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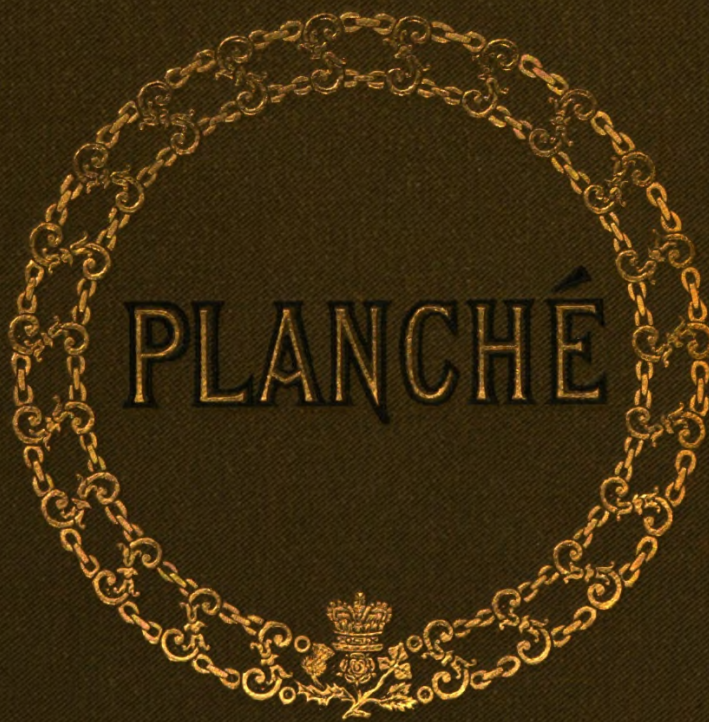
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EXTRAVAGANZAS.



Testimonial Edition.

SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1880.]

JAMES R. PLANCHÉ.

Died on Sunday Morning in his Eighty-Fifth Year.

The sunshine of the May and the sweet breath
Of odorous blossoms in the silent room ;
And lo ! despite the sunshine, gathering gloom,
And on the blooms a touch—the touch of Death !

The gracious head of him we loved sank low,
Over the kindly eyes the eyelids closed ;
To those who watched it seemed that he reposed
After a weary vigil—better so !

Sleep had come to him. Yes, the sleep that ends
The long day's toil when all its cares are o'er,
Wherefrom the sleeper wakens never more,
Heedless of clamour or love-pleading friends.

So his life ended ! God, how sweet, how bright
That life, with all its luminous gifts, had been,
Shedding the glow of genius o'er each scene—
An ecstasy of loving and delight !

Gently it faded out in the long years ;
And he whose word was wit, his voice a song,
Whose steps to rippling laughter moved along,
Leaves at the last but memory—and tears !



Chas: H. Clarke.

January, 1880.

N64.41 [Ext]

F66

From THE BUILDER, June 5th, 1880.]

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Times.

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We regret to announce the death of Mr. James Robinson Planché, which occurred yesterday morning at his residence, St. Leonard's-terrace, Chelsea. He was far advanced in years, having been born on the 27th of February, 1796, and being, therefore, in his 85th year. Mr. Planché's father, a descendant of one of the Huguenots who took refuge in this country on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, was a prosperous tradesman in Old Burlington-street, and his mother won some repute as the authoress of a work on elementary education. The bent of his mind was manifested at an early age. He wrote for some schoolfellows of histrionic proclivities a burlesque called *Amoroso King of Little Britain*. The actor Harley, chancing to witness one of the performances, had the piece brought out at Drury-lane theatre, where it met with so much success that the author promptly became a dramatist by profession. Among other things, he furnished the libretti of *Maid Marian* and Weber's *Oberon*, and adapted some meritorious old plays, such as the *Woman never Vexed* and the *Merchant's Wedding*, to the requirements of the stage of his own time. He now became known as an ardent antiquarian, especially in regard to costume. Mr. Charles Kemble, for example, employed him to supervise the 'dressing' of all plays relating to bygone times. In 1826 he published *Lays of the Rhine*, and in the following year, after a visit to the south-east of Europe, his *Descent of the Danube*. In the meantime his industry as a dramatist had never abated, as may be inferred from the fact that his historical play, *Charles XII.*, produced at Drury-lane in

Daily
Telegraph
2nd June.
1880.

A link with a very dim and distant past is sadly yet gently severed by the death, in his eighty-fifth year, of James Robinson Planché, Somerset Herald, a ripe old scholar and indefatigable antiquarian, who will, however, be better remembered in literary and dramatic circles as the father of modern fairy extravaganza. Very early in life, struck, perhaps, by the opportunities for burlesque partially made use of in the innocent, albeit somewhat stupid operetta of "Midas," he tried his 'prentice hand at an extravaganza called "Amoroso, King of Little Britain;" but he was past thirty when "Olympic Devils" and "Olympic Revels," at the Olympic, surprised and delighted the town; and he was approaching sixty when he wrote the sparkling "Good Woman in the Wood" for the incomparable Eliza Vestris. The career of the patriarch of letters, whose demise will cause so much sincere regret, carries us back to days which to the younger generation of dramatists may appear almost legendary. Mr. Planché wrote the English version of the libretto to Carl Maria von Weber's opera of "Oberon." He wrote the "book" of "Charles XII.," including the words of the exquisitely beautiful ballad, "When time hath bereft thee Of charms now divine." The committee of management of the Covent Garden Theatre sent him to Rheims to make sketches of the State dresses worn at the coronation of Charles X.; and for the late

DEATH OF MR. J. R. PLANCHE.

[FROM AN ESTEEMED CONTRIBUTOR.]

At an almost patriarchal age, but unfortunately attended with much suffering of late, Mr Planché, whose good and useful life we especially alluded to not many weeks since, whilst reviewing the Testimonial edition of his famous extravaganzas in this journal, passed away from this troublous world of ours on Sunday morning last, at his residence in London, to the great loss of all who for so many years have known him personally, or by the interest attached to him as one of the most agreeable and clever dramatists of a now almost bygone period! There are few amongst us of mature age, who will not remember with gratitude the pleasant hours passed at the Olympic, Covent Garden, and Lyceum Theatres, where, under the management of Madame Vestris and the late Charles Mathews, Mr Planché so constantly and well supplied those boards with choice specimens of his exquisite fancy and brilliant writing, good taste with refined humour prevailing in all this accomplished author did for the stage throughout his long dramatic career.

It will not be necessary here again to dwell upon the other and more learned works which have proceeded from his prolific pen, but which will, without doubt, go far to make Mr Planché's name remembered and admired by this as well as succeeding generations. All that we, therefore, shall do in recording with much sorrow the death of this genial, accomplished, and true-hearted gentleman, is to close this brief notice of so valuable a life by venturing to hope that the good Service pension which the present Premier so justly accorded to him some few years ago, and which now falls again to his hands as the disposer of Her Majesty's bounty, may be continued to Mr Planché's youngest widowed daughter, Mrs Henry Mackarness, whose fortunes, with a family of young children to educate, are by no means bright, and whose works, known so well as those by the author of "A trap to catch a sun-beam," having done much good and been so universally popular, alone deserve so proper and, at the present moment, so graceful a recognition.

The *London Daily News*, of Tuesday, in a genial biographical notice of the deceased playwright, says:—"The late Mr Planché led a long and pleasant life in the congenial occupations of literature and the drama, and in various antiquarian studies. Born in 1796, and a playwright as early as 1818, his life, lived always in the busy world, was exceptionally happy and successful. It was curious to talk only the other day with a man who recollected the general illumination in honour of the Peace of Amiens, the burning of both the great national theatres, the O.P. row at New Covent Garden, the young Roscius mania, the advent of Edmund Kean, and the arrest of Sir Francis Burdett, while artillerymen stood with lighted matches by their loaded field pieces in Berkeley-square—to men of to-day as much ancient history as the acting of Mrs Jordan in *The Country Girl*, and of Mrs Siddons in *Lady Macbeth*." Mr Planché was made Rouge Croix Pursuivant of Arms in 1854, and Somerset Herald in 1866.

THE FUNERAL OF MR. PLANCHE.

Rochester
Paper.

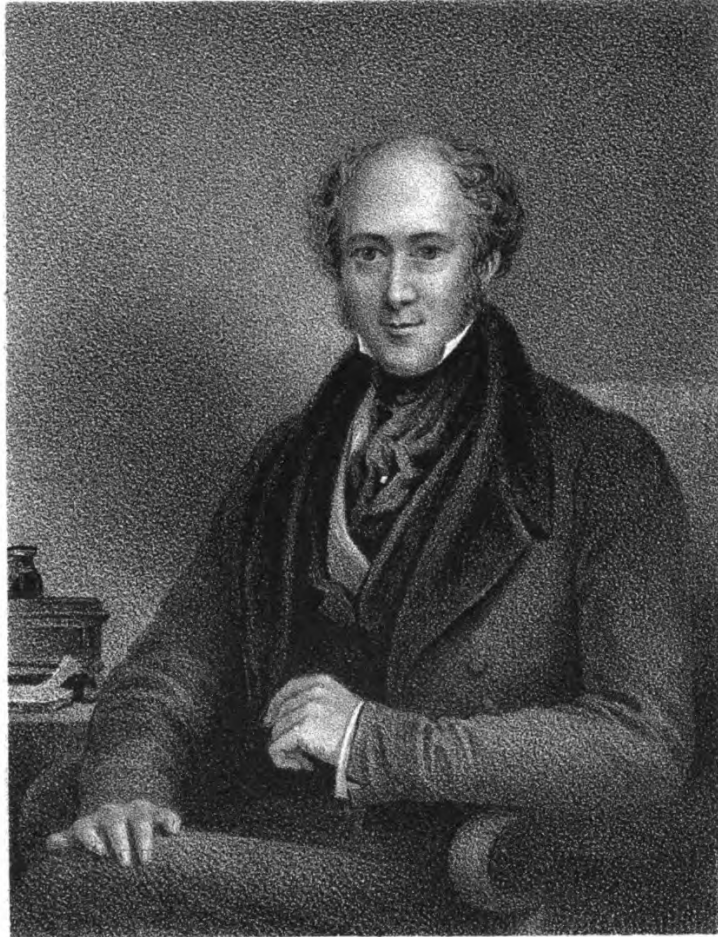
The mournful ceremonial which withdrew from this world, on the 4th inst., all that was mortal of James Robinson Planché may be looked upon as an event standing between two generations or even three, the eminent deceased having been contemporary with Mrs. Siddons and the Kembles; intimate with all the luminaries of the stage intervening down to the present day. The numbers who lined the roads from his house in St. Leonard's-terrace, Chelsea, to the vault in Brompton Cemetery told plainly that some man of mark was being taken from all; although it was impossible that one in a hundred of them could know much if anything of the spirit or genius of the departed. Did one in a thousand of them comprehend him as a poet, a historian, a dramatist, a herald, and an antiquary? Far more significant of the serious occasion was the number and quality of the friends and admirers who attended the corpse to the grave. The extent of these in the great crowd who could estimate? But we learn something from the press.

The procession from the house, preceded by a hearse, consisted of seven mourning coaches, in the first of which were Mr. Planché's godsons of the Mackarness and Whelan families; in the second Mr. Sydney Bendal and Major Northey, relatives, the Rev. T. A. Carr, Vicar of Cranbrook, and Mr. Stephen Tucker (Rouge Croix), the executor; in the third, Mr. George Godwin, F.R.S., Mr. Dillon Croker, F.S.A., Mr. George Wright, and Mr. George Tamplin; in the fourth, Mr. Hallwell-Phillipps, Mr. Tom Taylor, Mr. Henry Irving, and Mr. Roach Smith. Then followed Sir Albert Woods (Garter) and the rest of the College of Arms, Mr. Palgrave Simpson, Mr. Thomas Morgan, Mr. German Reed, the Marquis Townsend, Mr. E. L.

Times.

THE LATE MR. PLANCHÉ.—The remains of the late Mr. J. R. Planché were buried in Brompton Cemetery yesterday afternoon. The *cortège*, consisting of an open car and seven mourning coaches, with many private carriages, left the residence of the deceased, 10, St. Leonard's-terrace, Chelsea, at half-past 1 o'clock, arriving at the cemetery shortly after 2. In the first carriage were four grandsons of Mr. Planché, Mr. Curteis Whelan, Mr. Percy Mackarness, Mr. Charles Mackarness, and Mr. Cecil Mackarness; in the second carriage, Mr. Sydney Rendall, Major Northey, the Rev. T. A. Carr (vicar of Cranbrook), and Mr. Tucker (Rouge Croix); in the third carriage, Mr. George Godwin, F.R.S., Mr. Dillon Croker, Mr. George Wright, and Mr. George Tamplin; in the fourth carriage, Mr. O. Roach Smith, F.S.A., Mr. T. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, F.R.S., Mr. Henry Irving, and Mr. Tom Taylor; in the fifth carriage, Sir Albert Woods (Garter), Mr. W. Aston Blount (Norroy King of Arms), Mr. H. Murray Lane (Chester Herald), and Mr. de Haviland (York Herald); in the sixth carriage, Mr. Bellasis (Bluemantle), Mr. A. Scott Gatly (Rouge Dragon), Mr. Palgrave Simpson, and Mr. Thomas Morgan, F.S.A.; in the seventh carriage, Mr. German Reed, the Marquis Townshend, Mr. E. L. Blanchard, and Mr. George Ade; and in the eighth carriage, Mr. R. Reece and Mr. Gibson. Among those invited to the chapel were:—Messrs. R. Wallace (Secretary to the Earl Marshal), W. S. Gilbert, F. O. Burnand, Toole, Corney Grain, Arthur Cecil, Dion Boucicault, Hermann Vezin, John Clayton, C. Colnaghi, F. D. Roper, N. H. Kendal, George Grossmith, and Henry Neville, Major-General Meyrick, the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, Mr. W. de Grey Birch, Mr. E. Lottus Brock, F.S.A., and the Marquis of Ailesbury. Wreaths of flowers were sent by Lady Charlemont, Andalusia Lady Molesworth, the Hon. Mary Henniker, Mrs. Horace Twiss, and others; and among the private carriages were those of the Duke of Wellington, the Countess Dowager of Essex, Lord Charlemont, the Lord Chief Baron, Lady Molesworth, and Mr. and Lady Harriet Lindsay.

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Very sincerely yours
J. R. Planché

Testimonial Edition.

THE
EXTRAVAGANZAS

OF

J. R. PLANCHÉ, ESQ.,

(SOMERSET HERALD)

1825—1871.

EDITED BY

T. F. DILLON CROKER

AND

STEPHEN TUCKER (ROUGE CROIX).

VOL. I.

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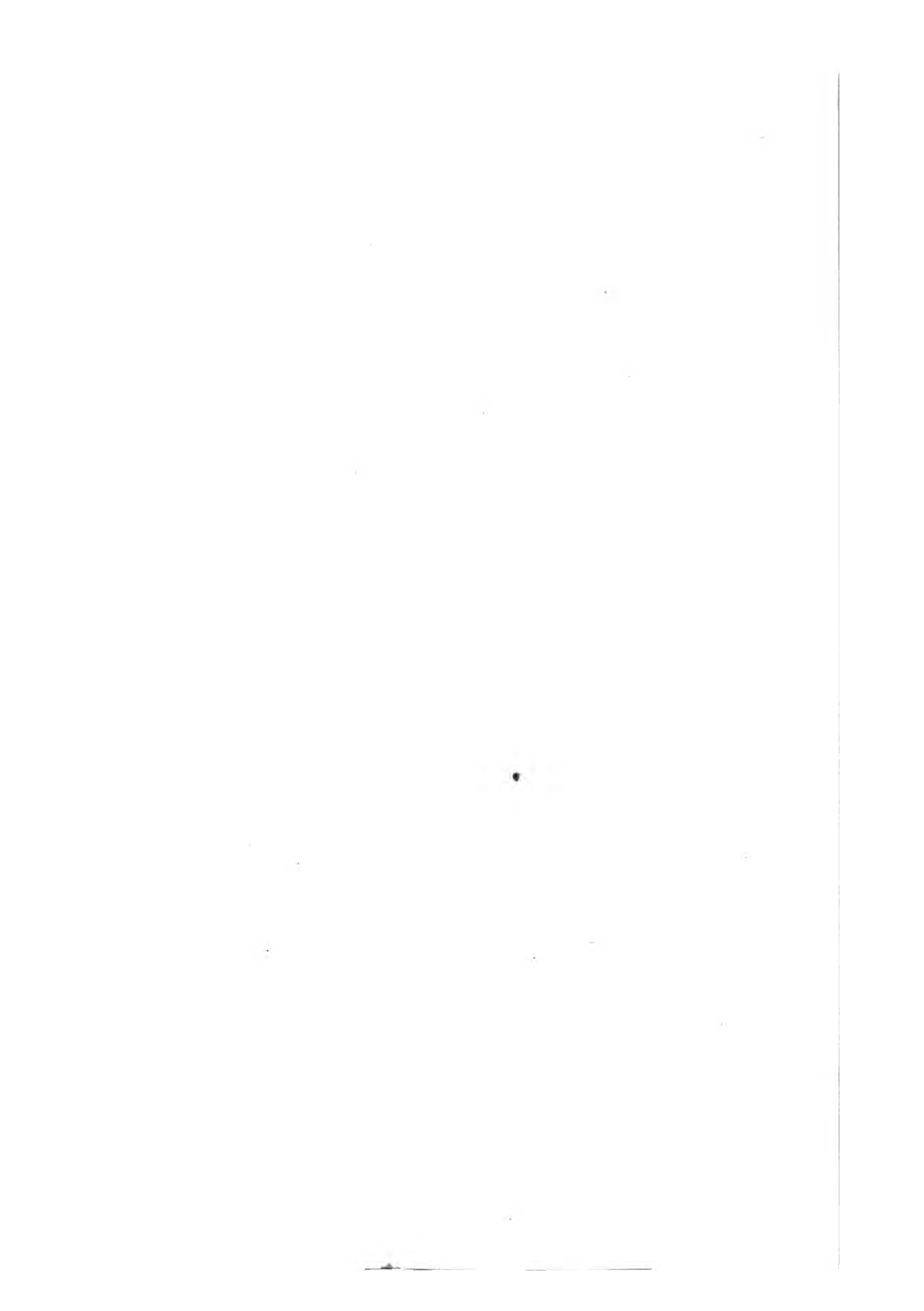
I S.

..	5
..	7
..	11
ND PANDORA	...			37
EURYDICE		61
D ADONIS		89
R, THE CARD PARTY				115
ANDROMEDA		141
LYPSO...		171
...	205
...	247
...	285

NATIONAL PRESS AGE

CONTENTS.

NOTE BY THE EDITORS	5
AUTHOR'S PREFACE... ..	7
SUCCESS ; OR, A HIT IF YOU LIKE IT... ..	11
OLYMPIC REVELS ; OR, PROMETHEUS AND PANDORA ...	37
OLYMPIC DEVILS ; OR, ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE	61
THE PAPHIAN BOWER ; OR, VENUS AND ADONIS	89
HIGH, LOW, JACK, AND THE GAME ; OR, THE CARD PARTY	115
DEEP DEEP SEA ; OR, PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA	141
TELEMACHUS ; OR, THE ISLAND OF CALYPSO... ..	171
RIQUET WITH THE TUFT	205
PUSS IN BOOTS	247
APPENDIX	285



LIST OF PORTRAITS.

VOL. I.

J. R. PLANCHÉ, <i>etat.</i> 39, from a Painting by H. PERRONET BRIGGS, R.A.	<i>Title Page</i>
MADAME VESTRIS, from a Portrait by ALFRED CHALON, R.A.	37
CHARLES J. MATHEWS, from a Photograph by CHARLES WATKINS... ..	205
MISS MURRAY (in "The Two Figaros"), from a Litho- graph by R. J. LANE, A.R.A.	247



NOTE BY THE EDITORS.

The high position attained by Mr. Planché as a Dramatist—in addition to his acknowledged celebrity in other branches of literature, and the fact that this reprint of his Extravaganzas, suggested by many attached friends, is a testimonial to him—leaves little for us to say in the way of introduction.

Having enjoyed the privilege of the Author's friendship from our youth, we have had much gratification in preparing this work for the press, and we consider it an honour that our names should be associated with his in the production of the present edition. We trust that this collection will prove a lasting memorial of one whose brilliant fancy and refined wit have contributed so much to the enjoyments of at least two generations.

In this, our "labour of love," we have been assisted by many kindly workers, and although it may seem unfair, from amongst these, to individualise, we feel that our particular thanks are due to Mr. Charles Roach Smith, F.S.A., for his energetic co-operation.

T. F. D. C.

S. T. (R. C.)



Letter from J. R. Flauché to
C. Roach Smith - Jan'y. 1880.

Monday

With devoutly do I thank
 the Almighty, for the mercy
 I described to you my dear
 friend in your recent trial
 but let me implore you
 not to suffer your impulsive
 nature to induce you
 to rarely "tempt providence"
 (as the common phrase
 runs) by incurring the risk
 of cold or any other perilous
 reaction. It is too late to
 prevent your return home.

but you ought not to have
attempted it. - now have
written to me yourself
as your niece has kind
written to me from throo.
Pray thank her for me.
you will be happy to
hear that I am daily
receiving the most qualify
accounts of the Testimonies
Edition - but a sad
to the working of it
has just occurred in
The ~~fatal~~ ^{sudden} change of your
Truckers objection to it

s Mother aged 87, whose
 7 deceased 4 hours expected.
 He can attend to nothing
 dk and will feel her loss
 20. acutely.

I am suffering sadly -
 much worse the last
 two days - can scarcely
 write as you wish to
 God bless you

Yours ever
 L. R. P.

trying
 to
 cope

5/10

1/2



AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

INTRODUCTORY.

I cannot better evince my deep sense of the obligation I am under to the kind friends who have paid me this high and gratifying compliment than in endeavouring to impart to this edition of my Extravaganzas an interest for the general reader which they do not intrinsically possess, by the addition of notes, biographical and anecdotal, concerning the many eminent artists who have contributed to their popularity, the managements by which they were produced, and all other information which may tend to illustrate the history of the London stage, from my personal experience, during the last sixty years.

For it was on the 21st of April, 1818, that my very poor amateurish attempt at dramatic composition—"Amoroso, King of Little Britain"—written only for private performance by myself and a few other stage-struck young companions, was, through a curious combination of circumstances, produced at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, where, by the "admirable fooling" of the actors, it obtained a popularity it could never otherwise have enjoyed.

It was the urgent wish of several of my friends to include "Amoroso" in this collection, but they have yielded to my

strongly expressed objections on the condition that I should make its production the starting point of my professional reminiscences, which I gladly acceded to, and in fulfilment of that promise I must request my readers, in gratitude for my having spared them the perusal of a schoolboy's nonsensical concoction, to allow me to quote freely a few lines respecting its reception, and matters connected with it, from my recently published "Recollections":*—

"Drury Lane Theatre was at that period in a sad state of starvation, the only cause I can imagine of its suddenly snapping at so humble a morsel as my poor imitation of 'Bombastes Furioso,' with which it is unworthy of comparison. Snap at it, however, it did from the hand of Mr. Harley, to whom it had been shewn without my knowledge by one of our juvenile amateur company. I knew nothing even of its being in the theatre before I saw it announced in the play-bills. Mr. George Daniel, in his 'Remarks,' appended to Cumberland's edition of the piece (which, by the way, was not originally called by me a 'burlesque,' but a 'serio-comic, bombastic, and operatic interlude,') says: 'We have heard that the original title was "Amoroso, King of Pimlico," but the licenser objected to it in consequence of the palace of a portly potentate being situate in the vicinity.' I never heard of such a title or such a prohibition. The piece was announced without my knowledge as 'The King and the Cook,' to which I strongly objected, and insisted upon the

*"The Recollections and Reflections of J. R. Planché," Somerset Herald, 2 vols., 8vo., London, 1872.

restoration of my own title, 'Amoroso, King of Little Britain.'

"When I think of the many deserving authors who have toiled for years before they could obtain a trial, I feel almost ashamed of my unsought success; but consider the cast!

"Harley, in the height of his popularity, who had but to shew his teeth to set the house in a roar; 'Little Knight, as he was affectionately called by the public; the unctuous Oxberry (the elder); the grotesque basso-profundo, George Smith; charming Mrs. Orger, and mellifluous Mrs. Bland!

"If the public, however, proved indulgent, the management was just. It estimated my work at its right value as a literary production, and paid me nothing; but I had the proud satisfaction of learning from authority that the success of 'Amoroso,' had prevented the premature closing of the doors of Drury Lane Theatre. Was there any pecuniary compensation to desire after that?

"An atrabilious critic, reviewing the piece in the next number of *Blackwood*, wrote: "Author! But even the shoe-blacks of Paris call themselves *marchands de cirage*." Hard words to swallow, but they didn't choke me. They only determined me to try to write better. *Fas est*, &c. Besides, I was quoted by the *Times* in a leading article. 'Think of that, Master Brook! A sudden resignation of Ministers, or a dissolution of Parliament—I forget which, and it is not worth the trouble of ascertaining—reminded the writer of the King of Little Britain's speech to his courtiers:—'My

Lords and Gentlemen—get out !' What was the abuse of *Blackwood* to an ' Author ' quoted by the *Times* ?"

I have nothing to add to this account of the origin and production of my crude attempt at dramatic writing, and the good fortune which attended it, except that, as it determined my future career, the natural instinct of an *English* dramatist led me to France for inspiration. Why should the modern playwright be taunted for this tendency—" *prendre son bien où il le trouve* "—when so long ago as the reign of Charles II., of merry memory, Nell Gwyn, in a prologue, declared that—

" All our plays,
Like half our fleet, are taken from the French."

Be that as it may, my visits to Paris made me acquainted with two classes of drama of which I was utterly ignorant—the "*Feerie Folie*" and the "*Revue*." Many years elapsed before I could get them naturalised in England, to which I introduced them. I wish I could say, "*neat* as imported." Eventually, however, circumstances favoured my endeavour, and the result has been the series of extravaganzas now contained in these volumes, the first of which was produced at the Adelphi in 1825, under the title (little contemplated at the moment as prophetic) of "SUCCESS."

SUCCESS;

OR,

A HIT IF YOU LIKE IT;

A new Grand Mock-heroical, Allegorical, Operatical, Melodramatical,
Magical, anything but Tragical

BURLETTA,

IN ONE ACT,

FOUNDED ON FACT,



First performed at the Adelphi Theatre, 12th December, 1825.

SUCCESS;

OR,

A HIT IF YOU LIKE IT.

Seven years had intervened between the production of "Amoroso" and that of the "Allegorical Burlesque Burletta," as it was called, partly for want of a better designation of this class of entertainment, till then unknown to the English stage, and partly in obedience to the Lord Chamberlain, under whose licence certain minor Metropolitan theatres were at that time restricted from acting the regular drama, and had adopted the term "Burletta" as a general and conveniently vague description of every variety of piece performed in them. From that day to this I have never been able to find an English word that would convey to English ears a satisfactory definition of a French "*Revue*." The literal translation would suggest either a military spectacle or a critical magazine; and yet it is, undoubtedly, a "Review" of the dramatic productions of the past season, and a more appropriate name than "Burletta," which disappeared from the play-bills on the emancipation of the minor theatres from their legal fetters in 1844.

Enough, however, about the name. In 1825, the Adelphi Theatre had deservedly established itself in public

favour, under the spirited and intelligent management of Messrs. Yates and Terry, two excellent actors—the former, father of the present Mr. Edmund Yates, and the latter the intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott, who assisted him in the dramatisation of some of his celebrated novels for the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. To these eminent artists I proposed the making of the bold experiment of producing a piece on the plan of a French *Revue*, and was commissioned by them to write it. On the 12th of December it was produced, the cast embracing all the principal members of the admirable company then engaged there; Terry, Yates, John Reeve (senior), Wrench, a delightful comedian, T. P. Cooke, of “Black-eyed Susan” celebrity, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, a most natural actress and sweet singer, and other favourites of the Adelphi audience. So supported it proved such a “success” (running to the end of the season) that it encouraged me to follow it up as occasion presented itself, and if I am any judge of my own works these *pièces de circonstances* (another perplexing French designation!), though inevitably ephemeral from their nature, are amongst the most creditable of my original dramatic compositions. It is now for the first time printed, and I have only to observe here that, with very few exceptions,* I believe I have been the sole contributor of this peculiar species of entertainment to the English stage.

* Notably “Novelty Fair,” by the late Mr. Albert Smith, produced at the Lyceum, 21st May, 1850, and “1863, or the Sensations of the Past Season,” by Mr. H. J. Byron. (St. James’s, 26th, Dec. 1863).—EDS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FASHION (Governor of the Town for the Emperor Whim, Grand Autocrat of all the World ...	MR. WRENCH
SUCCESS (his Daughter, sought by everybody, encouraging anybody, and constant to nobody)	MRS. FITZWILLIAM
PSHAW } (Officers of the Court of {	MR. FOSTER
FIDDLE-DE-DEE } Fashion }	MR. BROWN
PAGE	MR. PHILLIPS
ZAMIEL (an Original) } (from the Theatre Royal {	MR. T. P. COOKE
MR. M. (a Copy) } English Opera) }	MR. YATES
BRUTUS } (from the Theatre Royal, {	MR. J. REEVE
MEPHISTOPHILES } Drury Lane) }	MR. TERRY
EX-TRAGEDIAN ("ever fair and YOUNG") } From the Theatre {	MR. YATES
POLICHINELLE(a Foreigner } Royal, Covent {	MONS. GOURIER
of Distinction) } Garden. }	
PAUL PRY ("just } (From the Theatre Royal, {	MR. J. REEVE
dropt in") } Haymarket) }	
LONG TOM COFFIN (from the Adelphi)... ..	MR. T. P. COOKE
JOCKO (from everywhere)	MONS. GOURIER, and other Jackanapes.
THE OLD TIMES } THE NEW TIMES } THE MORNING CHRONICLE } THE MORNING HERALD } THE MORNING POST } THE COURIER } THE SUN } THE EXAMINER } JOHN BULL } THE THEATRICAL OBSERVER } THE THESPIAN SENTINEL }	Privy Council of Fashion, as <i>suit</i> -ably represented as the Wardrobe will admit upon so <i>press</i> -ing an occasion.
Compositors, Printer's Devils, Newsmen, Banner Bearers, Tailors, Mantua-makers and other Votaries of Fashion, by the rest of the Company.	

S U C C E S S ;

OR,

A H I T I F Y O U L I K E I T .

SCENE, which being impossible to describe, must be SEEN to be appreciated ; nevertheless, the painter intends it to represent

THE PALACE OF FASHION.

*Somewhere at the West End of the town, exhibiting amongst every variety of emblematical peculiarities, all the architecture that ever was known, from the Parthenon at Athens to the Patent Shot Manufactory on the Surrey side of the Thames, and much more than ever will be known except to the visitors of the Adelphi Theatre, and adorned with statues of the most celebrated exquisites, ancient and modern, from the Apollo Belvidere and the Medicean Venus, to her of Hottentot and "The Anatomie Vivante."**

Mantua-makers, Tailors, and other votaries of FASHION discovered in readiness to attend his Levée.

Grand Chorus—Air—"RULE BRITANNIA."

When Fashion first at Whim's command,
In lieu of Common sense began to reign,
This was the chorus, the chorus of the land,
And mantua-makers swelled the strain :
Rule great Fashion ! where'er your sceptre waves
Both old and young be ever, ever Fashion's slaves.

Enter PSHAW and FIDDLE-DE-DEE.

PSHAW. Good morning, my dear Fiddle-de-dee ! Is there any news stirring ?

* Claude Ambroise Seurat, exhibiting in Pall Mall at that period.

FID. Pshaw ! No, the old story ; the palace is likely to be besieged again as usual, and to-day by suitors of all sorts from the different dramatic establishments, who are dying to obtain the hand of the Governor's daughter, the fair Lady Success.

PSHAW. And who is likely, think you, to bear away the *belle* ?

FID. Faith, I know not ! haven't a guess. Our high and mighty master, Fashion, who governs this town for the Emperor Whim, Great Autocrat of all the world, is, with the exception of the aforesaid autocrat, the most capricious creature that ever existed. He promises his daughter to everybody, one after the other ; nay, suffers her to go on a short visit now and then as a bait merely ; but changes his mind and recalls her before anybody can profit by the indulgence.

PSHAW. Gad, she's almost as fickle as her father, though to be sure, much must be allowed for his influence. Were they not both stark, staring mad almost a short time ago, for an Italian fellow who happened to be blest with a good voice, but the most unprincipled rascal breathing, one Don Giovanni ?* Haven't you and I frequently heard them declare they would go to——a place I shan't mention—for him, and where he went to himself in the end, I believe ?

FID. To be sure, and then there were those two sad rattling dogs, Tom and Jerry, who kicked up such disturbances every night in the Strand.† Nothing could keep them out of

* The immortal opera by Mozart, the subject of which had been dramatised in nearly every form at nearly every theatre. Madame Vestris had greatly increased her popularity by her personation of the dissolute Don in Moncrieff's burletta "Giovanni in London," and the success of the piece so elated the author that he remarked to Elliston who had first produced it—

"I think I may say,
I'm the Gay of the day."

† This dramatisation by Moncrieff of Pierce Egan's novel, "Life in London," was produced at the Adelphi under the management of Messrs. Jones and Rodwell in 1821, and after narrowly escaping condemnation the first night, was galvanised into life by the humour and spirit introduced into it by Wrench, John Reeve, Keeley, and Wilkinson, who kept it on its legs till the town took to it, and in two seasons the proprietors netted a small fortune.

their company for a season or two—and fifty other favourites besides that I could mention, if it were worth the trouble, but they have always been jilted in the end.

PSHAW. Betwixt you and me, the old gentleman had better make up his mind and come to some permanent decision before Common Sense returns, as it is whispered he will one of these days.

FID. Common Sense! Phoo-poo, Pshaw! It is so long since all powerful Whim dispossessed him of the government, that he is scarcely remembered in this town, and the public in general are so familiarised to the sway of Fashion that he would not have a chance were he so far to forget his good name as to make such an attempt.

Flourish without.

PSHAW. Break off! The Governor comes.

Enter FASHION. Attended. Grand Chorus. Air—"Victoria, Victoria," "Der Freyschutz."

Hurrah, boys! hurrah, boys! behold our great master,
Let each loyal subject in air wave his castor;
'Tis Fashion alone who can give us *éclat*,
Hurrah, boys! hurrah, boys! hurrah, boys! hurrah!

FASHION *takes his state.* Solo. FASHION.

Look at me, I rule the town, Sir,
Who dissents, I'll knock him down, Sir;
Laugh who will at Fashion's law,
He laughs longest, ha! ha! ha!

ALL. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! &c.

Semi-Chorus. Air, Country Dance, "Tekeli." TAILORS
AND MANTUA-MAKERS.

What'll your lordship wear to-day,
Brown, or blue, or green, or black;
Red, or yellow, or pink, or grey?

FASH. Out of my sight, or your skulls I'll crack.

(Drives them out)

I'm teased, I'm troubled, puzzled and perplexed,
Not only as to *what* suit I'll wear next,

But to *whose* suit I, Fashion, shall give ear
 Of all who seek Success, my daughter dear.
 From every theatre in this great town,
 Lovers before my throne kneel daily down,
 And sue and sigh to gain her for their bride ;
 But neither I nor she can yet decide,
 And therefore I will go into committee
 With all the sages of this most sage city,
 A potent, numerous, and motley band,
 From fair Blackfriars, Fleet Street, and the Strand,
 From Denmark Court, and street called Tavistock.
 Methinks they're tardy ! Fiddle, what's o'clock ?

FID. I lost my watch (craving your lordship's pardon)
 Last night, at the pit door of Covent Garden.

PSHAW. My lord, I think 'tis on the stroke of two.

FASH. So early ! (*enter PAGE*) Now, sir, what's the news
 with you ?

PAGE. May it please your Excellency, a deputation from
 the Lords and Commons of the Public Press.

FASH. Admit them instantly. Their aid I need.
 A friend in type is Friendship's type indeed !

(*Exit PAGE. Round—PSHAW, FIDDLE-DE-DEE, FASHION,*
&c., "Hark, 'tis the Indian drum,"—"Cortez"

Hark, 'tis the critics' drum !
 The authors all around
 Quake at the awful sound !
 They come ! they come ! they come !

*March. Procession:—Two Compositors to clear the way ;
 large banner, "The Public Press;" band of Printers
 Devils and Newsmen ; the "Old Times" in the costume
 of the last century ; the "New Times" in a modern suit ;
 the "Morning Herald," in a tabard of arms ; the "Morn-
 ing Post," dressed like a general postman ; the "Morning
 Chronicle," with a large folio volume under his arm ;
 the "Courier," in a green jacket embroidered with gold,
 buckskin breeches, and jack-boots, &c. ; the "Sun," in
 the costume of Apollo ; "John Bull," the portly, farmer-
 looking personage he is generally represented ; the
 "Examiner," with a pair of spectacles, and with a*

telescope under his arm, &c., each preceded by a Clerk carrying a banner with the name of the newspaper; and last of all, the "Theatrical Observer," in plain clothes, with an opera-glass in his hand, and the "Thespian Sentinel," in a military uniform, both masked and carrying their own placards.

FASH. Yes, here they are, "Both weekly and diurnal,"
 Welcome Old Times—What! still the leading
 journal?
 And welcome to your younger namesake too.
 Fashion is fond of anything that's "new."
 But yonder stands the one who loves me most,
 My friend! My echo! Ah my gentle Post, (*embracing*)
 Let this, and this my gratitude declare.
 My learned Chronicle! I greet you fair!
 Whom have we here? as sure as I am born
 "It is the Lark, 'the Herald of the morn'!"
 "Who's seen 'the Sun' to-day"? Ah! dear Apollo,
 Fashion is wont the Rising Sun to follow.
 'Tis early for the "Courier" to be seen.
 John Bull too! "Welcome Jack! Where hast thou
 been?"
 Another Sunday friend—Pray, sir, approach (*to the*
"Examiner").
 You came, sir, I presume, in a glass coach!
 How's this? Two gentlemen in masquerade!
 Well, welcome all, I need your friendly aid. (*ascends his*
throne)
 Ahem! Pshaw! Clear the court! Fiddle-de-dee,
 Go, call the Princess! Bring her here to me. (*exeunt*
all but FASHION and the JOURNALS)
 Ye mighty pillars of the public press,
 You all do know our daughter, fair Success,
 And each of you in turn have made me waver
 As to which candidate she ought to favour.
 She's young and giddy—dazzled by *éclat*,
 "Pleased with a feather, tickled with a straw!"
 Perchance she'll listen to your friendly voice.
 Direct her judgment, strive to fix her choice,
 But should she scorn your counsel in a fury,
 I'll straight empanel you a special jury;

And "willy nilly," once your verdict given,
If she will not be led, she shall be driven!

Re-enter FIDDLE-DE-DEE.

FID. (*announcing*) The Princess!

Enter SUCCESS, richly attired.

FASH. Ha! she comes! Daughter, attend!
You know these gentlemen, and to what end
They have been summoned duly to our gate;
Fresh suitors throng from each dramatic state!
Therefore lend them your ears. (*pointing to JOURNALS*)
SUC. A useless loan!
They'll quickly be together by their own.
FASH. How's this? Rebellion! Hark-ye! child of
Fashion!

Don't put your loving father in a passion!

SUC. My dear sir, in plain prose I have heard all their arguments over and over again, and there is so much difference of opinion amongst them I beseech you to allow me the liberty of following my own.

FASH. In plain prose I answer, then, that you are not capable of forming an opinion; besides, have I not ordained that nobody shall form an opinion without first consulting the public press? Who dares decide upon the merits of an artist, an author, or an actor, till he has seen his daily or his Sunday paper? Nay, how can any person be fool enough to take the trouble of thinking for himself, when at the same time he pays others for thinking for him? Young lady, I give you an hour or two for reflection, during which time, if you will promise me not to commit yourself, I will allow you to welcome your suitors in this hall, and to receive the sealed tenders of each, but the decision must be left to the Governor in council, and beware how you brave the authority of so august a tribunal!

CHORUS. AIR, "*To Woman's power surrender.*" FASHION,
and JOURNALS.

To mighty We surrender,
Resistance is in vain,

Alike o'er tough and tender,
The Public Press will reign.

(*Exeunt all but SUCCESS*)

SUC. I certainly am an odd creature and smile now and then on the least deserving, but am I not the daughter of Fashion, and naturally inherit some of the mutability of my parent? His lecturing me on the subject of inconstancy is a capital joke. Besides, I am so pestered, so solicited, so flattered, and I cannot be everybody's at the same time.

Song. SUCCESS. "*Which way shall I turn me.*" (*Beggar's Opera.*)

Which way shall I turn me, how can I decide?
I really must own I'm in want of a guide.
One lover's enough to make any girl mad,
But twenty at once is a great deal too bad.
This way and that way, and which way I will,
What would comfort the one, t'other swain would
take ill!

Hunting music without. Enter PAGE.

PAGE. Madam, a gentleman from the English Opera.

SUC. Shew him in. (*exit PAGE*) Some pleasant fellow, I'll be bound. They are all "free and easy" people at that house.*

Enter ZAMIEL, from the opera of "Der Freyschutz."

Ugh! this must be some mistake, surely. What a terrific-looking personage for an ambassador of love! Pray, sir, who may you be?

ZAM. The Devil!

SUC. The Devil you are!

ZAM. Yes, madam, I have that honour. It may not be exactly etiquette for me to present myself before my rivals

* "Free and Easy" was a very successful piece, of which Wrench was the hero, recently produced at the Lyceum, or English Opera House, under the management of Mr. Samuel Arnold.

of the winter theatres ; but "all's fair in love," and "first come, first served" are proverbs in my favour.*

SUC. You're an impudent devil, I'm sure. I recollect you now well enough. Well, sir, and what have you to say for yourself now you've come? or sing for yourself rather, as you belong to an operatic establishment?

ZAM. La, la, la, la! &c. (*singing the Coda to the "Hunting Chorus"*)

SUC. O, mercy! mercy! nothing but that? Why there is not a piano in all London but has been thumped out of time with it. There's no eating, drinking, or sleeping for it. At all times and in all places does the everlasting *coda* torment the tympanum of his Majesty's lieges.†

Song. SUCCESS. *Air*, "Through the Forest." (*Der Freyschutz.*)

In the parlour, in the kitchen,
 Still I hear the well-known sound,
 Every place you put your foot in
 Echoes with the chorus round.
 In the street the pot-boy whistles,
 From the mail 'tis heard afar
 La, la, la, la, la, la, &c.
 E-en at the wash-tub, the wet clothes while wringing,
 Milly and Betty the burthen prolong!
 While to her charge every nurse-maid is singing,
 The charming, eternal, unmerciful song.
 Waltzing or quadrilling,
 At it still they are,
 Not a tune your ear is filling;
 But—
 La, la, la, la, la, la, &c.

ZAM. Aye, aye! that's all very well; but the popularity you make a jest of is all on my side of the argument. My

* The first English version of Weber's celebrated opera, "Der Freyschutz," was produced by Mr. Arnold at the Lyceum, in 1824, Mr. T. P. Cooke being the original Zamiel. Other versions were rapidly brought out at Drury Lane and Covent Garden. My adaptation at the latter house appeared 14th October, 1824.

† It became literally a *burden* too great to bear, and the story goes that servants were engaged on the express condition that they should never sing, hum, or whistle "The Huntsman's Chorus."

magic bullets have mortally wounded Thalia and Melpomene. I have opened a door to all my countrymen and they are flocking hither as fast as English dresses can be made for them to appear in. But up to this moment I stand pre-eminent; I alone have deserved Success and I am here to claim you.

SUC. I confess I was much taken with you at first sight, and you certainly have great merit. I will give the devil his due. But, my dear Zamiel, "toujours perdrix," a word to so wise a person as yourself will, I am sure, be enough.

Re-enter PAGE.

PAGE. There is a gentleman without in a great fidget; he has sent in his card and begs to know if you are "At home." He says he comes from the English Opera, too.

ZAM. Oh, I know who that is; but he has no business here till February.*

SUC. I beg your pardon sir, I am happy to see that gentleman at all times; admit him directly. (*to PAGE*) He is one of my "pretty particulars." (*Exit PAGE*)

Enter MR. M.†

MR. M. Servant, ma'am, glad to see you look charming; very fond of you. Ah, Sammy (*to ZAMIEL*), you're there, are you? Walk faster than I can (‡), but I'll *run* as long as you will for all that. Catch the idea!

SUC. Sir, I am glad to see *you*.

MR. M. Knew you would be—always a friend of mine—so was your father—so he is still—so he will be—so he ought to be. Eh, old Sammy? He! he! he! What a

* Charles Mathews the elder, usually commenced his admirable "At Homes," at the Lyceum in the month of February, the licence for the performance of English opera at that theatre being limited to a summer season.

† Charles Mathews, the elder, of whom his friend Yates gave an excellent imitation.

‡ Mr. Mathews was lame at this period, from a carriage accident, and occasionally suffered much from pain in the hip joint.

gig you look in that hat and feather! I hate hats and feathers. Very like Billy Waters, (*) very like indeed! Thought I shouldn't come till February, ah, Sammy, so you made a forced march! Won't do, can't have me—not to be had—up to everything—down upon everybody—besides you're done—anybody can do you—done you red at Drury Lane; done you black at Covent Garden—and now you're done brown everywhere—don't cock your tin eyes at me—old sour-kroust. I'm an Englishman. What dy'e say, ma'am, am I to have you next season or not? make up your mind—no time to lose—never wait for anybody—"get over the ground, go it if it kills you!" Loved you ever since I was a little boy—loved you before I was born. "'Pon my soul it's true! What'll you lay it's a lie?" (†)

Suc. (*aside*) Heaven defend me! how the man rattles! If I don't make haste and dismiss him, he'll talk me out of my consent before I can hear what the others have to say for themselves; and then, what'll my father say? (*Flourish without*) Ha! a reprieve. Those are the trumpets of Drury Lane. (*aloud*) Well, gentlemen, I am only at liberty to receive your tenders, which must be handed over for consideration to my father in council. Will you do me the favour to enter that apartment for the present?

MR. M. Certainly, ma'am; hope you won't keep me long though, for as my friend Jonathan says, "I'm in a pretty particular very considerable hurry." By-the-bye, did I ever tell you the story of his Uncle Ben, and the squirrel? ‡

Suc. "Oh, yes," a hundred times, and as nothing but novelty can obtain Success, I advise you both to change your notes immediately.

* A well known beggar in London. He was a black man with one leg, who wore a hat with a feather in it; danced and scraped a fiddle, singing some doggerel of which I remember the burden was—

"Berry much oblige for you company,
Giv Billy, giv Billy 'apeny."

He was made a prominent feature in the drama of "Tom and Jerry."

† Catchword of "Major Longbow," a character in one of Mr. M.'s "At Homes."

‡ Another reference to one of his entertainments.

ZAM. What, my notes ! Impossible ! I shall never sing anything but, la ! la ! la ! la ! la ! &c.

(*Exeunt* ZAMIEL and MR. M.)

SUC. Now for my Drury Lane suitor. What is he like, I wonder ?

*Enter a Roman SOLDIER with a banner on which is inscribed Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, followed by BRUTUS. **

SUC. Ugh ! Tragedy, by all that's terrible ! I shall die of *ennui*—but I must speak to the man, I suppose, in common courtesy. How now, sir, what make you here ?

BRU. "The State needs aid, and I am called to Court? am I a fool?" (*Quotation from the play*)

SUC. A very great fool, if you think tragedy is likely to obtain Success, now-a-days.

BRU. "Lash you with scorpions when forth you walk. May the red flaming sun breed living plagues within you, may mankind shun you, may you hate yourself. For death pray hourly, yet be in tortures millions of years, expiring," &c. (*rushing out*)

Enter MEPHISTOPHILES. †

MEPH. (*touching him on the shoulder as he goes out*)
Bravo !

SUC. Heyday ! where did you spring from ?

MEPH. What does that signify ? I am here. "Where

* Howard Payne's tragedy of "Brutus" had a very successful career at Drury Lane in 1818. Edmund Kean's Lucius Junius Brutus was one of his finest creations, but the play did not outlive the season. It was revived at Drury Lane in 1854, when the late G. V. Brooke enacted Brutus. John Reeve gave in this part a very good imitation of Kean.

† A drama, by George Soane, on the subject of "Faust," that apparently inexhaustible theme of dramatists foreign and domestic, was produced at Drury Lane on 16th May, 1825, under the title of "Faustus," which on the sixth night of its representation was changed to "The Devil and Dr. Faustus," the overture by Weber. Terry was the Mephistophiles, and that sweetest of English songstresses, Miss Stephens, sustained the character of Marguerite or Gretchen, in this version of the story named ADINE. Miss Stephens, now Countess Dowager of Essex, is the only survivor of all the favourites of the public alluded to in this *Revue*, as much beloved and respected in private life as she was when on the stage by all who had the happiness and honour of her acquaintance.

did you spring from" would be an awkward question to many who are gayer than I. What do you think of me now you see me?

SUC. I hardly know what to think of you. You look as though you would command Success.

