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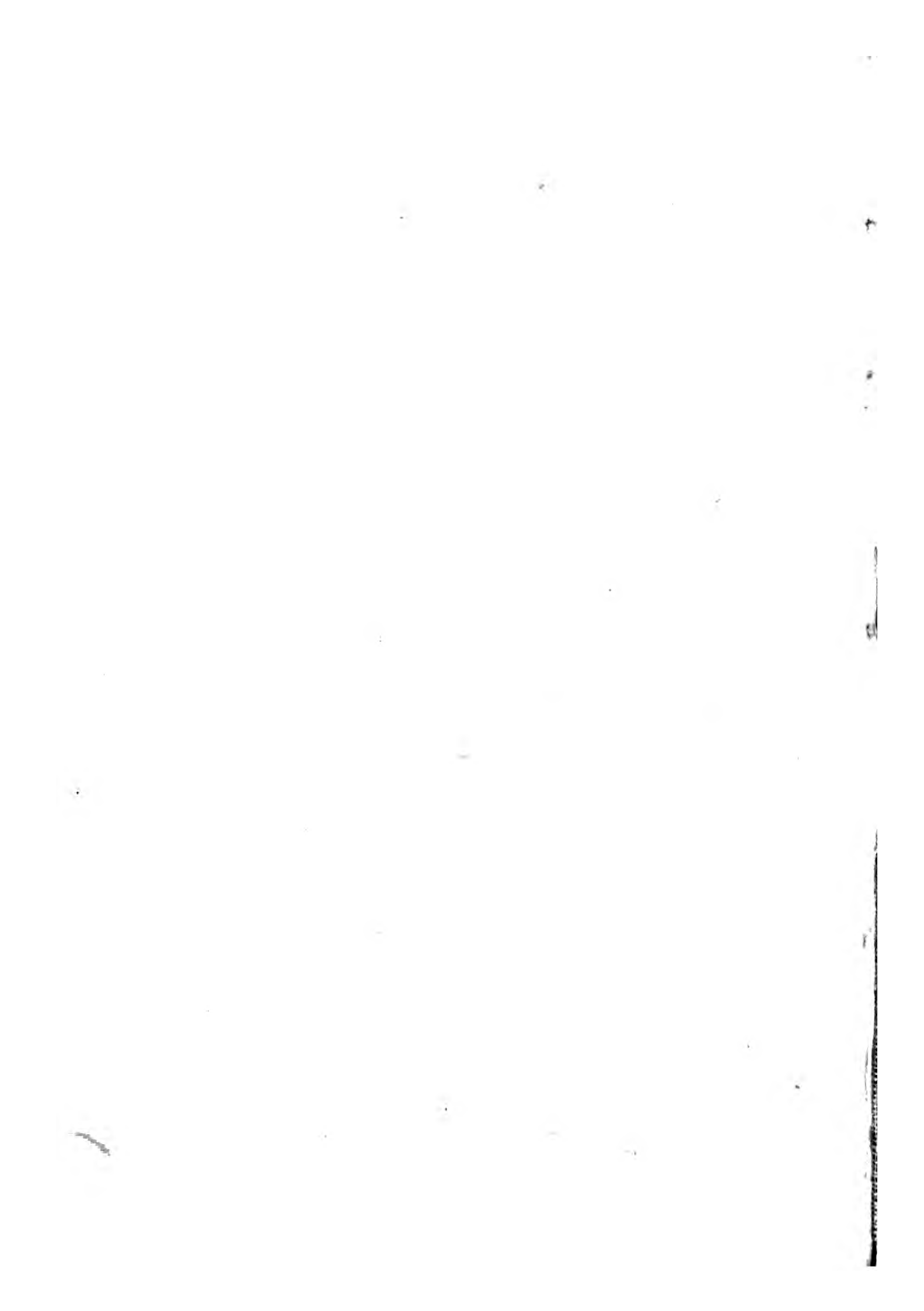


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(133)

THE BOOK OF DRAWING-ROOM PLAYS.







"STRATEGY, MY BOY; STRATEGY!"

See "All is Fair in Love and War," page 113.

Frontispiece.

THE HISTORY OF THE

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LONDON

FROM ITS FOUNDATION

TO THE PRESENT TIME

BY JOHN HENRY MAWSON

ESQ. F.R.S.

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME I

1850

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LONDON: JAMES HOGG & SONS

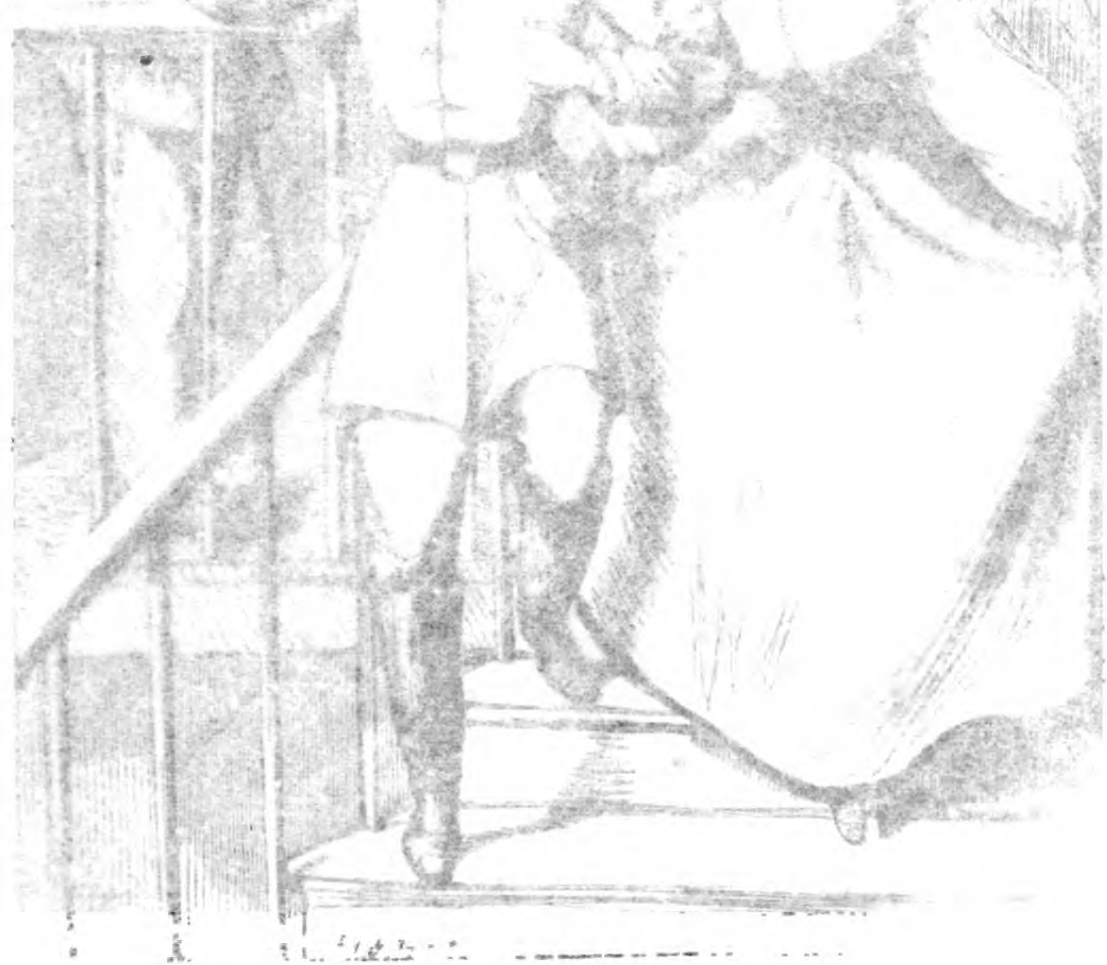


Fig. 2. -
A. P. & P. Y. - 1854

THE BOOK
OF
DRAWING-ROOM PLAYS
AND
EVENING AMUSEMENTS:

A Comprehensive Manual of In-door Recreation.

INCLUDING ALL KINDS OF

ACTING CHARADES;
PROVERBS, BURLIQUES, AND EXTRAVAGANZAS;
INTELLECTUAL, ACTIVE, CATCH AND TRICK GAMES;
FORFEITS, BOARD-GAMES, AND PUZZLES.

THE WHOLE INTERSPERSED WITH PRACTICAL DIRECTIONS CONCERNING
COSTUME, AND HINTS ON MANAGEMENT AND ACCESSORIES.

By HENRY DALTON.

WITH SCENIC ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. H. CORBOULD AND G. DU MAURIER,

AND UPWARDS OF ONE HUNDRED DIAGRAMS ON WOOD.

Accompanied by a Copious Index.

LONDON: JAMES HOGG & SONS.



LONDON : PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET
AND CHARING CROSS.

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PART I.

CHAPTER I.

ACTING CHARADES.

Introduction.—Suggestions.—List of Words.—Skeleton Plots for Charades.
—Dialogue and Mute Charades, including Historical, Poetical, Fairy Tale, Nursery Tale, and Mythological Charades.

THE seasons best suited for “acting charades,” are those of Christmas, the Easter Holidays, and Birthdays, as well as any anniversaries of a pleasant nature; for it is on such occasions, that old and young, grave and gay, meet together, all, generally, alike determined to lay aside, be it only for a brief space, the cares, worries, sorrows, and troubles, of every-day life.

Charades are a better diversion than dancing, for several reasons. One is, they are less fatiguing; another, that they are more *generally* amusing, and divert the old people, whilst amusing the young. Moreover, if properly carried out, they are an intellectual diversion, both for those acting, as well as for the spectators. The original charade is of French extraction: in England it has assumed the dramatic shape. I was once witness myself of their utility as an amusement, when staying, as a visitor, in a large country house, in which a young merry party were assembled for Christmas.

My name, as you know (if you look at the title-page), is Henry Dalton. It is fit and proper, that in an Introductory Chapter I should tell you first of all, *who* I am; and then, *why* I have written a charade-book.

My name you know. My age is a little “uncertain;” and, though candour compels me to say I am elderly, I must add,

that I was at that time still young enough to be consulted by our hospitable hostess, in all her little plans, yet also of an age that entitled me to be admitted into the young ladies' confidence, without incurring any ridiculous "joking" about it.

I was only "Cousin Henry" with them all, but I must also venture to add, a general favourite.

After I had arrived in those pleasant quarters, the Christmas to which I am alluding, I remarked that there was always a difficulty in determining what was to be "done," during that long hour after dinner and before tea.

Driving, skating, walking, talking, music, fancy-work, letter-writing, and so on, provided for the day; but, in the evening, when the gentlemen had followed the ladies upstairs (our host having gone to the library for a nap, till tea came up), it became a serious consideration to furnish amusement for about fifteen young ladies, eight young men, a sprinkling of chaperones, and some few elderly men, like "Cousin Henry." Dancing was prohibited, it being said to disturb "papa."

Then, were a round game proposed by any one so innocently-minded, "mamma" generally looked up from her work, at her eldest daughter Caroline, with a "look" towards the Rev. Somebody's wife, which said as plainly as looks could—

"My dear, pray remember that Mrs. Somebody does not *approve* of cards for *her* young people;" on which Caroline, (having the tact to understand the maternal glance) would vote against a round game; which vote, from the "eldest" at home, of course carried the day.

One such evening, I—seeing that a hint might be useful—proposed "acting charades."

Our host's eldest son, Herbert, fresh from Oxford, where he has occasionally assisted in private theatricals, when the undergraduates of his college (St. Periwinkle's) got leave from the "Dons" during Commemoration Week, declared it to be a "capital idea," and seconded the motion enthusiastically.

"Delightful!" echoed Ada, the second daughter of the house. Now, I had quietly noticed that Ada welcomed any interruption to a flirtation actively carried on between a cousin of mine, Charles Dalton, an officer in the G—— Volunteers, and "one Julia." Julia, Ada declared, was a "sad flirt;" but then, previously to her arrival, Charles had been devoted to Ada. Be

that as it may, Ada was all for acting. "Who can act?" cries she; going up to each. I watched from a little distance the different way in which her guests acceded to the motion for charades.

Many who had acted before were not quite certain if they could now. Among this "uncertain" number I observed Charles and Julia; but I also fancied that I overheard the former saying to Ada, *sotto voce*, "I will, if *you* will."

Then again, others, less exclusive, were "sure acting must be so very delightful," if every one could have their "proper" part.

One person's *forte* was tragedy; another's, comedy; a third could be nothing but "a very vulgar servant;" and so on: till Ada's question, "Can you act?" was answered by all except her little cousin Sophy Gibbs, who was, she said, "most happy to be anything her darling precious Ada liked," on *one* condition. That was, that whatever it was, she might "let her back hair down," which request being granted, and ratified by a kiss, every one agreed to act. The seniors only were to sit by as audience. The governess offered to be stage-manager under Charles and Herbert's direction, and the actors were then separated into two parties.

The charades went off capitally. My young friends, being all well educated and well bred, acted with good taste and spirit; even the "very vulgar servant" introducing nothing vulgar or objectionable into his dialogue.

A "something," however, was wanting: what was it? Charles (who is a cousin of mine, and really a very fine fellow), talking it over with me one evening, defined the missing "something" in the light of a "few hints" as to the *practical* part of "getting up" charades.

It occurred to my elderly brain, that were I to sit down and write them a book, not only on charades, but on every kind of in-door amusement, I might not only benefit them, but the juvenile public at large.

No sooner said than done. Pen in hand, I retired, and drew up a plan. Then I summoned Charles. He was greatly pleased with the rough sketch (and as he is really discerning and clever) I was much encouraged, and more than ever anxious to carry it into practice.

Should my general readers be as "discerning and clever" as Charles is, I trust that they will agree in his good opinion, and find my "Charade Book" useful.

Without further preface, then, let me, my dear friends, introduce you at once into

YOUR GREEN-ROOM.

In a large house, this may be either the morning or the school-room.

If all the children are grown up, or if they take any share in the charades (why not? it is capital fun for children), choose the school-room rather than any other; because, like home school-rooms generally, it will probably be the most convenient, but the very worst furnished room in the whole house.

For acting, when *impromptu*, it may be quickly converted into a green-room, by fetching down a looking-glass, or even two (one for the ladies, and one for the gentlemen); a few hair-brushes; a paper of pins; a pot of rouge, if any one in the house will own to possessing one; a basin of cold water and a few towels; a cupful of flour; a burnt cork; all the old spectacles and walking-sticks to be had; while for costumes, bring—

Old bonnets; old ball dresses; court uniforms (too shabby for "papa" to attend St. James's in, but the "very thing" for charades); any kind of ancient parasols, umbrellas, or garden hats, college caps, college gowns, servants' aprons, the house-maid's cap (be she good-natured, and will lend it); if possible a widow's cap—in short, any "old thing;" and thus in ten minutes the school-room may, both in appearance and essentials, be converted into a veritable green-room.

There should always be a head to organise and lead the charades. If not, every one will talk at the same time, and there will be nothing but confusion in the green-room, as well as in the acting.

Have plenty of light; yet beware of fire, in those pretty white dresses, my fair young friends, lest your gay comedies become real sad tragedies. If got up on the spur of the moment, choose for your stage any part of the drawing or dining room that can be closed in by curtains or folding-doors. There are in all houses plenty of ready-made stages.

If there are two drawing-rooms, separated by folding-doors, act

in the one and let the audience sit in the other, so arranged that all may see and hear. Supposing there are no folding-doors or back drawing-room, look about for a bow-window or recess; if no bow-window or recess, act at the upper or lower end of the room—that is to say, at that end which is the most convenient of the two for ingress and exit. In every case do the best you can for showing off the acting.

Should you be so fortunate as to have folding-doors, your stage is made. In that case, all you will have to do is to shut them till the charade begins, and arrange the furniture to suit your scene—opening them when all is ready. So much for the green-room and stage, in *impromptu* charades.

It may so happen that the actors may wish to “get up” the charades some time before the day of representation. In that case the hasty toilettes of *impromptu* charades must be replaced by much more careful costumes and preparations.

In the first place, as before, select your stage *well*. All depends on the choice of your stage.

After choosing your stage, choose your manager.

That is a difficulty. The oldest person among the actors will not always do; nor the best actor, though that is a great recommendation; nor the cleverest; but it must be the *most experienced*, and what is also desirable, the best tempered, for it is indeed a trying post. Generally speaking, the manager is expected to please every one, and—ends by pleasing no one. His or her duties are as follows:—

1. To settle for each actor what character he or she is to act.
2. To settle disputes by his or her casting vote.
3. To arrange the stage.
4. To collect the properties.
5. To regulate the ingress and exit.
6. To rouge the actors, and whiten their faces.
7. To explain the scene aloud to all.
8. To give the signal for drawing back the curtain, or opening the doors.

As such duties are numerous, either let the manager be assisted by a stage-manager, or else let him or her be content to be the paramount authority behind the scenes, and take no part whatsoever in the representation on the stage.

 HINTS TO THE MANAGER.

1. For comic parts in men's characters, rouge the tip of the nose.

2. Tragedy requires white faces, and these may be obtained by common flour or violet powder.

3. To get rouge off the skin, use grease, and then pure water. The same will get flour or powder out of the hair much more quickly than by brushing it, while, without the use of grease, much time will be wasted in washing the face, or brushing the hair or beard.

4. A burnt cork will give any amount of moustache or whisker, and applied to the eyebrows of light persons, gives great expression to the face.

5. Age may be easily personated. Flour the hair to make it look gray. Indian ink and white chalk will make wrinkles, which must be made round the mouth and on the forehead; while a long white beard may be produced by white cotton-wool drawn into shape, or white paper finely cut into thin strips. Spectacles give an old look.

Costumes in charades need never be made a source of expense, as very often the very cheapest properties have the best effect on the stage.

Ingenuity in turning old dresses into good stage "properties" should be exercised both by the manager and actors. In another part I mean to dwell at length on the preparation of costumes, so I shall say no more here, than just to mention *en passant* to the actors, that after the manager has given each, his or her part, one of their duties must be to have their costumes ready for each scene; by which means any unnecessary delay between the scenes will be avoided. When the dress is ready beforehand, you will have more time to consider and learn your part.

With these preliminary remarks, let us begin by rehearsing in private your behaviour on the stage; which, let me assure you, must neither be too flippant nor yet too grave. If you are to keep your eyes fixed on the ground, and be covered with confusion, all I have to say, is—*don't* act.

Do not either hang your head in that sheepish manner as you enter, nor yet go into the worse extreme of being always on the broad grin, but enter as easily and as *much in character* as you can.

Don't look at the ceiling, but at the person you are addressing ; raise your voice a little, but do not scream, nor hurry over your speeches, nor speak all at the same time ; but while you are acting, try to *feel* as if you *were*, yourself, your assumed character. Act and look just as you imagine the character you are personating would look in real life ; above all, be *natural*.

You must never turn your back to the audience, whilst you must carefully endeavour to allow all you say to be heard by them. Acting comes more easily to some than to others—nevertheless, by a little common attention, it is in every one's power, when taking a part in a charade, to render it agreeable and pleasing, if not striking.

Both in impromptu and in prepared charades, a word must be chosen, of two, three, four, or even five syllables. The *whole* word can be acted in two ways :—Thus (1) take the word “ Misrepresent-(s)-ation,” for example. The first syllable, *Miss* ; second, *represent* ; third, *station*. Each syllable may be a totally distinct scene from the other two, and the whole word making a fourth scene ; or—(2). The three syllables, and whole word, may be, as it were, the four scenes of a little story—all bearing on the word Misrepresentation, and being connected with each other. The first way is by far the easier of the two. In the first place I shall give a long list of words suitable for ordinary charades, accompanied by the divided syllables for representation.

LIST OF WORDS TO CHOOSE FROM.

1. Mistake (Miss-take).
2. Mendicant (Mend-die-cant).
3. Dramatic (Dram-a-“ tic”).
4. Knighthood (Night-hood).
5. Outrage (Out-rage).
6. Earwig (Ear-whig).
7. Village (Vile-age).
8. Rifle (Rye-fell).
9. Pilgrim (Pill-grim).
10. Warlike (War-like).
11. Independent (Inn-depend-aunt).
12. Ireland (Ire-land).
13. Beauty (Beau, or Bow-tye).

-
14. Phantom (Fan-Tom).
 15. Bandage (Band-age).
 16. Skylight (Sky-light).
 17. Cockade (Cock-aid).
 18. Magnetic (Magnet-"tic").
 19. Tyrant (Tye-rant).
 20. Faithful (Faith-full).
 21. Pencil (Pen-sill (window)).
 22. Pilfer (Pill-fur).
 23. Neighbour ("Nay,"-bore).
 24. Spirit (Spire-right).
 25. Rubric (Rue-brick).
 26. Season (Sea-sun).
 27. Handsome (Hands-some).
 28. Toilet (To-let).
 29. Vestry (Vest-try).
 30. Owlet (Owl-let).
 31. Poetic (Poet-tic).
 32. Sentimental (Sentiment-all).
 33. Statesman (States-man).
 34. Hebrew (He-brew).
 35. Protest (Pro- (and Con-) test).
 36. Mischief (Miss-chief).
 37. Blackguard (Black-guard).
 38. Golden (Gold-den).
 39. Courtship (Court-ship).
 40. Pastime ("Pa's"-time).
 41. Flirting (Flirt-Inn).
 42. Jewel (Jew-ill).
 43. Banquet (Ban-quit).
 44. Nightmare (Knight-mare).
 45. Captain (Cap-(t)-"ain").
 46. Marplot ("Ma"-plot).
 47. Spinster (Spin-stir).
 48. Sweetheart (Sweet-heart).
 49. Mistletoe (Miss-sell-toe).
 50. Militant (Mill-it-aunt).
 51. Compensate (Come-pence-ate).
 52. Jubilee (Jew-Billy).
 53. Holiday (Holy-Dey).

-
- 54. Champagne . . . (Sham-pain).
 - 55. Coward . . . (Cow-hard).
 - 56. University . . . (Universe-city).
 - 57. Nightingale . . . (Knight-in-gale).
 - 58. Maritime . . . (Mary-time).
 - 59. Hurricane . . . (Hurry-cane).
 - 60. Friendship . . . (Friend-ship).
 - 61. Feudal . . . (Few-(d)-all).

Any word can be selected from this list for an ordinary charade, with, or without, more preparation than that half hour in the green-room which is always requisite for the settlement of parts, the choice of the plots, and arrangement of costume.

Subjoined are skeleton plots, *without fixed dialogue*, which will greatly assist in *impromptu* entertainments.

Then follow two specimens of ordinary charades, *with dialogue*, to be learnt off by heart; and *mute* ordinary charades, which should be performed in total silence. By expressive *action* in mute charades, you supply the place of language—the only language admissible in them being “the language of the eyes.”

SKELETON PLOTS.—No. I.—MISTAKE.

SCENE I.—*Miss.* A gentleman, the REV. EBENEZER BROWN, wants a lodging. He has just arrived at Dover. Sauntering along the Marine Parade, he sees a parlour floor with “*To Let*” put up in the window. He knocks, and is shown in by a pert maid-of-all-work (MARTHA), and is told that her “Missus” will be down to speak to him directly.

Enter her “Missus,” MRS. MACCANISTER (not a widow lady, but separated from MR. MACCANISTER, owing to “incompatibility of temper,” by Sir Cresswell Cresswell’s Court. She is on the wrong side of sixty, and fond of relating her sorrows.)

REV. E. BROWN, much “struck” with MRS. MACCANISTER, engages the apartments. After arranging the terms, &c., MRS. MACCANISTER begs him to take a cup of tea whilst MARTHA goes to fetch his luggage, which he has left at the station. MR. BROWN and MRS. MACCANISTER sit down to tea. In the course of the conversation, MRS. MACC., believing that MR. B. knows her sad

story, alludes pathetically to her "lone position." MR. BROWN, still more fascinated, proposes to her, addressing her as "Dear Miss." The indignant MRS. MAC.C., believing MR. BROWN to be an impudent impostor, shrieks for MARTHA, who enters with the luggage. MR. BROWN tries to explain, again beginning "dear Miss," on which MRS. MAC.C. rushes out of the room, followed by MARTHA. [*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE II.—*Take.* Scene.—The Crystal Palace and a fancy fair, at which the young and lovely LADY FITZROSE holds a stall.

Two fashionable-looking men, whom LADY FITZROSE thinks are from the West End, but who in reality belong to the swell mob, while purchasing several articles, contrive to engage LADY FITZROSE in conversation. While one of them talks, the other puts article after article into his pocket, quite unseen by LADY FITZROSE.

Enter MRS. SMITH and three young children of No. 1 Bedford Square—a most respectable woman. She only "looks" at the things—buys nothing.

Suddenly LADY FITZROSE discovers that her stall has been robbed—great hurry and confusion. A magnificent pair of slippers are missing. The crowd assemble, the "fashionable-looking" man (who has taken the things) offers to fetch a policeman. Suspicion falls on MRS. SMITH. The second "fashionable-looking" man says, he is "sorry to mention it," but that he saw MRS. SMITH put the slippers into her pocket. LADY FITZROSE entreats him, with thanks, to rush after his friend and hurry the policeman. *Exit* "fashionable-looking man at one door, and *enters* a policeman at another, calling out "Stop thief!" after him. The culprits escape; poor MRS. SMITH is released, having been detained by the crowd, and retires with indignant virtue. LADY FITZROSE faints.

"Miss" and "Take" have thus been acted. The third scene represents the whole word.

SCENE III.—*Mistake.* A genteel family, residing in Brompton, issue invitations for a dance, to be given on Thursday, the 14th inst.

As they do not think they have asked gentlemen enough, they ask a friend to invite one or two, and give her blank invitations. [*All this must be described by conversation, while the genteel*

family are sitting working on the evening of Thursday, the 4th inst.] A knock is heard at the front door. They cannot imagine who it can be, but fancy it is COUNT MAUVE, a distinguished foreigner, invited "to look in *any evening.*" "Mamma" says, "Now mind, girls, you all speak French!"

BUTTONS announces, in a loud voice, MR. WATSON WATSON (one of the gentlemen invited by friend), who has *mistaken the day.*

He is received most politely as COUNT MAUVE. All speak French. MR. WATSON WATSON cannot reply—much confusion. At last the mutual *mistake* is explained. [*Curtain falls.*]

This charade must of course be acted with spirit and point, as the great thing is to bear out *the story* by the acting and dialogue.

No. II.—*Mendicant.*

SCENE I.—*Men.* Two young boys, ALFRED and ERNEST, fifteen and sixteen years of age, aspire to be *men.* They go out and purchase two cigars. [*The scene must be laid in a tobacconist's shop, so that three characters will be wanted.*] ALFRED and ERNEST are taken very ill, and then resolve, for a few years at least, to give up all idea of being *men.*

SCENE II.—*Die.* This syllable is capable of being acted in several ways. In one, a lady receives a visit from a friend. [*Lady No. 1 we will call MRS. SEYMOUR, her friend, MRS. BROWN-RIG JONES.*]

MRS. SEYMOUR is a lady of very good means, who has no family, but a favourite little lap-dog, by name TINY.

MRS. BROWN-RIG JONES has a large family of eleven children, and is a woman of good common sense, but no fortune.

Enter MRS. B. JONES. MRS. SEYMOUR rises from her sofa, where she is reposing, elegantly attired in deep mourning, and has evidently been in tears. After the usual civilities, MRS. B. J. expresses her regret to see that MRS. SEYMOUR is in "such poor spirits." MRS. S. says that she has experienced a great loss. MRS. B. JONES, alarmed, says, "My goodness! Is it Mr. Seymour?"—"No," replies MRS. SEYMOUR, "but a *very* near relation." After MRS. B. JONES has gone through a long list of

inquiries for relations; mothers, fathers, sisters, and uncles, MRS. SEYMOUR, overwhelmed with grief, says it is *her little dog*—TINY!

MRS. BROWNEIG JONES, excessively indignant, rises to take leave, saying, that she cannot sympathise in her sorrow, for she is heartily glad the object of such ridiculous affection is removed, and hopes MRS. S. will “feel it” as much when Mr. Seymour *dies*. [*Exit MRS. B. Curtain falls.*]

SCENE III.—*Cant.* This may be a scene from “Martin Chuzzlewit”—of Mr. Pecksniff’s cant.

SCENE IV.—*Mendicant.* A YOUNG LADY walking out meets a beggar. She refuses to relieve his distress, and threatens to call a policeman. Her cousin JULIA, coming along soon afterwards, not only gives him a shilling, but inquires his name and address. The mendicant then reveals himself. He is a long-lost uncle, just returned from India, who, anxious to ascertain the real character of his two nieces, has assumed the mendicant’s garb. He adopts the charitable JULIA, who thus inherits, eventually, a fortune of half a million, and proves that the well-known proverb is of practical utility, when “Charity begins at home.” In this scene, the word *Mendicant* must be brought prominently forward.

No. III.—*Dramatic.*

SCENE I.—*Dram.* A young married couple, CHARLES and LAURA, on their wedding-tour at the Lakes. Their LADY’S-MAID enters while they are at breakfast one morning, and says, that not being very well, she would be much obliged to “Master” (who has been a medical man before he entered the militia regiment of 18th Light Infantry) to give her a restorative dram. LAURA, proud of her husband’s acquirements, makes him write out a prescription. It is despatched to be made up at a neighbouring chemist’s. Whilst the couple are still at breakfast, it arrives. Kind-hearted LAURA mixes the dram herself for the LADY’S-MAID.

The LADY’S-MAID is just putting it to her lips, when the master of the shop arrives—almost breathless. He cannot speak, but points to the tumbler. LAURA offers him some, when, recovering his voice, he says his assistant had mistaken the bottle and sent deadly poison instead of the restorative *dram*.

SCENE II.—*A tic.* AN OXFORD UNDERGRADUATE, during Commemoration Week, expecting his mother and sisters to luncheon in his rooms. His friend, FREDERICK FEARLESS, is helping him. It is just noon—the guests are to arrive at half-past twelve.

Ra-ra-tat at the door. It is a DUN with his “little account.” The young men beg him “to leave it”—“they’ll settle it another day”—“are expecting friends.” The DUN—a very civil but positive man—declares he won’t leave without the money.

They assure him that they have neither of them a sixpence in the world. They offer him anything to leave at once [*clock strikes quarter past twelve*].

DUN won’t leave. They try civil means—offer him cake and wine, which he accepts and then still remains. Five-and-twenty minutes past twelve comes. FREDERICK FEARLESS, after going down on his knees to entreat him to leave, suggests (*aside to his friend*), that if he *will* stay, he be introduced to the ladies as a friend. *Enter* HIS MOTHER and three SISTERS with a COUSIN. The DUN is introduced, but on being addressed by the MOTHER, still mentions his “little bill.” Fortunately she is a little deaf. She thinks his manner odd, and becomes alarmed. FRED FEARLESS again tries to persuade the DUN to leave.

He still declines, and takes a seat. FRED then, turning to the ladies, explains (*aside*) that the stranger is a friend of his, but subject to dreadful attacks of *tic*, which can only be cured by the immediate application outside the face of a sovereign “on account of his *tic*.” The benevolent MOTHER gives the sovereign immediately, on which the DUN leaves, and FREDERICK, with a look of intelligence to the SISTERS, who understand the case, thanks the deaf old lady for so easily curing *a tic*. [*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE III.—*Dramatic (the whole word).* MANAGER of country theatre engages a LONDON “STAR,” who recites in his, or her, different styles, several dramatic speeches.

This scene should, if possible, be acted by some one who is a good mimic, and can imitate the different peculiarities of celebrated actors—such as the Keans, Macready, Buckstone, Miss Woolgar, and others.

 No. IV.—*Knighthood (Acted as Night-hood)*.

SCENE I.—*Night*. A scene at *night* can be represented by a nightmare, or a policeman who takes up a wrong person at *night*: for instance, believing the master of the house entering his own domicile with a latch-key to be a burglar. It can also be acted as *Knighthood*, but that is unadvisable, as it interferes with the whole word.

SCENE II.—*Hood*. A gentleman proposes to the wrong lady, as she is returning from a ball in a carriage with him. She has put on her sister's *hood*—mistake discovered when she removes her hood.

SCENE III.—*Knighthood (the whole word)*. The Queen holding a *levée*. Bestows the honour of Knighthood on MR. SAMUEL PETERS, Mayor of some town (*any town will do*), and the characters must be—HER MAJESTY, PRINCE ALBERT, PRINCE OF WALES, LORD PALMERSTON, and as many of the Court as can be personated by the actors. In the middle of the stage must kneel MR. SAMUEL PETERS to receive the honour of Knighthood from Her Majesty, who touches him on the shoulder with a drawn sword. The QUEEN, PRINCE ALBERT, and the *grandeés* must talk in character, before the Mayor receives Knighthood.

 No. V.—*Out-rage*.

SCENE I.—*Out*. This can be the *début* in society of a young lady coming “out.” Or,—news arriving to a family expecting their youngest son, a briefless barrister, to get a good appointment, that the ministry has gone “out” and all their hopes with it.

SCENE II.—*Rage*. A milliner's shop. MADAME CELESTINE has just got the fashions from Paris. A gentleman gets very indignant with his wife for purchasing a bonnet trimmed with a *whole* bird of paradise, because MADAME CELESTINE says it is all the “rage.”

This scene may be made a good channel for amusing *hits* at prevailing fashions.

SCENE III.—*Outrage (the whole word)*. This may be acted by a trial for “breach of promise of marriage,” in which the

counsel for plaintiff dwells on the outrage offered to his client's feelings. He must also demand satisfaction in money from the defendant for the *outrage*.

— — —

No. VI.—*Ear-wig*.

SCENE I.—*Ear*. This may be easily and pointedly acted. The amusing mistakes made by deaf people may be the drift of the scene.

Thus, for instance, take two young ladies paying a morning call in the country, who, being accompanied by the *fiancé* of the younger one (*whose name is* ROBERTS), introduce him to a deaf old lady, who fancies he is their "brother Robert!"

They seem at first amazed at her mistake, and do not correct it, even on her seeing in MR. ROBERTS a great "family likeness" to their "dear mamma," till by-and-by the deaf old lady enters into long particulars about the young lady's former engagement. An amusing scene may be made of this.

SCENE II.—*Wig*. An election contest. Return of the *Whig* member.

SCENE III.—*Earwig (the whole word)*. A picnic-party. ROSALINDA receives great attention from ALFRED. In the midst of the tenderest of his speeches, an *earwig* falls into her cup of tea. The picnic-party must be all chatting pleasantly, disposed in different groups.

I have now given a skeleton plot for the first six words in my list, and therefore I hope my readers will see the manner and way of "getting up" an ordinary acting charade, when no time for learning a dialogue is given, and when speech must be supplied by your own imagination and invention. When, however, time has been given for previous preparation, you can learn off either of the ordinary *dialogue* acting charades which follow.

Further on in this book, something more will be said about the construction of the stage, the management of foot-lights, when used, and some more rules given; but before I write

another sentence, let me remind you of one "golden rule," which, if neglected, will mar the success of any charade.

"You must all *learn*, and *know* your parts."

Each actor should copy his own part out in writing, as well as the "cues," or words coming immediately before his part; and *every* word should be *learnt* literally.

I do not, except in a long piece, advise much prompting; but if it be required, refer to the remarks preceding "Drawing-room Farce," in Chapter III.

Exit and entrance will, in some rooms, be a matter of difficulty, from the position of the stage. A simple mode of making *one* door serve for *two* exits, is by placing a screen in front of the door, and issuing or retiring from or behind the different ends of the screen.

An ordinary linen-horse, placed in that manner, and covered over with a large cloth, makes a good impromptu screen.

ORDINARY CHARADES, WITH EASY DIALOGUE.

DRAMATIC.—ACT I.—*Dram.*

Dramatis Personæ.

LUDOVICO JONES, *a clerk.*

DR. TOURNIQUET.

