perfume of the——

JUP. Cease this flowery flummery!  
 Talk sense, if possible, and not perfumery!

PLU. Why that is *scents*!

JUP. Pluto! Don't incense me!

I've sent for you, and if I chance to be  
 Upon the right scent, such is your offence,  
 You'll have hard work to prove your innocence!  
 But first one question, if I'm free to ask it,  
 Who are those ugly beggars with a basket?

PLU. My cook and butler, with my usual fare.

I cannot live on food so light and rare  
 As nectar and ambrosia; I require  
 Something that has more strength in it and fire.

(*to 1st DEMON*) Hand the "menu." (*to JUPITER*)

There, tell me what you think.

JUP. (*looking at bill of fare*) Think! that you well know  
 what to eat and drink.

PLU. And what to avoid, most potent grandpapa!

JUP. Why, zooks! you live like a three-tailed bashaw!

If thus you banquet in the realms below,  
 It's almost an inducement there to go.  
 This is exactly what the earth complains of:  
 That rogues, when sent a jail to feel the pains of,  
 Lead jolly idle lives, and cut their jokes,  
 And fare much better than poor honest folks.

PLU. But I'm the governor, and in my station  
 Are you surprised I seek some consolation?

JUP. Seek consolation! yes, and find it too  
 In fruit forbidden, worse than this I view.  
 Where have you been this fortnight?

PLU. Frying on  
 The sulph'rous shores of fiery Phlegethon.

JUP. Not so! By the report of my police,  
 You have been frying other fish—in Greece!  
 Not far from Thebes—in a suburban cottage.

PLU. Sire, I——

JUP. Oh, spare your breath to cool your pottage!

You with a fiddler's wife have run away,  
And swingeing damages will have to pay.  
PLU. 'Tis false! the scandal soon can be refuted.  
JUP. Silence! my word is not to be disputed.  
When Jove speaks, heaven and earth obedient bow!  
(uproar within) Holloa! what mean those shouts?  
PLU. They mean a row.

*Enter JUNO, alarmed, followed by all the DEITIES,  
tumultuously.*

CHORUS of the Revolt.

To arms! each god and demi-god!  
Endure no longer this subjection!  
Break at once the tyrant's rod!  
JUP. (on throne) A revolution—an insurrection!  
Olympus, Jove defies!  
PLU. An insurrection in the skies!  
Out of Jove this *is* taking a rise!  
CUPID. No more nectar, no more ambrosia!  
CHORUS. Nectar we hate!  
DI. It is a liquor makes me sick!  
CHORUS. Yes, makes us sick!  
VEN. Ambrosia, too, I abominate!  
CHORUS. No more ambrosia!  
PLU. You're right enough;  
'Tis mawkish stuff.  
Ambrosia  
Is not for gods the fare.  
Come and share  
My symposia!  
CHORUS. To arms! each god and demi-god, &c.  
JUP. What do I hear! This is downright sedition!  
To my commands do you refuse submission?  
ALL. We do!  
VEN. We mean to act just as we choose!  
MIN. This everlasting sky gives me the blues!  
ALL. We're starved!  
JUP. On nectar and ambrosia?

MARS. Oh !  
 We're sick of them !

PLU. You're right! Bravo! Bravo!  
 Here—share my prog—there's plenty of it—see!  
 A boar's head !

(DEMONS *open basket and take out provisions and wine*)

VEN. Oh ! give some of that to me !

CUPID. In memory of Adonis ?

VEN. Hold your tongue !  
 How dare you twit your ma ! you saucy—young—

PLU. A venison pasty !

DI. Oh, Actæon, dear !  
 If you have been cut up, and put in here,  
 I couldn't touch a bit—and yet I must ;  
 Give me a small piece of the kissing crust !

PLU. Wine and liqueurs ! To help yourselves you're free !

VEN. Champagne !

CUPID. *Parfait amour !*

MARS. And *eau de vie !*

JUP. Revolt!—rebellion! And to be your chief  
 You do not blush to take that sensual thief !

ALL. Thief !

PLU. I am not a thief !

JUP. You are—you stole  
 The wife of Orpheus—poor pretty soul !

VEN. Is that all ?

JUP. All ! Is it not *verbum sat ?*

PLU. And what have you done, if you come to that ?

JUNO. There—there ! I was too sure—

PLU. Before you tax  
 Others with being in their morals lax,  
 Just look at home. I know a thing or two,  
 Good Master Jove, that I could tell of you.

DI. And I.

VEN. And I.

ALL. And all !

CUPID. We've made a song  
 About you. You shall hear it ; it's not long.

JUP. I've an appointment with my lawyer.  
 (*going*)

JUNO. (*turning him back*) Nay;  
 You stir not till I've heard all they've to say.

*Couplets.*

MIN. To captivate the proud Alcmena,  
 Her husband's form you took one day ;  
 With some wives that would not have been a  
 Successful game at all to play.  
 Ha, ha, ha ! Ha, ha, ha !  
 These fine airs with us won't do ;  
 We know you better, Mr. Ju !

CHORUS. Ha, ha, ha, &c.

DI. It must have been the same disguise, sir,  
 Which you assumed, of mischief full,  
 When fair Europa to surprise, sir,  
 The horns you sported of a bull.

Ha, ha, ha, &c.

CUPID. To Danæ, from love defended  
 By brazen walls about her built,  
 You in a shower of gold descended,  
 Which proved your gold was only *gilt*.

Ha, ha, ha, &c.

VEN. The swan who, from an eagle flying,  
 In Leda's arms sweet refuge took—  
 That swan was you, there's no denying,  
 Though now more like a goose you look.

Ha, ha, ha, &c.

PLU. 'Tis clear from all this transformation,  
 You are so ugly that you know  
 Your only chance of fascination  
 Is in some other shape to go.  
 Ha, ha, ha, &c. (*goes up*)

CHORUS. Ha, ha, ha, &c.

JUNO. Then 'twas all true. O, traitor—O, deceiver !  
 I've been by far too easy a believer.  
 Somebody catch me; I am going to faint !  
*(falls in PLUTO arms)*

JUP. Don't be alarmed ! it is her old complaint.  
 She'll come to presently.

PLU. Take your wife, do !

JUNO. Oh !

JUP. This was all before I married you.

JUNO. Oh !

PLU. Take your wife.

JUP. A little if I've roved,

You are the only one I ever loved.

These scandalmongers——

PLU. Will you take your wife ?

JUP. These arch disturbers of connubial——

VEN. Strife !

PLU. If you don't take your wife, I'll drop her !

*Enter MERCURY.*

MER. Sire !

JUP. What now ?

MER. Two strangers for great Jove inquire.

JUP. Their names !

MER. One—Orpheus.

*(JUNO jumps up and arranges her hair and drapery)*

PLU. *(aside)* Orpheus ! It grows hotter.

*(aloud)* Will you take——*(missing JUNO)* Holloa ! Why  
 I haven't got her !

JUP. *(to PLUTO)* Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip !

MER. The other's a young fellow with a whip,

He calls himself Public Opinion.

JUP. Zounds !

Public Opinion seems to set no bounds

To his audacity. My friends, *(to DEITIES)* you know

Of this I warned you not an hour ago.

Public Opinion is progressing fast,

And as you see has reached our doors at last.

PLU. Don't let him in—the prying, meddling scout !

JUP. Don't let him in ? Who is to shut him out ?

Our policy's to pay him all attention  
And sink before him family dissension.  
Hither he comes on public grounds alone,  
Bring my best thunder and set out my throne.  
When mortals plead, Jove justice out must deal 'em.  
Ahem! *Fiat justitia! Ruat Cælum!*

PLU. Admit him! Who's afraid?

JUP. Ha, so defiant!  
Go! (*to MERCURY*) Introduce Opinion and his  
client.

(*Exit MERCURY—throne and seats brought on*)

Now let him nothing see about our Court  
Which may discredit us in his report  
To men below. Take all your godlike stand  
About my throne—Wisdom on my right hand.

(*to MINERVA*)

JUNO. And I?

JUP. My wife—my queen! Beside me seated.

(*leads JUNO to throne*)

(*aside*) Public Opinion has been oft so cheated.  
You, Venus, on my left, in smiles arrayed;  
Opinion by good looks is vastly swayed.

PLU. And where am I to stand?

JUP. Why, where you are!  
To take your trial; prisoner at the bar!  
You others, where you please; but for effect,  
In attitudes most classic and correct.  
They come!

(*GANYMEDE hands JUPITER a thunderbolt*)

What's this I see?—a dingy every day bolt!  
Quick! my best thunder, didn't you hear me say,  
dolt?

(*GANYMEDE gives him another*)

Ha! so! (*looking round him*) Well grouped! To  
mortal eyes disclosing  
Nothing beyond a tableau, most—*imposing!*

*Finale to Second Tableau.*



*Enter MERCURY, introducing PUBLIC OPINION and ORPHEUS.*

- PLU. He approaches—he advances!  
Yes, no doubt 'tis he! 'tis he!  
Plague upon him! Now the chances  
May be turning against me.
- DI. He approaches—he advances!  
VENUS. Yes, no doubt 'tis he! 'tis he!  
*and* Pluto looks as though the chances  
CHORUS. Were against him very like to be.
- JUP. He approaches—he advances!  
Yes, no doubt 'tis he! 'tis he!  
Much against him were the chances,  
But a friend he now shall find in me!
- PUB. O. With reluctance he advances,  
But obedient he must be;  
(*to ORPHEUS*) Jove awaits you; all the chance is  
In your favour I can plainly see!
- ORPH. (*aside*) 'Gainst my will each foot advances;  
But my fate I cannot flee!  
To escape there now no chance is.  
I'm in for it, I can plainly see!
- CHORUS. Let us hear! let us see!
- PUB. O. (*to ORPHEUS*) Go on—go on! your course  
pursue.  
I will see justice done to you.
- ORPH. Ah! this is too—  
Too kind of you!
- PUB. O. Obedient be. These scourges view.  
My anger dread; my vengeance fear.  
Remember who  
Has eyes on you!
- JUP. (*to ORPHEUS*) Mortal, what is to Jove thy prayer?
- PUB. O. (*to ORPHEUS*) The moment is come for you now,  
In tones would melt the hardest hearted,  
To implore great Jove will allow  
You down to the Shades to repair,  
And recover your dear departed!
- ORPH. What must be, must—heigho!  
(*to JUPITER*) My Eurydice is stolen from me.  
*(plays on his violin)*

- DL, VEN., and CUPID. Well that charming air I know !  
                   Oh, how touching is his woe !
- ORPH. And the robber's name ?
- JUP. Is——
- ORPH. Is Pluto !
- CHORUS. 'Tis Pluto !
- JUP. To punish I am bound,  
           Whoe'er be the offender.  
           Pluto guilty if found  
           Shall Eurydice surrender.
- ORPH. (*aside*) Alas ! alas ! he grants my prayer !
- PLU. (*aside*) Alas ! alas ! I lose my fair !
- JUP. And to see my decree  
           Is obeyed as it should be  
           To the regions below,  
           Pluto, with thee I go.
- CHORUS. Oh, Jupiter, pray do  
           Let us all go with you.  
           Oh do ! pray do !  
           Good Ju ! dear Ju !
- JUP. Agreed ! It will be something new  
           For us to do.
- CHORUS. All hail to mighty Jove !  
           To the monarch kind and gay !  
           Who all petty revenge above,  
           Gives us this glorious holiday.  
           Away ! away ! Hurrah ! hurrah !  
           Awhile adieu, dull vaults of blue,  
           Fresh spirit vault, with spirits new,  
           We seek with you, most jovial Ju !  
           La ! la ! la ! la ! la ! la ! &c.

END OF TABLEAU (OR ACT) SECOND.

TABLEAU (OR ACT) THIRD.—*The Palace of Pluto—In the centre his throne—on either side grated gates of bronze, through which is seen at a distance the Infernal Regions, and the river Styx, and the Elysian Fields.*

*Enter EURYDICE.*

EURY. Not yet returned!—no news!—and not a soul  
To speak to in this sulphurous black hole  
Except a horrible three-headed cur,  
Who won't allow me out of doors to stir.  
Not that I've any wish *that* way to wander,

(*pointing*)

Nor even on the banks of Styx to ponder;  
But if I'd only somebody to talk with,  
Or in the Elysian Fields to take a walk with—  
When I say body, I, of course, mean shade.  
If this much longer lasts I am afraid  
I to regret my husband shall begin.  
And almost wish to hear his violin!  
Nothing can stronger prove my desperation,  
Than the idea of such an inclination.

*Enter CERBERUS.*

CER. Did you call, madam?

EURY. Call? good gracious! no!

You ugly dog! what do you want here? go!

CER. I thought I heard you call.

EURY. Then you thought wrong.

CER. (*aside*) She sets my heart a-beating like a gong.

She is so lovely! I ne'er saw a shade

With such a colour, nor so sweetly made!

(*aloud*) I'm very sorry that you didn't call.

EURY. Wherefore?

CER. Because you want nothing at all!

If you did—oh! 'twould give me such great pleasure

To come—to go—to fetch—to carry—

EURY. Eh! Sure

The dog's gone mad!

CER. He has, with love for you!

You've turned my three heads, until what to do

I know not!

EURY. Turn out, instantly! or you

Shall have your three heads knocked against each other

Soon as your master comes.

CER. My master! Smother

My master in his own dun smoke. I weary  
 Of being porter in this palace dreary.  
 I who once had a palace of my own !  
 Aye, madam ! and who sat upon a throne  
 Compared to which this is a shabby stool !  
 Yes ! I ! This mongrel hound !—Let me be cool,  
 If it be possible in such a place—  
 Was once a king !

EURY. Really ! Is that the case ?