MEPH. Is there any use in merely deserving it? Ask your late favourite—he who has just left us. You worshipped him—you hardly knew why—and you turned your back on him with less reason.

SUC. This is impudence!

MEPH. I always suit my manners to my company.

SUC. How?

MEPH. Why this indignation? I speak the truth, nothing is so impudent as Success—unless it be those she favours.

SUC. She never favoured you, nor ever will.

MEPH. Ha! ha! ha!

SUC. What do you laugh at, wretch?

MEPH. To think I have won you so easily.

SUC. Won me! I hate thee!

MEPH. You are deceived. You know not who I am.

SUC. What is your name?

MEPH. I seldom mention it to ears polite, but, considering the terms we are on, I'll whisper it to you. (*whispers*)

SUC. Ha! (*starting and growing thoughtful*)

MEPH. You see we are old acquaintances. I'll refresh your memory still more. (*waves his hand; the Spirit of ADINE rises*)*

Air. SPIRIT. From "Faustus," after which SPIRIT sinks.

SUC. You touch a chord there vibrates to my heart. It is enough that she who sang that air was yours to make me love you. (*aside*) What am I about? (*aloud*) I—I know not what I said. I will lay your offer with the rest before the Council. I must pray you to await their decision in that apartment. (*exit MEPHISTOPHILES*) I know not what has come to me. There is something in these German mysteries which takes strange hold on me. I feel it is a weakness, yet cannot I shake it off. (*a flageolet plays behind the air of "Home, sweet home."*) What do I hear? 'Tis

* See previous note.

that delicious melody which I feared had fled for ever. The sound awakes me from my troubled dream, and recalls my spirits, intoxicated with the fumes of foreign incense, to the humble but purer pleasures of "Home, sweet home."

*Enter an EX-TRAGEDIAN.**

Ex. "That strain again! oh, it comes on my ears like the sweet south breathing on a bed of violets!" It's a beautiful thing, a very beautiful thing. But an Irish melody is the best thing after all. How d'ye do, my dear? You haven't forgotten me, have you?

Suc. Nay, I should rather ask you that question. You have given up the pursuit of me entirely. It's very ungrateful of you, naughty man; for you were always a favourite with both father and daughter.

Ex. I hope I am still. I love you both as much as ever, and don't you believe anyone that tells you to the contrary. "Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul! but I do love thee; and when I love thee not, chaos is come again."

Suc. Then why do you abandon me?

Ex. To make you love me better when I come back again. Ain't you a woman, my dear? and don't I know the way of your sex?

Suc. But suppose I became desperate for somebody else in the meantime?

Ex. I'll trust you. And to prove it, the very last time I was in Paris I told a man where you lived, and advised him by all means to make up to you.†

* Mr. Frederick Yates, as Charles Young, who had left Covent Garden at the termination of the season 1824-25. Yates' imitation of Young was as faithful as his mimicry of Mathews.

† The "Man" alluded to was Mazurier, the admirable French pantomimist. I had the pleasure of being in Paris with Young and Charles Kemble at the time spoken of, and in company with them, Messrs. Merle and Croznier, the dramatists and managers of the Porte St. Martin Theatre, Madame Dorval, the celebrated melodramatic actress, and Mazurier, passed a most agreeable day at Montmorenci. It was by Young's recommendation that Kemble engaged Mazurier, and I was requested to translate the melodrama, "Jocko, ou le Singe de Brezil," in which his performance had obtained a European reputation, for his *début* at Covent Garden. Most unfortunately it was subsequently decided that

SUC. You did ?

EX. I did ; and he came to Covent Garden just after I left it, and I wonder he hasn't been here before now. (POLICHINELLE *speaks without*) There he is, sure enough ; and a very clever fellow too, let me tell you. But I'm not jealous of him.

“Nor from my own weak merits will I draw
The smallest doubt of fear of your revolt,
For you had eyes, and chose me.

No—I'll see before I doubt. When I doubt prove,
and on the proof there is no more but this, away at once
with love or jealousy.” (Exit EX-TRAGEDIAN)

SUC. Whom can he mean ?

Enter PAGE.

PAGE. There is a foreign gentleman without, madam, who, by the signs he makes, I believe wishes to see you. But he can't speak a word of English, and has the oddest notions. Just now he tied his arm round his neck like a cravat ; and when he wanted a pinch of snuff, put his foot in his waistcoat-pocket.

SUC. Oh, let him enter by all means. (*exit PAGE*) He

he should make his first appearance on those boards in the character of Polichinelle, in the ballet pantomime of that name, an artistic performance of a much higher order, but with which his name was not associated in the mind of the British public. The consequence was that the marvellous creation—for it well deserved that epithet—presented to the spectators, failed to be appreciated by them. They were eager to see the monkey of which they had heard so much, and their disappointment made them blind to the merits of a performance which, for conception as well as execution, remains to this day unparalleled. Eventually, on the 8th of November, that curiosity was gratified. “Jocko, or the Ape of Brazil,” was produced, and the genius of Mazurier was generally acknowledged. His career, alas ! was a brief one ; shortly after his London engagement he died from an affection of the lungs, accelerated, if not engendered by the constant use of the ingeniously constructed mask which he wore as the monkey.

[This mechanical mask was given by Mazurier to T. P. Cooke when the latter was acting at the Porte St. Martin in the summer of 1826, and is now in my possession, having been presented to me by Mr. Cooke's daughter. By a contrivance in brass the mouth was made to open, but the constant application of lips and teeth to such metal would be likely to prove very injurious as well as the constant inhaling of a vitiated atmosphere.—T. F. D. C.]

must be quite a curiosity. (*looking out*) Ha! ha! Punch, as I live!

*Music. Enter POLICHINELLE.**

SUC. Bon jour, monsieur; you seek Success, I presume? (POLICHINELLE *squeaks and nods in the affirmative*) You are a man of talent and a stranger—two strong claims on British candour and liberality. You are entitled to a fair trial, and shall take your chance with the rest. Win me and wear me. You would dance into my favour, I believe? (POLICHINELLE *squeaks and nods in the affirmative*)

SUC. Will you favour me with a specimen of your abilities? (POLICHINELLE *squeaks and nods again*)

Music. He dances.

SUC. Very well, indeed, sir; but— (*a knocking at the door*) Interrupted! Who's there?

Enter PAUL PRY.†

PAUL. I beg your pardon, I hope I don't intrude. It's only Paul Pry just popped in to say how d'ye do in a friendly way—betwixt you and me, if I'm not asking an impertinent question, what may be your business here? (*to POLICHINELLE*) (POLICHINELLE *squeaks and points to SUCCESS*) Bless my soul, you don't come a courting, do you? (POLICHINELLE *squeaks angrily*) Well, don't be offended, I only asked. (*aside*) Very odd looking person, that fellow with a hump; can't think where I've seen him before.

SUC. Sir, I shall be happy to speak to you in your turn, but you must allow me to say however great your pretensions, this interruption—

PAUL. Bless you, don't mention it—only just dropped in, you know. I'll call again in half an hour, when you arn't busy. (*aside*) Very suspicious all this. (*aloud*) By-the-bye, if I'm not asking an impertinent question what do you pay for new covering an old umbrella?

SUC. I entreat you'll leave the room, sir!

PAUL. Well, don't be offended, I only just spoke. I was

* See previous note.

† Mr. John Reeve, who gave an imitation of Liston, the original representative of the character in Poole's popular comedy.

going to tell you where you could get it done cheap, but that's always the way, everybody snubs me! But if ever I do a good-natured thing again, if I'd a shilling in my pocket I'd take an oath I never would.

SUC. There's the door, sir!

PAUL. Bless my soul, I can see it plain enough; why I came in at it, you know; only to think, now, of your pointing out the door.

SUC. Will you begone, sir?

PAUL. I'm going,—I'm going! Remarkably odd behaviour. Good morning, ma'am. I wish you a very good morning, sir. (POLICHINELLE *squeaks*) Well, don't be offended. I only spoke. (*aside*) There's something at the bottom of it, I'm sure! (Exit)

SUC. Now, monsieur, that that extraordinary character is gone, I will just observe to you that—(*knocking at the door*) Interrupted again! Plague take it! who's there?

Re-enter PAUL PRY.

PAUL. I beg your pardon; but I left my umbrella.

SUC. This is too bad. Follow me, monsieur; we will finish our conversation in another apartment.

(*Exeunt* SUCCESS and POLICHINELLE)

PAUL. Oh, yes; I daresay; pretty doings! (*peeping through the key-hole*) Plague take the people for making key-holes so small! There's no seeing anything through 'em! Well, who'd have thought it? So fond, too, as she pretended to be of me all the autumn. Never mind, it doesn't signify. But if ever I do a good-natured thing again—— I'll follow them, and see the end of it though, I'm determined!

Song. PAUL PRY. *Air, "Cherry Ripe."*

Just dropp'd in! Just dropp'd in! Still I cry,
Ev'rybody knows Paul Pry. (Exit PAUL)

Enter FASHION.

FASH. A murrain light upon the rascal's hunch!
My daughter's half inclined to take to Punch,
And what to do to circumvent the elf, I
have not a guess.

Enter PAGE.

PAGE. (*announcing*) Long Tom from the Adelphi.

FASH. Delightful! That's the fellow! shew him in.
(*exit PAGE*) If I have any voice Long Tom shall win!

*Enter LONG TOM.**

LONG T. What cheer, your honour? You know my name, I suppose? I'm called Tom when there's any hurry, such as letting go the haul yards or a sheet. Long Tom when they want to get to windward of an old seaman by fair weather, and Long Tom Coffin when they wishes to distinguish me from another of the same name.

FASH. Aye, aye! Long Tom! I've often heard of you, and devilish glad I am to see you, too. Give me your fist, my heart of oak! D'ye know, I fear my daughter will be ta'en in tow by a French privateer—the "Punch of Paris." I'm not quite sure how many guns he carries, but—

LONG T. Say no more, your honour, say no more! A French privateer! I haven't had a lick at one this many a long day. I know the mounseer well—a queer sort of thing; rolls about like a porpoise in a gale of wind! Bulges fore and aft, mounts a sky scraper hat; let me come along side of him with my harpoon, that's all! My eyes! down-chests! up hammocks! crowd all sail!

FASH. One moment! If you win my girl to-day,
Don't serve her as you did Miss Ariel, pray;
Don't daub her with your filthy tar and paint.
The very smell of it would make me faint!
Cram her with grape shot, and then put to sea with her.
Upon my soul, Tom, it will disagree with her.

LONG T. Never you fear, your honour. I'll bring her safe into port, I'll warrant me. Look out for squalls there.
Yo ho! yo ho! (*Exit TOM*)

Re-enter PAGE.

PAGE. A Red Cross knight from the Italian Opera. (*exit*)

* Mr. T. P. Cooke, the original Long Tom Coffin, in the melodrama of "The Pilot," then in the height of its run at the Adelphi, being acted for the 37th time on the night "Success" was produced.

FASH. Ha! that's a house I always liked. He comes—*Veluti* in Speculum!

Enter IL CROCIATO.*

Now welcome here, brave Red Cross knight,
Thou'rt welcome unto me,
And the bells shall be rung and the mass be sung,
And the feast eat merrily, merrily.

Song. IL CROCIATO. "*Giovinetti Cavalier.*" *From the Opera, after which he dances, and exits with a pirouette into the apartment.*

FASH. Bravo! bravo! bravissimo!

Music. A monkey enters, and flies about the stage. Shortly after him another. *Enter* PAGE hastily. *Exeunt* monkeys.

PAGE. My lord! my lord!

FASH. Why, how now—what's the matter?

PAGE. There's a wilderness of monkeys in the courtyard. One from every theatre in London—majors and minors.† Such a grinning and chattering was never heard. They've bitten a great many persons, too, my lord; and half your people are monkey mad!

FASH. Where is my daughter! Fly, slave! Seek her out!

PAGE. My lord, she's here.

FASH. And bitten, too, no doubt.

* Meyerbeer's opera "*Il Crociato in Egitto,*" had been the principal feature of the season of 1825, at His Majesty's Theatre, the cast including Signor Velluti, Madame Caradori and Mademoiselle Garcia (afterwards the celebrated Madame Malibran), and the most popular air in it was, "*Giovinetti Cavalier,*" sung by the latter lady in the character of Felicia, and invariably enthusiastically encored. It was introduced, therefore, in this situation as the one most readily to be recognised by the audience, now transferred to the character of Armando, the Red Cross Knight himself. His dancing at the end of it was a satirical allusion to the fact that at that period it was the ballet and not the opera that was the great attraction at the principal *musical* theatre in England. The pit (there were no stalls in those days) was usually empty until the ballet began, when "*Fop's Alley*" (as the passage through the centre was called) became impassable.

† Versions of "*Le Singe de Brezil,*" were produced in most of the theatres in consequence of the success of Mazurier at Covent Garden.

Enter SUCCESS, half angry.

What would my darling ?

SUC. O, propitious be——

A monkey, father, is the man for me !

Song. SUCCESS. " There's fifty young men."

There's fifty young men have told me their fine tales,
And called me their fairest she ;

But of all the gay fellows that sport on the green,
Young Jocko's the lad for me.

He tumbles and capers, and climbs up a tree ;

He scratches himself with his toes ;

He looks to a monkey as like as can be,

When he puts on his pasteboard nose !

FASH. And is it come to this ? away, and call
Judges and candidates into the hall. (*Exit PAGE*)

Prayers and entreaties are of no avail ;

She loves a monkey ! Thereby hangs a tail !

Her crotchet they or I must overrule.

" This deed I'll do before this purpose cool !"

(*FASHION ascends his throne ; tremendous uproar within*)

Enter PSHAW and FIDDLE-DE-DEE.

FASH. What, ho ! Within there ! What's the matter now ?

Is Bedlam broke loose ? Rascals ! what's the row ?

Will no one tell me what it's all about ?

PSHAW. My lord, the judges have all fallen out ;

One was for this, the other was for that ;

From arguments came contradictions flat ;

From contradictions other words arose,

And then from words they came of course to blows !

The suitors, too, have mingled in the brawl.

FID. Here they come ! critics, candidates and all ! (*Uproar again*)

All the JOURNALS enter with ZAMIEL, MR. M., MEPHISTOPHILES, POLICHINELLE, PAUL PRY, LONG TOM, IL CROCIATO, MONKEYS, &c., vociferating and threatening one another.

FASH. Hold ! Keep the peace I say ! are you all crack'd ?

Silence ! or zounds ! I'll read the Riot Act !

Critics and candidates, attend to me !
 " Who shall decide when doctors disagree ? "
 We will suppose you all are in the right
 (Tho' rather strange, you'll own it is polite) ;
 But till your suffrages unite in one,
 My daughter must, I fear, be bride to none ;
 Still must she lead her usual vagrant life,
 More like a fickle mistress than a wife.
 Now flirt with this and now with t'other fellow,
 Now love a monkey, now a Punchinello ;
 Now for Rossini, now for Weber burn,
 And even Shakespeare may be borne in turn.
 Feel for each novelty a tender passion
 And change as often as her Father Fashion.
 But until further order I command
 That she remain with Long Tom in the Strand

FINALE ("*Oh ! the Roast Beef*").

My fiat made known our Burletta now ends,
 Shake hands with each other, and let us part friends ;
 Still study to please and to make you amends,
 You shall all in your turn have Success, sirs.

PAUL. I wouldn't intrude, but I wish to explain
 (*to TOM*) I lent her my umbrella once in the rain,
 But if ever I do such a kind thing again
 I wish I may ne'er have Success, sir.

LONG T. Avast there, you lubbers ! leave jawing, dy'e see !
 His Honour the Admiral's given her to me,
 And when in my boat her *boatswain* I shall be ;
 So all hands ahoy ! for Success, sir !

SUC. Hold water awhile ! For tho' Fashion's my Pa,
 The Patrons before you your project may bar ;
 Their smile is your best bower anchor, brave tar,
 Their hands can alone give Success, sirs ;
 Their hands can alone give Success.

CURTAIN.



*Very much
Yours
Elizabeth Vestris.*

OLYMPIC REVELS;

OR,

PROMETHEUS AND PANDORA;

A MYTHOLOGICAL, ALLEGORICAL BURLETTA,

In One Act,

Not translated from the French, but borrowed from the English of
George Colman, the Younger, the HEADS being taken from that
gentleman's Tale of "The Sun Poker."

First performed at the Olympic Theatre, 3rd January, 1831.

OLYMPIC REVELS;

OR,

PROMETHEUS AND PANDORA.

Thirteen years had passed since the introduction of "Amoroso," at Drury Lane. Its success had induced me, shortly afterwards, to try my "prentice hand" at something of the same class, but of a higher order, supposing I was capable of it. The popularity of "Midas" had been newly revived by the appearance of Madame Vestris in the character of Apollo. Mythology had always possessed a peculiar fascination for me, and the publication of George Colman's (the younger) story "The Sun Poker," furnished me not only with a subject, but suggested a mode of dealing with it. The result was an "allegorical burlesque burletta," which I named "Prometheus and Pandora," but although in addition to "Amoroso" I had written two or three other pieces which had been favourably received, and my reputation as an author (*pace* BLACKWOOD) was gradually increasing in professional circles, I could not persuade any manager to accept my classical bantling.

I had almost forgotten its existence, when one day, towards the close of the year 1830, I met Madame Vestris, who, not having renewed her engagement at Drury Lane and finding no opening for her at Covent Garden, had suddenly determined to set up for herself. She informed

me that she had just taken the Olympic in conjunction with Miss Foote, afterwards Countess of Harrington; that they had engaged Mrs. Glover and other performers, and would be glad if I had anything ready for immediate production. I recollected my rejected burlesque, and saw in Madame Vestris a perfect Pandora. I mentioned the subject to her, and it was agreed that I should make such alterations in it as time and circumstances had rendered necessary, and that she should open the season with it, and in it. Having much work on my hands at that moment, I induced Charles Dance, with whom I had already written a farce for the Haymarket, to try his hand at this style of composition, and in two or three evenings we brushed up together the oft-rejected burlesque, and under the additional locally allusive title of "Olympic Revels," it was produced on the opening night, 3rd January, 1831, Madame Vestris sustaining the part of Pandora.

The extraordinary success of this production was due not only to the admirable singing and *piquante* performance of that gifted lady, but also to the charm of novelty imparted to it by the elegance and accuracy of the costumes, it having been previously the practice to dress a burlesque in the most *outré* and ridiculous fashion. My suggestion to try the effect of persons picturesquely attired speaking absurd doggerel, fortunately took the fancy of the fair lessee, and the alteration was highly appreciated by the public, but many old actors could never get over their early impressions. Liston thought to the last that Prometheus, instead of the Phrygian cap, tunic, and trousers, should have been dressed like a great lubberly boy, in a red jacket and nankeens, with a pinafore all besmeared with lollipops; others that, as in "Midas," the costume should be an in-

congruous mixture of the classical and the farcical. Time and other circumstances prevented the scenery from being in accordance with the dresses. It was limited to a few clouds, the interior of a cottage, and a well-used modern street, which was made a joke of in the bill to anticipate criticism. There is nothing more to say on this subject than that "Olympic Revels" was the first of a series which enjoyed the favour of the public for upwards of thirty years.

The following address was written at my request by John Hamilton Reynolds, and spoken by Madame Vestris on the opening night:—

Noble and Gentle—Matrons—Patrons—Friends !
Before you here a venturous woman bends !
A warrior woman—that in strife embarks,
The first of all dramatic Joan of Arcs.
Cheer on the enterprise, thus dared by me !
The first that ever led a company !
What though, until this very hour and age,
A lessee-lady never owned a stage !
I'm that *Belle Sauvage*—only rather quieter,
Like Mrs. Nelson, turned a stage proprietor !*
Welcome each early and each late arriver—
This is my omnibus, and I'm the driver !
Sure is my venture, for all honest folk,
Who love a tune, or can enjoy a joke,
Will know, whene'er they have an hour of leisure,
Wych-street is best to come to for their pleasure.
The laughter and the lamps, with equal share,
Shall make this house a *light*-house against care.

* Well known to the coaching men of that day.

This is our home ! 'Tis yours, as well as mine ;
 Here Joy may pay her homage at Mirth's shrine ;
 Song, Whim, and Fancy jocund rounds shall dance,
 And lure for you the light Vaudeville from France.
 Humour and Wit encourage my intent,
 And Music means to help to pay my rent.
 'Tis not mere promise—I appeal to facts ;
 Henceforward judge me only by my *acts* !
 In this, my purpose, stand I not alone—
 All women sigh for houses of their own ;
 And I was weary of perpetual dodging
 From house to house, in search of board and lodging !
 Faint was my heart, but, with Pandora's scope,
 I find in every *box* a lurking hope ;
 My dancing spirits know of no decline,
 Here's the first *tier* you've ever seen of mine.
 Oh, my kind friends ! befriend me still, as you
 Have in the bygone times been wont to do ;
 Make me your ward against each ill designer,
 And prove Lord Chancellor to a female *Minor*.
 Cheer on my comrades, too, in their career ;
 Some of your favourites are around me here.
 Give them—give me—the smiles of approbation,
 In this Olympic game of speculation ;
 Still aid the petticoat on old, kind principles,
 And make me yet a Captain of *Invincibles* !*

* Alluding to the elder Mr. Morton's farce of "The Invincibles," in which at Covent Garden Madame Vestris had achieved a great renown.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MORTALS.

PROMETHEUS (an eminent <i>Man</i> -ufacturer)	...	MR. J. COOPER
SWISS BOY (a <i>Great</i> Anachronism)	MR. BECKWITH
PANDORA (a Mettlesome Lady, forged by Vulcan to be passed upon Prometheus, and pleading guilty to the <i>minor</i> offence of <i>uttering notes</i> for her own Benefit)	MADAME VESTRIS

IMMORTALS—OLYMPIC REVELLERS.

“ In their habits as they lived,” and with the habits they’ve contracted.

JUPITER	MR. J. KNIGHT
NEPTUNE	MR. W. YOUNG
HERCULES	MR. WORRELL
PLUTUS	MR. PAGET
VULCAN	MR. BROWN
APOLLO	MISS MELBOURNE
BACCHUS	MR. W. VINING
MOMUS	MR. SMITH
ESCULAPIUS	MR. COATES
SOMNUS	MR. JAMES
MARS	MR. BROUGHAM*
CUPID	MISS JOSEPHINE
MERCURY	MR. NEWCOMBE
GANYMEDE	MISS GREENER
MINERVA	MRS. THOMAS
JUNO	MISS STUART
HOPE	MISS LANGLEY

* John Brougham, subsequently the popular representative of Irish characters.

OLYMPIC REVELS;

OR,

PROMETHEUS AND PANDORA.

SCENE I.—*Mount Olympus*—JUPITER, NEPTUNE, HERCULES,
and PLUTUS discovered at whist—MERCURY stands behind
JUPITER'S seat—HEBE and GANYMEDE in waiting with
nectar—on either side are arranged other DEITIES.

Air and Chorus—JUPITER, &c.—“*Masaniello.*”

JUP. Come, mind your play, and cease your joking,
Such whist as this I never knew ;
If, Neptune, thus you keep revoking,
I'll charge the points I lose to you.
Look sharp, and play your cards with care ;
Take heed, pri'thee do ;
The hands I hold would make a parson swear.

CHORUS. Look sharp, &c.

JUP. It's your deal, Neptune—cut the cards, you Plutus.
Now, Neppy—turn up something that will suit us.
A glass of nectar, Ganymede ! (*drinks*) We're six.

NEP. No, honours were divided—four by tricks.

PLU. Come, come, don't cheat us !

JUP. Cheat, you stingy frump !

Who wants to cheat ? Now, Neptune, what's the
trump ?

NEP. The ten of hearts.

HER. Then 'tis our turn to croak ;
For Neptune's hearts, we know, are hearts of oak.

PLU. (*playing*) A little diamond.

HER. Diamond ! Oh, you brute !
Had it been clubs I could have followed suit.

- NEP. That's a vile pun ; and Johnson used to say,
Who made a pun would pick a pocket.
- HER. (*rising, angrily*) Eh ?
- JUP. Curse you, be quiet, will you, with your tricks ?
(*flinging down his cards*)
I swear by clubs—poh, stuff!—I mean, by Styx,
I'll play no more ; and next time, I insist,
When you joke—joke ; when you play whist—play
whist.
- ALL. Finish the rubber.
- JUP. I will not ; I say,
Turn up the table—take the cards away.
Let's have some music. Hermes, where's Apollo ?
- MER. Gone to the Glee-club, at the Cat and Swallow.
- JUP. Deuce take the fellow. Where is Bacchus now ?
- MER. He's at the Punch Bowl, drunk as David's sow.
- JUP. Where's Mars ?
- MER. He's gone to drill.
- JUP. Where's Juno, pray ?
- MER. She's in the laundry, sir ; it's washing day.
- JUP. The sky's deserted. Isn't Momus there ?
- MER. No, sir ; he's eating fire at Troy Fair.
- JUP. Where's Esculapius ?
- MER. Priam's rather queer,
And he's gone down to bleed him, sir.
- JUP. Oh, dear !
Then I'll to sleep ; bid Somnus step this way.
- MER. Lord, sir—he's yawning o'er the last new play.
- JUP. What ! neither melody, wit, wine, nor slumber ?
Well, then, to business ; ere you ten can number,
Fly to Mount Etna ; seek the God of Fire,
Give him my compliments, and just inquire
If the last thunderbolt I broke is soldered,
And if he's made the lady that I ordered.
- MER. (*aside*) Oho ! for some new fair one he's an inkling.
- JUP. What's that you say ?
- MER. I fly, sir, in a twinkling.
(*Exit MERCURY*)
- JUP. Immortals, you have heard how one Prometheus
Is making creatures out of clay beneath us ;
And from our kitchen range has pilfered coals,
To heat their passions, and light up their souls ;

But I have formed a project to annoy him,
Perplex, confound, and in the end destroy him.
I'll feign delight at genius so uncommon,
And, for reward, present him with a woman !
I have directed Vulcan how to make her,
And when she's finished, Mercury shall take her ;
She'll breed fine mischief, if she's what I think her.

Re-enter MERCURY.

Returned—well flown ! How fares the lame old tinker ?

MER. Why, sir, his leg appears a little better,
But for particulars, please read this letter.

JUP. (*taking letter by the corner, and holding it up*)

How dare he send me such a dirty note ?

He might have washed his hands before he wrote.

(*reads*) "Vulcan's respects, regrets to make Jove wait—

The thunderbolt will not be done till eight ;

The lady all his time has been demolishing,

But she's just finished now, except the polishing ;

Will bring her home himself, as soon as done—

Mount Etna—post meridian—half-past one."

The polishing ! he works confounded slow ;

Zounds ! I bespoke her full three weeks ago.

No thunder ! well, then, I must do without it

Till eight, that's all that I can say about it.

(*Laughter and noise without*)

Peace there, I say—who dares make such a rout ?

Pray what are all my new police about ?

Hermes, report—who is it so uproarious ?

MER. They're bringing Bacchus home, sir, very glorious.

JUP. A nasty drunken dog !

*Enter BACCHUS, supported by PAN and SILENUS TWO
BACCHANTES carrying his tub.*

So, sir, it's you ?

BAC. Your most obedient, daddy, how d'ye do ?

JUP. If your poor mother, Semele, were here,

'Twould break her heart to see you look so queer.

For shame ! you have forgotten all you owed her.

Make him sit down—give him some hock and soda.

BAC. Indeed, pa—I've scarce touch'd a drop of drink,
 And what's made me so ill I cannot think ;
 But as to all that stuff about my mother,
 She took her grog as well as any other.

MER. (*aside*, to JUPITER) He's play'd the deuce, sir, with
 his best apparel ;
 He was so drunk he could not sit his barrel.

AIR AND CHORUS—" *Der Freyschutz.*"

JUP. Look the reeling rascal after,
 Yonder comes the God of Laughter,
 Holding both his sides—Huzza !

Enter MOMUS.

Welcome, Momus—ha, ha, ha !

CHORUS—Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha ! ha ! ha !

MOMUS. Lo ! where from the Cat and Swallow,
 Comes your *sun* and *air*, Apollo.
 Home's not "sweet home," when he's awa,
 Welcome, Phoebus—ha, ha, ha !

Enter APOLLO, followed by MARS and ESCULAPIUS.

CHORUS—Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha !

JUP. Now we'll have fiddling and some songs between ;
 We will, by Styx !

MOMUS. By fiddle-sticks you mean.

JUP. But here comes Vulcan, fast as he can drive.
 And with his handy-work, as I'm alive.
 Now all your voices raise, ye gods combined,
 To hail this paragon of womankind.

VULCAN rises in the centre of the stage, with PANDORA.

CHORUS—" *Der Freyschutz.*"

Victoria ! with shouts let Olympus be riven,
 A forger like Vulcan must needs be forgiven.
 Jove himself might believe his own deed there he saw,
 Victoria ! Victoria ! Victoria !

JUP. A very clever work, indeed, son V,
And as like life as any thing can be.

VUL. It's not for me to sing to my own praises ;
And yet I may say (as the earthly phrase is)
I have seen worse.

JUP. Worse ? I ne'er saw a better ;
You've followed my instructions to the letter.

VUL. I did my best your wishes to fulfil ;
I'm glad she pleases ; here's my little bill. (*giving it*)

JUP. Your bill, sly rogue ! you know the way to thrive.
(*reads*) "To a new lass of metal—five pounds five."
My ready cash just now is all expended ;
I'll pay you when the thunderbolt is mended.
Now all your various powers as gifts I claim,
Ye Deities, to deck this dainty dame.
Let Love begin, and with his subtle dart
Give animation to her eyes and heart.

Air—CUPID—" *C'est L'Amour.*"

Yes, 'tis Love—'tis Love—'tis Love ;
His power that first imparts,
Yes, 'tis Love—'tis Love—'tis Love.
That hails thee Queen of hearts.

(*to PANDORA*)

JUP. Now Phœbus give her tongue a gentle swing,
And bid the bright *belle* mettle sweetly ring.

Air—APOLLO—" *Glorious Apollo.*"

Glorious Apollo, every charm bestowing,
Which from the melody of song can flow,
When youthful souls are with soft affection glowing,
Bids thee it's magic shed, o'er all below.

PAN. (*taking up the air*) To life just awaking,
My silence thus breaking,
"Lisping in numbers," all trembling I go.

Air—ESCULAPIUS—" *Punch cures the Gout.*"

I cure the gout, the colic, and the phthisic,
And am known by every one,
And am known by every one,

To be the God of Physic.
 I'll give you health, my dear.
 PLU. I promise wealth, my dear.
 BAC. I'll think of something, dear,
 When I am sober.
 VENUS. Lasting thy charms shall be.
 MOMUS. Mirth still shall wait on thee.
 MARS. I commission you, invincibly,
 To *March* from *October*.*

JUP. Well sung i'faith!—she blushes like Aurora,
 What shall her name be? Ah! I have't, Pandora.
 But ere to earth I send the 'witching elf,
 I'll sing a song, and make a gift myself.

Air—JUPITER—“*Count Almaviva*.” *Marriage of Figaro*.

(*aside*) Master Prometheus, thou compound of evil,
 With thy manufactures I'll soon play the Devil;
 You couldn't be quiet, and let folks alone,
 So now, master Pro., you may look to your own.
 (*aloud* to PANDORA) This pretty casket, fair lady, is
 yours;
 While 'tis kept closed, it good fortune ensures.
 Take it with this caution,—mind, 'tis a strong one!
 If you open this box, you'll get in the wrong one.
 (*aside*) Master Prometheus, &c.

Now, Hermes, fly as fast as you are able,
 Saddle the swiftest cloud that's in my stable;
 Bear her to earth, the shortest way that you know,
 And—fire and fury! here comes my spouse Juno.

Enter JUNO.

Recitative—JUNO.

Monster! forbear! you little thought me listening.
 But I have overheard this precious christening.

* The usual season of the Olympic Theatre, at that period, extended from the first of October to the latter end of March.

AIR—"Judy Callaghan."

But don't think me to deceive,
 I've caught you out again, sir ;
 I do begin to believe,
 The devil's in all the men, sir.
 It was but Tuesday last,
 I granted you my pardon ;
 But tho' your word is past,
 You mind it not a farden.
 Don't tell me ;
 I much better than you know,
 For such as she (*scornfully to Pandora*)
 Jupiter's false to Juno.

But I'll be revenged, I swear,
 Or I'm not Saturn's daughter ;
 I'll follow her thro' the air ;
 I'll hunt her thro' earth and water.
 Concealment shan't avail,
 I'll find her by my spies out !
 I'll hold you both to bail,
 And then—I'll scratch her eyes out !
 Don't tell me !
 I've defeated your plan again ;
 You, Miss P., (*to PANDORA*)
 Please to give me my man again.

JUP. (*aside*) Will nothing stop that angry woman's
 chatter ?

(*to JUNO*) My dearest Juno, you mistake the matter.
 The lady against whom your anger's bended,
 A wife for young Prometheus is intended.
 We've one and all been making presents to her,
 And I'm rejoiced you came in time to view her.
 Pandora,—my spouse, Juno ; pray be friends,
 And give her something, love, to make amends.

JUNO. I ask your pardon, miss, if that's the case,—
 (*aside*) I hate the jade—she has such a pretty face ;
 (*aloud*) And for apology my gift shall be,
 Woman's dear passion—Curiosity.

JUP. (*aside*) As I could wish ; now may Prometheus win her !

(*aloud*) Farewell, Pandora ; come, friends, let's to dinner.

(CHORUS—" *Oh ! the Roast Beef.*")

If mortals who cannot exist upon air,
 Could see us at dinner, ye gods, how they'd stare ;
 See us Hydrogin quaff, and on Oxygen fare,
 Singing, " Oh, the roast beef of Olympus,
 And O the Olympic roast beef."

(*During the chorus MERCURY disappears with PANDORA, and the clouds close upon the DEITIES*)

SCENE II.—*A Street on Earth.*

Enter MERCURY and PANDORA.

MER. Well, ma'am, I hope your journey has been pleasant,

PAN. Couldn't be otherwise with you, sir, present.

MER. Madam, you flatter me, you make me proud.

PAN. How easily one travels on a cloud !

MER. And swiftly, too, ma'am, when the wind is fair,
 And we'd a very favourable air.

They talk of steam upon our royal mail-road,
 And Juno vows and swears she'll have a railroad.

But come, 'tis time for us to look about,

And see if we can find Prometheus out ;

This is the street, I think, and near the spot—

But if I know the number, I'll be shot.

PAN. There's some one coming—what if we ask this boy ?

MER. With all my heart—he seems to be a Swiss boy.

Enter SWISS BOY, with milk pails.

Trio—BOY, MERCURY, and PANDORA—" *The Swiss Boy.*"

BOY. Am not I, am not I, say, a big Swiss boy,
 Weighing hard upon twenty stone ?

I live free from cares, up three pair of stairs,
 Beside a young frau of my own.
 From morn till night my trade I ply,
 And "milk below !" I call so high.
 "Milk below, milk below ;" still I cry as I go,
 "Milk below, pretty maids—milk below."

MERCURY *and* PANDORA.

Prithee say—prithee say—now, my brave Swiss boy,
 Where Prometheus lives do you know ?

Boy.

I were surely a flat, if I couldn't tell that ;
 For he made me not three weeks ago.

MERCURY *and* PANDORA.

Then, lead us there, you can't say nay ;
 For we have come from the milky way.
 Milk above ! milk above, has prepared us to love.
 Milk below ! milk below ! milk below !

MER. Friend, there's strong sympathy 'twixt me and you—
 I skim the blue sky, you skim the sky-blue.
 This is—

BOY. Some star, of course, sir, by her brightness ?

PAN. (*aside*) Sweet milk-boy ! he's the cream of all
 politeness.

MER. You're right—she *is* a star, and hither flown,
 To light a little system of her own.
 Feeling her way—twinkling 'midst hope and doubt,
 You wouldn't be the man to put her out ?

BOY. The man who would, deserves to walk in blindness !
 I trust I bear the milk of human kindness.

Trio—BOY, MERCURY, *and* PANDORA—" *La Galopade*."

Come, follow me, I'll lead you straight,
 Prometheus shuts up shop at eight.
 And if you wouldn't be too late,
 Why you must gallop hard.

MERCURY.

In speed to fail
 I shan't begin, *(stumbles over pail)*
 But curse that pail,
 It's broke my shin.
 My legs and wings accommodate,
 Or I can't gallop hard.

ALL. Come along, come along, without more debate.
 Prometheus shuts up shop at eight,
 And we shall surely be too late,
 Unless we gallop hard. *(They dance off)*

SCENE III.—PROMETHEUS' *workshop*.

PROMETHEUS *discovered reading letters*.

“ King Tereus is out of subjects sadly,
 Prometheus really treats him very badly,
 He promised him a gross without delay.”
 Why, zounds ! he had a gross the other day ;
 He thinks men made as easily as hay.
 Let's see what t'other wants—“ A batch of peers,
 Two China courtiers, and twelve grenadiers ;
 The grenadiers may be of delf, but higher
 Than the last lot, and able to stand fire.
 The others, as the battle's heat increases,
 Bounce, break, and fly into a thousand pieces.”
 Of course, the fool—does he expect such new men,
 Will stand and be shot at like Waterloo men ?
 It isn't my fault, if they don't last longer,
 I've got no English stuff to make 'em stronger.
 But what a roaring trade I'm driving, burn me !
 But I can scarcely tell which way to turn me.
 What ho, there.

Enter SERVANT.

Lay the cloth, it's time to sup.

SERV. There's Mercury below, sir.

PROM.

Shew him up.

(Exit SERVANT)

Enter MERCURY and PANDORA.

Air—MERCURY—“Giovinetti.”

Jove in etiquette's face boldly flying,
 Its dictates defying,
 Condescends first to bid war be stayed ;
 On your future good conduct relying,
 Your genius espying,
 He sends you this fair *ready maid*.
 Since clay you are clever at moulding,
 A model like this still beholding,
 Will surely, your talents unfolding,
 Soon bring to perfection your trade.

PROM. Sir, your good news delights me beyond measure,
 I shall esteem the lady quite a treasure.
 Of course, you know that making men my trade is.
 I've got no clay that's fine enough for ladies.
 And at the first glance of that witching dame,
 I felt within my heart a raging flame,
 Much hotter than the one from Jove I stole ;
 You smile, ma'am, but it's true, upon my soul.

MER. She's yours, sir, if you like her—so good bye,
 I must away as fast as I can fly. (Exit)

PROM. Farewell—remember me to all up stairs.
 Now, welcome pleasure, and begone my cares,
 Earth will seem heaven, while we together range it.
 Tell me your name, that I may haste and change it.

Air—PANDORA—TYROLIENNE—“Guillaume Tell.”

My only name is Pandora—a—a—a—a, &c.
 This morn I came from Mount Etna—a—a—a—a,
 &c.

By Jove I am sent to be,
 Your *chère amie*, and so d'ye see,
 I'll have you if you'll have me,
 Etcetera—a—a—a—a, &c.
 My only name is Pandora—a—a—a—a, &c.

I've travelled far,
 On cloudy car,—a—a—a—a, &c.
 I have no pa—a—a—a—a,
 I have no ma—a—a—a—a—a,
 No friend or relation
 To get me a situation,
 So have some consideration,
 For poor Pandora!

PROM. Consideration! No, I won't consider
 A single moment; I'm the highest bidder
 Against the world. Great Jupiter's decree,
 And Vulcan's hammer, knocked you down to me.
 Thy lot of love is mine, thou rosy rogue,
 The greatest bargain in fate's catalogue.

PAN. You'll wed me, then?

PROM. Can't doubt it? I but go
 To give some orders to my clerks below,
 And back I'll hasten, like the travelled dove,
 To sup on wild ducks with my dearest love.

PAN. But may I trust you? You vile men betray so.

PROM. Upon my honour, madam! By my say so!

Duet—PROMETHEUS and PANDORA—"Rise Gentle Moon."

PROM. Ere I go down to make out a small bill—O,
 Promise to wed you I certainly will—O.
 But cookey hurries on the table to cover;
 Stay then, and sup on wild ducks with thy lover,
 Gentle maid, gentle maid, stay and sup with thy lover.

PAN. While in such terms you continue to woo me,
 Sweeter than supper will you be unto me.
 Let the wild ducks still, the red cook growl over,
 Thou art the duck of all ducks for a lover!
 Gentle youth, gentle youth, thou'rt a duck of a lover!

PROM. But have you not some luggage with you, dear?

PAN. Only one little box—behold it here.

PROM. How, nothing else? Nought coming by the carrier?

(*aside*) Oh, what a fool I was to say I'd marry her.

(*aloud*) Can you your wardrobe in that small trunk
 pack?

PAN. Oh, no. My wardrobe, sir, is on my back.

PROM. What? then, may be, your fortune's in that case?

PAN. You're wrong again, my fortune's in my face.

PROM. What! did the shabby Thunderer send you down
 Without a change of dress, or half-a-crown?
(aside) A precious business, neither goods nor money;
 Confound it—I've the comb without the honey.
 Well, I can't help myself, so needn't try;
 She's taken in now—and 'gad, so am I.
(aloud) Stay and amuse yourself, since here you are;
 If you feel heavy, there's a "light guitar." *(Exit)*

PAN. Alone, by Jingo! Now I'll have a peep
 At this same box of mine, before I sleep,
 Not that I'm curious—no—it isn't that,
 But I must have a peep, and will, that's flat.

Air—PANDORA—"Gentle Zitella," Brigand.

Pro's in the cellar,
 Out of the way;
 Now is the moment,
 The peeper to play!
 Too long I've lingered—
 So open ye locks:
 There can be no *great* harm
 In so *small* a box!
 Jove's a sly fellow!
 Loves hoaxing, I hear;
 In *that* case, from *this* one
 I've nothing to fear.
 Can it be lip salve?
 Or sweet lollipops?
 Pretty pearl earrings?
 Or peppermint drops?
 Things such as these
 In the case should there be,
 Jove's prohibition's
 All fiddle-de-dee!
 Jove's a sly fellow,
 Loves hoaxing, I hear;
 In *that* case, from *this* one
 I've nothing to fear.

(speaking) Perhaps it's snuff! upon the truth I've fixed,
 sure! *(smelling to it)*

It's "Lundyfoots," I think—or "Prince's mixture."
 I'm half afraid—yet wherefore should I flinch?
 If it be snuff, 'twill serve me at a pinch;
 It can but make me sneeze—egad, I'll try!
 If I don't see what's in it I shall die.
 And did Jove think me such a simple flat?
 Hoax me with snuff! No, no—I'm up to *that*.

Air (resumed).

Thinks he "I'll tell her
 Of trap to beware;
 Warn her of some *super-*
 Natural snare."
 Ah! "*sup*"—I have it!
 I see through his fun;
 'Tis Macaroni,
 As sure as a gun!
 In Vermicelli
 There's nothing to fear—
 Up goes the lid, though
 Old Harry were here!

Now then to see the play! Oh, lucky elf,
 I've got a private box all to myself!

Music.—Opens the box—crash without—thunder—clouds fill the stage, and FIENDS of every description issue from it tumultuously.

Enter PROMETHEUS.

Air—PROMETHEUS—"Bonnie Laddie! Highland Laddie!"

Here's a pretty kettle of fish,
 Oh, Pandora, fie, Pandora!
 All my earthenware they'll dish,
 Oh, Pandora, fie, Pandora!
 Would that we had never met,
 Oh, Pandora, fie, Pandora!
 I shall be in the gazette,
 Oh, Pandora, fie, Pandora! (*Scene changes*)

*Thunder.—JUPITER, JUNO, and all the DEITIES appear;
 PROMETHEUS and PANDORA kneel.*

JUP. Aha! my fine man-maker, so I've caught you,
 And on your marrow bones for mercy brought you ;
 And you, Miss P., I care not for your weeping ;
 By all the powers I'll make you pay for peeping.

Air—JUPITER—“ *Dunce I did but sham,*” *Midas.*

Since you've let out the sin,
 That you might have kept in,
 To wander and vex the world through,
 You must own it's but right
 That my vengeance should light,
 In the first place, ye worms, upon you.
 (to PANDORA) To an ugly old maid,
 You shall dwindle and fade,
 In spite of your patches and paint,
 (to PROMETHEUS) And to punish your flights,
 And the theft of my lights.
 You shall die of a liver complaint.

(*A vulture descends and fastens on the side of PROMETHEUS*)

ALL THE DEITIES. Oh, spare them, mighty Jove.

JUP. Peace and knock under !

It's eight o'clock, rogues, and I've got my thunder.

MIN. Hold—hold, papa, your anger please abate ;

Wisdom can sometimes pluck the thorns from fate.

(to PANDORA) Look in the box—nor to despair give
 scope.

PAN. Heyday! what's this, pray, at the bottom?

HOPE rises out of the box.

HOPE. Hope !

Air—HOPE—“ *Hope told a Flattering Tale.*”

Hope bids ye not despair

(to PANDORA and PROMETHEUS)

Nor yield to idle grief ;

Tho' earth be filled with Care,

'Tis Hope that brings relief.

Then your decree repeal, (to JUPITER)

Nor give your anger scope ;

Or you yourself may feel,

Too soon the loss of Hope.

JUP. (*to PANDORA and PROMETHEUS*)

You're pardon'd. Go to Mrs. Hope, and thank her ;
Grief disappears, wherever she casts anchor.

PROM. Ay, and that grief from all may disappear,
(to the AUDIENCE)

Hope humbly begs she may cast anchor here.

PAN. Smile, ye kind gods, on our Olympic Revels ;
Ye gay gallants, come, banish my blue devils,
Let not my grapes be sour as the fox's,
But fill with patrons all Pandora's boxes.

FINALE—" *Think not, lewd Jove,*" *Midas.*

PAN. Ye belles and ye beaux,
Who adorn our low rows
Ye gods, who preside in the high ones ;
Ye critics, who sit
All so snug in the pit,—
An assemblage of clever and sly ones !
Let the smile of content
On our efforts be bent ;
Hope anxiously waits an encora ;
In the fate-dooming scale,
Oh ! let mercy prevail,
And be kind to poor little Pandora.

PROM. Prometheus, poor elf,
Manufacturer of delf
Men,—begs you'll still allow him to make 'em.
Your favours impart
To each crockery heart,
For your anger will certainly break 'em.

JUP. Even Hope must despair,
If her hope be baulk'd there,
Where most she implores an encora ;
Then follow Jove's lead,
And let Hope intercede
For Prometheus and little Pandora.

CURTAIN.

OLYMPIC DEVILS;

OR,

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

AN ORIGINAL

MYTHOLOGICAL BURLESQUE BURLETTA,

IN ONE ACT.

First performed at Madame Vestris's Royal Olympic Theatre, Monday,
December 26th, 1831.



OLYMPIC DEVILS ;
OR,
ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

The success of the "Olympic Revels" was exceeded, if possible, by that of "Olympic Devils," our second classical burletta, produced on Monday, the 26th of December following, and brought crowded houses to the end of the season (131 nights). On this occasion another advance was made in the decorative departments. Haste and lack of funds had compelled Madame Vestris to make the best she could of the old stock scenery at starting ; but having now both time and money, it was determined that the scenery should be picturesque, and in keeping with the dresses.

We had a most infernal Tartarus, a very gloomy Styx, and a truly beautiful Greek landscape, with the portico of the Temple of Bacchus, the columns of which joined in the general dance when "Orpheus with his lute made trees" stir their stumps, &c., to the great delight of the audience. The Bacchanalian procession, arranged by Oscar Byrne, considering the size of the stage and the numbers employed, could not well have been surpassed at that time by the Patent Houses for picture and animation. A prominent feature in the tableau formed at the end of the march was a young Bacchante reclining listlessly on a leopard skin

before the steps of the Temple. It was a study for Etty. The young lady's name was Leonora Pincott. She is now, unhappily, the widow of that intelligent actor, the late Mr. Alfred Wigan, and I need scarcely say, shared with him for many years the favour of the public.

"Olympic Devils" is memorable for having afforded the late Mr. James Bland the first opportunity of developing those special abilities which were of such invaluable service to me in so many of my subsequent productions, and established his claim to be entitled the "King of Extravaganza" *par excellence*. He was the eldest son of one of our most delightful English vocalists, Mrs. Bland, the Coquetinda of my "Amoroso," to whom he was devotedly attached, and when I first made his acquaintance he was engaged at Drury Lane, at a very small salary, as a *utility*. Being a well conducted and intelligent young man, he was entrusted with subordinate parts in the plays of Shakespeare—such as the Player King in "Hamlet," Tressel in "Richard III.," &c. As an old friend of his mother, he often confided to me his professional anxieties and aspirations; and finding that he possessed a good baritone voice and a thorough knowledge of music—qualifications of no use to him in the line of business allotted to him—it was with great pleasure that at the termination of his engagement at Old Drury I recommended him to Madame Vestris, who was at that period arranging for her second campaign at the Olympic. Amply did he justify my recommendation, and for sixteen years remained a loyal, valuable, and highly esteemed member of her company, both there and at Covent Garden.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

INFERNALS.