MARY WORTHINGTON, *servant of lodgings.*

[LUDOVICO JONES'S *manner must be a little burlesque.*]

SCENE I.—*Comfortable, well-furnished Sitting-room.*

LUDOVICO. (*Walking up and down. Tennyson's poems in his hand.*) How beautiful! My blighted heart throbs, as though 'twould burst this mortal clay. (*Strikes his forehead.*) Once more let me peruse this verse:—

"Oh, that it were possible,
After long grief's pain,
To find the arms of my true love
Bound round me once again!"

Tennyson, I love thee. Love! ha,—ha! What is love? Nothing. The world is cold and heartless!—"

Oh, beloved Incitela! why did you jilt me? You fascinated me as if you had been a cobra snake, and I your victim—and then rejected me! Ha!—ha! I shall go mad! (*Tears his hair.*)

Enter MARY.

Oh, Mr. Jones, what is the matter?

LUD. Matter—a blighted heart's the matter!

MARY. Lor! Mr. Jones?

LUD. A crushed worm will turn, and I am that worm!

MARY. Hadn't you better go to your office, Mr. Jones? It's very late.

LUD. What care I for sordid gain: my ledger is a blank, and all is desolation and woe!

MARY. Mr. Jones, you're surely ill?

LUD. Ha!—ha! dying! dying of crushed love and unrequited affection.

MARY. Shall I fetch the doctor?

LUD. Can he cure a bleeding heart, or a mind diseased?

MARY. A bleeding heart! I must fetch the doctor.

[*Exit MARY.*]

Enter MARY and a Doctor.

MARY. There he is, Doctor. (*Doctor goes to LUDOVICO, when the latter starts up, and glares at the former.*)

LUD. Who are you, sir?

DOCTOR. Ah, I see,—nervous.

MARY. Hush! Mr. Jones, it's the doctor.

DOCTOR. Let me feel your pulse.

MARY. What is the matter with him, Doctor?

DOCTOR. Humph. Pain in your head?

LUD. No.

DOCTOR. Ha!—thought not. In your back?

LUD. No, none.

DOCTOR. Oh, of course not. Whereabouts do you feel pain?

LUD. (*In a sepulchral voice.*) In my lacerated bossom!

DOCTOR. Humph! I thought so; in the chest? (*Thumps his chest.*) Does that hurt you?

LUD. Ha! minion, come on! (*Attempts to knock Doctor down.*)

MARY. (*Laying hold of him.*) Please don't, Mr. Jones.

LUD. I won't (*aside*), especially as he doesn't seem the least afraid. (*Sits down again.*)

DOCTOR. Ah, you're bilious.

LUD. Is love bile?

DOCTOR. Here's a prescription—take that.

MARY. I'll have it made up for him.

LUD. It's all in vain.

DOCTOR. Good-bye, Mr. Jones.

LUD. How much am I to take, Doctor?

DOCTOR. Three or four *drachms*.

[*Exit* DOCTOR.—*Curtain falls*

ACT II.—*Attic. (Time, Night.)*

Dramatis Personæ.

TWO MAIDEN LADIES.

BURGLAR.

LADY'S MAID.

NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOUR.

SCENE.—*A Bedroom. An Attic.*

LADY'S MAID. (*Alone, just going to bed: enters the room, and places bedroom candlestick on the table.*) Well, I am tired, and I must say that I am very glad I've put those two tiresome, good old souls, to bed. What with Miss Susan's tantrums, and Miss Ellen's fidgets, I'm worn to skin and bone. (*Is just going to put her dress on a peg, when a tap comes outside on the window.*) Good gracious! who can it be? This is an attic, so it can't be any one. (*Trembles.*) There it is again. (*Screams.*)—Oh! oh! oh! Help!—(*Voice outside window, says*)—Don't be afraid, it's me!

LADY'S MAID. It's you; and whoever may *you* be—alarming me at this time of night?

VOICE. It's your next-door neighbour just dropped round at your attic-window (because I'm afraid of alarming the ladies) to say that there's a man on your house—on the roof!

LADY'S MAID. Oh, dear! oh, dear! Is he a robber?

VOICE. Of course he is: just you give the alarm; and let me in, and then we'll rouse the house, and secure him.

LADY'S MAID. (*Opens window.*)—Oh! dear,—come in at once; by all means! (*Enter VOICE; who is a tall man.*)

[*Exit LADY'S MAID, screaming.*]

VOICE. Well, I'm off, or I shall be caught, I expect. There he is, I hear him a-knocking at the door! [*Exit MAN.*]

(*Re-enter LADY'S MAID and two old ladies, in large frilled nightcaps, and huge dressing-gowns: MISS SUSAN carries a poker; MISS ELLEN the tongs.*)

MISS SUSAN. Where is he?

MISS ELLEN. There's no one here.

LADY'S MAID. I left him here, I assure you, ma'am; and never was so alarmed in all my born days! (*Violent raps heard at street door.*)

LADY'S MAID. It's the robber, ma'am, I'm sure: don't please go down!

MISS SUSAN. Nonsense; I'll speak to the person whoever it is from the window.

MISS ELLEN. My dear! remember your nightcap.

MISS SUSAN. Well, I can't help that. (*Sharply.*)

LADY'S MAID. Will you put on my bonnet, ma'am?

MISS ELLEN. Certainly do, sister. (*MISS SUSAN puts on Lady's Maid's bonnet, much too small, over nightcap, and puts her head out of the window. Meantime, increased knocking heard at front door.*)

MISS SUSAN. Who's there?

NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOUR. Me.

OLD LADY. Me, indeed! you ought to be ashamed of yourself, making such a noise at my door.

N. D. N. Why, there's a man on your roof!

OLD LADY. I know that.

N. D. N. Then, why, in the name of goodness, don't you let *me* in?

MISS SUSAN. But who are you?

N. D. N. Your next-door neighbour.

MISS SUSAN. But, *he's* in the house already.

N. D. N. No! that's the robber; he slid off the roof, and I saw him come in by the attic window! (*Great sensation; old ladies look incredulously at each other.*)

MISS ELLEN. Who could it be, then, that you saw? (*To Maid.*)

MISS SUSAN. Well! Open the door. (*LADY'S MAID goes out*

and re-enters with next-door neighbour. Old Ladies conceal themselves in window curtains, leaving only their heads visible.)

N. D. N. Where are the ladies—I don't see them?

MISS SUSAN. I'm here, sir. (*Pokes head out.*)

MISS ELLEN. We're—*en-deshabille.*

N. D. N. Well, ladies, sorry to intrude, but he came into your house, and he's a burglar, and no mistake. (*At this moment BURGLAR puts his head into the room.*)

B. I just look in to say good-bye to you, I'm off. [*Exit quickly, with N. D. N. in pursuit, calling after him—"Stop thief!"*]

MISS SUSAN. (*Coming from behind curtain.*) Good gracious! It was the burglar himself you let in!

MISS ELLEN. (*Rings bell violently.*) Good gracious!

[*Exeunt both.*]

LADY'S MAID. It all comes of sleeping in an attic; I must run off; alarm the servants, and then go into hysterics. [*Curtain falls.*]

ACT III.—*Dramatic.*

Dramatis Personæ.

A MANAGER, *of country theatre.*

REV. RUBRIC SMITH, *curate of parish.*

SERVANT.

Library, Rev. RUBRIC SMITH (alone) writes—

Yes! the want of unity among ourselves, the want of adherence to the firm principles of our invaluable Rubric—

Enter SERVANT.

A gentleman, sir, to see you.

REV. R. S. Who is he?

SER. Don't know, positively, sir; think he's a military man, sir.

REV. R. S. Show him up.

ALONE.

I trust some fellow-worker in our Rubric's cause.

Enter MANAGER.

REV. R. S. Hav'n't pleasure—know who you—are—hem! hem!

MAN. I'm a stranger, sir, at present to your town; but I've called on you with a view to its benefit.

REV. R. S. (*Aside.*) I think he may be the editor of "High or No" Church Magazine: gentlemanly looking man.

MAN. I appeal to your sympathies, knowing, sir, how strongly you oppose Puritanical prejudices.

REV. R. S. (*Aside.*) My very words, in "High or No."

MAN. In short, sir, I solicit your contributions and support—

REV. R. S. Excuse me, but if it is for—

MAN. It's for the legitimate line, sir.

REV. R. S. Legitimate line, sir. What do you mean?

MAN. (*Producing playbill.*) I've just arrived—"Grand Dramatic Fête." (*Holds up playbill.*)

REV. R. S. (*Aside.*) What a strange mistake of mine!— (*Aloud.*) Sir, I *strongly* disapprove of all dramatic entertainments. (*Rings the bell.*)—(*To SERVANT.*) Show this gentleman out.

MAN. Well, sir, I meant no offence.

REV. R. S. Remember my cloth, sir; my cloth, sir! if it had been a "mystery" from "The Lives of the Saints"—or—

MAN. (*Again holds up playbill.*) Grand dramatic entertainment—"Dames aux Camellias."

REV. R. S. Sir (*furiously*), remember my cloth.

[*Exit Manager.—Curtain falls.*]

CHARADE.—*Madcap.*

ACT I.—*Mad.*

Dramatis Personæ.

CAPTAIN DARE-ALL, *a traveller by Great Western Railway.*

His friend, MR. LORIMER, *the same.*

MRS. BUSSELL, *and the MISSES BUSSELL, the same*

A STATION-MASTER, *and a PORTER.*

SCENE.—*A Station Waiting-room.*

Enter CAPTAIN DARE-ALL *and* MR. LORIMER, *with a Porter carrying luggage.*

CAPT. D. There, put my dressing-box on that seat, and don't let me have any more trouble about my luggage. Here! take

this shilling for you, and be off. [*Exit Porter, touching his cap.*] (To MR. LORIMER.) If there's *one* thing I hate, it's *fuss*.

MR. LORIMER. Well you seem to get along, DARE-ALL, without any of the article; how do you manage? I'm such an unfortunate man! if I don't lose my luggage, when I travel, I am certain to lose my temper, for it's always my unlucky fate to be the travelling companion of a very antique lady, or a young mother and child; and you can't tell how trying it is, to a nervous man like myself, to be asked, "Just to hold baby, while mamma takes her ticket out at Swindon!"

CAPT. D. Couldn't by any manner of chance happen to *me*. I always have a carriage to myself—always smoke—and never yet held a baby in my life.

MR. L. Well, I suppose that you're not quite the kind of man who would be troubled in that way; but now here's a test of your luck, and of mine too. (*Looks out of window.*) A fly—just stopped, old lady—four shawls, two—young—ahem! now they look this way, I should say old ladies, are getting out.

CAPT. D. Never mind they won't travel with *me*.

MR. L. Won't they? Why there's never more than one empty first class, when the train stops at this station.

CAPT. D. Hush! here they are.

Enter MRS. and MISSES BUSSELL and PORTER.

MRS. B. Come, MARY JANE, make haste, or the train will be up before you've got the tickets.

PORT. (*Putting shawls on chair.*) No hurry, ma'am; ticket office 'ain't open yet. [*Exit PORTER.*]

MRS. B. You'd better go and see, MARY JANE, I am not sure it's all right. (*Exit M. J.*) Oh, dear, oh, dear! my basket, where is it?

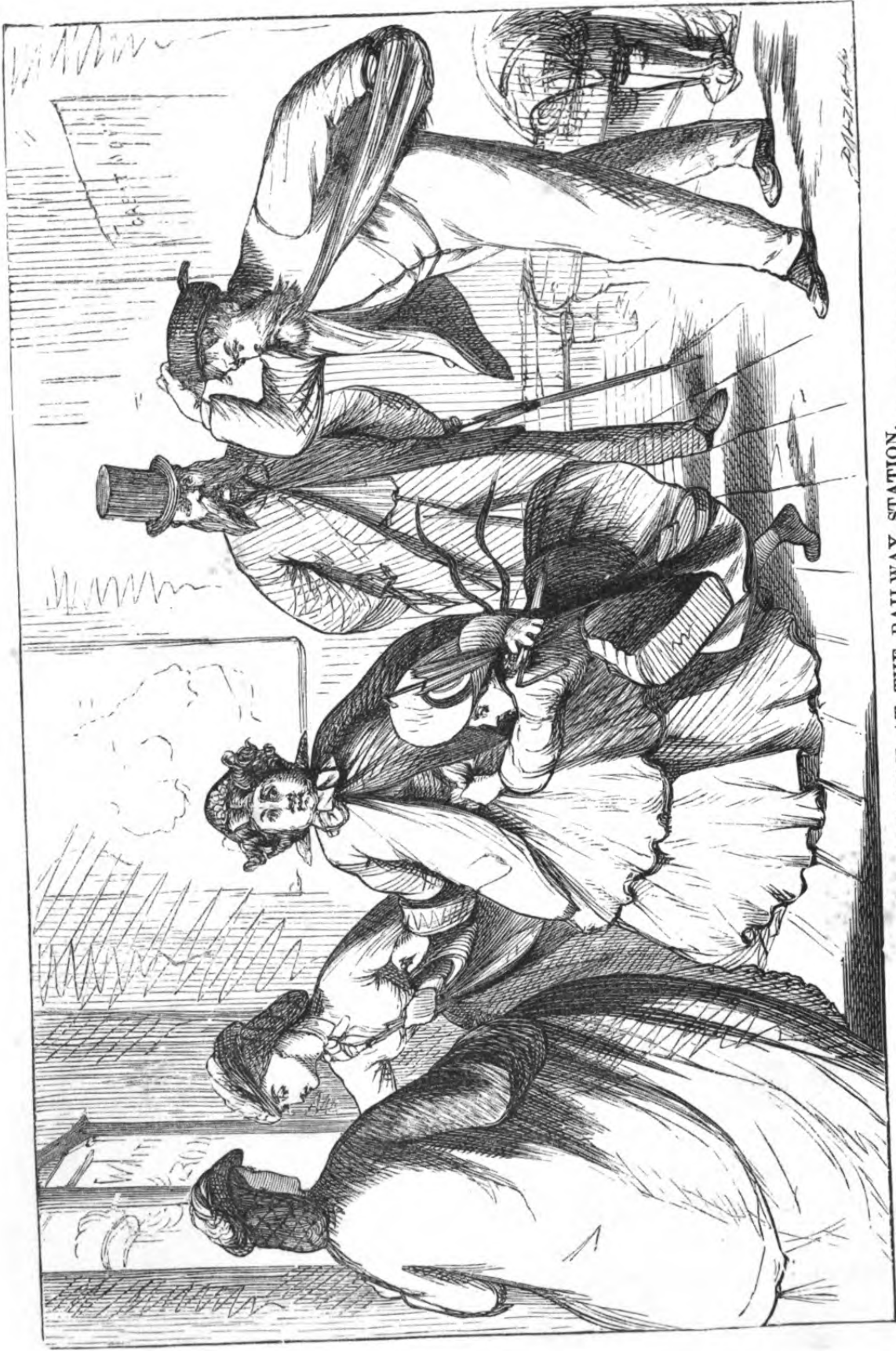
MISS B. Here it is. (*Produces basket.*)

MRS. B. *And* my umbrella: ah, here it is. I wonder if we're in time after all. Perhaps this train don't stop here; do just run and ask the porter, MARIA. [*Exit other MISS B.*]

CAPT. D. to MR. L. (*Aside.*) A nice old lady for *you* to travel with, LORIMER. (*Satirically.*)

MR. L. My usual fate—and yours too, I suppose, DARE-ALL, *this* time.

CAPT. D. By no means; follow my lead, and we'll travel—



THE ODD MAN AT THE RAILWAY STATION. See "Madcap," page 31.

alone. OLD LADY meantime warms her feet at fire. CAPT. D. goes up within five yards of her, so that when she turns she meet his eye fixed fiercely on her.

MRS. B. (*Starts.*) Dear me.

CAPT. D. Did you speak to me, madam?

MRS. B. (*Aside.*) I'm frightened out of my life. (*Aloud.*) No, sir, I did not.

CAPT. D. Ah! I'm glad.

MRS. B. (*Aside.*) A most extraordinary man; he looks so dreadfully wild.

CAPT. D. approaches nearer, and takes off his hat to OLD LADY.

MRS. B. Good gracious!

CAPT. D. strikes his forehead, and then points to the door.

MRS. B. collects her packages together as quickly as possible with the intention of leaving the room. [*Enter the MISSES BUSSELL.*

MRS. B. (*Aside to her daughters.*) I'm thankful you're come—most odd man that; frightened me dreadfully; let's go into next room.

MISS B. (*Aside.*) He does indeed look odd; perhaps he's mad?

CAPT. D. Ladies! (*Bows low, but rolls his eyes fiercely.*)

MRS. B. (*Rushing to the door.*) Let's call the porter.

CAPT. D. (*Bows again.*) Ladies—don't be alarmed; I'm not mad, only subject to—attacks *in the head*;—gentleman, here, kind enough to take charge—

MRS. B. (*To daughters.*) Come away directly; he's evidently a dangerous lunatic, and that's his keeper.

[*Exeunt MRS. and the two MISS B.'s.*

CAPT. D. (*To LORIMER.*) Ha, ha! I've got rid of them, and I'll lay you any bet they won't travel with me.

MR. L. (*Laughing.*) I should think not indeed.

Enter STATION-MASTER—Looks hurriedly about the room.

S. M. (*Touches his hat.*) Beg your pardon, CAPTAIN DARE-ALL, but have you seen a man leave the room? Ladies—much alarmed—supposed lunatic.

CAPT. D. (*About to leave the room.*) Why, there's the train; come. (*To STATION-MASTER.*) No, sir, I have not seen any madman leave the room. (*To LORIMER.*) I always travel alone, because I am considered mad. [*Curtain falls.*

ACT II.—*Cap.**Dramatis Personæ.*

MRS. DIEAWAY, *and*
 MISS FEELER, *her friend.*
 A MILLINER.

SCENE.—*A Drawing-room.*

MRS. DIEAWAY, *reclining on a sofa, in deep mourning.*

MISS FEELER, *at work near a table.*

MRS. DIE. I'm surprised she's not come.

MISS F. Who are you speaking of, dear love?

MRS. D. Why, the milliner. You know. Don't ask me for particulars; it's so trying!

MISS F. Ah, I remember. It *is* trying, that first putting on of *the* cap. I'm so sorry for you, dear sweet thing; shall I read a little of "Law's Serious Call," or "Hervey, Among the Tombs"?

MRS. D. (*Applies handkerchief to eyes.*) It *is* most trying, Julia; may you never, *never* know how bitter is the pang!

MISS F. It must be indeed severe.

MRS. D. My only consolation is the excellent income the dear thing left me (*weeps*), settled on myself,—Five per Cents.—free of income-tax.

MISS F. And then he *was* very much older than yourself.

MRS. D. Ah—so he was! (*A knock at the door.*)

MRS. D. (*Faintly.*) Come in.

Enter MILLINER.

MILLINER. Good morning, ladies; I've brought the caps.

MISS F. (*Sharply.*) Very good; my good woman, let's see your articles, but pray don't speak so loud. MRS. DIEAWAY'S nerves are in the most shattered condition. (*MILLINER opens bandbox and brings out several widows' caps of different patterns.*)

MRS. D. What hideous things!

MISS F. Very heavily trimmed, I think.

MILL. We always sell this pattern, ma'am, for the *first* cap; this crape trimming is so expressive.

MRS. D. (*Rising.*) Well, let me see how I look in one! (*Tries*

on one.) Good woman, is it necessary to have so *very* unbecoming a thing?

MILL. Well, ma'am, I should say so.

MISS F. Oh, love, I must say, it suits you admirably!

MRS. D. Well, then, let me see *you* in it.

MISS FEELER, *who is on the wrong side of fifty, tries it on.*

MRS. D. Oh, I can't possibly wear it! (MISS FEELER *walking about in the cap.*)

MISS F. Well, then, try on another, love.

MRS. D. (To milliner.) No, no! go home and bring me something light and *pretty* for the back of my head. I would not wear such a cap for worlds! [Curtain falls.

ACT III.—*Madcap.*

Dramatis Personæ.

MRS. RAPID, *a lady whose husband is in India.*

FANNY RAPID, *her daughter.*

MR. TURNER, *old friend just come home from India.*

SCENE.—*A Drawing-room.*

MRS. RAPID (*seated*) and MR. TURNER.

MRS. R. And I am so glad, MR. TURNER, that you agree with me in the choice of a husband for my dear FANNY. If, when they arrive at a proper age, the young people can only come together, t'will gratify every wish of my heart.

MR. T. And of mine, too, dear Madam; RAPID expects to return next year, hoping to find his child quite a finished young lady.

MRS. R. Oh, she's an excellent girl!

MR. T. Good-tempered and amiable, I suppose.

MRS. R. (*Hesitates.*) Oh yes—yes—oh, certainly.

MR. T. *Quiet*, too, I hope; I hate the modern "fast" young belle.

MRS. R. Well, she is a little of a madcap I must own, but then she's only fifteen. (*A knock at door.*) Come in.

Enter FANNY, with two dogs, a riding-whip in hand.

MRS. RAPID. MR. TURNER, dear FANNY; a friend of your papa's (*aside*), my dear child, don't look so cross; do brighten up

MR. T. (*Stiffly*). Good morning, MISS RAPID.

FAN. How are you, old boy?

MR. T. MISS RAPID, really—I'm surprised!

MRS. R. Fanny! Fanny!

FAN. How did you leave the other old boy, my father?

MR. T. Well, my young lady; but I fear your slang would please him as ill as it suits me.

FAN. Why, you're a beast; I can't bear you. Go away, do, you disagreeable, horrid, yellow, old man!

MR. T. I shall certainly go.

FAN. Well, be off, or I'll set my dogs at you.

MRS. R. My darling madcap, Fanny!

MR. T. Madcap, madam? She's a virago! insufferable; odious! Good morning, madam; I regret that since I have seen Miss Rapid I do not see my way to my son Alfred's ever offering her his hand or heart.

FAN. Don't apologize, Party. If he's like *you*, I wouldn't marry him for two hundred pounds.

MR. T. (*Lifts up his hand.*) *This* the gentle, refined, accomplished, tractable girl, her father described her as being!

MRS. R. High spirits, MR. TURNER. I call her my "Madcap."

MR. T. Madcap, indeed!

[*Exit FANNY, pursuing him.—Curtain falls.*]

MUTE OR DUMB CHARADES.

A "dumb" charade? I could take a part in that, the nervous or the shy are apt to exclaim; rashly concluding that, where nothing is to be *said*, the difficulties of acting disappear.

Practical experience shows that the absence of language increases rather than diminishes the strain on the imaginative faculty.

Were it not that so little else than comic scenes or high burlesque can be represented in dumb charades, mute scenes might be otherwise styled the "culminating point" of amateurs, so much expressive action is required in their performance.

The following rules for expressing different emotions in dumb show must be observed :—

1st. *Rage* must be depicted by violent stamping of the feet, frowns, clenched fists, eyes open to their fullest extent, fierce gestures, and long strides up and down the room.

2nd. *Despair* must produce rolling of the eyeballs, striking the breast, and a fixed gloomy stare.

3rd. *Hope* may smile and look up, while

4th. *Disdain* will wave the hands scornfully, and glance at the despised person from top to toe.

5th. *Love* must press its hand to its heart ; and if any embracing is necessary, it is better left for husbands and wives, or brothers and sisters, to act those parts that require any embrace more affectionate than the most distant theatrical salute.

DUMB, OR PANTOMIME CHARADE.—*Phantom.*

ACT I.—*Fan.*

Represent a Spanish lady walking leisurely across the stage.

Costume.—A black, low or high, silk dress ; black lace mantilla placed over the head and falling over the shoulders. If no such mantilla can be had, any black lace scarf or mantle will do as well. It ought, however, to be supported over a comb six inches high, an article not unfrequently found in old wardrobes.

A substitute may, however, be contrived out of any old book-cover, which can be cut into the required high shape, inked over, or covered with black silk, fastened on to the top of a fancy back comb for the hair, as the mantilla hides its deficiencies.

A single rose on one side is indispensable to this scene—rouge the actress slightly, and cork her eyes just under the lower lids, to give expression.

Thus picturesquely attired, she must take in her hand the very handsomest fan she can get.

The Spanish lady enters at one door slowly and gracefully, languidly using her fan, and a Spanish gentleman comes in at another door. The Spanish gentleman's dress may be an ordinary walking attire, with a mackintosh or cape flung over his left shoulder ; a sombrero or a Sardinian cap ; a guitar and a corked moustache may be added. The Spanish gentleman advances

slowly forward as if about to pass behind the Spanish lady (the latter must be the nearest to the audience).

Spanish lady raises her eyes : their glances meet. She starts, he starts, and she walks on slowly, still using her fan, and looking back at the Spanish gentleman over her shoulder.

When they both reach the end of the stage, they turn round, and walk back again, still looking tenderly, yet diffidently at each other.

Spanish lady suddenly gives a rapid sweep with her fan, which shuts it up. Spanish gentleman then advances rapidly forward, appears enraptured, thrumming his guitar. He joins the Spanish lady, and their gestures must express animated dialogue, not un-mixed with reproach and anger on the part of the Spanish lady.

The Spanish lady again opening her fan, sweeps it with a back-handed movement towards the Spanish gentleman. He recoils back, jumping two steps backwards with agility. Spanish lady walks rapidly up and down, beckoning to him with her fan to return.

He takes off his sombrero, makes three low bows, and retires quickly from the stage. The Spanish lady remains a few minutes on the stage, and fans herself in an agitated manner. *Enter* an old Spanish gentleman, who appears very angry with her. He seizes her fan, and throws it down on the stage. The Spanish lady wringing her hands, rushes off, and the curtain falls.

The great thing in this scene is to make the *fan* the principal object, as that is the syllable Scene I. is to represent.

SCENE II.—*Tom.*

The properties required for this scene are a large, loud dinner-bell, with its tongue muffled, to be tolled slowly outside the stage when required—college gowns and caps. As the latter, however, may very possibly be scarce in most houses, improvise them by getting as many black cloaks as you can ; and ladies cloaks make very good college gowns.

The caps may be made of square pieces of cardboard, with black merino stuff over them, and then attached to scull-caps of black stuff which must fit tight to the head.

Three undergraduates of Oxford enter arm-in-arm, at one side, two enter at another side, also arm-in-arm. They must all wear college caps and gowns.

They must all walk up and down the stage, as if in the High-street at Oxford. "Great Tom" (the dinner-bell outside) then tolls very slowly and solemnly. The undergraduates take no notice of it till it finishes with a long peal, when they rush out, and knock each other's caps off as they go.

SCENE III.—*Phantom (the whole word).*

A curtain must be arranged at the back of the stage in such a manner as will enable a *tableau vivant* to be acted in a bow-window or recess. Supposing no such bow-window or recess to exist, hang across it two window curtains, to part in the middle.

Two persons stand inside, opposite to each other, holding a piece of cord attached to the inner binding of the curtains on each side where they are divided in the middle. This will draw these curtains back when required. The cord must be long enough, or the curtains will not close properly when let down, which they must be at the beginning of this scene.

Two ladies, dressed in antique hooped costumes, stand in front of the curtain, watching it with hands clasped, and faces full of fear and expectation. (Their costume may be bright-hued silk dresses worn over red petticoats, and steel petticoats—the skirts drawn up to display the petticoats. Their hair must be turned back, and floured or powdered.)

A magician stands opposite the two ladies, drawing circles and triangles on the ground with a long wand.

He must be dressed in a long black cloak, and have white hair, and a long white beard, which can easily be imitated by white wadding, drawn out, fire-grate shavings, or white paper, cut into long thin strips.

He makes passes in the air with his wand, then looking at the ladies, puts his finger on his lips. They appear terrified as he strikes the ground violently, and the curtains, suddenly drawn back, disclose a *tableau vivant* of a Highland chieftain who is lying on the ground at the point of death.

Another Highlander, in a plaid and Scotch cap, with an eagle or a peacock's feather in it, is kneeling on the prostrate body, brandishing a large carving-knife with an expression of diabolic fury.

These figures must remain disclosed to view for about three minutes' time; during which interval one of the ladies, gesticulating wildly, falls flat on the ground in a dead swoon.

HISTORICAL AND POETICAL CHARADES.

If well acted, "poetical" charades are beautiful, and are strongly recommended, as combining instruction with amusement, being a pleasant way of cultivating an intimate acquaintance with the old poets.

The passages extracted are given at length, for ready reference by young people, whose parents object to their perusing, except through the medium of a family edition, the plays of Shakspeare, or the old poets.

HISTORICAL ORDINARY ACTING CHARADE.

*Crusade.*ACT I.—*Cruise.*

SCENE.—*At Ramsgate, on board a Steamer going on an excursion-trip from Ramsgate to Broadstairs.*

Dramatis Personæ.

CAPTAIN SAILAWAY, *in command of the steamer.*

MR. AND MRS. FULL-OF-FEARS, *passengers.*

MRS. SMITH, *their companion, a strong-minded woman.*

FIRST PASSENGER. SECOND PASSENGER. SAILORS, &c.,
STEWARD.

MRS. SMITH. (*Seats herself on the deck next to Mrs. Full-of-fears.*) Well, my dear friend, we shall have a delightful sail, I expect, and I'm sure you won't be ill. I never am; all that is necessary is not to think about it. (*Puts on her spectacles, draws a newspaper from her pocket, and begins to read it.*)

MRS. FULL-OF-FEARS (*who is a little deaf*). What did you say, Mrs. Smith? Did you say you are sure I shall be ill? I am afraid you're right, for I begin to feel excessively uncomfortable. Where is Mr. Full-of-fears?

MR. FULL-OF-FEARS. Here, my dear; and I am very much afeared I am going to be ill. (*Mr. F. is also deaf.*)

MRS. SMITH. Nonsense, sir! The steamer hasn't started yet; and there is no use imagining all kinds of things before they come.

MRS. F. But, Mrs. Smith, if Mr. Full-of-fears feels *at all* uncomfortable, do let us return.

MRS. S. But, you've paid your fare.

MRS. F. Very true, so we'll remain where we are. Sit here, Mr. Full-of-fears; close to the engine; people say it is the best place for not feeling the motion.

MR. F. (*Gloomily*). It's all the same to me, my dear. It's a dangerous thing to go on the sea at any time, and particularly so at our time of life.

MRS. F. (*Putting her hand behind her ear to hear better.*) Eh? Mr. Full-of-fears; do you think there's any danger? I'll speak to the captain. Here!—Steward!

Enter STEWARD, from Cabin.

STEWARD. Basin, ma'am, *already*? Very well, ma'am. Glass of brandy, ma'am?

MRS. F. Oh, Steward! we *don't* want the brandy *yet*; but can I speak to the Captain. Mr. Full-of-fears is very uneasy; so am I, too.

STEWARD. Uneasy, ma'am! you'll be more uneasy, ma'am, when once we're off; especially if we've a rough passage; for I see the wind is a coming up.

MRS. F. Oh, then, Steward! do send the Captain to us; if there's the least danger, we won't go.

MR. F. It will be a wonder if we ever see land again, my dear!

MRS. F. Oh, dear! oh, dear! Where is the Captain?

MRS. S. Fiddledee, Mr. Full-of-fears; how ridiculous you are, alarming your wife, when we're not yet out of harbour!

MRS. F. Oh, dear, Mrs. Smith, if you're *alarmed*, no wonder *he* is!

MRS. S. (*Very loud.*) *I* alarmed, my dear madam!

Enter CAPTAIN.

But there's the Captain; speak to him. (*Turns away angrily.*)

MRS. F. I certainly will. (*To the Captain.*) Do you think we shall have a rough passage, sir?

CAPTAIN. (*Applies a telescope to his eye and looks out to sea.*) Well, perhaps we may have;—can't say: you must go down below, if we've nasty weather.

MRS. F. Then if there's any *risk*, we would rather land at

once. (*At this moment, bell rings for the steamer to start ; several passengers come on deck.*)

MR. F. We're off now, my dear, and no one can tell the end of our cruise to Broadstairs. It's a bad job.

MRS. F. (*Seizing her basket, cloak, and umbrella.*) Oh ! I won't go ! Land us directly, Captain. Stop the ship ; we shall all be lost !

MRS. S. Nonsense, Mrs. Full-of-fears.

CAPTAIN. Can't go back now, ma'am.

MRS. F. But we *must* ; we *insist* on it. Mr. Full-of-fears, *don't* you wish to stop ?

MR. F. (*Gloomily.*) Of course, my dear, *I* do.

MRS. F. *Do* land us, captain, I beg !—Steward ! Steward ! Captain, stop the ship !

Enter STEWARD again, with a basin.

STEWARD. Here it is, ma'am—ill already ?

MRS. F. No, no ! land us ! land us !

FIRST PASSENGER. There's no danger, I assure you ma'am.

SECOND PASSENGER. Most absurd to return.

CAPTAIN. (*Testily.*) Well, ma'am, if you must land, you must : but you can't have your money back. Here, stop ahoy there ! (*Vessel stops.*)

MRS. S. (*To MRS. FULL-OF-FEARS, who is half crying.*) I shall go on to Broadstairs and enjoy my cruise, as you are so absurd.

MRS. F. Very well ; we'll go back and drive to Broadstairs. I am so afraid of the sea !

[*Exit MR. and MRS. FULL-OF-FEARS.—The Curtain falls.*

ACT II.—*Aid.*

SCENE.—*A Street.*

Dramatis Personæ.

FIRST BLINDMAN.

SECOND BLINDMAN.

POLICEMAN.

BENEVOLENT OLD GENTLEMAN.

BENEVOLENT OLD LADY.

Enter FIRST BLINDMAN (with his eyes shut, conducted by his dog, and guided by his stick ; the dog having a tin saucer in

its mouth for pence. Round the blindman's neck is a large white placard, with—"Aid for a Poor Blindman," written on it in large letters.)

Enter at other door, BENEVOLENT OLD LADY and GENTLEMAN.

B. OLD GENT. How very distressing it is to see so much poverty in the streets, my dear!

B. OLD LADY. Very, very, I'm sure! (*Coughs.*)

B. OLD GENT. I always take out half-a-crown to give to beggars, changed into pence, my dear. (*Coughs.*)

B. OLD LADY. Ah, so do I. Look at that poor old man, quite blind; dear me, how very sad! Here, poor man, are some pence for you. (*She empties her purse into Poor Blindman's tin saucer, who points to his white placard, on which is written—"Is also dumb as well as blind."*)

B. OLD GENT. Bless me, how sad! (*Empties his purse, full of pence, into tin saucer.*)

Enter POLICEMAN.

POLICEMAN to OLD BLINDMAN. Come, now, move on; none of your gammon: move on, please.

B. OLD GENT. I'm surprised at you, policeman, and I shall report you, if you dare speak so again to this poor old blindman.

B. OLD LADY. And who's dumb, too. It's most unfeeling; I do believe it's the same policeman that would not let me give a shilling to a hurdy-gurdy man, last week.

POLICEMAN. Lor, sir, *he* an't blind; he sees, that he do, as well as you and I, ma'am.

B. OLD LADY. Oh, it's no use in the world telling me such nonsense; he's perfectly blind, poor fellow. And where do you expect to go to, if you're so hard hearted?

POLICEMAN. (*Laughing.*) Beg pard'n, ma'am, but here's another one a-coming.

Enter SECOND BLINDMAN (also bearing round his neck a placard exactly similar to that borne by FIRST BLINDMAN. Has also a stick and saucer, like FIRST BLINDMAN.)

B. OLD GENT. Good gracious! bless my soul, it's the same old man, or his double! My dear, my dear, we're imposed on!

B. OLD LADY. I fear so, indeed. (*Coughs.*)

[*Exit B. OLD GENT. and B. OLD LADY.*

POLICEMAN (*To OLD BLINDMEN, who both stand side by side, in exactly the same attitude.*) Come, move on—both of you.