CER. King of Bœotia ! Hear what me befell ;  
 No dog had ever such a tale to tell.

*Song*—CERBERUS.

When I was monarch of Bœotia,  
 I'd slaves and soldiers at my call ;  
 But 'gainst a stronger having striven,  
 I lost my life, and so lost all ;  
 And by stern Fate down here was driven,  
 To keep dog-watches in this hall,  
 Where these three heads were to me given.  
 Because I had no head at all.  
 When I was monarch of Bœotia.

Were I still monarch of Bœotia,  
 My hand I'd offer on my knee,  
 But as I've neither crown nor coffer,  
 Your lap-dog I but crave to be.  
 The prettiest dog can only proffer,  
 As the French song says, "*ce quil'd*,"  
 So as I have no hand to offer.  
 I humbly beg you'll take the paw  
 Of an ex-monarch of Bœotia.

EURY. 'Tis strange ; but no doubt true ! I've a strong  
 notion

There's much about you yet that is Bœotian.  
 Out of respect, sir, for your former state,  
 I beg on me you will no longer wait.

CER. (*aside*) She treats me like a dog ! (*aloud*) Oh,  
 madam !

EURY. Hark!

(PLUTO and JUPITER appear at gate)

There's some one at the gate? and you don't bark?

CER. No! 'Tis my master, and though full of spite,  
I'm not the dog to bark when I can't bite.

EURY. Pluto! And who seeks with him this dark clime?

CER. Jupiter.

EURY. Oh, by Jupiter, how prime!  
I've always heard he is so fond of ladies;  
Perhaps he'll kindly take one out of Hades.

*Enter JUPITER and PLUTO.*

EURY. }  
and } Hail, mighty Jove!  
CER. }

PLU. (to CERBERUS) What do you here about?

JUP. Rise, fair Eurydice.

PLUTO. (to CERBERUS) And you—get out!  
(Exit CERBERUS)

JUP. (*aside*) Faith! she is positively quite bewitching!  
To think of such a gem this rogue enriching.

PLU. Now ask her; let her say it if she can,  
That I ran off with her from any man,  
She trod upon an adder, 'twas her fate;  
She must have walked down here at any rate.  
For Tartarus I happened to be bound,  
And was just starting by the Underground,  
So took compassion on her pretty feet,  
And in my carriage offered her a seat!  
Now, I should like to know how I'm to blame.  
I ask you—wouldn't you have done the same?

JUP. All very specious, sir; but to arrive at  
The truth, I must examine her in private.

PLU. In private?

JUP. Yes; she may say that to me,  
She wouldn't say to you.

PLU. (*aside*) Zounds! that may be.

(to EURYDICE) Eurydice, I'm very ill at ease—

JUP. No tampering with the witness, if you please.

Go play the host to each Olympic visitor,  
And leave me here to play the Grand Inquisitor.

PLU. (*aside*) Inquisitor indeed! I'm on the rack!  
(*aloud*) I go! (*aside*) But, trust me—I will soon be  
back!

(*Exit PLUTO*)

JUP. Now, madam! freely make to Jove your prayer.

EURY. I'm sighing for a little change of air.

JUP. You would not longer here with Pluto stay?

EURY. Oh, no, indeed—not for a single day.

*PLUTO re-enters behind and listens.*

JUP. You do not love him, then?

EURY. Love Pluto! No!

JUP. Delightful! Who on earth then was your beau?

EURY. As Aristæus, he with honeyed tongue  
Won my poor heart—for he was handsome—  
young.

How could I fancy one so sweet and civil  
Would turn out, when at home—the very devil!

JUP. The case is much too common—I could name  
Hundreds of women who've said just the same!  
Not that it mends his case the least in life—  
The vile impostor! And with such a wife!

EURY. A wife! And is he married too? The  
wretch!

JUP. My grand-daughter—whom he'd the luck to  
catch

Much as he did you, and down here to carry her.  
But, faith, I punished him—I made him marry  
her!

I'm glad I cannot make him marry you.

EURY. I'm very glad of it, I'm sure, sir, too!

JUP. But Jove will do you justice—never fear!  
You shall not tarry in these regions drear;  
Up to Olympus I will bear thee, sweet,  
And lap thee in Elysium!

EURY. What a treat!

Let's fly this minute ! Mercy ! Who are these ?

(*PLUTO flings open door of banquet chamber, and enter JUNO and all the GODS and GODDESSES, crowned with flowers, and bearing goblets*)

JUP. My wife, with all the rout of Deities !

CHORUS.

Fill bumpers up !—pour bumpers down !

Here's to our royal host,  
The King who wears the iron crown !  
Do honour to the toast !

Instead of melancholy,  
He makes us awful jolly !  
His spicy wines inspire us,  
His ardent spirits fire us !  
'Tis he rules the roast.

Fill bumpers up ! pour bumpers down, &c.  
The realm where he obeyed is  
For us exactly made is.  
All care in Lethe drown,  
And drink the King of Hades,  
Who wears the iron crown !

(*JUPITER introduces EURYDICE to JUNO and the principal DEITIES, who enter*)

JUP. (*to JUNO*) My dear—the lady you have heard so much of.

JUNO. (*drawing herself up*) She's no great sight. Here there are plenty such of !

EURY. Madam !

JUP. (*aside to EURYDICE*) Don't mind her ; she means nothing wrong ;  
But Pluto's coffee's evidently strong.

PLU. (*aside*) It's strong enough to keep me wide awake,  
As you shall both find out, and no mistake !

*Recitative.*

JUP. Now, by way of change, with the fair Eurydice  
A minuet I'll dance, like the great King Louis.

(JUPITER *leads out* EURYDICE, *and* MERCURY,  
HEBE)

*Minuet.*

DIANA, VENUS, MINERVA, *and* CUPID.

With what an easy air he bows and glides ;  
Really, when you see him dance-a,  
Had he but the wig besides,  
You'd take him for the King of France-a !  
None can surely walk a minuet  
With such perfect elegance-a !  
Of the ballet he's the pet ;  
Jupiter is the *vrai Dieu de la danse-a !*  
Vestris, in his greatest day,  
Never moved with more grace ;  
E'en Terpsichore might say,  
"I to Jove give place."

With what an easy air, &c.

CHORUS. The ball now to finish let us all,  
Both great and small, dance, in this hall,  
A galopade fantastical !  
This ball now to finish, let us all,  
Both great and small, dance, in this hall,  
A "Galop Infernal !"

La, la, la, &c.

*Galop—at the end of which, all except JUPITER, EURYDICE,  
and PLUTO, who watches them, appear completely exhausted  
and out of breath)*

JUP. This favourable moment let me seize,  
And gallop off.

PLU. (*advancing*) No further if you please.



JUP. Plague take him ! Pluto ! If Jove pleases, who  
Shall stop him ?

PLU. Jove himself ! Come, master Ju,  
No swaggering. I'm up to all your tricks.  
Have you forgotten what you swore by Styx ?  
Her husband's coming, to whom you are bound  
To give her up, if guilty I was found.

EURY. My husband !

JUP. Burn the Styx !

EURY. Coming for me ?

Oh no, he never would !

PLU. Well, we shall see. (*violin heard in distance*)  
Hark !

EURY. Yes, that is the sound of his Cremona,  
Of which he is so proud to be the owner,  
He must be mad !

PLU. If not, you'll make him so.

EURY. Great Jupiter ! and will you let me go ?

PLU. He can't avoid it. It is now, false shade,  
My turn to triumph !

JUP. (*to EURYDICE*) Don't you be afraid.  
I've hit upon a plan. (*aloud*) Ho ! all ye Deities !  
Resume your gravities, and leave your gaities.  
The plaintiff in th is case now comes to pray  
The Court for judgment on an early day.  
Behold him yonder, with my learned brother ;  
Call, "Orpheus *versus* Pluto and another."

(*ORPHEUS and PUBLIC OPINION are seen  
arriving in the boat of CHARON, on the  
river Styx—JUPITER takes his seat on  
PLUTO'S throne—ORPHEUS and PUBLIC  
OPINION land and advance*)

ORPH. Great King of— (*addressing JUPITER*)

JUP. That will do ! The case we've heard,  
And judgment longer shall not be deferred.  
Pluto, the Court now orders to restore  
To your fond arms the wife whom you adore.

ORPH. My joy o'erwhelms me. Jove is far too good.

JUP. On one condition be it understood,  
For reasons perfectly inexplicable,  
And which no mortal ever will be able

To comprehend. It is our high decree—  
 To earth you must precede Eurydice,  
 Who in your steps will follow close ; but mind you  
 Whate'er may hap you must not look behind you.  
 Though you have now evinced most rare affection,  
 Your antecedents won't bear retrospection.  
 So take fair warning—ere you reach yon shore  
 Look once behind—you're where you were before !

PLU. But I don't understand !

JUP. Who said you did ?  
 Orpheus, forward ! March as you are bid !

*Concerted Piece.*

PUB. O. (*to ORPHEUS*) Not one glance must you cast  
 behind you.  
 Upon the ground your eyes now fix.  
 The stakes are not won, mind you,  
 Till you have gained the Styx.

(PUBLIC OPINION *turns* ORPHEUS *round with his face to the gate, and precedes him slowly—*  
 EURYDICE *follows* ORPHEUS *reluctantly at the command of* JUPITER.

DI.	}	Poor husband ! What will be his lot ?
VEN.		He will look back ! He will not !
MIN.		He will ! He will not !
and		Of coffee I will bet a pot !
CUPID.		He will look back ! He will not !
		He will ! He will not !

JUP. Upon his curiosity have I in vain relied ?

PUB. O. (*passing the gate*) We triumph ! Oh, what joy !  
 What pride !

JUP. (*as ORPHEUS approaches the gate*) He will not look  
 back ! Then thunder-bolt  
 Fly ! Crush the dolt !

(*brandishes his thunder-bolt, and at the same moment flings out his right foot energetically, a stream of electric light issues from it, and strikes ORPHEUS just as he is passing the gate—he turns suddenly—EURYDICE disappears*)

ALL. Ah!

PUB. O. Wretched man! A look behind, you've cast  
one!

ORPH. 'Twas such a kick! I thought it was my last  
one.

PLU. (*to ORPHEUS*) You've lost her now, for good and  
all,

She's mine beyond recall!

JUP. No—no—not yours.

PLU. How so?

JUP. No! for I made her a Bacchante!

ALL. A Bacchante!

PLU. But there's no sense in——

JUP. I'm of that quite sensible.

I told you it was quite incomprehensible.

PLU. I say in Hades she must stay with me.

JUP. No, she to Bacchus shall high priestess be.

PUB. O. Peace, and attention all. 'Tis now the hour

For me to exercise my boundless power.

Eurydice to earth I shall restore,

The wife of Orpheus to be once more,

To live in love and perfect harmony;

His music shall again enchanting be—

Throughout the world assert its old dominion,

Stamped by the verdict of Public Opinion!

JUP. What, shall he neither lose his wife nor wits?

PLU. Nor be by Thracian women torn to bits?

JUP. Mythology *that's* not according to.

PUB. O. It is *my* theology, and quite as true.

When history is being all re-made,

Can Fable hope the movement to evade?

Ye silly, sensual, sham deities!

Ye'd ne'er been gods if mortals had been wise;

They're growing wiser daily, and soon I

Shall have to sweep ye all out of the sky.

CUPID. All! you forget this little fellow here.

PUB. O. I beg your pardon, so I did, my dear.

Cupid will never be without a shrine;

But would you honours really own divine,

Use your power but for good, and not for evil—

*Be a great god, and not a little devil!*

When off his fickle pinions he shall shake,  
Win hearts to make them happy—not to break,  
Yield less to passion—never stoop to greed,  
Then Love will be a deity indeed !

VEN. Strip Cupid of his pinions ! Well, I'm sure  
He'd make of my poor boy a perfect cure !

ORPH. And what about the piece, sir, if you please ?

PUB. O, Ah, there I pause ! In matters such as these  
Public Opinion is, I must confess,  
Very much guided by the public press—  
So as the Judge says when his wig he's shook at 'em,  
I'll take the papers home with me and look at 'em.

JUP. And what is to become of the last scene ?

PUB. O. Shew it exactly as it would have been  
If you had had your way instead of me ;  
And I'll request the fair Eurydice,  
As Offenbach has done, without more parley,  
To sing, as a Bacchante, the finale !

*Scene changes to the Temple of BACCHUS—BACCHUS enters in  
a car drawn by Panthers, and attended by NYMPHS,  
—FAIRIES, SATYRS, &c.—EURYDICE as a Bacchante.*

*Air—EURYDICE.*

I see the god of wine !  
Ever fair and ever young !  
Beneath a golden vine  
With purple grapes hung !  
The Fawns with cloven feet,  
The Nymphs with their flowing hair,  
His praises repeat—  
Evoë ! Evoë !  
Glory to Bacchus ! king of the vine !  
Glory to Bacchus ! god of wine !  
Filled is my soul with his frenzy divine !  
Glory to Bacchus ! god of wine !  
“ O leave !” he gaily cries,  
“ Sorrow, suffering, and despair,  
“ To those whom Fate denies  
“ My bounty to share,

“ And quaff this juice divine,  
“ And own that for every care  
“ The true Lethe is wine !”

Evoë ! Evoë !

Glory to Bacchus ! king of the vine !  
Glory to Bacchus ! god of wine !  
Filled is my soul with his frenzy divine !  
Glory to Bacchus ! god of wine !

*(advancing to the front and to Audience)*

In France, I, as a Bacchante,  
Took to drinking—sad result of sorrow, as you often see;  
But here as a merry *Offenbach-ante*,  
I hope you will often back repair to sing with me !