PLUTO (King of "Oh no we never mention it," an <i>Imp</i> -erious Deity)	MR. J. BLAND
PROSERPINE (his Queen "by Jupiter!" an <i>Imp</i> - rovident Housewife)	MISS FITZWALTER
MINOS (Lord <i>low</i> Chancellor)	} (<i>Imp</i> -artial Judges) {
RHADAMANTHUS (<i>Vice</i> Chancellor)	
ÆACUS (Master of the [<i>hot</i>] Rolls)	
CLOTHO	} (Three <i>Imp</i> -entrable Spinsters, "all of that Parish") {
LACHESIS	
ATROPES	
TISIPHONE	} (Three <i>Imp</i> -lacable Furies) {
MEGARA	
ALECTO	
CERBERUS (<i>Head</i> Porter, an <i>Imp</i> -udent Dog) ...	MR. BLAND
IXION... ..	MR. T. SMITH
SISYPHUS	MR. LEFFLER
CHARON (a Wherry Ferry Funny Fireman- Waterman, and <i>Imp</i> -orter of Spirits) ...	MR. COOPER
Leader of Pluto's Band (an <i>Imp</i> -posing Professor, with an <i>Imp</i> -romptu Performance) by OLD SCRATCH, from Fiddler's Green, who is <i>Imp</i> -eratively engaged on this occasion.	

SUPERNALS.

PHÆBUS APOLLO (a Shining Character)	MR. T. RAYMOND
PAN (a <i>Pan</i> -tomimic Character)	MR. COLLIER
SILENUS (a Drunken Character)	MR. W. VINING

IMMORTAL MORTALS.

ORPHEUS (a Charming Musician)	MADAME VESTRIS
EURYDICE (his Departed Wife)	MISS FORDE

Bacchantes : MISS PINCOTT, MISS A. CRAWFORD, MISS NORMAN,
MRS. WORRELL, and MISS JOSEPHINE.

Priests of Bacchus : MESSRS. FRANKLIN and GALLI.

Principal Dancers : MESDMS. BENNETT, PRESSDEE, GILMER, and
RAYNER.

Satyrs, Fauns, Bacchæ, &c., by Messrs. Hitchinson, Ireland, D. Smith,
Lee, Thompson, and Mesdms. Beresford, Greener, Worrell, Patterson,
Melbourne, Nicholson.

PROGRAMME OF THE SCENERY.

PLUTO'S FIRESIDE,

WITH A PEEP AT THE CHAMPS ELYSEES, BUT NOT A LA MODE
DE PARIS.

“ Hark ! he strikes his golden lyre ;
See the shady forms advance ;
Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stand still ;
Ixion rests upon his wheel,
And the pale spectres dance.
He sung and * * * * consented.
To hear the poet's prayer—
Stern Proserpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.”—*Pope.*

BARRIERE D' ENFER, EQUALLY UN-PARISIAN.

“ But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes—
Again she falls, again she dies.”—*Pope.*

Temple of Bacchus, on the Banks of the Hebrus, Thrace.

A BACCHANALIAN PROCESSION.

Orpheus discovered Sleeping alone, and waking beside himself.

“ Where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in meanders.
* * * * *

He makes his moan,
And calls her ghost,
For ever, ever lost !”—*Pope.*

AN ENTIRE COUNTRY DANCE,

Wherein several of the Company will make Beasts of themselves, in
humble imitation of their betters.

“ Orpheus, with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing.”—*Shakespeare.*

Orpheus's Pipe put out by the Bacchæ,

Who tear him (as is reported) into 20 pieces.

SWIMMING OF THE HEAD DOWN THE HEBRUS.

(A Classical Complaint.)

“ Yet even in death Eurydice he sung,
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue ;
Eurydice the woods—
Eurydice the floods ;
Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung.”—*Pope.*

DESCENT OF PHŒBUS !

ORIGIN OF THE CONSTELLATION LYRA.

And Conclusion drawn by the Scene Painter and come to by the
Characters.

OLYMPIC DEVILS;

OR,

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

SCENE FIRST.—*Imperial Palace of PLUTO—In the centre, his throne—portal leading to the Elysian Fields—another leading to Tartarus.*

PLUTO, MINOS, RHADAMANTHUS, and ÆACUS, seated at a table, as after dinner, with flaming goblets before them—PROSERPINE, the THREE FATES, and the THREE FURIES, at another table, with tea and coffee—FIENDS waiting on both parties.

Glee—PLUTO, MINOS, RHADAMANTHUS, and ÆACUS—“*Mynheer Vandunk.*”

Olympian Jove,
In his bowers above,
Drinks nectar by gallons gaily ;
But our thirst we slake,
From a brimstone lake,
Which is “warm without sugar” daily ;
Singing, oh ! that a pool of punch had we,
Instead of a flaming sulphur sea !

PLU. Another bowl full of that nasty stuff ;
One must drink something.

PROS. Sure, you’ve drunk enough ;
You set a bad example to all Hades.
Your coffee’s ready ; come, and join the ladies.

MIN. (*rising*) Ay, ay, no more ! Some coffee, ma’am, for me ;
I’m scarce as sober as a judge should be.

- PROS. I thought Lord Minos would the first be arter us !
Do you take cream ?
- MIN. A little cream of Tartarus.
Well, ladies, (*to the FATES*) hard at work, whatever
wind stirs ;
I vow you Fates are most industrious spinsters !
Miss Clotho there—man's destiny beginning—
Life's thread at tea, like a te-totum spinning.
And then Miss Lachesis that same thread measures,
Taking great pains, but giving little pleasures,
Last comes Miss Atropos, her part fulfilling,
And cuts poor mortals off without a shilling.
The saddest sister of the fatal three,
Daughter, indeed, of *shear* necessity !
Plying her awful task with due decorum !
A never-ceasing game of " Snip, snap, snorum !"
For help, alas ! man pleads to her in vain—
Her motto's " Cut and *never* come again."
- PLU. (*rises*) Well, that's no news. Who's seen the evening
paper ?
How are the funds ?
- PROS. Mine, sir, are rather taper. (*shewing a purse empty*)
- PLU. Already ! Well, of all the burning shames—
When you've just drawn your quarter ! Sparks and
flames !
The God of *Riches* might be ruin'd thus !
My name, ma'am, is *Pluto*, and not *Plutus*.
How have you melted all that sum away ?
- PROS. Lost a cool hundred t'other night at play.
- PLU. "Lost a cool hundred !" Why, thou Queen of Sin !
Is this a place to lose *cool* hundreds in ?
- MIN. Come, you're too warm——
- PLU. Warm !—when such tales are told me !
She'll make these realms of mine too hot to hold me.
Well as she knows the swarms of black legs round her,
She must sit down to *écarté*, confound her !

Air—PLUTO—" *Alice Gray*."

I've all the dangers painted her,
In language quite divine,

But she doesn't care a farthing—
 She scorns advice of mine !
 Not Jove himself has power to curb
 Her passion, sir, for play !
 And my bank, my bank she's breaking,
 Through her love of écarté !
 To change her course I pray'd her.
 And she answer'd " I propose "
 And widely said, " I mark the king "—
 As if she felt my woes.
 The king she mark'd—it wasn't me !
 She but proposed—to play !
 Oh my bank, my bank she's breaking,
 Through her love of écarté.

RHAD. Come, come, be calm, and change the conversation.

*ATROPOS cuts a thread from the spindle, and the LADIES
 scream and rise alarmed).*

MIN. You've thrown the ladies into consternation !
 Here's poor Miss Atropos in such a taking !
 She's cut some thread she didn't mean—with shaking.
 PLU. 'Sdeath! you don't say so! That's an awkward
 blunder !
 RHAD. Whose life was hanging on that thread, I wonder ?
 PROS. Here is the number, sir—whose can it be ?
 MIN. (*searching in his urn*) The wife of Orpheus—fair
 Eurydice !
 Here'll be a dust ! Confound it, how provoking !
 PROS. (*to PLUTO*) I hope you're satisfied——
 PLU. Nay, nay, you're joking ?
 MIN. Not I, indeed ! The woman's gone, depend on't.
 And almost *come* ere this—so there's an end on't.
 PLU. Ho ! Cerberus ! Why don't the fellow stir ?
 Will you come here or not, you ugly cur ?

Enter CERBERUS.

Run to the ferry-house—the Barley Mow,
 And send old Charon hither.
 CER. (*shaking his three heads*) Bow—wow—wow !

PLU. Not leave the door? Poh! nonsense! it's hard by—
 You'll not be gone a minute. Hie—boy—hie!
 Haven't you got three heads, and can't you fix
 One eye upon your post, pray, out of six?
 None of your dogged looks—but trot, sir, do!
 And send him here instanter!

CER. (*nodding*) Boo—woo—woo!
 (*Exit*)

PROS. My pretty poodle, he's as white as whey,—
 The Furies wash and comb him every day.

PLU. Charon will tell us if she's hail'd his boat,—
 A better fellow never was afloat.

Air—PLUTO—“*Jolly Young Waterman.*”

O, who hasn't heard of the jolly old waterman,
 Charon, who plies on the Styx here hard by?
 If you'd cross the ferry, first step in his wherry,
 You're over ere you can Jack Robinson cry.
 He looks rather grim, but he rows so steadily,
 Smuggles his spirits across so readily,
 One way or other, the Fates take good care,
 This waterman ne'er is in want of a fare!

He comes! (*to PROSERPINE*) I'll thank you for another
 cup.

Enter CHARON.

CHAR. A boat, your honour?—the tide's running up!

PLU. No, not to-night,—but tell me, Charon, pray,
 Have you brought over a fair dame to-day?

CHAR. Just now, your honour! 'twas a fiddler's wife.
 A very pretty soul, upon my life!

PLU. Where did you land her?

CHAR. At Elysian Stairs.
 She told me she'd popped off quite unawares.

PLU. Then 'tis too true. But as a courteous host,
 We'll welcome to the shades so sweet a ghost.
 Let her approach the presence. (*Exit* CHARON)

(*to PROSERPINE*) And you quit it.

PROS. A private audience?

PLU. Madame, you have hit it.

So of intruding pray beware,
 And off immediately take yourself!
 What ho, there! Strike up my national air!
 "Go to the devil, and shake yourself."

*The Dance is played—Exeunt, all but PLUTO, to whom
 Re-enter CHARON.*

PLU. Well, where's the lady? Why this terror, say?

CHAR. O, mighty master! here's yourself to pay,
 And none to take the reckoning! Such a breeze!
 But don't be angry with me, if you please.

LU. What is the matter?

CHAR. An audacious mortal
 Has crossed the Styx! E'en now he's at your portal.

PLU. Alive?

CHAR. And kicking.

PLU. Kicking! If I've luck, it
 Shall go hard, but I'll make him kick the bucket!
 Who and what is he? and why comes he here?

CHAR. The great musician who has lost his dear.

PLU. Orpheus himself?

CHAR. Ay, Orpheus, that's his name!
 He bears a lute would e'en the Furies tame!
 He just struck up, "Farewell, my trim built wherry,"
 And faith, I row'd him gratis o'er the ferry.
 Three-headed Cerberus, that surly growler,
 He silenced with a stanza of "Old Towler."
 Then in he walked and played the stop waltz so,
 That to his wheel Ixion called out "woah!"
 Poor Sysiphus's ever-rolling rock
 At "stony batter" stood like any stock.
 Tantalus ceased to thirst, and Danæ's daughters
 Danced while he played "The Meeting of the Waters."
 In short, sir—I repeat—may I be shot
 But there's yourself to pay, and no pitch hot!

(a lute struck without)

PLU. What sounds are those?

CHAR. Sounds that your rage will smother.
 If you withstand his Lyre—say I'm another.

ROUND—"Hark! 'tis the Indian Drum."

PLUTO, CHARON, PROSERPINE, MINOS, &c., *as required.*

Hark! on his lute he thrums,
The depths of our realms profound,
Echo the wondrous sound,
He comes! he comes! he comes!
(All retire out o' sight)

Enter ORPHEUS.

Air—ORPHEUS.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,
Ever since I lost my dear,
And I'm coming, and I'm coming,
To inquire if she's here.

Faith! It's a long way down, but here behold me,
And "Facilis descensus" as they told me,
Which for the country gentlemen unravelling,
Means that "down hill 'tis very easy travelling."
Well, I have crossed the Styx, and don't care who
I meet, not e'en the devil upon two!
I want my wife—she must be hereabout.
At home or not, I've sworn to find her out!
'Tis said that marriages are made above,
And so perhaps a few may be by love;
But from this smell of brimstone I should say
'They must be making matches here all day!
Music! If thou'rt not stifled by this smoke!
Music! ne'er failing friend! I thee invoke!
To gain my wishes, or improve my rental,
Thou'st made my vocal powers most instrumental.

Duo—ORPHEUS and EURYDICE—"Now hope now fear."

ORPH. Now hope—now fear—my bosom rending,
Alternate waken joy and woe.

EURY. *(without)* Oh!

ORPH. Sure 'twas her voice with echo blending,
No other shade this air could know.

EURY. *(without)* No!

ORPH. Where dost thou stray ?
 EURY. (*without*) Eh !
 ORPH. Where would'st thou roam ?
 EURY. (*without*) Home.
 ORPH. To give thee liberty I—(*sneezes*)—come.
 (*the sneeze is echoed by EURYDICE*)
 ORPH. Sympathy sweet ! she sneezes too !
 How does my dear departed do ?

Enter EURYDICE.

EURY. Charmingly, thank you, how are you ?
 ORPH. Ecstatic moment !
 EURY. But you sneez'd, my dear ?
 Surely you cannot have caught cold down here ?

*Re-enter PLUTO, PROSERPINE, the JUDGES, FATES, FURIES,
 &c.*

ORPH. No, 'tis the sulphur smells so plaguy strong,
 Come, love, away ! We tarry here too long !
 PLU. No doubt you think so ! but you'll tarry longer,
 And get a dose of sulphur rather stronger !
 MIN. Without a passport you have cross'd our borders,
 "Ne exeat regno," sir, till further orders.

AIR AND CHORUS—"Garde à vous."

PLU. Who are you ?—Who are you ?
 Thus entering my dominion.
 Young sir, 'tis my opinion,
 You will soon your rashness rue !
 Who are you ?—Who are you ?—Who are you ?
 Your name—your state declare, sir,
 Deceive me if you dare, sir,
 For d—n me, if you do,
 Garde à vous ! Garde à vous !
 CHORUS. Your name and state declare, sir,
 Deceive us if you dare, sir,
 For d—n me, if you do—Garde à vous !
 ORPH. Who are you ?—who are you ?
 This ignorance that own, sir,
 It argues you unknown, sir,

To say I'm unknown to you.
 Who are you?—Who are you?
 Who are you?
 Detain me if you dare, sir!
 I scorn like you to swear, sir,
 But harkye, if you do,
 Garde à vous!—Garde à vous!

CHORUS. Your name and state, &c.

PLU. Ask you, rash youth, who thus your progress stops?
 Pluto!—the son of Saturn and of Ops.

ORPH. Where you the son of malt and hops—your porter,
 If he stopp'd me should be three heads the shorter.
 My name is Orpheus! on the Thracian hills
 I fiddle to the flocks, the trees, the rills,
 And when I lead, where is the *beau* won't follow?
 I'm son of Cæger—or great Apollo,
 I'm not quite certain which—but that's no matter,
 My taste for music indicates the latter.
 But this I know, Calliope's my mother,
 And I'm myself—and like me there's no other.

Air—ORPHEUS—“*O pescator dell'onda.*”

Oh! I on earth am famed for fiddling,
 I play concertos on the single string.
 Than Paganini, ah,
 Or Ole Bull far better.
 Mori, Cramer, Kiesewetter,
 Seem to me—La, la!

But not alone upon the violin,
 I know the way to take the people in,
 On piano, harp, guitar,
 Than Hummel, Bochsá, Juli-
 O Regondi—I am truly
 Far more pop-u-lar.

PLU. Well, and what here, sir, may your business be?

ORPH. I sought my lov'd, my lost Eurydice!
 My fear for her of pride my heart disarms,
 Oh! give her to her dotting husband's arms!

However strange to *you* it may appear,
 Though she's my wife—I never wished her *here!*
 Ne'er e'en in passion prayed that *you* would take her,
 And when she went, it was "pull *you*, pull baker!"
 I kneel to you—the son of great Apollo
 Kneels—who ne'er knelt before—I—me—like Rolla.
 EURY. I kneel—like Miss O'Neill—in Desdemona,
 "Let me go with him."
 ORPH. Oh, be mercy shewn her!
 To ransom her I'd give my best Cremona!

Air—EURYDICE—"Oh, ponder well."

O king of——pray be not severe,
 He came thus far for me;
 So fond a husband sure you'll spare,
 If but for novelty!

PLU. (*aside to MINOS*) What sweet temptation on that
 pouting lip!

She's much too pretty, Minos, to let slip.
 She's now a ward of yours; so come—decree
 How we may keep her still in Chancery.

MIN. Since he at music is so good a hand,
 Let's pit him 'gainst the leader of your band.
 And if he fail——

PLU. A lucky thought—I will.
 (*aloud*) Come, sir, we'll make a trial of your skill,
 Beat with your lute my leader's violin,
 And you her freedom and my pardon win.

ORPH. Agreed!

PLU. (*to an IMP*) Fly off to Fiddler's Green, young
 shaver,

And bring my King of Crotchets in a quaver!

(*Exit IMP*)

We'll soon decide what difference may be
 Betwixt this Tweedledum and Tweedledee—
 Upon our throne this fiddle case we'll hear,
 And you, the judges, bear a wary ear.

(*PLUTO and PROSERPINE ascend their throne—the JUDGES,
 the FATES, and the FURIES take their seats each side and
 beneath them*)

Re-enter IMP.

IMP. My liege, he says he will not take the trouble,
Unless his wages you consent to double.

PLU. What? The rogue can't forget his worldly tricks,
He's just as much a scraper this side Styx ;
Issue your writ, to make this insolent
Come into court and bring his instrument.

MIN. Yes, I'll soon make this Signor Tweedledee come,
Serve him with this subpoena—" *deuces tecum.*"

(IMP vanishes)

Music—" Old King Cole."

IMP *re-appears with* SIGNOR TWEEDLEDEE.

PLU. I thought that writ would make him soon arrive ;
Egad, he knows it needs must when I drive.
Lead off, great leader, and the air shall be
"The witches' dance beneath the walnut tree."

(SIGNOR TWEEDLEDEE *breaks the three strings of his violin,
and plays the air on the fourth, à la Paganini*)

Bravo ! bravissimo ! Great Tweedledee !

Now, Tweedledum, advance. Can'st thou break
three

Of thy lute strings, and from the fourth one call
Such notes as those ?

ORPH. Break three ? I could break all !

Nay, break the very lute itself to bits,
And with the pieces play you into fits.

But, mighty sir, I once at Highgate swore
Ne'er to use one string when I could use four,
Unless I liked one better—which I don't ;
And therefore, sir, with great respect, I won't.
But with the bargain that has nought to do—
I'll beat your leader, and may be *move* you ;
For tho' a mortal master of my art,
I'll try the immortal music of Mozart.

Air—ORPHEUS—" O dolce Concerto."

O won't ye consent to
Restore me, content to ?

To comfort my life,
I want my late wife !
The precedent fear not
In such suits of woe,
Few husbands are likely
To move the court below.

Then list to me,
And you shall see
How easily
I'll put that scraper down,
If he'll agree
To bet with me.
I like the plan,
And I'm his man
For half-a-crown ;
For when there's dearth
Of fun on earth,
I just for mirth
Set dancing trees and stones,
Then sure 'twere hard
If such a bard
Should fail to make
A devil shake
His old broiled bones.

CHORUS. (*all dancing*)

O music, entrancing,
It sets us all dancing,
The stake was a fair one,
'Tis played for and won.
Then hear him, great Pluto,
Our feet, 'tis now known,
When he plays his lute O,
Can't call their *soles* their own.

SIGNOR TWEEDLEDEE *breaks his bow and disappears.*

PLU. Faith, he has moved us all, and to some tune,
There's no help for it, I must grant his boon.

PROS. There's no resisting such a voice ; 'twould melt
Of Tartarus itself the brazen belt.

PLU. Orpheus ! We own our leader beaten hollow,
So lead you on to earth—(to EURYDICE) your wife shall
follow ;

But on this one condition, minstrel ! Mind you,
Whate'er may hap, you must not look behind you.
You have been guilty of most rare affection,
And haply, might repent, on retrospection ;
So take fair warning—ere you reach the door,
Look once behind—you're where you were before.

TRIO *and* CHORUS—AIR—" *Zitti, Zitti.*"

ORPH. Pretty, pretty soul, relying
On your truth, behold me flying
Back to earth—myself denying
E'en a glance upon the way.

PLU. Pity, pity, there's no flying
From my word ! How mortifying !
Could I catch him once Paul-Prying,
I again might seize my prey.

EURY. Ditty ! ditty ! mollifying
Even Pluto to complying—
Thy strain all strains outvieing,
Make the fates themselves give way.

CHORUS. Heigho ! heigho !
Can't you stop again that air to play ?

PLU. Quit ye ! quit ye !
Longer here, indeed, you must not stay !

ORPH. } We quit ye—quit ye !
EURY. } Longer here, indeed, we cannot stay.

(closed in by

SCENE SECOND—*Barrière d'Enfer, and Entrance to the Champs Elysées, but not à la mode de Paris.*

A knocking at the gate—CERBERUS in his Porter's Lodge.

CER. Open locks, whoever knocks.

(pulls a cordon and the gate opens, disclosing the banks of the Styx and CHARON'S ferry-boat)

Enter CHARON.

CHAR. How now ?

Why, Cerberus ! you've found a tongue I vow,
And can say something more than "bow—wow—
wow !"

CER. Ay, thanks to Orpheus, I've three tongues found.

CHAR. One of 'em talks dog-Latin, I'll be bound.

But wherefore Orpheus thank ? Responde cur ?

CER. Why, ere he came and made this mighty stir,

I was a three thick wooden-headed dog,

With but a bark like any other log.

Now as I am described—and by no dunce—

I really feel "three gentlemen at once !"

And ever since I heard him play and sing,

I've sat and warbled, sir, like anything.

CHAR. You mean you've howled some doggrel to the moon.

CER. No, sir ; I say I sing—and sing in tune !

CHAR. A *bark*-a-role of course.

CER. No, sir, a glee.

CHAR. You take the *treble*, then ?

CER. I take all three.

My voice is tenor—counter-tenor—bass.

CHAR. Let's try a quartette then, if that's the case.

CER. With you, forsooth ?

CHAR. Oblige me by beginning one—

I've seen a dancing dog, but never heard a singing
one !

Quartette—CERBERUS AND CHARON—"Begone dull care."

CER. Begone, dull Charon ! pry'thee begone from me !

Thou'rt too dull, Charon, ever to sing a glee.

Long time thou hast been ferrying here,
 And souls from far dost bring ;
 But thou know'st, dull Charon,
 Little of sol-fa-ing.
 I range with care through all the keys—
 My compass—octaves three !
 My voice can rove from A above,
 Down, down to double D.

CHAR. Begone dull cur ! shall such a land-lubber as
 thee,
 Pretend, dull cur ! to talk of a compass to me ?
 I'm the son of Nox,
 And a compass could box,
 When thou wert a blind puppy.
 So avast, dull cur ! I'm a vast deal 'cuter than thee.
 For I will bet my crazy bark
 Against your own crack'd three,
 That no one can go to the D— below,
 If I didn't go to C.

Enter ORPHEUS, preceded by an IMP, with a link.

IMP. This way, your honour—here are the old stairs.

ORPH. A boat there, Charon !

CHAR. Sculls or oars ?

ORPH. Who cares ?

Your sculls are thickest—there's less fear of breaking.

CER. Is he so soon our gloomy realms forsaking ?

CHAR. (*to IMP*) Go get her out there. (*to ORPHEUS*)
 Over did you say ?

ORPH. Back to the stairs you brought me from to-day.

CHAR. And for the same fare ? Nothing but a song ?
 I shall get rich if this game lasts for long.

ORPH. No—here's a fairer—come, don't look so blue,
 You've crossed the Styx till you're as cross as two.
 I say, old fellow, just look o'er my shoulder,
 And say if my fair comes—as Pluto told her.

CHAR. Yes—there she is—and Pluto close beside her,
 Whispering soft nonsense.

ORPH. Is he ? Woe betide her,
 If to his suit she listens ! Does she smile ?

CHAR. Yes, and her hand he squeezes all the while.

ORPH. He does ! confusion ! Come, jump in your boat,
I shall look back now, ere I get afloat !

Enter PLUTO and EURYDICE.

PLU. My hopes at every step are growing fainter—
She'll let me go when he lets go the painter.

ORPH. Eurydice—too long you linger there—

EURY. I come !

PLU. Farewell, thou fairest of the fair—
One kiss at parting.

EURY. Oh, for shame, sir ! Fie !
Remember, sir, my husband is close by.

IMP. (*to ORPHEUS*) Lord bless your honour, dont forget
poor Jack !

(*PLUTO kisses EURYDICE*)

ORPH. Eh—what was that ? I heard an amorous smack—
Eurydice ! (*turns quickly*)

PLU. Hurrah ! he has looked back !
Forward, my Furies ! do your work, ye Fates !
And thrust the Thracian thrummer through the gates !

Enter FURIES and FATES.

TRIO—AIR—“ *Cruda Sorte.*”

EURY. Cruel Fortune !

PLU. Fairly caught, sir !

ORPH. Cruel Fortune !

PLU. Just as I thought, sir !

ALL. Break { *your* } lute, for all is o'er !
 { *my* }

PLU. You have looked back—in my snare you are caught,
sir—

They who cheat *me*, faith, have none to cheat more ;
To a fine market your pigs you have brought, sir !
The world is before you and so is the door !

ORPH. I have looked back—in your snare I am caught,
sir—

Pluto, thou'st cut a fond pair to the core !
Oh, have I come all this way to be taught, sir,
That folks who would thrive must keep looking
before ?

EURY. You have looked back—in the snare you are caught,
sir—

They who cheat him, faith, have none to cheat more!
A man of the world—have you yet to be taught, sir,
When your wife flirts behind you to look straight
before?

Exeunt EURYDICE and INFERNALS—ORPHEUS *is forced off.*

SCENE III.—*Banks of the Hebrus—On one side, a temple
dedicated to BACCHUS—on the other a grotto.*

Enter FAUNS, SATYRS, and BACCHANTES, with PAN drawn
by SATYRS, and SILENUS riding on an ass—PRIESTS of
BACCHUS and MUSICIANS, forming a grand Bacchanalian
procession to the air of “Come jolly Bacchus.”

SIL. Come, let's begin our orgies! Here's the place,
The fairest temple Bacchus owns in Thrace;
The Bunch of Grapes! kept by a jolly priest;
Good entertainment here for man and beast;
Put up your panthers, and set out the table,
And let's get drunk as fast as we are able.

PAN. Why, you are drunk already, old Silenus.

SIL. It's no such thing—I'm only Bacchi plenus;
Full of the god! possessed—Io—Iacche!
Blow your pipes, Pan. I'll blow a pipe of backy,
And finish with a pipe of rich Canary.
My pretty Pan! my great Pan of the dairy!

CHORUS—“*Masaniello.*”

O come, and worship at the shrine
Of Bacchus, god of rosy wine.
Let Phœbus drink the pearly dews,
The “early purl” of these purlieus.
Our society
Scorns sobriety.

“Mountain dew,”
Perhaps might do,
But we champagne
Prefer to drain,
And don't complain
Of Clos Vougot.

PAN. (*approaching the grotto*) Thou sweet retreat from Sol's
meridian fire—

What's here? A mortal sleeping on a lyre!
(*starting back as he discovers ORPHEUS asleep in the
grotto*)

1ST BAC. Who can he be?

PAN. O, 'tis the mad musician,
Who lately made to Pluto a petition
To give him back his wife.

SIL. His wife! Dear me,
How very, very mad the man must be!

1ST BAC. D'ye think he'll bite?

SIL. Psha, stuff! D'ye think he'll drink?

PAN. Stand back—he seems about to wake, I think.

ORPHEUS *starts up, and rushes forward from grotto.*

ORPH. Give me another wife. Tune up my lyre.
Have mercy, Pluto! Ah, my brain's on fire!
I am a lunatic for lack of thee!
Mad as a March hare! *O, ma chère amie!* (*sings*)

AIR—“*How should I your true love know?*”

Where is *my* Eurydice?
Sweet Echo, speak of her!
Cries Echo, bent on mocking me,
“You're rid I see—of her.”

SIL. He's beastly drunk!

PAN. Pshaw, man, he's only crazy—

SIL. Then shave his head, and make him wear a jazy.

Song—ORPHEUS—“*To morrow is St. Valentine's Day.*”

Set a beggar on horseback and then you know,
Where he'll ride to very well;

I went to beg for my wife, and so
I rode in a boat to——

AIR—" *O no, we never,*" &c.

O no, we never mention it,
At least to ears polite ;
'Twould give St. James's Square a fit
And shock Pall Mall outright ;
And yet in said St. James's Square,
And also in Pall Mall,
There are some places, I declare,
Would very like it spell.

PAN. "There's matter in this madness"—Well you went
Down stairs, you say, and pray with what intent ?

Air—ORPHEUS—" *Kitty Clover.*"

I went to inquire of Mr. Pluto—O, O, O, O, O ! &c.—
If he'd let my dearest Eurydice go—O, O, O, O ! &c. !
He set his own fiddler to play against me,
But his fiddle to mine was all fiddle-de-dee ;
Oh, oh, the poor scraper, I bother'd him so—O, O,
O, O, &c.—
He broke in a *violint* taking his bow—O, O, O, O, &c.

AIR—" *With lowly suit.*"

I won my darling with a ditty,
But I looked back, and that was pity !

AIR—" *French Air.*"

For husbands of fashion should always be
Blind to such little unmeaning flirtations,
In such situations to hear or to see,
Is not only silly, but horribly low !
So, know when down stairs you go,
High life above is like high life below !

PAN. This nothing's more than matter ; but I say,
When you were down stairs, pray what did you play ?
ORPH. I played the devil, as I will with you,
You nasty, smoking, sotting, soaking crew !

PAN. Abuse the rites of Bacchus ! mad or not,
 Sure as my name is Pan, you go to pot !
 ORPH. Indeed ! nay, then, before I've done with you, Pan,
 You shall cut capers till you're in a stew-Pan !
 (*strikes his lyre, and all seem entranced*)

Air—ORPHEUS—“ *Voulez-vous danser ?* ”

Voulez-vous danser, while I play,
 Trees make bows and stump away,
 Lawns and meadows dance the hay,
 And rocks to reel are fain, sir ?
 Rivers join the *country*-dance,
 Streamlets in *quad-rills* advance,
 Fountains cool
 Glide through la *poole*,
 And *pastorale* the plain, sir ;
 Voulez-vous danser, while I play,
 Panthers paws-de-deux essay
 And lordly lions waltz away
 With all their might and *mane*, sirs.

During this air the trees have become animated—a lion and a panther enter waltzing—the mountains rock in the distance and the Temple of Bacchus tumbles to pieces, the columns and statues dancing round ORPHEUS, while PAN, SILENUS, and all the BACCHANTES, &c., foot it in their own despite.

Chorus—PAN, SILENUS, &c.—Waltz in “ *Der Freyschutz*.”

Rot the fellow's play !
 Take his lute away.
 Must we waltz all day ?
 Will you stop, I say ?
 He's St. Vitus, sure !
 Nought his dance can cure ;
 Must we thus endure
 Till we drop ?
 Tear him limb from limb
 Let his crazy pate
 Down the river swim,
 For *his* head the fate,

Who has set the sound-
est could here be found,
Spinning round and round,
Like a top!

Rot the fellow's play, &c.

They succeed at last in snatching the lyre from ORPHEUS, whom they then seize, and drag off furiously—they then re-enter, with fragments of his dress, and laurel wreath, and the head of ORPHEUS is presently seen floating down the river.

HEAD. Eurydice! Eurydice! Eurydice!

(HEAD *disappears*)

PAN. He's torn to bits, yet swears he isn't dead.
He seems to have a singing in his head.

Music—"Glorious Apollo."

PAN. By Jove, here comes Apollo!

As sure as fate he's heard the fellow holloa.

I'm off.

(*Exit*)

SIL. (*tumbling from his donkey*) And so am I.

APOLLO *descends in the car of the sun.*

Music—"Now Phæbus sinketh."

APOL. Well may you run!

Is this the way you serve the Sun's own son

ALL. Forgive us, mighty Phœbus!

APOL. Orpheus, rise!

Put on your head, and with me seek the skies.

ORPHEUS *re-appears.*

And as some instrument you'll there require,
I'll make a constellation of your lyre.

(flings the lyre into the sky, where it appears amidst the other constellations, which have, during the foregoing lines, gradually descended)

ORPH. Thanks, dear papa! that's very kind and clever
 But must I leave Eurydice for ever?
 Surely your Phaeton has room for three.
 You must—you shall release Eurydice!
 Indeed, unless you do, *I* can't go there,
 And for this weighty reason. Did I care,
(*drawing him aside*)
 Ever so little as a wife about her—
 There's a finale can't be sung without her.

APOL. Oh! then indeed, when music's in the case,
 All other things, of course, with me, give place,
 So, Uncle Pluto!

PLUTO *pops his head through the stage.*

PLU. Well, how now? what is it?

APOL. Arn't it about the time your queen should
 visit
 Her mother, Ceres, and for six months stay
 Upon Olympus?

PLU. Yes, the very day.

APOL. Then let Eurydice attend upon her
 As mistress of the robes, or Dame of Honour.

PLU. Why, I suppose I must, Sol, if you press it;
 Not that I'm much averse to't—I confess it;
 For, to speak truth, she does make such a riot
 Below, the very Fates can't work in quiet.
 But what will Jove say, if I let her out?

APOL. Leave him to me.

PLU. But is there any doubt
 Of sanction from some more important powers?
 Will *they* this treaty ratify of ours?
 They may decree Orpheus himself shall fall,
 And then his wife need not come up at all.

ORPH. Oh, I'll ask that! for they're more used to
 me.
 Befriend poor Orpheus and Eurydice!
 It all depends upon your smile or frown—
 Whether she shall come up, or I go down.

Alarm has rendered even Pluto civil !
 He fears lest you should raise the very devil !
 His judges must be guided by your jury.
 His furies quake, lest they should rouse your
 fury.
 His fates are trembling now to learn their own.
 Please to be pleased, and make your pleasures
 known,
 And for the sake of old "Olympic Revels,"
 Condemn not to the shades Olympic Devils.*

(the AUDIENCE applaud of course)

(to PLUTO) There's your permit—seek Proserpine, and
 tell her,
 That she may move the spirit from the cellar.

PROSERPINE *rises with* EURYDICE.

FINALE—" *Go to the Devil and shake yourselves.*"

EURY. When you're dull, and wish merry to make yourselves,

PROS. At this fountain of mirth you may slake yourselves.

APOL. When sleepy come hither and wake yourselves.

PLU. When cold it's a good place to bake yourselves.

ORPH. And since home at eleven you take yourselves,

 It can never be said that you rake yourselves ;

 In all cases, then, hither betake yourselves,

 And out of the blue devils shake yourselves.

CHORUS. And since home at eleven, &c.

CURTAIN.

* These two lines apply more directly to the theatre in which the piece was originally performed.

THE PAPHIAN BOWER;

OR,

VENUS AND ADONIS;

*A Classical, Musical, Mythological, Astronomical, and
Tragi-Comical Burlesque Burletta,*

IN ONE ACT.

First performed at the Royal Olympic Theatre, under the management
of Madame Vestris, Wednesday, December 26, 1832.



THE PAPHIAN BOWER ;

OR,

VENUS AND ADONIS.

I have little to remark respecting the third of our classical extravaganzas beyond the fact of the overture being one of the earliest works of our distinguished English composer John Barnett, and that Mr. Benjamin Webster was included for the first time in the cast of an extravaganza.

Mr. Wyman, who played Esculapius, was one of the amateur company I belonged to when I wrote "Amoroso." He narrowly escaped being killed on the fall of the Garrick Theatre, in Goodman's Fields, retired from the stage and was living in good health and circumstances a few years ago in Australia, being, with Mr. Webster, amongst the very few of my surviving contemporaries.

The "Paphian Bower" ran sixty-six consecutive nights, terminating only with the season.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

IMMORTALS.

MARS (God of War, a very angry Planet, and a Field-Marshal in the Army)	MR. WEBSTER
SATURN, alias TIME (a very cool Planet, and a most Slippery Character)	MR. W. VINING
MERCURY (a Musical Planet, all Glee and Quicksilver)	MR. TULLY
ESCULAPIUS (Demi-God of Physic and Doctor of Medicine ; a Mixture as before)	MR. WYMAN
MOMUS (God of Mirth and Partaker in the Glee of Mercury)	MR. DOWSING
CUPID (God of Love)	MISS PETTIFER (Her First Appearance)
HYMEN (God of Marriage)	MISS GREENER
VENUS (Goddess of Beauty, a lovely Planet, the most heavenly body of all the heavenly bodies)	MADAME VESTRIS
DIANA or LUNA (Goddess of Hunting and Queen of the Planets)	MISS GLIDDON
ATÉ (Goddess of Vengeance, "red hot from" Shakespeare)	MISS LAND
The Furies, MRS. NORMAN, MISS WEBSTER, and	MISS C. WEBSTER.
Their Graces, the Graces, MISS CRAWFORD, MISS FITZWALTER, and MISS NORMAN.	

CLIO (Muse of History)	} (The Tuneful Nine)	} MISS IRELAND MRS. COOPER MISS PINCOTT MRS. KNIGHT MISS MINNA MISS H. IRELAND MISS HARRINGTON MISS MELBOURNE MISS S. IRELAND
EUTERPE (Muse of Harmony)		
THALIA (Muse of Comedy)		
MELPOMENE (Muse of Tragedy)		
TERPSICHORE (Muse of Dancing)		
POLYHYMNIA (Muse of Song)		
ERATO (Muse of Poetry)		
CALLIOPE (Muse of Eloquence)		
URANIA (Muse of Astronomy)		

Loves and Doves, by the juvenile portion of the Company, in full feather.

MORTALS.

ADONIS (an-ice Young Man, "I do think") by MR. J. BLAND.

Members of the Paphian Hunt, by Messrs. Jones, Giffin, Tully, Dowsing, Franklin, Sheriff, Hitchinson, Barland, Miller, and Alexander.

A very great Boar BY HIMSELF.
The Dogs of War and their Wives ... BY A PACK OF INVISIBLES.

PROGRAMME OF THE SCENERY.

THE PAPHIAN BOWER.

A BEAUTY-FULL, GRACE-FULL, AND A-MUSE-ING SCENE,

In the course of which will be realised, in accordance with the present
Taste for Tableaux,

Several designs from the Antique, including one *on* Adonis—by Venus.

A Fresco Groupe of the Muses, Graces, Love & Hymen.

“ Even as the Sun with purple-coloured face,
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn ;
Rose-cheeked Adonis hied him to the chase,
Hunting he loved, but love he laughed to scorn.”—*Shakespeare.*

DISTANT VIEW OF THE CITY AND PORT OF PAPHOS

An Enchanting Scene.

“ Tempus Fugit.”—*Aldgate Clock.*

“ O day and night, but this is wondrous strange.”—*Shakespeare.*

An incantation à la (*Pig's*) Fry—schutz !!! With a bow wow Chorus
by the Dogs of War.

VIEW IN THE ISLAND OF CYPRUS.

A ROMANTIC SCENE.

Adonis killed by an A-boar-iginal inhabitant.

“ So in our Woods the hunted Boar
On his native strength relies ;
The Forest echoes with his roar,
In turn the Hunter flies.”—*T. Dibdin.*

AN ASTRONOMICAL SCENE!

Rising of a Brand New Moon, and Revolution of the principal Planets
in this Hemisphere, on a Novel Starring System.

OCCULTATION OF MARS,

Visible only in the Olympic Theatre.

Time of greatest Obscuration, Eveng., 10h. 50m. before or after,
less or—*Moore.*

Transit of Venus and appearance as the Evening Star!

And Finale to the Music of the Spheres.

THE PAPHIAN BOWER ;

OR,

VENUS AND ADONIS.

SCENE FIRST.—*The Paphian Bower—Temple, with statues of Venus and Cupid—in front an altar with hearts burning upon it—HYMEN attending them, torch in hand, and occasionally tying two together, when the flames go out and he throws them into a gilt basket beside him, placing at the same time fresh ones upon the altar—several little LOVES are assisting him—The THREE GRACES occupy the centre of the stage in a classical group, and CUPID is seen sharpening his arrows on a grindstone.*

QUINTETTE —“ *Five times by the taper’s light.*”

HYMEN. Five times by my torch’s ray
I’ve tied up hearts in pairs to-day.

CUPID. Where’s mother ?

HYMEN. She’s gone out to roam.
If she have luck
She’ll bring the buck
To whom she’s ta’en a fancy home.

HYMEN, CUPID, *and* GRACES.

Home! home ! she’ll soon come home,
Swift to the woodland vale below,
We saw her dart to bring her beau
Home, home, home.

HYMEN. By Jupiter, I vow it’s quite amazing
To see how these fond hearts will keep on blazing

Upon Love's altar—spite of wind and weather,
 Until I tie 'em up in pairs together,
 When 'stead of burning brighter thus united,
 Out they all go, and cannot be relighted.

CUPID. Well, all I know is, that they've kindled fairly,
 Ought to burn well, and be extinguished rarely.
 To keep them nicely trimmed your care should be,
 So if they get blown out, don't blow up me.
 If *you* neglect them till they smoke and smother,
 You can't much wonder if they trim each other.

(a ra ta ta tat without)

Run to the door ! *(Exit a LOVE)*
 Some Post from Greece or Rome.

The LOVE returns.

The nine Miss Muses. Will you be at home ?

CUPID. Always to them.

HYMEN. Oh, shew 'em up, of course.

1ST. G. Have they all come upon their flying horse ?

LOVE. No, please your Grace, whene'er they visit us,
 They come in Cloud's blue-bodied omnibus.
 The man behind politely pulls the line,
 And says in accents soft, "Descend ye nine."

(Exit LOVE)

1ST. G. The omnibus for ladies of their rank !

2ND. G. They run from Mount Parnassus to the Bank.

CUPID. Run to the Bank ! no, no, you silly wench,
 From Mount Parnassus they run to the *Bench*.

Music—The NINE MUSES enter as described.

CUPID. Three times three welcomes to the tuneful nine.

Clio, I vow you're looking quite divine !

How Miss Euterpe does I need not ask ;

And gay Thalia smiles like her own mask.

Melpomene, "with stately step and slow," *(music)*

Terpsichore "on light fantastic toe," *(music)*

Miss Polyhymnia, Muse of dulcet song, *(music)*

And Erato, of numbers sweet and strong.

Calliope, the eloquent and wise,

And fair Urania, always in the skies !

- Last of the nine pins with that globe you wait,
As ready to bowl down the other eight.
- THAL. (*to CUPID*) Your mother's not at home! but well, no doubt!
- CUPID. She'll be distressed you call'd while she was out.
You come so seldom; while with some excuses,
Cupid is always calling on the Muses.
- 1ST. G. You'll some refreshment after your long ride take!
- 3RD G. A glass of cyprus. Hymen, cut some bride cake.
- MEL. No wine for us—pure water from the spring—
Pierian, Heliconian—anything.
- CUPID. Pure water? pshaw! this choice liqueur, I'm sure,
You can't object to—'tis *Parfait amour*.
- THAL. Oh, worse and worse! Wine gets into the head,
But this would get into the *heart* instead.
Adieu, my love—good morning to your Graces,
We must make haste, or we shall lose our places.
The omnibus comes by your Temple Bar.
- CUPID. You shall not go till you have seen mamma.
She is expected every minute now.
- VEN. (*singing without*) Oh, where, and oh where is my
hunting laddie gone?
- THAL. Hark! that's her voice!

VENUS *appears in the distance.*

- MEL. 'Tis Venus 'self, I vow!
"But mercy on us! what has changed her eyes?*"

"They used to shame the azure of the skies,
"And now they're hazel, and her locks of light,
"Are dark as Erebus.
- CUPID. "You're very right;
"But take no notice of it, for the truth is
"That she enamoured of a silly youth is
"Who slights her passion, and her grief and care
"Have changed the colour of her eyes and hair;
"So on this point I beg you don't attack her.
"You'll only make her look a great deal blacker."

* The above lines, in inverted commas, should only be spoken when the lady playing Venus has, like the late Madame Vestris, dark eyes and hair.

VEN. (*advancing*) Ah me ! sad hours seem long !

MEL. In Paphos' bowers,
Prithee what sadness lengthens beauty's hours?

VEN. The Muses here ! I was about invoking
Your potent aid ! with grief you see me choking.
The Queen of Love is baffled by a boy
As beautiful as he, alas, is coy.

THAL. Proceed.

VEN. In speech or song ?

CLIO. If Clio chooses,
'Twill be in song.

ALL THE OTHERS. Oh, music for the Muses.

Song—VENUS—"Sally in our Alley."

Of all the swains that are so smart,
I dearly love Adonis ;
And pit-a-pat will go my heart,
Till he bone of my bone is.
No buckskin'd beau of Melton Mow-
bray rides so capitally.
Oh, he's the darling of my heart,
And he hunts in our valley !

Jupiter and the neighbours all
Make game of me and Dony ;
But notwithstanding I with him
Contemplate matrimony.
For he can play on the *cornet*,
And sing most musically ;
And not a Duke in all the land
Can beat him at "Aunt Sally."

THAL. We were about to go, but we'll remain,
If we can help you to subdue your swain.
A lad so fond of horses can't refuse
An invitation coming from a *muse*.
Send for him in my name.

VEN. He'll not be won !

MEL. If Dian, then, would cause the game to run
This way—he would, of course, be sure to follow !
(*to CUPID*) Fly, Love, and ask—you'll find her in the
hollow.

VEN. I fear 'tis all in vain. His heart I've tried.
(Exit CUPID)
 Hunting he loves ; but love he can't abide.

Glee—VENUS, &c.—“ Even as the Sun.”

Soon as the sun has changed his dappled greys,
 For those bright bloods he drives till eventide,
 Rose-cheeked Adonis rises with his rays.
 Hunting he loves ; but love he can't abide.

Re-enter CUPID.

CUPID. Well, Dian's done it ! yonder goes the stag,
 And after him Adonis on his nag ;
 And now she makes it throw him !
 VEN. Oh, he's hurt !
 CUPID. No, only had a tumble in the dirt.
 HYMEN. He's up again, but cannot catch his horse,
 And so has taken to his legs perforce.
 VEN. He comes !
 AD. (*without*) Yoicks ! yoicks ! tantivy ! hark away !
 VEN. “ How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues ” by day.

Enter ADONIS.

AD. Thrown off and out ! confound that jade, I say.
 Why, where the dickens have I got to, eh ?
 Here's a whole pack of jades ! 'ware women ! zounds !
 If they give tongue, the deuce can't hear the hounds.
 VEN. Turn, gentle hunter ! turn and rest thee here.
 Dost thou not know me ? I am thine own dear.
 AD. I wish you were, for then you'd be a shy one.
 'Tis the first time I e'er was hunted by one.
 VEN. Can you not learn to love ?
 AD. No, I'm too stupid.
 VEN. Take but one lesson from Professor Cupid.
 This is my son, sir.
 AD. What, that little jockey !
 Is he the gentleman who plays at hockey
 With people's hearts ?
 CUPID. Have you got one to play with ?
 AD. Yes, but not one that you shall ride away with.

VEN. Will you not listen to the three fair Graces?
 AD. Take off the G, and make them three fair *aces*?
 VEN. Give the nine Muses, then, a patient hearing.
 AD. That's three times three, yet anything but *cheering*.

Chorus—MUSES—"Robert le Diable."

The tuneful nine, unless thy heart be marble,
 Will not in vain their blended powers essay.
 With airs divine from Robert le Diable,
 'Tis hard indeed, if they don't win the day.
 The tuneful nine with airs divine,
 Will win the day, we're bold to say, &c.

Solo—VENUS—(From the same)

Quit the chase, my dear Adonis,
 Cut the turf and kennel clean,
 Sell your hunters, racers, ponies,
 Burn your *Sporting Magazine*.
 Broken hearts we hear of,
 But we seldom see the wrecks.
 There is much more fear of
 Broken arms or necks.
 Quit the chase, &c.

Why at clubs with legs be betting,
 When the course to hearts is clear?
 Why cleaned out at dice be getting,
 When a *paradise* is here?
 Here's the game, all fair, sir;
 And if other fare you love,
 From all the bell we bear, sir,
 For real turtle-dove.
 Quit the chase, &c.

VEN. Nay, sweet Adonis, if the Muses tease you,
 Love will take ev'ry step on earth to please you.]

Ballet—CUPID and OTHERS.

AD. Madam, I tell you plainly as I can,
 It's of no use. I'm not a marrying man.