FIRST BLINDMAN. Oh, you're a pretty one, to rob me of my shilling, you are. (*Opens his eyes wide, and evidently sees quite distinctly.*)

SECOND BLINDMAN. It's a shame, I do declare. (*He also opens his eyes wide and looks about him.*)

POLICEMAN. Come, now, move on there; none of your "Aids to Blindmen" here, or I'll take you in charge.

[*Exit two OLD BLINDMEN and POLICEMEN after them.—Curtain falls.*]

ACT III.—*Crusade.*

Dramatis Personæ.

ROBERT, DUKE OF NORMANDY, son of *William the Conqueror.*

QUEEN MATILDA, *his mother.*

PRINCESSES ALICE AND AGATHA, *his sisters.*

THE LADY ADELAIS, *Matilda's attendant.*

PETER THE HERMIT, *who preached the Crusade.*

ROBERT'S SQUIRE, *in attendance on him.*

SCENE I.—*A room in William the Conqueror's palace, where QUEEN MATILDA and her two daughters are working at the Bayeux Tapestry. LADY ADELAIS is standing behind QUEEN MATILDA'S throne. (This should be placed in the middle of the room [stage], and the two princesses must be at work, seated on two low stools, on each side.)*

QUEEN MATILDA. How does your work succeed, my children? Have you yet worked that head designed after your brother Robert's portrait?

AGATHA. May it please your Highness, it gets on nicely.

ALICE. I have just worked in one of his eyes.

QUEEN. It is well, my children; I love thy eldest brother dearly, and would fain see him again, were that only possible.

LADY ADELAIS. My liege, he arrived from his dukedom of Normandy only last night, and even now waits without, craving audience of your Highness.

QUEEN. Is it possible? 'tis joyful news! Has the Duke seen the King? Know you, good Adelais, if my son has craved his father's pardon?

ADELAIS. I believe he has, and that, an it please your Highness, his journey hence was for that purpose.

QUEEN. I am right pleased to hear it, bid the Duke enter; call him into our presence, good Adalais. [*Exit ADELAIS.*]

Re-enter ADELAIS, accompanied by DUKE ROBERT OF NORMANDY, in complete armour, coming down to his knees; beneath, stockings and boots that come only half up his legs and turn over at the tops. He advances to QUEEN MATILDA, and kisses her hand very respectfully.

QUEEN. Welcome to England, my Robert!

ROBERT. I have seen the king, and he has accorded me his pardon for all my undutiful and rebellious conduct.

QUEEN. Most gladly do I hear it, my son; and how long do you purpose remaining away from the dukedom* that your father's generosity has endowed you with?

ROBERT. I come, my mother, to bid you a long farewell; I embark with Godfrey de Bouillon for Palestine, most shortly.

QUEEN. For Palestine! You're jesting my son; what purpose calls you hence to Palestine?

ROBERT. Has not your Highness heard of the holy Hermit Peter? He is a holy pilgrim who journeyed to Jerusalem. He has seen and witnessed the atrocities of the holy city's Turkish owners. On his return his zeal led the good man to see the Pope. Our Holy Father doth enjoin all good Christian knights to deliver the Sepulchre from the Saracens. Godfrey de Bouillon doth lead us, a goodly train of knights, against the infidels, and I come to bid you—farewell. The holy pilgrim, Hermit Peter, is without; will your Highness bid him enter?

QUEEN. Bid him enter. What news this is! [*Exit ROBERT.*]

Re-enters with PETER THE HERMIT, dressed in a monk's dress and bearing a large cross on his left shoulder. As he enters the room MATILDA rises from her throne, and meeting him, throws herself on her knees. He blesses her silently, and she again seats herself on her throne.

QUEEN. My worthy sir, I thank you for your goodly purpose, and for disposing my son's heart to fight against the Saracens.

* A liberty has been taken with English history, as Robert of Normandy did not really succeed to that dukedom till after his father's death; but one cannot be invariably correct in charades.

PETER. It is, O Queen, a most excellent undertaking. (*Points to the cross on his shoulder.*) He too will wear this emblem, and may the good deed atone for his rebellion against his father. We must go now, and be again quickly in France, for in every court and castle I must preach the Crusade.

ROBERT. Farewell, mother.

QUEEN. Farewell, my son. (*Weeps.*) My children, bid your brother Godspeed upon this good crusade.

[*The PRINCESSES salute the DUKE, and the curtain falls.*

HISTORICAL DRAMA. (*Word*)—*Gallantry.*

Dramatis Personæ.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, *then Mr. Raleigh, an Oxford undergraduate.*

LORD OXFORD, *in attendance on the Queen.*

SIR HENRY SIDNEY, *the same.*

LORD LEICESTER.

THREE LADIES IN WAITING ON THE QUEEN, *and several COURTIERS.*

THE HEADS OF CHRISTCHURCH *and* ORIEL COLLEGES, *and several UNDERGRADUATES.*

The costume of Sir Walter Raleigh must be a white satin pinked vest, surmounted with a brown doublet, flowered and embroidered with pearls; and on his head a little black feather, in a black velvet cap, with a large ruby and pearl drop to confine the loop in place of a button—a cloak thrown over his shoulder of rich velvet, ornamented with pearls. The dress of the courtiers may be similar to Sir W. Raleigh's, but less magnificent; while that of the queen and her ladies should be high dresses of silk or velvet, made plain, with points in front, full sleeves stuck out and coming down to the wrists, with ruffs round the hands and throats; the hair turned back and confined under the Elizabethan head-dress, and chains round the neck. The queen's dress should have a train, and ought to be made after the prints of the costumes of her reign. These historical charades are nothing unless the dresses be well got up and prepared beforehand.

SCENE I.—In Oxford, *and supposed to be in a room in Christchurch.*

Enter LORD OXFORD *and* SIR HENRY SIDNEY, *with other Courtiers.*

LORD OXFORD. The plague is dispersed so far in London, that the Queen keeps her *Chyrsamas* here, and goes not to Greenwich as was meant.

SIR HENRY SIDNEY. Her Majesty is pleased with her sojourn in Oxford, and is graciously pleased to say that she will walk in the Meadows this morning.

LORD OXF. Do you know what time? shortly, I trust.

SIR H. S. She comes at noon.

FIRST COURT. Does your lordship know how long we shall be in Oxford?

LORD OXF. I cannot say; but I see Her Majesty approaching.

Enter THE QUEEN, *attended by* LORD LEICESTER, *her* LADIES *and* MAIDS OF HONOUR, *accompanied by two pages bearing her train. As the QUEEN enters, the courtiers all kneel down and bow respectfully.*

QUEEN ELIZABETH. Rise, my good servants. (*All rise.*) (*Turns to Sir H. Sidney.*) Go, my good sir Henry, and bid my faithful subjects, the Masters of Christchurch and Oriel, enter our presence. [*Exit* SIR HENRY, *while the QUEEN seats herself on her throne, and the ladies and courtiers fall back at the side, LORD LEICESTER being on the Queen's right.*]

Enter the HEAD of CHRISTCHURCH *and the* HEAD of ORIEL, *who both kneel down and kiss the QUEEN'S hand.*

THE QUEEN. We have sent for you, that you may attend us to the Meadows, where we purpose to walk till dinner-time.

HEAD of CH. CH. We are much honoured, most noble lady, by your command. (*THE QUEEN rises, and leaning on LORD LEICESTER'S arm, goes out of the room, followed by all her Court.* —*Curtain falls.*

SCENE II.—*Christchurch Meadows.*

Enter WALTER RALEIGH *and other Undergraduates.*

RALEIGH. I cannot efface her words from my memory.

FIRST UNDERGRAD. You are crazed, friend Raleigh; think not her Majesty knows of your existence.

RALEIGH. I am not crazed. 'Tis not five days ago that I engraved upon yon windows this line:—

“Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall——”

Her Majesty saw it, and added to my line;

“If thy heart fail thee, do not climb at all.”

SECOND UNDERGRAD. And on *that* you build your hopes of court favour! you had far better continue the fair study of philosophy and letters.

FIRST UNDERGRAD. Or get a fellowship, as Master Bacon doth report well of your success, an you aspire.

RALEIGH. You may jest, but I will yet win her Majesty's favour. [*Exeunt all.*]

Enter, at the other side, the QUEEN and all her Court, as before.

THE QUEEN. Methought I spied collegians here between these trees.

HEAD OF CH. CH. An it please your Majesty, it were but some of our students.

LORD LEICESTER. In waiting doubtless till your Majesty doth pass, for all these youngsters worship the very ground you tread on. *Enter WALTER RALEIGH and his companions. FIRST and SECOND UNDERGRADUATES re-enter—the QUEEN not noticing them.*)

THE QUEEN. We are tired and would retrace our steps. How damp and marshy are these meadows!

LORD LEL. The sun will soon shine forth, an it were only to dry up your Majesty's path.

THE QUEEN. Albeit we would return; and here is another puddle to traverse, by my troth! *(She stops at supposed puddle. RALEIGH takes his cloak off and throws it down before the QUEEN. The QUEEN starts, smiles, colours, and walks over it.)*

THE QUEEN. A gallant action, though I fear your mantle is spoiled, my friend. However, she who mars can make—your name?

RALEIGH. I am your Majesty's most devoted subject, Walter Raleigh. *(Kneels.)*

THE QUEEN. We will not forget this courtesy; attend us home, and henceforth be in my service. *(The procession proceeds off the stage, and curtain falls.)*

A SHAKSPERIAN CHARADE.

(Word)—*Courtship.*ACT I.—*Court. Taken from Act IV., Scenes 1 and 2, of
“The Merchant of Venice.”**Dramatis Personæ.*

DUKE OF VENICE.

ANTONIO, *merchant of Venice.*BASSANIO, *his friend in love with Portia.*SHYLOCK, *a Jew.*SOLANIO, *friend to Antonio.*GRATIANO, *the same.*PORTIA, *an heiress of great quality and fortune.*NERISSA, *her confidant.* SENATORS, &c.SCENE.—*Ducal Palace at Venice.**Enter the DUKE, the SENATORS, ANTONIO, BASSANIO and
GRATIANO.*

DUKE. What, is Antonio here?

ANTONIO. Ready, so please your Grace.

DUKE. I'm sorry for thee; thou art come to answer a stony
adversary—an inhuman wretch; incapable of pity—void of mercy.ANT. I have heard your Grace has ta'en great pains to qualify
his rig'rous course; I do oppose my patience to his fury, and am
armed to suffer.

DUKE. Go and call the Jew into the court.

SOL. He's ready at the door; he comes my lord.

*Enter SHYLOCK.*DUKE. Make room, and let him stand before our face.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.SHY. I have possessed your grace of what I purpose,
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.

Are you answered?

BASS. This is no answer, you unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

SHY. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

BASS. Do all men kill the thing they do not love?

SHY. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

BASS. Every offence is not a hate at first.

SHY. What, would thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

ANT. I pray you, think you question with a Jew.

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood 'bate his usual height;
Therefore I do beseech you,
Make no more offers—use no farther means,
But with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

BASS. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

SHY. If every ducat in six thousand ducats,
Were in six parts, and ev'ry part a ducat,
I would not draw them—I would have my bond.

DUKE. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

SHY. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?

So do I answer you:

The pound of flesh which I demand of him
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine, and I will have it.

Answer, shall I have it?

DUKE. Upon my pow'r I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned Doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to day.

SOL. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the Doctor,
New come from Padua.

DUKE. Bring us the letters, call the messengers.

BASS. Good cheer, Antonio; what, man! courage yet:
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

ANT. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me.
You cannot better be employed, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.

DUKE. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

NER. From both, my lord; Bellario greets your grace,

BASS. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly? (*The Jew whetting his knife on the sole of his shoe.*)

SHY. Till thou can'st rail the seal from off my bond,
Repair thy wit good youth: I stand here for law.

DUKE. This letter from Bellario, doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.

Where is he?

NER. He attendeth here, hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him?

DUKE. With all my heart; some three or four of you
Go; give him courteous conduct to this place:
Meantime the court shall hear Bellario's letter. (*Reads.*)

"Your grace shall understand that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick; but at the same instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome, his name is BALTHAZAR: I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant. We turned over many books together; he is furnished with my opinion, which, bettered with his own learning (the greatness of which I cannot enough commend), comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so old a head on so young a body. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation."

Enter PORTIA, dressed like a doctor of law.

DUKE. And here, I take it, is the doctor come:
Came you from old Bellario?

POR. I did, my lord.

DUKE. You're welcome; take your place.
Are you acquainted with this present question *in the Court*?

POR. I am informed thoroughly of the case;
Which is the merchant here? and which the Jew?

DUKE. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

POR. Is your name Shylock?

SHY. Shylock is my name.

POR. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow,
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law

Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.

(*To Ant.*) You stand within his danger, do you not?

ANT. Ay, so he says.

POR. Do you confess the bond?

ANT. I do.

POR. Then must the Jew be merciful.

SHY. On what compulsion, must I, tell me that?

POR. The quality of mercy is not strained
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed,—
It blessing him that gives, and him that takes :
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown :
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,
It is enthroned in the heart of kings,
It is an attribute of God himself ;
And earthly pow'r doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy ;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea ;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

SHY. My deeds upon my head ! I crave the law,—
The penalty and forfeit of my bond !

POR. Is he not able to discharge the money ?

BASS. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court,
Yea, twice the sum ; if that will not suffice,
Wrest once the law to your authority :
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

POR. It must not be ; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established. It cannot be.

SHY. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!

POR. Be merciful;

Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

SHY. By my soul I swear: I stay here on my bond.

ANT. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

POR. Why, then, thus it is. Prepare your bosom for his knife.
Come, merchant, have you anything to say?

ANT. But little: I am armed and well prepared. Give me
your hand, Bassanio. Fare you well.

BASS. Antonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteemed above thy life;
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

POR. Your wife would give you little thanks for that, if she
were by, to hear you make the offer.

GRA. I have a wife whom, I protest, I love; I would she were
in heaven, so she could entreat some power to change this
currish Jew.

NER. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back,
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

SHY. We trifle time; I pray thee pursue sentence.

POR. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh;
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less nor more
But just a pound of flesh, or
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

GRA. A second Daniel! a Daniel, Jew!

POR. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

SHY. Give me my principal and let me go.

POR. He hath refused it in the open court;
He shall have merely justice and his bond.

SHY. I'll stay no longer question.

POR. Tarry, Jew:
The law hath yet another law on you:
Thou hast contrived against the very life of the defendant,
Down therefore and beg mercy of the duke.

DUKE. That thou may'st see the difference of our spirit;

I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it :
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's.

POR. Art thou contented, Jew? What dost thou say?

SHY. I am content.

POR. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

SHY. I pray you give me leave to go from hence ;
I am not well ; send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

DUKE. Get thee gone, but do it.

Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner. (*To PORTIA.*)

POR. I humbly do desire your grace's pardon ;
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.

DUKE. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not. Antonio,
gratify this gentleman ; for in my mind, you are much bound to
him. [*Exeunt DUKE and his train.—Curtain falls.*]

As our readers will observe, it has been necessary to shorten this scene from the original, so as to adapt it to a charade. The costumes must be dark rich velvet suits of the period. In these poetical charades, each actor should carefully commit his speeches to memory, so as to be quite perfect in their recital on the stage. They are, perhaps, the prettiest kind of charades.

We now proceed to the second act, which we shall illustrate by a scene from the "Tempest," and it must also be much shortened from the original, so as not to make the charade tedious.

ACT II.—*Ship. (Taken from Act I., Scene 1., of "The Tempest.")*

Dramatis Personæ.

ALONSO, *King of Naples.*

SEBASTIAN, *his brother.*

ANTONIO, *an usurping Duke of Milan.*

FERDINAND, *the King of Naples' son.*

GONZALO, *honest old minister to King of Naples.*

SHIPMASTER, BOATSWAIN, MARINERS.

SCENE.—*On a ship at sea.*

(*A tempestuous noise of thunder must be heard.*)

Enter SHIPMASTER and BOATSWAIN.

MASTER. Boatswain!

BOATS. Here, master: what cheer?

MASTER. Good: speak to the mariners: fall to 't quickly, or we run ourselves aground; bestir, bestir!

Enter MARINERS.

BOATS. Hey, my hearts; cheerly my hearts; there, there, take in the topsail; tend to th' master's whistle; blow till thou canst no more.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, and GONZALO.

ALON. Good boatswain, have care; where's the master? play the men.

BOATS. I pray now, keep below.

ALONSO. Where's the master, boatswain?

BOATS. Did you not hear him? You mar our labour; keep your cabins; you assist the storm.

GONZ. Nay, good, be patient.

BOATS. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? to cabin; silence; trouble us not.

GONZ. Good: yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

BOATS. None that I love more than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in the cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. Cheerly, good hearts; out of our way, I say.
[Exit.

GONZ. I have great comfort from this fellow; methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren land, long heath, brown furze, anything. I would fain die a dry death.
[Exeunt.—Curtain falls.

The shortness of Act II. is necessary after the length of Act I. As it is quite impossible to represent a *ship* on a drawing-room stage, the scenery of Act II. must necessarily be as empty a stage as possible; the nautical costume of the sailors denoting that it is meant the spectators should imagine a ship's deck. The costumes

must of course be proper to the characters, and as these charades can never be got up without a great deal of preparation, the dresses may be as rich and as handsome as possible. In Act III., music played behind the scenes is a great addition, and for this last scene the music from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" may be easily obtained.

While on the subject, music, when well and softly played, is a great assistance in all theatrical representations; it should be judiciously introduced between the acts to distract the spectator's attention from the tedium of waiting for the curtain's being drawn up again, and its introduction allows a little more time for the requisite change of costume in the green-room.

ACT III.—*Courtship.*

(*Taken from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Act II., Scenes 2, 4, 5; Act IV., Scene 1.*)

Dramatis Personæ.

OBERON, *King of the Fairies.*

TITANIA, *Queen of the Fairies.*

PUCK, *a Fairy.*

PEASEBLOSSOM,)

COBWEB,)

MOTH,)

MUSTARDSEED)

Fairies.

BOTTOM, *a weaver (with whom, whilst under the influence of a charm, TITANIA falls in love).*

SCENE 1.—*A wood near Athens.*

Enter OBERON at one door with his train, and the QUEEN at another with hers.

OBE. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

TIT. What, jealous Oberon? Fairies skip hence; I have fore-sworn his company.

OBE. Tarry, rash fairy, am I not thy lord?

TIT. Then I must be thy lady.

OBE. Why should Titania cross her Oberon?

I do but beg a little changeling boy to be my henchman.

TIT. Set your heart at rest. The fairy land buys not the child from me.

OBE. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

TIT. Not for my fairy kingdom. Elves away!
We shall chide downright if I longer stay. [Exeunt.

OBE. Well, go that way ; thou shalt not from this grove
Till I torment thee for this injury.

My gentle Puck, come hither ; thou rememberest,
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious sounds,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song ?

PUCK. I remember.

OBE. That very time I saw, but thou couldst not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all armed ; a certain aim he took.
Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell :
It fell upon a little western flower ;
Before, milk-white ; now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.

Fetch me that flower ;
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again,
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

PUCK. I'll put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes. [Exit.

OBE. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it on her eyes.

Re-enter PUCK.

PUCK. Ay, there it is.

OBE. I pray thee give it me.
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lip and the nodding violet grows ;
There sleeps Titania some time of the night,
Lulled in these flowers, from dances and delight ;
There with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
And look you meet me ere the first cock crow.

PUCK. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so. [Exeunt.

(The curtain must here be let down, music must be played, and then it should be again raised to display TITANIA lying fast asleep on a bank.)

Enter OBERON, and anoints her eyelids.

OBE. What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true love take ;
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear ;
Wake, when some vile thing is near. *[Exit.—Curtain falls.*

(The curtain again draws up to display OBERON alone.)

OBE. I wonder if Titania be awak'd ;
Then what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter PUCK

Here comes my messenger ; how now, mad sprite ?

PUCK. Titania with a monster is in love.
An ass's nowl I fixed upon his head ;
And left sweet Pyramus translated there ;
When in that moment (so it came to pass),
Titania wak'd, and straightway loved an ass.

OBE. This falls out better than I could devise.

[Exit OBERON and PUCK.—Curtain falls.

SCENE 2.—*A Wood.* BOTTOM, *a mortal with a large ass's head, translated by PUCK.* FAIRIES *attending, the KING behind.*

TIT. *(To Bottom.)* Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

BOT. Where's Peaseblossom ?

PEASE. Ready.

BOT. Scratch my head, Peaseblossom ; where's Monsieur Cobweb ?

COB. Ready.

BOT. Monsieur Cobweb, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipt humble-bee on the top of a thistle. Where's Monsieur Mustardseed ?

MUS. Ready : what's your will ?

Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help Cavalero Cobweb to scratch. I am such a tender ass, if my hair doth but tickle me I must scratch.

TIT. Wilt hear some music, my sweet love?
O how I love thee, how I dote on thee. (*Sleeps.*)

(*Enter PUCK.*)

OBE. Welcome, good Robin; see'st thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity.
I will release the fairy queen. (*Waves the flower over her.*)

Be as thou wert wont to be,
See as thou wert wont to see;
Dian's bud, o'er Cupid's flower,
Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania, wake you, my sweet queen.

TIT. My Oberon! what visions I have seen!

PUCK. Fairy king, attend and mark
I do hear the morning lark.

OBE. Then my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade;
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon.

TIT. Come, my lord, and in our flight,
Tell me how I came this night,
That I sleeping here was found
With these mortals on the ground. (*BOTTOM lies still.*)

[*Exeunt FAIRIES.—Curtain falls.*]

FAIRY TALE CHARADES.

CHARADE DRAMA. (*Word*)—*Floweret.*

Dramatis Personæ.

THE PRINCESS VIOLET.

KING TIGERLILY, *her father.*

PRINCE COCKSCOMB, *her suitor.*

CHEVALIER EGLANTINE, *her lover.*

LADY JESSAMINE, *her confidante.*

The good FAIRY ENDIVE, *Godmother to the Princess VIOLET.*

SCENE I.—*The PRINCESS and LADY JESSAMINE.*

LADY JESSAMINE. (*Addressing the PRINCESS, who is sitting perfectly still and silent on a throne in the middle of the room.*) Sweet princess! do answer me! Your long and cruel silence is breaking your poor Jessamine's heart! It is now three days since you have deigned a single word in answer to your attendants. Is your Royal Highness ill? are you angry? or have you taken a vow to remain silent until Prince Cockscomb's arrival? (*The PRINCESS makes no reply, but keeps her eyes fixed on the ground.*) Still no answer? I must go—your father, King Tigerlily, will be up here directly, and I would rather be out of the way when he discovers about your having turned into a silent statue, for he's a most violent man, and will most probably kill me if he gets angry about it. [*Exit.*]

(PRINCESS, when left alone, rises, and walks up and down.)

Enter KING TIGERLILY.

KING. How now, Miss Violet; is it true that you're absurd enough not to answer when you're spoken to? I am come to tell you that your suitor, Prince Cockscomb, has just arrived; and if you do not treat him civilly, I'll cut off your head with a carving-knife! (*The PRINCESS still makes no answer.*) What! no answer? I shall summon my slaves and have you imprisoned and kept on bread and water diet.

PRINCESS. (*Throwing herself on her knees.*) My father, do not be so stern; I am under the spell of my guardian Fairy Endive, who predicts that if I do not wed the cleverest as well as the handsomest prince in the whole world, I should be turned into a statue, and lose all power of speech.

KING. Well, Prince Cockscomb is very handsome; as to being clever, I don't know about that; you had better see him and judge for yourself.

PRINCESS. I will do so, provided you won't insist on my marrying him, unless I am fully satisfied about his qualities.

KING. Certainly not; I have no wish in the world to be father to a stone statue! Ha! ha! ha!

PRINCESS. Very well then, you *promise*?

KING. I do. In the mean time, honour me with your presence this evening, and then you can put the most searching questions

possible to the prince. (*Aside.*) I'll prompt him what to say, if he's stupid!

PRINCESS. Adieu, papa.

KING. Good-bye, my child.

[*Exit KING, with immense strides.*]

SCENE II.—PRINCESS *alone.*

PRINCESS. I'll summon Fairy Endive. (*Sings.*)

Fairy, 'neath whose spell I'm laid,
Come, and with thy counsel aid.

Enter FAIRY, ENDIVE.

FAIRY. Ask me aught that I can grant,
And 'tis yours whate'er you want.

Good morning, fair princess.

PRINCESS. I have summoned you, my dear godmother, to give me your advice. I am affianced to Prince Cockscomb, whom I hate; and whilst I am in love with Chevalier Eglantine, I would rather be turned eternally into a statue of stone than wed the prince. Tell me a spell by which I may escape?

FAIRY ENDIVE. I have always been considered a very bitter fairy, but I must say, my dear child, I feel for you intensely: let me think how I can help you. Ah! I have it. I predicted at your birth that you would either marry a prince of great beauty and talent to match, or turn into a stone statue; well, then, prove your Chevalier to be cleverer than Prince Cockscomb, and the King will needs give his consent; no monarch cares to have a stone statue for a daughter.

PRIN. My father knows the prediction and has a horror of my verifying its truth.

FAIRY. Very well. Here, take this paper; don't open it till you are at the palace this evening, and then consult its contents. Good-bye.

Ask me aught that I can grant,

And 'tis yours, whate'er you want. (*Vanishes.*)

[*Exit PRINCESS.*]

SCENE III.—*The PRINCESS, the KING, PRINCE COCKSCOMB, CHEVALIER EGLANTINE, and LADY JESSAMINE, COURTIERS, etc.*

KING. Allow me, dear princess, to introduce Prince Cockscomb to you. (*Aside.*) What do you think of him?

PRINCESS. (*Aside.*) He has a very red face, and looks very conceited. (*To LADY JESSAMINE.*) How different to my Eglantine!

PRINCE C. Fairest princess, I'm delighted to see you; how very handsome you are! we shall be a very fine couple when married.

KING. (*Aside, to COCKSCOMB.*) Don't talk nonsense; my daughter is literary—try it on about books—botany—*that's* her line.

PRINCE C. Very well; I'm clever as well as handsome. (*To PRINCESS.*) Are you fond of flowers?

PRINCESS. Very. Can you guess which flower I love best?

PRINCE C. No; really I can't; violets *I* like best! (*Aside.*) *Nicely turned compliment* that; *eh, sir?*

KING. (*Aside.*) Hush! my daughter is very particular. She can't bear frivolity, and is looking out for immense talent.

PRINCESS. (*Reads paper.*) Prince, I am ready to conform to my father's wishes; but I shall honestly tell you now, that before accepting you for a husband, you must satisfy me as to your good sense. If I only marry a handsome man, and find him stupid, I shall turn into a marble statue, and never speak again.

PRINCE C. Fair one, prove me, only. Every one says I'm a prodigy of talent.

PRINCESS. Every one's opinion may be correct; however, guess this charade:—Which floweret would a vain and foolish woman refuse as an ornament, whilst a wise one would choose it above all others as her emblem, and study to imitate it?

PRINCE C. Ha, ha! I am surprised really at your simplicity, really; I'll just run and fetch it from the garden. (*Aside, to KING.*) Hav'nt the least idea which she means! Can't you help me?

KING. I'm sure I can't; unless it's a hollyhock, which next to Tigerlilies *I* prefer; let's go into the garden. Come, Eglantine—
[*Exeunt the KING, PRINCE, and EGLANTINE.*]

SCENE IV.—PRINCESS *and* JESSAMINE.

PRINCESS. I am in a precious fright lest he should guess it. I'll summon Fairy Endive again. (*Sings.*)

Fairy! 'neath whose spell I'm laid,
Come, and with your counsel aid.

Enter FAIRY ENDIVE.

FAIRY. Ask me aught that I can grant,
And 'tis yours whate'er you want

PRINCESS. Welcome, godmother! I have seen Prince Cockscomb. He is odious; so I am dreadfully afraid he'll guess it.

FAIRY. He won't; I shall now run after him, and as he looks at each flower I shall make him fancy he's found it out; he shall pass the real one and never guess it to be your favourite.

PRINCESS. Suppose, though, that Eglantine does not guess it either! I shall be an old maid!

FAIRY. And no bad thing either; though I must say, considering I'm not married, it would be far more polite in you, Violet, to call single women, "ladies of a certain age!"

PRINCESS. I really beg your pardon, godmother, only I am so afraid of being either an old maid or a marble statue.

FAIRY. I'll help Eglantine to guess it, so make your mind easy.
(*Vanishes.*)

SCENE V.—*The same.*

Re-enter KING and others, carrying immense nosegays. Pages behind them with wheel-barrows full of flowers, which they empty out on the floor before the PRINCESS.

KING. Really, daughter, we saw so many beautiful flowers that it was difficult to choose any one in particular. I advised Prince Cockscomb to bring you all kinds from dahlias to peonies, both favourite flowers of mine; so perhaps the taste may be hereditary

PRINCE C. And I—I am quite fatigued with my exertions in picking so many. However—which will you have? Roses, carnations, lilacs, lilies, azalias, etc., etc., etc.

PRINCESS. (*Severely.*) What folly is this?

PRINCE C. My dear princess, you asked for one flower, but it looked so shabby to bring only one, I gathered you this bouquet.

KING. Come, daughter; don't be cross.

PRINCESS. I am not cross; but I see (*to PRINCE*) that you have forgotten to include my floweret in the bouquet.

KING. Oh, dear, no! we gathered one from every single plant most carefully.

PRINCESS. If I prove you are mistaken, will you allow me to decline marrying Prince Cockscomb?

KING. (*Aside.*) Well, well, my Violet, it shall be as you say ; but he's a very good "*parti.*"

PRINCESS. Not if he has no sense. (*To EGLANTINE.*) If you can fetch it in, my father will give you leave to propose in form.

[*Exit EGLANTINE, after executing a pas seul expressive of the highest gratification.*]

KING. It's all very well, but really I can't give my consent to so poor a match even if he does guess it.

PRINCESS. Then I shall be turned into a statue of stone.

KING. Hem ! ha ! well, I don't like stone princesses.

PRINCE C. Nor I either ; so I shall go elsewhere for a wife. Adieu—

KING. How now !—very bad manners to refuse a lady.

PRINCESS. Let him go ; papa, he is like a tulip, handsome *outside* only.

PRINCE C. And you're too blue for me ; so good-bye.

PRINCESS. *Bon voyage.* [*Exit PRINCE.*]

Enter EGLANTINE, with a bunch of mignonette in his hand, which he presents to the PRINCESS.

PRINCESS. (*Claps her hands joyfully.*) Well guessed ! Its *qualities surpass its charms*, and while the vain pass it by, a prudent sensible person selects it as her emblem and motto.

KING. What a piece of work about a flower ! one lives to learn. I should never have attached the least importance to that dowdy flower.

PRINCESS. You'll give your consent to our union ?

KING. Well, I suppose I must.

EGLANTINE. Thanks, gracious liege ; I have long loved the princess in secret.

KING. Well, then, let's have a dance. [*The KING leads out JESSAMINE, EGLANTINE the PRINCESS, and all dance, while the curtain falls.*]

NURSERY TALE CHARADE.—*Bluebeard.*ACT I.—*Blue.**Dramatis Personæ.*

MRS. DIPPER, *a rich literary widow.*

AUGUSTUS FITZNOODLE, *in the "Guards," engaged to be married to MRS. DIPPER.*

SCENE I.—MRS. DIPPER *seated at a library table, pen in hand and a quire of foolscap before her. She is looking up, as if for inspiration, to the ceiling.*

MRS. D. 'Tis strange! as a great modern writer has truly remarked, that women of intellect, like myself, are generally united to men of meaner powers! Deep thinker! acute observer! (I have your name somewhere in my note-book I know), how just is your remark, and verified by my *own* experience! Surrounded from infancy by "surface minds," my genius was crushed, nipped, blighted, my powers repressed, at the early age of twenty-six, by my union with Mr. Dipper. *His* soul was incapable of appreciating that "inner life," (as the same modern writer so beautifully expresses it,) which I have shared, with Socrates, Plato, Kant, and Schlegel! (*Points to bookcase.*) There are the companions of my solitude! Had it not been for my pen (*writes a word*), and my power of introspection, I know not how I should have supported such intellectual thralldom! I have found an interest in ethnology, a comfort in conchology, improvement in etymology and chronology, expansion in mineralogy, depth in geology, elevation in astronomy (and the use of the globes), and a solace in geometry, that I *never* could derive from the association of the unthinking herd!

Philosophy is my delight—mathematics my recreation. Often and often have I fled to this table, and worked out one of the problems of Euclid, as balm for my lacerated spirit! My second choice, Augustus Fitznoodle, reverences and appreciates my powers, yet is inferior to me in the reasoning faculties. He wants cultivation and expansion. *I* will develope—I will expand, *I* will—

Enter AUGUSTUS.

AUG. How do, Cerulea? How do? (*Shakes hands.*)

MRS. D. (*Laying aside the pen.*) I thank you, my Augustus. My vital organs are unimpaired, although I have not as yet imbibed the external oxygen that's so conducive to a healthful condition of our system.

AUG. Aw, Cerulea! you really now surprise me! I hope, aw (excuse my mentioning it), you don't imbibe anything of the kind, so early, too, every morning;—aw—oxi—gin? eh?

MRS. D. (*Aside.*) A good opportunity for imparting instruction. (*Aloud.*) Oxygen, dear Augustus. The air we imbibe is composed of oxygen and hydrogen. Were we to breathe hydrogen alone, we should expire. Oxygen is necessary for the preservation of human existence.

AUG. How clever you are, Cerulea! There isn't any fellow I know could have told me all that now! Uncommon lot of hydrogen in the air this morning, I should say. A fog outside as yellow as a guinea.

MRS. D. That's not hydrogen, Augustus. The fog has been found, upon chemical examination, to be composed of—

AUG. Don't, Cerulea, don't; I've swallowed enough to choke me, and would rather not know how the nasty stuff is made. (*Coughs.*) What were you going to do when I came in? You looked so, ahem! uncommonly handsome, with your pen in your hand; quite a writer you know, or some one celebrated.

MRS. D. I was immersed in the most interesting occupation. Making an abstract from Alison.

AUG. Stunning. An abstract? Arithmetic, 'aint it?

MRS. D. Augustus! arithmetic! Let me define the word "abstract." It's an analysis, a summary, a condensation.

AUG. Like the fog.

MRS. D. A condensation of facts, statements, views, opinions, reasoning, and arguments of the work I'm engaged in perusing. I have made no less than a hundred and fifty abstracts for the improvement of my memory.

AUG. I say—come now.

MRS. D. Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," Hallam's "Middle Ages."

AUG. But you 'aint middle-aged, and by no means in "The Decline and Fall."

MRS. D. (*Continues.*) Hume, Smollett, Macaulay; even the "Classical Dictionary," "Universal Biographia," "Encyclopædia

Britannica," have all come under the condensation of my pen. (*Flourishes pen.*)

AUG. By Jove, Cerulea, I wish some of our fellows could only hear you; how they'd stare! Why, I've seen a young fellow going in for the War Office grind—

MRS. D. Examination, I think you would say.

AUG. All serene; examination. Well, I've seen a fellow with his forehead wrapped up in wet towels, after getting up—Muggles', Mangles', no—"Magnal's (*ah, that's it*) Questions"—famous book, you know; dare say *you've* read it.

MRS. D. I have it by heart. Popularized, very popularized.

AUG. Oh, ah, is it? Uncommonly learned though. Well, that fellow's head, Cerulea, was so swelled with "getting up" that tremendous lot, and Lindley Murray, that he was obliged to wear wet towels round it to keep down the inflammation! Awful bore, those things; don't it bore you, too, Cerulea?

MRS. D. To me, analysis is recreation. Come, let's have a little rational enjoyment. Let us do a little algebra together.

AUG. No, no! not for the life of me. It's as much as I can do to manage to make up my betting book. I beg your pardon, I mean (*of course*) accounts. Never in my life could do sums; never.