La ! la ! la ! la ! &c.

CHORUS.

La ! la ! la ! la ! &c.

*(picture)*

CURTAIN.

# KING CHRISTMAS.

*A FANCY-FULL MORALITY.*



First performed at the Gallery of Illustration, Regent Street, on  
Tuesday, December 26th, 1871.



## KING CHRISTMAS.

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A few words respecting the origin of this, my last Extravaganza.\* In December, 1867, Charles Mathews called on me one morning and expressed a wish that I would write something which he, and I, and his stepson, "Willie," could act upon New Year's Eve at a gathering of friends at his house in Pelham Crescent, Brompton. I agreed to do so, and the result was a little "masque," in which I played the Old Year, William Mathews the New Year, and Charles, Christmas. In the autumn of 1868, while on a visit in Cornwall, it occurred to me that similar trifles might be acceptable for performance in private circles on Christmas Eve and Twelfth Night, and I amused myself, during my leisure in the country, by writing two other masques, "Stirring the Pudding," and "The King of the Bean," and adding them to "The Compliments of the Season," as I had entitled the one we had acted at Pelham Crescent, and which, of course, I had altered and elaborated for general purposes, introducing the characters of "Fancy," and "The Spirit of Francis Moore, Physician." On my return to

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\* Query, *latest*, as we sincerely trust that "King Christmas" may not be Mr. Planché's "last extravaganza."—EDS.



town, they were published as "Pieces of Pleasantry for Private Performance," with the following dedication to Lady Molesworth, at whose country seat they had been written :—

"Dear Lady Molesworth,—

"To you, as one of the most genial *genii* of the drawing-room, I beg to inscribe the following pages ; a trifling acknowledgment of the many agreeable hours passed under your hospitable roof, in town and country, by

"Your *very old* and sincere friend,

"J. R. PLANCHÉ.

"December 1st, 1868."

In 1871, Mrs. German Reed having expressed a desire to produce something of mine for the ensuing Christmas, I proposed to amalgamate the three pieces arranged in accordance with the style of entertainment at the Gallery of Illustration, where "each one in his turn plays many parts," the company being "limited." A glance at the cast will suffice to shew that so admirably supported an inferior piece could not well have failed to secure the favour of the public, and I have the gratification of recording that my long series of Extravaganzas terminated as they commenced with SUCCESS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE GENIUS OF THE DRAWING ROOM	...	MRS. GERMAN REED
GOOD HUMOUR	{ Three Choice Spirits }	MR. CORNEY GRAIN
GOOD CHEER		MR. ALFRED REED
GOOD FUN		MR. ARTHUR CECIL
CARE (too generally known to need description)...	... ..	MR. CORNEY GRAIN
CHRISTMAS (King of Good Fellows)...	...	MR. ALFRED REED
THE OLD YEAR	... ..	MR. CORNEY GRAIN
THE NEW YEAR	... ..	MR. ARTHUR CECIL
FANCY	... ..	MISS HOLLAND
SPIRIT OF FRANCIS MOORE, M.D. ...	...	MR. ALFRED REED
LORD OF MISRULE	... ..	MR. ARTHUR CECIL
OLD ENGLAND...	... ..	MR. CORNEY GRAIN
YOUNG ENGLAND	... ..	MASTER BURRINGTON
DAME FORTUNE	... ..	MRS. GERMAN REED



## KING CHRISTMAS.

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SCENE.—*A Drawing Room, richly furnished; at back, an arch closed with curtains.*

*Enter the GENIUS, in full evening dress.*

GEN. The friend of gaiety, the foe of gloom,  
I come, the Genius of the Drawing-room !  
'Tis mine, with mirth and music, light and flowers,  
To wing the flight of mortals' leisure hours.  
The minister immersed in State affairs ;  
The speculator deep in shady shares ;  
The merchant brooding over doubtful bills ;  
The author sick of driving barren quills ;  
The banker, anxious for a foreign loan !  
In brief all who have troubles of their own,  
Have in my radiant regions gladly sought  
A truce to turmoil, a reprieve from thought.  
But more than ever at this joyous tide,  
When e'en the gravest cast their cares aside,  
And turning from the future's prospect drear,  
Cry, " Hang it ! Christmas comes but once a-year !"  
I'm an old-fashioned genius, I confess,—  
Although folks mightn't think so by my dress ;—  
And like the genial, generous, hearty way,  
England kept Christmas in the olden day.  
When the boar's head was brought with garland  
crown'd,  
And the rich wassail bowl went gaily round.  
The bowl's bowl'd out—the fine old spirit fled,  
And left us but the *bore* without the head.  
Still, there are spirits whom I might invoke ;  
Choice spirits, too—not too refined to joke ;

And it is just the witching time of night,  
 When, at my bidding, many a tricky sprite  
 A Christmas gambol would rejoice to play,  
 And make with merry mortals holiday.  
 I know they'll turn the house all topsy-turvy;  
 But as I'm in the mood their pranks to survey,  
 To turn it out of windows they've my leave,  
 So they keep gaily in it Christmas Eve.

*Enter GOOD HUMOUR, GOOD CHEER, and GOOD FUN—they  
 are in evening dress.*

GOOD H. We take you at your word.

GEN. Ah! so I see.

If I may be so bold, pray who are "We?"

GOOD H. Three spirits, who, I may say with good reason,  
 Are most in Fashion at this "Festive Season."

GEN. Your names?

GOOD H. Good Humour.

GOOD C. Good Cheer!

GOOD F. And Good Fun.

GEN. Jolly companions, truly!

ALL THREE. Every one! (*they sing*)

We're the boys for mirth and glee,

We're the boys for revelry,

We're the boys for frolic and fun!

Jolly companions, every one!

GEN. Mercy upon us! Well, you are the boys,  
 I am bound to say, at any rate, for noise.  
 But I am glad to see you, I protest,  
 Good Humour's everywhere a welcome guest;  
 So is Good Cheer at all times, there's no question,  
 If but accompanied by good digestion.  
 As for Good Fun, on such a night as this  
 His presence I should much regret to miss.  
 But sure, for spirits, this is strange attire;  
 I thought, whether of earth, air, flood, or fire,  
 You all wore spangled tunics, with gauze wings,  
 And long tight silk—you know the sort of things.

GOOD F. Oh, that's the way they dress us on the stage;  
 But even there so great is now the rage

- For having everything severely real,  
There'll soon be left no glimpse of the ideal.
- GOOD H. Here by the Genius of the Drawing-room  
Inspired, we come in suitable costume,  
And evening dress considered indispensable.
- GEN. Sir, of the compliment believe me sensible.  
The choicest spirits make a blunder, when  
The habits they forego of gentlemen.  
And such society I've never courted :  
You're spirits neat as ever were imported.
- GOOD C. But not above proof that we hither came  
With you to gambol !
- GEN. " Messieurs, make your game !"
- GOOD H. The game is made.
- GOOD F. Is it not Christmas Eve ?
- GEN. Admitted—but I really don't perceive——
- GOOD C. We must all stir the pudding for good luck !
- GEN. The thought I vow my brain had never struck.  
That is an institution old and great ;  
But you will have an hour or so to wait.  
For though you say your game is made, I fear  
The pudding's not made yet——
- GOOD F. We'll make it !—Here
- GEN. No pray not here—into the kitchen go.
- GOOD F. No, " topsy-turvy " was your word you know,  
And so this drawing-room I'll play the witch in,  
And turn it, just *pro tem.*, into the kitchen.  
(*waves his hand*)
- 'Tis done. (*to GENIUS*) If, madam, you do not  
perceive it,  
We count on your politeness to believe it.  
It's really asking you but little more  
Than many have for spirits done before.  
If serious folks can solemnly declare  
They have seen tables floating in the air ;  
Sofas, themselves without assistance wheeling ;  
A gentleman uplifted to the ceiling ;  
Or heard accordions, of their own accord,  
Play " *Home, sweet Home,*" why then, upon my word,  
For Fun's sake surely you won't think it strange  
To let your fancy take a (kitchen) range,

And in imagination round you whizzing,  
See a whole *batterie de cuisine* (quizzing).

AIR—" *Si vuol ballare il Signor Contino*"—" *Nozze de Figaro*."

Of electro biology I'm a professor,  
This table, I say, is a deal kitchen dresser,  
And the porcelain vase which I place on it there,  
A pudding-pan merely of glazed earthenware.  
These knick-knacks become, by the same brief expedients,  
Of a Christmas plum pudding the well-known ingredients.  
And like the weird sisters we'll mix them, you'll see,  
To the music of Locke, pitched in just the right *key*.

*(suiting the action to the words, he takes a vase from the mantel-piece, and places it on a small table in the centre of the apartment—collecting the various small ornaments, books, flowers, and trinkets about the room to be put into the vase)*

GEN. Nay, then of Hecate I will play the part,  
And help to shew the wonders of our art !  
So now about the cauldron sing,  
Like elves and fairies in a ring,  
Enchanting all that in you fling.

*(The three SPIRITS and GENIUS join hands and move around the table, all singing to the music in "Macbeth")*

Around, around, around, around ;  
About, about, about, about ;  
All good the pudding putting in,  
All ill keep out.

GOOD H. *(dropping one of the small ornaments into the vase)*  
Here's some fine suet fat !

GEN. Put in that—put in that !

GOOD C. Some flour I've found !

*(dropping in bouquet)*

GEN. Put in a pound !

GOOD F. Plums, currants, eggs and spice I add, then.

*(flinging in a heap of small articles)*

GEN. The pudding won't be very bad, then.

Put in all those with candied peel, if handy.

GOOD C. Hold ! here's a gill of the best Cognac brandy.

*(apparently emptying a small bottle of Eau de Cologne—  
All stir furiously with their wands, passing round  
and singing as before)*

Around, around, around, around ;

About, about, about, about ;

All good the pudding put in,

All ill keep out,

GEN. By the splitting of the plums,

Something ugly this way comes !

GOOD F. *(looking out)* You may say ugly. Why, it's Care !

GOOD H. Confusion !

Good Humour vanishes at Care's intrusion !

*(Exit GOOD HUMOUR)*

GOOD C. *(to GENIUS)* Excuse me, madam, I'm off too with speed !

The sour old crab, he puts me off my feed.

*(Exit GOOD CHEER)*

GEN. Will you all leave me, then, to Care a prey ?

GOOD F. No ! come what will, Good Fun will with you stay.

A fig for Care, with spirits good as mine,

I laugh to scorn his miserable whine.

"Care killed a cat," the proverb says, but I'm

A jolly dog can kill both Care and Time !

GEN. I hear his heavy footstep !

*Enter CARE, dressed like a beggar ; he has a heavy load on his back, marked, "For mortals—with care."*

GEN. *(to CARE)* Fiend ! how dare

You enter here ?

CARE. I enter everywhere !

From the proud palace to the lowly cot,

Shew me the place on earth Care enters not !

GOOD F. But not at Christmas time.

CARE. Indeed ! What say

Those who have heavy Christmas bills to pay,



And rack their brains in vain the cash to find?  
 Are they to Good Fun or Care most inclined?  
 Or the poor wretches, who are all but starving,  
 While you, and Good Cheer, are your turkey carving?  
 And though Good Humour may laugh off some ills,  
 There are blue devils which defy blue pills!  
 GEN. He'll give them me, if longer he stand croaking!  
 GOOD F. Begone, dull Care! or you'll find I'm not joking.  
 CARE. I mightn't find it, even should you be!  
       Some people's jokes are too dull e'en for me.  
 GOOD F. No insolence! but pack off with your pack,  
       Or in a coarser way you'll get the sack.

*Trio*—GENIUS, GOOD FUN, and CARE—*Air*, “*Begone, dull Care.*”

GENIUS and GOOD FUN.

Begone, dull Care, I bid thee begone from me!  
 Begone, dull Care, thou and I shall never agree!  
       Too long hast thou been tarrying here,  
 And fain would work us ill;  
       But beware, dull Care,  
 I'm } the fellow dull Care to kill!  
 He's }  
       We came to dance—we came to sing,  
 And merrily end the day;  
       And Care we'll fling  
 To the wintry winds away!

*Solo*—CARE.

On earth from Care  
       No spirit is wholly free;  
 And Genius rare  
       Too often is crushed by me!  
 There are many who dance,  
       And many who sing,  
 And the gayest seem of the gay!  
       While their hearts I wring  
 And are turning their hair to gray!

(*together*) { Begone dull Care, &c.  
                   { On earth from Care, &c.

GEN. Yes; out of windows with him and his rags!

(GOOD FUN *seizes* CARE)

*Enter* CHRISTMAS, *in a travelling dress, with a carpet bag and an umbrella.*

CHRISTMAS. How now, ye merry, mad, and midnight wags!

What is't ye do?

GOOD F. To ask it what's your right?

CHRISTMAS. I'm Christmas. Come, as you all know, to-night.

GEN. Christmas! a bag and an umbrella with!

GOOD F. Pooh! He's some party by the name of Smith.

GEN. You're not a bit like Christmas! Where's your crown  
Of holly, and your gaily garnished gown—  
Collar of brawn, and baldrick of mince pies—  
And all your other proper properties?

CHRISTMAS. My crown and robe are in my *sac de nuit*.

I'm in my *costume de voyage*, you see,  
Having but just arrived by the express,  
And for to-morrow keep my full court dress.  
Why shouldn't Christmas be permitted, pray,  
As well as you, to dress like sons of clay?  
I think I may assert, without much vanity,  
Few spirits own more habits of humanity;  
But to convince you I am Christmas—there!