- Besides, fair lady, I've a strange misgiving
That you have got a lawful husband living.
And as a friend of mine says, "Dash the wig o' me,"
Jove may indict us both, you know, for bigamy.
- VEN. If you mean Vulcan, on my reputation,
There is a proper deed of separation.
The learned Proctors all, sir, did agree
A lame old tinker was no match for me ;
And if it had been with a goddess regal,
The marriage of the blacksmith was not legal.
- AD. But don't there run some story 'mongst the stars
Of a flirtation with a chap named Mars ?
- VEN. Oh, that's a very, very old affair.
I've cut the fellow a long time, I swear.

Enter LOVE, announcing.

LOVE. Field-Marshal Mars !

Enter MARS.

- AD. Heyday ! what next, I wonder ?
- MARS. Guns, trumpets, blunderbusses, drums, and thunder !
A traitor in the camp !
- VEN. I'm all confusion !
- CUPID. Provoking !
- AD. Here's a burst !
- VEN. Why this intrusion ?
To my boudoir who granted you admission ?
- MARS. This, ma'am, to me ? gunpowder and perdition !
Sir (*to ADONIS*), do you come here as this lady's wooer ?
- AD. Not I, i'faith ! I've nothing to say to her.
But if you've anything to say to me
There is my card.
- MARS. 'Tis well, sir ! we shall see !
- THAL. Dear gentlemen, I hope you'll go no further !
Oh, mercy on us, ladies ! here'll be murder !
- MEL. Murder ! I hope there will, with all my heart.
'Tis long since tragedy has had a start !
- AD. (*to MARS*) With sword or pistol ?
- MARS. Swords my weapons are.
Mars is a planet, not a shooting star.

AD. Plan it which way you please, for you can't beat me
At either.

MARS. That, sir's, to be tried, so meet me.

Duet—MARS and ADONIS—"Meet me by moonlight."

MARS. Meet me by moonlight alone,
At half after nine without fail.
You know, sir, where stands the mile-stone
In the grove at the end of the vale!
You must promise to come, for I've said,
And to keep my word strictly I mean.
I'll leave you of all bodies dead—
The deadest that ever was seen.
So meet me by moonlight alone!
Yes, meet me by moonlight alone!

AD. I'll meet you by night or by day,
But if you'll just take a friend's hint,
The doctor should be in the way
With tourniquet, bandage, and lint.
Remember, be sure to be there,
For though little the lady I prize,
Some credit 'twill be, I declare,
To cut out a star from the skies.
So meet me by moonlight alone!
Yes, meet me by moonlight alone!

VEN. This mustn't be! harness my team of sparrows;
I will to Bow Street, swift as Cupid's arrows.
Give information—call out the police,
And bind them over both to keep the peace.

Concerted Piece—"Mosé in Egitto."

VENUS, MUSES and GRACES, HYMEN, &c.

Murder! Here's a fine to-do—fine to-do!

Let us all fly the city to—city to.

CUPID. To spoil sport 'tis a pity too—pity too;
A duel looks so well next day in printers' ink.

MARS. } Yes, indeed, here's a fine to-do—fine to-do.
 AD. }
 Who d'ye think, sir's, afraid of you—'fraid of you?
 Mince meat soon shall be made of you—made of you.
 You're a nice man—you're a nice man, I don't think.
 VEN. How can you be two such geese—two such geese?
 Of your lives have you got a lease—got a lease?
 Or, like cats, have you nine apiece—nine apiece?
 That thus to gain *éclat* from risking one you think!
 Murder, here's a fine to-do, &c.
 Yes, indeed, here's a fine to-do, &c.
Confusion—closed in by

SCENE SECOND.—*Distant view of the city of Paphos.*

Enter MARS, meeting ESCULAPIUS.

MARS. Great Esculapius—renowned M.D. ;
 You are the very friend I wished to see.
 ESCULA. Hah! you look flushed—a little fever there.
 Permit me—(*feeling his pulse*) In a gallop, I declare ;
 Put out your tongue.
 MARS. Pshaw! hold yours while I speak.
 ESCULA. Talking fatigues, and we seem rather weak ;
 We'd better go to bed and take some gruel.
 MARS. Take notice, you, I go to fight a duel.
 ESCULA. Alarming symptoms! caused by deadly drugs.
 The mixture—patent gunpowder and slugs.
 One pill a dose—ta'en early in the morning :
 Patient popped off without a moment's warning.
 Sad work for doctors.
 MARS. Can't help that, but note—
 Shoot him I sha'n't, I mean to cut his throat.
 ESCULA. Steel med'cines! worse and worse.
 MARS. Tortures infernal
 He's made me feel!
 ESCULA. Some injury internal.
 What's the complaint?
 MARS. Flirting before my face
 With Venus.
 ESCULA. Yellow jaundice! common case—

Must lose a little blood, an ounce or two,
From the sword arm.

MARS. I'll run the rascal through
The midriff!

ESCULA. And my fee! If life be spilt,
How do you think my beard's to be kept gilt?
S'death, do you take me for an undertaker
Or that I live by "dead men," like a baker?
A flesh wound if you please, or slight contusion,
But kill a man outright—fits and confusion!
Sir! 'tis a most unprincipled aggression,
'Tis interfering, sir, with our profession!

MARS. Time's flying fast! do you decide to go?

ESCULA. (*looking out*) 'Gad, he'll be past before I really
know;
I'll catch Time by the forelock!

Enter SATURN, who is seized by ESCULAPIUS accordingly.

SATURN. Come! let go, man!

ESCULA. Stay!

SATURN. Never! time and tide can stay for no man!

ESCULA. But I am tied to time—no inflammation!
We doctors must take time for consultation!
Besides, my dad, Apollo the musician,
Taught me to keep time, and with great precision.
Ay, and to beat time! So, old Edax rerum,
As I've some things to say, you stop and hear 'em.

SATURN. Well then! make haste, my sand must run mean
time. (*turns his glass*)

ESCULA. (*aside to him*) Mars is about to meet a rival—I'm
Desired to be in waiting! I object,
On principle, and ask Time to reflect!

SATURN. (*aside*) I have reflected! while he strives to find
Time,

To fight his duel in—keep him behind Time.
And I will fly so fast, that e'er he's warning,
Time will be past, and bring to-morrow morning.

ESCULA. Sharp as a lancet! now I've got him, there!
(*seizes MARS*)

SATURN. Fair play's a jewel, then—let go my hair!
(*ESCULAPIUS lets TIME go*)

MARS. Why, s'death ! you're losing Time ! quick backward
haul him ! (SATURN *flies away*)

ESCUA. He's flown ! and Jove himself could not recall him !
(*the scene darkens, and is lighted again directly*)

MARS. Distraction ! Time has slipped with night away.
And in the east there dawns another day !
I shall be posted for a coward ! zounds !
They'll say that war has got afraid of wounds !
And that false hussey, Venus, too ! O scandal
Will make of this affair a precious handle !

ESCUA. Scandal ! pho ! on insanity you border,
To mind a slight attack of that disorder.
Here's Mirth and Mercury, they'll bear me out.

Enter MOMUS and MERCURY.

'Tis an endemic going much about.
Unpleasant ! but with common prudence treated,
The virulence is very soon defeated.

*Glee—ESCULAPIUS, MOMUS, and MERCURY—“ Dame
Durden.”*

Olympus has a crowd of gods,
And each has his female ;
And I'll bet you, my friend, long odds,
There runs of each some tale.
There's Pol kissed Clio,
And Jove kissed Io,
As proved by the peacock's tail ;
For Argus found his hundred eyes 'gainst love would
naught avail.

Dame Juno curls her haughty lip,
And dares at others rail ;
And Dian at the slightest slip,
Pretends her face to veil.
Yet Pan kissed Dian,
And Juno Ixion,
At least so runs the tale.
And they are pretty folk, alas !

To call their neighbours frail !
 Then isn't he a stupid ass,
 Who turns at scandal pale.

(Exeunt ESCULAPIUS, MOMUS, and MERCURY)

MARS. O, Time, I let you 'scape me in an ill time.
 Tell me, ye gods ! what shall I do to kill time ?
 I know ! I'll rouse a boar—a bristly, bony,
 And brawney savage—who shall kill young Dony.
 By proxy my revenge shall now be taken,
 I'll conjure up a boar, like Friar Bacon !

(Melo-dramatic music)

Goddess of vengeance ! wheresoe'er thou art,
 Fierce Até, rise, and take a forte part,
 In my malicious glee ; thy serpents don—
 Put the high pressure of thine engine on,
 Esteemed goddess ! Mars will be thy stoker,
 And stir thy fires, with his steely poker.
 No safety valve shall save Adonis now,
 The boiler of thy wrath shall burst and blow
 The minion into pieces ! speed from far,
 Cry havoc, and let slip the *hogs* of war.

Enter ATÉ and FURIES ; a BOAR rushes out of the thicket.

MARS. Thou beast, who be'est a ranger of the wood,
 And relishes a slice of man for food,
 Sharpen thine ivories—do my bidding right,
 And I'll indulge thy beastly appetite.
 This day thou wilt encounter in a broil,
 A youth who seeks thy beauty, beast, to spoil ;
 Be bold as brass, and let him feel thy mettle,
 Or to thy tail he'll surely tie a kettle.
 He's rash, be rasher—we will egg him on,
 And 'twixt two fires, doubtless he'll be done !
 Now tramp away, I will not see thee pause,
 Till he become a sandwich 'twixt thy jaws.

Exeunt MARS, ATÉ, and FURIES, driving the BOAR before them.

SCENE THREE.—*Romantic view in the Island of Cyprus.*
ADONIS discovered pacing the stage.

AD. Day breaks! and finds me looking like an ass;
 I've watched all night, with my *couteau de chasse*.
 And no antagonist! my temper's soured,
 Whate'er his rank—I say he's a rank coward!
 At the Horse Guards, and every club I'll post him,
 In type that all who run may read and roast him.
 In black and white it shall by all be seen,
 He feared being pinked and left upon the green.
 The plain unvarnished tale abroad shall spread,
 And Mars look blue, whenever that is read.
 I've waited long enough! be his the shame!
 Here come the hunt! so hey for other game.

Enter HUNTERS.

CHORUS—“*Foresters sound the cheerful horn.*”

Somebody sound the cheerful horn
 For nobody here can play;
 And some old buck, as sure as he's born,
 Shall kick the bucket to-day.
 At length when jaded home we come,
 We'll moisten well our clay
 With whiskey, brandy, gin, and rum,
 And backy puff-away, away, away! &c.

(*Exeunt ADONIS and HUNTERS*)

Music—“*By the simplicity of Venus's doves*”—to which
 VENUS and CUPID descend in a car drawn by turtle doves.

VEN. This way we hear the horns! am I too late,
 To warn my dear Adonis of his fate?
 CUPID. I wonder, ma, you plague yourself about,
 So boorish and insensible a lout.
 The Queen of Beauty, thus to hanker after,
 A bumpkin full of dog talk and horse laughter.
 VEN. How can you wonder, who have willed it so?
 The more he flies me—I the fonder grow!
 Find him I must, and bid him Mars beware!
 There's something brewing—but it's not a bear.

A strange presentiment my soul comes o'er,
 If aught kill him, 'twill be a horrid bore!
 Go when I tell you, sir! drive back my car,
 You'll find good stabling, yonder at "The Star."
 Let the doves have a peck of peas, when cool,
 And don't you with the bar-maid play the fool,
 As you're too apt to do—you wicked elf!

CUPID. But mayn't I order something for myself?
 I'm hungry too.

VEN. At such a time as this is?
 Well, your old luncheon, bread and cheese and
 kisses.

Exit CUPID with car; horns heard without.

That strain again! they wind those horns about,
 So plaguily—the deuce can't find 'em out;

Song—VENUS—"Kelvin Grove."

Where the dickens hast thou flown,
 Dear Adonis, O.
 It amazes me, I own,—Dear Adonis, O.
 That so coolly forth you'd ride,
 When with me you might abide,
 By Love's cosy fire-side,—Dear Adonis, O.
 Sure as death, and quarter day,—Cold Adonis, O.
 You'll be brought to book or bay, Sad Adonis, O.
 Must the Queen of Beauty bawl?
 And you take no heed at all!
 For her pride, oh, what a fall,—Rude Adonis, O.
 For her pride, oh, what a fall,—Rude Adonis, O.

But the Time is come for you,—Mad Adonis, O.
 To have a tumble too,—Bad Adonis, O.
 I'd a shocking dream last night,
 You were fishing by moonlight,
 And wild boar alone would bite,—Sad Adonis, O.
 I see the danger nigh,—Dear Adonis, O.
 I've a stye in my mind's eye,—Dear Adonis, O.
 Stretch'd already you appear
 On your intermediate bier,

And the porters drop it here,—Dead Adonis, O.
And the porters drop it here,—Dead Adonis, O.

(Exit VENUS)

Music—Enter ADONIS, pursuing the WILD BOAR.

AD. Aha, my boy! no thoroughfare that way!
I have you now! Oh, what you'll stand at bay?
With all my heart. Nay, think not I'm in joke,
Long as I find you pig, you'll find me poke!

Song—ADONIS—"Cease, rude Boreas."

Cease, wild boar, thou blustering railer,
List with thy pig's ear to me;
Quickly here, thou fell assailer,
Thou shalt be assailed by me;
Though thy bristles in commotion,
Like a row of bayonets rise,
Vain thy threats, for I've a notion
Pork is excellent in pies.

Enter MARS—Melo-dramatic music—ADONIS attacks the BOAR, who, goaded by MARS, succeeds in wounding ADONIS, who falls—Exeunt MARS and BOAR.

AD. I'm dish'd by jingo! In at my own death
After a hard run—rather out of breath.
Dear brother bucks, in my last will you'll find,
As in the chase, I've left you all—behind.

Enter VENUS, CUPID and the GRACES.

VEN. That voice! O mischief! thou art quick a-breeding!
Adonis dies! the flow'r of love lies bleeding!
Go bring a surgeon, and if one won't do,
Another must be found to bring him *to*.
Let night in general mourning put the skies,
And bid the moon and all the planets rise,
And set on Mars who set upon my dear
The beastly boar that over bore him here!
And through the brute's own nose go put a ring,
And drag him hither, Love, by thy bowstring.

Air—VENUS—“*Thy Father! away!*”

Fly farther away, and bring back the vile boar
Who has wounded Adonis, the youth I adore.
Let Dian the traitor to punishment bring,
For coming to go for to do such a thing.

Away, &c.,

Clouds begin to fill the scene—Exeunt CUPID; GRACES, separately.

AD. You're very kind, but spare yourself the trouble;
I've often had a squeak for life's vain bubble.
And now 'tis burst—my final leap is taken;
It's quite impossible to save my bacon.
I'm run to earth, and must bid you good-bye;
So prithee don't continue in full cry.
Shake hands, and let's part friends—'twill soon be over;
I'm going fast as I can go to cover.

QUINTETTE—“*Mild as the moonbeams*”—VENUS, ADONIS
and the GRACES, who return.

To range the Elysian fields Adonis hies.
O Dian, hear! Fair huntress of the skies!
Mildly her moonbeams through the dark clouds tremble.
Come, Queen of Night, and aid the Queen of Love.

The moon as a crescent, with DIANA seated in it, rises through the clouds, which clear off.

VEN. Diana! Luna! Proserpine! which e'er
Of thy three names thou likest best to bear—
Hear, goddess of the silver bow, my call,
Thou lady patroness of earth's gay ball;
Queen of the planets, empress of the stars,
Venus invokes your vengeance upon Mars.
He's killed the youth to whom we both were partial.
Oh, break the bâton of this fierce field-marshal,
Say a court martial called on Mars shall be,
Or plunge him, Dian, in the marshalsea.

DIAN. Alack, fair dame, no influence have I
In any court save that of Chancery.

There lunacy's the ward of law, you know,
And many not quite mad are driven so.

VEN. Assist me, then, for grief has made me frantic.
Thou art the friend of lovers.

DIAN. How romantic!

Well, then, to moderate your grief profound,
Apply this lunar caustic to the wound.
'Twill burn his body up, but has the power
To make him fitter still for beauty's bower.
The fields he hunted he shall still adorn—
Still shoot—"A native to the *Manor* born."
Still shall he drink the morning's healthful dew,
Still shall he blow, though not a bugle, through.
Still shall he scent the gale, for he shall be
The wind flower, alias anemone.

ADONIS sinks and an anemone gradually rises in his place.

VEN. He's gone off in a puff! Is it a joke?
And will it end as it began—in smoke?
Ah no! behold sweet incense round it throwing.
He rises all a-growing—all a-blowing.
Sweet bud, from scorching sun and wintry shower
I'll shield thee.

ADONIS's face appears in the centre of the flower.

AD. That's the time of day, my flower.

Music—MARS appears as a planet in the sky.

VEN. See where Mars sheds his angry rays! Resist 'em!

DIAN. He's the most baneful planet in our system.
Unless by Sol's consent some comet whips him,
The most that I can do is to eclipse him.

(Music—Moves, and her shadow eclipses MARS)

MARS. Hollo! you've snuffed me out! Zounds, ma'am, be
civil.

I wish you'd mind what you're about. The devil
Is in the moon for mischief, sure. She fidgets
About the sky, and with her dirty digits

Blackens one's face. Oh, Francis Moore, Physician,
How long must I remain in this condition?

VEN. (*to DIANA*) Is not the boar within your jurisdiction?

CUPID *entering*.

CUPID. He's here in custody and sore affliction.

DIAN. Let him be killed and cured—we are not joking him.
Off with his head—so much for poking him.

(*Exit CUPID*)

VEN. (*to AUDIENCE*) To shine as evening star 'tis now my
hour;

But ere again I seek my Paphian Bower,
May I—oh, may I hope you'll bid it bloom?
You who alone can really chase my gloom!
Though metamorphoses I've here a few,
I never wish to metamorphose you!
My humble spells are only thrown around you
To keep you the kind friends I ever found you.
Surely the simple flower that opes to-night,
This genial atmosphere will never blight;
Nor will my poor new moon to wane be told,
Before she is at least a few days old.
Let Hymen join your hands—they have the power
To bless my Stars, and save my Paphian Bower.
Then be not, by malignant Mars, deluded,
But ratify the *piece* we've here concluded.

Music—The BOAR is brought in, in procession, by CUPID, &c., forming the picture by Westall—VENUS, in the meantime, passes behind the clouds and appears as the Evening Star.

FINALE—“*My delight on a shiny night, in the season of the year.*”

AD. Oh, once I was a hunter,
And chased both hare and deer,
But by an ugly grunter,
Cut short was my career;
And now I am a flower,
I hope to blossom here,

And nightly grow in your favour thro'
The season of the year.

DIAN. I hope I'm not encroaching,
Nor speaking out of place,
I do object to poaching,
As Goddess of the Chase ;
But as the moon, I wink at it,
As sometimes doth appear ;
And my delight is a shiny night,
With shining *phases* here.

Enter SATURN, hastily.

SATURN. Since there is time for all things,
Some time to Time allow.
My time is come to tremble,
Though pastime 'twas till now ;
Oh, spare then time to revel
For some time longer here,
And make the piece we're winding up
A time-piece for the year.*

VEN. By some we're charged with poaching,
But I deny the same,
For here we have a licence
To sell Olympic game.
Then, friends and patrons, favour us
With a merry Christmas cheer,
And I wish you all the compliments
Of the season of the year.†

CURTAIN.

**(originally)* And if the *Times* reporter
Should happen to be here,
We hope he'll write that our piece to-night
Is a time-piece for the year.

†*(at other periods)* Then friends, and patrons, favour us
With a good old English cheer ;
And to our delight let us every night
Of the Season see you here !

HIGH, LOW, JACK, AND
THE GAME;

OR,

THE CARD PARTY;

A MOST EXTRAVAGANT EXTRAVAGANZA,

OR

RUM-ANTIC BURLETTA,

IN ONE ACT.

First performed at the Theatre Royal, Olympic, Monday,
September 30, 1833.

“Speak by the card.”—SHAKESPEARE.

HIGH, LOW, JACK, AND THE GAME.

This piece, produced at the Olympic at the opening of the season 1833-34, is the first which was entitled an "Extravaganza," the necessary precaution, however, being taken to add to the novel term that of "Burletta." Having fixed on a mythological subject for the Christmas piece, it was determined to increase the distinction by substituting in this instance blank verse for rhyme, in humble imitation of Fielding's immortal "Tom Thumb." There was some risk in departing from a style which had become identified with the popular little theatre ; but it was favourably received by the audience, the ears of the play-going public being more accustomed to the heroic measure in those days than they are at present, and thoroughly familiar with all the quotations from, or parodies on, passages in Shakespeare and other of our elder dramatists with which the dialogue was copiously interlarded.

One circumstance is worth recording as illustrative of the manners of the day.

Cards had ceased being the ordinary evening amusement in nearly every class of London society. Music, "Heavenly maid," was daily increasing the number of her votaries. In almost every private family the piano had gradually pushed the card-table into the remotest corner of the drawing-room, or even into an adjoining apartment, wherein, on nights of

friendly gatherings, it frequently stood with two unlighted candles upon it and vacant chairs around it the whole evening. The consequence was that the phraseology of, and allusions to, the various old English games of cards,* with the exception of those of whist and cribbage (*écarté* being a recent importation from the Continent), passed unrecognised by the general audience, or at any rate fell pointless, as much to our surprise as to our mortification. Nevertheless, the novelty of the idea, the quaint, and at the same time beautiful dresses, and characteristic scenery, and above all the spirit with which the performers entered into the whim of the piece—not attempting to be *funny* but acting it as seriously as possible—secured its success. It ran merrily on for forty nights, was frequently revived, and has since kept its position as a holiday entertainment in the provinces under the title of “A Christmas Card Party.”

Though the fourth of our “joint-stock” pieces at the Olympic, it was the first published, preceded by the following

“ADVERTISEMENT.”

“The great success which has attended the previous burlesque burlettas at this theatre by the same authors has induced them to submit the whole of the present one to the

* Ombre, Piquet, Cassino, Patience, Pope Joan, and Beggar-my-Neighbour, Commerce, Speculation, Loo, limited and unlimited, All-fours, Fright, Vingt-un, Brag, Beat the Knave out of doors. With how many of these is the majority of the present generation familiar?

public in a printed form, at the same price as and in lieu of the songs only as heretofore. It is intended, now that efficient protection is afforded by the late Act, to follow up this by the publication of the classical burlesque burlettas called 'Olympic Revels,' 'Olympic Devils,' and the 'Paphian Bower,' which will appear in quick succession.

"The authors take this first opportunity of expressing their sincere gratitude to the public for the encouragement accorded to their humble endeavours to increase the harmless stock of public amusement, and to congratulate themselves, in the words of 'the Merry Monarch,' that 'Their nonsense suits *their* nonsense.'"

Alas! The glorious uncertainty of the law very speedily reduced the rightful expectations of the dramatic authors to a minimum. The Act alluded to in that Advertisement received the Royal sanction, 10th of June, 1833, but a decision of Lord Chief Justice Denman, shortly after the passing of it, rendered nugatory the retrospective clauses, transferring the benefits clearly intended for the author to the publisher, who had in some instances given as little as two guineas for a copyright worth fifty or a hundred; and in 1842, by an Act concerning "common law procedure" they were still further deprived of their best weapons of defence. This, however, is not the place for a discussion of the subject, which is only mentioned as forming an important epoch in the history of the stage, which I have undertaken, as far as lies in my power, to illustrate in these volumes.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ, &c.

PLAYING CARDS.

THE KING OF SPADES (<i>flushed</i> with victory over the King of Hearts)	MR. MATTHEWS
THE QUEEN OF SPADES	MISS FITZWALTER
His Honour the LORD ACE CHANCELLOR ...	MR. TULLY
His Grace the DEUCE (Lord <i>Little Cassino</i> to his Majesty)	MISS PETTIFER
THE KNAVE OF SPADES (Captain of the Life Guards <i>Black</i>)	MR. WYMAN
His Eminence the TEN OF DIAMONDS (Cardinal Legate from <i>Pope Joan</i> , Lord <i>Great Cassino</i> to the King of Diamonds and Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Spades)	MR. MASON
THE KING OF CLUBS (a Knight of the Round Table)	MR. J. BLAND
THE KNAVE OF CLUBS (commonly called PAM, his Squire)	MR. COLLIER
OMBRE of the King of Hearts (fallen in combat against the King of Spades)	MR. HUGGINS
THE QUEEN OF HEARTS (a captivating Captive)	MADAME VESTRIS
THE KNAVE OF HEARTS (ex-Valet to the King)	MR. SALTER
<i>Common Cards</i> of the various suits: Messrs. Ireland, Hitchinson, Fry, Morgan, Dowsing, and Griffin; Mesdames Crawford, Norman, Greener, Harrington, Nicholson, Melbourne, Goward, Tully.	

The Music selected from the *best hands*, and arranged by Mr. Blewitt.

The new *Suits* by Mr. Jefkins, Miss Ireland, and *Partners*, from original paintings in the possession of everybody.

A *deal* of Machinery by Mr. Mackintosh. The Properties *made and cut* by Mr. Buckley.

The new Scenery (painted by Mr. Gordon) will be *dealt out* in regular order.

HIGH, LOW, JACK, AND THE GAME ;

OR,

THE CARD PARTY.

As the Overture commences the Curtain rises and discovers—

SCENE FIRST.—*A well-known exterior, i.e., the portrait of the Great Mogul, as seen on the cover of a new pack of cards.*

At the conclusion of the Overture a crash is heard, and the scene parting, as if torn asunder, discovers—

SCENE SECOND.—*The Court Card Room of the KING OF SPADES.*

The KING and QUEEN OF SPADES are seated on their thrones—His Honour the ACE on the right of the KING, and his Grace the DEUCE on the left of the QUEEN—The rest of the suit are arranged on each side of the throne, and captive Hearts, of both sexes, kneeling before it, under the guard of the KNAVE OF SPADES—Grand flourish—At a sign from the KING the DEUCE advances to the orchestra.

DEUCE. (*pointing with his wand to the leader*) It's your lead—play !

GLEE AND CHORUS—“ *The mighty Conqueror of Hearts.*”

The mighty Conqueror of Hearts in triumph here behold !
With all his trumps, we sound his fame, our champion stout
and bold !

While honours count for victory, ye Spades, in chorus sing,
“ A lucky job it was for us we turned up such a King ! ”

K. OF S. Thanks, my brave Pips! my noble black cards,
thanks!

We like this adulation! Praise is nought
Unless 'tis laid on with a trowel! We
Are king "de jure" and "de facto." Therefore,
Play the whole game or nothing!

Q. OF S. Yet, my liege—— *(rising)*

K. OF S. Silence!

Q. OF S. I'm dumb. *(sits down)*

K. OF S. Not you, sweet partner; to the court I spoke.
Proceed, and without further interruption.

Q. OF S. Well, then, my liege, I was about to say
(rising again)

I thought——

K. OF S. We differ from you totally,
And so sit down. My lords! court cards and
common,

You have just now, and justly, sung our praises.
We scorn to laud ourselves; but we are sworn
To speak the truth. We are the greatest monarch
Upon the cards. Be quiet; for we know it.
In evil hour for him, the King of Hearts
Affronted us. On the green cloth of battle
Soon hand to hand we met. But our hand proved
Too strong for his—a pretty hand he made on't—
For with our own great spade to bed we put him,
And left him playing dummy.

DEUCE. Glorious game!

These red men thought to make us blackies slaves.
You taught them, Sire, a trick worth two of that——

K. OF S. Silence! we would we could induce the Deuce
To hold his tongue—deuce take him! As we said,
The King of Hearts is playing dummy. But
Not so his captive Queen—she talks of liberty,
And talks incessantly, as queens, and women,
Captive or not, are but too prone to do.
Has she a motive for so talking? Silence—
We thank your forwardness, but we can answer,
Good people, for ourself. Has she a motive?
We have a shrewd suspicion—we say nothing—
The King of Diamonds is a widower;

The Queen of Hearts good-looking—we had almost said

Confoundedly good-looking—we say nothing.

DEUCE. (*aside*) Methinks his Majesty talks much for one Who constantly says nothing.

K. OF S. Silence ! I say 'tis just upon the cards
That this same King may offer her his hand—
Should he prefer his suit— (*flourish without*)
Did we say trumpet ?

(KNAVE OF SPADES *retires and returns with a card*)

KN. OF S. My liege, a card.

K. OF S. The Ten of Diamonds !

KN. OF S. The Cardinal, lord great Cassino to
And envoy from his Majesty *his* king.

K. OF S. Aha ! my Pips ! I ask you, is your Sovereign
A good hand at a guess or not ? No answer !
Turn up the Ten of Diamonds.

Enter TEN OF DIAMONDS.

K. OF S. Welcome, Lord Cardinal ! What says our cousin,
His precious Majesty of Diamonds ?

TEN. Diamonds sends health to Spades, and greets him
thus :

The Queen of Hearts—poor heart—a captive maid,
Or rather made a captive by thine arms,
Here languishes in prison.

K. OF S. Wonderful !
Hast thou no news, my lord ? All this we know,
We took that trick ourself !

DEUCE. 'Twas an odd trick.

K. OF S. Aha !

DEUCE. Because it won the game.

K. OF S. Oho ! Proceed.

TEN. Her Majesty of Hearts——

K. OF S. Silence !

TEN. Alack ! how can I tell my tale,
Great Spade, and yet be silent too ?

K. OF S. That's true——
But cut thy tale short, and let's have the heads.
Proceed from "languishes in prison,"—we
Have heard the rest before.

- TEN. In prison, and
The King, *my* king, desires her instant freedom.
- K. OF S. Desires !
- TEN. Entreats !
- K. OF S. That's better. We'll consult
His Honour here, the Ace. Lord Chancellor,
You hear the King of Diamonds doth propose
To take the Queen of Hearts, and in exchange
To give us—nothing. The advantage thus,
Being all upon one side, 'twere crooked policy
Methinks, to grant this boon. But how say you ?
- ACE. I doubt—I'll take the papers home and look at them
Ere I give judgment in this card case.
- K. OF S. Pshaw !
Doubt me no doubts ! Chief Justice Hoyle hath ruled,
When in doubt win the trick. We do refuse——
- TEN. My answer is then ?
- K. OF S. Flat denial ; unless
He offer every diamond in the pack
By way of ransom ! Go, inform our cousin
We'll see him—he knows what first. For yourself,
Your stick is in your hand, sir—cut it.
- TEN. Ah ! this to me ! Remember, haughty Spade,
Pope Joan is our near kinswoman ! There's but
One pip between us and her Holiness !
Beware of excommunication ! There's
A bull——
- K. OF S. A bull ! we'll take it by the horns.
The Pope ! Poh, poh !
Thou canst not, Cardinal, in all the cards
Find one so slight and so ridiculous
To charge me with an answer as the Pope.
Go tell her so. She'll find that in her game
The King of Spades' a stop. Despising too
You and our master—thus we turn our back—
You'll find your answer plain !
(KING and COURT turn their backs upon the CARDINAL)
Break up the court— (Exit CARDINAL)
We're for the chase. Go order Hunt and Son*
-

* The principal makers of playing-cards, the De la Rues of that day.

To let our pack out. Whosoe'er the game,
Be sure you follow suit !

AIR AND CHORUS—" *Der Freischutz*"—" *Hark ! follow ;
hark !*"

KING. Away, hie away to the table's green cover ;
Ourselves will be pony and make up the pack ;
The hounds shall play points, and when land games
are over,
There's fish in the pool, and we'll turn up a Jack.
Let Jew money-lenders play " Beggar my neighbour ;"
Let merchants play " Commerce," and soldiers
" Picquet ;"
At vain " Speculation " philosophers labour ;
We're for " Whist "—and our crown on the rubber we'll
bet.

CHORUS—Then, Cards, follow suit, follow suit, follow
suit, &c.

(*Exeunt OMNES*)

SCENE THREE.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter the KNAVE OF HEARTS.

KN. OF H. So far my game goes well. The King of Hearts
Is slain—his suit dispersed—his Queen a captive ;
All, all through me ! 'Twas I finessed the Tyrant,
I overlooked his hand, and told the foe
Exactly what he held. O, sweet revenge !
What ! For I ate a paltry score of tarts
Made on a summer day by his fair Queen,
Must I be scorned, discarded, rhymes made on me
And set to filthy tunes ? Forbid it, fate !
No, no ; I'll not be called a knave for nothing.
Vengeance is fed crop-full ; but Love ! ah, Love !
Almighty Love is yet unsatisfied.
I'm sore perplexed. The Queen of Spades' blue eyes
Have driven the black ones of the Queen of Hearts

Almost from out my nob ; I must win both.
 Intrigue and Matrimony ! By Pope Joan !
 The Knave—the poor despised Knave—will be
 Within an ace of clearing all the board.

Air—KNAVE OF HEARTS—“ *The Minstrel Boy.*”

The King of Spades to the chase has gone,
 In the midst of the pack you'll find him ;
 He leads his suit to the black game on,
 But his Queen he has left behind him :
 An honour she is called to his throne,
 And she bears like a saint her slavery ;
 But, like the rest of her sex, I own
 She doats on a bit of knavery.

(*Exit*)

SCENE FOUR.—*A Prison—The QUEEN OF HEARTS is discovered—attended by four of her LADIES, MAIDS OF HONOUR, one of whom, kneeling, holds before her a miniature of the KING, her late husband (a playing card in case).*

QUEEN. (*advancing to the air of “Portrait Charmant”*) Yes,
 thou sweet image of my sainted lord,
 By day I hold thee ever in my hand :
 Night comes, and finds thee laid out in my crib !
 Well I remember, I was sweet fifteen,
 And you were fifteen too ; ah, what a pair !
 Made for each other ; when your first fond suit
 Brought a wild flush into my maiden cheeks,
 Which counted, made you out. For years I wore thee
 “ Here, in my heart of hearts.” For years we pegged
 At the same board together. Oh ! my husband,
 Now thou hast shuffled off thy mortal coil,
 I have no heart to cut for partners more !

Enter the KNAVE OF HEARTS.

Ha ! Can I trust my sight ? Avaunt base knave—
 Ruffian—rascallion—rebel—regicide—

- Thief—coward—jackanapes—and jack-a-dandy.
In short, thou everything but gentleman.
- KN. OF H. In short! That's personal; marry come up,
Shorts are the fashion; and Bob Short* is called
A high authority! "In short," forsooth!
Short-sighted lady, I'll be short with you.
I love you, and would take you for my bride.
- Q. OF H. Take me! You take the Queen! You cannot
do it.
I am a cut above you, sir, and sooner
Than I'd take you, and make myself the Jill of such a
Jack,
I'd take the meanest spade, and dig my grave with it.
- KN. OF H. Indignant Queen——
- Q. OF H. Impudent knave! talkest thou of love to me?
- KN. OF H. Alack, madame!

Air—KNAVE—"Is there a heart?"

Is there a heart that never loved?
If so, it is not mine:
Is there a knave can mark unmoved
A point that should be thine?
Oh! bear him to some distant shores,
Or shabby "silver hell,"
Where monsters only play "All Fours,"
Where honours never tell.

- Q. OF H. Honours! I never reckoned upon thine, be
sure.
- KN. OF H. Hear me in prose my ardent passion tell.
- Q. OF H. Thy passion! thine! begone, or thou shalt find
Thy passion, saucy knave, a joke to mine!
- KN. OF H. Madam, I go. How's this? (*aside*) The King
of Spades.
So, so; fair Queen, *you* are his game to-day;
To mark the King, I'll play at *écarté*.
(conceals himself)

* Rules for the game of whist were published under this pseudonym, well known and constantly quoted at that time. I am now asked, "Who was Bob Short?"

Enter the KING OF SPADES.

K. OF S. How fares our fairest prisoner of war?

Q. OF H. With the humility which best befits
Our sad condition, briefly we reply,
We're none the better, sir, for seeing you.

K. OF S. Most captivating captive, we in turn
Do wear *your* chains; so we have cut the pack,
And slipped away to pay our duty here:
See at thy feet a spade—— (*kneeling*)

Q. OF H. A rake you mean.

K. OF S. Well, be it so; thou art the mould of form!
And I propose——

Q. OF H. And I refuse——

K. OF S. Hard heart!
Before thou knowest what.

Q. OF H. I know what's what, and therefore do refuse.

Air—QUEEN—“ My heart with love is beating.”

When spades our hearts were beating,
And doubling them all down,
I felt it was by cheating
My husband lost a crown.
Fair play could ne'er have done it,
For, when our colour fled,
E'en you yourself must own it,
The run was on the red.

K. OF S. Never! Beware the sequence; you have ruffed
me

When leading from my weakest suit; but now
I'll change it, Queen, and play a forward game!

Q. OF H. I'll call a card. Help! help!
(*seizing her*)

KNAVE OF HEARTS, *who has slipped out, returns with the*
QUEEN OF SPADES.

K. OF S. The Knave of Hearts! my wife too! I've mis-
dealt,
And lost the game by it.

- Q. OF S. So, sir, I've caught you.
What! fling down your own hand, and take up *Miss*
Before my face!
- K. OF S. It was amiss, I own; but I repent,
And ask my partner, "can you one"—forgive?
- Q. OF S. Your partner scorns to answer; you have scored
A point that honours do not count at.
- K. OF S. Nay,
That's nine, you know, and we are but at sixes
And sevens; all may yet be well.
- Q. OF S. Away!
- K. OF S. Slight of hand! I'll not bear this!
Spades are still trumps, and I of Spades am King,
And the last player too; the trick is mine:
So, madam, as you choose to say we're nine,
I'm out by cards. What, ho! there! take 'em up:
I'll make a *brulé* of 'em all!

The Ghost of the KING OF HEARTS appears.

- K. OF S. (*starting*) Mother-o'-pearl! What *carte-blanche*
have we here?
- GHOST. I am the *ombre* of the King of Hearts.
- Q. OF H. My husband!
- KN. OF H. My late King!
- K. OF S. Avaunt and quit my sight—let the earth hide
thee!
There is no speculation in those eyes
That thou dost glare withal!
- GHOST. I do not play
At speculation.
- KN. OF H. (*aside*) No; he plays at fright.
- K. OF S. What game is now a-foot?
- GHOST. Whist! whist! oh whist!
- K. OF S. Whence comest thou?
- GHOST. From a—hem!
A Pandemonium—a shocking place
At the court-end of the town.
- K. OF S. And what thine errand?
- GHOST. I have come to warn you;
You have revoked——
- K. OF S. Poh, poh!

GHOST. I say you have.

A heart was led ; and when you trumped this trick
My Queen was in your hand.

K. OF S. I care not. I—I'll not give up a point.

GHOST. Then D. I. O.

Q. OF H. Oh ! say before you go

Two words of comfort to your wretched wife.

GHOST. Red wins. *(the GHOST disappears)*

Q. OF H. Ah, tyrant ! hearest thou that ? red wins !

K. OF S. Red wins ! red shall not win—that ghost shall
lie

In the Red Sea !—What, ho ! My guards here !
Without there !

CONCERTED PIECE—“*Piano Pianissimo,*” from the
“*Barber of Seville.*”

KNAVE OF HEARTS, QUEEN OF HEARTS, AND QUEEN OF
SPADES.

Piano Pianissimo :—Keep within bounds.
For such high airs you have no grounds.

ALL BUT KING.

Of the sequence pray take heed, sir,
Such vile play can ne'er succeed, sir !
Fate will soon return your lead, sir—
Conscience won't be mute !—
And you'll rue the day, indeed, sir,
You refused your partner's suit !

KING.

Silence ! Silence ! Cease your bawling ;
By the heels I'll lay you sprawling ;
For a new deal Vengeance calling
Makes me deaf to Pity's suit.

SCENE FIVE.—*Exterior of Card Castle—March in “Blue Beard.”—Enter KING OF CLUBS and PAM.*

K. OF C. Behold the King of Clubs ! who has become
An errant knight for the sweet Queen of Hearts ;
And Pam, an arrant knave, who leads him on
With idle hopes unlimited, in lieu
Of dealing reason out with friendly hand.

PAM. To deal out reason to a lover is
To lose a deal of time. Odd’s fish and counters !
I’ve served too many knights at the round table
Not to know that, my master !

K. OF C. Pam, be civil,
And tell me if thou seest a card house near
That may contain my love.

PAM. Your most majestic Majesty of Clubs
Has but to follow your own nose three steps,
And you may ring it soundly at the gate
Of a fair castle.

K. OF C. Ha ! my grief’s so great
It blinds me ! As thou sayest, there is a castle—
And built with cards ! my sympathetic soul
Tells me that here my love in limbo lies.
E’en while her husband lived, across the board
Oft have her black eyes on my blue beard cast
Their whistful glances. Ha ! I know the play
Will fetch her out. From Blue-Beard I will pull
The finest air. Come forth, my dulcet lute,
And you, my sharp set squire, a while be mute,
While I, with lowly suit and plaintive ditty,
Attempt to move this gentle heart to pity !

Air—KING OF CLUBS—“Twilight Glimmers,” &c.—“Blue Beard.”

Sky-light open, and play bo-peep,
Lady-love—lady-love—never fear
Wall to climb and ditch to leap,
Lady-love—lady-love—see limbs here !

The QUEEN OF HEARTS appears on the battlement.

Q. OF H. What airy sound floats o'er the area rails,
 And to the high top-garret of my tower
 Adds a new story built by hope and joy?
 I've heard *that air* before—I'll try *this here*.

Air—QUEEN OF HEARTS—" *Tink a tink,*" "*Blue Beard.*"

Here sighing, sick, dying, sorrow hanging over me,
 Faint, weary, sad, dreary, I in prison lie!
 My moaning, deep groaning, surely must discover me
 To some kind gentleman who may be passing by,
 Clink, clink a clink a clink; I clank my chains in
 madness:
 Tink, tink a tink a tink, and in despair I sing;
 Wink, wink a wink a wink; I cannot sleep for
 sadness,
 Tink, tink a tink a tink; while thus my hands I
 wring.

Together—QUEEN OF HEARTS.

Tink, tink a tink tink; indeed I'm very melancholy;
 Tink, tink a tink tink; though thus I dance and sing.

KING OF CLUBS *and* PAM.

Tink, tink a tink tink; indeed she's very melancholy.
 Tink, tink a tink tink; of her woes { I've } touched the
 string. { he's }

K. OF C. That voice!

Q. OF H. And that!

K. OF C. 'Tis she!

Q. OF H. 'Tis he!

K. OF C. Yes.

Q. OF H. No.

K. OF C. It is!

Q. OF H. It cannot be!

Hold still, my heart!

It is the King of Clubs; I met him oft

At the *salon* in Paris. He had then

Just reached his natural *vingt-un*. Ah me!

- K. OF C. She speaks! Ah, speak again; and "by the card
Equivocation would undo us!" say,
Canst thou, and wilt thou, fly with me alone?
Or must I make a general to-do,
And with a conquering Pam-flush sweep the board?
- Q. OF H. Alack, I'm limited to these sad walls,
And you can't play so high.
- K. OF C. I'll play the deuce
But I will win thee!—Is there not a cavern
Beneath this tower?
- Q. OF H. I don't exactly know,
But rather am inclined to think there is.
- K. OF C. Enough! At eight to-night I'll through it lead
Some chosen hearts, and force the King of Spades
To give thee freedom! That I swear to do,
Or "go up one life" in the great attempt.
- Q. OF H. That's what I call a trump. Propitious fate!
Good day, good knight; and mind you call at eight.
- K. OF C. Oh, *sink* your doubts, nor to your *sighs* give way.
I'll *cater* for your good, and ne'er *betray*.

Air—KING—"Had I a heart," &c.

The Knave of Hearts, for falsehood framed,
Alone could injure you;
Believe me, I should feel ashamed
To cheat a Queen so true.
Go, lady, to St. James'-street,
At White's or Brookes' ring,
A friend in ev'ry Club you'll meet,
A lover in their King!

- Q. OF H. I'll doubt no more; till eight, dear love, adieu,
And I'll believe thee, like thy beard, true-blue.
(*Exit* QUEEN)

- K. OF C. (*to* PAM) Go, summon up my stoutest clubs to
handle
These spades as they deserve, and let the hearts
That have escaped the fray come bounding now
Around the standard of their injured Queen.

Enter CLUBS and HEARTS, with standards, &c.

Air—KING OF CLUBS—“*Scots wha ha’e.*”

Hearts that have for freedom bled,
 Clubs that I have often led,
 Welcome suits both black and red,
 Up for victory!
 Now’s the time, and now’s the hour,
 See of spades the sable show’r,
 Playing “Brag,” while in their power
 Tricks and knavery.
 Who would spare a traitor knave?
 Who would call on Pope to save?
 Lest a spade should dig his grave,
 Let him cut and flee:
 Who for Hearts’ fair Queen and Pam,
 Caring not for spades a d——n
 Will lose the rub or win the slam!
 Let him on with me!

(*Exit* KING OF CLUBS)

PAM. Cards!—Face!—Shuffle and Cut! (Exeunt)

SCENE SIX.—*Interior of Prison, as before.*

The QUEEN OF HEARTS discovered.

Q. OF H. Was ever card so kept upon the rack
 As I am? How long must I here remain
 To play at Patience by myself? Alack!
 The King of Clubs! Where sticks he by the way?
 Sure time has grown club-footed, it doth limp
 So tardily along. He said he’d call
 At eight; and see, the turret clock is just
 About to score it. Strike, O clock! strike hard;
 Knock down the spades by which I’m double guarded,
 And lead up to the Queen.

Air—QUEEN—“*Gavotte de Vestris.*”

“I can’t get out.”

(I quote the words of Yorick’s starling.)

“I can’t get out,”

So Sterne-ly here I sing.

King of Spades is cruel,
Keeps me without fuel,
Gives me water gruel :
Kill him in a duel,
King of Clubs, do—there's a jewel.
"I can't get out."
Strike, strike, O clock ;
As yet you've only struck three quarters ;
Strike, strike, O clock ;
One more will make a WHOLE.
Soon that King, provoking,
His nose here'll be poking,
If I cry out "Woah ! King,"
He'll pretend I'm joking.
To protect me now I've no King.
Strike, strike, O clock.
(1st verse repeated)

(To the slow part)

Unless he his promise breaks,
He'll come in a brace of skakes.

(Clock strikes to "Haydn's" (and the QUEEN'S) "surprise"—
Flourish without—The wall of the Prison is knocked in
—Enter the KING OF CLUBS.

Q. OF H. Methought I heard a noise.

K. OF C. (*advancing*) If you did not,
Sweetheart, you must be very deaf indeed.

Q. OF H. What do I see? Ah, liberty ; I'm out !

K. OF C. You shall be *by a hole*. The enemy
Give in at my first show. The King and Queen
Of Spades are prisoners. Clubs are trumps this
round,
And Hearts shall be the next ! What news with
you ?

(To PAM, who enters hastily)

PAM. My liege, the Knave of Hearts defies your Majesty
To single combat and at single stick.

K. OF C. We do accept his challenge. Tell the Knave
We'll beat him out of doors !

Duo—QUEEN OF HEARTS and KING OF CLUBS—From
 “*Tancredi*.”

Clubs shall the trump be ! The scamp O, shall decamp O,
 Off he shall tramp O—While laughter roars.
 Be not afraid O ! { I've }
 I'm not. { He's } quelled the spade O.
 And soon this rebel { I'll }
 { he'll } beat out o'doors.
 The saucy knave, he
 Shall cry peccavi !
 And on his marrow bones play at all fours.
 He ! He !
 Shall on his marrow bones play at all fours. (Exeunt)

SCENE SEVEN.—*The Court Yard of the Palace—Grand March from “Faust.”—Entree of Clubs, Hearts, &c., with the KING and QUEEN OF SPADES, and others of their suite, prisoners ; PAM, the QUEEN and KNAVE OF HEARTS.*

KN. OF H. What says the oracle ? We sent to ask
 Which party should prevail.
 PAM. Sir Knave, the oracle
 Has answered, “Cherry colour.”
 KN. OF H. Cherry colour !
 Victoria ! That's our own ! I do remember
 The Ghost did also say that red should win !
 I'll take the Ghost's word for a thousand pounds.
 Courage, my heart ! Trump out ! (trumpet sounds)
 Again ! again ! (trumpet is answered)

Enter the KING OF CLUBS.

K. OF C. Of one or both of us the time is come.
 KN. OF H. With all my heart ; but 'tis your suit will
 fail ;
 I bear a charmed life ! The oracle
 Has said that cherry colour shall prevail.

- K. OF C. Despair thy charm !
And let the demon thou so long hast served
Tell thee, false knave, that there are cherries black
As well as cherries red !
- KN. OF H. Accursed be the tongue that tells me so,
And ditto ditto to the juggling fiends
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. Lay on, great Club !
- K. OF C. My crown and sceptre both upon the rub.
(flourish—they fight)
- K. OF C. *(hitting him on the head)* One for his nob ! *(trips
him up)* Two for his heels !
- KN. OF H. I'm low !
- K. OF C. I'm high !
- KN. OF H. I'm Jack !
- K. OF C. And I the game !
Laugh and lay down your cares, fair Queen of Hearts,
The pool is yours !
- Q. OF H. It looks a rich one !—Have you all put in ?
And are you all content that I should win ?
I dressed the board in trembling and in fear,
For even Pope might fail to save me here.
Mine is a ticklish game of speculation,
And I but play to gain your approbation.
Oh ! on this point pray let it be decided :
I trust your honours will not be divided.
Come, let me see your hands—I hope you're strong
In hearts for me, and mean to hold them long.
Ye, who subscribe to all the clubs in town,
Will scarce club up to put my poor club down :
Ye, who have left your counters for my shop,
Say, will ye make the Queen of Hearts a stop ?
Don't *put out* hastily a *pair* of Bards,
But deal with them and me for "Playing Cards."
(to the Orchestra)
- Our new Olympic Game, thus safe from ill,
We'll draw for partners and have one quadrille,
The Beaten Knave shall on the fiddle play,
And call the figure which we cut to-day.