MRS. D. Let's take the "Hebrew Grammar," then; a delightful study is Hebrew.

AUG. No, thank you, not if I know it! I've no wish to be in the hands of the Hebrews *again*.

MRS. D. Bopp's "Sanskrit Grammar," then, in German; I'll translate it to you as we go on.

AUG. Can't think of giving you that trouble.

MRS. D. (*Waving her hand*) Not the slightest to *me*. But here—a most interesting work, in English, on Greek roots.

AUG. Vegetables? eh? I don't mind eating 'em, but reading about them is—

MRS. D. Augustus, your ignorance is ridiculous. If we're to be married, I must *insist* on your improving yourself. Let's begin with the "Pre-Adamite Man."

AUG. The "Pre-Adamite Man!"—go to blazes! I can't stand it! Can't do it at the price! you're *too* "BLUE" for me, Cerulea, a great deal too "blue." We'd better part; you can console yourself with a "Pre-Adamite man" for your second husband. No go—for Augustus Fitznoodle much too *blue*. [*Exit.—Curtain falls.*]

ACT II.—*Beard.**Dramatis Personæ.*

MR. HAROLD HAIRY, *seeking an appointment.*

MRS. HAROLD HAIRY.

MR. SHAV'EM CLOSE, *Hon. Sec. Anti-moustache Movement Society.*

SUSAN, *Maid of all Work.*

SCENE. *Small lodging-house parlour. MRS. HAROLD HAIRY at work. Her husband, seated astride a chair, wearing a decayed smoking cap, and a splendid beard.*

MR. HAIRY (*despondingly*). Charlotte.

MRS. HAIRY. Well.

MR. H. When I see you slaving your life out, my love, and losing your spirits and bloom, I can't help sometimes thinking—

MRS. H. What, love?

MR. H. That we married imprudently. Don't be hurt if I say so.

MRS. H. (*Sighs.*) Perhaps we did.

MR. H. I was misled by the "Frugal Marriages," that were so glowingly described in the "Times," in which a hundred per annum, divided into accurate portions, is described as supporting—Jones—Jenny, and a dozen children, in the greatest comfort, (leaving a large margin for books and newspapers). On the strength of all the "Times" said, I offered to you, Charlotte, on a small independence of seventy pounds per annum; hoping to increase it by a gentlemanly, yet lucrative employment.

MRS. H. And so you did, dear, at first. I never can understand why Mr. Bluebooker would not retain you as his private secretary. Did he ever tell you the reason?

MR. H. Never. I asked him, but he declined doing so. I said to him, "Tell me, if you've heard anything against me?"—"No, nothing of the kind," he replied. "Have I," I asked, "in any way offended you," (only anxious to arrive at the truth.)—"Not in the least." "Is there anything in my style of writing or manner you wish altered?" said I, again.—"They are all extremely pleasing," was Bluebooker's reply. "Then pray," I urged, "what *is* your reason for dismissing me?"—

"That," he answered, "I decline to say." Of course, I could press it no further.

MRS. H. Very mysterious ; most unaccountable.

MR. H. He even said (so highly did he think of me) that he would do all in his power to get me some situation.

MRS. H. That makes it still more odd.

MR. H. It does ; and what is still more annoying is that, though I have had several most excellent opportunities within my reach (everything proceeding most satisfactorily by *letter*), the moment I present myself *in person*, I'm declined, refused, rejected, without one second's hesitation.

MRS. H. Most astonishing.

MR. H. (*Complacently.*) Do *you*, Charlotte, see anything in my countenance grim, ferocious, sinister, or forbidding, as instantly to prejudice a physiognomist against me ?

MRS. H. My dear Harold, what a question ! As a fond wife, I may say your appearance is most prepossessing.

MR. H. Do I look a man that the directors of a bank would suspect of absconding ? Have I such a villainous expression of dishonesty, that my appearance would condemn the prospects of a mining company by becoming its secretary ? Is there anything in my eye to incapacitate me for the same situation in connexion with the distribution of tracts ?

MRS. H. All *I* can say is, I did not think your appearance any impediment when I married you.

MR. H. Ah, ha ! my dear, I flatter myself it was my beard procured me my present happiness ! Then why, Charlotte, should the directors, managers, and committees of the above societies have all instantly rejected me ?

Enter SUSAN.

SUS. Please, there's a gentleman as wishes to see you, sir ; shall I show 'im hup ?

MR. H. (*Flings smoking-cap underneath the sofa ; whilst CHARLOTTE stuffs her work behind the cushions.*) Decidedly. What's his name ?

SUS. Please, sir, Mr. Charing Cross, or some sich ; I couldn't 'ear it.

MR. H. Charing Cross ! I never heard such a name ! Show him up, show him up, my good girl, all the same.

(*They bustle about and put the room neat ; CHARLOTTE seating herself with an air of elegant idleness.*)

Enter SUSAN, who announces MR. CHARING CROSS.

Enter MR. SHAV'EM CLOSE, a tight little man of about fifty ; neat gray hair, invisible whisker, tail coat, white choker.

MR. S. C. No, no, my good girl ; no such thing. (*To HAROLD.*) I beg your pardon ; I see I must introduce myself. My name is Shav'em Close.

(*MR. and MRS. H. HAIRY bow politely, but look obtuse.*)

MR. H. I cannot—quite—recall—*where* I have had the pleasure of meeting you before. (*Places chair for visitor.*)

MR. S. C. Of course not, of course not, my good sir. I never saw *you* in my life before, that I'm aware of.

MR. H. Then may I ask to what—

MR. S. C. All in good time, in good time. Give me leave to explain. I ought perhaps to have sent you in this note first ; from my friend Bluebooker, influential member for Smoky—

MR. H. } I am sure *any* friend of Mr. Bluebooker's—
MRS. H. }

MR. H. (*Opening note.*) Excuse me. Ah ! I'm sure it's most kind, most considerate of Bluebooker. He tells me you're hon. sec. for—I can't quite make out his hand.

MR. S. C. (*Importantly.*) For the Anti-Moustache Movement. One of the features of the day. (*Waves his hand oratorically.*)

MR. H. (*Faintly.*) Oh !

MRS. H. Ah !

MR. S. C. Yes, that is the fact of the case ; and hearing from Bluebooker you were in search of—in fact—occupation—

MR. H. Exactly.

MR. S. C. And were highly qualified for the post of acting secretary to the above-named society, I came (though not quite in accordance with the usual etiquette in such matters) to see you myself, in order to judge how far your views would agree with those of the society. Ahem ! (*Coughs.*)

MR. H. As to views, I am sure mine will agree with any—I mean with those of this excellent—society, the special object of which I do not—ahem—quite yet understand.

MR. S. C. The society's object is, the suppression of that growing national vanity and folly so concomitant with idleness and

habits of dissipation in young men, so dangerous to the peace of mind of the other sex ; so degrading as breaking down the grand distinction between Britons and the inhabitants of other countries—I mean, the cultivation of the moustache, imperial, and *beard*.
(*Looks fixedly at MR. H.*)

MR. H. Indeed, ah!

MR. S. C. Having formed a committee, we wish to address the nation at large by means of public meetings in large towns, at which *we* shall be represented by all the ablest orators. To organize such meetings, the society requires the assistance of a young, active, and gentlemanly man, who (for 100*l.* per annum, and all expenses defrayed) will travel from town to town, negotiate matters with the principal authorities, arrange meetings, and sound the feelings of the community. Having heard from Mr. Bluebooker, and receiving his testimonials of your talent and energy—I resolve to offer this position to you ; but I, unfortunately, foresee an insuperable obstacle *against* our coming to an arrangement.

MR. H. Not in the least! I most willingly avail myself of Mr. Bluebooker's kindness, and accept the appointment.

MR. S. C. Hem, ha, good! but I'm not quite prepared to say—that—ahem!—you'll quite meet *our* views. (*Coughs.*)

MR. H. And why not, pray? I understood you to say that you had testimonials——?

MR. S. C. Very true, I have. But, sir, the society can never—ahem!—be represented by one who violates its primary principle, by wearing—a *beard*.

MR. H. } How truly unfortunate!
MRS. H. }

MR. S. C. Cut it off, sir; cut it off, and that objection is removed.

MR. H. Sir! cut off my *beard*? Never!

MRS. H. (*Flings her arms round her husband's neck.*) Cut off his beautiful beard?—never!—though we *starve*!

MR. S. C. Then, sir, our interview had better terminate. The society cannot countenance a beard! Impossible! (*Rises.*)

MR. H. Stop. Let's talk the matter calmly over. Can it not be otherwise arranged? (*Eagerly.*) I understand your objection perfectly, but my beard cannot possibly influence my energy or success.

MR. S. C. It will, sir. It must, and *always* will. It will stand in your way through life, sir. The British public will never give their confidence to a man with a *beard*! Mr. Bluebooker may do what he likes, you'll never get any appointment with that beard! never!

MRS. H. Harold—it *is* the beard!

MR. H. Nonsense; a ridiculous prejudice! Cut off my beard? Sir, you're extremely impertinent!

MR. S. C. I wish you good day, sir. Your views being so antagonistical to our society, the negotiation, of course, falls through. *But*, as I consider yours one of those peculiar cases to which our efforts are particularly directed, do me the favour to peruse this little pamphlet (*Gives him a thick book*)—a careful study of which may, I trust, convince you of the injurious and fatal consequences of the practice—the pernicious practice you're indulging in—the insane folly of wearing a beard! Cut it off, sir! cut it off!

[*Exit.*—*Curtain falls.*]

ACT III.—*The whole word.*—(*Bluebeard.*)

Dramatis Personæ.

BLUEBEARD, (*whose beard may be admirably composed of a blue sheep-skin flower-mat.*)

FATIMA, *wife to BLUEBEARD.*

ANNE, *sister to FATIMA. (A strong-minded woman.)*

THEIR TWO BROTHERS. (*Costumes, Turkish; vide Chapter V.*)

SCENE.—*Interior of BLUEBEARD'S Castle, in Turkey.*

BLUEBEARD, FATIMA.

BLU. The time approaches, madam, when I must be off, leaving you for the first time during our honeymoon. My horses, saddled and bridled, are neighing at the gate. Now attend to me, Fatima; I've something of importance to tell you.

FAT. I am attending, dear sir.

BLU. Well, then, don't look so stupid. Here are the castle keys, big and small. I give them into your charge; but first of all—what are you staring at, Fatima? (*Grinds his teeth.*)

FAT. (*Timidly.*) Don't be angry, dear husband; I wasn't aware I was staring.

BLU. Your eyes have a very odd, suspicious look, madam ; but now *attend* to me. You see *this* key? (*Emphatically.*) You see *which* it is?

FAT. Yes,—oh, dear, yes. (*Aside.*) How hideous he looks!

BLU. Look well at it. (*Holds it to her eye.*) You see this *key*—this *key*, this *key*—*ey!*—this *key!* (*In a gruff tone.*)

FAT. (*In a whisper.*) Well, dear sir?

BLU. You may open every door in the castle *but* the one that this key unlocks. Remark it well, madam ; it is labelled “Key of my private closet.”

FAT. Yes—Bluebeard, I see it well.

BLU. (*In an awful voice.*) *Mind*, madam, if ever I find you out in opening that closet, I’ll cut off your head with a carving-knife, and sew a button on instead. Goorooo, gooroo, goo-o-o-roo— (*Frowns terrifically.*)

FAT. (*Aside.*) How dreadful he is when he makes that noise. (*Aloud.*) Pray, be sure, dear, dear, *dear* Bluebeard, I shall never, never, never, disobey you ; oh, dear, no!

BLU. Better not, better not. I am not a man to be trifled with ; and as sure as I stand here, if you disobey me, I’ll murder you.

FAT. Be quite easy, you may trust me.

BLU. I give you leave to go into every other place in the house ; ransack my cupboards, put out my drawers, pry into my dressing-case, even read my letters, if you like, but never use that key—that key, that key—*e—eey—!*

FAT. (*Much alarmed.*) As if your slave would presume, sir ? Be calm, I beg, I *promise* you I won’t!

BLU. Very well, I’m satisfied. Here are the keys. (*Gives her keys.*)

Farewell, my darling Fatima,
I shan’t be *long* away. (*Embraces her.*)

FAT. Don’t *hurry* home, on my account,
My dearest love, I pray. [*Exit BLUEBEARD*

SCENE II.—FATIMA dancing about for joy. Calls aloud,
 “Sister Anne! sister, sister! Come down from your turret!
 He’s off, he’s gone,—isn’t it delightful?”

Enter SISTER ANNE.

SIS. A. (*Embracing FATIMA.*) I’m so relieved, Fatima!
 Excuse me, dear, but your husband frightens me so.

FAT. *Entre nous*, he’s horribly crusty! In *such* a temper
 this morning, too! He’s off, thank the stars, and so let’s have
 some fun. He’s left me all the keys (*Shows bunch*), and says I
 may go into every room, but *one*.

SIS. A. Except *one*? Which is it, dear, I pray?

FAT. I *promised* him, on no account, my darling girl, to say!

SIS. A. Pooh, pooh! just married, too,
 No secret should you keep;
 Come, Fatima, let’s go and see;
 We both must have a peep.

FAT. Well, that’s the *door*. (*Points to door.*) But he’s threat-
 ened to cut my head off, if I look; so I daren’t for the life of me.

SIS. A. He’s a brute! I’m glad I’m not Mrs. Bluebeard!
 I’m just *dying* to know what it contains. He’ll never be a bit
 the wiser, if you and I just open it. (*Puts her eye to keyhole.*)

FAT. Oh, sister Anne! *please* don’t! Do you see anything,
 sister Anne?

SIS. A. Hem! I can’t see *much*; but there’s something red—
 yes, it’s certainly *red*!

FAT. Let me look. Good gracious! I do believe it’s blood!
 (*Looks through keyhole.*)

SIS. A. Then, in that case, I’ll take it upon myself to investi-
 gate it alone. Give me the key. Come, no nonsense!

FAT. (*Keeping the keys.*) No, no, no, Anne!

SIS. A. Ridiculous scruples—come, Fatima!

FAT. Well, I *should* like to know what’s in it. (*Looks
 again.*) I’ll just open the door a *lectle* bit (*Fits key in*), and
 just shut it again directly. (*Groans heard inside.*) Sister
 Anne, *did* you hear?

SIS. A. (*Turns the key.*) Now, I’ll just get to the bottom of
 all this mystery. (*She opens the door: both peep in furtively.*
 FATIMA holds the key in her hand. Both jump out again, and in
 her hurry the key falls out of FATIMA’S hand.)

FAT. } Horrible, shocking; what a sight!
 SIS. A. } Four bodies; no heads; blood in gallons!
 together. } Four corpses, sure as fate,
 In such a dreadful state.

SIS. A. All got wedding rings too!

FAT. Oh, oh, oh!—They're getting up; let's fly! (*They rush back again out of the closet.*)

Enter four figures completely enveloped in long white sheets. They come out of the closet, each holding her head (a cap block) in her hand.

GHOSTS of the } Of Bluebeard we're the wives,
 FOUR WIVES, } He led us wretched lives;
 speaking } First, struck us dead,
 together. } Cut off each head;
 So Fatima, beware!
 Beware! beware! beware!

(*Wives all retire into the closet again.*)

FAT. Sister Anne, what dreadful revelations! Such things were never heard of in my papa's house! Support me, sister Anne, for I've a great mind to faint!

SIS. A. You've not time to faint now, Fatima, for all you can do is to shut the door, and get the key back, before Bluebeard comes home again.

FAT. The key! the key! it must be had,
 My senses fail me; I'll go mad!

(*Horn heard outside.*)

There he is! I must that key procure,
 And then, we'll lock the door.

(*Darts in, picks up key, and bangs door to.*)

FAT. It's covered with blood!

SIS. A. Wipe it off.

(*BLUEBEARD'S voice outside calling.*)

BLU. Fatima! Mrs. Bluebeard, where are you?

FAT. Coming, love, coming; oh, I can't get the blood off!

SIS. A. Let me try. (*They wipe and wipe away.*)

FAT. It won't rub off; oh, what a fix!

SIS. A. Oh, dear! oh, dear! how hard it sticks.

BLU. (*Without.*) Come down, Fatima; I want my keys.

FAT. Directly, sir;—di—rect—ly!

SIS. A. Escape; or you're done for! (*SISTER ANNE escapes up a turret—i. e., behind a screen.*)

Enter BLUEBEARD, scowling dreadfully.

BLU. Why are you delaying,
Madam, with the keys?

FAT. To make them bright,
I'm rubbing, if you please.

BLU. Good; but bring the bunch to me.

FAT. In a moment, love.

BLU. (*In a deep voice.*) My ke-e-ys, madam!

FAT. Take them then.—(*Sinks on the ground.*)

BLU. What's this?—a stain upon my key?

FAT. Rust, I suppose, sir.

BLU. Rust, rust? I'll rust you!
It's blood, goo-roo—gooroo!

FAT. Blood! (*Wrings her hands.*)

BLU. You've pryed, peeped, looked, and you must die.

(*Sharpens sword.*)

FAT. Spare me, spare me, Bluebeard! I'll never do it again!
Spare your attached Fatima! Do, do, do, do!

BLU. I won't; you shall die; but I'll give you five minutes.
In the mean time I'll sharpen my scimitar. [*Exit, frowning.*]

Enter SISTER ANNE.

SIS. A. I've heard all! What a fatal marriage!

FAT. Oh, sister Anne! sister Anne! look out of the window,
and tell me if you see any one coming!

SIS. A. If I see your brothers coming, I'll call to them.
(*Looks out of window.*)

BLU. (*Without.*) Are you ready for death, madam?

FAT. In a minute: I'm making my will. Do you see any-
one coming, sister Anne?

SIS. A. Not a soul.

BLU. (*Without.*) Be quick—time's up.

FAT. Directly, sir; I'm saying my prayers. Sister Anne!
sister Anne! any one coming?

SIS. A. Alas! no one!

BLU. (*Without.*) You're very long.

FAT. I'm just embracing my sister. Sister Anne, sister Anne,
don't you see *any* one coming?

SIS. A. Joy, oh, joy! I see two figures.

FAT. 'Tis them—my brothers!

SIS. A. Alas! 'tis only a flock of sheep.

FAT. Look again, sister Anne; is there *nobody* coming?

SIS. A. There is! they come! they come! they come!

Enter BLUEBEARD, flourishing a huge scimitar.

BLU. I'll wait no longer; you must *die*!

FAT. Spare me one minute!

BLU. Not one! Lay your head down!

FAT. O, miserable me! why are my brothers so long?

(BLUEBEARD seizes her.)

Enter BROTHERS with drawn swords, who rush upon BLUEBEARD, who falls down flat on his back, and expires. Embrace all round.—Curtain falls.

MYTHOLOGICAL CHARADES.

Distaff.

ACT I.—*Dis.*

Locality—Nysian plains. PROSERPINE is seen wandering hither and thither, gathering flowers.

CHORUS of three, stand apart towards the side scenes in studiously classical attitudes.

CHORUS. Lo! Proserpine, great Ceres' daughter, roves
Through fertile Nysia's sunny meads and groves;
Pleased as a child to cull the flowers of spring,
While like its birds I hear her warbling sing.

PROSERPINE. (*Singing.*)—*Air*, "Fairer the meads are growing."
Sweet are the flowers so varied and bright
The valleys and hills adorning,
Sweet are the hours of youthful delight
That vanish too soon, like the morning.

(*Speaks.*) I'll rest awhile and garlands intertwine,
To wreath about the pitchers for the wine.

(*Seats herself on the ground and begins wreathing her flowers.*)

Enter DIS, or PLUTO, unperceived by PROSERPINE.

CHORUS. But say! what horrid shape abhorred is this?
'Tis he himself, the god of Hades—Dis.

Rob'd in fierce majesty and dreadful gloom,
From the vast world of mournful shadows come.

DIS. (*To PROS.*) Virgin, more fair than all the flowers of spring.

PROS. (*Starting up in terror.*) Whence and what art thou?
fierce unearthly thing.

DIS. Not least of the immortals—know I sway
Realms of dark shade unvisited by day;
Quit, Proserpine, these simple joys above,
My rugged heart to soften by thy love.

PROS. Love thee! I loathe and hate thy very mien!
(*Averting her head.*)

DIS. Yet I would have thee, fairest, for my queen.
Descend with me to Hades' depths and share
My throne and power, as goddess reigning there;
And thy bright presence shall of that sad place
Make heaven itself, illumined by thy face.

PROS. Art thou then Dis? Oh, rend me not from life!

DIS. Nay, thou shalt be immortal, as my wife.
(*Takes her by her hand to lead her away.*)

PROS. (*Kneeling.*) Leave me, dread power! Inexorable, spare,
Leave me awhile on earth that seems so fair!
O snatch me not for ever from the day. (*Entreatingly.*)

DIS. Thee, to that dread abode I bear away—
Unheeding all thy prayers, thy tears, thy sighs. (*Seizes her.*)

PROS. Great Ceres, mother, hearken to my cries!
(*Screams and tries to release herself.*)

I faint, I swoon, o'erwhelmed and dismayed,
Hasten, oh Ceres! hasten to my aid!
(*Dis drags her from the stage—her screams are heard in the distance.*)

CHORUS. Hither, alarmed by Proserpina's cries,
Distracted Ceres, frantic mother, flies.

Enter CERES, running and tossing her arms despairingly.

CERES. Ye rocks! ye woods! and savage forests wild,
Say do you hide my Proserpine, my child?
Echo my cries, my complaints, ye hearts of stone!
Where is my child, my Proserpina, gone?
Oh fauns, and nymphs, and dryads, do ye know
Which way the beauteous maiden's footsteps go?

I'll scale Olympus' self and search the main,
 Explore all earth, my daughter to regain !
 Bare and unfruitful lie the yielding ground,
 Till Ceres' daughter, Proserpine, be found ! [Exit hastily.
 CHORUS. In vain thy search, in Hades' dread abyss
 Thy child, a goddess, reigns with gloomy Dis. [Exit CHORUS.

ACT II.—*Staff.*

Halls of Olympus. APOLLO, *reclining on a couch, listens to*
 MERCURY, *who plays upon the newly invented syrinx, or reed.*
 APOLLO *holds in his right hand the staff, entwined with serpents,*
afterwards known as that of MERCURY.

CHORUS. Behold him, who the oxen of Apollo
 Cunningly stole ; and when the god did follow
 To Pylos' secret cavern, soothed his ire
 By striking music from th' invented lyre.
 O power of strains harmonious to betray,
 Apollo listened and resigned the prey !
 Why comes he hither with the hollowed reed
 From Pylos' cave, with telegraphic speed ?
 (No one answering this inquiry, the CHORUS stand with elevated
 eyebrows amazed.)

APOLLO. Thank you, my Hermes, beautifully played ;
 Just show me how the instrument is made.

(MERCURY *unscrews the flute and shows it to APOLLO.*)

APOLLO. (After examining it.) A pretty toy—and will you
 please to mention
 The name of this new art of your invention ?

MERCURY. 'Tis music called, that power has over gods
 And men and beasts, and even country clods.
 If patronized by you, it may indeed
 All other recreations supersede
 Popular in Olympus, as the flowers
 Reduced to skeletons by soaking hours ;
 Or leaves too stout by half, cut out in leather,
 Then on a frame glued hideously together ;
 Or holes innumerable that Venus sews,
 While Cupid to the archery-meeting goes ;

Or blue Minerva's ologies, too many,
Or pretty Hebe's queer potichomanie—
These, music more bewitching shall o'erthrow.

APOLLO. I'm not so sure, by any means ; you know
The art is somewhat tedious to acquire.

MERCURY. The syrinx, yes! What think you of the lyre?
(*Nudges him.*)

APOLLO. That you're another ; 'twas by that I lost
My splendid beeves, I *know it* to my cost.
Seduced from justice by the specious strain
I gave you up my property again!
Nay, of your lyres, I own I am no lover,

MERCURY. Well, say no more, let bygones be past over
What *kudos* would you gain, oh great Apollo,
In dull Olympus, if you only follow
My instigation, and adopt the reed
As your peculiar instrument indeed :
In recompense I only ask, don't laugh,
A trifle that I fancy—'tis your staff. (*Points to it.*)

APOLLO. (*Indignantly.*) The serpent twined! impossible!
I'm vexed,
But must decline (*aside*) such impudence ; what next?
Nay, Mercury, it's too exorbitant,
My golden staff! I'm sorry, but I can't.

MERCURY. Oh, very well, good-bye then, I'll away.
(*Makes a feint of going.*)

APOLLO. Nay, not so fast, just one more tune, I pray.

(MERCURY plays. APOLLO, after in vain endeavouring to resist
the effect of the music, is so enchanted that he rises from his
couch and embraces MERCURY.)

APOLLO. Such powerful influences in me move
I'll give you anything you like to have.

MERCURY. The staff is what I'll have as I have said.

APOLLO. Sweet Hermes, ask me anything instead.

(MERCURY pipes one note on his flute.)

APOLLO. Oh do not wake again that potent strain!

MERCURY. Give me the staff, or I will not refrain.

APOLLO. Here, take it then, for music should command
All gifts and favours at a ruler's hand.
Give me instead that wonder made of wood.

MERCURY. (*Giving the reed.*) I trust to you to make it quite
the mode.

APOLLO. My Mercury, be sure I mean to do it.

MERCURY. The patent's mine, of course—the Hermes' flute.

APOLLO. Of course, of course, though overpaid by half
Was the invention, by my shepherd's staff.
The obstacle now lying in my way
Is how, when bought, the instrument to play?

MERCURY. I shall be charmed if you will take a lesson,
(Though not, you know, a teacher by profession);
So off to Pylos' cavern let us fly!
There privately to practise, you and I;
Enchanting all the astonished nightingales
With Cramer's exercises and the scales.

CHORUS. Now plainly Hermes' purposes are seen;
How could Apollo be so very *green*!
Beguiled by love of music, and by chaff,
He loses both his cattle and his staff. [*Exit CHORUS, groaning.*]

ACT III.—*Distaff.*

SCENE.—*Palace of OMPHALE, Queen of Lydia.* HERCULES, *attired in woman's clothes, is seen turning a spinning-wheel with his foot, whilst he holds a distaff in his left hand. The thread is wound by the spinning wheel upon a roller. His task is performed with some difficulty and his heavy foot breaks the spinning wheel. In endeavouring to set it in order again the thread from the distaff becomes entangled in the machinery. His awkward fingers in attempting to extricate this pull all the flax off the distaff, scattering it on the floor.*

CHORUS. By wily Hermes to Omphale sold,
The mighty Hercules a slave behold,
Bound for three years (to cure his sore disease),
Omphale fair, to serve as she may please.

Far more the slave of love, behold him now
 Submissive to her every caprice bow.
 Oh power of love! great heroes to transform,
 And make them to a woman's whim conform!

Enter OMPHALE.

OMPH. Thou idle slave! what, all unspun the thread!

HER. Thine anger, fair Omphale, I more dread
 Than that of all the gods; to me far worse
 The frown on thy fair forehead than the curse
 That wastes away my strength in sore disease,
 By wrathful Jupiter's severe decrees. (*Pointing to the wheel.*)
 Pardon thy slave! The flax is all too fine
 For these large, coarse, and unused hands to twine,
 Wherewith the lion Nemean once I slew,
 And many-headed Hydra overthrew.

OMPH. Thou talk'st as in a dream; for know 'twas I
 That the Nemean lion did defy,
 Whose skin behold me wearing to this day,
 And with this club the Hydra did I slay.
 Wilt thou imagine that the labours twelve
 Thy weak hand wrought? performed by myself?

HER. Thy word, O fair Omphale, is my word,
 And shall be as my memory; I have erred.
 Thy deeds of strength are echoed by each tongue,
 Thy valorous deeds the theme of every song!
 Instruct me but to please thee in my speech,
 And my rude hands to skilful labours teach.

OMPH. What work have I had ever from thy hands,
 That day by day transgressest my commands?
 See how the flax is wasted by thee still.

HER. Yet have I striven hard to do thy will.

OMPH. The wheel is broken by thy heavy feet,
 Ungrateful slave! thee terribly I'll beat!

(She attempts to raise the club, but is unable even to lift it.)

Contempt alone my heavy hand restrains;
 There, beat thyself, as guerdon for thy pains!

(HERCULES beats himself with his club.)

OMPH. Now thou my strong chastising arm hast felt,
I lay aside the club, and pitying melt,
Disdaining to take vengeance upon thee.

HER. How strong, and yet how pitiful is she!
Instruct me once again to spin the thread.

OMPH. Nay, thou shalt use thy needle now instead. (*Sits herself near HERCULES, and endeavours to teach him her tapestry-work—laughing at his clumsy attempts.*)

OMPH. 'Tis thy perverseness makes thee do it wrong.
Are not the walls of all my chambers hung
With skilful labours, where we see portrayed
My mighty deeds—by thee—in various shade?
How well I love to watch thy fingers ply
The needle, whilst thou workest tapestry.

HER. Happy were I, fair mistress, could I raise,
Such lasting tribute to Omphale's praise.

OMPH. How skilfully my raiment dost thou weave!

HER. Might I do so! nor thee for ever leave!

OMPH. Wearing thine own with such unrivalled grace,
Sweetly the veil becomes thy modest face.

HER. Oh, mock me thus through many a happy year!
So I thy side, O queen, may linger near.
Thy slave am I, enslaved by my heart,
Jest as thou wilt, but never bid me part.
See how to please thee willingly I yield
My ponderous arms the distaff light to wield;
In all I give obedience, for great love
Has power to bless, though cursed I be by Jove.

CHORUS. Laying aside our stilted language classical,
Let us point out to you, in what seems farcical,
(Audience austere!) in the last scene and story,
A very useful little allegory.
Hercules is an ensign—in the Guards,
Who spends his time (except what's passed in cards),
In working worsted-work, or knitting purses,
The while his conquests (bloodless) he rehearses
To friends particular (or not, as may be),
And is, in fine, a handsome grown-up baby.
Perhaps you'll recognize, in Queen Omphale,
The British fair one shying at Aunt Sally,

Whose joys are all in making "jolly throws,"
 And breaking that ill-fated spinster's nose.
 She whistles shrill meanwhile—"a habit caught,"
 From school-boy Harry, or "from want of thought;"
 Then tries gymnastics, at the giant's stride,
 In vaulting hurdles takes peculiar pride;
 Then, hands in pockets, puffs the fragrant weed,
 Or drives a dog-cart at a furious speed—
 Taking delight most copiously to slang it,
 With pretty oaths, the mildest being "Hang it."
 In Britain's Isle behold a sight, to make the gravest laugh,
 Omphale playing with the club, and warriors with the distaff.

DISTAFF.

Costumes and Dramatis Personæ.

PROSERPINE.—Fair hair waved, braided and twisted into a classical knot at the back of the head. Long, straight, flowing under-ropes of white. Short tunic, and body above it bordered and belted with blue. The classic forms must be as closely adhered to as far as the propriety of modern ideas will admit of. In female costumes the arms and necks should be left bare, and the robes loose and flowing—all such accessories as crinoline or any sort of stiffeners must be discarded. Sandals may be made by binding a stockinged foot round with narrow coloured ribbons. But it is advisable to have a sole of an old shoe, or one made of cardboard, well sown to the stocking to protect the foot in walking. The body and tunics of the women's dresses are all made in one, hardly any sleeves; and it is caught together on the shoulders by a cameo, medal, or button of antique design. A belt is drawn round the waist, and confines the tunic in loose easy folds.

CERES.—Dark eyes, hair, and warm complexion; the hair gathered at the back of the head into a gold net. On the forehead is worn a coronal of gold wheat-ears and fruit. Costume—under-robe of rose colour; upper tunic and bodice of apple-green, bordered with gold. She carries in her hand a cornucopia filled with fruits and flowers, the insignia of plenty.

PLUTO, or Dis.—Under robe of black, with long sleeves, and gathered round the neck into a golden collar. A large square of purple drapery is thrown over this dress, which is bordered with gold, forming a mantle which envelopes his figure; one corner is cast over the right shoulder. His hair is black, matted, and falls in shaggy serpentine locks low on his forehead. A circlet of gold is on his head.

CHORUS.—Three very old men in classic tunics, and long mantles fastened on the shoulders with a button, impersonate the Chorus. They wear Phrygian caps upon their heads. The costumes of the Chorus should be subdued in tint so as not in any way to divert the eye from the principal performers.

APOLLO.—Short classic tunic descending a little below the knee, bordered with red and gold. The stockinged leg must be bound up to the calf to imitate sandals. Tight sleeves down to the wrists. A long mantle of bright scarlet fastened on one shoulder by a brooch or buckle. Apollo should be personated by a young lad without beard or whiskers, and ladies' false hair must be arranged in a knot above the forehead, after the well-known statue of the Apollo Belvedere. He carries in his hand the staff entwined with serpents afterwards given to Mercury.

MERCURY.—Short-belted classic tunic of pale blue, descending above the knee, gathered round the neck into a golden collar. Sleeves long and tight, and confined round the wrists with a bracelet of gold. A low round hat on his head, to which a small wing on each side is attached. The legs in stockings and low buskins laced with gold: on the heels of these are also placed a tiny pair of wings, one on each foot. A flageolet in his hand.

OMPHALE, Queen of Lydia.—Long classic robe of deep blue, falling to the feet. A triangular diadem of gold on the front of her head. Her waved hair being braided back off her face into a classical knot low down on the nape of the neck, the hair bound with gold and pearls. On her shoulders she wears the lion's skin of Hercules, and she grasps his club in her hand.

HERCULES must, in accordance with the fable, be dressed in woman's clothes, as there was in classic days great similarity between the costumes of both sexes: this is easily achieved. A long loose robe of amber descends to the feet. Over this a tunic and bodice of violet, edged with silver. On his head he must wear the long veil, or hood, of the matron, consisting of a silver-

edged scarf or mantle attached to the top of his head, and falling in easy folds down the back. Hercules must be impersonated by a strong powerful-looking young man, and wear a black beard and moustaches.

CHAPTER II.

ACTING PROVERBS.

“WE are tired” (you exclaim, my young friends) “of acting charades!”

“Well, then” (says your old friend), “act Proverbs.” “But how?”—“Ah, that I now engage to define and show you.”

You must first *choose* a proverb; then tack some little dramatic plot or circumstances to it, which will bear out the moral of the adage.

In acting a “charade,” the syllables, as we have seen, are each acted separately; and the last part acts the whole word. In acting a proverb, the *whole* story must turn on the chosen *proverb*.

1stly. I give you a handy list of proverbs for selection, then you seek one suitable to any story you mean to act; I advise you, generally speaking, to choose those best known and in common use, as these are the most easily made intelligible to an audience.

2ndly. Five proverbs, in the form of light dramas, all bearing on well-known axioms, and which will serve as specimens of “acting proverbs,” when you begin to provide their plots and conversation, out of your own heads. I am sure you will all like acting proverbs, if you carry them out with spirit and vivacity. With regard to costumes, and the construction of the stage, refer to my first and third chapters. One thing only would I add:—learn your parts *thoroughly*, and remember, “whatever is worth doing *at all*, is worth doing *well*.”

LIST OF PROVERBS FOR ACTING.

1. When the cat's away the mice will play.
2. Charity begins, but should not end at home.

3. There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.
4. Honesty is the best policy.
5. Time and tide wait for no one.
6. A friend in need is a friend indeed.
7. A closed mouth catches no flies.
8. Better late than never.
9. One good turn deserves another.
10. A stitch in time saves nine.
11. Listeners never hear any good of themselves.
12. Comparisons are odious.
13. No rose without a thorn.
14. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.
15. 'Tis no use crying over spilt milk.
16. Do not trifle with edge tools.
17. All is not gold that glitters.
18. Killing two birds with one stone.
19. A stout heart for a steep hill.
20. Every cloud has its silver lining.
21. Every Jack has his Jill.
22. None but a fool sits by the fire in August.
23. Borrow and come to sorrow.
24. Penny wise, pound foolish.
25. Ear, hear the other side.
26. He that neglects time, Time will neglect.
27. For desperate cuts desperate cures.
28. To go round is better than falling into the ditch.
29. When poverty comes in at the door love flies out of the window.
30. Faint heart never won fair lady.
31. 'Tis a long lane that has no turning.
32. A rolling stone gathers no moss.
33. Small beginnings make great ends.
34. One fool makes many.
35. Much coin makes care
36. It never rains but it pours.
37. Honour among thieves.
38. All is fair in love or war.
39. 'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good.
40. Beauty unadorned's adorned the most.
41. Still waters run deep.