(*touches with his umbrella the load of CARE, which drops from his shoulders*)

You see I have the power to lighten Care;  
To fling him out of windows were in vain;  
Christmas or not, he would creep in again,  
Or meet you somewhere on life's chequered road.  
Care you for him, and ease him of his load.  
Free from the burden he has borne so long,  
He'll bear a merry burden to your song.

CARE. Oh, Christmas, weary mortals prompt to cheer.

Why do you come to them but once a year?

CHRISTMAS. To set a good example, which I'd fain  
All folks would follow till I come again.  
To-night begins my brief reign of hilarity;  
But my chief mission and delight is charity!

To feed the hungry—cause the hearts to glow  
 Of those who shiver, houseless, in the snow ;  
 Find feuds forgotten, bid detraction cease,  
 And all the world enjoy my Christmas *piece*.

ALL. Hail, Christmas! You're the king of all good fellows.

GOOD F. And now we'll "Sing old Rose, and burn the bellows."

CHRISTMAS. With all my heart! Despite of this apparel,  
 You shall know Christmas by his cheery carol.

*Song—CHRISTMAS—Air, " Cheer, boys, cheer."*

Cheer, boys, cheer! commence "the festive season!"

Welcome the coming—speed the parting year ;

Cheer, boys, cheer! give all around you reason,

With you, once more, to bless my visit here.

Revel, ye rich, but let your poorer brothers

Share in the goods by Fortune on you thrown ;

Never forget, to glad the hearts of others

Brings after all the best joy to your own.

Cheer, boys, cheer, &c.

CHRISTMAS. Farewell, Care, for the present.

*(Exit CARE)*

Speed, Good Fun,

Thy gay career throughout the kingdom run ;

And of this fact be thou at any rate sure,

There's no good fun where there is not good nature.

*(Exit GOOD FUN)*

GEN. Most gracious sovereign, may I presume

To hope you'll hold in mine your drawing-room ?

CHRISTMAS. With pleasure. Nay, I hither came to hold

A revel with my spirits as of old ;

And Time so rapidly I make to fly,

You'll scarce believe a week has flitted by

Since I came in.

GEN.

A week !

CHRISTMAS.

If me you doubt, *(bells)*

Listen ! the Old Year is just going out.

An audience to take leave he will request,  
And by this time Christmas should be full dressed.

*(Exit CHRISTMAS—bells heard getting up)*

GEN. The bells are getting up. I understand  
They've got "The Bells" up finely in the Strand ;  
But as we never here cast *horror*-scopes,  
We've only to pull through—got up our hopes. (*Our  
ropes ?*)

*Enter the OLD YEAR.*

OLD Y. Pity the sorrows of a poor Old Year,  
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your  
door ;  
Whose days have dwindled to the shortest here,  
And who "to-morrow" will behold no more !  
This is my last appearance on the stage,  
And so to say farewell I have made bold.  
Yet not so very great appears my age,  
Though an old year, I am but a year old !  
The fact is, I've been living much too fast,  
A fashion which has made so many fail ;  
The world has had a rage for some time past  
To go ahead—and thereby hangs a tale.  
Don't be alarmed ! I haven't time to tell it,  
For, "Soft ! methinks I scent the morning  
air ;"  
And as I'm not allowed to stop and smell it,  
You must ask Christmas ; he's got time to spare.  
*(calling)* Christmas !

*Enter CHRISTMAS.*

CHRISTMAS. I'm coming—no, I mean I'm come—  
That is, I came ; I'm always making some  
Confusion in that verb. It seems as though  
Christmas was always coming for to go.

OLD Y. To go *it*, I suspect you mean to say ;  
For you do go it, finely, while you stay.  
Excuse my poor old joke !

CHRISTMAS. Of course. O, dear !  
That's nothing to what I'm compelled to hear.

The poor old jokes are bad enough, 'tis true ;  
 But—mercy on us !—hear some of the new.  
 In cracking theirs, our former funny men  
 Broke Priscian's head a little, now and then ;  
 But these young wags run such a muck for fun,  
 They knock his very brains out for a pun.  
 Talking of going—aren't you gone ? (*bells again*)

OLD Y. All but.

CHRISTMAS. It strikes me it's quite time for you to cut.

OLD Y. Yes, yes ; I hear the bells. Ah me ! just so  
 They rang when I was born, twelve months ago.  
 Poor, silly, empty, unreflecting things !  
 How can they tell what my successor brings ?  
 They may regret they cannot me recall.  
 Well, well ; a Happy New Year to you all,  
 This poor old body wishes from his soul.  
 Time sounds my knell ; I go to pay the toll.

*Trio*—OLD YEAR, CHRISTMAS, and GENIUS—*Air*,  
 “*Gavotte de Vestris.*”

OLD Y. Just twelve o'clock !  
 My stay by minutes now I measure ;  
 At twelve o'clock  
 Precisely I take flight.

You'll see me out ? (*to CHRISTMAS*)

CHRISTMAS. Of course ! I mustn't add—with pleasure,  
 Or you no doubt  
 Would think it not polite.

OLD Y. Let not my leave-taking  
 Mar your merry-making ;  
 For the New Year yearning,  
 Time his hour-glass turning,  
 Will like an ancient Charley soon shout—  
 “Past twelve o'clock !”

TOGETHER. For the New Year yearning, &c.

CHRISTMAS. Here, take my arm, I'll see you to the door.  
 I've seen some hundreds of you out before,

OLD Y. I hope you'll live to see out many more.

CHRISTMAS. Thank you.

(*he leads OLD YEAR to the door or wing—clock chimes  
 the four quarters, then strikes twelve*)

OLD Y. Good night ! the clock has given me warning.

GEN. Good night !

*(they shake hands—Exit OLD YEAR and CHRISTMAS)*

There goes another year.

*Bells strike up—Enter NEW YEAR jumping.*

NEW Y. Good morning !

GEN. Whoe'er you are, young sir, the same to you.

NEW Y. I'm the New Year. *(jumps)*

GEN. I thought so. How d'ye do ?

NEW Y. I'm seventy-two.

GEN. I can't say that you look it.

NEW Y. I thought that old boy never meant to hook it.

Either the clock or he was much too slow. *(jumps)*

GEN. You seem too fast. Why keep on jumping so ?

NEW Y. Ain't I Leap Year ? You wouldn't have me creep.

*(jumps)*

GEN. *(stopping him)* Stop. You've two months to look before you leap.

So many springs if you intend to make,

'Twill be quick March with us and no mistake.

NEW Y. I thought you'd jump with joy to see my face.

GEN. Not if you mean to travel at that pace.

You'd jump to a conclusion far too soon,

And jumble January into June.

Give me some hint of what you mean to do.

NEW Y. I ! Bless your heart, I know no more than you.

GEN. Indeed ! Suppose then you consult the table.

NEW Y. To answer do you think it really able ?

GEN. It has been found to answer wondrous well

By those who know the trick to make it tell.

NEW Y. I'll try it then. Here—will this table do ?

GEN. In one sense I've no doubt it will do you.

But we must have a medium, I suppose ?

NEW Y. "A generous friendship no cold medium knows."

GEN. Oh ! if a generous friendship you would test,

You'll find "the circulating medium" best ;

If that respond according to your need,

The friendship will be generous indeed.

But in this special sort of neoromancy,  
 'Tis no cold medium, but a heated fancy,  
 That works the spell. So to your aid I'll call  
 Fancy—the greatest medium of them all.

*(waves her fan—the curtains at the back open, and  
 discover FANCY, of course in a fancy dress)*

*Trio—GENIUS, NEW YEAR, and FANCY—Air, “ Va pensiero  
 sull ali dorate—” “ Nabucco” (Verdi).*

GEN. Fancy! Queen of Imagination!

By the aid of thy potent spell,  
 Be our medium of communication  
 With the spirits you know so well.

NEW Y. Of the New Year, in life now starting,  
 The coming events imparting.

FANCY. I appear at your invocation,  
 And by aid of my potent spell,  
 Will afford you such information  
 As the spirits may choose to sell;  
 To your visual organ impartin'  
 The pow'r of Elizabeth Martin.

ALL. { Fancy! Queen of, &c.  
 { I appear, &c.

FAN. You wish for a *séance*?

GEN. Exactly so.

FAN. *(seating herself at the table)* Be seated. *(they sit)* What  
 is it you wish to know?

NEW Y. All that will happen during my existence.

FAN. A modest wish; but yet, with my assistance,  
 It may be gratified. You're the New Year.

NEW Y. *(to GENIUS)* Now how could she know that?

GEN. 'Twas pretty clear  
 From what you told her. Folks in conversation  
 Furnish themselves half of the information.

FAN. Is there a spirit in the room? *(a rap is heard)* You  
 hear

There is.

NEW Y. Could you induce it to appear?

FAN. A hand or foot I have contrived to show,  
 But the whole animal I never go.

- Still, upon this particular occasion,  
Fancy might do it by extreme persuasion.
- NEW Y. Whose spirit is it ?
- GEN. At the name to get,  
You must call over all the alphabet.
- FAN. My spell's more rapid. Such work is to me,  
Without an alphabet, mere A B C.  
This spirit was a weather-wise magician,  
Known by the name of Francis Moore, physician.
- NEW Y. The great astrologer ? The very man.  
O, let us, Fancy, see him if we can !
- FAN. Well, if on Fancy you have full reliance,  
She will set all your senses at defiance.  
*(waves her wand—the stage darkens)*
- NEW Y. Holloa ! why, what the dickens is she at ?
- GEN. Fancy's *chef d'œuvre*.
- NEW Y. But I'm not a cat.  
I want to see——
- GEN. Of course ; and you'll remark,  
Those who'd see clearest are kept in the dark.
- FAN. Behold him by a spiritual light !  
*(curtains open, and the SPIRIT OF FRANCIS MOORE  
is seen under a strong lime light)*
- NEW Y. Well, I admit that is a *sub-lime* sight !  
He is all there, and I am now all ear.
- FAN. *(to SPIRIT)* What will occur the first month in this  
year ?
- SPIRIT. Changes will take place 'mongst the lords in  
waiting.  
And should there be hard frost, there may be—skating.
- NEW Y. That's an-*ice* calculation—cool and wary.
- FAN. What's your prediction, pray, for February ?
- SPIRIT. Some love letters will furnish food for laughter  
On the fourteenth—a day before or after.
- FAN. March ?
- SPIRIT. A malignant aspect now has Mars.  
If peace be not preserved, there will be wars.
- NEW Y. *(to CHRISTMAS)* This prophet seems to me un-  
common small.  
I shall not profit by such news at all.
- FANCY. April ?



SPIRIT. Unsettled are the *raining* powers,  
Which renders probable the fall—of showers.

NEW Y. Bother the weather ! Tell us some event  
Which in the month of May is imminent.

SPIRIT. A noble lord the Derby wins a lot upon,  
If the horse isn't scratched he's put the pot upon.

NEW Y. Give us a tip. Tell us which horse will win.

SPIRIT. Between ourselves, the one that first comes in.

NEW Y. The spirit will move me to kick it soon.  
I'll ask it no more questions.

FAN. What in June ?

SPIRIT. Let concert-goers now for squalls look out ;  
And certain *parties* are much talked about.

FAN. July ?

SPIRIT. The dog-star rages—and 'tis puzzling  
To say if dogs or damsels most need *muslin*.

FAN. August ?

SPIRIT. A potentate renowned for craft  
Great danger runs of being—photographed.

FAN. September ?

SPIRIT. To much peril man exposes ;  
Many will get their goose cooked ere it closes.

FAN. October ?

SPIRIT. Hops are either cheap—or dear,  
And something's brewing which may turn out  
beer.

FAN. November !

SPIRIT. On the fifth and ninth you may  
Expect commotions both by night and day ;  
Squibs on the former—on the latter fogs.  
May Gog and Magog not prove demagogues !

FAN. December ?

SPIRIT. Matters in the East look murky—  
Projects reviving to dismember turkey.

NEW Y. Oh, worse and worse ! This is the spirit sure  
Of old Joe Miller, not of Francis Moore,  
That palter with us in a double sense.  
I'll hear no more—unreal mockery, hence !

(SPIRIT *disappears*)

For information still I am athirst ;  
Not a whit wiser than I was at first.

FAN. Yes, for you've learned, though Fancy's power  
is great,

Heaven e'en from Fancy hides the book of fate ;  
Your task is not to pry into that mystery,  
But add a glorious page to English history.  
There's work enough for a good year before you,  
Get it well done and—no—we can't encore you ;  
But we will raise a statue to your name——

NEW Y. Not if you love me ! Thank you all the same ;  
For judging from the specimens I see,  
I'd rather nobody should chisel me.

GEN. Give art new life ! free it from job and fetter,  
And take my word for it, 'twill soon be better !  
It is not genius that Old England lacks,  
But courage to contend with cant and quacks ;  
There's room in all things for much reformation.  
Bid trade revive—check frantic speculation ;  
Obtain from Chance a power of attorney,  
To give us safety on a railway journey ;  
The prices down of beef and mutton beat for us ;  
And don't drive us to eat what isn't *meet* for us ;  
If horseflesh won't suffice to feed the masses,  
Our next resource will certainly be asses !  
And heaven only knows where that will end,  
Some people won't have left a single friend——  
The present company excepted——

NEW Y. Oh,  
I say, shut up ! Don't go on preaching so.  
As spirits you can raise, give mine a lift.  
If only of the gab you've got the gift,  
For the New Year say something that is pleasant,  
I came for *pastime*, though I am the present.

GEN. What shall it be ? I'm game for any game  
That you or Fancy may think fit to name !

FAN. Private theatricals are all the rage,  
In every drawing-room you find a stage !

GEN. Oh don't I know it ? Didn't I begin it ?  
Yet some folks vowed there was no genius in it ;  
I have a stage myself behind that curtain.