The ACE OF SPADES produces a violin and bow from

his Chancellor's bag, and hands them to the KNAVE OF HEARTS.

KN. OF H. (*mounting a seat*) "*En place !*" Hart's New Set !

The KING OF CLUBS leads out the QUEEN of HEARTS — the KING OF SPADES, his own royal partner — the KNAVE OF SPADES, a Maid of Honour—and PAM, the DEUCE.

Quadrille.

KN. OF H. (*calling the figures in the following order :*)
"Matrimony," — "Intrigue," — "Pam Seul," —
"Pool," — "Game."

(and the curtain falls on a general shuffle by the whole pack)

CURTAIN.

THE DEEP DEEP SEA;

OR,

PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA;

AN

Original Mythological, Aquatic, Equestrian Burletta

IN ONE ACT.

First performed at the Royal Olympic Theatre, on Thursday,
December 26, 1833.

THE DEEP DEEP SEA ;

OR,

PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA.

I have nothing to observe in the way of preface to this fourth classical "Olympic Game," except that it was played with the same skill, produced with the same care, and crowned with the same success as its predecessors, and that James Vining, a pleasant light comedian, one of a large family of deservedly popular actors, was included in the cast, and continued in Madame Vestris' company to the termination of her lesseeship at Covent Garden.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

IMMORTALS.

NEPTUNE (Captain of "The Ocean")	MR. J. BLAND
TRITON (his First Lieutenant)	MR. HUGGINS
DITTO (of the Minnows, or Middies)	MASTER FENTON
AMPHITRITE (the Captain's Lady)	MISS FERGUSON
MINERVA	MISS IRELAND

Nereides (a *fair* sample of the Sisterhood so called—Ladies who (*mirabile dictu!*) candidly owned to being *fifty*:—Mesdames Nicholson, Tully; Misses Crawford, Norman, Greener, Harrington, H. Ireland, Melbourne, and Goward.

"*Ut sunt divorum, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo,*" &c., Messrs. Dowsing, Tully, Hitchinson, Fry, Griffin, Eaton, &c.

A shoal of Tritons, and other Odd Fish, by the rest of the Company.

MORTALS.

CEPHEUS (King of Ethiopia—a very <i>fair</i> Monarch, considering)	MR. MASON
PHINEUS (his Brother—in love with Andromeda)	...	MR. WYMAN
PERSEUS (Son of Jupiter and Danæe—ditto with ditto)	MADAME VESTRIS
ATTENDANT	MR. JAMES
CASSIOPE (the <i>fair</i> Queen of Ethiopia)	MRS. KNIGHT
ANDROMEDA (Daughter of Cepheus and Cassiope, bound to her Uncle and chained to a Rock, but attached to Perseus)	MISS FITZWALTER
THE BLACK COOK of The Ocean (a "white-livered runagate")	MR. IRELAND
THE GREAT AMERICAN SEA SERPENT (a Yankee-Doodle come to Town—"half man," with a Sea-gar in his mouth—"half horse," with an azure mane—and "half alligator" with an endless tale)	MR. JAMES VINING
PEGASUS, by a REAL PONY—"Auspice Ducrow."		
Priests of Jupiter, Soldiers, &c.		

The *Sea-nery* by Mr. Gordon.

The *Weeds* by Miss Ireland, Miss Glover, and Assistants.

The *Marine Stores* by Mr. Blamire. The *Machines* by Mr. Mackintosh.

The *Sea Breezes* and other *Airs*, sea-lected by the Authors, and arranged by Mr. Tully.

In the Overture will be introduced Handel's celebrated "Water Piece."

PROGRAMME OF THE SCENERY.

THE MARINE VILLA OF NEPTUNE.

“ Where the water spirits rove,
In the deep deep sea.”—*Popular Ballad.*

HALL IN THE PALACE OF KING CEPHEUS.

Overlooking the “ deep deep Sea.”
“ Oh for a horse with wings.”—*Shakespeare.*

FIG TREE COURT, TEMPLE—OF JUPITER AMMON,

With a drop of the “ deep deep Sea.”
“ Water parted from the Sea,
To the Sea again will rove.”—*Dr. Arne.*

COAST OF ETHIOPIA,

And Insulated Rock in the “ deep deep Sea.”

RESCUE OF ANDROMEDA FROM THE SEA SERPENT, BY PERSEUS.

“ We’ve scotched the snake, not kill’d it.”—*Shakespeare.*

MARBLE GROUPE, FROM THE ANTIQUE.

Annual General Meeting of the Gods and Goddesses,

“ JOVE IN THE CHAIR.”

And an end of everything—save the Sea Serpent.

THE DEEP DEEP SEA ;

OR,

PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA.

SCENE FIRST.—*The submarine Villa of NEPTUNE*—NEPTUNE
discovered asleep—TRITONS, &c., *in attendance.*

CHORUS OF TRITONS—“*Peaceful slumb’ring.*”

Peaceful slumb’ring in the ocean,
Nep his nap is taking nigh ;
Cease, ye winds, your rude commotion,
While we sing his lullaby,
Lullaby ! lullaby !

NEP. (*awaking*) Avast ! Belay there ! Stow your jawing
gear,

Ye noisy swabs ! Is that the way you steer ?
Shiver my timbers, ha’n’t I just turned in ?
And must I be disturbed by all this din !
Just as my wife and ev’ry mother’s daughter,
Of all the babbling craft that haunt salt water,
Have borne up for the straits of Babelmandel,
And gone ashore to sip tea and talk scandal ;
And I had hoped to get a moment’s quiet,
You must be making this infernal riot !

TRIT. It ar’n’t our making, an’ your honour pleases ;
It’s them there winds that kick up these here breezes ;
They blows all ways at once, and never cares,
And so we thought with our squalls to drown theirs.

NEP. Main-top !

BOR. (*aloft, but invisible*) Ay, ay, sir!

NEP. Stop that noisy mirth,
And when you see your captain in his berth,
Don't bother him to death in that rough slang way,
Or you shall have a dozen at the gang way.
So now to sleep, Lieutenant Triton!

TRIT. Your honour!

NEP. You are what I call a tight'un.
You take the watch. I want a cosy snore—
Call me when I call you, and not before.

Air—NEPTUNE—"The deep deep sea," C. Horn.

A quiet nap I love,
When my wife's gone out to tea;
With Morpheus hand and glove
In the deep deep sea.

For repose she's made so rare,
In the cabin of the deep,
That my nightcap, I declare,
I had better sell than keep.
Don't you think it's rather hard
That the king of ocean's tide
From rest should be debarr'd,
By his chattering, clattering bride?
A quiet nap I love, &c.

(*goes to sleep again*)

TRIT. Fast as a church. You heard, lads, what he said.
Now no palaver. Let him be obeyed.
Our captain is a good'un in the *main*,
So don't you make that thund'ring row again.

BOR. A strange sail on the weather bow!

TRIT. Hollo!
Pass the glass forward! A strange sail! Why no—
As sure as Neptune's monarch of the seas,
The Amphitrite and Nereides!
Ay, the whole fifty sail—brig, sloop, and smack!
Which of you winds have blown 'em so soon back?

Music—Enter AMPHITRITE and the NEREIDES.

AMPH. }
NEREIDES. } Revenge! Revenge!

NEP. (*starting up*) Again this cursed clatter!

Heyday! my wife returned! Why, what's the matter?

AMPH. The jade!—the minx!—the creature!—to endeavour—

Oh, ladies! Did you ever?

ALL THE NEREIDES. No; we never!

NEP. What ails the women? Have they lost their wits?

AMPH. Where's my rock salts? I'm going into fits!

(*faints—NEREIDES surround her*)

NEP. Haul off, and give her sea-room! Don't crowd round her.

She'll right with the flood tide. I've often found her

As queer as this when she's been out to parties.

I'll fire a shot shall bring her to, my hearties.

What cheer, ho!

(*bawling through a speaking trumpet at her*)

AMPH. (*starting*) Ugh, you great sea-brute! What cheer?

I've been abused—insulted, sir—d'ye hear!

I and these ladies—and your sister Juno.

I don't know what you'll say; but this I *do* know,

If you have got the spirit of a mouse

You will revenge this insult on our house!

NEP. Revenge! but who affronted you, and how?

Crack on at once, and tell us what's the row.

CONCERTED PIECE—“*Sir, these soldiers.*”
“*Barber of Seville.*”

AMPH. Sir, that creature has abused me,
Like a very dog she used me;
Like a dog! like a dog!
Like a very dog she's used me!

1ST NEREID. Queen Cassiope's the cause, sir!
Of this riot and this noise, sir.
She's the cause, &c.

TRIT. While together thus they chatter,
Who can tell what is the matter?
Who can tell, &c.

- 2ND NEREID. Sir, that Queen, so pert and flighty,
Scoffed at us and Amphitrite.
Scoffed at us, &c.
- ALL THE REST. Pray, sir, must we be thus slighted ;
Won't you see your subjects righted ?
Won't you see, &c.
- NEP. Silence ! I hear ye !
Are ye tipsy ? Are ye tipsy ?
Peace, you gipsy ! Peace, I say.
- TRIT. Sure she's tipsy ! Silence, pray.
- AMPH. Am I tipsy ? Ladies, say.
- ALL. What confusion ! With the dinning
Round the giddy waves are spinning ;
No one ending ; all beginning.
Ocean's self in clamour drown'd !
- AMPH. Well, then, you know, we went out to drink tea,
With Ethiopia's Queen, Cassiope,
And nought occurred to mar our recreation
Until by accident the conversation
Turned upon beauty ; when that swarthy creature
Dared to compare herself in form and feature
To me and the Nereides ! Compare her-
Self did I say ? She vowed that she was fairer !
Fairer than us, or the great queen of Jove,
The ox-eyed Juno !
- NEP. Well, what then, my love ?
- AMPH. What then ! O Gemini ! He says, "what then !"
Why, what the deuce has come to all the men ?
Have you no gall—no spirit ? Hear your wife
And sister thus defamed !
- NEP. My precious life !
What would you have me do ? If Juno flies out,
As she is wont, she'll tear the woman's eyes out ;
And there's an end of that.
- AMPH. Indeed ! D'ye think
I couldn't have done that myself ? Don't wink
At your sea-hogs there ! Don't make me your jest,
But give me vengeance ! Vengeance, sir. You'd
best

- Or I will make the sea too hot to hold you,
And then you'll wish you'd acted as I told you.
- NEP. Well! well! Be calm. (*aside*) 'Twill never do to
thwart her.
(*aloud*) What must I do to keep out of hot water?
What vengeance will content you for a word
Carelessly spoken? Come, don't be absurd;
Say what and on whose head it must be hurled?
- AMPH. I'm not particular—drown all the world!
Annihilate all creatures made of clay;
Wash the great globe of earth itself away,
And that will do at present. No black looks!
"Do it! Nor leave the task to me!"
- NEP. (*aside*) Od's zooks!
Stand by your topsail halyards! Here's a shrew!
(*aloud*) Drown all the world! Won't a few king-
doms do?
Or just one quarter?
- AMPH. No! I'll grant no quarter
To any—lay the whole four under water!
- NEP. Then if I do, I do; but if I do
May I be—hanged. So now, ma'am! That's for
you!
Do as you please; wash all away you dare.
I wash my hands, mind, of the whole affair.
- AMPH. Well, then, here goes. (*snatches his trident*) 'Tis
Amphitrite speaks
In Neptune's name! Blow, winds, and crack your
cheeks!
Rage! blow! Ye cataracts and hurricanoes,
Spout till the ocean neither bound nor stay knows,
But breaking over all 'twixt earth and sky,
Leaves nothing but Olympus high and dry!

Air and Chorus—AMPHITRITE, NEREIDES, and TRITONS—
"Non piu mesta"—"Cenerentola."

Let the lightning flash and the thunder roll,
And the ocean rise like winking!
Till it break the banks from pole to pole,
And make each fund a sinking!

Set the mighty storm a brewing.
 Heavy wet—till all's blue ruin!
 Let the lightning, &c.,—

*Thunder and lightning, storm, &c.—Enter the BLACK COOK
 of The Ocean.*

COOK. Help! murder! massa captain; only look!
 NEP. Look! Look at what? You son of a sea cook!
 Hast seen the Phantom Ship or Flying Dutchman?
 COOK. No, massa! Nebber see him any such man.
 Him sarpent!—dan a tousand cable bigger!
 AMPH. A serpent!

Music—SERPENT appears above.

SER. I say! You eternal nigger!
 Your boiler must have burst, I calculate,
 To stir the sea up at this mortal rate—
 You've made me figure in tarnation attitudes;
 I've lost my way, I swear, in these strange latitudes!
(descends)

AMPH. You give yourself strange latitude of speech,
 And for your longitude—Gods! what a reach
 It makes! I ne'er beheld a snake so lanky!

NEP. Sir, by your accent you should be a Yankee.

SER. *(advancing)* Guess I am, stranger. A United
 Stater!
 Half man, half horse, and half an alligator.

NEP. I ought to be no stranger, sir, to you;
 My name is Neptune.

SER. Mister! How d'ye do?
 I've heard of you before.

NEP. And now *your* name
 And purpose,—whither bound, and whence you came?

SER. Neptune, I shan't say no when you say yes;
 My tale's a mortal long one, though, I guess,
 So long you'll hardly stop while I unfold it;
 But you may hear, although you can't behold it.
 All bones but yours will rattle when I say,
 I am the sea serpent from America.
 Mayhap you've heard that I've been round the world;
 I guess I'm round it now, mister, twice curled.

Dy'e call that nothing? Don't think me a dreamer.

Listen—you'll find I'm nothing but a screamer!
Of all the monsters through the deep that splash,
I'm "number one" all to immortal smash.
When I lie down, and would my length unroll,
There arn't half room enough 'twixt pole and pole.
In short, I grow so long, that I've a notion
I must be measured soon for a new ocean.
Then I swim faster—dive deeper—stand higher—
Stay longer under water—come up drier—
Eat more—drink more—do more—do less or either;
Sometimes one—sometimes both—and sometimes
neither!

In short, again, as I've my jawing tacks on,
I outrank Washington and General Jackson,
Paul Jones and Quintius Curtius—I'm a teaser—
I'm rich as cream, and brave as Julius Cæsar.
To model me at one inch to a mile,
I'll tell you what 'twould take—I guess you'll smile—
Something that's longer far than anything,
And a tarnation quantity of string—
Ten thousand cables—twenty thousand men—
Canvas from here to there, and back again.
'Twould take all these thrice multiplied by two;
And when you'd took 'em all—it wouldn't do.

NEP. It wouldn't! I can tell you, though, what would.

SER. Well, what?

NEP. The yarns you spin.

SER. Oh, yes, that's good!

Now listen, mister.—'Bout this time last year,
As I was dozing handsome off Cape Clear,
A galley laden with the Golden Fleece,
Bore down upon my beam, as slick as grease.
I guess the captain thought me a first rater!
He took me for the visible equator.
Well—he made sail of sixteen weeks, to see
If there was any end at all to me;
And finding neither head nor stern to double,
Alter'd his course, and took no further trouble.

AMPH. A thought!—Make signals to cease firing there!
Haul down the waves and brail the clouds up fair;

I've hit on a revenge that's far more savage.
This monster shall the coast of Afric ravage.
Say! canst thou swallow millions——

SER. What of—treasure?

AMPH. No, mortal creatures.

SER. Oh, yes, with great pleasure;
My bread-room's cruel empty!

AMPH. Then away!
Eat every living thing till I cry stay.

SER. Look sharp, then, or, to speak in moderation,
Swamp me, if I shan't swallow all creation!

Duet and Chorus—SERPENT, AMPHITRITE, &c.—“*Yankee Doodle.*”

AMPH. Yankee Doodle! munch 'em down,
Fat and lean and bony,

SER. I can swallow human kind,
As fast as macaroni.
Mister (*to NEPTUNE*), now, upon my soul,
It's true as any rifle;
Only you ask uncle Ben,
Who owes me that 'ere trifle.

AMPH. Yankee Doodle! munch 'em up,

SER. Since for me you cater;
See if I ain't half a horse,
And half an alligator.

CHORUS. Yankee Doodle! munch 'em up,
Yankee Doodle Dandy!
Breakfast, lunch, and dine and sup,
And with your jaws be handy.

Exeunt OMNES—the SERPENT leading AMPHITRITE—the
scene closing on “*the awful tale.*”

SCENE SECOND.—*Hall in the Palace of King Cepheus. Arch in centre, closed in by rich curtains.*

Enter KING CEPHEUS, QUEEN CASSIOPE, and ANDROMEDA.

KING. Don't talk to me ! Prepare to go to church
With Phineus *instantly*.

ANDRO. (*aside*) In the lurch,
I'll leave him at the door.

KING. What's that you mutter ?

QUEEN. Weak girl ! to quarrel with your bread and
butter.

ANDRO. He's not my bread and butter.

QUEEN. You're his toast,
And suit him to a T.

ANDRO. A mighty boast !
I'd rather wed a hippopotamus.

KING. You'd rather wed a hippo—*what* amus ?
My duck, d'ye hear that goose ? Romantic fool !
She's picked these notions up at boarding school.

Enter an ATTENDANT.

ATTEND. One, Captain Perseus, of the First Winged
Horse,
Requests an audience of the King.

KING. Of course.
Some mere adventurer who wants a dinner.

Well, shew him in. (*the curtains at back open*)

ANDRO. (*aside*) 'Tis he, as I'm a sinner !
The very man who, at the Lord Mayor's ball,
I danced with.

KING. Zounds, he's coming, horse and all !

Music—Enter PERSEUS mounted on PEGASUS and bearing
the head of Medusa in a rich velvet bag.

Air—PERSEUS—(Nursery Ballad)—“ Ride a Cock-horse.”

Ride a wing'd horse,
The country across,
I've killed an old woman,
Both ugly and cross ;

Ringlets of vipers hung down to her toes ;
Her name was Medusa, as all the world knows.

KING. Is the man mad ! to come in with his beast !
Your pony might have scraped his shoes at least.

PER. On horseback, sir, I make my salutation,
Like the king's champion at the coronation ;
But if you mean to make a broil the end on't,
I shan't *back out* like him, you may depend on't.

KING. (*aside*) As hot as mustard ! (*aloud*) Sir, I say
again——

PER. I shan't apologise, but I'll explain,
Provided you are not so high and mighty.
My horse is like myself, a little flighty ;
I tried to rein him up, sir, in the lobby.
But when a man once gets upon his hobby,
It's rather difficult, you know, to stop him ;
And mine, unless, sir, of his wings you'd lop him,
Is very likely in a mood ecstatic,
To gallop right up stairs into your attic.
But there—(*dismounting*) your groom may take him, if
he wishes. (*Exit ATTENDANT, with horse*)
While I report—(*sees ANDROMEDA*) Ye gods and little
fishes !

What do I see ?

KING Our daughter.

PER. Is she married ?

KING. She is about to be.

PER. 'Tis well you tarried
Till my arrival. None but I must marry her—
Refuse, and, *nolens volens*, off I carry her.

QUEEN. She's to her uncle pledged.

PER. Uncle ! what then ?
I've pledged a thousand things to mine, and when
I wanted, I redeem'd them. Go and supplicate
Your uncle, love ; tell him I have your duplicate
Here in my heart, and ready am to pay
The tender interest to this very day.
O, cruel fortune ! must the hopes that we
Saw born at *one* ball be destroyed by *three*.

Air—PERSEUS—“*We met! ’twas in a crowd,*” Haynes
Bayly.

We met! ’twas at the ball,
Upon last Easter Monday;
I press’d you to be mine,
And you said, “Perhaps, one day.”
I danced with you the whole
Of that night, and you only;
Ah, ne’er “*Cavalier seul*”
Felt more wretched and lonely.
For when I squeezed your hand,
As we turned one another,
You frowned, and said “Have done!
Or I’ll speak to my mother!”

They called the Spanish dance,
And we flew through it fleetly—
’Twas o’er—I could not breathe,
For you’d blown me completely.
I led you to a seat
Far away from the dancers;
Quadrilles again began,
They were playing “the Lancers;”
Again I squeezed your hand,
And my anguish to smother,
You smiled and said “Dear sir,
You may speak to my mother.”

KING. All this is mighty fine, upon my honour,
But who are you, to set your heart upon her?
A half-pay captain hope to be thus matched!

PER. Half-pay, perhaps—but not, sir, *unattached*.
And for my birth and parentage—why I
Can boast a lineage than yours more high.
I am the son of Danæe, by Jove
I am! and though compelled by fate to rove
In quest of fame, I’ll bet you any odds
There’s no one more in favour with the gods!
This helm, for instance (you ne’er saw a rarer),
With power to make invisible the wearer,

A present was from Pluto. Sage Minerva
 Gave me this shield, for which I'll ever serve her !
 Hermes was kind enough to lend his wings,
 With sundry other useful little things ;
 Amongst the rest, this keen and crooked dagger,
 With which I cut not only a great swagger,
 But cropped the hair and head off of Medusa ;
 Which was a pretty decent job to do, sir.
 For, as 'tis well by every school-boy known,
 Who looked her in the face was turned to stone.
 So that one glance would make the daring elf
 A lithographic portrait of himself.

QUEEN. How did you find her out? To her abode
 I never yet knew one who knew the road.

PER. I made a morning call upon the Graiæ,
 The sisters of Medusa—said, “How are ye?”
 Then took a chair, and talked about the weather,
 Until they all three went to sleep together.
 They're pretty creatures—have you ever seen 'em?
 They've got but one eye and one tooth between 'em?
 So that at dinner, it's a curious truth,
 They're forced to help themselves, and pass the tooth.
 As soon as I beheld them fast asleep,
 This tooth I stole ; and fearing they might weep,
 (No gentleman would make the ladies cry),
 I took the liberty to take their eye.
 “Give us our eye,” they cried, “and our tooth, too,
 sir.”
 “Tell me,” said I, then, “where to find Medusa.”
 And so they did ; and so I said good-bye,
 Flung 'em their tooth, and begged they'd mind their
 eye.

KING. And have you slain the witch?

PER. I scorn to brag,
 But there's the Gorgon's head, sir, in that bag!
 Would you behold it, mighty monarch?

KING. What !
 Be turn'd to stone—I had much rather not.
 (*aside*) Wife, we must mind this youth—he's got the
 organ
 Of head-cut-off-a-tiveness—we're no Gorgon ;

And he would make still shorter work of us.
What's to be done ?

QUEEN. Hush ! Don't you make a fuss ;
Say you'll consider—bid him stay and dine,
And pop a little poison in his wine !

KING. Amiable woman ! I approve your plan.
(*aloud to ANDROMEDA*) You love him, miss ?

ANDRO. "The captain's a bold man."

KING. And that means yes. Well, we must think upon't.
Perhaps, you'll stay and eat and drink upon't.

PER. You are too good.

KING. But here comes Phineus. Mum !
No word to him at present.

PER. Sir, I'm dumb.

QUEEN. Is he of your first meeting, pray, aware ?

PER. No mortal knows it—not e'en Lempriere !

KING. (*looking out*) "What haste looks through his eyes !"
With fear they're quite full.

ANDRO. I'm certain something's happened very frightful.

*Enter PHINEUS, PRIESTS OF JUPITER, and
INHABITANTS.*

*Air—PHINEUS—French Air, from the Vaudeville of
"Promotion."*

Mighty monarch, stir your stumps as if Old Nick were
following ;
A serpent with an awful twist has landed on your
shore ;
Our gallant soldiers, guns and all, by regiments he's
swallowing,
And munching up musicians and composers by the
score !
Of counsel learned in the law but *brief* work he is
making—
Apothecaries just as they were pills, sir, he is taking ;
He snaps the parson right in two, as well as his ora-
tion ;
And ere the beadle bolts the door, he bolts the congre-
gation !

Mighty monarch, stir your stumps, for court and
 caravansery
 Are emptied of inhabitants all crazy with affright,
 The monster he is longer far than any suit in Chancery,
 And beats the Court of Aldermen, by chalks, for
 appetite !

KING. What story of a cock and bull is here ?

PHIN. A cock and bull ! Great king, whom all revere,
 The story's of a serpent who is munching
 Your subjects up like fun ! Just hear 'em crunching !
 (noise without)

PER. Like fun ! No doubt *they* think it very funny ;
 Will none the reptile kill for love or money ?

PHIN. No, all must die ; he's got a writ to end 'em.
A capias ad satisfaciendum.

QUEEN. For what offence ? Tell me, I do beseech !

PHIN. Your gracious Majesty's ungracious speech
 'Gainst the Nereides and Juno.

ANDRO. Ah !

I told you how 'twould be, you know, mamma !

QUEEN. Hold *your* tongue, miss. What if I ask their
 pardon ? (to PHINEUS)

PHIN. It won't avail your Majesty a farden.
 Vain hope to stop the mouth that's fed by law,
 There's nought can make *that* monster hold his
 jaw !

PER. I'll lock it so that he can't pick his teeth,
 If I once draw this falchion from its sheath.
 I'll pen a challenge, if you'll take the letter.

PHIN. I take it ! Thank you kindly ! I know better.
 If you write notes to this "*monstrum horrendum,*"
 I recommend you by the post to send 'em.

PER. Well, you're a post.

PHIN. If so, for him I'm no bit,
 He'd soon turn my post into a *post obit.*

PER. Poltroon ! But I will find a way to send it ;
 He's broken the king's peace of mind and mend it
 He shall ere dinner time, or I'll know why.
 Order my Pegasus ! My one-horse fly !
 I'll dine with you, my love, if I'm alive,
 (to ANDROMEDA)
 But don't you wait a moment after five.

PHIN. (*aside*) His love! False jade—the snake shall squeeze
her weasen,
For if she won't be mine, she shan't be his'n!
(*aloud*) Come to the temple, sir; our special pleadings
Perchance may move the court to stay proceedings.

Quintette and Chorus—PERSEUS, ANDROMEDA, CEPHEUS,
PHINEUS, and ATTENDANTS,—*Finale to Second Act of*
“*Gustavus III.*”

PER. O lady bright, dismiss your fright,
And trust to me, your own true knight;
Soon this snake, I will make
Eat humble pie, and no mistake!
In one good round, a beating sound,
I'll give the monster, I'll be bound.
And back to thee, with fondest hope,
Sweet girl! I'll gallantly gallope.

ALL. This odd fish { ^I he } in *port* will stew
Like carp, and carve him like Carpue; *
To roll him out { I'll he'll } make no bones,
And send him straight to Davy Jones.

(*Tableau—Scene closes in*)

SCENE THIRD.—*Fig-tree Court, Temple—of JUPITER AMMON.*

Enter NEPTUNE.

NEP. Steady she goes! Hold on! It's pretty calmish
And yet, somehow, I always feel so qualmish
Ashore. My head can't stand the rolling motion
Of this old bluff-built earth—give me the ocean!
That is, without its queen; in all my life
I ne'er was sea-sick till I got a wife.

* An eminent surgeon.

Air—NEPTUNE—" *The Sea ! The Sea !*" *Chevalier*.

'Tis she ! 'tis she ! who spoils the sea ;
 The precious shrew ! a tongue hath she !
 Without a check, without a bound,
 It runneth like mad the whole year round.
 Complain it's too loud, and out she flies,
 And like a sea-gull screams and cries !
 I rule the sea ! I rule the sea !
 But happy there I can never be.
 I've the blues above, and the blues below,
 And I can't get silence where'er I go,
 If I try to snatch a wink of sleep,
 A clatter still her tongue will keep.

Well ! to her vengeance I will be no party,
 And so I've cut and run. What cheer, my hearty !

Enter PERSEUS.

PER. What cheer ho ! (*aside*) By his hailing, this should be
 Some rude and boisterous captain of the sea,
 Neptune ! as large as life.

NEP. What, nephew ! zounds !
 You here ?

PER. And you ! The ocean out of bounds !

NEP. And you of spirits, too ; they're daily sinking,
 That wife of mine will drive me, sir, to drinking.

PER. The ocean—dry ?

NEP. Don't joke—her conduct's scurvy,
 Last night she turned the sea all topsy turvy,—
 Capsized the world, sir, nearly, with a squall,
 For little—nay, in fact, for nought at all ;
 And now she's sent a hungry snake ashore
 With such a tail as ne'er was seen before,
 Nor yet behind—to eat all he can see,
 Because a woman was as vain as she !

PER. But I have vowed that very snake to slay,
 All for the sake of fair Andromeda !

NEP. "Of fair Andromeda !" Oh, that's the way
 The cat jumps, is it ?

- PER. Look ye ! here's my note.
Will you go stuff the challenge down his throat ?
- NEP. With all my heart—(*reading the superscription*)
 “To the sea serpent”—Oh,
He gets it, never fear—What's this ?—Hollo !
“Please not to eat the bearer.” Mighty pleasant !
- PER. Ha, ha ! That doesn't signify at present—
I thought to send it by some mortal stranger.
But as you take it, Neptune, there's no danger.
- NEP. I wish that I could say as much for you.
- PER. I'll mince this Yankee Doodle !
- NEP. “Doodle doo !”

Duo—PERSEUS AND NEPTUNE—“*Mighly Jove*”—“*Barber of Seville.*”

- PER. Mighty Jove ! whose golden showers
Once my mother, Danæe, blest !
Shall this wretch, who all devours,
Eat the fair whom I love best ?
- NEP. Soon this monster I'll be hailing ;
But, I say, my jolly dog !
Ere I signal make for sailing,
Shan't we take a glass of grog ?
- BOTH. To our cause, then, bumpers filling !
Soon this monster { I'll } be killing.
 { you'll }
- Bravo ! Bravo ! &c.
- (*Exit NEPTUNE*)

Enter KING CEPHEUS.

- KING. O horror ! misery ! woe ! woe !
- PER. ’Tis plain
You call out “whoa”—to stop some load of pain.
What is it, may I ask ?
- KING. Oh, such a shock
To my paternal heart ! Chain'd to a rock,
Andromeda my daughter dear must be
The prey of this vile monster of the sea.
- PER. The prey ! why, pray ?

KING. 'Cause Phineus' petition
 To Jove is granted on that sole condition.
 PER. Phineus! the traitor! he shall perish, rather
 Than father such an act upon *my* father;
 Depend upon't, he's bribed the priests of Ammon,
 And hopes to save his bacon by their gammon.
 Ah! would you let your lovely daughter go a
 Victim to this *unfashionable* boa!
 Run—fly—the dreadful sacrifice delay
 Till my arrival. I will only stay
 To sing a song—As opera heroes choose
 Always to do, when they've no time to lose!
 (Exit CEPHEUS)

Recitative and Air—PERSEUS—"O Patria"—"Tancredi."

RECITATIVE.*

Oh, pa! try her. Won't you, my great papa, try her
 Again, ere out you turn her
 To tea with Pluto! Oh, cara sposa!
 They yearn from me to part you!
 In quest of thy foe, I turn now my rein O!
 To mince you this snake ere anyone can say, "No."

ARIA—"De Tanti Palpite."

Oh! shan't I palpitate!
 Oh! won't it pain me!
 If I should be too late
 My deary to see.

Quick let me fly!
 Ah, let me go!
 Soon, my Andro-
 Meda, will I
 Thy heart cheer, O!
 Oh! moment, momentous!
 Tremendous! portentous!
 Oh! shan't I palpitate, &c.

* It is necessary to explain that the following words were not intended to be *read*, but to sound in singing like those of the original Italian.

SCENE FOURTH.—*The Coast of Ethiopia*—ANDROMEDA is discovered bound to a rock jutting into the sea—KING CEPHEUS, QUEEN CASSIOPE, the PRIESTS of *Jupiter*, and the few PEOPLE left alive, grouped on the shore in expectation of the monster.

ANDRO. Mamma ! papa ! I feel so faint.

KING. } Dear daughter !
 QUEEN. }

ANDRO. Could you oblige me with a glass of water ?

QUEEN. The water here is brackish, if not salt,
 Suppose you were to try a little malt ?

ANDRO. Well, since you press me, and my time grows shorter,

I don't mind if I take a pint of porter.

QUEEN. I hasten to indulge my suffering child !

ANDRO. One moment, dearest mother—draw it mild !

Music—QUEEN goes out and returns with a goblet of stout.

QUEEN. I've brought you some of Barclay's double stout.

ANDRO. Is anybody coming—pray look out—

To save me from this Blue Beard of the deep !

QUEEN. No ; I see nothing but a flock of sheep.

KING. Nothing but sheep ! Then she's as dead as mutton.

SER. (*without*) Prepare !

KING. I hear the voice of that sea-glutton.

ANDRO. A moment longer ! just to say one pray'r.

Is no one coming yet ?

QUEEN. Yes ! There !

ALL. Where ?

QUEEN. There.

SER. (*without*) Prepare ! I can't wait *longer*, that I swear !

ANDRO. Ah, like a meteor streaming through the air—

Air—ANDROMEDA—“ *Blue Beard.*”

I see him a-galloping ! I see him a-galloping !

I see him a-galloping o'er sea and shore.

Now faster galloping—now faster galloping !

I never saw the like before.

(*speaking*) Chorus, ladies !

CHORUS. I see him, &c

Enter PERSEUS on the rock.

PER. I'm here.

SERPENT appears in the sea.

SER. And so am I! Your servant, stranger.
I guess that you don't calculate your danger.

PER. This lady, sir, I say's engaged to me.
And shan't be eaten with impunity.
You got my challenge!

SER. Calculate I did.

PER. Hence! Or accept it, and I'll quickly rid
The world of the worst plague that does infest it.

SER. Call me what name you please, I can digest it.

PER. No insolence! your latter end is nigh.

SER. I guess it's too far off for you to spy;
All nature couldn't with the naked eye!
Touch me, and sure as I'm an alligator,
I'll make you drop me like a hot potater.

PER. For etiquette, of course, sir, you're a stickler.

SER. Pretty considerable d—d particular!
So don't look at me so slantendicular.

PER. Well, then, we'll measure weapons.

SER. Mine's no trifle—
I've borrowed uncle Ben's eternal rifle. (*produces it*)

PER. A water-snake with fire-arms.

SER. Oh, yes!
You took me for a sword-fish, then, I guess?
Oh, no!

NEPTUNE rises and whispers PERSEUS.

NEP. Fear nothing, he can only shew off;
I've damped the priming, and the gun can't go off.

PER. Well, blaze away—I care not for your swagger;
But if you miss me—tremble at my dagger.

Music—SERPENT pulls the trigger, and the rifle misses fire—PERSEUS rushes upon him, and stabs him in the shoulder.

SER. I'm stumped right up! But there's no use in crying,
My length will make me awful long a dying.

Guess you don't know that though you've killed my
head,

Ages will pass before my tail be dead.

PER. Go ! tell that story to the sub-marines !

NEP. (*who has unchained and brought forward ANDROMEDA
to PERSEUS*) You are her husband ; (*aside*) would
you were my queen's !

Enter PHINEUS and SOLDIERS.

PHIN. Andromeda, alive ! and Perseus too !

Rebellion ! friends ! run everybody through !

KING *and his PARTY.* Treason !

PER. Be quiet ! (*snatching the head of Medusa out of
his bag and presenting it to PHINEUS, &c.*)
there's for you, and you, sir ! (*they are turned
into stone forming "a group from the
Antique"*)

I'd quite forgot the noddle of Medusa !

They'll make a wedding present for my wife—

A group in marble—modelled from the life.

Hence, but take care that you don't meet Macadam,
he

Would pulverise the whole Antique Academy !

Music—The group sinks—thunder.

NEP. Hark ! By the sky saluting, I should say
The flag-ship, Jupiter, was under weigh.
Ay ! Sure enough ! and by my ocean crown,
The whole celestial squadron, bearing down
Under a cloud of canvas, breasts the breakers !
Top gallants, royals, sky-scrappers, moon-rakers !
The Mercury, mail-packet, bearing letters—
The fire-ship, Pluto, used to burn his betters—
Well stored Minerva, put into commission
On every scientific expedition.
The Bacchus, fonder of the cup than race ;
The Dian, fastest sailer in the chase ;
The Venus, "transport No. 1," for tars !
'Longside that first-rate man of war, the Mars !

The Phœbus looking bright about the bows ;
 The Juno who the Io beat at *Cowes* ;
 The Amphitrite, my catamaran ;
 Built on the celebrated blow-up plan !

During this speech the various DEITIES have descended, and appeared as described.

- PER. I vow I'm highly honoured by this meeting ;
 Your presence is my happiness completing.
 Hermes, your sword, and thank you. Pluto,
 there's
 Your helmet. How are all our friends down
 stairs ?
 Madam (*to MINERVA*), your Ægis back I beg you'll
 take
 And wear this head upon it for my sake. (*fixing
 Medusa's head upon the shield*)
- MIN. But till you're sure you're master of the field
 Wisdom would counsel you to keep the shield ;
 The critic's dart may wound you yet—severely.
- PER. Ah, my sage Mentor ! There you touch me nearly !
 Now comes my fit again ! The old appeal.
 Your pulses, friends, once more I crave to feel !
 Perseus no more—how flutters now my *own* ?
 For, ah ! your suppliant away has thrown
 Her manly courage with her manly part,
 And comes with all the woman in her heart.
 Say ! if the olive crown by right she claims,
 Once more a victor in the Olympic Games.
 You praised her air in the Olympic Revels,
 You stood the fire of the Olympic Devils ;
 On earth you patronised her Paphian Bower,
 And now in water she has tried her power.
 Four seasons, with success her zeal increasing,
 She's studied all the elements of pleasing—
 At home in each, for while to please you bent,
 She feels she's always in *her* element.
 When first she made a plunge, to land you brought
 her,
 Still lend a hand to keep her above water ;
 And send her home—if 'tis no impropriety—
 Again preserved by this “ Humane Society.”

FINALE—" *The Deep Deep Sea.*"

- PER. O come, if mirth you love
Or feel at home *ennui*,
Where our merry spirits rove
In "the deep deep sea."
- CHORUS. In "the deep deep sea," &c.
- NEP. For the best of spirits here,
In our *public* house we keep ;
Though we do not charge you dear,
Pr'ythee, don't you hold us cheap.
- PER. Good entertainment, mind,
While I remain head-waiter—
For man and horse you'll find—
- SER. And, I hope, for alligator !
- CHORUS. Then come, if mirth you love,
Or find at home *ennui*,
To our "Deep Deep Sea—"
To our "Deep Deep Sea."

CURTAIN.





TELEMACHUS;

OR,

THE ISLAND OF CALYPSO;

A CLASSICAL AND MYTHOLOGICAL EXTRAVAGANZA.

First performed at the Royal Olympic Theatre, under the management
of Madame Vestris, on Friday, December 26th, 1834.

TELEMACHUS;

OR,

THE ISLAND OF CALYPSO.

This was our fifth Christmas piece, and the first that we were enabled to announce as an extravaganza without appending to it the term burletta.

At the time of its production Fénelon's charming "Roman," either in the original French or its English translation, was in the hands of every school boy or girl in the United Kingdom.

In this instance as in every dramatisation of a popular subject that I have been concerned in, the well-known plot was invariably preserved with the most reverential fidelity, whatever liberties might be taken with the details; and from the first line of the piece—

"Calypso ne pouvait se consoler du départ d'Ulysse,"

to the last, spoken by Mentor—

"Ecoutez-moi pour la dernière fois o fils d'Ulysse"—

the familiar English version was as closely parodied as possible.

Whether this be a merit or not is, of course, a matter of opinion, but it is upon that principle that I have worked throughout my career, and believe that it has been most essential to my success.

In the cast of this Extravaganza will be found the name of Miss Mary Glover, the daughter of that great actress who, both in tragedy and comedy, but especially in the latter, so long and so deservedly retained the favour of the public. The painter of the scenery, Mr. C. J. James, was subsequently the lessee of the Tottenham Street Theatre, then called "the Queen's," now raised from its original low estate by the talent and taste of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft to the first rank amongst our Metropolitan theatres, under the title of "The Prince of Wales's."

"Telemachus" was performed for fifty-one nights.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE GROTTO OF CALYPSO—(C. J. James.)

NYMPHS } (in the style of } MISSES GREENER, JULIA CARR,
 DESPONDING } C. M. Von Weber) } H. ROMER, MAXWELL,
 And other Associates of the Royal Olympic School of Painting.

Full Length Portraits of

CALYPSO (Queen of Ogygia) MADAME VESTRIS
 EUCHARIS } (Maids of Honour to Her Majesty) } MISS PAGET
 LEUCOTHOE } } MISS NORMAN
 CORCYRA } } MISS PINCOTT

CALYPSO'S VISION, A LA MANFRED.

A DRAM-atic etching in AQUAFORTIS.

“ Ah me ! what perils do environ
 The men who parody Lord Byron.”

FIRST SPIRIT } (“ three.....noble swilling } MR. HUGGINS
 SECOND SPIRIT } spirits, the very elements of } MISS GOWARD
 THIRD SPIRIT } this...Isle.” } MR. WYMAN
 SPIRIT OF MOUNTAIN DEW (in a Scotch Mist)
 PHANTOM OF ULYSSES (JONES.)

VIEW IN THE ISLAND OF OGYGIA—Morning—(C. J. James.)

MERCURY (a *Quick Silver Messenger*) MISS MALCOLM
Coast Scene, with a Young Frow on the summit } C. J. James.
 of a tremendously low and easily accessible } *The Figure by*
 precipice } MADAME VESTRIS
 TELEMACHUS (from original in the Fénélon Gallery) MISS GLOVER
 MENTOR (a *bass relief* from the same collection) ... MR. J. BLAND

“ Full of wise saws and Modern instances,
 And so he plays his part.”—*As You Like It?*

VENUS (*drawn by Doves, after a study*)... .. MISS FITZWALTER
 MASTER CUPID (as the “Blind Boy,” a fancy
 sketch) MISS PETTIFER

BLIND MAN'S BUFF—NOT from the celebrated picture by Wilkie.

FOREST IN THE ISLAND—a *Wood-cut.* (C. J. James.)

The Beach at Low Water, and by Moonlight.

THE EVENING STAR, from a design by Mackintosh.

The Furies :—Jealousy, Hatred, Revenge, Despair, &c., a Group.—
By Torchlight.

MODEL OF “THE MENTOR,”

First-Class Mediterranean Steam Packet—(Mackintosh.)

MINERVA (a *single line Engraving*) MISS IRELAND
 “Hear me for the last time, O Son of Ulysses.”

TAIL PIECE AND ILLUSTRATIVE VIGNETTE,
 By all the Contributors.

TELEMACHUS ;

OR,

THE ISLAND OF CALYPSO.

SCENE FIRST.—*The Grotto of Calypso in the Island of Ogygia—LEUCOTHOE and other NYMPHS discovered in melancholy attitudes—a lamp and magic book.*

Recitative—EUPHARIS.

Calypso is inconsolable for the departure of Ulysses,
Her grief she cannot master for the man she so much
misses ;
Where her lover went to sea, every day she goes to
stare,
And instead of following her hounds, she has taken to
tearing her hair ;
E'en night to her brings no repose, for in this grotto
mystical
She brews " thick coming fancies " very black and Man-
fredistical ;
Her Nymphs dare not approach her in her solitary
rambles,
And here is Christmas come and we forbid our Christ-
mas gambols.

CHORUS—" *Light as Fairy Foot*"—" *Oberon.*"

What a fate on us to fall,
We must have no fun at all,
All too loud she says we play,—too loud !
All too loud she says we sing,—too loud !

Cast your skipping ropes away,
 Burn your hoops and cut your swing.
 Vainly we to sleep would go,
 All night long she sobs and sighs,
 Rest she can't herself, and so
 She won't let us close our eyes.
 O for some pill, to cure her spleen,
 Cold pudding can't settle love so keen.

EUCH. She comes, and fain would be alone.

LEUCO. Pray let her.
 The sooner we all brush, I'm sure the better.

(*Exeunt OMNES*)

Enter CALYPSO ; SCENA—" Di Piacer."

CAL. Deep my share of mortal woe,
 For Ulysses still I pine,
 He has left his Calypso,
 And in vain *call lips o'* mine !—
 In every waving bough,
 His farewell bow I see,
 Green leaves are hateful now,
 Since he has ta'en French leave of me !
 I can't abide the cry of "stole away,"
 Since o'er the sea his bark did roll away.
 To see the hounds throw off can't cheer me,
 By him thrown off who once was near me ;
 My deer has proved a fox to be,
 And made a silly goose of me !

(*sits herself beside the lamp, and consults her magic book—
 lights down*)

The lamp wants trimming sadly—so does he
 Who is the cause of all my misery !
 Why should I burn a light ? my fate still dark
 Must be, for I have lost my latest *spark*.
 My slumbers, if I slumber, are not sleep,
 I get the fidgets, tumble, toss, and weep.
 I've thought until I think I'm sick of thinking ;
 I'm half inclined to take at once to drinking.

I will raise spirits, that may raise my own ; (*rises*)
 Come in some forms by which ye may be known,
 Ye Ardent Spirits, from the wine vaults near !
 I charge ye by the glass, appear ! up here !

Music—The back of the grotto opens and discovers the Lake of Geneva, in front of it the SPIRIT OF GIN.

SPIRIT. Old Tom is the best of Geneva,
 They owned it long ago ;
 Ask Hodges, the spinner of cordial gin,
 Or Thompson, Fearon and Co.
 There are palaces built in every street
 To the sprite of the juniper tree.
 I'm here, if you wish to take me, *neat*,
 Or why did you call for me ?

CAL. I called thee, for I called thee, saucy sprite,
 Thou'rt called "blue ruin," and thou'rt called aright.
 Begone, and to the poor thy poison deal,
 I will to see a spirit more genteel.

MUSIC—"Drops of Brandy," at which the SPIRIT OF GIN evaporates, and the SPIRIT OF BRANDY floats in upon a cask, the scene changing to the Straits of Dover.

SPIRIT. In the dumps art thou, daughter ?
 Where thy pain ? what thy grief ?
 Can brandy and water
 Afford thee relief ?
 Warm with, if 'tis handy,
 If not, without, cold :
 To the spirit of brandy
 Your wishes unfold.

CAL. Avaunt ! for thy French name is "Eau de Vie,"
 And life is now detestable to me !
 To drink thee even mixed might be manslaughter,
 My lost Ulysses may be in the water.
 Hence, nor provoke me to use means severer,
 I'm very queer, and would see something queerer.

MUSIC—"Grog time of day, boys." *The SPIRIT OF BRANDY goes out, and the SPIRIT OF RUM appears off the coast of a West India Island; a fleet in the distance.*

SPIRIT. I am the rummest spirit mind
That ever you did see,
The sugar cane I left behind
Where folks drink sangaree;
To ease thy pain, I o'er the main
From old Jamaica jog,
The fleet I met sailed better yet
At the mere sight of grog.

CAL. A fleet! oh, horrid sound! the thought of ships, O,
Is quite enough to make sea-sick Calypso.
Why cam'st thou hither, with that ugly phiz?
What canst thou say to cheer me?

SPIRIT. "Rums is riz."

CAL. Down, evil spirit to thy native hell,
And say *I* sent thee thither.

SPIRIT. (*sinking*) "Rums is fell."

CAL. These spirits cannot teach me to forget,
I must have something far more potent yet.

(*waves her sceptre—Music—A gauze to imitate smoke covers the stage*)

What rises yonder, 'mid those fumes mysterious?
I fear 'tis something very deleterious.

VOICE. (*without*) I am the spirit o' a private still,
Wi' smuggled Highland whiskey what's your will?

CAL. Forgetfulness.

VOICE. Of what, of whom, and why?

CAL. Of my own wretched self—my sorrow's dry,
And I would drown it! I feel very choky
And don't much fancy anything so smoky.

VOICE. The still small voice of small still whiskey hear.

CAL. Why can't you, like the rest, to sight appear?

VOICE. Troth, to do that would argue me no wise man,
I've ne'er paid duty yet to the excise-man.

CAL. But you to me shall pay it. Let somebody
I love be now inspired by whiskey toddy.

VOICE. Behold! (*music—Gauze rises and discovers the figure of ULYSSES leaning on a pedestal*)

CAL. O crimony! I'm hoaxed, for this is
A madness and a mockery. Ulysses!
O speak to me, though but one word in Greek,
If you're a gentleman, I beg you'll speak.

DUET—"By the margin of Zurich's fair waters."

CAL. On the margin of Neptune's salt waters,
Calypso!
Has wandered the long summer's day;
On the spot where thy glances last caught hers,
Calypso!
Has cast all her good looks away.
I have called very often on thee,
And in turn thou hast now called on me,
Then speak to me, dearest, I pray.

ULYS. Calypso!

CAL. Go on! is that all you can say?

ULYS. Calypso! Calypso!

CAL. Alack, well a day!