PROVERB 17.—*All is not gold that glitters.*

Dramatis Personæ.

HENRY HAWTREY, *a country curate, not long ordained.*

CHARLES OAKOVER, *his college friend (not in orders).*

MISS FRANCES BEDDINGTON, *of Beddington Manor, an heiress.*

JULIA, *her cousin, an orphan, and*

MRS. BEDDINGTON, *aunt to JULIA and FRANCES, and their chaperone.*

SCENE I.—*A Drawing-room in Beddington Manor, FRANCES and JULIA at work.*

FRANCES. (*Rather satirically.*) Well, Miss Julia, and how do you like your prospects? Are you half out of your wits with delight at the idea that this day month, yes! in four short weeks, you'll be Mrs. Henry Hawtreys?—*Mrs. Henry Hawtreys*—and with all the cares of a parish on your shoulders, the schools to attend to, the old people to trot after, and yet obliged to keep up a decent and proper appearance on the magnificent income of one hundred and eighty pounds a year.

JULIA. (*Smiling.*) What an anxious picture you have drawn for me, dear Frances, but I am not scared by it. Poverty has no terrors for me, if shared with Henry. Am I not also used to small means? and is not a humble curate a suitable match for an orphan without a sixpence in the world?

FRA. Oh, I've no doubt it's all very fine; but I own that I am not so certain you will find the reality so pleasing as that romantic picture you have drawn in your mind's eye, of "love in a cottage." Charley is not so rich as he might be; but were I to lose my whole fortune to-morrow, it would be some consolation to remember that *he* has his eight hundred a year, which joined to a handsome person is something, and *I'm* no advocate for "love in a cottage," dear Julia. Now I should have married Henry, because I've a good fortune, and you should have married Charles.

JULIA. You pity me, dear, whilst *I* look to your future as Mr. Oakover's wife with the greatest anxiety.

FRA. What has poor Charley done to incur your displeasure?

JULIA. He has *done* nothing.

FRA. Oh, I know you think him idle and selfish, and that he

proposed to me only for my money, but I don't and can't believe it; he always appears so disinterested.

JULIA. Appearances are not always to be trusted, now Henry—

FRA. Spare me, dear Julia, a panegyric on Henry! *He* has, I know, every virtue under the sun, whilst Charley is no saint. If he's extravagant, I have ample means, and he can afford to indulge his expensive tastes as he likes.

JULIA. But suppose, dear, you lost your fortune; suppose, when youth is past and flown, and when sober reality has replaced the gay illusions, that—

FRA. Nonsense, dear! suppose the queen is dethroned by Louis Napoleon, and Lord Palmerston, as minister to the usurper, assists to exile her Majesty and family into honourable retirement; suppose—suppose that Julia Beddington, aged twenty-five, and engaged to be married to a curate who is “perfection,” turns lecturer to her cousin, heiress of the broad Beddington acres, *not* perfection, but possessing half a hundred thousand pounds in the Funds, and almost as much more in the hands of her most excellent guardian, Sir James Bishop Simon, Bart. and banker, the richest man in the rich mercantile world of London.

JULIA. (*Interrupting her.*) But, dear Frances, “All is not gold that glitters;” the question is, would Mr. Oakover be as constant to the *penniless* cousin as he is to the *rich* heiress?

FRA. I am certain of it; I have great faith in Charley's attachment to me.

SCENE II.

Enter her aunt, MRS. BEDDINGTON, a letter in her hand, and looking pale and agitated.

MRS. B. My dear, dear niece, I have very bad news for you. Summon to your aid all your good sense and resolution before I tell you.

FRANCES. } What is it? you alarm us!
JULIA. }

MRS. B. Your guardian's bank has failed!

FRA. Good heavens!

JULIA. My dear Frances! (*Rushes to her cousin, who sinks down fainting on the sofa.*)

FRA. My poor guardian; has he lost much of my money, aunt?

MRS. B. (*Sobs.*) *All.*

FRA. *All?* (*Stares wildly at MRS. B.*)

JULIA. This is *too* dreadful ; I do hope that her trust money is saved ?

MRS. B. Alas ! his own fortune and the 50,000*l.* he held as your trustee is all gone.

FRA. It is indeed a severe shock to me ; but (*Rises from her seat*) do not grieve, dear aunt, I shall not be a rich heiress, but have I not still Beddington, as well as money in the funds ?

MRS. B. My poor child ! I much fear,—indeed I have reason to believe—(*Aside*) it is almost too cruel to tell her—I really cannot. (*Whispers to JULIA, who covers her face with her hands and sobs aloud.*)

FRA. (*Imploringly.*) Pray tell me *all*.

MRS. B. Sir James has fled ! Your cousin Tom has written to me. (*Takes a letter from her pocket and reads.*)

“ I much fear the rascal has made away with all her trust money ; I find he has mortgaged her property, and the money in the Funds is gone too ; all you can do is to advise her to let the manor-house, marry Mr. Oakover, and retrench.”

FRA. Ah, poor Charles ! yet how thankful I ought to feel to be engaged to any one so true-hearted as he is ! (*Takes her aunt's hand.*) I am selfish in only thinking of myself ! and you, dear aunt, have you lost much ?

MRS. B. I too have lost ALL.

FRA. Poor dear aunt ! but you will always live with Charles and me, I hope.

JULIA. What a prophet of evil I have been ! (*Aside.*)

FRA. (*Who has not heard her remark.*) Where is Charles ? I must lose no time before I tell him.

[*Exit FRANCES through the drawing-room window leading into the garden, as HENRY HAWTREY enters at the door.*]

SCENE III.

JULIA, *her* AUNT, HENRY HAWTREY.

JULIA. Henry ! have you heard ?

HEN. I *have*, but where *is* Frances ? I must see her, and, if possible, save her additional pain.

JULIA and } What has happened ?

MRS. B. } Is anything else the matter ?

HEN. Everything has happened, and everything's the matter. (*Aside to JULIA*) Oh, dearest! how hard it is to find one's self deceived in the favourite friend of our boyish days, and to discover he is, after all, selfish—mercenary—interested!

JULIA. Oh, Henry! has Charles deserted poor Frances?

HEN. (*Aloud.*) Yes, dear girl, Charles has commissioned me to tell Frances that the engagement must now end. “A change of circumstances,” so he alleges, necessitates the step. Scoundrel!

JULIA. Heartless! cruel! selfish! It is as I feared. I always distrusted him. Poor Frances! (*JULIA sobs. HENRY walks up and down the room indignantly.*)

MRS. B. I am, indeed, overwhelmed, but can only hope that poor Frances, in losing her fortune, will judge him in a truer light; but let us trust we are now all misjudging him.

HEN. Misjudge him! He's the meanest rascal— (*Enter FRANCES, her face flushed, and traces of tears on it, followed by MR. OAKOVER, looking confused.*)

SCENE IV.

The whole Dramatis Personæ.

MR. OAKOVER. Indeed, I am sorry if I have given you pain, Frances, but what can I do? we can't marry on “nothing a year;” and on matters of such importance candour is desirable.

HEN. I quite agree with you, Mr. Oakover, and I shall be candid in requesting you to leave the room, and the house, or I shall kick you out!

FRA. Oh, Henry, it is not worth quarrelling about. If in one day I lose my fortune, and with it my husband, yet have I gained with my loss what will, I hope, prove of inestimable value to me—a better knowledge of Mr. Oakover's character. I know now that his protestations of attachment were worthless—for they meant *nothing*. It may be painful for me to own it, but I find he loved my money, not myself. (*With spirit, to CHARLES.*) You are free. Farewell! I will bear my loss of fortune alone, since you fear to risk yours with mine, and since I am *ruined*. Again, farewell! I forgive you—but leave me. (*Goes to JULIA, and throws herself sobbing into her arms.*)

CHARLES. Farewell, Miss Beddington, I feel sorry—

HEN. And so am I, that I can't kick you down stairs.

CHARLES. Sir! I should demand an apology, were it not for your cloth.

HEN. Sir! you're a scoundrel, and that poor girl yonder has been your dupe. Were it not that I am a clergyman, I'd horse-whip you.

CHARLES. Pray be calm, Mr. Hawtrey. Good morning, ladies. I'll go and pack up.

HEN. The sooner the better, sir!

JULIA. Henry! (*Laying her hand on his arm.*)

MRS. B. Mr. Oakover, pray terminate so painful a scene.

[*Exit CHARLES.*

FRA. Dear aunt (*Kisses her*), dear Julia, and Henry (*Gives him her hand*), I have much to regret, but all is not lost as long as you three are so true to me. (*Turns to JULIA.*) You were right, dear Julia, in your misgivings; what was the proverb?

(*If the audience cannot guess it, JULIA says*)

Dear Frances, I always told you, "All is not gold that glitters."

[*Curtain falls.*

PROVERB 41.—*Still waters run deep.*

Dramatis Personæ.

CAPTAIN MACGUFFY, R.N.

MRS MACGUFFY.

MISS MACGUFFY.

MISS ANNA MACGUFFY.

MISS SUSAN MACGUFFY.

CAPTAIN BOLD, R.N.

MAID-OF-ALL-WORK.

(*Scene laid at Brighton, in lodgings opposite the sea.*)

SCENE I.—*The whole MACGUFFY family at dinner.*

CAPTAIN MACG. Well, girls, I hope you're all enjoying yourselves. I am sure I am. Brighton already has done *me* worlds of good. The sight of the briny takes me back twenty years ago. And we've taken, I must say, first-rate diggings.

MRS. MACG. Diggings, my love! A vulgar word, I think; these are very nice *apartments*, as they should be at three and a half guineas a week.

CAPT. MACG. Well, well, apartments or diggings, they're *the* ticket for us. Your health, Mrs. MacGuffy.

MRS. MACG. Much obliged, my love. I'll take wine with pleasure, but drinking healths is *quite* gone out.

CAPT. MACG. So it is, I hear; but it seems to me everything is gone out that's jolly or pleasant. Times were, old girl, when——

MRS. MACG. CAPTAIN MacGuffy, how often have I begged you to be less nautical in your manners! (*Speaks with asperity.*)

CAPT. MACG. Well, then, I'll shut up, my dear. Mary Anne—*Anna*, I mean (forgot you had changed your name), some more tart?

MISS ANNA. No, thank you, papa.

CAPT. MACG. Well, then, I suppose we've done. Ring the bell, Sue; have up the slavey.

MRS. MACG. Susan, ring for the domestic.

CAPT. MACG. (*To servant, who enters.*) Here, look sharp, clear away; and bring up a clean wine-glass or two; and harkee, if Commander Bold looks me up——

MRS. MACG. My love!

CAPT. MACG. Beg pardon, forgot I was on shore; well, hang it, just tell her in your own lingo, that if Bold looks me up he's to be shown in. Now there's a chance for you girls; young commander, nice ship, family interest, wants a wife; do you? thinks I; trot 'em out, show 'em off; No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, MacGuffies!

MRS. MACG. (*Severely.*) Captain, pray wait a few minutes, at least. (*To servant.*) Should Captain Bold call, give Captain and Mrs. MacGuffy's compliments, and beg him to walk up stairs. (*Exit servant.*) My dear Captain, I really must beg you to remember that it is a delicate subject—far too delicate to be mentioned before servants—that of your daughters' marriage. Who is Captain Bold, my love?

CAPT. MACG. A capital fellow, and no end of a catch, shiver my timbers!

MRS. MACG. Really, captain, before my girls——

CAPT. MACG. Well, my dear, you can't make me over again! but look there. (*Jumps up and throws window open.*) Look, Sue; look, Anne; come, Marianne, there he sails; catch him who can; you all three want husbands; go in for the chance, as he's coming to look me up.

MRS. MACG. (*To the young ladies.*) My dears, pray be pleasant to any friend of your papa's.

MISS MACG. (*Smiling.*) And a good catch.

ANNA. I think him a perfect fright.

SUSAN. Lor! Anna, I like his looks.

(*The two last go to the looking-glass and arrange their front hair.*)

CAPT. MACG. (*Aside.*) Hem, perfect fright or not, *they* want to catch him!

Servant enters, and announces CAPTAIN BOLD.

CAPT. MACG. Right glad to see you, my chap. So you've found us out? Take a glass of wine, eh?

CAPT. BOLD. Thank you, and pray introduce me to the ladies. (CAPT. MACGUFFY *introduces him.*)

MRS MACG. Very happy to see you, I am sure, and as to my girls, they adore the navy.

CAPT. MACG. (*Aside.*) Draw it mild, old girl, *do* they? that's all.

CAPT BOLD. (*To the eldest MISS MACGUFFY.*) Do you like Brighton?

MISS MACG. Extremely. I like the sea-side.

CAPT. BOLD. (*To MISS ANNA.*) And you, I hope, like it also.

MRS. MACG. (*Aside.*) He's struck with Anna, I think. (*Aloud.*) *She*, Captain Bold, loves it enthusiastically.

ANNA. Oh dear no, I'm sure I *dont*, it's so hot.

CAPT. BOLD. Not always, though. (*Smiling.*)

ANNA. Well, I like London best of all.

CAPT. BOLD. Indeed. (*Turns away.*)

MRS. MACG. (*Aside to ANNA.*) My dear girl!

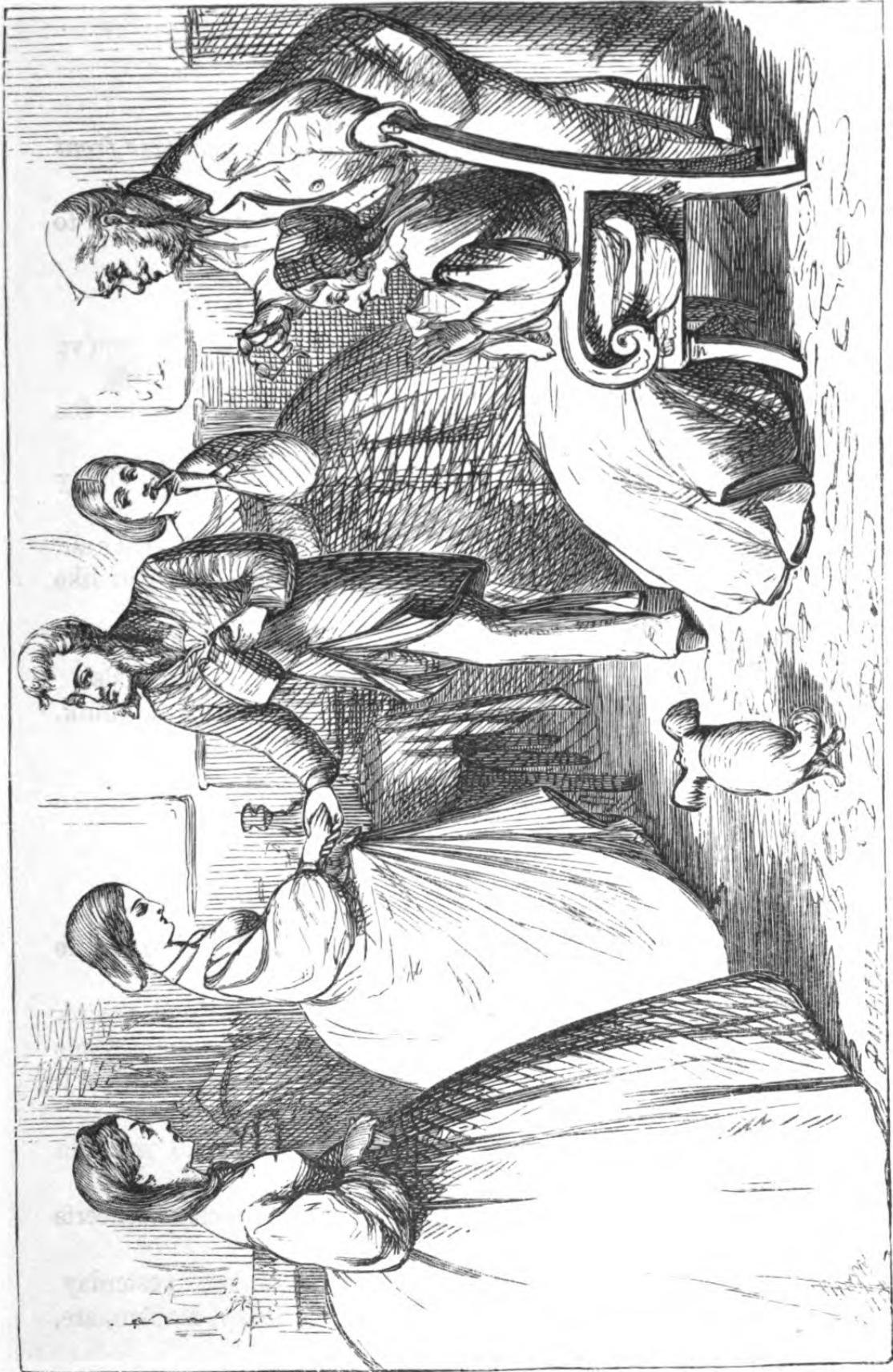
ANNA. (*Aside.*) Oh! I don't care. I don't want him to admire me; so I shall say what I think.

CAPT. MACG. (*Aside to CAPT. BOLD.*) What do you think of them, Bold? Now those girls' education alone has cost me from 200*l.* to 300*l.* a year. Trim little figures, eh? (*Aside.*) I'll be hanged if he has not the want of taste to admire Anna!

CAPT. BOLD. (*To CAPT. MACG.*) Very creditable to you I'm sure, MacGuffy.

MRS. MACG. Have you been to any of the promenade concerts yet, Captain Bold?

CAPT. BOLD. Not yet, madam; I only arrived here yesterday and I am off for Brazil next week; sailors, you know, madam, are, if not married, the slaves of their profession.



ACTING PROVERB.—“STILL WATERS RUN DEEP.”

See page 62.

CAPT. MACG. Ha, ha! and *when* they're married, Bold, they're the slaves of their wives.

MRS. MACG. Captain, you're not very gallant to *me*.

CAPT. MACG. No offence meant, old girl. Bold, my boy, why don't you marry? (*The young ladies simper.*)

CAPT. BOLD. (*Blushing.*) Because, my dear old friend, I have never yet had time to engage any young lady's affections. The claims of my profession——

CAPT. MACG. Fiddle-de-dec, fiddle-de-dee! You should choose from some family where you know you may be certain of a good thing for your money.

CAPT. BOLD. Then I am such an awkward fellow. I never can be agreeable at the right moment.

MRS. MACG. Captain, shall we go to the promenade concert to-morrow?

CAPT. MACG. I am ready, my dear; Bold, will you join the party?

CAPT. BOLD. With pleasure; at four o'clock, I presume?

MRS. MACG. Will you not stop tea, Captain Bold, this evening?

CAPT. MACG. Of course he will, and while you are getting it ready, we will go out and have a weed. Eh, Bold?

[*Exit the two gentlemen, and Curtain falls.*]

SCENE II.—*Another room.*

CAPT. MACG. (*Alone.*) Well, I'm dashed, if this last move has not completely taken me off my legs. It's not a week ago since he said he must be off to the Brazils, and now he tells me he's got fresh leave, which means, or my name is not MacGuffy, by your leave or without your leave, I am making up to one of your daughters. I am uncommonly glad, but still I'm surprised at Bold choosing the very vainest of them all. It's not a week since I told them to "look sharp." My old woman (Mrs. MacGuffy I'm alluding to), she's uncommonly genteel and all that, but she's always a good eye to business. Up she pricks her ears. New bonnets, new parasols, new mousseline de laines, new everything for Susan and Anna; but Marianne would not lend herself to anything of the kind. *She's* the one for Bold; but I can't say so to him. It's not for a father to say, "Anna pinches, and that's the

reason that, though her figure is so good, her nose is sometimes red, and her temper like her mother's." "Susan's all very well, but as vain as Anna." Can I go and say "Bold, you're a fool—Bold, you're taken in?" My eldest daughter is quiet, but excellent; the others are pretty, but silly. I always meant him to marry Marianne, and I see it all; he can't stand that ugly bonnet of hers. She's going on the motto "of unadorned beauty," &c. Well, here he comes with Mrs. MacGuffy, and so shut up, old boy, and don't interfere.

Enter MRS. MACGUFFY and CAPTAIN BOLD.

MRS. MACG. Captain, how sorry you'll be at the news I bring you; poor Commander Bold can't get leave of absence, and leaves to-night to join his ship.

CAPT. MACG. By Jove!

MRS. MACG. My love!

CAPT. MACG. Well, never mind, all right; so you're off then to-night, Bold. (*Aside.*) *She's sold!*

CAPT. BOLD. Indeed, I fear I am.

MRS. MACG. We shall often remember this short week's acquaintance with us, Captain Bold, and you'll have our best wishes when you're on the stormy deep.

CAPT. MACG. But it's fine weather now, so the stormy deep be hanged.

MRS. MACG. My love, my love! (*To BOLD.*) You navy men are sad fellows, but—you'll excuse me a moment, I know. (*Aside.*) Captain, a word with you. (*To her husband.*) I'll send Anna in, follow me up stairs; mind, Captain MacGuffy. [*Exit.*

CAPTAIN BOLD and MACGUFFY alone.

CAPT. BOLD. I want to have a word in your ear, captain.

CAPT. MACG. (*Aside.*) It's Anna! (*Aloud.*) What's the row?

CAPT. BOLD. No row, my dear captain, but I should like you to—to—to—to—

CAPT. MACG. (*Aside.*) It's perhaps Susan! (*Aloud.*) Go on, my dear old boy; MacGuffy's your chap on every occasion. I shan't be hard on you if it's as I fear—I mean, as I hope—I am a partial father; but still, though I say it who shouldn't, the Queen of England might be proud of that girl. (*Aside.*) MacGuffy, well done!

CAPT. BOLD. I am so relieved, that you perceive and approve my attachment, and are not surprised——

CAPT. MACG. Oh dear, no. I told them you wanted a wife.

CAPT. BOLD. Captain MacGuffy, I regret you should have said what I fear, from her diffidence and coldness, has alarmed her maiden modesty. My dear sir, I see the reason now.

CAPT. MACG. But she's not cold, bless your heart! (*Aside.*) Anna diffident! my eyes! (*Aloud.*) She's ready—I don't mean that exactly—I mean—(*Aside.*) (MacGuffy, old boy, you've put your foot into it)—but here she is. I'll make myself scarce.

Enter ANNA, smartly dressed in pink. Exit CAPTAIN MACGUFFY, winking at BOLD, who starts.

ANNA. Oh! you are alone, Captain Bold.

CAPT. BOLD. Yes. Miss Anna, I came to take leave.

ANNA. Indeed?

CAPT. BOLD. Well, my ship is suddenly ordered off; are your sisters not coming down? (*Aside.*) MacGuffy has made some mistake.

ANNA. Are they not coming down? Oh dear, yes, Captain Bold, if you wish it I'll fetch them. (*In a pettish manner.*) I am sorry you find *my* society so dull.

CAPT. BOLD. Oh dear, no; I must be off. (*Looks at his watch.*) Don't fetch them, pray. (*Aside to himself.*) Owing to this cursed mistake, I shan't see her. Just my luck. (*Aloud.*) Will you make my adieux to your sisters?

ANNA. (*Almost crying.*) Certainly; good-bye, Captain Bold; good-bye.

CAPT. BOLD. Good-bye, Miss Anna. (*Shakes hands.*)

ANNA. Good-bye. (*Aside.*) I'm sure he's not after me. (*Aloud.*) *Bon voyage.*

CAPT. BOLD. Thank you, Miss Anna; I'm so sorry, so very sorry——

ANNA. (*Aside.*) It *is* me after all, I see. (*Aloud.*) Oh dear! so am I too, I'm sure.

CAPT. BOLD. Don't mention it. (*Aside.*) If I stay I shall get into a scrape; just my luck. *She* thinks I'm in love with *her*. Good joke that; however, it's not her fault, poor girl. (*Aloud.*) Good-bye, once more. [*Exit CAPTAIN BOLD.*

Enter MRS. MACGUFFY. (*Throws her arms round ANNA.*)

MRS. MACG. My darling child, I most warmly congratulate you, I'm sure. Your father now sees that it's been *you all along*, and *not* Marianne, as he thought it was. Has he proposed?

ANNA. Oh, dear no! I am sure I am very vexed, for I've worn my new bonnet out to no purpose. Propose? not he, indeed! He can't say "bo" to a goose. [*Exit angrily, as CAPTAIN MACGUFFY rushes into the room by opposite door.*]

CAPT. MACG. Hurrah, hurrah! he's done it by letter, and here it is. I met servant maid—he gave it as he came out! Half a crown with it; but it is not Anna! not Susan! but—Marianne! Diddle-de-dee! diddle-de-dee! Oh, I am so glad! Bold is a man of taste. Our *quiet* Marianne!

MRS. MACG. Oh!

CAPT. MACG. Well, old woman, 'aint you glad, too? Anna, you know, will do for some one else.

MRS. MACG. Of course; after his marked attention to Anna, I am *surprised*; but—Marianne, though not so showy, is a good girl, and I'll take her the letter. [*Exit* MRS. MACG.]

CAPT. MACG. *Still waters run deep.* Well, I'm satisfied, for I always meant Bold for Marianne, but (*Looks out of window; sees BOLD*) halloo! Bold—I'll fetch him in. [*Exit* CAPT. MACG.]

SCENE III.—*Same Room.* MRS. MACGUFFY and ANNA. *The latter crying.*

MRS. MACG. My dear girl, it *is* trying, I know, but be consoled; and between you and me, I've no opinion of *nautical* men! Something better will turn up. In the mean time, dry your eyes and cheer up, and be sure to congratulate your sister and Captain Bold—here he is. (*ANNA dries her eyes.*)

Enter the Two Gentlemen.

MRS. MACG. My dear *son*! May I call you so? Marianne will be here in an instant.

CAPT. MACG. They've met already, old girl, on the pier.

MRS. MACG. Indeed! A mother's sanction, I should have thought—

CAPT. MACG. All right, my dear; I took care to tell Bold this

morning that you were most anxious he should marry one of them.

MRS. MACG. My dear, my dear! (*Aside, to CAPTAIN MACGUFFY.*) Really, my love, you're too pointed, too coarse.

CAPT. BOLD. My dear Mrs. MacGuffy, don't be put out with my old friend here; I've long meant to marry, and your kind encouragement has at length enabled me to conquer my timidity and gain the priceless treasure who, waiving her scruples at so short an acquaintance, is to make me so happy as Mrs. Bold.

Enter MARIANNE.

MRS. MACG. My darling girl, let my mother's heart wish you all joy!

CAPT. BOLD. I have told all, dear Marianne. May I call you *my* Marianne, and ratify your promise with your parents' sanction?

CAPT. MACG. Of course, you may; and though I say it who shouldn't, you've got the best girl in the world!

MRS. MACG. You were very quiet about it, Marianne. However, I am so glad, I'll say no more about it.

CAPT. MACG. But I must. (*Takes MARIANNE by the hand and leads her to front of stage.*) It's your old father's opinion, dear child, that it is a case of— (*Turns to the audience.*) Can you guess? No! Then, Anna, come here, for you are a good hand at proverbs.

ANNA. Well, they must be stupid if they forget that "Still waters run deep."
[*Curtain falls.*]

PROVERB XXI.—*Every Jack has his Jill.*

Dramatis Personæ.

MISS ELOISE HARVEY, a young lady, who is an heiress, travelling on the Continent with her AUNT and Chaperone.

Her Aunt, MRS. OSBORNE.

Her Lady's Maid, ELIZA CORA PEGGER.

The Courier, a German, HERMANN KALBSFLEISCH.

MR. HARVEY, cousin to ELOISE.

COUNT DE MAGENTA-FLORA, a Frenchman.

SCENE I.—*A dressing-room in the Hotel Windsor, in Paris.*

ELOISE and ELIZA CORA. *The former seated at a pretty French toilette-table, in a white dressing-gown; ELIZA standing behind, brushing and dressing her mistress's hair.*

ELIZA. How dry your 'air is, ma'am! It's very much split at the ends.

ELOISE. (*Languidly.*) Ah! I suppose it is.

ELIZA. Well, as I always observes, ma'am, it's the bother and the worry as effects the 'air mostly; mine comes off in 'andfuls.

ELOISE. Why, yours looks thick enough.

ELIZA. It may *look* so, ma'am, but if you was only to see the 'andfuls and 'andfuls, and pounds and pounds of 'air I do lose to be sure. (*Brushes away.*)

ELOISE. (*Peevishly.*) Oh, you've hurt me, Eliza; and whilst describing the feelings of your *heart* as affecting your hair, you are torturing *my* poor *head*.

ELIZA. Oh! I am so concerned, ma'am; but as I *was* remarking, your 'air is so very much split at the ends.

Enter MRS. OSBORNE.

MRS. O. Only fancy, dear Eloise, how very delightful! Coming across the Tuileries Gardens, whom should I meet but your cousin! He's just arrived in Paris, and is as delighted as I am to find he's staying in this very same hotel. As soon as you're dressed do hurry down to have just a quiet half-hour with him. (*Whispers.*) You understand?

ELIZA. (*Aside.*) Hem! the fat's in the fire if *he's* come.

ELOISE. I'll hurry my dressing, dear aunt. Have you explained the aspect of affairs to him?

MRS. O. Not at present; it wouldn't do. The count is coming in to tea, I dare say; "thé anglais," as he calls it; and dear Edward's prejudice against foreigners will all vanish with the favourable impression that our sweet friend's pleasing manners are sure to make on him. So, dear, let me advise you to make them mutually and favourably acquainted before letting him hear about the interesting state of your affairs. I must run off and dress, so good-bye, *au revoir*. [*Exit.*]

ELIZA. Does Mr. 'Arvey know the count, ma'am?

ELOISE. No, Eliza, but I hope he'll like him; don't you think he will?

ELIZA. Oh, dear, yes, ma'am, as I was saying to Mr. Hermann, only last night, the count is *quite* the gentleman, ma'am. I was a going to tell you, ma'am, that Mr. Hermann and me was very anxious the two 'appy events should take place the same day.

ELOISE. Two happy events! Good gracious, Eliza, what do you mean? (*Just put that rose more on one side.*)

ELIZA. What do I mean, ma'am? (this rose do suit you beautiful!) Why, ma'am, I expected as how you'd have guessed that me and Mr. Hermann have been attached for this two months past.

ELOISE. You don't mean to say so! I never gave it a thought. What that rubbishy German to marry a nice English girl like you! I thought you were engaged when we left home to that cousin of yours?

ELIZA. Well, so I was, ma'am, but I've broke it off. I did think ma'am that *you* had no objections to foreigners!

ELOISE. No more I have; but I am sorry you've jilted your cousin, Eliza.

ELIZA. Why, ma'am, he was only a bagman; and we had a little wrangling and jangling before I came away; so then, what with one thing and the other, *and* the expense of the postage, it was broke off.

ELOISE. A good joke! However, give me my gloves, Eliza, and I'll go down. I wonder if I shall ever break off *my* engagement because *postage is expensive*, ha, ha! [*Exit, laughing.*]

ELIZA. (*Looking after ELOISE.*) You'll break off your engagement, or my name is not Eliza Cora Pegger, because the gentleman's an himpostor. He's no count, no more than I'm a countess! We shall see what we shall see, and the proof of the pudding is in the eating. [*Exit ELIZA.—Curtain falls.*]

SCENE II.—*A drawing-room in the hotel. The Curtain drawing up discloses ELOISE and her AUNT seated. MR. HARVEY standing with his back to the fire, à l'anglais.*

Enter SERVANT, who announces the COUNT DE MAGENTA-FLORA.

ELOISE. (*Rises.*) Good evening, M. de Magenta. Allow me



to introduce to you my cousin, Mr. Harvey. (*The two gentlemen exchange bows.*)

ELOISE. (*To the COUNT.*) My cousin, not speaking French, monsieur, you must practise your English.

COUNT. Ah, mademoiselle, je ne le puis pas, ou je serais charmé de parler anglais. (*Turns to MR. HARVEY.*) I cannot speak your tongue, saar, at all, at all.

MR. HARVEY. Nor I French, count, so my cousin must be our interpreter.

COUNT. That is as I wish, saar, for the ladies of Great Britain speak so very well the French. (*Turns to ELOISE.*) Mais comment se va-t-elle, mademoiselle? Etes vous sorti aujourd'hui? Quant à moi j'ai été occupé toute la journée chez l'ambassadeur d'Angleterre. I had no intention to come and pay you a visit till later this evening, mais en passant l'hôtel aller visiter ma cousine la princesse de Caucau, je vois de la lumière dans vos fenêtres, et je me dis, allez, montez un instant demander les nouvelles de la santé de ces dames, je monte—et puis—I find one gentleman is come!

(*While the COUNT is talking to ELOISE, MRS. OSBORNE must be conversing aside to her nephew. They then advance to front of stage, whilst ELOISE and COUNT retire to back of stage.*)

MRS. OSBORNE. (*Aloud and anxiously.*) What do you think of him, Edward, dear?

MR. HARVEY. Hem! who is he?

MRS. OSBORNE. Oh, a man of the very oldest family; the Magenta-Flora. We met him at Homburg: since then, I may say, he's been everything to us, and so very considerate! He was afraid we might be annoyed being ladies travelling alone, so he came to Paris *with* us. Such an advantage, of course, to us, though (but you must not breathe *one* word of this) he was to have met the emperor *himself* the day we came! In fact, to tell you a great secret (*lowers her voice, and speaks mysteriously*)—he's employed—at this very time—most confidential political negotiation; but hush! not a word!

MR. HARVEY. Ha! hem! Well, I hope it's all right, but you must recollect that the fact of Eloise's being a rich heiress makes her a likely victim to such soi-disant noblemen.

MRS. OSBORNE. So true, dear Edward! and it's so natura!

you're suspicious; but—but the count, *our* count, is one of the *most* disinterested of his sex! so much of the spirit of the old régime about him; then the Magenta-Flora name speaks for itself!

MR. HARVEY. (*Drily.*) I dare say. Be careful; that's all.

MRS. OSBORNE. I should be indeed unfit to be dear Eloise's guardian were I otherwise! (*In the mean time the COUNT and ELOISE converse together, and as MR. HARVEY and MRS. OSBORNE retire, again advance to the front of stage.*)

COUNT. Well, then, since you will, I must speak my bad English. Miss, how is you? do you love your cousin? is he pretty?

ELOISE. (*Laughingly.*) Your English, count, is indeed amusing! ha! ha! I see I must give you a lesson. *Pretty* is a word never applied to gentlemen. I *like*, but do not *love* my cousin.

COUNT. Bien, mademoiselle. Je serai très-content d'apprendre la langue Anglaise par votre jolie bouche. (*He turns to HARVEY.*) Saar, do you like Paris? do you know its entourage? do you rest here long?

MR. HARVEY. A day or so, sir. (*Aside.*) I see, he's making up to Eloise.

COUNT. Monsieur, j'aime tant votre pays. I was in Londres il y a two years since. I made there the acquaintance of all your noble sights. I visited the Palais de Crystal, Albert Smit, Thames Tunneel, and so on.

MR. HARVEY. Did you visit any of our police courts, count?

COUNT. Saar! (*Aside.*) Sacra mort-bleu, peut-être ce beau cousin me connaît!

ELOISE. Cousin Edward!