NEW Y. Oh, then we'll act a play on it for certain.

FAN. No, not a play. In these degenerate days  
Nobody ever thinks of acting plays.

GEN. Well then, a burlesque, or a pantomime.  
 FAN. Or masque—many are worn at Christmas time.  
 NEW Y. A masque by all means, and with music too,  
 So old, 'twill seem to everybody new.  
 FAN. And for the subject, what if by a flight,  
 Of fancy, we suppose it is Twelfth Night ;  
 And shew the way 'twas kept ages ago.  
 GEN. "Ages ago !" I played in that, I know.\*  
 FAN. Christmas is here, and will his own part play.  
 NEW Y. I'll play the fool.  
 GEN. 'Tis probable you may.  
 But who shall be our audience ?  
 FAN. Fancy there  
 Is one already.  
 GEN. Well ! I do declare !  
 I see a brilliant one—in my mind's eye.  
 FAN. May you see proof on't in your treasury.  
 GEN. Oh, Fancy ! But to work—an audience hates  
 Waiting as much——  
 NEW Y. As I hate Christmas Waits.  
 (*Exeunt NEW YEAR and GENIUS*)  
 FAN. 'Twould be well if at Christmas time they were  
 The only *weights* poor mortals had to bear.  
 And at this moment I feel, even I,  
 The weight of my responsibility ;  
 And to each airy belle and beau ideal,  
 Forming the audience I fancy real,  
 Would plead in favour of the trifle light  
 We shall attempt to shew to you to-night ;  
 'Tis what should ward off too severe a stricture,  
 A fancy sketch, and not a finished picture.

*Song—FANCY—Air, "The Season of the Year."*

Oh, could we only fancy your fancy we may hit—  
 But that's a flight of fancy I scarcely dare permit ;  
 So will but hope upon our faults you won't be too severe,  
 And I wish you all the compliments of the season of the  
 year.

---

\* A little piece of that name had been previously produced at the Gallery of Illustration.

But hark! I hear the prompter's bell—the curtain's  
going up,  
King Christmas soon will drink to all in his best "loving  
cup;"  
When he says, "Heaven bless you," the wish is most  
sincere,  
And not an empty compliment of the season of the year.

(Exit FANCY)

*Enter before the curtain the LORD OF MISRULE, in the dress  
of an ancient jester, with a wooden dagger in his girdle,  
a fool's bauble in his right hand, and a gilt vizor in his  
left.*

L. OF M. Folly itself, arrayed in antique guise,  
I come not to "shoot Folly as it flies;"  
It would be simply suicide to-night,  
And scarce deserve the verdict, "serve him right,"  
Nor do I come with view a whit more wise.  
To "catch the manners living as they rise."  
I'm an old-fashioned fool, who oft has thought  
Some living manners not worth being caught.  
"What do you come for then?" methinks quoth one;  
To whom I answer in two words, "For fun."  
It may be folly in me so to do,  
For what is fun to me, mayn't be to you.  
"A jest's success lies in his ear who takes it,  
And never in the tongue of him who makes it;"  
And that reminds me, he that truth who told  
Wrote, amongst other trifling things of old,  
A comedy; which, strange to say, is still  
Enacted, called "Twelfth Night; or, What You Will.  
If you expect to hear aught like it—don't;  
I'll bet you what you will, that's what you won't.  
Briefly, to-night the twelve days' reign expires  
Of old King Christmas, and as did our sires  
In times of yore, this evening we shall cut  
A cake wherein a bean there has been put,  
And he or she to whose share falls that bean,  
Will crowned by Christmas be as King or Queen.  
I, of the ancient stage the Vice or Fool,  
Elected for the nonce Lord of Misrule,

Groom of the Revels, Abbot of Unreason,  
 And principal jig-maker of the season,  
 Now bid you to King Christmas' Court, to shew  
 How he kept Twelfth Night a long time ago.

SONG—*Air, "The Days when we went Gipsying."*

Oh ! the days that we kept Christmas in, a long time ago,  
 Were certainly the jolliest a man could ever know !  
 The revel in the chamber, the banquet in the hall,  
 The boar's head crowned with rosemary brought in by yeo-  
 men tall.  
 The wassail bowl that passed around and cheered both high  
 and low—  
 The days when we kept Christmas in, a long time ago !

The morris dance with Robin Hood and all his merry men,  
 "For oh ! for oh ! the hobby horse !" was not forgotten  
 then ;  
 The maskers and the mummers, the minstrels and the  
 waits ;  
 The gambols in the bower, and the carols at the gates.  
 We kissed the merry maidens beneath the mistletoe,  
 The days that we kept Christmas in, a long time ago !

But fashions change with times and men,—our gaiety is  
 graver,  
 And kissing more than ever now is found to go by favour ;  
 But though the romps and revels of our sires are styled  
*rococo*,  
 You'll own with Horace, *dulce est desipere in loco*.  
 So just for fun, a masque to-night, Twelfth Night will to  
 you show  
 The days that we kept Christmas in, a long time ago !

*(curtain draws and discovers OLD KING  
 CHRISTMAS on a throne—table set out for  
 banquet—flourish of trumpets)*

CHRISTMAS. To all our lieges and our lovers greeting,  
 Our reign draws to a close, our power is fleeting ;

We trust ye have not pined beneath our sway,  
 But lightly laughed the leisure hours away.  
 To-night we hold a solemn feast—the last  
 Until this new-born year be well nigh past!  
 Be jocund, then, and let our little span  
 Of rule end merrily as it began. (*flourish*)

L. OF M. An't please your Majesty, that worthy wight,  
 Old England, comes to keep with you Twelfth  
 Night.

CHRISTMAS. Now by our holly crown, a noble guest!  
 Place for Old England 'mid the first and best!

(*March—"Oh, the Roast Beef of Old England"*)

*Enter OLD ENGLAND, in a rich Elizabethan costume, with  
 YOUNG ENGLAND in velvet jacket and knickerbockers, silk  
 stockings, shoes and buckles, a billycock hat with a feather  
 in it, and a cigar in his mouth.*

*Song—OLD ENGLAND—(the same air).*

King Christmas, Old England, who welcomed your  
 reign,  
 Regrets you no longer with us can remain,  
 But he hopes next December to see you again  
 Enjoy the roast beef of Old England,  
 His famous old English roast beef!

CHRISTMAS. (*who has descended from his throne and advanced  
 to meet them*) Dear honoured friend, who always  
 honoured me,

Thrice welcome to our feast! Who's this we see?

OLD E. My son, Young England, who, ere hence you  
 went,

I deemed it was my duty to present.

CHRISTMAS. A goodly youth. Young gentleman, your  
 hand,

May you do honour to your fatherland.

YOUNG E. Thanks. (*taking out a cigar case and offering it to  
 CHRISTMAS*) Take a weed?

CHRISTMAS. (*declining with a smile*) I've not yet learned that fashion.

OLD E. Oh, my boy has for it a downright passion.

CHRISTMAS. I've smoked a pipe with brave Sir Walter Raleigh.

OLD E. *A* pipe! My son, sir, smokes some dozens daily.

L. OF M. Let's hope he'll shew the spirit of his sire.  
Where so much smoke is, there must be some fire.

(YOUNG ENGLAND *lounges up stage*)

OLD E. He's an uncommon lad—full of invention;  
(*confidentially*) And talks of things beyond my comprehension.

*Song—OLD ENGLAND—Air, "The Fine Old English Gentleman."*

I can't tell you the speculations he has got in his young  
pate,  
Of wonderful alterations in Church as well as State;  
Of progress and education at a most tremendous rate;  
The bare anticipation makes me giddy to contemplate.  
This fine young English Gentleman,  
One of the future time.

He talks with the greatest confidence of what seems to me  
a dream,  
Of lighting the streets with gas, and of travelling by  
steam;  
Of wires, which to the world's end will your words so swiftly  
bear,  
You may get an answer back before the message itself gets  
there.  
If you'll trust this fine young Gentleman,  
One of the future time.

He never admits a thing is good, but merely "not half  
bad,"  
And has taken to calling me "governor," 'stead of father,  
sire, or dad;

And the only ancient thing he reveres is the brave old sword  
 I wear,  
 Which he sings about in French, forsooth, as "*Le sabre de  
 mon père.*"  
 This fine young English Gentleman,  
 One of the future time.

He is constantly inquiring "what may be my little game?"  
 And tells everyone who asks him, "Champagne Charlie is  
 his name,"  
 Which his godfathers and goodmothers indignantly disclaim,  
 And think it disrespectful to the stock from which he came.  
 This fine young English Gentleman,  
 One of the future time.

But then, you know, boys will be boys, and no one ever  
 could  
 Put old heads on young shoulders, nor would they look well  
 if you should ;  
 So I hope he'll sow his wild oats, and for honour, and for  
 good,  
 Stand as high in the world's opinion as Old England ever  
 stood.  
 This fine young English Gentleman,  
 One of the future time.

CHRISTMAS. I hope so, too, with all my heart, and yearn  
 To know what he'll be like when I return.  
 Where is Dame Fortune? But for her we wait.  
 L. OF M. We can't depend on her. Sometimes she's late ;  
 Sometimes unlooked for. I've known folks wait all  
 Their lives for her, and she's not come at all !

*Enter DAME FORTUNE, richly attired in Elizabethan costume,  
 and bearing a golden wheel.*

FOR. That was *Miss* Fortune, simpleton, not I ;  
 I am *Dame* Fortune, good you can't deny.  
 OLD E. You look so ! and it does one good to see you !  
 FOR. Fear not, Old England, that I e'er will flee you.  
 Nail your untarnished ensign to the mast,  
 And Fortune will befriend you to the last.



- OLD E. Oh, I ne'er yet sang "Fortune is my foe!"  
 Croakers are always saying I must go  
 To ruin. But I somehow still contrive.  
 Despite their prophecies, to live and thrive.
- L. OF M. Thank your good constitution, and enjoy it,  
 I'm not amongst the fools who would destroy it.
- FOR. Christmas, you know, I always follow you.  
 Your coming brings good Fortune many to.  
 I'm called capricious: but few people lose me,  
 Who, when I visit them, know how to use me.
- CHRISTMAS. All here, I'm sure, appreciate your visit;  
 If that is not Good Fortune, pray what is it?
- FOR. For compliments, of course, this is the season.
- OLD E. The world at all times goes, to you, its knees on.
- FOR. The world, my friend, makes a sad blunder.
- OLD E. Which is——
- FOR. It can't distinguish Good Fortune from Riches.  
 To pagan Plutus mortals bow the knee,  
 And vainly fancy that they worship me;  
 Thankless for wisdom, talent, honour, health,  
 To them Good Fortune's nothing else but wealth,  
 And when too late the fools their error find,  
 'Tis not themselves, but Fortune they call blind.
- OLD E. Well, you are so described in verse.
- FOR, I know it!  
 The weak invention of some poor old poet,  
 Who never in his life Good Fortune knew,  
 So lied, as poets licensed are to do.
- CHRISTMAS. Come, to the merry business of the night;  
 For in your presence we forget Time's flight.  
 So, while my waits befitting music make,  
 With due solemnity, let's cut the cake!  
 Lord of Misrule, be you Grand Carver.
- L. OF M. But  
 My dagger is of lath, not made to cut;  
 If you have something sharper there to spare——
- YOUNG E. "*Voici le sabre, le sabre de mon père!*"  
*(trying to draw his father's sword)*
- CHRISTMAS. Hold, boy! your spirits run with you away!  
 Old England's sword must not be bared in play.  
 Ne'er be the blade, so oft with laurels wreathed,  
 Drawn without reason, without honour sheathed.

FOR. (*producing a small morocco case, in which is a silver or silver gilt dessert knife*) "Behold, I have a weapon!" as Othello,

That black who was so very green and yellow,  
Exclaims. My own dessert knife I have brought,  
By Art and Industry, for Fortune wrought.  
Though by desert 'tis said I am not guided,  
Yet as 'tis "in this case made and provided,"  
(To use a phrase as apt as it is legal),  
I'll be Grand Carver at this revel regal;  
And prove to all who doubt may entertain,  
Fortune can sometimes cut and come again.

(*takes out knife and divides the cake which is handed round by the LORD OF MISRULE*)

*Enter FANCY who touches with her wand the piece of cake about to be chosen by YOUNG ENGLAND.*

*Chorus—Air, "Hearts of Oak."*

To the King of the Bean  
(Though he may be a Queen),  
Like the gallant Hungarian nobles we'll sing;  
Irrespective of sex,  
"Vivat Rex! Vivat Rex!"  
Long life to the king! long life to the king!\*

To the King of the Bean,  
(Though he may be a Queen)  
We always are ready, though not always steady,  
To drink till we wink  
To the King of the Bean.

YOUNG E. Hurrah! I've got the Bean!

OLD E. I knew he would!  
Fortune to us has always been so good!

FAN. Fortune has less to do with this than I.  
Fancy has had a finger in this pie.  
I've taken quite a fancy to the child,  
And only hope he won't turn out too wild.

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\* Every one has heard of the enthusiastic declaration of the Magyar nobility, A.D. 1742, "*Morianur, pro Regis nostro Maria Theresa.*"

FOR. He's young and thoughtless, but of that he'll cure.  
*Noblesse oblige.* He'll own that fact, I'm sure.  
 And while in honour's path your son shall wend,  
 Good Fortune ever will his steps attend.

*(a royal mantle, crown, and sceptre are brought forward  
 by the LORD OF MISRULE—and CHRISTMAS, assisted  
 by FORTUNE, invests and crowns the new sovereign—  
 grand flourish)*

CHRISTMAS. Thus, in obedience to time-honoured laws,  
 Old Christmas from his throne and state withdraws ;  
 And cheerfully departs with all his train,  
 Until December brings him back again.  
 Good Fortune with you here he hopes to leave,  
 May she smile on you till next Christmas Eve.  
 Fill bumpers round, and drink, before retreating,  
 The good old toast, "To our next merry meeting."