Calypso! Calypso! is all he can say.

(*the figure of ULYSSES vanishes*)

My heart is broken all to little bits,
Cracked is my brain, and shattered are my wits.
I will no more of spirits—even wine
(Except when dining out) will I decline.
Henceforth I'll lady-patronise sobriety,
And start a female temperance society.

*Air—CALYPSO—"Farewell to the Mountain"—
"Mountain Sylph."*

Farewell Shrub and Mountain,
Brown Sherry and pale,
Henceforth at the fountain,
I'll drink Adam's ale.
Claret, Port, and Madeira,
Champagne and Moselle,
You're too heady for me, then
Farewell, oh farewell!

Farewell, oh completely,
 Wine, Spirits, and Beer,
 Naught stronger than butter milk,
 Will I drink here ;
 Drams and Cordials go comfort
 Some old Convent belle,
 Such drops I'm for dropping,
 Farewell, oh farewell.
 Farewell Shrub and Mountain, &c.
 (*Exit CALYPSO*)

SCENE SECOND.—*A view in the Island.*

Enter MERCURY, meeting EUCHARIS and LEUCOTHOE.

EUCH. Law, Mr. Mercury, how *do* you do ?

MER. Ladies, I kiss your hands and your lips too.
 (*salutes them*)

LEUCO. It's quite an age since we have met together.

EUCH. Pray tell us, shan't we have a change of weather?
 Men say when Mercury comes down so low,
 It's a sure sign that it will rain or snow,
 And when they see you rapidly ascending
 They count upon the weather shortly mending.

MER. They are quite right, although in these gay bowers
 I never even fall so low as "showers ;"
 My errand here, in fact, is to inform ye,
 That out at sea I have been down to "stormy."
 But though it should rain cats and dogs elsewhere,
 The glass you look in always points to "fair."

EUCH. Oh, Mr. Hermes, you have such a knack
 Of saying civil things——

MER. As I come back
 I'll call and say some more ; but where's the Queen ?
 Is she up yet, and willing to be seen ?

LEUCO. Up ? I believe you. As we passed her grot
 She bolted out, and passed us like a shot ;

You'll find her at the "look out" on the cliff,
From whence she last beheld the Grecian skiff
That bore Ulysses from this charmed Isle.

MER. Is it far off, pray?

EUCH. About half a mile.

MER. I bear despatches from the king o' the sky,
Say, will you take them to her or shall I?

LEUCO. We take 'em! If a word we dared to speak
She'd knock us into the middle of next week.

Air—LEUCOTHOE—" *Lieber Augustine.*"

With safety, so near her,
We can't shew our faces;
We've good cause to fear her,
When she's in her frowns.
An absolute Queen—she'd abolish our places,
Or else with her *sceptre* demolish our *crowns*.

Air—EUCCHARIS—" *L'Amour.*"

Anacreon Moore, with his numbers so charming,
Would fail to appease her when once she's enraged;
You'd better return, sir,—your duty's alarming,—
And say you have called here, and found her engaged.

Air—MERCURY—" *Merrily, oh.*"

Mercury's spirit sometimes rises,
Mercury O! Mercury O!
Until it all the world surprises,
Mercury O! Mercury O!
In heat I mount up without fear, O,
In cold I plunge right down to zero;
Mercury's wings defy capsizes,
So here I go! So here I go!

(first in solos and then together, the airs harmonising)

(Exeunt)

SCENE THIRD.—*Another view in the Island—the sea in the distance, on the left hand a projecting cliff, on the summit of which CALYPSO is discovered gazing on the beach beneath her.*

CAL. The spirits I've forsworn still fuddle me,
The meditations I indulge in muddle me.
I stand upon the edge of this lone steep,
And sometimes feel a strange desire to leap—
And then again I don't.

Enter MERCURY from below.

MER. She's there by jingo.

CAL. Sure I saw something yonder on the wing go,
The birds fly low—There'll be some falling weather.

MER. If you don't mind, ma'am, you'll all fall together.

(MERCURY mounts the rock)

CAL. Ulysses, oh Ulysses ! why, oh why
Am I immortal when I wish to die ?
How very hard ! Of troubles I've a peck,
Yet cannot either break my heart or neck.
I'll try though, that I will. Earth, take these bones,
And crack 'em——

MER. (*holding her*) Hollo ! gently o'er the stones.

CAL. Who art thou, in whose arm there so much nerve is ?

MER. Just now I'm one of the preventive service.

CAL. Ha, Mercury, I recollect your face,
My grief was blind—I didn't see your grace.

MER. My scrapegrace rather ; but descend, I pray,
And don't break bones upon the road to-day.
I have some hope to lighten your distress,
I bear glad tidings.

CAL. Oh, what are they ?

MER. Guess.

CAL. I can't.

MER. Then listen. (*whispers*)

CAL. You're some hoax designing.

MER. No.

CAL. On your life and honour ?

MER. Bright and shining.

CAL. I can't believe it, who has done this?

MER. You know

Full well the lady.

CAL. For a pound it's Juno.

MER. Done, pay the money, for (but mind between us

This must be kept a secret) it was Venus;

I took the note to Neptune by her order,

Begging this little boon he would accord her.

CAL. And he consented! nay, 'tis too good news.

MER. Look then but yonder, where the tempest brews

For many a hapless tar his watery *bier*: (*storm*)

That storm will wreck Telemachus.

CAL. What, here?

MER. So much great Jove hath sent me here to say

With his best compliments.

CAL. Thrice happy day!

Ulysses' son? Telemachus, oh joy!

Yes, the ship sinks, but there still floats the *boy*;

There's some one with him; who's his friend I

wonder?

Some queer old quiz, who looks as black as

thunder.

MER. (*aside*) I know, but mustn't tell. 'Tis sage

Minerva,

Provided with a patent life preserver,

For under the disguise and name of Mentor,

She of cork jackets was the first inventor;

But that's 'twixt Jove and me. (*to CALYPSO*) Ma'am,

to depart

I crave permission.

CAL. Oh, with all my heart.

MER. Well, if that isn't civil, I'll be shot!

(*Exit MERCURY*)

CAL. What, ho! my nymphs. From fountain, grove, or

grot,

Haste hither to your Queen, all those who hear her;

She holds a drawing-room, and wants you near her.

Enter EUCHARIS and LEUCOTHOE, and at the same moment all the NYMPHS appear in different parts of the stage—TELEMACHUS and MENTOR ascend as from the beach

SESTETTO—" *Il Gruppo.*"

CALYPSO, EUCHARIS, LEUCOTHOE, TELEMACHUS, MENTOR,
and 1ST NYMPH.

ALL. Ah!

MENT. (*to* TELEMACHUS) Mind, boy! mind what you're
about here;

What a group! O, sharp look out here.

TEL. We're in luck, I make no doubt here;

What a group are looking out here.

CAL. (*aside*) We've Telemachus no doubt here

On the group, how he looks out here.

EUCH., LEUCO., and 1ST NYMPH. In their wet clothes walk-
ing out here,

They'll catch croup or they'll catch gout here.

CAL. (*aloud, in feigned anger*) Had we no such thing as scout
here,

To prevent their getting out here!

Though we had a ball or rout here,

They would come unasked no doubt here!

MENT. (*to* TELEMACHUS) Thunder, rain, and water spout
here,

Made us happy to get out here.

We shall put them to the rout here.

Still they'll welcome us no doubt here.

EUCH., LEUCO., and 1ST NYMPH. Sure there's been a water-
spout here,

They've come up it to get out here;

Passports, if they are without here,

They'll be hanged without a doubt here.

CAL. (*aside*) Although half-drowned, he looks the youth of
fashion;

But I must feign a most tremendous passion.

(*aloud*) Whence and what are ye who the hungry
fish on

My coast have baulked of lunch without permission?

TEL. Amongst the elements the late confusion

Must plead our pardon for this bold intrusion.

We're come, 'tis true, without an introduction

But drawn——

CAL. By sympathy?

MENT. No, ma'am,—by suction.

CAL. (*aside*) Some rude philosopher. (*aloud*) Tell you the tale. (*to* TELEMACHUS)

TEL. At five a.m. it blew a heavy gale——

MENT. In short, we're shipwrecked—now you know it all.

CAL. And you must know that neither short nor tall
Are ever suffered with impunity
To land amidst this fair community,
In proof whereof you should be doomed to death,
But that you seem already out of breath.
To-day, at all events, you shall not die—
Being wet we'll only hang you—out to dry.

MENT. You're very kind. But he'll think it a bore,
And I have been *across the line* before.

CAL. Your name, sir, (*to* TELEMACHUS) and condition?

MENT. Madam, this is

Telemachus, the son of sage Ulysses ;
My name is Mentor—I'm his private tutor.

CAL. Mentor ! Tormentor rather ! Sir, be mute, or
I'll find a way to make you. Pray, young man,
Tell your own story—I've no doubt you can.

Medley—TELEMACHUS.

My name it is Telemachus !
I've seen a little sarvice,
Where angry billows roll and loud tempests blow ;
I've sailed in Tyrian ships,
And I've driven Cretan Jarvies,
And——

Over the mountains and over the moor,
Hungry and barefoot I've wandered forlorn ;
My father I've lost, and my mother—I'm sure——

There's fifty young men have told her their fine tales,
And called her their fairest she,
But——

When they asked, “ Are you within ?”
Heigho ! says Rowley !
She answered them yes ! but I'm sitting to spin
And——

Oft in the stilly night,
When slumber's chain had bound them,
All she had done by light
She undid to confound them ;

Singing——

Where and oh ! where
 Is my Grecian laddie gone?
 He's gone to fight the Trojans,
 And crack King Priam's crown ;
 And it's oh ! in my heart,
 But I wish he'd make haste home——

Then I, a brisk and lively lad,
 Thought I'd go to see, ma'am ;
 What could keep my roving dad
 From his Penelope, ma'am——
 So I played at Bo-peep,
 All over the deep,
 But I couldn't tell where to find him ;
 Let him alone,
 Thinks I, he'll come home,
 With a very long tale of——

How the Grecians went running to Troy,
 And the Trojans came running to meet 'em——

But just as here with fav'ring gale
 Our gallant ship up channel steered,
 And scudding under easy sail
 This sky-blue western isle appeared ;
 To heave the lead the seamen sprung,
 When out the pilot loudly sung——
 O dear ! what can the matter be,
 Dear ! dear ! what can the matter be ;
 O dear ! what can the matter be,
 The weather no longer is fair——
 Loud roars the dreadful thunder.

The rain a deluge showers,
 The skies are rent asunder
 By lightning's vivid powers ;
 Quite puzzled what to do,
 The poor unhappy crew,
 Lay like logs,
 Sick as dogs,
 Without beef or biskey, oh !
 But lucky event,
 When to pieces we went,
 We happened to be very nigh land ;

So to swim we both tried,
 And were left by the tide
 High and dry on your Majesty's island !
 Oh, it's a nice little island,
 A dear little duck of an island ;
 I am sick of the seas,
 And would live if you please,
 All my life in this tight little island !

CAL. Well, I must own I pity your distresses,
 You seem to have been in some dreadful messes.
 Though you were wet, your story's made you dry,
 You look fatigued, too—rest till by-and-bye.
 In yonder grotto you'll find all prepared ;
 The rooms are airy, and the beds are aired.

TEL. A thousand thanks.

CAL. (*to MENTOR*) And you may follow suit.
 You'll entertainment find for man and (*with a look of
 scorn at him*) brute.

MENT. You're too polite. (*aside*) At all her wiles I laugh,
 Old birds are never to be caught with chaff.
 (*to TELEMACHUS*) I shall keep you awake with constant
 tapping.

She's mighty cunning, but shan't catch *me* napping.

TEL. (*aside*) To leave such company's a sin ; methinks
 I shall come back when I've had forty winks.

(*Exeunt MENTOR and TELEMACHUS*)

CAL. Go, ladies, and prepare a cold collation,
 Then each may follow her own inclination.

(*Exeunt NYMPHS*)

(*advancing*) He's handsomer than his papa, I vow,
 If I could only make *him* love me now !
 Venus might aid me, but then she's his foe ;
 I'll write a note to her and ask her though.

(*takes out tablets and writes*)

Air—CALYPSO—" *Lovely Lady Mine*"—" *Le Pré aux Clercs*."

Queen of lovely beauty,
 Venus, most divine,
 I present my duty
 To yourself and shrine.

Grant the prayer I pen you,
 Make this youth my own,
 If you won't, why then you
 Must let it alone.
 Venus, to my coast, pray
 Come before you dine ;
 Or by return of post, pray
 Let me have a line.

“To Venus, Queen of Paphos.” (*directing it*) Take it,
 wind. (*letter flies off*)

VENUS *appears with* CUPID.

She's come already! 'Pon my life that's kind.
 Madam, for this politeness I'm your debtor.

VEN. Oh not at all. How are you, any better?
 As luck would have it, we were close by, shopping,
 And I had thought of in upon you popping.
 What is't you want? and yet I need not ask.
 You want that lad to love you. That's a task
 You'll find more easy to be said than done,
 But you may try and warm him with my *son*.
 I'll leave him with you for the day with pleasure,
 But I must go—I'm hurried beyond measure.

CAL. One moment! Pry'thee, who's that surly bear?
 Telemachus's tutor?

VEN. Nay, dear—there
 I'm puzzled too. I only know that he
 Has been particularly rude to me,
 And brought his pupil up to scorn me too.
 I'll ne'er forgive him—shoot me if I do!
 Neptune has tried to drown him twice—but rat
 The rogue, he's got more lives than any cat.
 A pedant! 'Gainst my court to back his college,
 His useful 'gainst my entertaining knowledge!
 The Book of Beauty, published by its queen,
 He'd stifle with a Penny magazine!
 If you can worry him in any way,
 You'll quite oblige me. Cupid, love, you'll stay
 With Queen Calypso all the afternoon.
 Diana's waiting for me in the moon.

I've got to night to be an evening star,
And twenty calls to make first, so ta ta !

(*music—VENUS re-ascends*)

CAL. Good-bye, good Venus ! If this deer I tame,
Next time I hunt, I'll send you lots of game.
Well, my young friend, can you assist me, pray ?

CUPID. I'll try. There are but few can spurn my sway,
But this boy's case presents a novel feature ;
He is a most extraordinary creature—
He snubs the ladies, and declares he'd rather
Go poking round the world to find his father ;
However, I have got a little plan,
Which I suspect will tease my gentleman ;
When next your nymphs—

CAL. They come—I see their noses !

CUPID. Go you away—I'll hide amongst the roses.

(*Exit CALYPSO—CUPID hides in a rose bush*)

Enter EUCHARIS, LEUCOTHOE, and NYMPHS.

Chorus.

Girls so gay, come out to play,
We'll do no more work to-day ;
Come with a hoop, or come with a ball,
Come with a good will, or not at all.

EUCH. What shall we play at—forfeits ?

LEUCO. Forfeits ! stuff !

I'm for a good long game at blindman's buff.

EUCH. Well, blindman's buff then—who shall first be blind ?

Enter TELEMACHUS and MENTOR.

LEUCO. One of these gentlemen will be so kind.

MENT. From all such follies we must stand exempt.

“Familiarity doth breed contempt ;”

Pray let it understood between us be,

You shan't blind him, ma'am, and you *can't* blind me.

LEUCO. Civil, I vow. (*to TELEMACHUS*) And do *you* say
“fain play ?”

TEL. (*to MENTOR*) Please, sir, mayn't I have a half holiday ?

MENT. Not to enlist yourself 'neath folly's banners.

“Evil communication spoils good manners.”

TEL. Ladies, you hear, I am a luckless suitor,
I am kept in by order of my tutor.

LEUCO. Well, round my forehead let the scarf be tied.

CUPID *reappears from rose bush, with bandage over his eyes.*

EUCH. Stay! here's a blind boy ready cut and dried;
Come hither, little master; what's your name?
Have you a mind to join our Christmas game?

CUPID. Ladies, a second time you shall not sue,
I'll play with all my heart, (*aside*) and all yours too.

LEUCO. This is your station,—now, my little man,
Turn round three times, and then catch whom you can.

Dance—After a while CUPID catches LEUCOTHOE—music ceases.

LEUCO. Hey-day! This boy is sure the worst of pickles;
Plague take the little rascal—how he tickles!

*(breaks from him—dance resumed—he catches another
NYMPH—music ceases)*

2nd NYMPH. Let go—you tease me, and I'll play no more;
I vow I ne'er was caught *this* way before. (*retires*)

EUCH. (*aside*) There's something monstrous queer about
that elf,
I've half a mind that I'll be caught myself.

*(dance resumed—EUCCHARIS puts herself in CUPID'S way—he
catches her—she breaks from him—music ceases)*

What's this I feel—grief, pleasure, pain, or joy!
Whatever have you done, you naughty boy?
Ladies, beware! that urchin near you creeping,
If you but look on him you'll pay for peeping;
At all events, beware you touch him not,
His hand is like a furnace—it's so hot!

3rd NYMPH. Surely a child like that can never harm us!
My hand's quite cold.

4th NYMPH. And mine——

3rd NYMPH. Let's make him warm us.

(dance again—CUPID turns each of the NYMPHS)

What's this?—I burn!

1ST NYMPH. I roast !
 4TH NYMPH. I broil !
 5TH NYMPH. I fry !
 1ST NYMPH. You little rogue !
 4TH NYMPH. Oh, my !
 3RD NYMPH. Oh, fie !
 5TH NYMPH. Oh, cry ! (*Exeunt NYMPHS*)
 CUPID. (*to TELEMACHUS*) These ladies, sir, seem tired of my
 face ;
 Suppose you let me blind you in my place !
 MENT. Telemachus, Telemachus ! mind me ;
 "There's none so blind as those who will not see."
 Do you not mark, who near that urchin lingers,
 As sure as eggs is eggs will burn his fingers.
 TEL. My sage adviser, Lindley Murray begs
 Another time you'll say that eggs *are* eggs.
 MENT. When, to save you, you see me in a hurry,
 I'll thank you not to bother me with Murray.
 TEL. Why mayn't I with that child my time
 employ ?
 He's surely an engaging little boy.
 MENT. Engaging !—yes, no doubt of that, you stupid ;
 Engaging is his trade—his name is Cupid.
 TEL. Cupid !—and is that Cupid ?—pray don't row me ;
 But I must speak to him—will you allow me ?
 (*to CUPID*)
 CUPID. You do me honour, sir : I recommend
 A partner—Lady Eucharis—my friend.
 TEL. (*aside*) I feel an overishness come all over ;
 Sure I'm transformed at once into a lover.
 MENT. That serves you right—you put me in a rage ;
 It's little use to stuff your heart with sage
 Reasons, if thus you let that rascal spoil it.
 Why if it were his father's heart, he'd broil it.

QUARTETTE—" *Mi manca la voce.*"

EUCCHARIS, TELEMACHUS, CALYPSO, and MENTOR.

EUCH. Oh, who can this boy be ?
 He's hurt me severely.
 Why should I feel queerly
 And he go scot free ?

TEL. A plague take this boy ! he
Has hurt me severely.
Why should I feel queerly
And he go scot free ?

CAL. (*entering*) Oh, where can this boy be ?
He's not heard me clearly ;
He's made them *all* queerly ;
None will go scot free.

MENT. Oh, hanged shall this boy be !
He's hurt *mine* severely ;
I'll make him pay dearly ;
He shan't go scot free.

CAL. I'm all astonishment ! (*to CUPID*) What have you
done ?

CUPID. Hush ! not a word ! I've caught 'em all—such fun !

CAL. Such fun indeed ! Are you too blind to see
What's fun to you, sir, may be death to me ?

CUPID. I've done some mischief, one way or another,
And that's enough—so I'll go back to mother.

(*Exit*)

CAL. (*to MENTOR*) A word in private with your youthful
friend.

MENT. (*to TELEMACHUS, aside*) If you should want me, do
not sigh but send. (*Exit*)

CAL. You'll join the chase, Telemachus, I trust ?

TEL. I should be happy, madam, but I must,
I fear, be jogging on to seek my father.

CAL. No farther seek, but stay with me the rather,
Reign with me here where rain doth never fall,
Where *Winter's* music's never heard at all ;
And where you may with safety upon *this* count,
That india-rubber cloaks are at a discount ;
Where bright Apollo, in his march sublime,
Though god of verse, won't suffer frosts of *rime*.
My coast is clear, my skies are never hazy,
My smiling meadows never lack a daisy.
Stay then, and love but me as I love you ;
No knife shall ever cut our love in two.

TEL. Unless my love is cut in two, alas !
 I do not see how this can come to pass.
 CAL. Not come to pass ! have I made this confession,
 And is another lady in possession ?
 TEL. (*aside*) I had almost betrayed myself. (*aloud*) Oh
 no.
 CAL. Then why the dickens did you scare me so ?
 For whom would you divide your love in two ?
 For whom ? *with* whom ?
 TEL. Papa.
 CAL. Papa ! pooh, pooh !
 I'll be your father, mother, sister, wife.
 TEL. Your Majesty's too gracious, on my life.
 CAL. But not a word just now, my nymphs are nigh,
 We'll talk this matter over by-and-bye.
 Ladies, the hounds throw off at Breakneck Thicket.
 We hunt to-day.
 TEL. A hunt ?—Yoicks !
 ALL. That's the ticket.

(*Exeunt* EUCHARIS, LEUCOTHOE, *and* NYMPHS.)

Enter NYMPHS, *in* hunting dresses.

AIR AND CHORUS—“*Let us take the road*”—“*Beggar's Opera.*”

CALYPSO *and* NYMPHS.

Let us take the field !
 The hour of the chase approaches,
 On a manor where no one poaches,
 To the glorious pastime yield !
 See the lance I hold—
 We laugh at the doctors' glasses,
 Our system theirs surpasses,
 We don't buy our health with gold.

(*Exeunt* OMNES)

SCENE FOURTH.—*A Forest.**Enter MENTOR.*

MENT. So so ! the game is up ! Mistress and maid
 Are bent upon the same though, I'm afraid ;
 And yet, so much the better, for I've found
 Between two stools we often come to ground.
 I'll lead Calypso where she may discover
 Miss Eucharis coquetting with her lover ;
 And if some precious trick she doesn't serve her,
 Why then my real name is not Minerva.
 It is impossible young Mr. T.
 Could live in Hymen's bonds with that Miss E. ;
 And what's impossible can never be,
 And never, never, never come to pass—
 Who thinks it can, is but a stupid ass.
 Son of Ulysses, up this proverb treasure,
 "Marry in haste and you'll repent at leisure."

AIR—" *When time hath bereft thee*"—" *Gustavus III.*"

'Tis time thou hast left here,
 O pupil of mine ;
 Or of freedom bereft here,
 To late thou'lt repine.
 When the rose pink shall vanish
 That now paints thy dear,
 And the want of the Spanish
 Makes creditors queer—
 Thou'lt complain of the badness
 Of times ; and to me
 Confess it was madness
 To marry Miss E.

They come ! Calypso must not longer doubt of it.

Enter EUCHARIS and TELEMACHUS.

EUCH. We're in the wood.

MENT. (*aside*)

Don't hollo till you're out of it.
 (*Exit*)

EUCH. Oh, that together we through life could trip
so ;

But weren't you just now kneeling to Calypso ?

TEL. Kneeling to her, sweet maid ! Come, that's a good
one ;

One couldn't after seeing you—now could one ?

With you alone I'd live—without you die !

EUCH. You just say that 'cause no one else is by.

TEL. Sweet love, you wrong me ! let me swear again !——

EUCH. They tell me that's the way with all the men.

TEL. I'm not like other men—indeed it's true !

EUCH. That's strange, for other men are just like you.

TEL. I vow—protest—I never will deceive you !

EUCH. (*curtseying*) And I am fool enough, sir, to believe
you.

TEL. You are ? then is my happiness complete,
I'll settle here and buy a country seat.

Enter CALYPSO and MENTOR.

CAL. You settle here ! I'll settle you and her too !
That in this isle such things should e'er occur too !

EUCH. Pray don't be angry with this gentleman—
I can explain.

CAL. I make no doubt you can.

TEL. Madam, be merciful !—she's very fair ;
It had been so with you had you been there.

CAL. Fair ? she's as false as thou ! Oh, fie upon her !
And then she calls herself a maid of honour !

EUCH. Away then with obedience to the wind,
I'll love my love wherever him I find ;
Madam, without the slightest hesitation,
I beg to tender you my resignation.

Duet—EUCCHARIS and CALYPSO—“ Beggar's Opera.”

EUCH. Farewell, Queen *Ca-lyp-so*,
Your paltry wages scorning ;
I'll pack my portmanteau,
And wish you a good morning.
Ca-lyp-so.

CAL. You're quite right, saucy maid,
 In thus my wages scorning ;
 You've no right to be paid,
 As you yourself gave warning.
 Saucy maid. (*Exit EUCHARIS*)

MENT. (*stopping TELEMACHUS*) No, you don't follow her,
 so needn't try—
 Go in ! I'll talk to you, sir, by-and-bye ;
 First to the Queen I have a word to say—
 And while the sun shines I must make my hay.
 (*Exit TELEMACHUS*)

CAL. Knives, scissors, bodkins ! he still sweet as sugar is
 Upon that saucy slut—that minx, Miss Eucharis ;
 But if he won't wed me, he shan't wed her,
 And that I swear by Styx ! Come hither, sir !
 It's clear you want Telemachus away—
 I've not the slightest wish that he should stay.
 To-morrow's paper treats of building ships,
 I've got an early copy—in the slips—
 And you shall have it.

MENT. Thank you for the favour—
 But I know everything.

CAL. A walking Mavor !
 Then build a ship like that in which you came.

MENT. But where to find materials for the same ?

CAL. You said that you knew everything, you fool.

MENT. That's the exception, ma'am, that proves the rule.

CAL. Down by a cave, which forms a sort of limehouse,
 There stands a poplar ; creep there like a sly mouse ;
 Cut the tree down, then up, and there remain
 At work—but mind, let no one see you plane ;
 Behind the entrance to the cave on stools
 You'll find a vast variety of tools ;
 And dipping in a box which never fails,
 E'en at your fingers' ends you'll find some nails ;
 Work like a workman who has much to do,
 And all you see in one you saw in two ;
 You'll soon get through it if you're not a dolt,
 And when your wood-work's ready make a bolt.
 If I have left no pitch upon the shelf,
 Just put to sea—the ship will pitch itself.

MENT. Verbum sat sapienti. In a trice
I'll do it, madam—you shan't tell me twice.

Duet—MENTOR and CALYPSO—“*Se la vita*”—“*Semiramide*.”

MENT. To sea !

CAL. To sea !

MENT. To sea !

CAL. Get out of this island,
You shan't live in my land,
Nor longer on dry land,
So now, sir, you know ;
You've both made a blunder,
My vengeance you're under,
In lightning and thunder
Away you shall go.

MENT. I laugh at your worry,
You're hotter than curry,
The cause of your flurry,
Young woman, I know ;
There shan't be a slip, ma'am,
Between cup and lip, ma'am,
I'll just build that ship, ma'am,
And then off we go.

(*aside*) I've beat her,

CAL. (*aside*) I have beat him ;

MENT. (*aside*) I shall cheat her,

CAL. (*aside*) I shall cheat him.

(*Exeunt* MENTOR AND CALYPSO)

SCENE FIFTH.—*The Beach of the Island at low water, and
by moonlight, seen through a perforated rock.*

MUSIC—“*Pretty Star of the Night*”—VENUS, as the *Evening
Star, rises in the horizon.*

VEN. As I suspected, Mentor love defies,
How very lucky 'twas my time to rise.
Where is my hopeful son? Cupid, my dear,
I want you, come directly.

Enter CUPID.

- CUPID. Ma, I'm here.
 VEN. You are! and don't you know what mischief's brewing?
 CUPID. I think I ought, for it was all my doing.
 VEN. What, to let that vile Mentor build a ship,
 And with Telemachus give us the slip?
 My stars and garters!
 CUPID. Oh, mamma, for shame!
 VEN. Well, I can't help it, then; be made the game
 Of all the sky by these two clods of clay,
 I won't endure it. Find me out some way
 To turn the tide—some *night's* move that may check
 'em.
 CUPID. Do as before—ask Neptune just to wreck 'em.
 VEN. He can't. He told me but this afternoon,
 He cannot raise the wind again so soon.
 The last time he was forced to give a rout,
 He put his trident up the water-spout.
 CUPID. Well, 'pon my honour, that *was* forking out.
 What can be done, dear mother, for you know
 Calypso's sworn by Styx that they shall go.
 VEN. O, burn the Styx.
 CUPID. Stay, you have struck a light
 Into my brain-pan, and a prospect bright
 Is kindling. "Burn the Styx,"—*theirs* shall be burned
 Before they *cut* them, don't you be concerned.
 Dry your bright eyes, for ere they have done winking,
 Through this night's watch they'll see yon vessel
 sinking.
 VEN. A mother's blessing be upon thy brow!
 CUPID. I'm much obliged; but don't stand preaching
 now—
 Here comes the lady I must work on. Fly
 Up to your own blue lamp-post in the sky.
 (VENUS rises—CUPID retires)

Enter CALYPSO.

- CAL. Too hasty Queen, what has thy passion done—
 The ship is built, and they may cut and run.
 CUPID. (*advancing*) Not if you'll trust to me!

- CAL. How so, my dear ?
I've sworn by Styx and cannot interfere.
- CUPID. But Eucharis——
- CAL. Name not that hated name !
- CUPID. Hated or not you're partners in this game—
If Mentor wins, the stake is lost to both.
Now though your Majesty has ta'en an oath,
It don't bind Eucharis, and I'll inspire
Her and the rest to set the ship on fire ;
In that ship's smoke old Mentor's hopes you'll smother—
You haven't sworn that he shall build another.
- CAL. " A Daniel come to judgment " you indeed are—
But Love was ever known a special pleader.
You darling Love ! as swift as meditation
Or your own thoughts effect this consumation
Devoutly to be wished—the furies raise up
Hate, Jealousy, Revenge, and make them blaze up ;
Remember, though, it must be your affair,
I but look on and laugh at their despair.
Vainly old Mentor hopes to cross the ocean,
My learned friend takes nothing by his motion.

Air—CALYPSO—" Der Freischutz."

Though they think o'er me to crow,
Soon the ruddy flame shall glow,
They will find it is no go.
Mentor and Telemachus
Still shall lodge and board with us.
Burn then, burn, I do implore thee,
Cupid, Cupid, I adore thee.

(Exeunt CUPID and CALYPSO)

Enter MENTOR.

MENT. So that job's jobbed.

Enter TELEMACHUS.

Now, Master T., away !

TEL. Whither ?

MENT. No, not with her, with me ; " delay

Is dangerous." To mizzle I decide.
I've built a ship—she'll float with the next tide.
And see, 'tis rising fast.

TEL. A clap of thunder
This to my hopes. Where's Eucharis, I wonder?
Mayn't I take leave of her? Let me go back,
Indeed I must. I've got my things to pack.

MENT. Pack nothing—but pack off without delay.

TEL. But Eucharis! Ah! see, she comes this way,
With all the Nymphs, who lighted torches bear.

MENT. Aye, led by Love, Hatred, Revenge, Despair,
And Jealousy, that green eyed monster, who
Eats nothing which his own cook doesn't stew.
Stand by and let them go on with their burning.
It's a long lane that never has a turning.

*Enter EUCHARIS, LEUCOTHOE, and other NYMPHS, with
lighted torches, led by CUPID, JEALOUSY, REVENGE,
HATRED, DESPAIR, and the FURIES.*

CHORUS—"Siege of Corinth."

Come flare up and burn his ship,
A bonfire soon she'll make;
He thinks he'll give us the slip,
But it's quite a mistake.

As eyes fail to raise a flame,
Or them to bewitch,
It may be a burning shame,
But we'll try pitch.

Then flare up, as Cupid's chain
They would break in two,
We will patch it up again
With *links* bright and new.

(Exeunt all but MENTOR and TELEMACHUS)

MENT. Love, still I laugh at thee! oh, shallow dreamer,
The vessel I have chartered is a *steamer*—
She's got her coals aboard, and he can't spoil her,
The fire he lights will only heat the boiler,
And ere "Jack Robinson" the rogue can say
She'll get her steam up and be under weigh.

Here she comes smoking like a modern dandy.
 Away! this is no moment words to bandy;
 Up, up with me, I say! From yonder rocks
 We'll jump at once upon the paddle box.
*(forces TELEMACHUS up the rocks—the steamer glides on
 as they ascend)*

TEL. Ah, Eucharis! one last—one little peep;
 How oft you've said, sir, "Look before you leap."

MENT. True! but at present that won't suit my book—
 In this case you must "leap before you look."

*(pushes him off the rock on to the paddle box and
 jumps after him—the vessel sails off)*

Re-enter CUPID, EUCHARIS, LEUCOTHOE, NYMPHS, FURIES,
 &C., CALYPSO.

CAL. Baffled! defied! It's all along of you;
 Vile Love! since he is gone, be you gone too!

CUPID. I'm sure to stay here I've no inclination,
 But you detain me by some fascination.

CAL. I'm sick of all the flummery you utter!

MENT. *(from the vessel, which has re-appeared at sea)*
 You're right, "Fine words no parsnips ever butter."

CAL. Who art thou that can thus e'en Love disarm?

MENT. Wisdom! whose Ægis shelters youth from harm;
 Behold me in my proper form appear.

*(assumes the form of MINERVA—the name of "Mentor"
 on the paddle-box changing at the same time to that of
 "Minerva")*

ALL. Minerva!

CUPID. Oh, the murder's out then!

MIN. *(to TELEMACHUS)* "Hear
 Me for the last time, oh son of Ulysses!"

CAL. What! "for the last time"—such a night as this is?
 I beg your pardon;—wise as you may be,
 That's anything but a wise speech for me.
 Ladies and gentlemen, I beg to say,
 I hope *you* won't be led by her away;
 If you approve, I'll bet the prude a penny
 That this will not be "the last time" by many

Telemachus shall listen to her voice,
 Or *I to yours*—oh ! let my heart rejoice
 In those sweet sounds that now alone can cheer
 The muffled drum of sad Calypso's ear ;
 Let no cross Mentor with some proverb stale
 Our harmless nonsense weigh in reason's scale.
 Remember Christmas comes but once a year,
 And you have made *success* proverbial here ;
 Then " *vogue la Galère* " shall be my motto,
 Or, as the boys say—" Don't forget the grotto :"
 But on the strand when fortune drives your ships, O !
 Take shelter in the island of Calypso.

FINALE—" *Merry may the Keel row.*"

CAL. As you come down Newcastle Street,
 Oh let me hear you sing—
 "Tis yonder lives Calypso,
 Suppose we just look in."
 Though love is looking rather blue,
 If you are not disappointed too,
 I do not care a pin,
 And merry may the keel row
 The steamer my lad's in.

Chorus—And merry may, &c.

CURTAIN.



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Faithfully yours
J. Matthews.

RIQUET WITH THE
TUFT:

*A Grand Comical, Allegorical, Magical, Musical
Burlesque Burletta,*

IN ONE ACT.

First performed at the Royal Olympic Theatre, under the management of Madame Vestris, December 26th, 1836.



RIQUET WITH THE TUFT.

The production of this piece forms a turning point in the history of extravaganza. In my introduction to this volume I have stated the impression made upon me by the performance of Potier as Riquet à la Houppe, in what was to me at that period an entirely novel style of entertainment. Our nursery tales, "The Arabian Nights," and the "Tales of the Genii" had furnished subjects for Easter spectacles and the openings of Christmas pantomimes as long as I could remember. I myself had written for Drury Lane an Easter piece founded on the story of "Abudah, or the Talisman of Oromanes," in the latter series, and for Elliston at the Olympic a speaking pantomime, "Rodolph the Wolf, or Columbine Little Red Riding Hood;" while "Aladdin," "Cherry and Fair Star," "Mother Goose," and scores of other fairy stories had been successfully dramatised in various forms long previously; but all these, including my own lucubrations, were treated seriously, and presented to the public simply as "Grand Spectacles," to which title some of them produced at Covent Garden might fairly lay claim. The "Folie Féerie" of the French stage was a vastly different affair; sparkling with wit, pregnant with refined satire, exquisite whim, and that delightful *persiflage* which is the

especial charm of the French fairy tales of the eighteenth century, the "Contes de Fées," of Perrault, of the Countess d'Aulnoy, &c., and of which the essence has entirely evaporated since their period. Acted also by such comedians as Potier they received the most intelligent interpretation; not a point was lost, not a jest unappreciated. What a contrast to the dulness of our spectacles—to the coarseness of even the best of our burlesques. I bought the piece, and lost no time in translating it as faithfully as possible, endeavouring, so far as the idioms of the two languages would permit, to preserve the poetry, grace, and piquancy of the dialogues. Whatever my inevitable shortcomings, I at all events did my best, and on my return to London offered the piece in turn to the managers of nearly every theatre, with the same result as that which had previously attended "Prometheus and Pandora." Like that repeatedly-rejected burletta, "Riquet with the Tuft," was laid aside for years; like it also, to emerge eventually to the benefit of all concerned in its production. "Everything comes in time to those who can wait," says the proverb, and at that period I could afford to wait. Years rolled on; rather more than twelve had elapsed, and "Prometheus and Pandora," as "Olympic Revels," had not only brought fortune and added fame to its producer, but in the course of five seasons established a new style of entertainment in popular estimation. At this juncture an engagement with Mr. Bunn to write exclusively for Drury Lane Theatre during the season 1835-36, prevented me from furnishing as usual

the Christmas piece for the Olympic, and my coadjutor, Charles Dance, declining to take upon himself the sole responsibility of producing one, Madame Vestris applied to Samuel Lover, the amiable and gifted Irish poet, composer, and novelist, who supplied her with a burletta on the subject of "Cupid and Psyche," entitled "The Olympic Pic-nic." The following Christmas, however, being at liberty, Dance and I agreed, at the request of Madame Vestris, to resume our old positions as caterers for the holiday visitors to the London "Théâtre de Madame;" but Dance, who was half a lawyer, declared that as "some one had been walking in our sky," it was incumbent on us to "change the venue." I proposed Fairy-land, which, hitting his fancy, I routed out my translation of "Riquet," and refreshing it with new songs and concerted musical pieces, entertained sanguine hopes of its success from the novelty of its character. Not so, however, Madame Vestris nor Charles Mathews, who had newly joined the company, and was to sustain the part of Riquet. A few days previous to its production we were summoned to a solemn conference with them in the front parlour of the private house attached to the theatre in Craven Buildings, and it was seriously debated whether or not it would be better, even at that eleventh hour, to revive one of the classical favourites rather than risk the ruin of the whole season by the failure of this untried species of entertainment. Not being able, however, to shake our confidence, they in some measure regained their own, and the result fully justified our expectations.

Charles Mathews was not the Riquet I remembered Potier ; he lacked the tenderness in the love scenes—the disheartening consciousness of his personal deformity so touchingly blended with the comic phase of the character which distinguished the performance of that admirable French artist. I also missed that indefinable air of courtly breeding which reminded the spectator that the hideous, limping, grotesque hunchback was a prince by birth and a gallant gentleman by nature. Charles Mathews, however, was Charles Mathews. He had jumped jauntily and immediately into the favour of the public on his first appearance in “Old and Young Stagers,” on the 12th of December, 1835. “They like his manner,” whispered Charles Young, who sat beside me on that occasion, and in that “manner” peculiarly his own he acted Riquet to the perfect satisfaction of the audience, who had not seen Potier, and would probably have preferred Mathews if they had. Bland was the grandest of Grand Dukes and the greenest of Greenhorns. Madame Vestris was of course all that could be desired as the Princess Emeraldalda, and with Mrs. Honey, a young and beautiful actress (who at one time threatened to become a dangerous rival), sang the “letter duet,” “I have sought thee beloved one,” enchantingly. The piece was played to crowded houses to the end of the season (fifty-nine nights), and a new mine of rich material was opened for the benefit alike of authors and managers. These volumes contain sufficient evidence of the gratifying consequences of the fortunate experiment to me personally.

A copy of the play bill issued for the first performance will be found interesting from the names appearing in the original cast, which subsequently obtained more or less celebrity.

I have but to add that "Riquet with the Tuft" is the only piece of this class for any portion of which I am indebted to the French stage, and that the additions and interpolations of the English *traducers* will be obvious to the reader without the assistance of marginal notes.

Since writing the above, one of my kind Editors has drawn my attention to the Finale in which "Riquet with the Tuft" is stated to be "A Fine Old *English* Fairy Tale," whereas it is notoriously *French*, and the piece itself avowedly adapted from the French *Féerie Folie* "Riquet à la Houppes." Critically speaking (and an editor is "nothing if not critical"), his objection is well founded; but in these days of "compulsory education" some hyper-critical "learned Pundit" might contend that it was not French, but Indian or Indo-Scythian, and had percolated through Europe, as Mr. Railstone has shewn so many have done, *via* Italy or Scandinavia into Brittany, where they were literally *nursed* into the forms on which Perrault founded his "Contes de ma Mère l'Oye," and Madame d'Aulnoy her inimitable "Contes de Fées," and subsequently "done into English" became the delectation of our childhood under the titles of "Mother Goose's" and "Mother Bunch's Fairy Tales." I must also observe that the author of the French drama could not have been ignorant

that Riquet à la Houppe is one of the "Contes de ma Mère l'Oye," but as no special fairy is named in the story he did not scruple to make Mother Bunch the godmother and protectress of the hump-backed hero, in which course I have followed him. All things considered, therefore, as both those estimable old ladies were, like my own ancestors, undeniably of French extraction, but like them also were legally naturalised in this country on their *translation* hither two centuries ago, I have thought I may be pardoned for claiming "Riquet with the Tuft" in his English dress as an English *subject*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ, &c.

The Dresses by Miss Ireland, Miss Glover, and Assistants.
 The Properties by Mr. Morris. The Machinery by Mr. Mackintosh.
 The Music arranged by Mr. Tully.
 The Action and Fairy Groups under the direction of Mr. Oscar Byrne.
 The Scenery by Messrs. Tomkins* and Hilliard as follows :—

FAIRY LAND. (Tomkins.)

“ O, then I see, Queen Mab has been with you.”

MAB (Queen of Fairy Land) MISS FITZWALTER
 MOTHER BUNCH (her first appearance at this
 Theatre)... .. MISS R. ISAACS †
 (Her First Appearance at this Theatre)

Fairies (who will dance a round and sing a chorus): Mesdames
 Crawford, Norman, Garrick, Jackson, Dowton, George, Parris;
 Misses Isaacs, James, Ryan, Ross; Masters Ryan, Ireland, Knight,
 Hitchinson.

*Gardens of the Palace of the Grand Duke of the
 Green Islands.* (Hilliard.)

GREEN HORN THE GREAT (Grand Duke of the
 Green Islands) MR. J. BLAND
 GRAND CHAMBERLAIN MR. F. S. FRANKS
 (His First Appearance at this Theatre)
 THE GRAND DUCHESS VERDANTICA MRS. MACNAMARA
 THE PRINCESS EMERALDA MADAME VESTRIS

HALL OF AUDIENCE. (Hilliard.)

GREEN ISLANDERS.

MYRTILLA (a Lady-in-Waiting on the Princess,
 and for a husband) MRS. HONEY
 CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD MR. TULLY
 USHER OF THE GREEN ROD MR. KERRIDGE
 BRONZE (King-at-Arms) MR. HUGHES
 GREEN DRAGON (Herald) MR. IRELAND
 GREEN MANTLE PURSUIVANT MR. COOKE

* Charles Tomkins, a young artist, who rapidly attained a considerable reputation but was unfortunately compelled to relinquish his profession in consequence of a sunstroke, from the effects of which he never recovered. He died in 1838.

† Miss Rebecca Isaacs. This intelligent little girl developed into a delightful vocalist, and held for many years a prominent position in the concert-room, as well as on the stage. (d. 21st April, 1877.)

ILLUSTRIOUS FOREIGNERS.

PRINCE RIQUET WITH } (Suitors for the
THE TUFT } hand of the
PRINCE FINIKIN } Princess Emeralda) { MR. CHAS. MATHEWS
 } MRS. ANDERSON *

Grotto in the Palace Gardens. (Tomkins.)

“ At that moment the ground opened, and the Princess saw, with the greatest surprise,

A LARGE KITCHEN,

filled with a number of Cooks, all busy, and singing all the time as merry as could be.”

PAVILION OF QUEEN MAB. (Tomkins.)

SEVEN CHAMPIONS: MESSRS. MOORES, PINSENT, CONNELL, MORGAN, DAVIES, HITCHINSON, and SMITH.

VALENTINE	MR. HUGHES
ORSON	MR. IRELAND
JACK THE GIANT-KILLER	MASTER RYAN
CINDERELLA	MISS CRAWFORD
THE TWO SISTERS	MISS NORMAN & MISS GOWARD	...	
PRINCE	MISS JACKSON
BEAUTY	MISS PARIS
THE BEAST	MR. BALLANTYNE
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD	MISS JAMES
PUSS IN BOOTS	MASTER HITCHINSON
WHITE CAT	MISS KENDALL

DENIZENS OF FAIRY LAND,

Who will, by way of a CHRISTMAS GAMBOL, present a series of *very* Animated Pictures, forming a species of Melodramatic Autobiography, humbly dedicated to the amusement of children of every growth.

* Mrs. Anderson, who died on the 1st May, 1848, was Josephine Bartolozzi, only sister of Mdme. Vestris, whom she slightly resembled in features. Her marriage with a man named Anderson, well-known on the turf and in the sporting circles generally of that day, was unfortunate. By him she had two daughters, who were most kindly cared for and educated by their aunt, the youngest subsequently being introduced by her on the stage, as I shall hereafter have occasion to notice.

RIQUET WITH THE TUFT.

ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.—*Fairy Land*—QUEEN MAB, FAIRIES.

CHORUS—“*Who would sleep in her coral cave?*”—*Finale*
Second Act, “Oberon.”

Welcome queen of the Elfin band ;
Thou art welcome back to fairy-land,
To the land of music, the land of mirth,
And joys unknown to the sons of earth.
Merrily, merrily let us sing,
Round as we trace the fairy’s ring.

QUEEN. Say where the bard who in his brightest dreams,
Hath not drawn inspiration from our streams ;
Say where the churl so dull to set no store
By fairy tale, or scoff at fairy lore :
If such unthankful clod on earth there be,
“ Pinch him, fairies, mutually,
Pinch him for his villany.
Pinch him and burn him and turn him about,
Till candles and starlight and moonshine be out.”

MOTHER BUNCH *rises.*

M. BUNCH. Then by my fay, some trouble it will cost,
You’ll have to pinch, and turn the world almost,
For in its own conceit, ’tis grown so wise,
’Twill believe nothing, but its hands and eyes ;

Holding in scorn of essences ethereal,
 All that is not material, immaterial ;
 My book is banished nursery and hall
 By knowledge which the boobies "Useful" call. *
 Useful forsooth ! where finds the housewife now,
 Her hearth swept up ? was that no use ? I vow,
 It makes me mad ! the lazy sluttish maid
 Now sleeps in peace, no more of us afraid—
 "Farewell, rewards and fairies" runs the song
 That now they sing, and they shall rue it long.

QUEEN. Nay, my good mother, you are scarcely just,
 To the poor children of yon ball of dust ;
 We need not whisk through key-holes as of yore,
 For ignorance no longer charms the door.
 The superstition which enslaved the clown,
 I grant is gone, he takes the horse-shoe down,
 But though our presence he no more perceives.
 He feels our influence on summer eves,
 And winter nights, and still in every clime
 The fairy tale is told ; and lov'd the fairy rhyme.

M. BUNCH. Well, well, e'en as you please—I'm getting old,
 And grant I'm vexed when maggots grow so bold.
 I have a godson whom I would befriend,
 But that task done—my earthward journeys end.
 Then farewell to their world so wondrous clever,
 Old Mother Bunch deserts it, and for ever.

QUEEN. We hold a feast to-night—You'll come ?

M. BUNCH. I'll see.
 With me of late, late hours do not agree.

QUEEN. Oh ! here we're never late ; † Ere midnight hour
 The glow-worm lamps are quench'd in every bow'r,
 Each fairy bids her acorn shutters close,
 Or draws the leafy curtains of her rose.

* The publication of the "Libraries of Useful Knowledge" had just been commenced.

† Alluding to the early closing custom of the theatre, which I have already mentioned.

Glee—QUEEN MAB AND FAIRIES—“*Come unto these yellow sands.*”

Hasten back to fairy-land,
 And bring your godson in your hand,
 To join our band.
 Speed ! speed !
 May you succeed,
 And back repair,
 Our elfin feast to share.
 Hasten back to fairy-land,
 And bring your godson in your hand,
 To join our band.
 With a fal la, la, la, la, &c.

MOTHER BUNCH *descends*—*Scene gradually changes to*

SCENE SECOND.—*The gardens of the palace of the GRAND DUKE of the Green Islands.*

Enter GRAND DUKE and DUCHESS.

DUKE. Sweet wife and duchess, moderate your passion,
 Speak with calm dignity in our own fashion ;

What is it of our daughter you would say ?

DUCHESS. Duke, she grows more provoking every day,
 And 'tis your fault.