MRS. OSBORNE. My dear Edward!

MR. HARVEY. No offence meant, I assure you. A mere joke of mine. (*Aside.*) The shot took.

ELOISE. Of course, it was only a joke, but I don't like such jokes, cousin Edward. (*Aside, to the COUNT.*) Excuse him, monsieur, it is only his rough English manners.

COUNT. Certainement, charmante demoiselle, il est votre cousin—c'est assez! Il est un jeune homme, bien et distingué.

MRS. OSBORNE. (*Aside, to HARVEY.*) Good gracious, Edward, pray don't be rude to him because he's a foreigner. The Magenta-Flora pride is *immense*! The dear count will fancy you mean to be uncivil.

MR. HARVEY. (*To himself.*) Perhaps I do.

Enter the German Courier, HERMANN KALBSFLEISCH.

HERMANN. (*With a strong German accent.*) On vous demande, monsieur. (*To the COUNT.*)

COUNT. Then, by your leaves, ladies, I will say good day.

MRS. OSBORNE. Oh, dear no, count! Have your friends up. Pray do. Let me beg—

COUNT. (*To HERMANN.*) Qui est-ce que? Sont-ils des Tuileries, ou de l'hôtel de Monsieur de Morny?

HERMANN. Je ne sais pas, Herr Graf. Cela se peut qu'ils sont des Tuileries, mais je ne crois pas. (*Laughs immoderately.*)

MRS. OSBORNE. Have them up, count, by all means. (*Turns to HERMANN.*) Don't stand laughing there, but show the gentlemen up.

HERMANN. Ja wohl Guadige Frau, dass wird ich gleich, mit vernüügen! [*Exit.*]

MRS. OSBORNE. (*To HARVEY, aside.*) The count has so many influential friends, and such *constant* telegrams from the palace, it's quite interesting to me, I do so adore a political atmosphere.

Enter HERMANN, showing in a gendarme, accompanied by a mouchard (French detective), in private clothes. At sight of them the COUNT turns pale and goes to the window, turning his back to the gendarme.

MRS. OSBORNE. Good gracious!

ELOISE. Who is it?—The police! (*Runs to COUNT.*) My poor Adolphe, you're the victim of the emperor's treachery! I see it all; you're betrayed!

COUNT. C'est ça, mademoiselle, je suis trahi, et par Napoléon!

(*MR. HARVEY comes forward and meets the gendarme.*)

MR. HARVEY. What do you want? Who sent you here? This room being occupied by my aunt, a quiet English lady, travelling only for amusement, you've no right to molest her.

DETECTIVE. (*In good English.*) Quite aware of that, sir; but I've a warrant for the person of a man in her suite, who calls himself the Count de Magenta-Flora, though in reality he's an escaped criminal, Français Dubuc: he stands there. (*Points to COUNT.*)

MRS. OSBORNE. Dear me, dear me! I am sure it's a mistake!



ARREST OF THE COUNT DE MAGENTA-FLORA.

See page 102.

He was most especially introduced to me at Homburg as the Count de Magenta-Flora.

DETECTIVE. Here's our warrant, madame. (*To COUNT.*) I arrest you in the emperor's name.

MRS. OSBORNE. But—wait a moment! It can't be true!

ELOISE. *True?* Of course, it's false! (*To gendarme.*) Remember, we're English! This gentleman is under our protection. You shall be answerable to Lord Palmerston, if we're annoyed.

DETECTIVE. Mademoiselle—it's *forgery*.

ELOISE. No!—it cannot be true. Speak, count! is it so? deny it, I entreat you!

COUNT. *Helas! c'est—vrai.* (*ELOISE faints.*)

MRS. OSBORNE. Oh, dear! oh, dear, what shall I do? (*Rings the bell violently, and then kneels down near ELOISE.*)

MR. HARVEY. (*To the gendarmes.*) Be off with you. Allez vite, or whatever you call it, and get that beggarly scoundrel out of her sight before she recovers.

MRS. OSBORNE. My poor, poor deceived girl!

COUNT. Adieu, madame.

MRS. OSBORNE. Oh, don't speak to me, but leave the room.

[*Exit COUNT and the gendarmes.*]

Enter ELIZA.

MRS. OSBORNE. Oh, Eliza, she's dead, and I am to blame! oh, dear! oh, dear!

MR. HARVEY. Not dead, aunt, but get her to bed, and in the morning I will take you all to England.

ELIZA (*To MRS. OSBORNE.*) Miss Eloise do feels things so much, ma'am. I always said he was an h'impostor.

MRS. OSBORNE. Oh, dear! oh, dear!

ELIZA. Yes, indeed! (*Turns to HARVEY.*) Did my missus tell you, sir, as how the 'appy day was fixed, if them policemen hadn't found out he were no count at all.

MR. HARVEY. You don't mean it! I suspected, dear aunt, some imprudence from her evident partiality to the fellow; but engaged to a criminal—a forger—impossible!

MRS. OSBORNE. Well, Edward (*Sobs*), how could I foresee (*Sobs*) such an end? He *said* he was one of the Magenta-Flora family, and seemed, too, so well bred.

MR. HARVEY. Well, you know your mistake now—and, fortunately, in time.

ELIZA. (*To ELOISE, who, recovering from fainting, goes into hysterics.*) Poor Miss Eloise! The count, ma'am, as Hermann calls it, has got his basket. "Korb," he says; but English is English, and I call things by their proper names.

MRS. OSBORNE. (*To ELOISE.*) My love, come to your room.
[*Exeunt.—Curtain falls.*]

SCENE III.—*A drawing-room in an English country house. ELOISE (married to MR. HARVEY) and ELIZA.*

ELOISE. Well, Eliza, you have been a faithful servant to us; but I am glad your time of reward is come. How long have you been with us? Fifteen years, I believe.

ELIZA. Fifteen year, come Midsummer, ma'am; two year of it in foreign parts, ma'am, and eight year, since that Count Parley-vous—

ELOISE. Hush, Eliza! I can't allow—

ELIZA. Oh, of course, ma'am! I weren't a-going to, though as you married Mr. Harvey after all, I didn't see no harm in just a-mentioning of the count. And then, ma'am, I do feels all the more, for it were just the same circumstances as my own.

MRS. HARVEY. You speak in riddles, Eliza, for just now you tell me you are going to give up service, so why then are you not going to be true to Hermann?

ELIZA. Oh, nowadays, ma'am, and least way to *him*! He's a mean-spirited, poor creature; I can't hardly call him a man, ma'am, he's no claim to be such!

MRS. HARVEY. How now, Eliza; this is all news to me; what do you mean?

ELIZA. It's true as gospel, ma'am; if I were to drop down dead, after I've said it! I have done a good deal for Mr. Hermann; but I 'aint a going to do no more.

MRS. HARVEY. Have you broken it off, then, Eliza?

ELIZA. Yes, ma'am, it *is* broke off, and a good riddance too!

Enter MR. HARVEY.

MR. HARVEY. What are you talking about, Eliza? what's a good thing.

ELIZA. Missus, please, sir, was a speaking to me, about that

German currier, as travelled with us abroad. I 'aint a going to lower my situation in life for *any* foreigner, leastways one as went and borrowed five pounds, sir, and—*forgot* to pay! For-got, indeed! He didn't forget to write for another! Then I writes my mind, for I weren't a going to be trampled on. Then says I to him, and puts it so plain, as even *he* must see my meaning. "My earnings is my earnings, and my wages is my wages; and *no* foreigner need 'ope to share 'em who don't choose to pay his debts!" Then he wrote me, sir, a very free imperent kind of a letter, and which I answered just as free. I sent him back his portrait; but says I, in the postscript, "I sent you your likeness; but till it suits you to send me that five pounds, I keeps the gilt frame." So, sir, that's the h'end of it all!

MR. HARVEY. (*Laughing.*) Poor Eliza! You will not be long before you've some other admirer.

ELIZA. My duty to you, sir; and it's my opinion that in this here world—you know the proverb, sir, I'll be bound? Nor you, ma'am? nor you? (*To audience.*) Then it's my opinion that in this here world,

"Every Jack has his Jill." [Curtain falls.

This proverb must be acted by some one, for the count, who can imitate a Frenchman well, and then it is extremely amusing. The French sentences must be given with a foreign manner and style.

PROVERB 6.—*A friend in need is a friend indeed.*

Dramatis Personæ.

MR. and MRS. BAKER-BROWN.

Their two daughters, CLARA and LAURA.

A rich old UNCLE from India, who is disguised as a MR. SMITH.

An orphan niece of MRS. BAKER-BROWN, MARY GRAY.

SCENE I.—*A breakfast-room with all the Dramatis Personæ present except MR. SMITH. The party at breakfast.*

MRS. BAKER-BROWN. My dear Clara, we had a *most delightful* réunion last night. The dresses were all splendid, and the company excellent.

MR. BAKER-BROWN. And the sum realized for the charity considerable, I understand.

CLARA. That's very satisfactory, as I believe the hospital is very much in want of assistance.

MRS. B.-B. Well, it was an excellent ball, and having paid a guinea each for our tickets, I consider *we* have amply done our duty in the way of charity for a year to come at least.

CLARA. (*Sighing.*) And yet, dear mamma, how little money the poor charity will receive when the expenses of the ball are deducted from the proceeds!

MRS. B.-B. My dear Clara, our "charity must begin at home." Your father's appointment is a small one, and as I have to support poor Mary, I can't be expected to give away my money to hospitals. Come, girls, finish your breakfasts, and let us go out, as I want to order you all new bonnets. Ah! there's the postman's knock. (*Postman's knock heard outside; and a servant enters with two letters, one for CLARA, and one for MR. BAKER-BROWN.*)

MR. B.-B. (*Throwing his letter down angrily on the breakfast-table, after he has looked at it.*) The idea of the impudence of the fellow! Another begging-letter from that man Smith, to whom I gave half a crown two months ago. (*To his wife.*) My dear, pray answer it, and say, that having not the slightest proof of the truth of his assertion that he knew my uncle in India I refuse, *once for all*, to do anything more for him.

MRS. B.-B. Of course, my dear, I shall refuse. Such impertinence to trouble you at all!

CLARA. Papa, *can't* you spare him even a few shillings? he seems in such great distress.

LAURA. How silly you are to expect papa, Clara, to give to every one; and he went, too, to the charity ball for the hospital.

CLARA. But that was for yours and mamma's amusement, Laura; at any rate, join with me in giving him a few shillings?

LAURA. I am sure I shan't. I want a new bonnet.

CLARA. Well, I shall wear my old one a little longer, and help him to a trifle.

MRS. B.-B. You're a most absurd girl, Clara; as if *you* were called on to answer begging letters.

MR. B.-B. Well, I'm off to my office, so good-bye till dinner.

[*Exit MR. BAKER-BROWN*]

MRS. B.-B. And I'm going to shop. Come, girls, come out.

LAURA. I'll go and get ready.

MRS. B.-B. Won't you come too, Clara?

CLARA. No, thank you; Mary and I will go out later.

[*Exeunt* MRS. BAKER-BROWN and LAURA.]

SCENE II.—CLARA and MARY GRAY alone.

MARY. Dear Clara, I think I guess the name of your correspondent; is it not Mr. Smith?

CLARA. It is; but how did you guess?

MARY. I saw it was the same handwriting as outside the letter to your father, and I fancy, from the generosity of your disposition, you have before now kindly relieved his distress. Alas! I am so poor, I cannot give him much; but I have a shilling in my purse still, so allow me to add it to anything you mean to send him.

CLARA. Dear Mary! it is a case of most urgent distress; but he says he is to call here to-day, when we will see him, and do what little we are able to assist him.

Enter SERVANT, who announces MR. SMITH.

CLARA. Show him up stairs.

MARY. And, dear Clara, pray give him my shilling, if you please.

Enter MR. SMITH, very shabbily dressed, and looking very ill.

CLARA. Ah! my poor friend, I am afraid you are much worse, since I saw you a fortnight ago. Have you been ill?

MR. SMITH. Very ill, my dear young lady, and very wretched too. May you never know what it is to be poor and helpless. I have known such misery here that I much regret ever having left India. In that country I had some few friends, your uncle among the number; but here I have not *one*. (*Weeps.*)

CLARA. (*Taking his hand kindly.*) Poor old man! I have so little in my power to assist you; but here are five shillings.

MARY. And if you will accept it, here is another shilling; I am sorry it's all I can offer.

MR. SMITH. Dear young ladies, this is very kind, indeed, of you. (*Pockets the money.*) May God bless and reward you, when I am dead and gone! [*Exit* MR. SMITH.]

CLARA. Well! I do feel truly sorry for him; I wish papa would have done something for him!

Enter SERVANT.

SER. A letter for your mamma, miss; marked "Immediate." I brought it up, thinking you would, perhaps, know where she is gone to.

CLARA. (*Opens and reads. To the SERVANT.*) You may go. Good Heavens! [*Exit SERVANT.*]

MARY. What's the matter, Clara?

CLARA. This letter is to announce a terrible misfortune! It's from my father! The bank in which all his savings were invested has failed! My poor mother! (*Sinks into a chair and sobs aloud.*)

MARY. That is, indeed, a terrible piece of news. How can we break it to my aunt? If Mr. Smith has not gone, shall we send him in search of her?

CLARA. Do, do! my poor mother! [*Exit MARY.*]

CLARA. (*Alone.*) Yes, this is indeed, dreadful; ruin now stares me in the face, and, perhaps, I shall one day be in the sad position of seeing my parents reduced to as great a poverty as poor Mr. Smith's. I know that papa's *whole* savings were in that bank. It is dreadful; but such strokes of fortune must be met with corresponding energy. I am young and can work. I will not despond.

Re-enter MARY.

MARY. I overtook him, and he promised to do all he could to find my aunt. But a cab has stopped here. It is them returned!

Enter MRS. BAKER-BROWN and LAURA, both very much agitated.

MRS. B.-B. Oh, Clara! oh, Mary! Such news! I was in a shop, and when I was going away I asked them to change me a cheque on your papa's bank,—they told me, it has *failed*!

CLARA. I know it, dearest mother. Here is a letter I have just received! (*Hands it to her mother.*)

MRS. B.-B. Oh! don't let me read it! I can't bear it! We must all be beggars, and I am sure I don't know what will become of us.

Enter MR. BAKER-BROWN.

MR. B.-B. My dear wife, I sent you word—you got my letter?

CLARA. Yes; but she heard it in a shop while she was out!

MR. B.-B. I am a totally ruined man, and at my death you must all become governesses. My savings are all lost, and I'm a beggar.

LAURA. Oh, dear! how dreadful! (*Cries.*)

CLARA. Don't give way, Laura; but think of others.

SERVANT enters, and whispers to CLARA.

CLARA. Papa, here's Mr. Smith; of course, you can do nothing for him now; but do have him in, and speak kindly to the poor old man. He knew my uncle——

MRS. B.-B. Oh! don't have him up; he's an impostor, I'm sure.

MR. B.-B. My dear, the poor must feel for the poor, and my conscience hurts me sadly for the harsh message I sent him this morning, through you.

MRS. B.-B. Yes, I wrote, and said if he applied again you would give him in charge to the police.

CLARA. Oh, mamma! did you?

MR. B.-B. It was all my fault, Clara, so have him up now and I will beg his pardon. I have been too hard-hearted to the poor, and I deserve to be punished for it. (*To SERVANT.*) Show the poor man in.

Enter MR. SMITH.

MR. SMITH. (*To CLARA.*) I could not find your mother, my dear young lady.

CLARA. She is here; but I thank you all the same.

MR. B.-B. And I, my friend, am heartily sorry for my answer this morning; and, had I the means, would retrieve my error more substantially than by words.

MR. S. Sir, I know your misfortunes and can feel for you; but all is not lost yet. In those two girls, (*Points to CLARA and MARY,*) you have two treasures, for both have good hearts, and bestowed alms on me this morning, which I now return *with interest.* (*Hands a paper to MR. BAKER-BROWN, who opens it, when bank-notes for £10,000 fall out of it on the ground.*)

MR. B.-B. What is all this!

MR. S. Do you not recognize me, *nephew*?

MR. B.-B. You are my *uncle*, I remember you now! Sir, I deserve nothing at your hands; be kind to my children, but treat me as I treated you—when you were, as I then thought—poor! (*Is about to leave the room.*)

MR. S. (*Offers him his hand, and prevents him leaving the room.*) My dear nephew, let us be friends. I have tried you all, and trust that after the lesson you have had, and which some of you, you must admit, required, that you will never again in prosperity forget to be kind to the poor. These bank-notes will be yours, I feel sure, if I give them to Clara and Mary.

MRS. B.-B. Oh! how generous!

LAURA. (*Aside.*) How stupid of me to be so rude to him before!

MR. S. No, madam, not generous—*just*. These girls gave me their *all*, and I, in my turn, save their father and make them my co-heiresses!

CLARA and MARY. Oh! how can we ever thank you, dear uncle.

MR. S. No thanks are due. I left India determined to bestow my large fortune on those I found out to be the most deserving of it; can you (*To audience,*) tell me how I proved them to be so? No?—then let me tell you, “That a friend in *need* is a friend in *deed*.”

PROVERB 38.—*All is fair in love and war.*

Dramatis Personæ.

CAPTAIN FIGHTHARD, *East* — *volunteers.*

LIEUTENANT SHYAWAY, *East* — *volunteers.*

MR. WILLIAMSON.

KATE WILLIAMSON, *his niece.*

MARY, *a Lady's Maid.*—*Costumes Modern.*

SCENE I.—*A Parlour.*

Enter FIGHTHARD and SHYAWAY.

FIGHTHARD. Isn't she charming?

SHYAWAY. Charming! that isn't it; she's lovely, beautiful, divine!

FIGHT. I told you you'd be captivated.

SHY. Ah! she's delightful; I suppose you have been laying siege to her heart these six weeks.

FIGHT. Now, really, Shyaway—

SHY. You rascal! I'm not surprised; you've been here three weeks, and I only three hours; but I am deeply in love, so what must you be?

FIGHT. Now, really, Shyaway, this is absurd.

SHY. I intend entering for the prize, absurd or not; so I give you fair warning.

FIGHT. I—I believe—I understand Miss Wilkinson is already engaged.

SHY. I don't care. I was taught at Hythe that strategy was allowed in war. Love is much about the same thing, I take it. So whoever is the favoured swain must look out; I mean to have her!

FIGHT. A pleasant prospect for the gentleman in question.

SHY. I dare say he'll think so; but excuse me, I've a letter to write. I'll join you again in a short time. *[Exit.]*

FIGHT. Confound the fellow! just as I was getting on so nicely, he must come here, and in the coolest manner possible, tell me he'll cut me out if he can.

Enter MR. WILLIAMSON.

MR. W. Ah, Fighthard! where's Kitty?

FIGHT. I don't know, I think she's in the garden.

MR. W. Fighthard, why *don't* you marry?

FIGHT. Upon my word, sir, I—I—

MR. W. Now, there's my niece, as nice a girl as you can meet; why don't you marry *her*?

FIGHT. Really—

MR. W. I've known you a long time, Fighthard, and your father before you, and nothing would give me greater pleasure than to see you united to my niece.

FIGHT. My dear Mr. Williamson, I'm pleased to have your good opinion.

MR. W. Not at all; have you any objection to making my niece Mrs. Fighthard?

FIGHT. *(Laughing.)* Why, to tell you the truth, I've already lost my heart to Miss Williamson!

MR. W. Ha, ha, ha! sly dog! You shall have me for a friend, I warrant you.

FIGHT. How can I thank you, sir?

MR. W. By not saying a word about it. Kitty is walking in the garden, let me see if we can find her.

FIGHT. With pleasure.

[*Exeunt WILLIAMSON and FIGHTHARD.*]

Enter KATE and SHYAWAY.

KATE. There is no believing you men.

SHY. Some men, I grant you, but who would have the temerity to—

KATE. (*Turns to table and takes up a book.*) Are you fond of pictures, Mr. Shyaway?

SHY. Passionately.

KATE. A view of our house. (*Shows it.*) The river in the distance.

SHY. How lovely! you're the artist?

KATE. No, it is Captain Fighthard's sketch.

SHY. Confound Fighthard! (*Aloud.*) Here's a sketch of a head.

KATE. Do you think it's like me?

SHY. Yes, it's a bold, vigorous sketch; but I don't like the mouth.

KATE. I can't alter my mouth.

SHY. Pardon me, it is not like it. Were it like the original, it were perfect.

KATE. How pretty! Where did you learn all those nice speeches?

SHY. Nowhere. Looking on the beautiful, they come by inspiration.

KATE. A truce to compliments. Any news to-day?

SHY. Nothing, except that some one or other has run off with a million and a half of his ward's money; but that's nothing new.

Enter FIGHTHARD.

FIGHT. Oh, here you are!

SHY. Yes, we're here.

KATE. Where's my uncle?

FIGHT. In the garden, looking after his cucumbers; the finest

I ever saw. He ought to have a prize for them at the next show.

SHY. Does Mr. Williamson take pride in his cucumbers, early peas, &c.?

KATE. Oh, yes! Have you not seen his vegetable marrows?

SHY. I have not yet had that pleasure.

KATE. Will you come with me? I'll show them to you.

SHY. Most happy. (*Going off.*)

FIGHT. I'll accompany you.

SHY. Oh! pray, don't; so much trouble.

FIGHT. None in the least—

SHY. You're tired—you know you're tired, rest awhile; we'll soon be back.

KATE. Don't tire yourself, Captain Fighthard, I beg.

FIGHT. I'm not the least tired.

SHY. How absurdly polite you are, my dear Fighthard. He's wanting to come only out of sheer politeness.

KATE. If that's the case, I *command* you to rest, Captain Fighthard. Come, Mr. Shyaway.

SHY. (*Aside, to FIGHTHARD.*) Strategy, my boy—strategy! (*Offers his arm to KATE.*) [*Exeunt.*]

FIGHT. Cool impudence! Never mind; I'll be even with him yet. I'll go and watch them (*going*); no—I won't be a spy. (*Hesitates.*) Yes, I will. Strategy, my boy; strategy! [*Exit.*]

Enter WILLIAMSON and MARY.

MR. W. So you don't know who it is who has been at my peaches?

MARY. No, sir; I dare say some lads took them.

MR. W. The rascals! If I had caught them, I'd—my favourite peaches, too!

MARY. It's always the way, sir. The favourites are sure to go.

MR. W. Where's my niece—in her room?

MARY. No, sir; with Mr. Shyaway, looking at your vegetable-marrow bed.

MR. W. Tell her I want her.

MARY. Very well, sir.

[*Exit MARY.*]

MR. W. Now then, let me nerve myself for the task. I shall

tell Kitty she'll please me if she marries Captain Fighthard, and I've no doubt she'll do as I tell her.

Enter KATE.

KATE. Did you want me, uncle?

MR. W. Yes, my dear. I have always been kind to you, have I not?

KATE. Indeed you have, dear uncle.

MR. W. It's time you think of marrying, Kate.

KATE. Oh, uncle!

MR. W. Yes, dear Kate, if you love me, you'll be as agreeable to Captain Fighthard as you can. I've spoken to him: he adores you. Nothing would make me happier than to see you married to the son of my oldest friend.

KATE. It is so sudden, uncle. I—I hardly know—what to say.

MR. W. Don't say anything. Do as I wish, and please your old uncle! *[Exit.*

KATE. Oh, dear! oh, dear! what shall I do? I don't want to be married—I'm miserable. *(Sits down and begins to cry.)*

Enter MARY.

MARY. If you please,—lor! miss, what ever is the matter?

KATE. I'm miserable, Mary.

MARY. I am sorry, I'm sure, miss.

KATE. My uncle wants me to marry Captain Fighthard.

MARY. You don't say so, miss? Captain Fighthard is not so bad looking.

KATE. It's not that, Mary; but I've had a dream. For the last two days I've noticed some lovely water-lilies growing in the river, and longed to possess them.

MARY. Yes, miss.

KATE. Well, last night, I dreamt that a venerable-looking man, with a long gray beard, dressed in white, came to my bedside and held up a long mirror before me.

MARY. My goodness! do go on, miss.

KATE. In that mirror I saw that part of the river in which the water-lilies grow. A man jumped in, at peril of his life, and plucked some. The next moment he sank down beneath the stream.

MARY. How shocking!

KATE. I tried to scream, but could not. The next moment I fancied myself here, and the same man on his knees before me, presenting me with the lilies.

MARY. Who was it? Did you see his face?

KATE. No; or at any rate I can't recollect it. The venerable man who held the glass said, "He will be your husband."

MARY. How strange!

KATE. Then I awoke.

MARY. Oh, my—!

KATE. Whoever, and him alone, who brings those lilies to me, shall be my husband!

MARY. Tell Captain Fighthard, miss.

KATE. No, he must find the riddle out of his own accord, or not at all.

MARY. A most strange dream, miss.

KATE. It certainly was. But come to my room.

[*Exeunt* KATE and MARY.]

Enter SHYAWAY and FIGHTHARD.

SHY. (*To* FIGHTHARD.) It's war to the knife, is it?

FIGHT. If you mean, I won't give up my attentions to Miss Williamson—yes.

SHY. All right, then I shall know how to act. By-the-way, I had quite forgotten my appointment with Mr. Williamson. I must be off. (*Going.*) One word—Fighthard, have you proposed to Kate?

FIGHT. Yes—no—yes—no; not exactly.

SHY. What do you mean?

FIGHT. I have her uncle's consent.

SHY. Well, if you want to marry the niece, it's odd to offer first to her uncle. Good-bye. [*Exit.*]

FIGHT. It's most annoying that fellow Shyaway turning up; but I've the uncle's consent, and Kate herself does not look aversely on me.

Enter MARY.

MARY. Oh! Captain Fighthard, I'm so glad you're here.

FIGHT. Are you?

MARY. Can you keep a secret?

FIGHT. Keep a secret? Why do you ask?

MARY. Because I've one that I must tell some one.

FIGHT. Well, if you must tell it, let me hear it.

MARY. You're sure you won't tell any one?

FIGHT. If you say not, I won't.

MARY. You—you, excuse me, sir; you're in love with Miss Kate.

FIGHT. What has that to do with my keeping a secret.

MARY. A great deal, sir.

FIGHT. How?

MARY. I'll tell you, sir. You know the river side?

FIGHT. Yes, but what has that to do with Miss Williamson?

Enter SHYAWAY.

SHY. Where can Mr. —— (*Stops on seeing MARY and FIGHTHARD.*) (*Aside.*) What's that about Miss Williamson? Strategy my boy, strategy! (*Retires up stage.*)

MARY. I'm telling you. There are some water-lilies growing in the middle of the river.

FIGHT. Well.

MARY. Miss Kate has had a dream, and in that dream she saw a man jump in and get some of the lilies.

FIGHT. What *has* the dream to do with me?

MARY. Don't be so impatient—a good deal. She has told me whoever brings her some of those lilies she'd marry.

FIGHT. You don't say so? I'll do it.

MARY. Mind, you mustn't say I told you.

FIGHT. I will not. Do you know the exact place?

MARY. Yes, and I'll show you; come along.

[*Exit MARY and FIGHTHARD.*]

SHY. (*Comes forward.*) I'll also: by your leave, or without your leave, Captain Fighthard will see "the exact spot." [*Exit.*]

Enter KATE.

KATE. Where can Mary be? She has not done my dress; I'll just go up stairs and see. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter SHYAWAY.

SHY. Capital! I've got some lilies without going so far as he has for 'em. Strategy, strategy! nothing like it! I must find her. [*Exit in search of KATE.*]

Re-enter KATE and CAPTAIN FIGHTHARD.

FIGHT. I have seen some lilies, and am going to pick some for you.

KATE. Oh, thank you. (*Aside.*) The man of my dream, I declare.

FIGHT. I shall return in a few minutes. (*Aside.*) I shall be drowned to a certainty. (*Aloud.*) Good-bye.

KATE. Good-bye.

FIGHT. If I should die in getting them, you will *sometimes* remember me?

KATE. Oh, dear, yes!

FIGHT. (*Aside.*) How cool she is. (*Aloud.*) Farewell, perhaps for ever, farewell! (*Imprints a kiss on her hand, and runs out. As he vanishes, enter SHYAWAY, with lilies in his hand.*)

SHY. Will you accept these lilies, Miss Williamson? (*Offers flowers.*)

KATE. Thank you; where did you get them?

SHY. From the river.

KATE. And did you risk your life to get these for me?

SHY. What would I not risk for you? I love you, believe me, to distraction.

KATE. Oh, sir, consider—

SHY. I can consider nothing, but that I adore you! Will you give me hope?

KATE. Yes—no—yes!

SHY. (*Seizing her hand and kissing it.*) A thousand thanks! (*They retire up stage.*)

Enter MR. WILLIAMSON, dragging in FIGHTHARD.

MR. W. What do you mean, sir, by risking your life in that manner?

FIGHT. I was only getting some lilies.

MR. W. Lilies, indeed! only attempting self-destruction, you mean. I say, Kate, Captain Fighthard was jumping into the river, only I caught him at it, and saved him from breaking his neck.

KATE. There is no occasion, I'm sure, on my account. Mr. Shyaway has just given me some lovely lilies.

FIGHT. What! Shyaway got them?

SHY. Yes, Shyaway got them. And Shyaway would ask Mr. Williamson's consent to his union with his niece.

MR. W. How's this, Kate? Are you in love, then, with Mr. Shyaway?

KATE. (*Softly.*) I am.

FIGHT. But, Mr. Williamson—your promise.

MR. W. Very true, very true; but no man capable of jumping into a river after waterlilies can be in his senses, so I retract. Take her, Shyaway, and be happy. (SHYAWAY takes KATE's hand.)

SHY. Sir, I'm the happiest of men.

FIGHT. And I—the most miserable.

KATE. I shall henceforth believe in dreams.

FIGHT. Shyaway, how did you know about those flowers?

SHY. Strategy, my boy, strategy! (*To audience.*) If any one condemn my conduct, please remember the old proverb, and guess it, if you can. [Curtain falls.]

CHAPTER III.

DRAWING-ROOM FARCE.

THE young actor, ambitious of greater performances than a "charade," or "proverb," may wish to act a whole piece. In this case, let me advise you to choose something extremely amusing, as the more laughable and comical the piece, the better will it succeed and "take" with the audience.

The first thing to be looked to (as in acting charades) is the stage, which may be constructed at a trifling expense, so as to be taken up, and laid down again, at any time.

All that is necessary is a number of stout boards, such as flooring is ordinarily made of, three or four beams of sufficient strength to support the actors, furniture, etc., and twice as many boxes as beams. These boxes should be made for the purpose of thick plank, and should be from one to two feet in height, according to the size of the room; of course, the larger the room, the higher the stage. Place the boxes firmly, so as to support

the ends of the beams; lay the floor boards evenly upon them, and when these are covered with a carpet, your stage for "Drawing-room Farce" is complete. The curtain should be of a soft heavy material, and for its construction, management, etc., see Index.

With regard to prompting, one rule is necessary—that is, the simple one of the performer studying the *last* word of the speech preceding *his own*. The prompter, book in hand, must be so placed that, though unseen by the audience, *he* can see the actors, and give each the last word preceding their speech, or the first word they may have to say. Thus, in "Married by Mistake," in Scene I., the prompter gives from Mrs. Smith's part the word "something," to prompt Arabella. To prompt Mrs. Smith, the word "morning." Thus Mrs. Smith must know that the word "morning" precedes her own speech. We now give one easy specimen of a whole piece for amateur farce, in—

MARRIED BY MISTAKE.

A Farce in one Act.

Characters.

Gentlemen.

MR. SMITH.
CAPTAIN HEAVYSIDE.
MR. POTTS.
A PAGE BOY.

Ladies.

MRS. SMITH.
ANNABELLA, *her eldest daughter.*
ARABELLA, *her youngest daughter.*

Costumes and appearance.

MR. SMITH.—An elderly gentleman of sixty. Old gentleman's dark blue coat and brass buttons, gray shepherd's plaid trousers, showy figured silk vest, and white or coloured cravat.

CAPTAIN HEAVYSIDE.—Rough morning suit of one colour, scarf and pin, gloves of perle gris, Sardinian cap or hat.

MR. POTTS.—An elderly gentleman, thin and crabbed looking, with rather a redness about the nose. Black broadcloth swallow-tail coat, black dress trousers, grey satin broché vest, black or brown silk neckerchief.

MRS. SMITH. Elderly lady of about fifty-six years of age. Handsome brown silk morning dress. Light curled fronts. Cap

with pink ribbons; large cameo brooch and bracelets. Stout in person.

ANNABELLA.—Striking costume; bright red tartan silk walking dress, lace mantilla, white and blue bonnet, with blue plumes. Hair dark; colour high. Very stout.

ARABELLA.—First appearance in carmelite or mohair morning dress. Light hair, untidy.—Second costume: dark blue silk morning dress, prettily made, neat cuffs and collar: hair becomingly dressed.

SCENE I.—*A morning room. A breakfast-table, round which are seated MR. and MRS. SMITH and their daughter ARABELLA.*

MRS. S. (*Pouring out coffee.*) Arabella, my love! you look pale. Some muffins, my dear? (*Handing them.*) Now, pray, do eat something.

ARA. (*Absently.*) No butter, thank you. How late the post is this morning. (*Sighs.*)

MRS. S. (*Looking at her anxiously.*) My poor girl! (*To MR. SMITH.*) It is very wearing for her, my dear—these long engagements are so trying!

MR. S. (*Irritably.*) Trying! They're more than *trying*, they are *iniquitous*. Had I been consulted, my daughter should never have entered into any such affair. Engagements, indeed! I don't care one brass button for your engagements. What right has a man—what right, I say, has he to bind my daughter not to marry for five years—to keep her waiting for him—while he is amusing himself with all the enervating enjoyments of an Oriental life? What right has he, I say, to keep her single till her youth is almost gone? (*Strikes the table violently, and looks sternly at MRS. SMITH and ARABELLA.*)

MRS. S. (*Touchily.*) Indeed, my dear, *there* you're quite at fault! Arabella's youth is not passed—she is still very young, and if *looks* count for anything, I am sure she is often taken for nineteen, and not a day older! (*Darts indignant glances at MR. SMITH.*)

ARA. (*Beginning to cry.*) Papa, my dearest papa, don't increase the bitterness of this cruel, this (*sobs*)—this terrible separation, by such ve—ve—ve—very unkind recriminations. (*Hides her face in her handkerchief.*)

MR. S. (*Softened.*) Well, well!

Enter PAGE, with letters on silver waiter. Gives one to ARABELLA, who immediately drying her tears opens the letter, and runs across to an arm-chair; sinks into it, reads her letter, starts up joyfully with a slight scream.

MRS. S. Good heavens, Arabella! what is the matter?

ARA. (*Excitedly.*) Papa, mamma, he is come home! only think! returned last week. He is here—in London: the letter is dated yesterday. (*Reads aloud.*) “Couldn’t stay away from my beloved Bella;” “set off unexpectedly before the mail,”—he wished to surprise me—hates India—and oh! my dearest mamma—my dearest papa—I shall see him so soon! He will be here to-morrow.

MRS. S. Good gracious!

MR. S. Good gracious!

ARA. (*Dancing about the room.*) Was ever anything so delightful, so unexpected, so altogether! but stay, I haven’t read half his dear, dear letter. (*Seizes the letter and kisses it enthusiastically. Reads.*) “I am come home on sick leave,”—Ill? my poor, poor Charles—but how devotedly will I tend and nurse him after all the hardships he has gone through. (*Sinks into arm-chair and sobs hysterically.*) Perhaps he has been wounded by those cruel wicked Indians. (*Sobs again.*)

MRS. S. Arabella, be calm, my love! Together, our fond care will soothe, and soon restore our poor wounded hero.

MR. S. (*Aside.*) Wounded? stuff! Never had a chance of fighting. Has been in Bombay the whole time. (*Aloud.*) Come, Arabella, no nonsense!