*Finale—Air, "Here's to the Maiden of bashful fifteen."*

CHRISTMAS. Homage I pay to the King of the Bean,  
 Who on my own throne I've been seating ;  
 And now 'ere I vanish awhile from the scene,  
 I'll drink to our next merry meeting.  
     Let the toast pass,  
     Where is the lass  
 To our next merry meeting who won't take her glass?

OLD E. Old England a bumper to drain to that toast,  
 I trow needs but little entreating ;  
 He chuckles to see Christmas ruling the roast,  
 So here's to our next merry meeting.  
     Let the toast pass,  
     Each lad and lass  
 To our next merry meeting will empty their glass.

FAN. Fancy a finger has had in this pie,  
 Or pudding as you may it view, friends ;  
 And though but few plums in it critics may spy,  
 We hope 'twill prove *current* with you, friends,  
     Let the piece pass,  
     As in a glass.  
 Fancy some reason would shew to the mass.

---

L. OF M. Folly would say just a word to the wise,  
    Though of course with contempt they will treat it ;  
'Tis to point to the moral the proverb implies,  
    " You can't have your cake if you eat it."  
    But let the toast pass,  
    For I'm not the ass  
To our next merry meeting who won't drain his glass.

FOR. Here we all deem it good fortune to be,  
    And only regret time is fleeting ;  
So all who Good Fortune again wish to see,  
    Will drink to our next merry meeting.  
    Let the toast pass,  
    Friends in a mass,  
To our next merry meeting each empty your glass.

CHORUS. Let the toast pass,  
    Friends in a mass,  
To our next merry meeting come drain every glass.

CURTAIN.



APPENDIX.

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The following letters (not hitherto made public) being both interesting in themselves, and shewing the high estimation in which the writers held Mr. Planché, the Editors of this work believe that they are justified in publishing the same.

---

From J. HAMILTON REYNOLDS\* to J. R. PLANCHÉ.

Newport, Isle of Wight,

July 4th, 1850.

\* \* \* \* \*

What I like about your fairy dramas is their truth in delicate humour, and the perfect understanding you shew of the nice art of Burlesque *in flower*. . . . You have run the veins of life into the little "span-long elves" that flit, or strut, or skip, or coquet about Fairy-land. You inform grown-up beings how they may be reflected in fairy mirrors.

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\* Author of several poems, and contributor to many of the reviews; one of the most brilliant wits of the day. His eldest sister married Thomas Hood.

You magnify through a poetical glass, and astound us by shewing us how funnily like they are to us, or to *some one we know!* You put with an elegant manner *our* household words into mouths, and our habits and foolish manners into persons and places I don't know how far off, or how *very* out of sight, and we laugh at, and enjoy ourselves, and our own delectable nonsenses, all because it pleased a French Countess to be a delicate fairy humourist, and you to be a man of a poetical mind who knew how to translate her into the rarest English Burlesque. And therein to my mind, Goodman Planché, lie the real riches of your Island of Jewels, and your Island of Tranquil Delights! Oh, that you and I, and a few others (*not many*) could charter a vessel for the latter quiet sea-girt retreat. Where is it? *I* do not know. It *must* be somewhere in the Pacific!

\* \* \* \* \*

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From C. J. MATHEWS to J. R. PLANCHÉ.

25, Pelham Crescent.

January 2nd, 1868.

MY DEAR PLANCHÉ,

I hope you are none the worse for your labours, for in that case I am sure you are all the better. I meant to ask you the question personally yesterday, but got up too

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late to catch you before I went by previous engagement to the pantomime at Covent Garden.

I wanted also to thank you again and again in the names of us all, for the charming evening you caused us. Your witty Masque \* gave a *spirituel* tone to the otherwise merely social gathering, and it will long be remembered by everybody present. There never was, and never will be any one like Planché for being witty without coarseness, and throwing those pretty little touches of heart into the midst of his fun, which redeem it from the common-place and raise nonsense to the rank of poetry. As for "Champagne Charley" I shall place it among my "archives," and have it exhibited from time to time as one of my proudest "testimonials," more gratifying and less questionable than many a silver "pint pot" or "tea caddy," presented by "ardent admirers" to "deserving artistes."

You are so used to hear me sing your praises that I cannot hope to find anything novel to say after thirty years of annual compliment, so I will simply add that Mrs. Mathews, myself, and Willie, are faithfully and affectionately yours, and that I am, I flatter myself, especially

Your attached old friend and comrade,

C. J. MATHEWS.

By-the-bye, if you could send me fifteen or twenty more books, I should be very glad, as I am pestered to death for them by those who were not fortunate enough to get copies.

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\* See Preface to "King Christmas."



Mr. H. J. Byron likewise has thus eulogised Mr. Planché in the concluding lines to the witty burlesque of the "Maid and the Magpie," originally produced at the Strand Theatre, 11th October, 1858.

"Many there are who, stead of harmless fun,  
Can only see perdition in a pun,  
And who imagine that they can descry  
Contempt for genius in a parody.  
To any such, if any present be,  
Our author owns, in all humility,  
Supposing he were gifted with like brain,  
He could not for an instant hope t'attain  
The point and polish of *that graceful pen*  
*Which hath delighted great and little men,*  
The sage of seventy, the child of ten,  
With its quaint melody in days of yore."

---

A portion of a lyrical address, with an introductory explanation by Mr. Edmund Yates (which originally appeared in the *Illustrated Times* of 8th January, 1859), may not be out of place in these pages. Mr. Yates says:—

I have now been enabled to make a round of the various entertainments, and I do not think they are up to the average. The burlesques are much less funny and far more slangy than they were. I have found this in every instance,

---

and have felt it so acutely that I have actually burst into verse, and addressed the following stanzas to James Robinson Planché, Esq., whilome dramatic author, but now Rouge Croix Pursuivant at Arms:—

Mr. Planché! I entreat you \* \* \* doff your breast-  
emblazoned tabard!

\* \* \* Seize the pen which you have never plied  
in vain,

For the bright sword of your wit is growing rusty in its  
scabbard,

And we long to see it gleaming in the gas lamps once  
again.

We remember how it rattled in the joints of Humbug's  
armour—

Mowed down Conventionality, laid Cant and Error  
low;

In the hands of Miss P. Horton, or of some such *piquante*  
charmer,

How deftly every cut was dealt, how masterly each  
blow!

But your mantle, Mr. Planché, has on none of those  
descended,

Who in this present Christmastide pretend to do your  
work,

And as to your Excalibar, the least said soonest  
mended,

For in its stead your followers wield a feeble little  
dirk!

---

---

I mean—to give up metaphor—that where an illustration  
 Of yours would ring with Attic wit and pungent  
 repartee,  
 They put their Webster's dictionary through a long  
 gyration,  
 And leave us finally in doubt as to what their aim  
 may be!

With slang they cram their dialogue—and slang is not  
 amusing—

No gentle lady's tongue should talk of "going it like  
 bricks!"

"Old cove's" a term which I don't like to hear an actress  
 using ;

Nor is coin most pleasantly described as "a Joey and  
 three kicks!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Then, Mr. Planché, come once more and doff your herald's  
 tabard.

\* \* \* Seize the pen which you have never plied  
 in vain!

For the bright sword of your wit is growing rusty in its  
 scabbard,

And we long to see it flashing in the gas lamps once  
 again!

A COMPLETE LIST  
OF  
THE DRAMATIC PRODUCTIONS  
OF  
J. R. PLANCHÉ.

---

With Mr. Planché's assistance, the Editors are enabled to furnish the following complete list of his dramatic works, to which are added the dates and places of their productions, a record which cannot fail to be acceptable to all who take an interest in the history of the stage. To ensure accuracy, the play-bill of the period has in every instance been referred to.

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- 1.—Amoroso, King of Little Britain. Burlesque, One Act. Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, 21st April, 1818.
- 2.—Rodolph, the Wolf; or, Columbine Red Riding-hood Speaking Pantomime. Olympic Theatre, 21st December, 1818.

- 3.—The Troubadours ; or, Jealousy Outwitted. Operatic Drama. Olympic Theatre, 9th February, 1819 (*n.p.*)\*
- 4.—Abudah ; or, The Talisman of Oromanes. Melodrama, Two Acts. Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, Easter Monday, 13th April, 1819 (*n.p.*).
- 5.—The Czar ; or, A Day in the Dockyards. Melodrama, Three Acts. Sadler's Wells, 21st June, 1819 (*n.p.*).
- 6.—The Caliph and the Cadi ; or, Rambles in Bagdad. Burletta, † One Act. 16th August, 1819 (*n.p.*).
- 7.—Fancy's Sketch ; or, "Look before you Leap." Burletta, Two Acts. Adelphi Theatre, 29th October, 1819 (*n.p.*).
- 8.—Odds and Ends ; or, Which is the Manager ? Burletta, One Act. Adelphi Theatre, 19th November, 1819 (*n.p.*).
- 9.—The Vampire ; or, The Bride of the Isles. Melodrama, Three Acts. Lyceum Theatre (English Opera House), Strand, 9th August, 1820.
- 10.—A Burletta of Errors ; or, Jupiter and Alcmena. Three Acts. Adelphi Theatre, 6th November, 1820 (*n.p.*).
- 11.—Who's to Father Me ? Burletta, Two Acts. Adelphi Theatre, 13th November, 1820 (*n.p.*).
- 12.—The Deuce is in Her ; or, Two Nights at Madrid. Burletta, Two Acts. Adelphi Theatre, 27th November, 1820 (*n.p.*).
- 13.—Zamoski ; or, The Fortress and the Mine. Melo-

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\* Signifies *not printed*.

† See vol. I, page 13.

- drama, Three Acts. Adelphi Theatre, 11th December, 1820 (*n.p.*).
- 14.—Dr. Syntax. Opening of Christmas Pantomime. Adelphi Theatre, 6th December, 1820.
- 15.—Giovanni, the Vampire; or, "How shall we get Rid of Him?" Burletta, Three Acts. Adelphi Theatre, 15th January, 1821 (*n.p.*).
- 16.—Kenilworth Castle; or, the Days of Queen Bess. Melodrama, Three Acts. Adelphi Theatre, 8th February, 1821 (*n.p.*).
- 17.—Lodgings to Let. Burletta, Two Acts. Adelphi Theatre, 19th February, 1821 (*n.p.*).
- 18.—Half-an-hour's Courtship; or, La Chambre à Coucher. Burletta, One Act. Adelphi Theatre, 27th February, 1821 (*n.p.*).
- 19.—Sherwood Forest. Burletta, Three Acts. Adelphi Theatre, 12th March, 1821 (*n.p.*).
- 20.—The Mountain Hut; or, The Tinker and his Son. Melodrama, Three Acts. Sadlers Wells, 23rd April, 1821 (*n.p.*).
- 21.—The Witch of Dorncleugh. Opera, Three Acts. English Opera House, Lyceum, Strand, 30th July, 1821 (*n.p.*).
- 22.—Capers at Canterbury. Burletta, Three Acts. Adelphi Theatre, 1st October, 1821 (*n.p.*).
- 23.—The Corsair's Bride; or, The Valley of Mount Etna. Melodrama, Three Acts. Adelphi Theatre, 22nd October, 1821 (*n.p.*).
- 24.—Love's Alarm. Burletta, Two Acts. Adelphi Theatre, 8th November, 1821 (*n.p.*).
25. Le Solitaire; or, The Unknown of the Mountain.

- Melodrama, Three Acts. Olympic Theatre, 24th November, 1821 (*n.p.*).
- 26.—The Pirate. Operatic Drama, Three Acts. Olympic Theatre, 14th January, 1822.
- 27.—All in the Dark; or, The Banks of the Elbe. Musical Drama, Two Acts. English Opera, Lyceum, Strand, 10th July, 1822.
- 28.—The Fair Gabrielle. Operetta One Act. English Opera, Lyceum, 5th September, 1822.
- 29.—Ali Pacha. Melodrama, Two Acts. Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, 19th October, 1822.
- 30.—Maid Marian; or, the Huntress of Arlingford. Opera, Three Acts. Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, 3rd December, 1822.
- 31.—Clari; or, the Maid of Milan. Opera, Three Acts. Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, 8th May, 1823.
- 32.—I Will have a Wife. Musical Farce, Two Acts. English Opera, Lyceum, 7th August, 1823 (*n.p.*).
33. Too Curious by Half; or, Marplot in Spain. Musical Drama, Two Acts. English Opera, Lyceum, 27th August, 1823 (*n.p.*).
- 34.—Cortez; or, the Conquest of Mexico. Opera, Three Acts. Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, 5th November, 1823.
- 35.—St. Ronan's Well. Melodrama, Three Acts. Adelphi Theatre, 19th January, 1824 (*n.p.*).
- 36.—Military Tactics. Interlude, One Act. English Opera House, 6th July, 1824 (*n.p.*).
- 37.—The Frozen Lake. Opera, Two Acts. English

- Opera House, 3rd September, 1824 (*songs only printed*).
- 38.—Der Freischutz. Opera, Three Acts. Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, 14th October, 1824.
- 39.—The Woman never Vext ; or, The Widow of Cornhill. Comedy, Five Acts (altered from Rowley). Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, 9th November, 1824.
- 40.—Pageant of the Coronation of Charles 10th of France. Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, 11th July, 1825.
- 41.—Lilla. Opera, Two Acts. Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, 21st October, 1825 (*n.p.*).
- 42.—Jocko ; or, the Brazilian Monkey. Melodrama, Two Acts. Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, 8th November, 1825.
- 43.—Success ; or, a Hit if you Like it. Allegorical Burlesque. One Act. Adelphi Theatre, 12th December, 1825.
- 44.—Oberon ; or, The Elf King's Oath. Opera, Three Acts. Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, 12th April, 1826.
- 45.—Returned Killed. Farce, Two Acts. Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, 31st October, 1826.
- 46.—All's Right ; or, the Old Schoolfellow. Interlude, One Act. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, 15th June, 1827 (*n.p.*).
- 47.—Pay to My Order ; or, A Chaste Salute. Vaudeville, One Act. Royal Gardens, Vauxhall, 9th July, 1827 (*songs only*).
- 48.—The Rencontre ; or, Love will find out the Way.