DUKE. Our fault ! we've no faults, madam,
 And we have power to pardon if we had 'em.

DUCHESS. The girl's no sense.

DUKE. Well say that she has not
 I cannot give her——

DUCH. What you haven't got.

DUKE. Grand Duchess——

DUCH. Well you say such things, you do,
 They would provoke a saint.

DUKE. Then wherefore *you* ?

You should be proud, ma'am, of my daughter's
 beauty.

DUCH. I'd rather she were plain and did her duty.

DUKE. Her figure's formed by Medicean rule.

DUCH. An upright figure, but a downright fool.

DUKE. With eyes so bright, and voice so sweet and tuneful—

DUCH. And scarcely brains to fill the smallest spoonfull.

DUKE. You'll make me swear—A Princess rich and pretty,

What earthly reason has she to be witty ?

She's the most lovely girl in our dominions ;

About that fact there can't be two opinions,

At least we beg to say we think there can't be.

DUCH. Perhaps there *can*.

DUKE. Then, ma'am, we say there *shan't* be,

Because who so presumes, his head shall fall,

And then we'll trouble him to think at all.

Besides you know full well 'tis in our power

To give our daughter an enormous dower,

And that's been ever found beneath the sun

To be sense, wit, and talent, all in one ;

Nay, if such wealth should on a negro light,

The world would call that black a lucky *wight*.

(*A crash of china heard*)

DUCH. Hark ! something dreadful sure must be the matter ;
That's from my Indian Cabinet, that clatter.

DUKE. 'Tis nothing !

DUCH. Nothing ! Why, you heard that smash !

DUKE. I think I did hear something like a crash !

DUCH. Hear something like ; why, Duke, I shouldn't wonder

If you would make the same remark on thunder.

DUKE. My love, there's one small fact which you forget,

I'm used to smashes in the cabinet.

But here comes one will tell us what's occurred.

Enter CHAMBERLAIN.

DUCH. Grand Chamberlain, what noise was that we heard ?

CHAMB. Her serene highness the Princess Emeraldalda has been graciously pleased to overturn the porphyry table, and demolish the entire service of Nankin porcelain, presented to your highness by the Emperor.

DUKE. Ha, ha, ha, the gipsy has had the temerity to make war on China.

DUCH. What can you now, pray, in her favour plead ?

DUKE. She has atoned already for the deed !

DUCH. Prove that—my anger on the instant ceases !

DUKE. Why, for *one war* she's made you fifty *pieces*.

DUCH. My best long service, trampled on for sport.

DUKE. Long services are oft passed o'er at court,

And we remember when a tiny elf

We broke a world of crockery ourself !

Where is the Princess ?

DUCH. Yonder she is racing,

A butterfly or some such thing she's chasing.

Music—A butterfly crosses—EMERALDA appears chasing it—she disappears.

DUKE. Why there's a fact that will alone refute

The fools who say that she has no pursuit.

DUCH. About an insect to make all this fuss.

She ought to catch it for behaving thus.

DUKE. And she has caught it ! look, and here she comes,

Holding it twixt her fingers and her thumbs.

Re-enter EMERALDA with a butterfly.

Air—EMERALDA—“ I'd be a Butterfly.”

So, Mr. Butterfly ! full half an hour,

All through the palace you've led me a chase ;

What, let you go again, once in my power !

Don't you believe it, my little scapegrace.

No longer roving from flower to flower,

Pinn'd to a paper and in a glass case,

You, Mr. Butterfly, “ born in a bower,”

Shall find time to rest yourself after your race.

DUKE. Come hither, Emeraldal dear, to me

EMER. I've caught a butterfly, see, father, see.

DUCH. Can't look me in the face, thou childish rover ?

EMER. Yes, madam ; (*looking at butterfly*) and it seems all painted over.

CHAMB. (*aside*) Hem! our Grand Duchess there received
a rub.

DUKE. (*to EMERALDA*) A charge is made by your revered
stepmother.

EMER. To think it comes from an old ugly grub.

CHAMB. (*aside*) Preserve us! That's a harder hit than
t'other.

DUCH. This is too much. Since she to listen scorns,
Upon your head, Grand Duke, be——

EMER. (*holding up butterfly*) Two great horns.

DUKE. Grand Duchess! S'death! The child you flurry so,
You make her answers seem mal-a-propos.

Come hither, love—she's shy, I'll speak to her—

She minds *me* always—don't she? (*to CHAMBERLAIN*)

CHAMB. Always, sir!

DUCH. Shy—she is sulky, and you call it shyness,

She never minds *me*—does she? (*to CHAMBERLAIN*)

CHAMB. Never, highness.

DUKE (*to EMERALDA*) These childish sports you now must
lay aside.

The time has come for you to be a bride.

Already two great princes for your hand,

Through their ambassadors, have made demand.

They'll soon arrive themselves, and one of these——

EMER. O yes—I'll marry both, sir, if you please.

DUKE. Dear child! You see—she's really too obedient,

To marry *both*, my love, is not expedient.

(*flourish*)

CHAMB. Your highness!—by that trumpeting and
drumming,

One of the suitors must at least be coming.

DUCH. A suitor, and this girl in such a trim,

Suit her he may, but she will scarce suit him.

Trio—GRAND DUKE, CHAMBERLAIN, and EMERALDA.
“*Gazza Ladra.*”

DUKE. To her chamber quick convey her,

And in richest robes array her;

Let of diamonds rare, a cluster,

Grace her brow, ere you to public gaze display her,

And 'tis ten to one their lustre,

Will by half the world at least, for wit be ta'en.

EMER. Oh ! in jewels and velvet and ermine,
I'm going to see a fine lover !
I'll be married to-day I determine,
And never be scolded again !

DUKE *and* CHAMB. Amid jewels, and velvet, and ermine,
All her awkwardness they may look over !
And such trifles will often determine
The choice of a wavering swain—
His own folly 'twould only discover,
To see hers, through such splendour *too* plain !
(*Exeunt*)

At symphony of music scene disappears and discovers—

SCENE THIRD.—*Grand Hall of Audience.*

Enter MYRTILLA.

AIR—" *My beautiful Rhine.*"

How very provoking two lovers to see
For another arriving, and not one for me !
Some nice lord in waiting, with them should there be,
Let him but pop the question, he sha'n't wait for me.

Enter GRAND CHAMBERLAIN.

CHAMB. Well, fair Myrtilla, you have been seeing something of these suitors, no doubt.

MYRT. Something, my lord ! aye, something that beats everything to nothing. There is such a blaze of splendour in the court-yard that, if you only put your head out, it's enough to put your eyes out.

CHAMB. But their highnesses themselves,—have you seen them ?

MYRT. One-fourth of them only.

CHAMB. *One-fourth* of two suitors ?

MYRT. Exactly ; I have seen one-half of one of them, for his cap is so beplumed, and his cloak so bedizened that from head to hip the wearer is invisible ; he's a man of jewels, if not a jewel of a man, and as for his feathers

—it has been, pull ostrich—pull prince, and the prince has got the best of it.

CHAMB. That must be Prince Finikin.

MYRT. Oh yes, that's his name, there's no doubt of it.

Air—MYRTILLA—“*Diavolo.*”

In golden coach reclining,
 With lazy lounging tooth-pick air,
 In gold and diamonds shining,
 He's dress'd with ultra care.
 In hopes of undermining.
 All rivals who to court repair,
 On fashion's self refining,
 His looks, his name, declare.
 Finikin !
 Dress and make, and air
 Would his name alone proclaim
 Finikin ! Finikin ! Finikin !

CHAMB. And what of his rival, Prince Riquet with the Tuft?

MYRT. Oh, that's a jewel I have only seen the case of; his highness is boxed up in a golden litter, the blinds of which are impervious even to female curiosity.

CHAMB. Then the workman who made them is entitled to name his own wages. Ha ! ha ! ha ! they must be a curious pair of princes by your account, or rather two odd ones ; for one seems to be all outside, and the other all inside.

MYRT. Just so. It seems as if one suitor had brought his fortune on his back, and lent the other his strong chest to travel in.

(flourish)

CHAMB The court approaches ! I must take my place.

MYRT. And keep it too, my lord, in any case.

MUSIC—“*March from Bronze Horse*”—*Enter six Ladies of the Court, who form a half-circle opposite to the throne ; six Guards-of-honour are seen, three of whom enter, and take their stations on each side of the door—Then Bronze*

King-at-arms, Herald, and Pursuivant enter, followed by Usher of the Green Rod preceding the GRAND DUKE and DUCHESS, who walk round the circle, and then take their seats—The GRAND CHAMBERLAIN standing on the right of the DUKE.

CHORUS—“*Mountain Sylph.*”

Hail to the ruler of all the green isles !
 Superlative happiness waits on his smiles !
 His subjects, too fortunate, gaze and adore ;
 He is all that is glorious, and gracious,—and more !

DUKE. Deeply we feel this homage to our station,
 So free from aught like fulsome adulation !
 Now introduce the Princes ! let us see
 Those who aspire our son-in-law to be.

The USHER goes to the door, and returns introducing PRINCE FINIKIN—The PRINCE has given a card to the USHER, who hands it to the GRAND CHAMBERLAIN.

CHAMB. (*reading*) “The most high and puissant Prince Finikin, heir presumptive to the crown of Shadow-land, and knight of all the orders of the universe, on presenting *himself* to request the hand of the Princess Emeraldalda.”

PRINCE. As lightning swift ; by hope auspicious led,
 From climes beyond the sun I’ve hither sped.

DUKE. Your highness must be excessively tired ; will you please to take a chair ?

DUCH. What a magnificent air !

DUKE. What an air of magnificence. Prince Finikin—sit on our right hand, you are right welcome.

Music—The USHER again proceeds to the door, and returns, preceding a rich litter borne by four PAGES.

CHAMB. (*reading a card which is handed to him by USHER*)
 “Prince Riquet with the Tuft requests permission to throw himself at the feet of their serene highnesses.”

DUKE. He has permission, Wherefore this delay?
Why is he not more open with us pray?

*The litter is opened, and PRINCE RIQUET comes out of it—
He is hunchbacked, bow-legged, with a bump over one eye,
and bald headed with the exception of one tuft of very red
hair. He is richly attired and wears a miniature of
EMERALDA about his neck. The ladies shriek and the men
burst out laughing.*

*Trio—GRAND DUKE, CHAMBERLAIN, and RIQUET—“La
Mia Dorabella.”*

CHAMB. Ah! what a queer fellow,
Oh! who can he be?
He's like Punchinello,
Why surely 'tis he!

DUKE. He is a queer fellow
As e'er eye did see,
I think Punchinello
Less ugly than he!

RIQ. Go on, my good fellow
But mark what I tell you.
This same Punchinello,
May cut short your glee.

TRIO. Laugh while { you're } able.
 { we're }
I'll }
You'll } turn the table?

RIQ. I think I may so.

DUKE. Why you don't say so.

RIQ. And since you tease me so,
It doesn't please me, so
I soon will let you know
You go too far.

DUKE. 'Tis far too risible!

RIQ. What's far too risible?

DUKE. Your hump so visible, ha! ha! ha! ha!

RIQ. My hump so visible!

I soon will let you know you go too far.

DUCH. Some frolic surely must be meant.

DUKE. Or is he to insult us sent. !

PRIN. Speak, mis-shapen wretch, or die.

RIQ. Riquet with the Tuft am I,
And by love's supreme command,
Suitor here for Beauty's hand.

PRIN. *Beauty's* hand? ha! ha! 'tis plain,
'Tis the *Beast* has come again.

(*Six SOLDIERS advance*)

DUKE. Spurn him from the palace gate.

RIQ. He who ventures, meets his fate. (*drawing his sword*)
Slaves and sycophants beware! (*they retire*)
Prince, I boast not form so fine,
But my honour is as fair;
Fairer it may be than thine.
Purer far than thrice my love,
Bright as thine my knightly sword;
If thou doubtest, let this glove (*flinging it down*)
Prove the truth of Riquet's word.

DUKE. How! defiance in our court,
In our presence.

RIQ. Pardon pray—
Ye have made the beast your sport.
Shrink ye when he stands at bay?
Laugh and welcome at my form;
I can laugh as well as you,
But you wake a fearful storm
When you touch my honour too.

DUKE. Parley with the wretch were vain;
Let him, if he will, remain—
Son-in-law (*to PRINCE FINIKIN*), for such we hail thee,
Haste with us thy bride to see.
Madman, if no harm assail thee, (*to RIQUET*)
Thank our matchless clemency.

*Exeunt all but RIQUET and MYRTILLA, in procession through
door to "March from Bronze Horse."*

RIQ. Humph! Rather an unfavourable commencement
of a love expedition. (*to MYRTILLA*) Well! what are you,
and why do you not follow your friends?

MYRT. Your highness has wit enough to know, without
asking; or I'm much mistaken.

RIQ. By your pertness, you should be a waiting woman.

MYRT. Your highness finds I prophesied.—And my motive for staying ?

RIQ. A ruling one with all women, but with waiting women especially,—curiosity.

MYRT. Your penetration, Prince, is a compliment to mine.

RIQ. And pray, my quick-tongued mistress, will you save me the trouble of guessing on what particular point your curiosity is excited ?

MYRT. Your highness's wishes are commands. You fell in love with the Princess Emeraldalda from a sight of her portrait.

RIQ. I did. The first glance of this miniature enchanted,—enslaved me.

MYRT. 'Tis a good likeness I grant, and my surprise is only that your highness did not send in return as faithful a resemblance of yourself. It would have saved you the fatigue of a long journey.

RIQ. Ah, you mean to say—I am ugly.

MYRT. That might be considered rude, sir ; but your highness will no doubt admit that your features——

RIQ. You are rather difficult to please, I fancy, in these Green Islands. I can assure you I deem myself, everything considered, a very fortunate fellow.

Song—RIQUET.

I'm a strange looking person I own,
 But contentment for ever my guest is ;
 I'm by habit an optimist grown,
 And fancy that all for the best is.
 Each man has of troubles his pack,
 And some round their aching hearts wear it ;
 My burden is placed on my back,
 Where I'm much better able to bear it.
 Again tho' I'm blind of one eye,
 And have but one ear that of use is,
 I but half the world's wickedness spy,
 And am deaf to one half its abuses :
 And tho' with this odd pair of pegs,
 My motions I own serpentine are ;
 Many folks blest with handsomer legs,
 Have ways much more crooked than mine are !

Nature gave me but one tuft of hair,
 Yet wherefore, kind dame, should I flout her?
 If one side of my head must be bare,
 I'm delighted she's chosen the outer!
 Thus on all things I put a good face,
 And however mis-shapen in feature,
 My heart, girl, is in the right place,
 And warms towards each fellow creature!

MYRT. Excellent; I admire your philosophy, Prince, and admit the force of your argument; all things considered, as you say—your highness is certainly fortunate.

RIQ. Nay, only put this ring upon your finger, and when you have contemplated its brilliancy for a few moments, look again upon the giver, and you will find he is vastly improved, even in countenance. *(gives her a diamond ring)*

MYRT. As I live, so I do! Why, there must be magic in the ring surely. I do think certainly that your highness is, comparatively speaking, a very agreeable-looking personage, and I will hasten and tell the Princess Emeraldalda what a husband she is likely to run away from.

RIQ. Stay! stay! the Princess Emeraldalda, say you—are you then one of *her* attendants?

MYRT. Like your highness, I am her devoted humble servant.

RIQ. Then, my pretty mistress Malapert, you can earn a dozen such baubles, by obtaining for me one private interview with your adorable mistress.

MYRT. Can't you employ me in some other service first? I should be sorry to lose your custom, Prince, and the interview, I fear, will close accounts between us.

RIQ. I am more sanguine—but there is no time to spare. Even now, perchance, she lends a willing ear to the addresses of my rival; act as smartly as you speak, my mirror of waiting maids, and I'll give thee a groom of the chamber for a husband, and a wedding-ring that would make a portion for a countess.

MYRT. Your highness's liberality shall not be ill bestowed. Gemini, if all lovers were like Riquet with the Tuft, I'd bargain with my next mistress to take the cast-off suitors, instead of the cast-off suits.

Air—MYRTILLA—"La Sylphide."

On my zeal pray depend, sir,
 I your suit will befriend, sir,
 Here a moment or two, my return but attend, sir.
 I to seek her will fly, sir,
 And my influence try, sir,
 To bring her your features to see in your wits ;
 What a comical figure a courting to go sure, (*aside*)
 Dan Cupid must blinder, and blinder still grow, sure,
 Or has changed to a hunchback his own crooked bow,
 sure,
 To frighten each obdurate fair into fits !

(Exit)

RIQ. It does seem ridiculous in a being so formed as myself, to travel thus far in the hope of winning the loveliest of her sex. But I am urged forward by an irresistible impulse. I feel it is my fate to seek her love, and there are moments when my heart prophesies success.

Oh all potent Mother Bunch,
 Patroness of hump and hunch.
 Thou who countest not as sins,
 Bandy legs, and broken shins.
 Best of godmothers, now hear me,
 In my hour of need, be near me.

M. BUNCH. (*rises*) Good morning, godson ; (*he kneels*) what frightened at me ! rise.

RIQ. No not frightened, godmamma—only a little astonished.

M. BUNCH. You called on me——

RIQ. I call'd upon your name—but I couldn't do myself the pleasure of calling on *you*, because I didn't know where you lived.

M. BUNCH. Ha ; ha ; thou wert ever a lively child.

RIQ. (*aside*) And you're a lively-looking godmother.

M. BUNCH. Don't you say anything you don't want me to hear, because it's the same to me, whether you talk to yourself or speak out.

RIQ. (*aside*) The deuce it is ?

M. BUNCH. Yes ; the deuce it is.

RIQ. Pshaw ! I forgot again—honoured godmother, ex-

cuse my astonishment, this is my first personal interview with you.

M. BUNCH. Not so, Riquet—you saw me the day you were born.

RIQ. Possibly, but I was so very young then.

M. BUNCH. Mankind are always ungrateful; I bestowed a gift on you.

RIQ. Was it this trifling excrescence, (*pointing to hump*) or the little pent-house beneath the shade of which my left eye reposes?

M. BUNCH. Neither; nature gave you those. I gave you wit and cheerfulness by way of compensation, and prophesied that the most beautiful girl in the world should become enamoured of you.

RIQ. Indeed! then fulfil your prophecy—I have come hither—

M. BUNCH. Spare your breath—I know all—your lady love is a perfect simpleton.

RIQ. (*producing miniature*) A simpleton! with such eyes as these?

M. BUNCH. Yes, silly as she is beautiful—but 'tis in your power to bestow sense upon her, if she will consent to marry you.

RIQ. Delightful; but if she is so silly, how shall I be able to convince her that she will shew her sense by marrying me?

M. BUNCH. Ha! ha! very well—very well.

RIQ. Nay, don't laugh, dear little mother Bu—godmother Bunch, I mean, but relieve me of this hump, if only for the first interview with the Princess.

M. BUNCH. Nay, 'tis she herself must do that; the fairy who presided at her birth gave her the same power over the person that I gave you over the mind; win her affections, and all your deformities vanish.

RIQ. But she will be frightened, and run away at the very sight of me.

M. BUNCH. Well—well—your tongue shall have a fair chance at all events. I will give you the means of becoming invisible while you talk to her. Behold the mantle of prudence.

MOTHER BUNCH *presents magic gauze cloak to RIQUET.*

AIR—"The Witches' Dance," Paganini.

This magic mantle take you !
 Invisible 'twill make you.
 Want of such has ruined wiser folks than you.
 When passions fierce assail man,
 E'en wit and talent fail man,
 Unless his better genius gives him prudence too !

At the end of song MOTHER BUNCH *gives him the cloak, he holds it up to look at it, and she vanishes while he is so doing, down centre trap.*

RIQ. (*puts on cloak*)—Well now—this is really very kind of you, I assure you I feel—Gone ! excellent little woman—it would be a glorious thing for the world if all godmothers would take pattern by you—never come till they're called—then give one a handsome present and vanish. Some one approaches.

Re-enter MYRTILLA, *running.*

MYRT. Prince Riquet ! Prince Riquet ! (*she runs close past him, without perceiving him*)

RIQ. She sees me not—there's virtue in this cloak indeed ! (*aloud*) Myrtilla ! (*MYRTILLA screams and turns*)

MYRT. What's that ? who spoke ?

RIQ. I, your friend—Prince Riquet.

MYRT. Mercy on me, I can see nothing—I shall faint, and there's nobody to catch me.

RIQ. Be not alarmed—

MYRT. I can't help it, you have made all my teeth chatter.

RIQ. Not I, child ; that's a trick they learnt of your tongue.

MYRT. Where are you ?

RIQ. Never mind where I am ; where is the Princess Emeraldalda, and how have you prospered with her for me ?

MYRT. I've no time to tell you, she is coming this way with your rival, Prince Finikin.

RIQ. She is ! Then go and leave me.

MYRT. Oh dear, oh dear ; I don't know which way to go, and I don't know whether I leave you or not.

(*Exit* MYRTILLA)

RIQ. She comes, indeed ; now mantle, be my friend.
My rival's suit shall have a speedy end. *(retires)*

Enter PRINCESS EMERALDA, *followed by* PRINCE FINIKIN.

FIN. Turn, lady fair, vouchsafe thy slave a word,
Or see him fall upon his own good sword.

EMER. I don't know what to say.

RIQ. *(who has come between them, aloud, and in ecstasy)*
She speaks.

EMER. *(starting)* O dear—
You needn't talk so close, sir, in my ear.

FIN. Who ! I?—most beauteous object of my choice,
I breathed no sound.

RIQ. *(in his ear)* You did.

FIN. Why change that voice
So silver sweet ?

EMER. What do you mean by change ?

FIN. Nay, now 'tis as before. How very strange !
But give in *any* tone a kind reply—
Dost love me ?

EMER. Not a bit.

FIN. But will you try ?
'Twere easy, sure, with me in love to fall.
What think'st thou of me ?

EMER. I don't think at all.

FIN. Dost not admire me ?

EMER. I admire your dress.

FIN. Wilt marry me ?

RIQ. *(aside to her)* For mercy, don't say "yes !"

EMER. Well then, I won't.

FIN. Refused ! let me be cool,
I came not hither to be made a fool.

RIQ. *(to him)* No, you come ready made.

FIN. Insulted ! Zounds !

Madam, I must say this exceeds all bounds.

EMER. What ails the man ? I never moved or spoke.

FIN. No doubt your highness thinks it a fine joke,
In a feigned voice, to say the things you do.
But, princess, I will change my tone with you ;
(putting on his hat) And shall report your words to your
papa.

RIQ. (*knocks his hat off*) In presence of a lady, *chapeau bas!*

FIN. Confusion!

EMER. There's your hat off! Ha! ha! ha!

Trio—FINIKIN, RIQUET, and EMERALDA—*French Air.*

FIN. Madam, you this deed shall rue,
To your court I bid adieu.
I'll declare war, I swear;
Blood shall flow for this affair!
Strike a man of my degree,
Dearly this shall answered be!
From my head, dash my hat!
Heads themselves shall fall for that!

EMER. What's the matter now, sir?
'Twasn't me I vow, sir,
If your hat tumbles flat,
What have I to do with that?
Go and war declare, sir,
What d'ye think I care, sir.
I shall tell my papa,
I won't have you—ha! ha! ha!

FIN. Madam, you, &c.

EMER. Sir, 'tis you this rage shall rue,
To our court, pray bid adieu,
Go, declare war, I care
Nothing for your angry air,
My papa shall let you know
What it is to use me so.
If your hat tumbles flat,
What have I to do with that?

RIQ. (*aside*) It will do! Yes, it will do!
To the court he bids adieu,
Go declare war, I swear,
You shall have enough to spare,
What! an empty coxcomb see,
Threaten one beloved by me?
Had your head been worth your hat,
It had fallen instead of that!

Together

(*Exit* FINIKIN)

EMER. Ha! ha! ha!

RIQ. Ha! ha! ha!

EMER. O dear me! what's that? (*looking about*) I hear a laugh close to me, and yet I can't see anybody.

RIQ. Lovely princess, be not alarmed, a friend is near you who is most anxious for your welfare.

EMER. (*curtseying*) Thank you, sir, but you have the advantage of me.

RIQ. And I must keep it now, or lose it for ever.

EMER. I don't understand what that means, and so, if you please, I shall wish you a good morning. (*going*)

RIQ. Nay, leave me not thus, I have something of importance to communicate to you.

EMER. Oh, but they tell me, things of importance are too much for my head. (*going*)

RIQ. My communication is for your heart.

EMER. (*returning*) Oh, they haven't told me anything about that.

RIQ. It is in your power to become as sensible as you are beautiful.

EMER. Am I beautiful, then?

RIQ. Assuredly you are.

EMER. And am I not sensible?

RIQ. Not even of your own beauty: an incredible dulness in woman.

EMER. I should like to know how beautiful I am, can you make me sensible?

RIQ. I can.

EMER. Then you must be a conjuror. Oh, how I should like to see you.

RIQ. I fear you would not.

EMER. But I'm sure I should.

RIQ. What makes you sure of that?

EMER. You speak so kindly to me, I like your voice, and I'll lay a wager I should like you.

RIQ. Would the stake was your heart, and I could win it.

EMER. Where have you hid yourself? Let me see you!

RIQ. Suppose I should be ugly?

EMER. You cannot be so ugly as that horrid hunchback who came here to-day; papa says he was quite a monster.

RIQ. Let us confine ourselves to the principal point. Do you sincerely wish to become sensible?

EMER. Yes.

RIQ. There is but one way—you must promise to marry me.

EMER. And will that be the last foolish thing I shall do?

RIQ. No, the first wise one.

EMER. Well, then, I will marry you.

RIQ. With this kiss, then, I relieve thee from the bondage of folly. (*kisses EMERALDA*) (*Gong sounds*)

EMERALDA *seems rooted to the spot.* RIQUET *slowly exit, as characters rush on—Hurried music—The GRAND DUKE, MYRTILLA, CHAMBERLAIN, and the whole COURT, GUARDS, &c., enter in confusion.*

Trio and Chorus—MYRTILLA, GRAND DUKE, and GRAND CHAMBERLAIN—“Il Barbieri.”

Mute and immoveable behold her here!
 What can have come to thee? { daughter }
 speak— { lady } dear

EMER. Fears to earth my feet are pinning,
 Round my giddy head is spinning.
 Life as if but now beginning—
 Crowding thoughts my soul confound!
 (*Thunder heard*)

CHORUS. What an awful peal of thunder!
 As though heav'n was rent asunder!
 Filling all with fear and wonder.
 Rolling still I hear it round!

EMERALDA *sinks into the arms of the GRAND DUKE.*

TABLEAU.

SCENE FOURTH.—*A romantic view of the garden, grottos, &c.*

Enter GRAND DUKE and DUCHESS.

DUKE. Ourselves is thunderstruck ! most wondrous case.

DUCH. The girl is changed completely—moves with grace,

Talks common sense.

DUKE. *Uncommon* sense I say.

DUCH. Sings.

DUKE. With a voice—remember that, love, pray !

DUCH. And is so altered from the fool we thought her,
That no one now would take her for *your* daughter.

DUKE. Prince Finikin his haste will now repent.

DUCH. She comes this way—on something she's intent.

DUKE. A book is in her hand—my hopes exceeding ;
I shouldn't be surprised if she were reading.

Enter EMERALDA.

My darling daughter, whence this happy change ?

EMER. What change, dear sir ?

DUKE. What change ? How very strange.

Ar'n't you aware that a few hours ago

You were—that is, folks said—pshaw ! stuff, you know.

EMER. Not I, indeed.

DUCH. To hide it where's the use,

This morning, child, you were a simple goose.

DUKE. And now you're quite a duck ! Oh, tell us pray,

Where learnt you to say—what they say—you say.

EMER. I know not, sir—I only know I seem

As just awakened from some troubled dream.

But if I'm changed, and with your approbation,

I'll try to keep (*curtseying*) from further alteration.

Air—EMERALDA—“ *The light of other days.*”

The dream of other days has faded,

Its misty clouds are past—

My path too long by folly shaded,

Is clear and bright at last !

The sun of reason o'er it rising,
 Sheds forth its cheering rays,
 And my mind the new born splendour prizing,
 Makes light of other days !
 The world itself they say is bright'ning,
 An age of darkness flies,
 The torch of knowledge fast as light'ning,
 O'er earth and ocean hies !
 How many shrinking from its burning,
 Regret their old dark ways,
 And would fain behold that gloom returning,
 Called "light" in other days !

DUKE. Grand Duchess, I shall go with rapture wild.

DUCH. Prince Finikin do you remember, child ?

EMER. No, madam.

DUKE. Do remember, if you can,
 You saw him once, a pretty little man !
 He has been doubly struck, if he says true,
 First by your portrait, love—and then by you.

DUCH. He sought your hand.

DUKE. And got it.

DUCH. Duke, for shame.

EMER. I trust he'll pardon me, I was to blame.

DUKE. He'll be too happy, if you'll be his bride.

EMER. Sir, 'tis my duty, if you so decide.

DUKE. (*to DUCHESS*) Let's seek the Prince, and tell him 'tis
 expedient,

That he return—my daughter's most obedient.

Should he be gone, I will despatch a letter,

To say she's changed her mind—and got a better.

(*Exeunt DUKE and DUCHESS*)

EMER. Prince Finikin then is to be my husband. Is he
 young, handsome ; above all accomplished ? Should he be
 otherwise——

Enter MYRTILLA.

MYRT. (*aside*) There she is, and alone ; I declare I'm all
 in a twitter still. She's bewitched to a certainty, and I'm
 not quite sure that I ar'n't too. (*aloud*) Madam !

EMER. Myrtilla.

MYRT. Your highness *does* know me then ; I thought you had forgotten everything.

EMER. I have not forgotten you at any rate.

MYRT. The whole Court seem to have gone out of their wits at the idea of your highness's having come into yours ; what has made you so sensible on a sudden ?

EMER. It is a most curious thing, Myrtilla, but I can answer every question that is put to me, except those which ask me why I am able to do so.

MYRT. How very wonderful.

EMER. As I told my father, I seem to have just awakened from a dream.

MYRT. And now your highness's eyes are open, what are you going to do ?

EMER. Why, in the first place, I'm going to be married.

MYRT. Well, that is generally the first purpose for which the ladies use their eyes. And to whom ?

EMER. To the Prince Finikin.

MYRT. Oh, that'll never do, I shall lose my friend Prince Riquet's presents. (*aloud*) Does your highness mention that as a proof of your sense ?

EMER. No, as a proof of my obedience only—for I have no recollection of this Prince.

MYRT. Then I have, and I should say he is, with every respect, and in every respect—a perfect—fool.

EMER. Fool !

MYRT. Just so, and saving your presence, if your highness marries him, you'll be the better half of a fool yourself.

EMER. Myrtilla.

MYRT. I said the *better* half, madam. (*aside*) She says nothing about Riquet. She can't have seen *him*, for she could never have forgotten *that*. (*a dove flies across the stage and drops a letter*) Bless me, madam ; did you see ? The dove dropped a letter ; and it's addressed to you.

EMER. To me ! (*opens it*) Verses, and signed, the "invisible."

Duet—EMERALDA and MYRTILLA—“*I am come from a happy land.*”

“I have sought thee beloved one
To give thee my heart,
I have made from thy mind the shade
Of folly depart.
Come, come, then haste with me,
Where love’s banquet waits for thee ;
Mine ! mine ! oh, lady be !
Heart give for heart !

Oh love hath, like faith, a power,
Mountains to remove !
And pain and care extinguished are
By the breath of love.
Hear, then, hear me, sweet,
To bow’rs of joy with me retreat
Cares which here we meet,
Far, far above.”

EMER. Who can it be from ?

MYRT. I know for a hundred.

EMER. Pray tell me then.

MYRT. Prince Riquet.

EMER. Riquet—who is he ?

MYRT. What, don’t you remember even his name ?

EMER. Not in the least.

(*Voice within*) Fairies ! Fairies ! Fairies ! work away.

EMER. What voice was that ?

MYRT. O lud, madam, I don’t know, I’m sure I thought
somebody said something about fairies. (*gong*)

Scene opens and discovers a large Kitchen—MOTHER BUNCH and
FAIRIES *cooking at various, stoves, ranges, &c.*

CHORUS—MOTHER BUNCH and FAIRIES—“*Macbeth.*”

Cook away !
No delay !—
Come ! come ! come ! come ! come !
Come ! come ! cook away !

MYRT. Run, madam, run ! I'll use my legs, or they'll devil 'em for somebody's supper. (*Exit MYRTILLA*)

M. BUNCH. (*coming forward*) Stay, Emeraldal ! do not you be alarmed—I am your friend !

EMER. What is the meaning of these preparations ?

M. BUNCH. We are cooking the bridal supper of Prince Riquet.

EMER. Prince Riquet again—Who is he ?

M. BUNCH. Riquet with the Tuft—you should know better than anybody, as you are the bride-elect.

EMER. I—mercy on me !

M. BUNCH. Yes, you promised to marry him—this very morning—when you were an awkward simpleton—and Riquet in return for that promise made you the intelligent creature you now are. See he is here to claim the fulfilment of your pledge. (*gong*)

(*Trees and rocks close up*)

Enter RIQUET wrapped in the invisible cloak—MOTHER BUNCH crosses to corner.

EMER. Here ! where ?

RIQ. Close beside you, lovely Emeraldal.

EMER. Mercy on me ! whence came that voice ?

RIQ. From the “invisible,” whose verses you sang but now.

EMER. And have I promised to marry somebody, not only that I have never seen, but that I never can see ? O dear, O dear ! I must have been foolish indeed.

RIQ. I fear you would never have promised if you *had* seen me, and for your own sake, that promise was indispensable.

EMER. What are you then ? A spirit !

RIQ. No, a mortal like yourself—that is—when I say *like*, I mean as regards the mortality—for I haven't the face to say it in any other respect.

EMER. You are nobly born ?

RIQ. A prince—rich and powerful.

EMER. Accomplished ? or you could not have made me so.

RIQ. If I have not wit enough to win your heart, I shall break my own.

EMER. Brave, of course ?

RIQ. I never knew fear till now.

EMER. (*aside*) Well, so far, I have not made so rash a promise. (*aloud*) Tolerably good-looking ?

RIQ. Intolerably otherwise ; and that's the plain truth.

EMER. Indeed ! Oh, no, you are jesting.

RIQ. There never was a more serious fact. It is, therefore, prudence which kept me invisible till you had sense enough not to trust to your eyes alone.

EMER. As that time has arrived, why not let me see you straight ?

RIQ. *Straight !* That's impossible ; but see me you shall, for I have too much honour to insist upon your completing a blind bargain—only let it be by degrees ; suffer me, while prudence is yet necessary, to place a bandage over your eyes, which you can remove little by little, and so become gradually accustomed to a person who, at first sight, might appear hideous.

EMER. Well, if you are bent upon it.

RIQ. I am *bent* particularly. (*he binds her eyes*)

EMER. But I am sure you are making mountains out of mole-hills.

RIQ. On the contrary. I have two mountains of which I would fain make mole-hills, one on my back, and the other on my left eye. (*throwing off his cloak*)

EMER. Ah ! (*putting her hands up to lift the bandage*)

RIQ. Not yet—for mercy's sake not yet—one moment, let me summon up courage to give the word—O godmamma Bunch, what will she say to me ? one look will settle the business.

M. BUNCH. Courage, courage, boy.

EMER. O lud, I declare I begin to be frightened myself.

M. BUNCH. And you too, Emeraldalda ; take heart, and employ the reason Riquet has given you. What is the value, after all, of mere personal appearance ?

EMER. Well, am I to lift the bandage ?

RIQ. Yes ; but very slowly.

EMERALDA *raises the bandage by degrees, occasionally starting as she obtains a view of his figure, till her eyes meeting his face, she utters a cry of horror, which*

makes him suddenly turn from her, and shew the hump upon his back, at which she screams, and covers her face with her hands.

RIQ. I told you so, godmother. It's all over with me.

M. BUNCH. Pshaw, are you as silly as she used to be? speak to her.

RIQ. Emeraldal! I perceive my fate, you no longer consent to marry me.

EMER. Marry you!

RIQ. I gave you reason, Emeraldal, I thought, to treat me more kindly.

EMER. My gratitude is due to you for that.

RIQ. But your *love*, Emeraldal, 'tis that alone can make me happy, nay, remove the defects of person under which I now labour.

EMER. I pity thee.

RIQ. Pity is akin to love, but it has not its magic power, I love you, Emeraldal, adore you! loved you when you were graceless, mindless—and should love you now, were you even the plainest of your sex.

EMER. I wish, for your sake, I could say as much—you seem to possess an elegant—nay, a noble mind.

RIQ. Can you not see my visage in my mind?

EMER. I'm afraid it wouldn't look very handsome anywhere.

RIQ. Pleasant, godmamma—isn't it?

M. BUNCH. Courage, courage, she listens at any rate.

RIQ. Well, egad, she does do that.

Air—RIQUET—French Air.

Well I know my form and my features
 Are not made thy breast to warm.
 Loveliest thou of mortal creatures,
 I, devoid of every charm.
 But I trust I still may suit thee—
 Marriage hath power divine—
 None can e'er dispute *thy* beauty.
 Wed *me*—and then *thy* beauty's *mine*.

EMER. (*aside*) What a pity he's so very hideous; his manners are truly agreeable.

RIQ. Come, godmamma : I think we made a move then ; charming Emeralda, if you could but love me a little—ever so little, just to begin with, perhaps in time——

EMER. Aye, aye, “if.”

RIQ. Well, I said “if,” and time is not much of a beautifier in general, so hang it, love me at once, and you have no notion how it would improve my appearance.

M. BUNCH. Remember, Emeralda, how much you are indebted to Riquet. Love is often born of gratitude.—Come, we will wait in this grotto your decision.

Sings—“ O listen to the voice of love.”

(Exit MOTHER BUNCH with RIQUET, into grotto)

Enter the GRAND DUKE, DUCHESS, PRINCE FINIKIN, and GRAND CHAMBERLAIN.

DUKE. Daughter, behold the prince who claims your hand ; His merits now you’ve sense to understand.

FIN. *(to EMERALDA)* Long cherished idol, thy adorer see ;
Oh, look not on the ground, but look on me !
Yet, no ; in mercy—do not raise those eyes,
Lest, in their light, thy dazzled lover dies.
What mortal can be proof against their rays ;
My heart ! my soul’s on fire ! I burn ! I blaze.

EMER. Oh Riquet ! Riquet ! you are ugly to be sure, but w much superior.

FIN. Riquet !

DUKE. Why, that’s the cursed hunchback that frightened me out of my presence chamber.

DUCH. Remember, Emeralda, you but now promised us to wed Prince Finikin.

EMER. A previous promise which I had forgotten, madam, renders that impossible.

ALL. Impossible !

DUKE. Impossible ! It really seems to me as if she meant to say it couldn’t be.

EMER. Pardon me, my dear father ; but it is to Riquet I am indebted for every accomplishment I now possess, and he alone has a right to my hand.

Air—EMERALDA—"Zampa."

Love, thy laws we must obey !
 My heart in vain would fly thee ;
 All who live must own thy sway,
 'Tis folly to defy thee !

Though bards proclaim thee reason's foe,
 To thee alone I reason owe.
 Yes, believe the tale I tell,
 Too oft they have belied him.
 Love will ever longest dwell
 Where reason lives besides him !
 Riquet, Riquet, no more repine,
 My hand and heart are thine !

Enter RIQUET and MOTHER BUNCH, from grotto.

DUKE. The girl's bewitched : marry that horrid fright.

EMER. He does appear revolting at first sight ;
 But when you see the beauty of his mind,
 Much less distortion in his form you'll find.
 And when you know the kindness of his heart,
 All ugliness will from his face depart.
 Yes, dear Riquet, your noble soul I prize,
 And love makes you perfection in my eyes.

(gong and music—RIQUET'S deformities disappear)

RIQ. Though I praised humps when others used to flout
 them,

Perhaps, after all, I'm just as well without them.

M. BUNCH. *(to MYRTILLA)* To Emeraldalda is due the merit
 of this transformation ; love has power to embellish the
 ugliest of mortals, but virtue and talent can alone render
 the most beautiful happy. Come all with me ; to Queen
 Mab's court repair.

*Scene changes to the Palace of QUEEN MAB, in Fairy Land—
 QUEEN MAB and FAIRIES discovered—The QUEEN wel-
 comes the characters, who retire to their seats, while QUEEN
 MAB introduces the Denizens of Fairy Land.*

QUEEN. Children of clay, we bid you welcome here.
Behold the choicest spirits of our sphere;
Valiant the Jack the Giant queller,
Rests him in our blooming bower.

AIR—" *See the conquering hero.*"

JACK enters with Giant's head, and salutes QUEEN.

QUEEN. Crystal slipper'd Cinderella
Fears no more the midnight hour.

AIR—" *Non piu mesta*"—" *Cenerentola.*"

CINDERELLA, PRINCE, PAGE, and SISTERS enter, and perform the slipper business.

QUEEN. On Little Red Riding Hood, no greedy wolf can
sup,
So pull the bobbin fearlessly, and let the latch
go up.

AIR—" *Rose d'amour.*"

Enter LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD—Offers pot of honey, &c.,
to MAB, and curtsying retires.

QUEEN. Beauty and her Princely Beast,
Grace the ball, and share the feast.

AIR—" *Love amongst the roses.*"

Enter BEAUTY, followed by BEAST—He declares his love, she
at first repulses, then pities and accepts him, and he changes
to PRINCE; they retire.

QUEEN. With us knightly Valentine
And his brother, forest bred,
Share the fairies' festal wine,
And the fairies' measure tread.

(*Music from the melodrama of "Valentine and Orson"*)

Enter VALENTINE and ORSON—Business of forest scene, shield and rope, &c.—They retire.

QUEEN. Models of the race feline,
 Puss in Boots, delicious rogue,
 White cat, fond and feminine,
 Swell the fairy *Cat-ologue*.

AIR—“*Ding dong bell, Pussy’s in the well.*”

Enter WHITE CAT, preceded by PUSS IN BOOTS—they march round the stage, offer homage to MAB, and marching back again, stand.

QUEEN. See, the Seven Champions brave,
 Though on earth their race be run ;
 Here their honoured banners wave ;
 Here they wear their laurels won.

Grand March.

Enter the SIX CHAMPIONS—ST. GEORGE enters, welcomes them, they wave their banners, form in a line, and march round.

QUEEN. Come, Riquet, and join our band,
 Denizen of Fairy Land.

FINALE—(*The characters come forward*)

Air—EMERALDA—“ The Old English Gentleman.”

Old friends, I’ve the old prayer to make, before it is
too late,
With your old kindness please to view this change in
our old state,
Our old mythology, we thought, was getting out of
date,
And so we’ve left Olympus old, and all its gods so
great,
For a fine old English fairy tale, all of the olden time !

Now winter old brings frost and cold, we open house
to all,

For while we strive to please the *large*, we don't
forget the small.

Then "boys and girls come out to play," in answer to
our call

And with a good old English cheer, oh, let our curtain
fall,

Upon this old English fairy talé, all of the olden time.*

CHORUS. Upon this old English, &c.

CURTAIN.

* See Preface.



Yours truly
Emma Murray

PUSS IN BOOTS;

*An Original, Comical, Magical, Mew-sical, Fairy
Burletta,*

IN ONE ACT,

Founded upon the well-known TALE of that extraordinary Animal, as
unfolded by the best authorities.



First performed at Madame Vestris' Royal Olympic Theatre,
December 26, 1837.



PUSS IN BOOTS.

Encouraged by the success of "Riquet," this, our second incursion into Fairy-land was cordially authorised by the management, and in the part of Puss, Charles Mathews was much more at home than in that of the princely and chivalrous hunchback.

There is nothing to call for any especial observations of mine respecting the production of the piece, which met with the same favourable reception as its predecessors; but there are two or three names in the cast that appear for the first time in these holiday entertainments which cannot be passed over in silence. The Ogre, converted by us into an Hibernian, was personated by John Brougham, subsequently so popular in Irish characters, and the author of "Playing with Fire" and other dramas, as well as the collaborateur of Boucicault in the celebrated comedy of "London Assurance."

Another name is that of the beautiful and ill-fated Emma Cecilia Murray, "done to death" in the prime of her life and the height of her popularity by conduct which has only escaped exposure and execration from a reluctance to inflict pain on those who are not only innocent of all complicity in the guilt, but most probably ignorant of its perpetration.

Miss Murray, as she was known to the profession, was, I have every reason for believing, the natural daughter of a gentleman well known in fashionable circles when "George the Third was king," as the handsome Butler Danvers, by a Belgian lady, who in her old age retained unmistakable traces of "beauty once admired." I pass over that portion of her daughter's sad history which preceded her introduction to the stage, which was in the season of 1832-33, when she made her first appearance at the Olympic in my one-act comedietta, "A Daughter to Marry," originally produced at the Haymarket in 1828. Though a perfect novice, having only received some half-dozen lessons from Miss Fanny Kelly (the celebrated actress, who had constructed a small theatre at the back of her house, No. 73, Dean Street, Soho, now known as "The Royalty"), I discerned so much natural ability in her performance that I offered Madame Vestris to write a little vaudeville expressly for her, and having obtained permission to do so, on the 18th of February, 1833, I produced a one-act vaudeville, entitled "Promotion, or a Morning at Versailles in 1750," in which Miss Murray sustained the character of Madame De la Garde with much grace and intelligence.

At the close of the season she was engaged by Mr. Arnold at the Adelphi, and made an admirable Anne Bullen in my adaptation of Herold's opera, "Le Pré aux Clercs." Gradually rising in her profession and increasing her favour with the public under the management of Bunn at Drury Lane, she rejoined the Olympic company in 1836, the date we have now arrived at.

Three years afterwards she retired from the stage on a small income, and resided for a brief period in the north of France, but the sudden and most unjustifiable withdrawal of that income, leaving her destitute—a shock from which she never thoroughly recovered—compelled her to return to England and her profession. She was cordially welcomed back to it by Mr. and Mrs. C. Mathews, and remained with them to the end of the season and of their lesseeship of Covent Garden. Her last original part was Cleopatra in Selby's farce, "Anthony and Cleopatra," but after bravely struggling against increasing bodily and mental suffering, she succumbed to a sudden and violent attack of peritonitis, the result of continual agitation and anxiety, and died at her lodgings in Upper Berkeley Street West, Connaught Square, to the great regret, not only of her private friends, but of all who had been associated with her in her profession, to whom she had endeared herself by the sweetness of her disposition, the charm of her manner, and her general exemplary conduct.

DRAMATIS PUR-SONÆ.

PUMPKIN THE POMPOUS (King of a large Island— formerly in the British Channel)	MR. J. BLAND
BARON BAGSHOT (Great Grand Huntsman and Lord High Gamekeeper)	MR. STOKER
KILLMANY O'GOBBLE KILLMORE (a great Irish <i>O-gre</i>)	MR. BROUGHAM
KITCHENSTUFF (his Cook)	MR. WYMAN
RICHARD } (“Two pretty men”—Nephews of { ROBIN } Grist the Miller, <i>under-ground</i>) {	MR. SELBY * MR. IRELAND
RALPH (<i>soi-disant</i> MARQUIS OF CARABAS—their younger Brother)	MADAME VESTRIS
PUSS IN BOOTS	MR. CHAS. MATHEWS
CHAMBERLAIN	MR. KERRIDGE
FALCONER	MR. T. IRELAND
THE PRINCESS ROSEBUD	MISS LEE
ARIETTA } CHATTERINA } (Her Maids of Honour) { SKIPPERELLA }	MISS CRISP MISS HUDSON (Her First Appearance on this Stage) MISS MURRAY
THE FAIRY FELINA	MISS DOWTON †
THE MAID OF THE MILL	MISS GOWARD

Courtiers, Pages, Servants, Guards, Reapers, Gleaners, Hop-pickers, Wood-cutters, Millers, &c., by Messrs. Hitchinson, Jackson, Hughes, Field, Connell, Pinsent, Davis, &c. ; Mesdames Jackson, Lane, Brookes, Beresford, &c.

The *Cat-acoustical* Effects arranged by Mr. W. Penson.

The *Cat-agraphical* ditto by Mr. Marshall and Assistants.

The *Cat-skin* and other Dresses *fur-nished* by Miss Glover, Miss Bradley, and Assistants.

The *Cat-a-Mountain*, &c., made *pur-puss-ly* by Mr. Mackintosh and Mr. Bradwell.

* Charles Selby, author of several very successful dramas.

† Daughter of the fine old comedian of that name, for many years a principal member of the company at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

 CATALOGUE OF SCENERY.

1.—*THE MILL.*

How the Miller died, and left his Three Nephews behind him ; and how he left his property.

“Reading of the Will”—not after *Wil-kie* !

2.—*THE PALACE.*

How the Maids of Honour conducted themselves in the absence of the Princess, and how they were summoned to the Palace Court.

3.—*THE ROYAL COURTYARD.*

How Puss in Boots brought a Present of Game to the King from his Master the Marquis of Carabas. How the Marquis began to make a *splash* in the world ; and how he preferred the King's *suit* to his own, and *his own* to the Princess's !