MRS. S. Unfeeling father! Let us go to your room, Arabella, and read the letter together. [*Exit MRS. S. and ARABELLA.*]

MR. SMITH *solus.* *Sticks his thumbs into the arm-holes of his waist-coat, and walks up and down the stage.*

MR. S. Well, this is pleasant, very pleasant, to be called unfeeling by one’s own wife! Unfeeling, indeed, after all I have gone through with this engagement of Bella’s, for nearly five years now! I might well become unfeeling! hard as a stone! Here’s a fellow comes to my house, plays the fool for a month or so, not knowing his own mind—or as it turns out—knowing it, well enough, but not letting any one else know it. Here he comes, with his moustache, and whiskers, and frippery

—pays a deal of attention to my eldest daughter, brings her flowers, music, and all sorts of fine flummery—and after leading poor Annabella to believe he is going to offer to her—is off one fine day to India—writes a letter and proposes to my *youngest* girl after all! Unfeeling, indeed! I should like to know whether *he* showed much feeling in the matter! So now I must look on and see poor Bella grow pale and thin, without taking the least notice, must I? These women are the very—I can't understand them, they're beyond *me*.

Re-enter MRS. SMITH, *smilingly*.

MRS. S. Well, my dear! It's all right, and our dear girl is so happy!

MR. S. (*Aside*.) Oh, is she? then it *is* all right.

MRS. S. I have read the letter, and he comes to-morrow, love: these military men are so prompt, and he's so much in love, poor fellow! He says he can't wait a day longer in London than is absolutely necessary.

MR. S. Here to-morrow! By Jove!

MRS. S. And if you could manage it, my dear, I think you had better go to your office a little earlier than usual. Under the circumstances, you will readily understand, it would be better to leave the young people alone, the first morning.

MR. S. Decidedly. I'll go out directly after breakfast. Will he come to dinner?

MRS. S. Of course, my love.

MR. S. And the next day, and the next day, and the next day—till they're married. Nothing but making love all the day long. Well, the sooner I get out of the house the better. (*Takes up his hat, and exit. Exit* MRS. S. *also*.)

SCENE II.—CAPTAIN HEAVYSIDE *seated, lounging on a sofa in a room alone*.

CAPT. H. How long she is! (*Looks at his watch*.) Five minutes since I arrived, and it seems an hour. How I long to see her dear pretty face, with her glossy dark hair and black eyes! I wonder whether I am all right! (*Takes out a comb and pocket-glass, and touches up hair and moustache*.) I dare say she'll find me changed, I'm so horribly tanned. I hardly know my-

self, I don't. Well, (*looking round,*) here I am at last, sitting in this very room where—'pon my soul, I was too shy, yes—literally too shy—to propose when I wished her good-bye. I couldn't bring myself to utter a single word I had intended; and had I only known how my feelings were responded to, how she would have accepted me, my darling Annabella! I could have done it; but, by George! it was like fate; the instant I got nearer the subject, in came that amiable, but rather tiresome sister of hers, and then it was all up with me! Times and weather again, weather and Times, were all I could find to talk about. How different she is from what I thought her then five years ago! I did her immense injustice; thought her a dear pretty flirt! nothing more; and what a deal of sense there is in her letters—so highly principled, good, and quite clever enough for my taste. (*Twirls his moustache.*) 'Pon honour! never understood her till we were engaged! Hum!—What's that? She's coming. (*Jumps up in great agitation.*)

Enter ARABELLA timidly, and blushing.

CAPT. H. (*Aside.*) By George! the sister again! Botheration, this is *too* bad; but I must be civil. (*Goes forward and offers his hand.*) How are you, my dear—(I've forgotten her name!)—Miss Smith?

ARA. (*Playfully.*) Miss Smith, indeed! I did not know I was Miss Smith to you, *Captain Heavyside!* (*With emphasis.*) But *I'm* not going to be stiff, no—no, my dear Charles; after not having seen you for nearly five years, I shall not stand on terms of ceremony. I am too delighted to have you back again. (*Offers to put her arms round his neck. HEAVYSIDE recoils.*)

CAPT. H. (*Aside.*) Upon my word, almost *too* affectionate; yet, as a brother, I suppose I ought—hang it! I'm too shy. Well, here goes. (*Takes her hand.*) I am very glad you already view me in the light of a relation, and as such (*hesitating*) permit me to take one of the privileges of that position. (*Offers to kiss her.*)

ARA. (*Who permits it. Aside.*) I hope he does not think me too forward! (*Aloud.*) Well, yes; though that is not quite the way in which I should have put it. I hardly knew what I was doing when I first saw you, Charles, I was so happy.

CAPT. H. All right; don't distress yourself—don't think

of it for a moment. I mean to say (*correcting himself*)—you were quite right—most kind; just what I should wish in a— (*Aside.*) Hang it! I am only making matters worse and worse. (*Twirls his moustache.*)

ARA. (*Aside.*) He's very much overcome. Strange! I feel none of this diffidence; but he's so gentlemanly, and his not having seen me when the offer was made accounts for his feeling awkward now. (*Aloud.*) You are not much changed, Charles, after all you have gone through. Come, sit down, and tell me all about the horrors you have seen.

CAPT. H. Delighted, some other time. (*Aside.*) Does she mean to wait till Annabella comes?

ARA. No, tell me now, unless you have anything else to say to me?

CAPT. H. Nothing in the world, that need detain you an instant!

ARA. Charles! what do you mean?

CAPT. H. I beg your pardon! what did I say? What *did* you say? I am so absent. I—

ARA. (*Kindly.*) Your mind is running back to the scenes at Cawnpore, Lucknow, and—

CAPT. H. Not at all. I never was near either.

ARA. Not near either!

CAPT. H. (*Irritably.*) No, of course not. I was in Bombay—Bombay Presidency, you know—quiet as England. (*Aside.*) When does she mean to go?

ARA. Oh, I see! how stupid of me! But your descriptions, my dear Charles, were so graphic, I thought—

CAPT. H. Descriptions? Oh! Ah! Hearsay. (*Aside.*) So she saw my letters,—unpleasant!

ARA. (*Aside.*) How could I be so stupid; he is annoyed! (*Aloud.*) But you have been ill, my dear Charles—you have suffered?

CAPT. H. (*Laughing.*) Suffered—ha! ha! Well—yes—but not *exactly* from illness. I mean to say, in fact—you can't understand these matters—military arrangements. The climate did *not* suit me, and I wanted to see—how's your sister?

ARA. (*Aside.*) His manner is extraordinary. So abrupt after such affectionate letters; it must be illness. (*Aloud.*) My sister? oh! she's very well, thank you.

CAPT. H. (*Aside.*) How stupid of her not to see she is in the way. I must give her a gentle hint. (*Aloud.*) Shall I have the pleasure of seeing her soon?

ARA. I really don't know.

CAPT. H. (*Aside.*) Idiotic girl! (*Aloud.*) Is she not at home?

ARA. I believe she is.

CAPT. H. Do you think she will come soon?

ARA. I don't expect her. Really, my dear Charles, I *am* pleased at your brotherly interest.

CAPT. H. Brotherly? Not exactly that, I think; ha! ha! (*Aside.*) What can she mean? (*Walks up and down the room, and in the course of his walk knocks down a chair.*) Oh, hang it!

ARA. (*Rising with dignity.*) Indeed, Captain Heavyside, your temper is so much altered for the worse I can hardly believe you are the same person from whom I received such affectionate letters, telling me you "longed to see your darling Bella." (*Puts her handkerchief to her eyes and begins to cry.*)

CAPT. H. (*Amazed.*) Letters! *you* received! Heavens and earth, what do you mean? Explain yourself!

ARA. (*With spirit.*) I will, indeed, or my father shall enter into explanations for me.

CAPT. H. (*Aside.*) Bella! her name Bella! Good heavens! I see it all; oh! what have I got into? Bella, *Arabella*. Oh, parents! why will you give your children names so much alike! Unhappy Heavyside!

ARA. Was it for this I have waited for five long years, constantly corresponding? was it for this? To be met with such coldness and ill temper on your return. (*Sobs.*)

CAPT. H. (*Aside.*) I feel as if I was going to be shot. I am engaged to the *wrong one*! poor, poor, girl! Wretched Heavyside! (*Walks rapidly to left, pulling his gloves to fragments, which he throws distractedly on the floor.*) I see it all. I understand, now. Offer directed to Miss A. Smith should have been Miss Smith, as eldest. Both their names Bella—fool that I was! What a position for a man to be placed in!—was ever anything so perplexing! I *must* tell her. No! I can't; poor girl, feelings wounded—honour implicated—father calling me out—awkward story—terrible exposure—butt of the mess-table—must leave the army—impossible! No! Yes! I will—no—I can't—yes; I *must* conceal the truth—spare her, and reconcile myself to what has

been a five years' engagement!!! Oh, Annabella! Annabella!—my original Annabella! (*Groans, reflects a moment, then walks back from left to right rapidly. To ARABELLA.*) Yes, my dear Bella, (*Aside—oh!*) you are right, and I owe you many apologies—for my—my apparent rudeness. My temper, you see, has been soured by India; at least—no—by *circumstances*; but for the future I hope to be *all* you can desire me. (*Takes her hand.*)

ARA. Dearest Charles, say no more; you are quite forgiven. (*Tableau.*)

CAPT. H. (*Aside.*) Then there is no hope! “*Honour, behold! I am all over thine.*” (*Aloud.*) Since we are reconciled, Bella, allow me to leave you for a short time—to run down and engage a room at the hotel. (*Rising.*) You dine at six? (*Moving towards the door.*)

ARA. (*Following him.*) What a pity you could not have a room here. At six then, dearest. (*Holding out her hand. HEAVYSIDE opens the door for her to pass out. She passes out, waving her hand.*) Till then, adieu!

CAPT. H. (*Lingering at the door.*) Was ever man so unfortunate! Was ever a fellow in such a position! But I can't undeceive her. She is an excellent girl—a charming girl—her letters are admirable—and—we have been engaged five years—*five years by mistake!* Oh! oh! [*Exit quickly.*]

SCENE III.—ARABELLA *working.* HEAVYSIDE *seated near her.*

ARA. My dear Charles, how silent you are!

CAPT. H. Am I?

ARA. Yes, indeed; quite unbearable.

CAPT. H. You are right, it *is* unbearable.

ARA. I am afraid you are not in good spirits.

CAPT. H. No.

ARA. (*Piqued.*) Indeed! You are very complimentary; perhaps you regret that you ever came back.

CAPT. H. (*With energy.*) Yes!

ARA. (*Surprised, yet playfully.*) Well! Captain Heavyside, I must say you are candid. If I had not such complete confidence in you—I should think—I don't know what I should think.

CAPT. H. Don't think anything of what I may say to you, pray.

ARA. (*Amicably.*) Well, then, I won't. We'll not quarrel again?

CAPT. H. (*Groaning. Aside.*) Oh, dear, no!

ARA. But you must talk a little more.

CAPT. H. Yes.

ARA. Then, begin.

CAPT. H. Yes.

ARA. Yes, no; yes, no; do you call that conversation? Well, some one is coming to-day who will, perhaps, make you talk; some one (*archly*) in whom you feel more interest than in poor me.

CAPT. H. (*Brightening up suddenly.*) Who did you say?

ARA. Some one in whom you take a *brotherly* interest, I hope. My sister.

CAPT. H. Your sister! Good heavens! Coming? When did you say? And where is she now?

ARA. Don't ask so many questions at once. You are quite excited, Charles.

CAPT. H. Excited? not the least. But you have never explained why your sister is not at home at present. Is she on a visit?

ARA. At home! Why, she has not been at home these five years.

CAPT. H. You don't say so!

ARA. Don't you know about my sister? Oh, you stupid old thing! How absent you are! (*Pulls his hair, playfully.*) Surely you remember now—that I told you all about it in my second letter, just after we were first engaged—that she was married—and—

CAPT. H. (*Stunned.*) Married!

ARA. Yes. Don't you recollect, it happened just a month after you left?

CAPT. H. (*Despondingly.*) I never heard of it—never got the letter! (*Aside.*) This is too dreadful!

ARA. I suppose it must have missed, then. How odd!

CAPT. H. (*Gloomily.*) Fatal!

ARA. Not *fatal*, dear. No harm is done.

CAPT. H. No harm. (*Aside.*) What is *harm*, then?

ARA. We were rather surprised, I must acknowledge, that you never congratulated us.

CAPT. H. (*Aside.*) Congratulations? I shouldn't have sent them if I had got the letter.

ARA. But it is too late to think of that now. She has been Mrs. Potts for years and has two such darling children.

CAPT. H. Potts! Potts! what a name! (*Aside.*) My Annabella—Annabella Potts! I think—I—shall—go—mad! (SERVANT opens the door and announces MRS. POTTS.)

Enter MRS. POTTS. HEAVYSIDE starts up. Great sensation. ARABELLA seems confused, and rushes hurriedly up to her sister.

MRS. P. Well, Bella, how are you? (*Kisses her.*) I have come to spend a long day with you. Nurse and the children are out for the day, so I am free to enjoy myself. (*Aside.*) But who's that?

CAPT. H. (*To himself.*) How changed she is! So stout, and a little—just a little coarse. *She was lovely!*

ARA. Dearest Annabella, can't you guess? (Come here, Charles—I never thought I should have to introduce you to (*Archly*) your old flame! Annabella, Captain Heavyside.

MRS. P. (*In a loud vulgar tone.*) Now, really, is it you? Well, this is funny. Yes, Captain H., you *were* a flame of mine, once upon a time, before I met Potts; you know you were! But you men are all faithless, I say; I'm sure I never thought it was Arabella, he, he, he!

CAPT. H. (*Aside.*) Flame, indeed! her face is one! Is this *my* Annabella? It seems I am doomed to disappointment. (*Aloud.*) It makes me old to think of those days, Mrs. Potts. I hear you have two children. What a change!

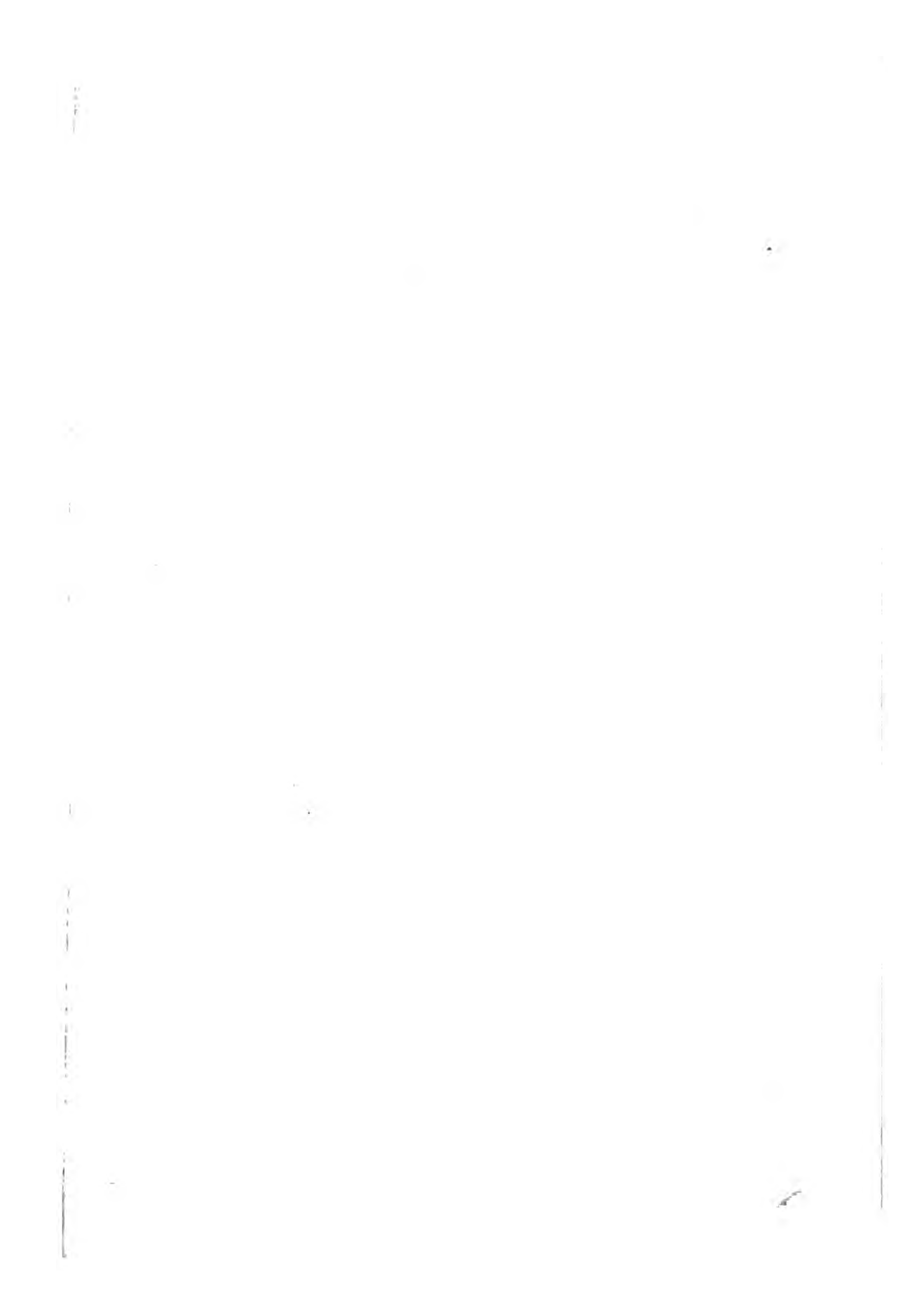
MRS. P. A change, indeed, and a change, I am sure, very much the worse for me. Tiresome little brats! they plague me out of my life sometimes.

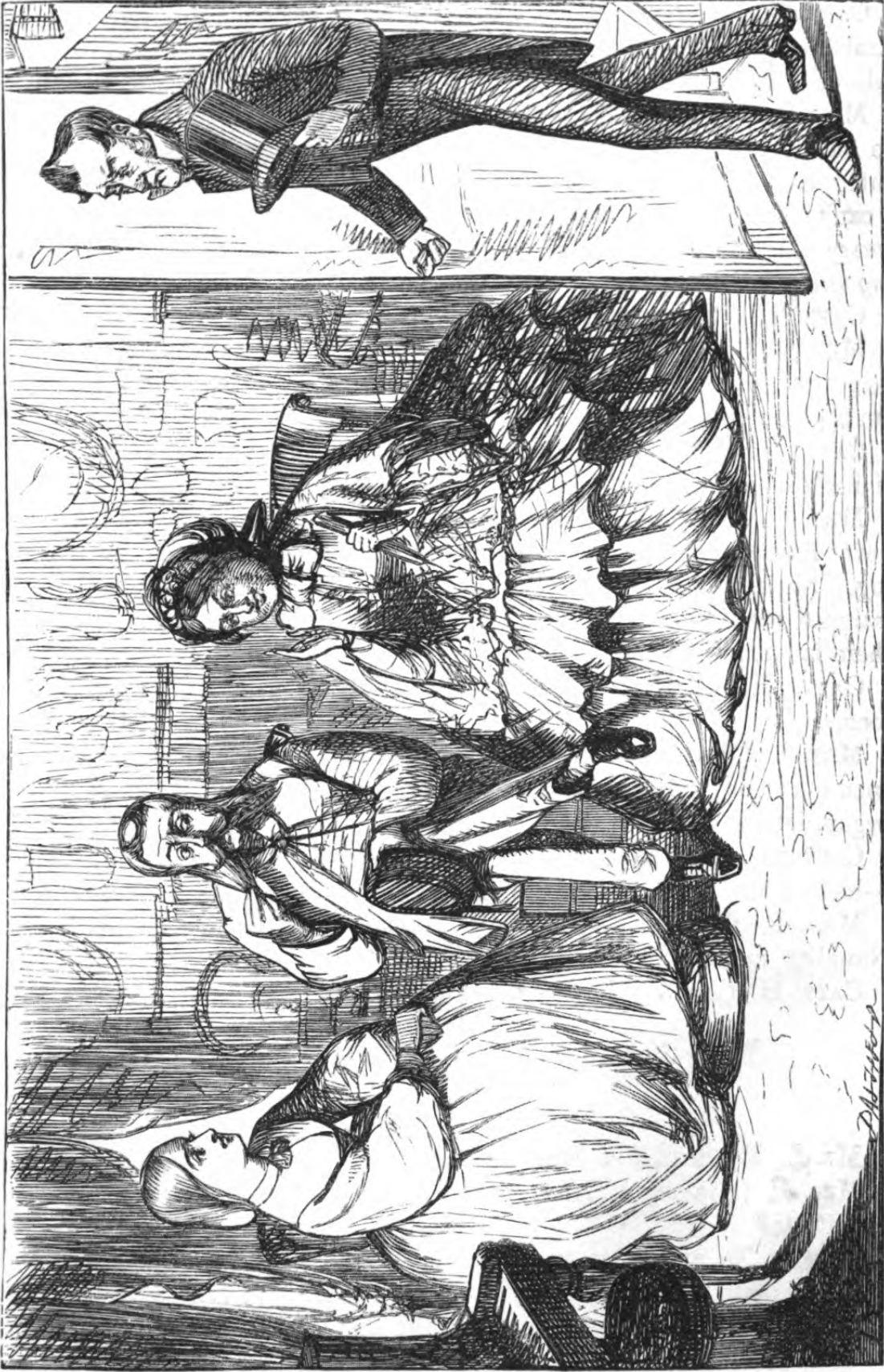
ARA. (*Reproachfully.*) Oh, Annabella!

MRS. P. I wish they were yours, Bella. You can manage them; I can't.

CAPT. H. Perhaps you spoil them.

MRS. P. Not I. Potts does; but I am always too delighted to get them fairly packed off into the nursery. It is the only happy time I have.





SCENE FROM "MARRIED BY MISTAKE."

See page 129.

CAPT. H. (*Aside.*) What a way to speak of her own children! Arabella looks shocked; dear, amiable girl; yes, *she is that.* (*Aloud.*) I am immensely fond of children myself.

MRS. P. (*Mendaciously.*) Oh, yes, so am I; I positively dote on them. But mine are such little worries, they quite wear me out. And you know I was always such an easy, gentle temper, I can't correct them as I ought. (*Sighs.*) Ah, Captain H., this is a weary vale of sorrow, and life is full of disappointments! (*Looking sentimentally at him.*)

CAPT. H. Uncommonly full. I should say, *very.*

MRS. P. I am sure, before I married Potts, I was the lightest, brightest, gayest, happiest thing, so full of spirits; and now I am a poor shattered creature as you see!

CAPT. H. I should not have said that Mrs. Potts. In point of health you look well—better than your sister, for instance.

MRS. P. Arabella? Yes, she's pale, but that's nothing—she never had *my* complexion, which was always so fresh and blooming. She's immensely strong, notwithstanding, and goes through fatigues with those children I never could. Half an hour of them is enough for me.

CAPT. H. (*Aside.*) When there's a will there's a way, it seems.

MRS. P. (*Sentimentally.*) Do you recollect some verses you once made on the beauty of my cheek, Captain H., eh? They began, let me see—

CAPT. H. (*Aside.*) Absurd woman! (*Aloud.*) Oh, yes—hum!—ha!—I do. But we were both very juvenile then, Mrs. Potts.

MRS. P. (*Bridling up.*) I am juvenile now, if you please. Naughty man!

CAPT. H. (*Aside.*) Rather too much so!

Enter SERVANT, *who announces* MR. POTTS.

Enter MR. POTTS.

MR. P. My dear, I've come for you.

MRS. P. (*Sharply.*) What on earth do you want with me, Mr. Potts?

MR. P. To attend to your duties, my dear; your children, ma'am, as you well know, are ill, and here you are gadding about, leaving them to servants, as usual. It's shameful!

CAPT. H. (*Aside.*) She must have told a slight fiction when she came in.

ARA. The children ill! Let me go to them.

MRS. P. Yes, do, dear Bella; it's nothing in the world, but cold: and I'm so fagged, I want rest. Mr. Potts, you are insulting—most unkind.

MR. P. Don't go, Arabella. Mrs. P., Mrs. P., what do you mean by wanting rest? 'Aven't you been lying on the sofa all the morning. Come 'ome, immediately. It's not cold, Arabella; it's 'oooping cough of an aggravated kind.

CAPT. H. (*To Mrs. P.*) I shall have the pleasure of seeing you some other time; pray go home now.

MRS. P. (*Reluctantly.*) Very well, very well. Mr. Potts, I shall go, but I shall not forget this in a hurry—I'm a poor, ill-treated, martyred wife. (*Flounces out with looks of thunder at Mr. P.*)

MR. P. No, indeed, you'll not forget it; I shall never hear the last of it. I'm well aware of that. [*Exit sniffing.*]

CAPT. H. (*Aside.*) Nice old boy, nice couple. (*Musing aloud.*) I'm not sorry I am engaged by mistake. Fate has made a better bargain for me, after all, than I thought. I am glad of the mistake; very.

ARA. Engaged by mistake! engaged by mistake! oh, this explains all! (*Hides her face in her hands.*) Tell me, satisfy my doubts—did you *not mean* to offer to me? Was it Annabella? Could it be?

CAPT. H. (*Soothingly.*) It was once, my dearest, but let me explain—

ARA. (*Rising.*) No, no! no explanation! delicacy forbids. You are *free* from this moment. (*With energy.*) I release you for ever! we must never meet again! (*Rushes frantically from the room.*)

CAPT. H. Arabella, my dearest, stop, I entreat you! Just hear me—stop—I can't bear Mrs. Potts now—my feelings are altered. I—Arabella! She's gone! Good heavens! [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—CAPTAIN HEAVYSIDE'S lodgings. *He enters, and seats himself in an easy chair, smoking.*

CAPT. H. I feel remarkably queer this morning, quite low. Couldn't have believed I should have felt it so much—poor

Arabella! (*Sighs.*) She's so much attached to me It's a most awkward affair; a most singular position. (*Smokes a few minutes in silence.*) Was ever a fellow so completely stumped as I am? Here am I attached for years to a charming girl—yes, really attached, for her letters were delightful. I came home, impatient to meet the charming girl—and make her, ahaw! Mrs. Heavyside. Charming girl's nowhere to be found—don't exist, in fact, except ahaw! ha! as creation of imagination, and all that sort of thing. She isn't Annabella—of *that* I'm quite certain—I *am* attached to some one—of that I'm also certain—but 'pon my honour, can't say who she is—airy fiction! delusive vision! a fleeting picture! In fact, a *sell*. I go to India with the portrait of a lovely creature in my heart—preserve it unfaded for five years—come home, to find her—bah! I can't bear to think of it, Mrs. Potts—horrid woman—vulgar—ill-dressed—flaunting—selfish. Complete cure. Adieu, youthful delusions, you know! Well, then, there's Arabella—real worth—sweet temper—pleasant companion—see her merits—accept my fate—unfortunate blunder—spirit roused—haughty dismissal—thrown off—ha! (*Tap at the door.*) What's the row?

MR. SMITH (*From without.*) Can you see me?

CAPT. H. (*Starting up, and throwing away cigar.*) Mr. Smith!—certainly. Pray come in. (*Opens door for him, and offers his hand.*)

Enter MR. SMITH.

MR. S. (*Severely, refusing to shake hands.*) Young man, I'm not come as a friend, but as an *indignant* father! I must see that my injured daughter is righted, and I shall not leave the apartment till I receive a full apology for your heartless, your unmanly conduct! (*Takes possession of the arm-chair, and glances at CAPTAIN HEAVYSIDE.*)

CAPT. H. You seem to forget, Mr. Smith, that I am the person injured. Miss Smith, of whom I am far from wishing to say anything disrespectful, thought proper to break off our engagement. I was quite willing, nay, anxious to fulfil it.

MR. S. Engagement! Don't add insult to injury by calling it an engagement; it was nothing but a trick, a delusion, a snare!

CAPT. H. (*Aside.*) Of which *I* was the victim.

MR. S. You came to my house to entrap an artless girl—

CAPT. H. Really, really, I never intended—you must excuse me, ahaw! (*Twists moustache.*)

MR. S. To entrap her, I say! to engage her affections, and then to destroy her peace of mind! to wound her in her tenderest emotions, by endeavouring to break a solemn promise, by a mean subterfuge! (*Stamps.*)

CAPT. H. 'Pon honour! you're extremely—aw—unfair! I can't recognize the case, upon my honour, I can't.

MR. S. (*Growing red in the face.*) Don't talk to me of honour after your disgraceful proceedings, young man!

CAPT. H. (*Stiffly.*) Mr. Smith, as the father of a young lady whom I sincerely respect and admire, I shall not resent your language as I should otherwise have done; but I must beg you to be calm, and allow me to explain and arrange matters amicably.

MR. S. Impossible!

CAPT. H. Not at all. I am sure no one can regret more than I do that Miss Smith's feelings have been wounded—no one be so anxious to repair the injury done as myself. Let this unfortunate, this truly unfortunate, affair be forgotten, and permit me to be received once more at your house as the affianced lover of your daughter.

MR. S. Never! You have implanted a sting in her bosom which can never be eradicated. Sir, you cannot understand the delicacy of a woman's feelings! You have insulted her by saying you offered to her by *mistake*! Can you expect her to stoop her maiden modesty, her virgin pride? (*Flourishes his hand.*)

CAPT. H. A mistake, it was truly a mistake in me to let out. But allow me to say, my dear sir, the fault was entirely your own.

MR. S. Mine!

CAPT. H. Yes, yours.

MR. S. Sir!

CAPT. H. Most certainly; though it dates a long way back. As far back as the christening of your two daughters.

MR. S. (*Tickled.*) Ha, ha, ha! very good, very good! Then you mean to say it really was a mistake?

CAPT. H. By Jove, it was! But one which I have long since discovered was the most fortunate accident that could ever have befallen me.

MR. S. Ha, ha, ha! poor fellow, poor fellow! (*Claps him on the back.*) Capital story! (*Laughs immoderately.*) Arabella and Annabella—ha, ha, ha!

CAPT. H. (*Aside.*) A *coup d'état*—he's restored to good humour. (*Aloud.*) But now I am really attached to your youngest daughter, and should be miserable if you will not receive me as your son-in-law.

MR. S. Impossible, impossible! I might wish it, but she'll never see you again.

CAPT. H. (*Despairingly.*) Not if I proposed again in form?

MR. S. Not a bad idea that. You may try; but I've very little hopes. At any rate, I'll take your letter for you.

CAPT. H. Letter? No, no, my dear sir; I've had enough of proposing by letter.

MR. S. (*Laughing.*) Ha, ha, ha! so you have. Capital, capital!

CAPT. H. For the *future* it must be *vivá voce*, and no mistake.

MR. S. No mistake, ha, ha!

CAPT. H. I *must* see her. How, and when?

MR. S. Come, if you're in earnest; I'll manage it for you. I'll introduce you under a feigned name into her sitting-room.

CAPT. H. Exactly. Then, to-morrow?

MR. S. To-morrow; good-bye. Capital story—ha, ha, ha!

[*Exit.—Curtain falls.*]

SCENE V.—ARABELLA is seen sitting in an easy chair, doing nothing. She looks depressed, and raises her handkerchief constantly to her eyes.

Enter MR. SMITH; leaves door half open.

MR. S. My dear Arabella, I've come to introduce an old friend, who has asked permission to be allowed to visit here, and pay you his addresses.

ARA. Impossible, papa. At such a time, how can you think of such a thing?

CAPT. H. (*Who has rushed past MR. SMITH.*) Arabella, dearest Arabella, it is *I*, who have thus sought an opportunity of declaring my devoted attachment.

ARA. (*Starting violently and turning away.*) Captain Heavy-side, leave the room!

CAPT. H. (*Runs and throws himself on his knees before ARABELLA.*) Not, dearest Arabella, until I have implored you not to make me for ever miserable by refusing my affection and hand.

ARA. (*Smiling and uncertain, in spite of herself.*) I can never forget the past.

CAPT. H. The past! the past be hanged! I beg your pardon; that expression was a *mistake*—no, not a *mistake*; I mean, an *error*—the past was a *mistake*—no, it wasn't—yes, I mean a happy *mistake*—no, no—not a *mistake* at all. (*Aside.*) What a fool I am! (*Aloud.*) But at any rate, let that, like all other mistakes, be forgotten; and remember, all you have to do now is to refuse or accept the offer of a man who is sincerely attached to you.

ARA. (*Archly.*) Are you *quite* sure *that* is not a *mistake*?

CAPT. H. Never was so sure of anything in my life; and allow me to say, Arabella, that you will make a great mistake if you refuse me.

ARA. (*Softening.*) Conceited fellow! Well—

CAPT. H. You will have me? (*Puts his arm round her. Stage embrace.*) I am not so shy as I was—after five years' engagement—so I shall decide the matter, and (*looking tenderly at ARABELLA*) I am sure of one thing, that we two shall be very happy together. (*Grand tableau.*)

Enter MR. and MRS. SMITH.

MR. S. Dear children! } (*Together.*)
 MRS. S. Dear children! }

CAPT. H. (*To MR. SMITH.*) Ahaw! Can you tell me now whether I have been engaged five years, or only half an hour? 'Pon honour, I can't make it out myself.

MR. S. No more can I; but long engagements are *iniquitous*. Make your's a short one, my good fellow, for it's a capital story, ha, ha, ha! and no *mistake*. [*Curtain falls.*]

CHAPTER IV.

TABLEAUX VIVANTS.

THERE are few amusements more graceful, more interesting alike to young and old, than the performance of *Tableaux Vivants*, or "Living Pictures." They have long been popular on the Continent, where hardly a year passes without some representations of *tableaux vivants*, on a large and original scale, being performed at the various Courts and capitals of Germany. There, the most famous artists do not disdain to lend their aid in arranging *tableaux vivants*, and both direct and enjoy such combinations of beauty, form, and colour, as are hardly to be met with in the most gorgeous productions of the old masters. To the young, gifted with artistic feeling and a desire to excel in the highest walks of art, there are few things more likely to awaken the imagination, to inspire feelings of poetry and a knowledge of composition and grouping, than the exercise of this delightful recreation. Even to the experienced and professed artist much may be suggested—the truth of much in art may be tested by the spectacle of a "living picture."

As we intend giving in a later chapter a detailed description of *tableaux vivants* performed on a large scale in Germany, the pictorial arrangements of which were confided to the principal artists of Munich and elsewhere, we will, for the present, confine ourselves to the subject of drawing-room *tableaux vivants*; giving such minute instructions as to the management of the stage, groupings, lights, and dresses, that any party of young people may, without the assistance of an artist, simply guided by their own natural taste and judgment, give delight and pleasure to a numerous assembly of friends.

There is one great requisite for success, however, in the representation of *tableaux vivants*, not by any means so absolutely essential in the performance of charades — sufficient space *between* the spectators and the stage. Certainly, not less than six feet should be left between stage and spectators; and in cases where it is possible, from eight to twelve feet is desirable; "distance lending enchantment to the view," particularly as regards a *tableau vivant*.

In a house containing neither hall nor gallery, where a regular theatrical stage can be erected, no position is better adapted for *tableaux* than between the folding-doors of two drawing-rooms, reserving the smallest room, of course, for the picture.

The first point to be considered is—

The *Stage*.

It is perfectly essential that this should be raised about three feet above the floor on which the spectators are seated. A little less than three feet will suffice; but the effect is better when rather over than under three feet.

The most successful *tableaux* we have seen represented were on a stage formed of a strong dining-table and one or two kitchen-tables firmly tied together. On the top of these was laid a dark-green baize drugget, well-stretched and tied over the tables; but though a very much smaller stage is required for drawing-room *tableaux* than for a farce or charade, it is quite necessary that it should be at least a foot larger on each side than the opening of the folding-doors. Where a house contains a hall or gallery which will allow of a temporary stage being erected, any village carpenter would soon arrange one by placing smooth planks on firm joists. The size of the stage ought to be about twelve feet square; but as the spectators would be placed at a considerably greater distance than in a drawing-room, it should be raised nearly six feet from the ground, thereby enabling the back rows of spectators to view the *tableaux* as conveniently as those placed in front.