- Operatic Comedy, Two Acts. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, 12th July, 1827 (*n.p.*).
- 49.—You Must be Buried. Farce, One Act. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, 11th August, 1827 (*n.p.*).
- 50.—Paris and London. Burletta, Three Acts. Adelphi Theatre, 21st January, 1828.
- 51.—The Merchant's Wedding; or, London Frolics in 1638. Comedy, Five Acts, altered from Rowley. Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, 5th February, 1828.
- 52.—Carron Side; or, the Fête Champêtre. Opera, Two Acts. Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, 27th May, 1828 (*n.p.*).
- 53.—A Daughter to Marry. Interlude, One Act. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, 16th June, 1828.
- 54.—The Green-eyed Monster. Musical Comedy, Two Acts. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, 18th August, 1828.
- 55.—The Mason of Buda. Burletta, Two Acts. Adelphi Theatre, 21st October, 1828.
- 56.—Charles XII.; or, The Siege of Stralsund. Drama, Two Acts. Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, 11th December, 1828.
- 57.—Thierna-na-Oge; or, the Prince of the Lakes. Melodrama, Two Acts. Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, Easter Monday, 20th April, 1829 (*songs only*).
- 58.—The Partisans; or, The War of Paris. Historical Drama, Five Acts. Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, 21st May, 1829 (*n.p.*).
- 59.—Manœuvring. Interlude, One Act (with C.

- Dance). Theatre Royal, Haymarket, 1st July, 1829 (*n.p.*).
- 60.—Der Vampyr. Opera, Three Acts. English Opera House, 25th August, 1829 (*songs only*).
- 61.—The Brigand. Drama, Two Acts. Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, 18th November, 1829.
- 62.—The National Guard; or, Bride and no Bride. Opera, Two Acts. Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, 4th February, 1830 (*n.p.*).
- 63.—The Dragon's Gift; or, The Scarf of Flight and the Mirror of Light. Melodrama, Two Acts. Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, Easter Monday, 12th April, 1830 (*n.p.*).
- 64.—Hofer; or, The Tell of the Tyrol. Opera, Three Acts. Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, 1st May, 1830.
- 65.—The Jenkinses. Farce, Two Acts. Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, 9th December, 1830.
- 66.—Olympic Revels; or, Prometheus and Pandora. Burletta, One Act (with C. Dance). Olympic Theatre, 3rd January, 1831.
- 67.—The Romance of a Day. Opera, Two Acts. Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, 3rd February, 1831.
- 68.—My Great Aunt; or, Where there's a Will. Comedy, One Act. Olympic Theatre, 5th March, 1831.
- 69.—The Legion of Honour. Musical Drama, Two Acts. Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, 16th April, 1831 (*n.p.*).
- 70.—A Friend at Court. Comedy, Two Acts. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, 28th June, 1831 (*n.p.*).

- 71.—The Army of the North ; or, The Spaniard's Secret. Drama, Two Acts. Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, 29th October, 1831 (*n.p.*).
- 72.—The Love Charm ; or, The Village Coquette. Opera, Two Acts. Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, 3rd November, 1831 (*songs only*).
- 73.—Olympic Devils ; or, Orpheus and Eurydice. Burletta, One Act (with C. Dance). Olympic Theatre, 26th December, 1831.
- 74.—The Compact. Play, Three Acts. Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, 5th April, 1832 (*n.p.*).
- 75.—His First Campaign. Military Spectacle, Two Acts. Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, 1st October, 1832 (*n.p.*).
- 76.—The Paphian Bower ; or, Venus and Adonis. Burletta, One Act (with C. Dance). Olympic Theatre, 26th December, 1832.
- 77.—Promotion ; or, A Morning at Versailles in 1750. Vaudeville. Olympic Theatre, 18th February, 1833.
- 78.—Reputation ; or, The Court Secret. Play, Five Acts. Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, 4th March, 1833.
- 79.—The Students of Jena ; or, the Family Concert. Operetta, One Act. Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, 4th June, 1833 (*n.p.*).
- 80.—The Court Masque ; or, Richmond in the Olden Time. Opera, Two Acts. Adelphi Theatre (English Opera Company), 9th September, 1833, (*songs only*).
- 81.—High, Low, Jack and the Game ; or, The Card Party. Burlesque Burletta, One Act (with C.

- Dance). Olympic Theatre, 30th September, 1833.
- 82.—Gustavus III. ; or, The Masked Ball. Opera, Three Acts. Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, 13th November, 1833.
- 83.—The Deep, Deep Sea ; or, Perseus and Andromeda. Burlesque Burletta, One Act (with C. Dance). Olympic Theatre, 26th December, 1833.
- 84.—The Challenge. Opera, Two Acts. Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, 1st April, 1834 (*songs only*).
- 85.—Secret Service. Comedy, Two Acts. Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, 29th April, 1834.
- 86.—The Loan of a Lover. Vaudeville, One Act. Olympic Theatre, 29th September, 1834.
- 87.—My Friend, the Governor. Vaudeville, One Act. Olympic Theatre, 29th September, 1834.
- 88.—The Regent. Drama, Two Acts. Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, 18th October, 1834.
- 89.—The Red Mask. Opera, Three Acts. Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, 15th November, 1834 (*songs only*).
- 90.—Telemachus ; or, the Island of Calypso. Burlesque Burletta, One Act (with C. Dance). Olympic Theatre, 26th December, 1834.
- 91.—The Court Beauties. Burletta, One Act. Olympic Theatre, 14th March, 1835.
- 92.—The Travelling Carriage. Melodrama, Two Acts. Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, 26th October, 1835 (*n.p.*).
- 93.—The Jewess. Drama, Three Acts. Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, 16th November, 1835.

- 94.—Chevy Chase. Melodrama, Three Acts. Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, 3rd March, 1836 (*n.p.*).
- 95.—Court Favour. Comedy, Two Acts. Olympic Theatre, 29th September, 1836.
- 96.—Siege of Corinth. Opera, Three Acts. Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, 8th November, 1836 (*songs only*).
- 97.—The Two Figaros. Comedy Vaudeville, Two Acts. Olympic Theatre, 30th November, 1836.
- 98.—Riquet with the Tuft. Burletta, One Act (with C. Dance). Olympic Theatre, 26th December, 1836.
- 99.—A Peculiar Position. Farce, One Act. Olympic Theatre, 3rd May, 1837.
- 100.—Norma. Opera, Two Acts. Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, 24th June, 1837.
- 101.—The New Servant. Vaudeville, One Act. Olympic Theatre, 29th September, 1837 (*n.p.*).
- 102.—The Child of the Wreck. Melodrama, Two Acts. Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, 7th October, 1837.
- 103.—Caractacus. Play, Five Acts (altered from Beaumont and Fletcher). Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, 6th November, 1837 (*n.p.*).
- 104.—Puss in Boots. Burletta, One Act (with C. Dance). Olympic Theatre, 26th December, 1837.
- 105.—The Magic Flute. Opera, Two Acts. Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, 10th March, 1838 (*songs only*).
- 106.—The Drama's Levée; or, A Peep at the Past. Review. Olympic Theatre, Easter Monday, 16th April, 1838.

- 107.—The Printer's Devil. Farce, One Act. Olympic Theatre, 11th October, 1838.
- 108.—The Queen's Horse. Farce, One Act (with M. B. Honan). Olympic Theatre, 3rd December, 1838.
- 109.—Blue Beard. Fairy Extravaganza, One Act (with C. Dance). Olympic Theatre, 2nd January, 1839.
- 110.—Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady. Comedy, One Act. Olympic Theatre, 28th February, 1839.
- 111.—The Garrick Fever. Farce, One Act. Olympic Theatre, Easter Monday, 1st April, 1839.
- 112.—The Fortunate Isles. Masque in honour of Her Majesty's marriage. Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, 12th February, 1840.
- 113.—The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood. Fairy Extravaganza, Three Acts. Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, 20th April, 1840.
- 114.—The Spanish Curate. Comedy, Five Acts (altered from Beaumont and Fletcher). Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, 13th October, 1840.
- 115.—Opening of Christmas Pantomime. Harlequin and the Giant Helmet; or, The Castle of Otranto. Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, 26th December, 1840.
- 116.—The Captain of the Watch. Comedy, One Act. Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, 25th February, 1841.
- 117.—The Embassy. Drama, Two Acts. Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, 22nd March, 1841 (*n.p.*).
- 118.—Beauty and the Beast. Fairy Extravaganza, Two Acts. Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, Easter Monday, 12th April, 1841.

- 119.—Marriage of Figaro. Opera, Two Acts. Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, 15th March, 1842.
- 120.—The White Cat. Fairy Extravaganza, Two Acts. Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, Easter Monday, 28th March, 1842.
- 121.—The Follies of a Night. Comedy Vaudeville, Two Acts. Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, 5th October, 1842.
- 122.—The Way of the World. Comedy, Five Acts (altered from Congreve). Theatre Royal, Haymarket, 17th December, 1842 (*n.p.*).
- 123.—Fortunio ; or, The Seven Gifted Servants. Fairy Extravaganza, Two Acts. Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, 17th April, 1843.
- 124.—Who's Your Friend? or, The Queensbury Fête. Comedy, Two Acts. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, 22nd August, 1843.
- 125.—The Fair One with the Golden Locks. Fairy Extravaganza, One Act. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, 26th December, 1843.
- 126.—Grist to the Mill. Comedy, Two Acts. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, 22nd February, 1844.
- 127.—The Drama at Home ; or, An Evening with Puff. Dramatic Review, One Act. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, Easter Monday, 8th April, 1844.
- 128.—Somebody Else. Comedy, One Act. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, 4th December, 1844.
- 129.—Graciosa and Percinet. Fairy Extravaganza, One Act. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, 26th December, 1844.
- 130.—The Golden Fleece. Classical Burlesque, Two Acts.

- Theatre Royal, Haymarket, Easter Monday, 24th March, 1845.
- 131.—A Cabinet Question. Farce, One Act. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, 23rd September, 1845.
- 132.—The Bee and the Orange Tree ; or, The Four Wishes. Fairy Extravaganza, One Act. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, 26th December, 1845.
- 133.—The Irish Post. Comic Drama, Two Acts. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, 28th February, 1846.
- 134.—The " Birds " of Aristophanes. Classical Burlesque, One Act. Theatre Royal, Haymarket. Easter Monday, 18th April, 1846.
- 135.—Queen Mary's Bower. Comedy, Three Acts. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, 10th October, 1846.
- 136.—Spring Gardens. Farce, One Act. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, 15th October, 1846.
- 137.—Story Telling ; or, Novel Effects. Farce, One Act. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, 16th December, 1846, partly acted on 9th December, when W. Farren was seized with illness during the performance (*n.p.*).
- 138.—The Invisible Prince. Fairy Extravaganza, One Act. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, 26th December, 1846.
- 139.—The New Planet ; or, Harlequin out of Place. Dramatic Review, 5th April, 1847.
- 140.—The Jacobite. Drama, Two Acts. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, 12th June, 1847.
- 141.—The Pride of the Market. Drama, Three Acts. Theatre Royal, Lyceum, 18th October, 1847.
- 142.—The Golden Branch. Fairy Extravaganza, Two



- Acts. Theatre Royal, Lyceum, 27th December, 1847.
- 143.—Not a bad Judge. Drama, Two Acts. Theatre Royal, Lyceum, 2nd March, 1848.
- 144.—Theseus and Ariadne. Classical Burlesque, Two Acts. Theatre Royal, Lyceum, Easter Monday, 25th April, 1848.
- 145.—The King of the Peacocks. Fairy Extravaganza, Two Acts. Theatre Royal, Lyceum, 26th December, 1848.
- 146.—A Romantic Idea. Fantastic Drama, One Act. Theatre Royal, Lyceum, 8th March, 1849.
- 147.—Hold your Tongue. Comedy, One Act. Theatre Royal, Lyceum, 22nd March, 1849.
- 148.—The Seven Champions of Christendom. Fairy Extravaganza, Two Acts. Theatre Royal, Lyceum, Easter Monday, 9th April, 1849.
- 149.—A Lady in Difficulties. Comedy, Two Acts. Theatre Royal, Lyceum, 15th October, 1849.
- 150.—The Island of Jewels. Fairy Extravaganza, Two Acts. Theatre Royal, Lyceum, 26th December, 1849.
- 151.—Fiasco; or, The Revolt of Genoa. Historical Play, Five Acts. Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, 4th February, 1850.
- 152.—Cymon and Iphigenia. Fairy Extravaganza, One Act. Theatre Royal, Lyceum, Easter Monday, 1st April, 1850.
- 153.—My Heart's Idol. Comedy, Two Acts. Theatre Royal, Lyceum, 16th October, 1850.
- 154.—The White Hood. Drama, Two Acts. Theatre Royal, Lyceum, 11th November, 1850 (*n.p.*).