4.—*THE KING'S HIGHWAY.*

A very moving Scene ! being a Panorama ! (painted by Mr. W. Marshall) which the Manager of the Theatre trusts will *at Last Work Pretty Well*. How Puss in Boots *appears* to get on, and how he serves his Master, singing at the same time,

“THE VENETIAN FUR-LANA,” with a Running Accompaniment.

5.—*THE OGRE'S CASTLE.*

How Puss gets in, and meets the Cook *getting out* !

6.—*THE OGRE'S HALL.*

How the Ogre hires Puss as Cook, and how the *Cat cat*-ers for him. How the Marquis becomes Lord of the Castle, and generously lets the Cat out of the Bag ; and how a Terrible *Cat-astrophe* is prevented by the

ARRIVAL OF THE FAIRY FELINA,

Mounted on a *Cat-a-Mountain* !

How the Piece terminates ; and how everybody hopes to “Live happy ever afterwards !”

PUSS IN BOOTS.

SCENE FIRST.—*The Mill, and landscape—Shed with a donkey in it.*

Enter separately MILLERS with sacks, and NEIGHBOURS; they place sacks by the Mill-door.

ROUND—“*When the wind blows*”—“*Miller and his Men*”
Bishop.

Ill the wind blows
(Ev'ry one knows)
That brings no good to any ;
Round as it chops,
Some luck it drops,
To one, at least, out of the many.

Enter from Mill, RALPH, then RICHARD and ROBIN, rubbing their eyes and gaping.

RAL. Richard and Robin, you're two pretty men
To lie a-bed thus till the clock strikes ten !
Our friends have come to hear the will we've found,
Made by our uncle Grist—now under ground.

ROB. Ay, death at last has sacked the miller's dust.
(*All NEIGHBOURS listen*)

RICH. We'll die some day or other, all men must ;
So where's the use of grieving ? Here's his will :
And as we said but now—It is an ill
Wind that blows no one good—so let us see
What this may bring to comfort you or me
Who can read written hand ?

ROB. Not I.

NEIGH. Nor I.

RAL. I'm not quite sure that I can, but I'll try.

(opens the Will)

Ha! 'Tis in verse. To his old tune I see :
"The Jolly Miller on the River Dee !"

Sings the Will.

"I was a jolly miller once,
But a grave one soon shall be ;
So all my worldly goods I leave
Amongst my nephews three.
To Richard I bequeath the mill— (RICH. The mill !)
To Robin the old donkey ; (ROB. Oh !)
And the cat I leave to Ralph, as Re-
siduary legatee !"

RICH. Left me the mill ! a good soul, by the mass !

ROB. Left me the donkey—an old stupid ass !

RAL. Nay, brother, you may something make of that ;
But what am I to do, pray, with the cat ?

RICH. Kill him, and make a fur cap of his skin.
Neighbours and friends, I beg you'll all walk in—
Into *my* house. Sorrow, you know, is dry ;
I'll broach a cask—I wish *my* ale to try.
Nunkey, I know, used famous stuff to brew :
Brothers, I stand upon no forms with you.
I shall be glad to see you, now and then,
If you don't come too often. Ho ! *my* men !
Look to *my* guests.

Music—Exeunt into house NEIGHBOURS and MILLERS.

ROB. Why, brother Richard, sure
You won't forget we're brothers, though I'm poor.

RICH. Forget *you*, Robin ! that can never be ;
Whene'er I see an ass, I'll think of thee !

RAL. But, brother—

RICH. Oh, you want your share, Ralph, do you ?
My cook shall catch the cat, and bring him to you !

*Chord—The FAIRY FELINA suddenly appears beside the door
as an old beggar woman.*

RICH. How now, what do you here so near *my* door ?

Air—FAIRY—“ With lowly suit.”

Relieve my woes, my wants distressing,
And heav'n reward you with its blessing.

FAIRY. Good master ! charity——

RICH. Away, before

My servants come, and through *my* mill-pond drag
you !

Don't charity begin at home, you hag, you ?

(Exit RICHARD into the house)

Air—FAIRY—“ Over the mountain.”

(*To* ROBIN) Pity, kind gentleman, friend of humanity,
Cold blows the wind through my garments so torn ;
Give me some food, I beseech you, for charity,
Nought have I tasted since yesterday morn !

ROB. Out of my sight, you tattered gipsy thief,
Go to the parish if you want relief.
Good-bye, Ralph ; I shall go and sell this beast,
And live well, while the money lasts, at least !

(Exit ROBIN with donkey)

FAIRY (*to* RALPH) Good youth, I'm very hungry, weary,
ill——

RAL. Good mother, I have nothing but good will
To offer thee, and thou wouldst starve on that,
As I must do—when I have ate my cat.

FAIRY. Eaten your cat ?

RAL. 'Tis all I have to eat ;
You shall dine with me—if you like cat's meat.

FAIRY. Feel in your pocket ; sure, there's something there.

RAL. Not a brass farthing, Eh ! how's this ? I swear
Here's a broad piece ! Why, to be sure—you're
right——

The very coin I thought I'd lost last night,
And searched for everywhere, as I'm a sinner !

Kind fortune ! Now, Dame, you shall have a dinner.

FAIRY. Thanks, generous youth ; but think first—can you
spare it ?

It is your last.

RAL. No matter, you shall share it.

You brought the luck ; besides 'twould spoil my
 carving,
 To know, while I dined, a poor soul was starving.
 FAIRY. Well said ; but where's this cat of which you spoke ?
 RAL. Oh, hang the cat ! It was a sorry joke
 Of uncle thus, by some strange whimsey bitten,
 To die, and scratch poor Ralph off with—a kitten !

Enter SERVANT with basket from Mill.

SERV. Here's Tom, sir. I've had such a job to catch him ;
 You'll go a long way, Master Ralph, to match him.
 RAL. Is he so handsome ?
 SERV. Handsome ! ay, and clever ! *(sets down basket)*
 I never see'd his equal—no—not never !
 He's *such* a mouser ! Lord ! the tricks he plays
 Them rats and mice ! Hangs up like dead some
 days—
 Sometimes amongst the meal, the cunning joker,
 Will stretch himself as stiff as any poker !
 And when they venture out, like vermin silly,
 He'll kill his hundred in less time than Billy !*
 I've often said, if our cat could but speak,
 He'd outwit Lawyer Ferret in a week ! *(Exit SERVANT)*
 RAL. But what's all this to one without a house,
 Who cannot want a cat to catch a mouse !
 FAIRY. Come, come, my good young friend, be not
 dejected,
 Fortune smiles often when she's least expected.
 Behold ! *(appears as FAIRY)*
 RAL. A fairy !
 FAIRY. Banish all alarm—
 O'er man I have no power, for good or harm ;
 But cats of every kind obey my laws,
 From Catamandoo to the Catabaws !
 The merits of this mouser long I've known ;
 So, to reward the kindness you have shewn,
 And give fair play to his address and whim,
 My art shall make almost a man of him ;

* A dog celebrated for destroying rats, as some of my readers may remember.

And if the starry book of fate speak true,
He shall, ere long, make quite a man of you !

Air—FAIRY—“ *The Lass of Patie’s Mill.*”

The cat of yonder mill,
So cunning, quick, and gay,
Shall all his wit and skill
In your behalf display ;
Until you bless the day,
When, by your uncle’s will,
You only bore away
The cat of yonder mill !

RAL. I’m quite content, since you espouse my cause !
I like the cat and don’t regret the *clause*.

FAIRY. Apparell’d as befits your new pursuits,
Rise, Tom, and take the name of Puss in Boots !

MEWSIC—PUSS IN BOOTS *comes out of the basket.*

PUSS. My whiskers ! what a change comes o’er my dream.

RAL. D’ye like it, Pussy !

PUSS. Does a cat like cream ?

I’m quite enchanted !

FAIRY. Yes, of course you’re that.

PUSS. My sovereign here ? O ho ! I smell á rat !

FAIRY. Do your boots fit you ?

PUSS. What a pair of swells !

I like ’em better, far, than walnut-shells.

FAIRY. Would you have gloves ?

PUSS. No, not at any price !

“ A cat in mittens never catches mice.”

FAIRY. Farewell, then. Please your master, you’ll please me.

PUSS. Your pardon. There’s one little point, I see,
Something that fashion may be shocked about—
Whiskers are in, I know ; but—tails are out.

FAIRY. Hang fashion ! *You* were made—or else we fail—
“ To point a moral, and *adorn a tale.*”

(FAIRY *descends through basket*)

Duo—RALPH and PUSS—“ Pretty Polly, say.”
“ Beggar’s Opera.”

- RAL. Pretty Pussy, say,
 Will you drive away
 All blue devils which would prey
 On your loving master?
- PUSS. In this disguise,
 My sharp eyes
 For care’s scratch, whate’er its size,
 Shall find some nice court plaister.
 Fondly ever, purring thus.
- RAL. Oh! pretty, pretty Puss.
- PUSS. How may I serve you, gentle master, say—
 What d’ye want?
- RAL. Ev’rything on earth!
- PUSS. Stay! stay!
 Name what you *most* want, first.
- RAL. I scarce know what—
 If luck’s put up I bid for the whole lot!
- PUSS. Well, then, hear me. I heard the neighbours say,
 The King was coming here to hunt to-day.
 Suppose we go to court—when there, why you
 May please the Princess Rosebud; if you do,
 Marry her, and your fortune’s made.
- RAL. Hey-day!
 ’Tis now my turn, I think, to cry “Stay! stay!”
 We go to court?—I wed a princess fair?
 You’re building pretty castles in the air.
- PUSS. I’ll build or find one that shall own you lord;
 And you may safely build upon my word.
 As to the court, and all that sort of thing,
 You know “A cat, sir, may look at a king;”
 In short, take courage as I bid you do,
 And as the lawyers say—“I’ll pull you through!”

Song—PUSS—“ Galloping dreary Dun.”

You are my master, and I am your man,
 Politic Puss in boots!

So listen, I'll tell you a part of my plan,
 Politic Puss in boots !
 I'll get me a bag with some parsley and bran,
 And catch a fat rabbit as soon as I can,
 With my haily, gaily, gambol daily,
 Rollicking, frolicking, whiskery, friskery,
 Politic Puss in boots !

I'll scamper all over his Majesty's park,
 Politic Puss in boots !
 And frighten away all his game for a lark,
 Politic Puss in boots !
 Then take him the rabbit, and say with an air,
 Accept of this here, sir—instead of that hare,
 With my haily, gaily, &c.

Of course, he'll be anxious to know who I am,
 Politic Puss in boots !
 I'll tell him a nobleman's valet de sham,
 Politic Puss in boots !
 Of course for this nobleman, sir, you must pass,
 A great foreign marquis—my Lord Carabas—
 With my haily, gaily, &c.

Then straight for the princess with love you must burn,
 Politic Puss in boots !
 Win her and wed, and be king in your turn !
 Politic Puss in boots !
 First lord of the treasury then make of me,
 And how I'll catch rats in that case you shall see,
 With my haily, gaily, gambol daily,
 Frolicking, rollicking, friskery, whiskery,
 Politic Puss in boots !

(*Exeunt PUSS and RALPH*)

SCENE SECOND.—*Chamber in the Palace.*

Enter ARIETTA, CHATTERINA, and SKIPPERELLA.

AR. Well, Chatterina, you may talk about talking as long

as you please; but how you can prefer it to singing I cannot imagine. (*singing*) "Sing! sing! music was given," &c.

CHAT. And you may sing about singing as long as *you* please; but you'll never persuade me it's half as agreeable as talking.

SKIP. For my part, I like talking very well—but I like singing better—and I like dancing more than either. (*pirouetting*)

CHAT. Stop! stop!—one word before you go any further. Let me understand your argument. What is the first position?

SKIP. This. (*placing her feet in the first position*)

CHAT. How absurd! Instead of replying with your tongue, you answer with your toe.

SKIP. I find it answer so well that I make a *point* of it. (*suiting the action to the word*)

CHAT. I've heard of people talking with their fingers; but this *is* going to extremities! You'll tell me next that conversation can be carried on better without words than with them.

AR. Words are well enough if they're set to music. (*singing*) "Bid *me* discourse, I will enchant thine ear."

SKIP. "Or like a fairy trip upon the green." (*dancing*) That's the best line in the song.

CHAT. Very well, very well: as you like, ladies; I give it up. Go on in your own ways; only answer my questions somehow. I'm perfectly ready to hear you: indeed I'd much rather, because if I were to keep on talking, and not shew myself ready to listen to you, I know very well what you'd say. There's Chatterina, as usual, you'd say, talk, talk, talk, talk,—and nobody can get a word in: so let there be an end of the argument, and please to answer the question I asked more than half an hour ago,—What can be the reason of our young mistress remaining so long single?

AR. (*singing*) "There's nobody coming to marry her,
Nobody coming to woo."

CHAT. Not at this moment, perhaps: but she has had many suitors, and always refused them.

SKIP. She cast off two couple last week.

CHAT. There'll be another chance for her to-day, for the

King is out hunting, and he generally brings some new members of the hunt home with him,

AR. (*singing*) "If he have luck,
He'll bring a buck,
Upon his lusty shoulders home." * (*horns without*)

CHAT. Talking of bucks I hear the horns. He's returning already,

SKIP. Then we must dance attendance on the Princess.

CHAT. Here's Baron Bagshot coming from the chase
He's neither bagg'd nor shot much, by his face!

Enter BARON.

ALL. Baron, good day.

BAR. Sweet ladies, how d'ye do?

We've seen no game to-day so fair as you!

Such beauty is a most refreshing sight.

ALL. Oh, Baron! you are always so polite.

CHAT. Pray tell us, Baron, what sport have you had?

BAR. To tell you the plain truth, ma'am, shocking bad;
So bad that (though I grieve to spread the rumour)
His Majesty is in an awful humour.

QUARTETTE—*Rossini*.

Quickly, ladies, change your faces,
'Twouldn't do at court, to see ye
Full of smiling airs and graces,
When the King is in the dumps.
No more singing, no more dancing,
Staidly walk instead of prancing,
Move about with solemn faces,
Mute as though you'd got the mumps.
Chatterina! Skipperella!
Tongue and foot alike must fetter,
There's an end, poor Arietta!
To your re, mi, fa, sol, la!
But though so wretched we
Must appear to be,

* From glee in Colman's drama "The Iron Chest."

Fortune will speedily
 Treat us less cruelly ;
 Sorrow at court will be
 Soon out of season,
 Music and revelry
 Cease to be treason.
 Once again merrily
 We'll sing and bound,
 Carnival keeping
 All the year round.

SCENE THIRD.—*Court-yard of the Palace.*

TABLEAU.

*The KING, PRINCESS ROSEBUD, BARON, COURTIERS,
 MAIDS OF HONOUR, &c., discovered—Grand flourish—
 CHAMBERLAIN, FALCONER, with hawks and pole, &c.*

KING. Silence ! Confound your flourishing, I say !
 It's that which frightens all the game away,
 I do believe ! Those poor drums ! how you whack'em !
 My ears have drums, you rogues, you ! Would you
 crack'em ?

PRIN. Dear father, 'tis to do you honour.

KING. Stuff !
 I have the honour to be bored enough ;
 Haven't I toiled all day for nothing, child ?
 I never knew the game so deuced wild—
 My woods no longer hold my pheasants fickle,
 My best preserves are in a precious pickle ;
 The poachers have of late so much encroached,
 The hens are snared, and all their eggs are poached.
 Partridges fly as if the " Old One " called,
 The hares drop off and leave the fields quite bald.
 My land might form the subject of a sonnet,
 There's not one head of game, nor hare upon it ;
 In short, girl, I shall have—as I'm a sinner,
 Nothing but fish and butchers' meat for dinner.

Air—KING—“*Let gay ones and great*”—“*Love in a Village.*”

With gay ones and great,
Over hedge, ditch and gate,
From cover to cover we run ;
But game there is not,
We can't get a shot,
Where's the use of our dog and our gun ?

Enter an OFFICER.

OFFICER. My liege ! a person in fantastic habit
Has brought your Majesty a splendid rabbit.
KING. A rabbit ! You don't say so ! Loyal deed !
It is a meat on which we love to feed,
Smother'd in onions 'tis the nicest thing—
“A dainty dish to set before a king !”
Admit him—stay—one rising doubt dispel—
'Tis not a *Welch* rabbit ?
OFFICER. No, Sire.
KING. 'Tis well !

Waves his hand—Music—OFFICER goes out, and returns with PUSS, with a wallet slung round his neck.

PUSS. (*kneeling to KING, and taking a rabbit out of his wallet*)
Most mighty Pumpkin, in my master's name,
I lay before you this *rare-bit* of game.
KING. We do most graciously accept it—Here—
See that 'tis cooked immediately, my dear.
(*Giving rabbit to PRINCESS, who passes it to First MAID OF HONOUR, who passess it to Second, who passes it to Third, who goes out with it, and returns immediately*)
And who's your master ? Let us know, that we
May thank him for his gift right royally.
PUSS. Sir King, I serve a noble lord, the great
Marquis of Carabas.
KING. Where's his estate ?
We never heard of such a lord before !
PUSS. He has but newly settled on this shore,
A foreigner of most illustrious birth,
Allied to nearly all the kings on earth

KING. He's wealthy then?
 PUSS. His riches are untold!
 PRIN. Handsome?
 PUSS. Almost too handsome to behold.
 CHAT. Does he talk well?
 PUSS. The most amusing chat.
 SKIP. Dances, of course?
 PUSS. A *Vestris* quite for that!
 AR. Sings?
 PUSS. Like a nightingale! he thrills one through!
 ALL THE LADIES. How I should like to see him! shouldn't
 you?
 PUSS. Might he present himself—he'd be too proud.
 'Tis his petition.
 KING. And it is allowed.
 Fetch him.
 PUSS. I'm gone. (*Exit Puss*)
 AR. Did you *note* that!
 CHAT. O law!
 He wears a tail!
 SKIP. "A demi-queue de chat."
 (*Puss without.*—Help! Help! Murder! Thieves! Help!)
 KING. What cry is that?
 PRIN. It spoke of thieves and slaughter!
 KING. By Jupiter! There's some one in the water!
 Don't stand there like a pack of cold insensibles!
 Run! give assistance! Call my River Fencibles.
 (*Exeunt some COURTIERS hastily*)

CHORUS—"O dear what can the matter be?"

O dear! What can the matter be?
 Dear! dear! what can the matter be?
 O dear! what can the matter be?
 Somebody's drowning, I fear!

ARIETTA.

I heard the young man call for help, for his master
 The Marquis has met with some shocking disaster!
 O Gemini! why don't those fellows run faster?
 The water's all over the *peer*!

CHORUS.

O dear, what led him to it, pray?
 Dear, dear, did he try to wade through it, pray?
 Or, go, on purpose to do it, pray?
 Tell us how chanced the affair? *(Enter Puss)*

PUSS.

His lordship, while bathing where yon river flows, sir,
 Was suddenly seized with the cramp in his toes, sir;
 Some rascals meanwhile ran away with his clothes, sir,
 He hasn't a rag left to wear!

KING.

O dear, what impropriety!
 Unfit for decent society;
 Dear! dear! none can deny it, he
 Can't appear so very bare.

CHORUS.

O dear! what impropriety! &c.

PRIN. But he is safe.

PUSS. Of that, ma'am, there's no doubt.

KING. Say, does his anxious mother know he's out?

PUSS. My liege! she couldn't know that he was in.

KING. Then, my good friend, it matters not a pin
 About his clothes. Quick, let my pages run
 With a coat, waistcoat, and a pair of un—
 In short, with everything his lordship needs.

(Exeunt PAGES)

PUSS. He's like a widow now, my liege—in weeds;
 But joy, at your great kindness, will possess him!

KING. He has been wrong'd, 'tis fit that we *re-dress* him.

PUSS. It is the highest honour he could choose
 To stand one moment in your royal shoes!

KING. He comes!

PUSS. Make way, there, for my lord to pass.

OFFICER. *(ushering in RALPH, richly dressed)* Room for
 my lord, the Marquis Carabas!

CONCERTED PIECE—*Rossini.*

RAL. Give a man but luck they say, sir,
 In the sea fling him you may, sir ;
 So, as if the truth to test, sir,
 In the river I got a tumble,
 And out thus pops your servant humble
 In your royal raiment dress'd, sir ;
 Here a daintier *duck* to see.

KING. Sir, I deem it a lucky stumble,
 Which such pleasure procures for me.
 By jingo,
 His lingo
 The moment he began, sir ;
 So caught me,
 It taught me
 He was a nice young man, sir.

BAR. (*advancing*) These ladies,
 Whose trade is
 But flirting through a fan, sir ;
 Their net soon
 Will set soon,
 To catch this nice young man, sir.

LADIES *and* RAL. Ah ! no, no, no ! there's no such luck
 On fortune's cards for me ;
 Ah ! no, no, no ! this fine young buck
 For us will never be.

KING. Most noble Marquis and most wealthy peer,
 Lord (*trying to recollect*) bless me——

PUSS. (*advancing*) Carabas——

KING. (*impatiently*) Don't interfere !

 We have to thank you for a splendid rabbit.

MARQ. I have to thank you for this splendid habit,
 In doing which I merely do my duty.

KING. Sir, your politeness equals but your beauty.

MARQ. Your Majesty's most kind, but something there——

 If I may trust my eyes—appears so fair,

 That I should say, (your pattern, Sire, to follow)

 Your beauty (if she *is* yours) beats mine hollow !

PRIN. (*aside*) What a particularly nice young man !

KING. That fellow stopped us just as we began
 To ask where your estates lie,—tell us true.
 PUSS. (*advancing*) They lie in all directions.
 KING. So do you !
 Pray be more backward, sir, in coming forward.
 Where, say you ? (*to MARQUIS*)
 MARQ. (*hesitating and correcting himself after each word*)
 Eastward—westward—southward—norward.*
 KING. A roundabout reply.
 MARQ. I'm not quite clear,
 I must refer to my land steward here.
 (*to PUSS*) Do tell the King where my estates are—elf.
 (*aside*) Then I shall stand some chance to know, my-
 self.
 KING. Well ! let him speak.
 PUSS. Your Majesty knows where
 Your crown lands end ?
 KING. We do.
 PUSS. Well ! 'tis'n't there.
 But take a line from thence, and drive along,
 Follow your royal nose, you can't go wrong ;
 For every bit of land you see before ye
 Is his.
 MARQ. (*aside to him*) Don't lie !
 PUSS. (*aside*) I do but tell a story.
 KING. What ! every bit of land in our dominions !
 We shall beg leave to take some law opinions !
 MARQ. You'd better take your own, 'tis less expensive ;
 And *law* can't make my lands, sir, less extensive.
 KING. There's sense in that ; but we must see the grounds
 On which you found your claims.
 MARQ. The grounds !
 PUSS. (*aside*) O, zounds !
 KING. My coach ! We'll ride together, Marquis !
 MARQ. (*to PUSS*) There !
 You've overdone it !

* A song, to the air of "Jenny Jones," was written for Madame Vestris by Mathews, and introduced by her here, but afterwards omitted, as it unnecessarily interrupted the action.

PUSS. No, no,—don't despair !

Make some excuse—no matter what—to stay him ;
I'll manage all if you can but delay him.

MARQ. Too proud, my liege, you and your lovely daughter
To entertain ; but I've been in the water,
And now I'm dry, nay, hungry, if you please,
And first should like a crust of bread and cheese.

KING. I'm hungry too ; so if the rabbit's done,
Suppose we dine at once. It's half-past one—
We'll make an early meal—despatch it soon,
And take a cool ride in the afternoon.

MARQ. (*to PUSS*) I dine with King and Princess !

PUSS. (*aside to him*) Mind my charge ;
Small talk to her, and to her father large.

MARQ. Sweet Rosebud ! I shall die if I don't win her !

KING. Sound trumpets ! Gentlemen, let's in to dinner !

(*trumpets*)

SOLO and CHORUS from "*Joan of Arc*," *Balfe*.

MARQ., &c. Hark ! the trumpet plays, come to the bower,
The turtle smokes in the tureen ;
The rabbit, immersed in a shower
Of onions, can scarcely be seen.

But dainties in vain they shew,
With yon fair in mine eye,
To other fare I say but "No !"
For her alone I sigh."

CHORUS—"Hark the Trumpet," &c.

PUSS *in going is stopped by the three LADIES. Exeunt all
but PUSS and the MAIDS OF HONOUR.*

CHAT. Don't you run away—we don't dine yet, and I
want to have some talk with you.

PUSS. Too happy. (*aside*) I must'n't seem in a hurry. (*aloud*)
I can talk about what you please now. When I was young
I could say little else but mew ; but now that I'm a man I
can talk *beaucoup mieux*.

CHAT. You're in the army, I presume ?

PUSS. No, ma'am.

CHAT. Why, you wear moustaches.

PUSS. Yes, ma'am, yes ; but that's because—because I can't help it, you see. I belong to a club, and all the members are obliged to wear them.

CHAT. What club ?

PUSS. It's a sort of Catch Club.

AR. What, musical ?

PUSS. Very.

AR. And where do you meet ?

PUSS. We meet alternately upon each other's roof.

SKIP. *Upon* each other's roof !—that's quite a new step.

PUSS. I beg pardon, did I say *upon* ?—I meant *under*.

AR. You can sing, then ?

PUSS. I can squall a little, *a la* Cat-oni..

AR. Who taught you ?

PUSS. Cat-alani.

SKIP. And dance, too ?

PUSS. I remember the time when I would have run anywhere after a ball.

SKIP. What is your favourite dance ?

PUSS. The Cat-alonian Cat-choucha.

CHAT. Well, never mind about singing and dancing ; suppose we fix upon some game to pass away the time, at which we can all play ?

AR. I'm content.

SKIP. And I.

PUSS. And I. What shall it be ?

CHAT. "Puss in the Corner."

PUSS. No, no, I don't like that.

CHAT. Choose one yourself, then.

PUSS. My favourite game is "Cat's-cradle."

ALL. Oh, no, we can't bear that !

CHAT. Come, name another from your catalogue.

PUSS. (*aside*) Cat-alogue ! They grow personal ! (*aloud*) Ladies, you'll allow me to remark that you are not quite so polite as I should have expected Maids of Honour would be. Where I was brought up, the maids were much more kind to me ;—let me play as I liked, and gave me every morning a great saucer full of milk—no, I don't mean that

—I forgot what I was talking about. (*turns from them in confusion*)

CHAT. A saucer full of milk ! What a strange tale—and—and—à *propos* of tales—pray, my good sir, who's your *tail-or* ?

PUSS. (*turning quickly*) Eh !—oh !—ah !—you allude, I suppose, to—oh, that's nothing but—a something—which I wear—

CHAT. In compliance with another regulation of your club, I presume ?

PUSS. Exactly so : it's a club-tail. (*aside*) How shall I get away ? Ah ! lucky chance, here comes the Marquis to relieve me.

Re-enter MARQUIS *hastily*.

MARQ. I'm in a hobble which seems past all cure.

Where can my man have got to ?

(*pushing aside* LADIES)

ALL THREE. Well, I'm sure !

MARQ. I beg your pardon, ladies, don't abuse me.

(*Exeunt* LADIES)

I'm in a hurry, and you must excuse me.

(*aside to* PUSS) The King's impatient, what is to be done ?

I rather think we'd better cut and run.

PUSS. Take to your heels ? Upon my soul you shan't ;
I'll find some hole to creep through if you can't.

MARQ. You'll find some hole to creep through—doubtless—
yes,

But who's to help your master through the mess ?

PUSS. Your faithful Puss, who never will desert you,
But lay down his nine lives ere aught should hurt
you.

MARQ. What, all at once ? Alas ! my Thomas Cat,
The fates preserve thee from a lot like that.
Of nunkey's goods and chattels all bereft,
I've nothing left but—

PUSS. Puss.

MARQ. You're *right*—you're *left*.

SONG—" *My Friend and Pitcher.*"

The wealth he own'd, his mill and store,
 My brothers shared, for so 'twas written ;
 To me, alas ! he left no more
 Than this, my faithful friend and kitten.
 But mortal ne'er
 Had cat so rare,
 With him 'twere hard to be grief-bitten,
 Then add but *her*, I ask no more,
 Than my sweet girl, my friend, and kitten.

Here comes that plaguy Pumpkin ! the deuce take
 him !

Tell me how I shall manage off to shake him ?

PUSS. Follow my steps, as well as my advice,
 And I'll arrange this business in a trice.

MARQ. Enough—I trust to you ; make no *faux pas*,
 But pull us through this matter with *é-clat*.

(*flourish*)

Re-enter KING and COURT.

KING. Our coach and horses !

OFFICER. Sire, they're at the door.

PUSS. May it please your Majesty, I'll run before.

You've nought to do but keep the high road straight—
 'Twill lead you to his lordship's castle-gate.

(*to MAIDS OF HONOUR*) From your sports, ladies, I am
 no seceder,

I've only changed the game to "Follow my leader."

CHORUS—*From "Amilie, or the Love Test," Rooke.*

Let's be mounting !

Let's be mounting !

Let's be mounting ! Away !

We've a pretty long journey before us to-day.

To the land's end, to the land's end, it seems we may trot,

Would we see the land's end which his lordship has got !

MARQUIS *and* PUSS.

Let's be mounting, &c.

dears ! If you don't tell the King, who will shortly pass this way, that all these hop-gardens belong to the Lord Marquis of Carabas, you will be chopped as small as mince-meat !

Music—The GIRLS promise to obey, and the scene moves on PUSS running and singing, till it shews a thick forest with WOOD-CUTTERS at work—PUSS and scene stop.

How provoking to think, that tho' born upon four
 legs,
 I've but two in which to confide,
 If, instead of these arms, I had only two more legs,
 They'd take two more feet at a stride.
 La, la, la, &c.

PUSS. (*to WOODCUTTERS*) Hallo, my fine fellows ! If you don't tell the King, who will shortly pass this way, that all these woods belong to my Lord Marquis of Carabas, you will be chopped as small as mince-meat !

Music—WOOD-CUTTERS promise to obey—The scene moves on, PUSS running and singing, and finally discovers the Seashore and a large picturesque Castle, with moat, drawbridge, &c., the windows of the building all blazing from the last rays of the setting sun—The scene and PUSS stop.

Faith, I'm almost done up ! I'm afraid I shall drop
 From exhaustion, and down in the gutter come
 spank ;
 I wonder, I'm sure, that the river don't stop,
 From this terrible run on its bank.
 La, la, la, &c.

PUSS. O ho ! this seems the island's end to be,
 To run beyond it were "felo de se !"
 I have run till I'm almost out of breath,
 And very nearly in at my own death !
 Therefore this place I shall take leave to stop in ;
 There's a fine castle too—suppose I drop in,
 And see who owns it. 'Tis the very thing
 My master wants—at least to shew the King—
 'Twill be hard if I can't get in, and harder,
 When I am in, if I don't find the larder.

(Music—Runs into Castle)

SCENE FIFTH.—*Gallery in OGRE'S Castle.*

Enter KITCHENSTUFF *with a bundle in his hand.*

KIT. This is an Ogre's gratitude—to be turned away at a moment's warning, after so many years' service! It serves me right for being cook to a cannibal. If I know what to do I'm dished: no respectable quiet family will hire me when they know where I lived last. And there are so few Ogres to be found now, that I don't know where to seek another. What they do with all their relations I can't guess, unless they eat 'em! I mustn't stay here, however, that's quite clear.
(*going*)

Enter PUSS *hastily, at window.*

PUSS. Here's somebody at last! Who are you; what are you; and where are you going?

KIT. I'm the late cook.

PUSS. What, are you dead?

KIT. No—I'm the late cook of this establishment; I'm discharged.

PUSS. Serve you right, a cook should never be late. Where are you going?

KIT. On a voyage of discovery—in search of a new place.

PUSS. You Cooks are always going on voyages of discovery. What's your name?

KIT. Kitchenstuff.

PUSS. Kitchen nonsense!—you don't mean that?

KIT. No, I mean Kitchen-stuff.

PUSS. And what's your master's name?

KIT. Killmany O'Gobble Killmore.

PUSS. What a horrible name! What is he?

KIT. An Ogre.

PUSS. A what?

KIT. An Ogre.

PUSS. I say, which is the way out?

KIT. The way I'm going.

PUSS. Stop a moment. I must know something about this

master of yours. Do you mean to say that he really is an Ogre?

KIT. Yes ; a great Irish Ogre.

PUSS. What ! one of those fellows that eat naughty little girls and boys ?

KIT. Like oysters, by the dozen !

PUSS. The Cannibal ! and what has he discharged you for ?

KIT. A mere nothing. Just because a young blockhead that I dressed for his dinner yesterday had no brains. Was that my fault ?

PUSS. Certainly not ! If I'd been his cook I'd have poison'd him !

KIT. I had a great mind, but was afraid of making a mess of it.

PUSS. I've a great mind to try for the place, and do it now.

KIT. You'd have the thanks of the whole island if you succeeded, and there's millions of money in his strong chest.

PUSS. Then if his stomach isn't stronger than his chest, I will.

KIT. I should tell you, he wears a magic ring.

PUSS. Which protects him ?

KIT. I don't know that it exactly does that ; but they say he can change himself into whatever animal he likes with it.

PUSS. Aha ! Then I spy another chance. (OGRE roars within) What the devil's that ?

KIT. That's he roaring. He's got the gout, and is boiling over with pain and passion. Let him stand till he's cool ; then stir him gently ; put in a spice of flattery, by way of seasoning, and serve him out as quickly as possible.

PUSS. I'll risk one of my nine lives in this venture.

A cat is sure upon his legs to fall ;

And so, my worthy friend, here goes at all.

KIT. Farewell ! We may no more each other see !

PUSS. The Fates avert such a catastrophe !

(Embrace—scratches COOK, who runs off—exit PUSS)

SCENE SIXTH.—*Hall in OGRE's Castle.*

*The OGRE discovered seated in his great chair of state—
He is very fat and gouty.*

OGRE. The devil fly away now with the gout,
For making both my legs so mighty stout.
Fatter I grow each day instead of thinner,
Although I eat one baby less for dinner.
But that's my doctor's fault ;—he can't be right,
To baulk so elegant an appetite ;
I've a great mind to tear him limb from limb,
And with some salt and pepper swallow *him* ;
Eat him, by way of proving to the elf
How he'd the starving system like himself ;
Thus giving of my quality a sample,
To doctors all a terrible example ! *(scratch at door)*
There's some one scratching yonder like a cat.
Come in, you brute !—Come in, I say. Who's that ?

Enter PUSS.

PUSS. *(remaining close to the door)* It's only me.
OGRE. And who is me, say I ?
PUSS. A person come for the cook's place to try.
OGRE. Approach, and don't be frighten'd at my look ;
I like my meals too well to eat my cook.
Besides, if I had been inclined to eat one,
Make yourself asy, I'd have ate my late one !
PUSS. Was he the worst, sir, that you ever had ?
OGRE. Why very nearly almost quite as bad.
Don't be alarmed.
PUSS. I'm not, sir, in the least.
(aside) He frightens me to death, the nasty beast.
OGRE. Approach ! and don't be in a flutter, man,
Who told you of my place ?
PUSS. The butter-man.
OGRE. In the first place, how long, in your last place,
Were you allowed to shew your ugly face ?
PUSS. Born in the house, I left it not till master
Died and left me,—an unforeseen disaster.

OGRE. That sounds well. Can you stand the kitchen fire ?

PUSS. I've sat before it, sir, for days entire.

OGRE. Can you dress children ?

PUSS. That is not my trade ;

A man-cook cannot be a nursery-maid.

OGRE. Out, you spalpeen !—I don't mean wash and beat 'em !

Ar'n't you aware, you devil ! that I eat 'em ?

What kind of school have you been brought up at ?

“The Child's Own Book” would teach as much as that ;

But people's grown such wonderful big gabies,

They doesn't know that ogres feeds on babies.

PUSS. I beg your pardon, sir,—I quite mistook you ;

You may eat safely—all that I shall cook you.

OGRE. You'll find your tea and sugar, mind, young man.

PUSS. (*aside*) Yes, and my milk, as usual,—where I can.

OGRE. I give no wages, so they're never due ;

The doctor's lowered me,—I'll hire *you* !

And now, before you take yourself away.

I'll tell you what to send me up to-day :

You'll find a negro in the safe ;—go, take him,

Into an illigant black pudding make him.

I've lived too much, they say, on white meats lately,

And need a change of diet very greatly.

What are you staring at, you thief you—fly !

PUSS. That ring, 'sir.

OGRE. It's a beautiful cat's eye !

You never see'd the likes on't, I'll be bound.

PUSS. My little brother, sir, had two, that's drown'd.

OGRE. Drowned !

PUSS. Yes, in a pail—they let the water drop on him,

And then the cruel creatures put a mop on him.

OGRE. Your brother never had two rings like that—

It's scarcer than a tortoise-shell Tom-cat.

This ring can change me, with the greatest ease,

To any sort of animal I please ;—

A lion, for example.

PUSS. Oh ! a lion

Must be a fearful brute to cast one's eye on.

(*aside*) If he'd just turn himself into a mouse,

I'd pretty quickly be about his house.

OGRE. Stand clear, now, and I'll shew you just for fun,
A lion shall astound your mother's son ;

(Music—The OGRE disappears and a lion is seen on table)

Ar'n't you astounded?

PUSS. No—not in the least,
To see you as you now are—a *great* beast ;
But that a mouse or anything so small,
You can become, I can't believe at all.

OGRE. You can't, you fool !

*Music—The lion disappears, and a mouse is seen in its place
on the table.*

What think you of me now, sir ?

PUSS. I think that you're a mouse—but I am a *mouser* !

*Leaps upon mouse, and then catches it up in his mouth and
shakes it—Music gong—The FAIRY FELINA appears upon
OGRE'S chair, PUSS carries the mouse to her, and drops it
dead at her feet.*

FAIRY. There's a good puss. You've done a glorious deed !
'Tis a great catch, and shews your famous breed.
The ring which on this mouse's leg you see,

(taking up and shewing mouse)

Was pilfered by a hostile sprite from me.
Complete your service to Felina's friend,
And on her aid and gratitude depend.

(Music—FAIRY vanishes through chair)

PUSS. Here's luck ! Now, master, I my word can keep !
What, ho ! ye varlets ! are you all asleep ?

(Enter four SERVANTS, six PAGES, and COOK)

Rejoice ! The Ogre's dead ! and his young heir
Arrives to take possession ! Quick, prepare
A ball and banquet, which shall all surpass,
To welcome home the Marquis Carabas !—
The King comes with him. *(trumpets without)*

Trumpets ! They approach !
Run quick ! ye knaves ! and meet the royal coach.

(Music—they run out)

O glorious move! By this I check stern Fate,
Castle the King, and give my lord a *mate*!

Enter MARQUIS.

MARQ. What may this mean?

PUSS. The Marquis of Carabas is right welcome to his castle.

MARQ. My castle! How have you managed it?

PUSS. I can't stop to tell you now, sir. I'm going to invite his Majesty, the Princess Rosebud, and the whole court, to a ball and supper. *(Exit* PUSS)

MARQ. I'm all astonishment!

When first I came before this castle fine,
I little dreamed it would so soon be mine;
The frowning turrets to my anxious sight
Appear'd to say, "You don't lodge here to-night."*
Suspicious, willingly, I would not be,
Yet fear this cat makes a cat's-paw of me.

(Exit)

Music—Re-enter PUSS, *in a rich robe, and with a white wand, ushering in* KING, PRINCESS, RALPH, BARON, MAIDS OF HONOUR, &c. *All bow.*

KING. Marquis, of your vast wealth no more a doubter,
We own your castle is an out-and-outer.

MARQ. Proud of your praise, my liege;—but pray be seated;

After your ride I fear you must be heated.

(PUSS ushers KING to chair of state)

KING. Lord Carabas, of Justice we've the bump,
And freely own that you're a slap-up trump.
(rising) Now be it known to all men that we burn
To make this nobleman some great return
For having *(for it's no use words to mince)*
Invited and received us like a prince;
So as he seems to love our daughter here—
(aside to PRINCESS) And to be richer far than us, my dear—

* "You don't lodge here to-night, Mr. Ferguson," was a cant phrase at this period.

The match is equal, and we are content
 To let him wring from us our slow consent.
 She knows we always let her have her way,
 When it agrees with ours; so, child, what say
 You to his plea, to which we don't demur?

PRIN. I shall in all my best obey you, sir.

(*to MARQUIS, and giving her hand*) The breath of duty
 fans the torch of love;

So, Marquis, pray accept my hand——

MARQ. (*taking it*) And glove!

Yet, hold! although Joy's cup is at my lip,
 Justice must set it down before I sip:
 Your kindness to a simple unknown youth
 Touches my heart, and makes me own the truth.
 I'm wealthy, Sire, but neither Marquis nor
 At all the kind of man you take me for.
 This morning, sir, I scarce was worth a rag.

PUSS. (*aside to him*) Pray, sir, don't let the cat out
 of the bag!

KING. No whispering. There's treason in this mystery!
 Speak out! This instant let us have your history!
 Tremble!—to hoax us, if you've been so bold.

MARQ. My humble story in two lines is told:—

A jolly miller once had nephews three,
 The youngest of them you behold in me.
 These lands are mine, though not by public sale;
 My cat knows all—but thereby hangs a *tale*.

KING. A miller and his cat! With rage I burst!

MARQ. I've told you all, sir—now you know the worst.

KING. The worst, indeed! Why, here's a pretty scrape!
 We've had a most miraculous escape!

MARQ. It rends my soul to part with so much beauty;
 But mends the hole, to think I've done my duty.

KING. Would'st catch a princess as you would a mouse?
 Away! We turn ourselves out of your house.

MARQ. As, without her, I ne'er could live at ease,
 I'd rather turn myself out, if you please.

KING. 'Twere better so!

PRIN. Oh, father! call him back!

Though he's a miller, don't give him the sack!

Spare your poor daughter's heart this cruel shock ;
He's proved himself the flower of the flock !
Sweet miller, I am yours !

(Throws herself into his arms)

MARQ. Ah ! say you so ?

Then thus will I defend you 'gainst each foe !

(drawing his sword)

KING. Ho, knaves there !—part them ! What are you
all at ?

Arrest this Marquis, and hang up his cat !

*The GUARDS and COURTIERS seize and separate MARQUIS,
&c.—Thunder and lightning—The back of the scene opens,
and discovers the FAIRY FELINA on a large cat.*

FAIRY. Hang Puss in Boots ! Thou pompous fool, forbear !
Puss is my subject—touch him if you dare !
Forgive them, too—or, by this magic ring,
Thou shalt remain a goose, but not a king !

KING. I'm not the goose, ma'am, that would run contrary,
In an affair that's managed by a Fairy.
So let the old line end a tale of laughter—

(to PRINCESS and MARQUIS)

Be married, and live happy ever after !

FINALE—“ *The girl I left behind me.*”

MARQ. The King he bids us happy be,
With him my notion pat jumps ;
And so I come, kind friends, to see,
With you, which way the cat jumps.
If we once more have waked some fun
From Mother Bunch's fine tales,
Let those who've played with her cat's one,
Escape your cat-o'-nine-tails.

KING. To you we therefore move our suits ;
Say—shall the task be fruitless ?
The labours, sure, of Puss in Boots,
You will not render bootless !
To call for actors now appears
The fashion ;—then let *that* call
To-night, ye critics, calm our fears,
And be your only cat-call.

PUSS. The proverb says, "Care kill'd a cat ;"
 Acknowledge 'tis but fair, now,
 You should permit, in change for that,
 A cat to kill dull Care now.
 If once to-night I've made you grin,
 Oh, in return for that laugh,
 Allow us just applause to win
 Enough to make a cat laugh !

MARQ. But hold ! before we raise for good
 And aye, our voices choral,
 It just occurs to me you would
 Perchance say, "Where's the moral?"
 'Tis this: if you're but left a cat,
 And, like me, can't well boast on't,
 Learn, friends, to be content with that,
 And try to make the most on't.

CHORUS. 'Tis this, if you're but left a cat,
 And, like *him*, &c.

CURTAIN.

NOTE.—In the introduction to "The Paphian Bower," p. 91, for the "Garrick," read the "New Brunswick Theatre," Well Street, Wellclose Square, which was built on the site of the "Old Royalty." Mr. Wyman, who so nearly lost his life when the "Brunswick" fell, became afterwards for a short time joint partner with Conquest in the "Garrick," which was situated, as already mentioned, in Leman Street, Goodman's Fields.—[EDS.]

A P P E N D I X.

I beg to append as a conclusion to the first volume of this Edition, the following letter to Madame Vestris, which was published as a dedication to her of my drama "The Two Figaros," produced in November, 1836, not only as a tribute justly due to that "Wonderful Woman," but as a record of facts respecting her management of the Olympic Theatre which might be found worthy of consideration by more than one manager of the present day.

J. R. P.

MY DEAR MADAME VESTRIS,

Allow me to dedicate this little Drama to you. I have several reasons for so doing; the most obvious are, its having been produced at your Theatre; the perfect manner in which you have thought proper to produce it, and the support it has received from your personal exertions in the trifling part of *Susanetta*; but I have another, and still stronger motive. This Drama has been selected to form the first number of a New Series, which will principally, if not wholly consist of pieces produced by members of the Dramatic Authors' Society. As a very humble member of that body, I therefore take this public opportunity of expressing the opinion which I, in common with many of my brethren, entertain of your management of the Olympic

Theatre, and of the beneficial effects likely to result from it to the whole dramatic community.

In a time of unexampled peril to the best interests of the Drama—whilst theatrical property was at the lowest ebb, the larger theatres changing hands continually, and the ruin of their lessees involving that of hundreds of their unfortunate dependents,—the little Olympic, the most despised nook in the dramatic world, became not only one of the most popular and fashionable theatres London ever saw, but served as a life-boat to the respectability of the stage, which was fast sinking in the general wreck. Your *success* is a matter of notoriety ; not so, however, the principal *causes* of your success ; which also constitute the claims you have upon the good wishes of all who regard the true interests of the English Stage. To those causes thousands are blind, and none perhaps so blind as the very persons who are most concerned in clearly perceiving and reflecting on them ; I allude to the majority of Theatrical Managers, Provincial as well as Metropolitan.

In the first place, you have never allowed a temporary decline of attraction to scare you into the destructive system of filling your Boxes with orders.

Secondly—You have never suffered your Play-bill to be disgraced by a puff, but rigidly restricted it to the simple announcement of the Performances.

Thirdly—In the production of *every* Drama, without regard to its comparative importance, the most scrupulous attention has been paid to all those accessories which form the peculiar charm of Theatrical Representation, by perfecting the illusion of the scene, and consequently at the same time every possible chance of success has been afforded to the author

Fourthly—That if, notwithstanding such aid, a Drama has occasionally failed, it has been as soon as possible withdrawn in deference to the opinion of the public.

Fifthly—That the advantage of early hours was first perceived by the audiences of the Olympic, the performances having been generally so regulated as to enable families to reach their homes before midnight.

It is to these few "Golden Rules" which you have had the good taste and sound policy to adopt and persevere in, more even than to your deserved popularity as an Actress, that you owe your unequalled success, and when by the adoption of similar measures, similar prosperity shall attend other Theatrical Speculations, and the benefit of that prosperity be felt throughout the various branches of the Dramatic Profession, I trust it will not be forgotten that the laudable experiment was first made by Madame Vestris.

I must not omit to state as a collateral cause of the natural interest dramatic writers should take in your welfare, that with at least as much excuse (if there be any excuse for so absurd a practice) as attraction ever gave to any other manager, the privileges of those who have a professional claim on the free admission to your Theatre have never since its first opening been upon any occasion *suspended*.

The writer of a piquant and complimentary notice of the Olympic Theatre, in the *New Monthly Magazine*, for October last, has with great felicity likened your Theatre to a fashionable confectioner's shop, where although one cannot absolutely make a dinner, one may enjoy a most agreeable refecton consisting of jellies, cheese-cakes, custards, and such "trifles light as air" served upon the best Dresden china, in the most elegant style; but let it be also remembered, and I am sure that writer has too

much good sense not to have admitted it had it been necessary for him so to do, that the Olympic is licensed for the sale of confectionery *only*, and that the fine old English fare on which the patriotic critic alone can dine may not be served up to your customers. It is but fair to presume that the same spirit which induced you to offer a trifle like the "Two Figaros" on such exquisite porcelain (to follow up the ingenious simile of the writer in the *New Monthly*)—would cause you to place upon a patent dining table the Hamlet of Shakespeare, in as costly plate as ever was turned out by Hamlet of Sidney's-alley.

Fortunately for yourself, perhaps, your exertions have been confined to a Theatre the direction of which is a recreation, more than a labour ; but the model is not less instructive because it is made on so small a scale and preserved in the cabinet of a lady. That great good will eventually, and not far distantly arise to the Drama from your example, is the firm belief of many for whose judgment I have great respect, and that you may continue to deserve their "golden opinions," and live to enjoy an ample harvest reaped from the practice of your "golden rules," is the wish of,

My dear Madame Vestris,

Your sincere Friend,

J. R. PLANCHÉ.

Brompton Crescent,
Dec. 19th, 1836.

END OF VOL. I.