- 155.—The Day of Reckoning. Melodrama, Three Acts. Theatre Royal, Lyceum, 4th December, 1850.
- 156.—King Charming ; or, The Blue Bird of Paradise. Fairy Extravaganza, Two Acts. Theatre Royal, Lyceum, 26th December, 1850.
- 157.—The Queen of the Frogs. Fairy Extravaganza, Two Acts. Theatre Royal, Lyceum, Easter Monday, 21st April, 1851.
- 158.—The Prince of Happy Land ; or, The Fawn in the Forest. Fairy Extravaganza, Two Acts. Theatre Royal, Lyceum, 26th December, 1851.
- 159.—The Mysterious Lady. Comedy, Two Acts, Theatre Royal, Lyceum, 18th October, 1852.
- 160.—The Good Woman in the Wood. Fairy Extravaganza, Two Acts. Theatre Royal, Lyceum, 27th December, 1852.
- 161.—Mr. Buckstone's Ascent of Mount Parnassus. Dramatic Review, One Act. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, 28th March, 1853.
- 162.—The Camp at the Olympic. Dramatic Review, One Act. Olympic Theatre, 17th October, 1853.
- 163.—Once upon a time there were Two Kings. Fairy Extravaganza, Two Acts. Theatre Royal, Lyceum, 26th December, 1853.
- 164.—Mr. Buckstone's Voyage Round the Globe (in Leicester Square). Dramatic Review, One Act. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, Easter Monday, 12th April, 1854.
- 165.—The Knights of the Round Table. Comedy, Five Acts. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, 20th May, 1854.

- 166.—The Yellow Dwarf. Fairy Extravaganza, One Act. Olympic Theatre, 26th December, 1854.
- 167.—The New Haymarket Spring Meeting. Dramatic Review, One Act. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, Easter Monday, 9th April, 1855.
- 168.—The Discreet Princess. Fairy Extravaganza, One Act. Olympic Theatre, 26th December, 1855.
- 169.—Young and Handsome. Fairy Extravaganza, One Act. Olympic Theatre, 26th December, 1856.
- 170.—An Old Offender. Comic Drama, Two Acts. Adelphi Theatre 22nd July, 1859.
- 171.—Love and Fortune. Lyrical Comedy, One Act. Princess's Theatre, 24th September, 1859.
- 172.—My Lord and My Lady. Comedy, Five Acts. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, 12th July, 1861.
- 173.—Love's Triumph. Opera, Three Acts. Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, 3rd November, 1862.
- 174.—Orpheus in the Haymarket. Classical Burlesque. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, 26th December, 1865.
- 175.—King Christmas. Masque, One Act. Gallery of Illustration, 26th December, 1871.
- 176.—To which may be added the Lyrical portion of Babil and Bijou, Fairy Spectacle, by Dion Boucicault. Five Acts and a Prologue. Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, 29th August, 1872 (*songs only*).

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Of the above 176 pieces, I believe I may fairly claim 72 as original, 10 being written in conjunction with Charles

Dance, and 62 by me exclusively. The remaining 104 consist of translations and adaptations from the French, Spanish, Italian, and German alterations of early English comedies, or of dramas by modern authors which were confided to me for revision. The titles of the majority will sufficiently indicate the sources from which they were derived, or the works from which they were adapted.

In conclusion, I cannot allow these volumes to pass from the press without offering my most grateful thanks to each and all of my friends, who, either as promoters, editors, or subscribers, have so kindly assisted in their publication, and thus presented me with a testimonial of their esteem in a form which I feel constitutes one of the highest compliments that can be paid to a living author.

J. R. PLANCHÉ,  
College of Arms.

1st October, 1879.



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Severn.  
Bronson Howard, New York, U.S.A.  
Wentworth Huyshe, 11, Alfred Place West. (2)  
H. A. De Rhos Hyde, 9, Hanover Terrace, Regent's  
Park.
-

## I

Henry Irving, Lyceum Theatre.

## J

The Right Rev. the Bishop of Jerusalem.

William Jacob, 41, Norland Square.

Charles Moore Jessop, Surgeon-Major, Army and Navy Club.

Mrs. Johnson, of Cross, Torrington, Devon.

W. S. Johnson, 60, St. Martin's Lane.

## K

The Right Hon. Sir Fitzroy Kelly, Lord Chief Baron. (5)

John Kendall, Cornwall Lodge, Kingston Hill.

James Kendrick, M.D., Warrington.

Thomas Kerslake, West Park, Bristol.

William Kinsey, 34, Sussex Gardens.

## L

Sir Coutts Lindsay, Baronet.

Stampa W. Lambert, Rushbrooke Lodge, Sydenham Road.

Henry Murray Lane (*Chester Herald*).

- 
- Robert Lang, Langford Lodge, Clifton.  
F. Latreille, 5, Bloomsbury Place.  
Robert Laurie (*Clarenceux King of Arms*).  
William Law, 23, Douglas Road, Canonbury.  
John Lawton, Theatre Royal, Manchester.  
John Daniel Leader, Sheffield.  
H. Pigé Leschallas, Tottenham. (4)  
Jonas Levy, 4, Verulam Buildings. (2)  
Arthur J. Lewis, Moray Lodge, Campden Hill.  
W. J. Lewis, Southern Lodge, Hackford Road, North  
Brixton.  
William A. Lindsay, 17, Cromwell Road.  
Liverpool Free Public Library.  
Mrs. Locke, 63, Eaton Place.  
J. Courtenay Lord, Edgbaston.  
Joseph W. Lovibond, Salisbury.  
Major William and Mrs. Lyon, 2, South Street, Park Lane.

**M**

- The Earl of Mount-Edgcombe, *Lord Chamberlain*.  
The Lady Milford,  
Andalusia, Lady Molesworth.  
Joseph Maas, 188, Belsize Road.  
J. W. McConnell, 32, Robert Street, Hampstead Road.  
J. M. Mackenzie, 33, Melville Street, Edinburgh.  
H. B. Mackeson, Mayor of Hythe, Kent.

A. Maclure, Queen Victoria Street.  
Stewart Macnaghten, Bittern Manor House, Southampton.  
Manchester Free Library.  
Mrs. Mansell, 71, Addison Road.  
F. A. Marshall, 40, Lowndes Street. (2)  
Theodore Martin, C.B., 31, Onslow Square.  
J. Brander Matthews, New York, U.S.A.  
Joseph Mayer, Bebington, Birkenhead. (2)  
Mrs. Medhurst, Dorset Square.  
Thomas Meller, 14, Cornhill.  
Herman C. Merivale, Barton Lodge, Kingston-on-Thames.  
Samuel B. Merriman, 25, Austin Friars. (2)  
James William Mitchell (*Rothesay Herald*).  
Thomas Morgan, Hon. Treasurer Brit. Arch. Assoc.  
Abrahams Morris, Pavilion Theatre.  
Pearse Morrison, 96, Leadenhall Street.  
John T. Mould, 1, Onslow Crescent.

## N

His Grace the Duke of Norfolk, *Hereditary Earl Marshal*.  
The Viscount Newport, M.P.  
Henry G. Neville, Queen's Crescent, Haverstock Hill.  
Mrs. John Gough Nichols, Holmwood Park, Dorking.  
Robert Cradock Nichols, 5, Sussex Place.  
A. H. Novelli, Billiter Street.

## O

The Baron Bódog Orczy.

Charles Osborne, 1, Osborne Terrace, Clapham Road.

Frederic Ouvry, Vice-President of the Society of Antiquaries.

## P

Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Everard Primrose.

Sir Noël Paton, R.S.A., LL.D.

A. H. Paget, Saxe-Coburg Street, Leicester.

Charles George Palgrave, Barker Lodge, Colwell Bay, I.W.

A. M. Palmer, Union Square Theatre, New York, U.S.A.

Charles John Palmer, Great Yarmouth.

E. Howley Palmer, 12, Petersham Terrace.

Mr. Serjeant Parry, 66, Holland Park.

Mrs. Paxton, 5, Devonshire Place.

T. F. Peacock, 6, Mornington Crescent.

A. Pearpoint, 8, Eton Villas, Haverstock Hill.

J. W. Phené, LL.D., 5, Carlton Terrace, Chelsea.

J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, F.R.S., Hollingbury Copse,  
Brighton.

Edward F. C. Pigott, *Examiner of Plays in the Lord  
Chamberlain's Department.*

G. H. Pinckney, Tawstock Court, Barnstaple.

Colonel William Pinney, 30, Berkeley Square.

William Platt, 115, Piccadilly.

John Edward Price, 60, Albion Road, Stoke Newington.



**R**

- R. Reece, 10, Eton Road, Haverstock Hill.  
Mrs. German Reed, Mona House, Hampton Wick.  
William E. Revell, 49, Buckingham Palace Road.  
Miss Reynolds, 27, Hertford Street. (3)  
Thomas Richards, 37, Great Queen Street.  
Walter Richardson, 12, Hereford Gardens.  
Herbert Ricketts, 3, The Terrace, Kensington.  
Mrs. Roberts, 11, Wellington Square.  
Charles H. Crompton Roberts, 16, Belgrave Square.  
W. Wybrow Robertson, 6, Alfred Place West.  
The Rochester Book Society, by Mr. Alderman Webb.  
Richard Rose, The Chestnuts, Aylesbury.  
George Ernest Ross, Forfar House, South Kensington.  
Henry Ross, Chestham Park, Henfield.  
Rev. John Bowen Rowlands, Hubberston Rectory, Milford Haven.  
Mrs. Dawson Rowley, Chichester House, Brighton.  
William Newland Rudge, Stock Exchange.  
Henry Rutter, 14, Finsbury Circus.

**S**

- Her Grace the Duchess of Somerset.  
The Earl of Sefton.  
The Earl of St. Germans.  
The Hon. Lady Sebright.  
Sir Percy Florence Shelley, Baronet.

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George Augustus Sala, Mecklenburg Square.  
William K. Sawyer, 9, Pelham Place, Brompton.  
George Scharf, 8, Ashley Place.  
John R. D. Schoales, Dingle Lane, Liverpool.  
Clement Scott, 8, Queen Square.  
Mrs. Silver, Beechcroft, Oatlands Park.  
Alexander Sim, Harrow Weald Park.  
J. Palgrave Simpson, 9, Alfred Place West.  
Charles Roach Smith, Strood, Rochester.  
R. G. C. Smith, Grafton Club.  
S. Talbot Smith, Gaiety Theatre.  
George Somerton, Clifton Down, Bristol.  
Spalding and Hodge, 147, Drury Lane.  
J. and T. Spencer, Leicester.  
Spicer Brothers, 19, New Bridge Street.  
P. Charles Stephenson, 7, Arabella Row.  
J. Ashby Sterry, St. Martin's Chambers.  
Henry Stevenson, *Norfolk Chronicle*, Norwich.  
R. R. Stodart, *Lyon Clerk Depute*, Edinburgh.  
The Strood Institute (Elocution Class), by C. Roach Smith.  
Thomas Sutherland, 60, Bedford Gardens, Campden Hill.  
Major Szulczewski, 26, Walpole Street.

## T

The Marquess Townshend.  
The Lord Talbot de Malahide.  
Sir Henry Tufton, Baronet.  
George Tamplin, 12, Manchester Square.

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Edmund S. Taylor, Byculla Villas, Camberwell.  
Tom Taylor, Lavender Sweep, Wandsworth. (2)  
W. Tegg, Pancras Lane.  
Library of the Thatched House Club.  
Thomas Thorne, Vaudeville Theatre.  
Lieut.-Col. Thorneycroft, Tettenhall.  
Lieut.-Col. Tilney, Parkside, Liverpool.  
Samuel Timmins, Elvetham Lodge, Birmingham.  
J. L. Toole, 4, Orme Square. (2)  
Augustus Toulmin, 21, Campden Hill Gardens.  
Charles Thornton Townshend; Junior Garrick Club.  
E. W. Trafford, Brundall House, Norwich.  
Major Tubbs, Park Villa, St. Leonards-on-Sea.  
Anthony E. R. Tucker, Heralds' College.  
Marwood Tucker, 3, Cleveland Row.  
Miss Mildred A. R. Tucker, Heralds' College.  
Stephen Tucker (*Rouge Croix*).  
William Murray Tuke, Saffron Walden.  
Godfrey Wordsworth Turner, 28, King Henry's Road,  
Regent's Park.  
Colonel A. W. Twiss, Royal Artillery.  
Mrs. Horace Twiss, 9, Hobart Place.  
Quintin Twiss, Treasury, Whitehall.

## V

John Vale, 27, Hammersmith Road.  
Ames Van Wart, New York. U.S.A. (2)  
W. S. W. Vaux, F.R.S., 22, Albemarle Street.  
Hermann Vezin, 10, Lancaster Place.

## W

- His Grace the Duke of Wellington, K.G.  
The Earl of Wharncliffe.  
The Hon. Lewis Wingfield.  
Sir Albert Woods, *Garter Principal King of Arms*.  
W. Wakefield, M.D., 12, Campden House Road.  
Robert Walters, 34, The Grove, Boltons.  
Charles Henry Warne, 45, Brunswick Road, Brighton.  
Henry S. Wasbrough, Coroner for Bristol.  
Philip H. Waterlow, 26, Great Winchester Street.  
Thomas Clemens Watson, 31, Holland Park.  
George Webster, Harefield, Rickmansworth.  
W. H. Weldon (*Rouge Dragon*).  
Alfred White, West Drayton.  
T. Charlton Douglas Whitmore, Gumley, Market  
Harborough.  
Humphrey Wickham, Strood, Rochester.  
David Wilkinson, Stock Exchange. (3)  
Michael Williams, Oxford and Cambridge Club.  
The Rev. J. C. Wright, Walkerne Rectory, Herts.  
Charles Wyndham, Criterion Theatre.

## Y

- W. Yardley, 4, Pump Court.  
Edmund Yates, 3, Portland Place.

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