Where a temporary stage is erected, either curtains hung at the side, or a screen with a proportionate opening made for the stage, and painted like a picture-frame, must be added. The screen is the most convenient, as it affords greater facilities for lighting the stage than a curtain.

Between the performers and spectators a close black gauze or muslin must be stretched. If the *tableaux* are performed in a drawing-room, it should be nailed tightly across the opening of the folding-doors or arch.

At the back of the stage a high screen should be placed. The colour of the cloth hung over this screen must vary a little according to the colouring of the objects in the pictures; as, for instance, when the figures are clothed in black, a light background is necessary; but for most subjects, particularly those in which

there is a predominance of brilliant colours, a black or dark-green drapery is advisable. At the same time, when performing a series of *tableaux*, it gives variety and relief if this be sometimes changed to a drab, or neutral-tinted cloth. One point is really essential; namely, that the floor of the stage be covered with a dark cloth.

We now proceed to the next most important element of success in a "living picture"—

The *Lights*.

The arrangement of these, of course, depends much on the picture; but there are two or three rules quite established on the subject. Foot-lights are to be particularly avoided, as they throw unbecoming shadows on the face, and generally destroy the picturesque appearance of the *tableau*. With some exceptions, where a cross light is essential, it is best that the lights should be all placed on one side of the stage; the majority of them high up. The best lamp for this purpose is a common carriage-lamp. From four to six of these, with their tin reflectors, will be found ample, if placed with discretion, to produce a brilliant light. It must never be forgotten, however, that as the drop-curtain slowly ascends, a friendly hand should quickly extinguish all lights in the spectators' apartment. When a fire or moon-light scene is depicted, a red or green shade should be placed over the glass of each lamp; this is formed of coloured glass, or tinted silver-paper of the hue required. Another method, is to hang globes of coloured liquid, such as are seen in chemists' shops, in front of the lamps.

In a fire scene, a most happy effect is produced by burning red fire at the sides. For this we give the following receipt, the proportions of which should be particularly observed:—

Five ounces of strontia (dry), one and a half ounce of finely-powdered sulphur; powder them separately in a mortar. Take next five drams chlorate of potash, and four drams sulphuret of antimony; mix them on a paper, and add last the other ingredients (previously powdered); rub the whole together on paper. For use, mix a little spirits of wine with the powder, and burn in a flat iron pan or plate. This may be ignited by fastening a lighted fuse to a long rod.

A beautiful green fire may also be made by powdering finely, and mixing well, thirteen parts flour of sulphur, five parts oxy-

muriate of potassa, two parts metallic arsenic, and three parts pulverized charcoal. Then take seventy-seven parts nitrate of baryta; dry it carefully, powder it, and mix the whole thoroughly. A polished reflector will concentrate the light and cast a brilliant green lustre on the figures. But excepting in the case of the red fire, these lights are not very desirable, as they produce a disagreeable smell, and a pale moonlight effect is more easily obtained by a green shade being placed over the lamps.

It must be noted that in a large *tableau*, comprising many figures, as much light as possible is required. In moonlight scenes, very little light. In medium pictures, shade should be thrown on various parts so as to bring the principal figure into a strong light.

For scenes where an unearthly ghost-like effect is desired, the following receipt has a marvellous effect:—

Mix some common salt with spirits of wine in a metal pot, set it on a wire frame over a spirit-lamp. The other lights should all be extinguished, and that of the spirit-lamp shaded in some way. The result will be, that everything assumes a dingy yellow tint, no matter how bright the costumes or roses on the cheeks may be.

We must not forget to mention the excellent effect produced in scenes of dreams or ghosts by the use of the magic lantern. And, lastly, where space will admit, and expense need not be considered, the almost spiritual halo of beauty lent by the rays of the electric light thrown on the human figure. It need, perhaps, hardly be stated how much pleasure the effect of this light produces in representations of this nature; but it is generally out of the reach of amateurs—its powerful rays requiring more extent of stage and theatre than are usually at their disposal.

Before we proceed to consider the subject of grouping, we shall give a few directions as to the best and most convenient arrangements required for—

The Curtain.

This should be made of stout, dark calico, care being always taken that the calico is of a thick and close make, so as not to allow the light and figures to be seen through it. A slight bar of wood should be fastened to the top and bottom of this curtain; and at intervals of about half a yard, large strong brass rings

must be fixed along each of these bars of wood. Then in lines down the curtain, commencing from the large ring at the top and finishing by the large ring at the bottom, sew smaller brass rings at intervals of a quarter of a yard apart. These should, of course, be sewn inside the curtain. Then fasten the top bar of wood to two hooks knocked into the sides of the doorway, and tying strong lines to the large rings on the lower bar of the curtain, pass them up through the small rings on the calico to the large rings on the top bar; then dividing these lines into two equal portions, draw one portion to one side of the doorway and the other portion to the opposite side, first taking care to tie the ends of each portion in one large knot. Then wind the superfluous lengths round a couple of hooks fixed on each side of the doorway. When the curtain is to be drawn up, persons on each side of it should officiate, commencing their work in unison when a small bell is rung as a signal. They should never quit their posts, as it is seldom in the power of those who "pose" to remain immovable for longer than between two and three minutes. It is better, therefore, to draw up, and let the curtain fall two or three times, than run any risk of destroying the illusion by the moving of any of the actors. An interval of two minutes affords sufficient rest between each drawing up of the curtain.

We now turn to the subject of—

Grouping.

There are a few rules on this point which should never, with some rare exceptions, be departed from. In a picture, the main secret of success is the manner in which light and shade fall on the different parts of it. And the most frequent error of the inexperienced in arranging "living pictures" is the introduction of too great a variety of bright colours. Showy costumes should be intermingled with those of a more sombre hue. In general, the lightest and palest-tinted dresses should be in the background, to relieve the darker ones. If the interest of the picture fall on one principal figure, that figure should be clothed in white, if a woman; or in a simple dark dress of one tint throughout, if a man.

As the sight of the *tableau* is so transitory, these strong contrasts are needed to tell the story quickly to the imagination. In general, the tallest figures should be in the background, so that all

may be seen ; but this rule must be reversed when there is space enough on the stage to attempt anything like perspective or distance. To effect this, the figures should gradually become shorter and smaller, and the tints of the dresses paler and less vivid.

To the inexperienced, and amongst parties of young friends who cannot boast of the knowledge and taste of an artist to guide them, I would say, "Choose your subjects always from pictures, or engravings of good pictures, by celebrated artists." The latter are always accessible ; even the albums and keepsakes of a few years back have reproduced in excellent miniature engravings some of the best pictures of favourite modern artists. All, even the most favoured by nature, are not gifted with that rare quality, natural grace ; and by selecting the attitudes from a picture which speaks for itself as the production of genius, you are more certain to give pleasure to the spectator, more certain to escape the awkwardness of affected attitudes. In another page we will suggest a few pictures best adapted by the nature of their subjects and numbers for *tableaux vivants*.

I shall conclude this chapter by adding that there should be three in authority over the band of actors assembled together to perform "living pictures." I will first mention the stage manager. To this character the care of every detail connected with the stage, the curtain, and the providing of the lights, should be confided. It is he who should ring a small bell as a signal either for assembling the various characters or for drawing up or letting fall the curtain. It is also his province to see that a programme of the pictures, in the succession they are to be performed, is clearly written out and pasted up in the dressing-rooms of both ladies and gentlemen. He also should give the signal for turning out the lights in the spectators' apartment ; and he should take care to provide for each performer a separate drawer or box, placed in the dressing-rooms, so that none may at the last moment have to search for missing articles of his or her costume. Music, which is such a delightful accessory in these performances, should also, to a certain extent, be under the control of the stage manager ; though the choice of appropriate pieces to be played during and between the representation of each *tableau* must, of course, depend on his knowledge of the subject.

The second, and not less important person in authority, is the

artist (or self-elected artist), who has the arranging of the groups, and the appropriation of the several characters to each. The authority of this person ought to be unquestioned; his word should, in his official capacity, be law. If he be qualified for his part (without which he should not be chosen), his directions as to costume and grouping should be implicitly carried out.

The third person, whose services are very important, is the ladies' dresser and wardrobe assistant. This should be somebody who understands costume; and though she does not absolutely assist in dressing, her part should be to see that all are well provided and adorned, according to the directions of the artist, before going on the stage. She should also have at hand needles and thread, tape, and ribbons, in case of any accident. Whoever will study and follow out our suggestions in this matter, which we offer to our young readers as the result of considerable personal experience, will certainly give pleasure, and reap applause, by any representation of *tableaux vivants*.

TABLEAU I.—*The Princess Doria washing the feet of the Pilgrims at Rome.*

From a picture by Sir David Wilkie, R.A.

Female figures only.

In all Roman Catholic countries it is customary that on one day (Maundy Thursday), during the Holy Passion week, kings, queens, and royal and noble princes and princesses, should wash the feet of, and serve at table, their poorer brethren. For this ceremony, which is an act on the part of kings and princes of acknowledgment towards their Creator that in His sight all men are equal, the pilgrims at Rome are generally selected.

When Sir David Wilkie was visiting the Holy City, he witnessed this ceremony, and was so much struck by the whole spectacle, as well as the youth and beauty of the Princess Doria, that he adopted it as the subject of one of his happiest and most touching pictures.

In the foreground of the painting are two Italian peasants seated on a wooden bench in a church. The nearest figure is young and handsome, the second older, and, perhaps, intended for the mother of the first. This latter is viewed completely in profile. One of her naked feet is somewhat raised, and resting

between the hands of the Princess Doria, who is kneeling on the floor, and engaged in the act of washing the peasant woman's foot. One of the peasant woman's hands is raised with a handkerchief to the side of her face farthest from the spectator. She is evidently wiping away a tear that has started to her eyes in the contemplation of the act of humiliation undertaken by the Princess. Neither hand nor handkerchief, however, conceal the handsome profile of the peasant woman. Her other hand lends to her support by resting on the wooden bench on which she is sitting. The costume of this peasant woman is composed of brilliant colours. She wears a scarlet woollen skirt, over which, in front, is a short apron striped in brilliant green, red, and yellow. Her bodice is of black velvet without sleeves; but with a band that goes over her shoulders and displays a full white chemise sleeve. On her shoulder is a showy-coloured handkerchief; and her head-dress is the graceful white Neapolitan square-folded cloth, laid flat on the top of her head, and hanging down over her shoulders behind it. The second figure who is seated next her is also nearly viewed in profile. She appears to be in prayer, as her arms are folded across her bosom, and from one hand falls a rosary. The skirt of her dress must be of a darker hue—say dark brown, and her bodice and sleeves of a bright azure-coloured stuff. In the picture painted by Sir. D. Wilkie, the Princess Doria is represented as wearing a black dress with a white muslin apron. In a *tableau vivant*, however, it is not always either possible or advisable to stick closely to the exact colouring of costumes or complexions. In this instance, considering the background of the stage as likely to be black, it will be as well to change the black dresses for one of white satin or yellow satin. The Princess Doria is kneeling on the floor, holding in her hands the feet of the peasant woman which she is wiping. Her lovely face, though bent somewhat down, is in full view towards the spectators. Behind the Princess stands a young female attendant, also superbly attired, holding a shawl over her arm. Her face is also nearly in full view, her other hand hangs easily down by her side. Still further back in the church are the figures of two other peasant women. One is drawing on her shoes. It is evident that she has had her feet washed. The other is a young girl, whose face is buried in her hands and handkerchief; tears she cannot suppress flow at the sight of the young Princess's piety and grace. The

two last figures may be omitted if the stage appears crowded by the first four described. They are dressed in the same style of costume as those already described worn by the other peasant women, excepting that one has no white head-dress on her head. These two figures, however, if retained in the *tableau* should not wear such brilliant colours as the peasants in the foreground, and the light should be so arranged as to throw them into shadow; they being only accessory figures. In the foreground, on the floor of the church, beside the Princess, is the golden jug, standing on a silver plate or salver, from which she has poured water over the feet of the pilgrims. We have not in this description adhered strictly in every detail to Sir David Wilkie's colouring, as the rich tone of the church architecture cannot be had as a background. It will be found necessary, sometimes, to make some little changes in colour, though it is never desirable to change the position of figures and groups when copying from a good picture. And whenever the arrangement of light in a picture is strongly marked it should be strictly adhered to.

TABLEAU II.—*The Prophet of St. Paul's.*

Taken from a picture painted by A. F. Chalon, R.A.

THE incident which suggested this pleasing and graceful picture is familiar to all readers of history as having been frequently mentioned in various memoirs referring to the times of Charles II. of England. Those who consult them will find an amusing description of the Earl of Rochester, who was famous alike for his talents and follies, disguising himself as an astrologer, just arrived from the East, advertising his residence in London, and professing to draw out horoscopes and read the destinies and fortunes of those who desired to consult him.

In a short time every lady and gallant cavalier of the court of the "Merrie Monarch" were flocking to consult the newly-arrived and famous astrologer, little suspecting the real name and character of the advertiser. It was said that Charles himself went in disguise to consult him, and heard some truths he was hardly prepared to hear.

The subject of the picture, however, is supposed to be "la belle Jennings," as she was called—a lady to whom Rochester himself

had once paid his addresses—consulting the astrologer. The latter is represented as seated before a small table on which are books, some closed, and one large folio lying open before him.

On the other side of the table stands a young and beautiful lady, attired in white satin, and leaning one hand on the shoulder of a small Ethiopian page-boy. Her other hand is held out for the inspection of the lines in its palm by the astrologer, who is gazing on it, touching it with the tips of his own fingers. These three are the only figures in the picture; but from the great contrast presented by each, it is particularly adapted for representation as a *tableau vivant*.

The astrologer wears a loose black robe, reaching to his feet, and covered with cabalistic signs and emblems. On his head is a large green velvet cap made to come down in flaps over the sides of his face; this must be dark in tint, so as to contrast with his shaggy eyebrows and long flowing white beard. The hand which is not supporting that of “la belle Jennings” is holding large magnifying glasses up to his eyes so that not one line in the hand of the fair lady may escape his observation. The lady is attired in the costume of the beauties of Charles II.’s reign, well-known to us through the pencils of Vandyke and Lely. Her white satin dress is made with a corsage long and peaked, the sleeves are very full and ample; round her throat is a single row of very large pearls, and her hair is divided into countless tendril-like ringlets. The black page who stands in the foreground of the picture by her side, wears a crimson and black slashed costume of the period, trimmed with gold; his black arms are bare, and he holds in his hand a small cap of silk. In his ears are hung large round rings of gold.

In performing this as a *tableau vivant* some little pains must be taken with the accessories, so as to give to the mind the idea of an astrologer’s apartment. Stuffed birds, glass bottles containing vegetables, or dead animals, should be ranged about; a large globe of the heavenly bodies, with a few massive volumes, should be in the foreground by the prophet’s side. The cover to the table should have a gorgeous pattern, and the background hung, if possible, with signs of the black art. It must always be remembered that, in performing *tableaux*, the quality of many of the materials is unimportant; the picture is viewed at a distance, and therefore, in the accessories, *effect* is the only essential to

be studied. A young boy or girl should be chosen for the black page in this *tableau*; the hair should be short and frizzed up, to imitate that of a negro's; the skin must be darkened by lamp-black, which will be soon cleaned off by applying afterwards some sweet oil or cold cream to the face and arms that have been blackened.

Having given a detailed account of two subjects from pictures for "living pictures," we will content ourselves now with presenting a list of subjects as suggestions to those who would study and arrange these representations from the engravings or pictures referred to:—

1. Hogarth's scene from the Marriage à-la-Mode. *Figures consisting of husband, wife, and steward.*
2. Kemble in the character of Hamlet. Painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence. *One figure.*
3. As a pendant to No. 2, may be suggested, Mrs. Siddons in the character of Lady Macbeth.
4. Winterhalter's picture of the Empress Eugénie, surrounded by her ladies.
5. Joan d'Arc, in armour, *as a statue.*
6. The Waterloo Banquet. Painted by Hayter.
7. The Princes in the Tower. *Two figures.* Engraving from a celebrated French picture by Paul Delaroche.
8. The Huguenots, by Millais. *Two figures.*
9. Beatrice Cenci on her way to the scaffold, by Guido. *One figure.*
10. The Canterbury Pilgrims.
11. Judith with the head of Holofernes. Picture by Riedl. Engraved in the Art Union.
12. Queen Victoria and the Duke of Wellington. 'The Duke's visit to his godchild, Prince Arthur.

If the talents of the band of performers are such as would aid them in the composition of groups, we need only suggest subjects in history and well-known fictions that in themselves present striking pictures.

For instance:—

1. The death of Sir John Moore.
2. Napoleon and his Old Guard at Waterloo.

3. Appearance of the Ghost in Hamlet.
4. Rienzi in the House of Colonna. (From *Bulwer Lytton*.)
5. Jeanie Deans and Queen Caroline. (From *Walter Scott*.)
6. Catherine Douglas barring the door with her arm.
7. Sir Henry Lee and Charles II. (From *Woodstock*.)
8. Cagliostro shows in his Magic Mirror to a young cavalier the figure of his deceased lady-love.

TABLEAUX VIVANTS, illustrating Schiller's "Song of the Bell."

IN the early part of the year 1852 an extensive fire broke out in the town of Trauenstein, in Bavaria. Its effects were most disastrous, spreading rapidly among the wood-built houses, until nearly half the town was consumed, and its unfortunate inhabitants left exposed to all the inclemencies of a tardy Bavarian spring, without clothes or shelter. As soon as the news of the calamity reached the capital, the King of Bavaria and many of the principal nobility and gentlemen of Munich started for the scene of suffering, and by the prompt distribution of money, food, and raiment, did all that could be done at the moment to alleviate the distress of so many homeless beings. The king himself saved, by his judicious orders on the spot, the remainder of the town, causing houses to be razed in the quarters the fire seemed most likely to spread in, and by his calm and collected presence inciting the panic-stricken inhabitants to fresh exertions. The wealthy and compassionate in Munich hastened to forward their subscriptions and contributions. Extensive, however, as these were, the king on his return pronounced them still inadequate, and he, with the queen, united in calling on the ladies and gentlemen of his court—at that moment celebrating the carnival in Munich—to turn their talents, and even their amusements, to good account for the unhappy sufferers at Trauenstein. After some little deliberation, it was determined that a series of *tableaux vivants* should be prepared. The respectable public were to be admitted by paid tickets, obtained from one or other of the lady patronesses. Two representations were decided upon: the first being in the light of a dress rehearsal, the moderate sum of a florin was only



CAGLIOSTRO'S MAGIC MIRROR.

See page 146

demanded. This representation was crowded by the tradespeople and bourgeoisie of the town. The second evening, the king, queen, and court, with all that was great and gay in Munich, graced the *tableaux* as spectators, the tickets being nominally raised to two florins. As they became scarcer, however, the price rose again, and an English family stopping for a few days at one of the hotels in Munich had to pay, it was said, as much as ten florins each for their tickets; a price considered extortionate by many of the Germans, but which the fair lady patroness who sold the tickets considered herself quite justified in demanding from "those rich English" in the cause of charity. Duke Maximilian, of Bavaria, placed the private theatre in his palace at the disposal of the performers, who were selected from amongst the noblest of the Bavarian families, or from the various members of the foreign *corps diplomatique* then resident at Munich; chosen, of course, chiefly for their personal attractions. Three young English girls also assisted in the performances, and well sustained Englishwomen's pretensions to the necessary qualifications. The director of the royal theatre lent his valuable services, and superintended the getting up of the scenery and accessories; whilst three of the first artists in Munich undertook to arrange the grouping costumes and lighting up of the *tableaux*. The cousin of the Emperor of the French (Count Charles T— de la P—) was made stage manager; and, finally, the subject selected was Schiller's beautiful and popular poem, the "Song of the Bell." Nine *tableaux vivants* were to illustrate this, ushered in by the introductory scene of the bell-casting. We will pass lightly over the preliminary preparations, the several rehearsals, before all was deemed complete and perfect, merely hinting that, in spite of the charitable object of the performance, the assembling together of so many various elements was not free from the usual amount of heart-burnings and discontent amongst those who deemed their pretensions to beauty and grace entitled them to the most prominent positions. Before the last rehearsal these feelings were all calmed down by the artists' infallible decrees on the subject, or by the discontented withdrawing their services and much amiability, on the other hand, was displayed by one or two of the "grande dames" placing their costly wardrobes at the disposal of their poorer sisters for the occasion. Beauty is not always presuming and pretentious, for the most graceful and

brilliant of the company, the beautiful and high-born Countess de B——, was as conspicuous for her generosity and amiability on the occasion as for the rare personal attractions which adorned the *tableaux*. When the eventful day arrived, the green-room presented a strange medley of costumes. Obedient to the drawings given them by the artists, the performers had to make their costumes their own particular charge. The awkward fashion of men's costume in the present day necessitated the choice of a period when their habiliments in particular were richer and more shapely. The period of the reign of Francis I., of France, was decided on. Clad in rich velvet stuffs and tight hose, the men looked bravely, whilst it also afforded an opportunity to the ladies of displaying, on their square-cut bodices, the blaze of magnificent hereditary jewels for which the Bavarian families are famous. The artists were the critics and approvers, giving a hint here, entreating some little change from another; and our English readers will be glad to hear that, amongst the most correct copies of the period given, the costumes of their countrywomen were conspicuous. Much amusement amongst the actors and actresses was created by the stage manager arrogating to himself the part of rouge applier; it being found that in the strong glare of theatrical light a more than ordinary amount of red paint was necessary to prevent the dangers of a ghastly appearance to those who impersonated youth and health. Behind the scenes, however, such glaring colours were not appreciated by the fair performers, so as fast as the Count T—— applied the colour, he detected some quiet rubbing down not approved of. At last, however, all is ready, the signal bell rings, the performers in silence take their places, well rehearsed before-hand, and the curtain rises, displaying the introductory *tableau* of—

The Foundry.

Dimly seen by the red uncertain light of the furnaces are the tall powerful forms of the workmen, in their leathern aprons and bared arms, anxiously watching the heating of the metal until the critical moment shall arrive when it will be ready to flow into the mould prepared to receive it, and assume the form of—

The Bell.

Nothing could be more effective than the grouping, colouring,

and light, of this Rembrandt-like *tableau*, which seemed to give a living interest and force to the words of the poet, uttered by the full, deep voice of the young nobleman who, enacting the master or foreman, was heard addressing his companions

“Fest gemaüert in der Erde,” &c.

For the benefit of our English readers, we shall give the English translation of the recitation.

“Firmly bound, the mould of clay
 In its dungeon walls doth stand ;
 Born must be the bell to-day,
 Comrades, haste, now be at hand !
 From the brows of all
 Must the sweat-drop fall.
 If in his work the master live,
 The blessing God alone can give.

* * *

“Wood cut from the pine-tree take,
 But well seasoned let it be,
 That the flames compressed may break
 Through the cauldron's molten sea.
 Boil the copper within,
 Quick, bring hither the tin ;
 That the bell's tough metal may
 Smoothly flow, in truest way !”

Here the voice of the master ceased for a while, and logs of wood were thrust into the furnace, making the sparks fly brightly out, whilst the fire burnt hot and fresh, casting through the dark chamber its reflections on the master and workmen. And now the head workman comes forward and takes up the theme :—

“What in earth's deep and hidden cell ?
 The hand with fire's help doth speed
 Will in the steeple's belfry dwell,
 And loudly witness of our deed.
 In many an ear its thrilling tale
 'Twill pour, nor heed the flight of time ;
 'Twill with the child of sorrow wail,
 And join devotion's choral chime.

“Whate’er unto the earth-born crowd
 The frown or smile of fortune bring,
 The metal tongue proclaims it loud,
 While far those cheering accents ring.

* * *

With festive, joyous accents rife
 It greets the well-beloved child,
 Launched on its first career of life,
 In slumber’s arm so sweet and mild.”

As the voice of the workman concluded, uttering these last words, a strain of soft music arose. Slowly a curtain at the back of the foundry drew up, revealing the pictured scene just described in the poet’s words. A long, winding, christening procession, in the picturesque costumes of the middle-ages, is approaching the church-door. The parents lead the way; the mother’s head is turned back to gaze at the infant’s, lying in the nurse’s arms, followed by the sponsors, relatives, and friends. It was easy to detect the artistic feeling which had placed a lovely boy of about eight years old leaning in a graceful attitude against the door of the church, apparently watching the procession advance. This child, the only son of Count B——m, was one of the ornaments of this and the successive *tableaux*. Three times the curtain rose and fell, the workmen of the foundry, in front of the stage, drawing off to each side, so as not to interfere with the mute and motionless *tableau* which formed such a brilliant contrast, in light and colouring, to the foundry. As the curtain fell for the last time on this, the first *tableau*, the music ceased, and the master’s voice was again heard:—

“See the silver bubbles flow!
 Good! the molten billows swell!
 Potash in the furnace throw,
 For it speeds the casting well.
 And from scoria free
 Must the mixture be,
 That its voice may, full and clear,
 Wake the echoes of the sphere.”

The workmen, after obeying the master’s order, wait and watch again, listening anew to the foreman, who resumes:—

"Where gentleness with strength we find,
 The tender with the stern combined,
 The harmony is sweet and strong ;
 Then prove, e'er wedlock's wreath be twined,
 If heart to heart its fetters bind ;
 Illusion's sweet, repentance long.
 Sweetly, in the bridal locks,
 Smiles the virgin wreath of green,*
 When the mellow church bell rocks,
 Bidding to the festive scene."

Here, again, as the workman's voice paused, the curtain behind the foundry was raised, and before the altar in the *tableau* were seen kneeling the bride and bridegroom, with the assembled guests. The bride was the young and innocent-looking Countess S—m—, and distinguished among the bridesmaids and guests were the two young English girls already referred to. Nothing could be more brilliant than the whole picture, the rich white satin dress of the bride giving prominence to her figure against the dark and richly-slashed velvet dresses surrounding her. After three exhibitions of this *tableau* to the spectators the curtain fell, and the work of the foundry was resumed. The master's voice being again heard :—

"Lo, the pipe's already brown !
 I will dip this wand therein,
 Doth a glaze the surface crown,
 We the casting may begin ;
 Quick, amid the glow,
 Test the medley's flow.
 See, if with a goodly sign,
 Soft and brittle doth combine."

The proving over, the workman's voice is again heard, reciting :—

"Then boundless in torrents comes pouring the gift,
 The garners o'erflow with the costliest thrift ;
 The store-rooms increase, the mansions expand.

* In Germany it is customary for a bride to wear a *green* instead of a white wreath.

Within it reigns
 The prudent wife,
 The tender mother ;
 In wisdom's ways
 Her house she sways ;
 Instructeth the girls,
 Controlleth the boys ;
 With diligent hands
 She works and commands ;
 Increases the gains,
 And order maintains."

He pauses, and the curtain is again raised behind the foundry, accompanied always by soft music, and displaying a young mother at her spinning-wheel, surrounded by her children prettily grouped with their toys. One boy is, however, raising his whip to strike his companion ; the mother's hand has arrested the wheel for a moment that she may raise the other in an attitude of correction towards the culprit. The eldest girl is hanging caressingly over the back of the mother's chair, watching and learning to perform the mother's task. This *tableau* was particularly touching to the hearts of the German bourgeoisie, and they entreated an additional repetition of it. At last, the curtain falling again, the master recites :—

" Good ! now may the cast begin .
 Firm the fracture is and fair !
 But, before we run it in,
 Offer up a fervent prayer !
 Loose the spigot, loose !
 God preserve the house !
 Smoking in the hollow cave,
 Rushes forth the glowing wave."

When the workmen have obeyed the master's voice and pause again, the workman is once more heard reciting :—

" How genial is fire's might,
 When tamed and watched by man aright !
 Whate'er he forms, or shapes, its source
 He owes to this celestial force.
 But fearful this celestial force,
 When bursting forth in madden'd course,

Unshackled on its path so wild,
It rushes, Nature's free-born child!
Woe, when bursting forth it flies,
Spreading with unbridled ire,
In the busy street arise
Mountain waves of raging fire!
For the elements despise
Wealth that human hands acquire.

From the cloud
Blessings rush,
Waters gush;
Where it listeth, light'ning flashes,
Thunder crashes!
Hear ye that wail from yon tower's walls?
The tocsin calls!
Red as blood
Glow the skies!
That is not daylight's flood!
Hark! what cries
In street and square
Clouds uptear!

Surging upwards higher, higher,
Through the streets the pillared fire
Rushes with the whirlwind's ire!
Like the blast in furnace pent,
Glow the air now beams are rent!
Windows rattle, rafters creak,
Mothers wonder, children shriek,
And cattle low
Mid ruin's glow!

They run, they save, rush to and fro,
The night vies with the daylight's glow!
As the zealous chain expands
Through the hands
Flies the bucket; arching o'er,
Streams the jet, the torrents pour.
Then the storm, 'mid howl and roar,
With the raging flames dispute,
Crackling 'mid the grain and fruit;

Through the garner's space they gleam,
 Seize the dry and massive beam ;
 And as though they in their flight
 Would the earth-ball with them tear,
 Upwards sweeping through the air,
 Surge they to the heaven's height,
 With giant scope !
 Deprived of hope,
 Man submits as he surveys,
 Wond'ring with an idle gaze,
 What the hand of God has done."

Hardly had the reciter's voice concluded this wondrous description of a fire, recalling all the sorrows of their unfortunate brethren at Trauenstein, when the curtain behind the foundry was drawn swiftly up, and there before the spectators was the scene realized : a glaring red light illumined the agonized faces of the townsfolk, watching the fearful progress of the destructive element. Against the burning house a ladder had been placed, and the moment of the *tableau* was that when a beautiful young boy, without any other covering but his child's shirt, was being carried in the arms of a young man down the ladder. On her knees in the street was the agonized and prayerful mother, the red flames from the house casting strong reflections on her face and on those of the townsfolk grouped around her. This *tableau* produced a stirring effect on the feelings of the spectators on the night of the court representation ; the murmur of applause was increased by the royal party giving the signal for the expression of satisfaction and admiration, and the applause was long and repeated. The curtain fell over it at last, and once more the audience were illumined only by the fitful light from the foundry And the master's voice was again heard :—

“ In the earth it is received !
 With success the mould we fill ;
 Will the work, when 'tis achieved,
 Recompense our toil and skill ?
 If the cast should break ?
 If the mould be weak ?
 Alas ! while hope still cheers us on,
 Perhaps fell mischief 's done.”

Then the workman takes up the strain from the master :—

“ From the steeple
Tolls the bell,
Deep and sadly,
Death’s last knell,
The mournful dirge peals from the lofty dome,
To guide a wand’rer to his last long home.
’Tis the wife, the well-beloved one,
’Tis, alas! the faithful mother,
Whom the prince of shadows chases
From her husband’s fond embraces,
From her children in their bloom.”

The curtain drew slowly up, and revealed a mournful party clothed in black. A father, with his children grouped around, mourning their mother. This scene, which formed to artistic eyes a good contrast to the glowing colours hitherto displayed, was nevertheless painful and therefore dismissed in silence by the spectators. It was not long before the voice of the master again broke the silence with—

“ Till the bell can cool away,
Let us leave our toil a while.
As the feathered songsters play,
So may each his time beguile.
When the stars appear,
Free from care and fear,
The workman hears the vesper bell,
The master cannot care dispel.”

Then the workman’s voice continued :—

“ Cheerful through the forest’s gloom
Wends the wanderer his steps
Back to his dear cottage home ;
Through the gate
Reels the wain ;
’Neath the grain
On the sheaves,
With their many-coloured leaves,
Garlands lie ;
To the dance the jocund reapers
Jocund hie.”

The curtain again drew up revealing a most graceful picture. Peasant girls and men, surrounded by corn sheaves, were in the various attitudes of dancing. Two graceful figures in the foreground were prominent in beauty. One, a young peasant woman arrayed in brilliant colours, was holding up in her hands, high above her head, a bunch of grapes, the long sweeping tendrils of which had woven themselves round her head and form. Standing behind her was a youthful father, holding up a child to snatch the proffered bunch of grapes. The beauty of the mother, represented by the wife of the Count Charles T——, and the charmingly natural attitude of the father and child was the admiration of all; and this *tableau* coming after the scene of mourning dazzled the eyes of all by its gaiety and brightness. When the curtain dropped again, the master resumed the work at the furnace, saying:—

“Break asunder now the mould,
 For its work is done at last;
 Let both heart and eye behold
 Proudly the successful cast!
 Wield the hammer, wield,
 Till it split the shield!
 Before the bell can rise on high,
 The mantel must in pieces fly.”

The workman follows up the master's pause, saying:—

“Now freedom's cry is heard around,
 The peaceful burghers fly to arms;
 The streets fill fast, the halls resound,
 And murd'rous bands spread dire alarms.
 Woe, when within the city's wall,
 The smould'ring sparks in silence burn;
 The people, bursting from their thrall,
 To savage wilfulness return;
 Then rocks the bell upon its throne
 And howls on high; rebellion calls;
 And vow'd but to a peaceful tone,
 The signal gives for savage brawls.”

Here the curtain again drew up, showing the street of a town. On the ground was the wounded and prostrate figure of an armed man; between him and the pursuers, threatening with spears,

swords, and battle-axes, a beautiful but shrinking woman had thrown herself, shielding with her own body that of her dying lover; one hand was raised, and her supplicating face was turned towards the murderous tribe, levelling their weapons against the fallen man.

As the curtain fell, the master resumed his recitation:—

“ God hath filled me with delight !
 Like a golden star, behold !
 Like a kernel, smooth and bright,
 Peels the metal from the mould !
 How the whole doth gleam
 Like the sunny beam !
 And in the escutcheon’s shield
 Is a master’s hand revealed.
 Come in, come in !
 Stand, comrades, round, and lend your aid
 To christen, now the bell we’ve made.
 Concordia her name shall be !
 In bonds of peace and concord may her peal
 Unite the loving congregation’s zeal.”

Again the curtain rose—the triumphant music almost drowning the speaker’s voice.

The final *tableau* displayed the bell itself, “Concordia” written on its side, whilst grouped around it were all the principal figures of the various *tableaux*. Soon, again, the music slackened and paused, allowing the master’s voice to be heard for the last time:—

“ With the power of the cable
 Raise the bell from out the ground,
 That to mount it may be able
 Up to heaven’s realm of sound.
 Pull, comrades, raise !
 See, she moves, she sways !
 O’er our town let gladness reign,
 Peace, be this her first refrain.”

Whilst uttering this final verse, the bell was slowly drawn up to the roof of the theatre, supported at its first movement by the hands of all the fair bevy of performers. When it was seen no

more, the curtain fell. The king and queen were graciously pleased to send a message to the performers expressive of their enjoyment of the evening's entertainment, and their satisfaction that the appeal made to the ladies and gentlemen of the court, in aid of the charitable mission, had been so completely and successfully responded to. Several thousand florins were in this manner collected for the inhabitants of Trauenstein; and the artists of Munich were so entirely satisfied with the *Tableaux Vivants*, that a series of engravings by Retzsch, illustrating the "Song of the Bell," and drawn from the "living pictures," perpetuated in Germany the evening's amusement. One of these we have included among the illustrations in this volume.*

We have given this little sketch, written by an eye-witness, without any curtailment, believing it will be interesting to our readers, and of service in suggesting plans and ideas when a series of *tableaux* illustrating any poem or subject is desired. We trust, also, that the perusal of the above may incite our youthful readers sometimes to turn their talents and amusements to profit in the cause of charity as successfully as the ladies of Munich.

CHAPTER V.

BURLESQUE ENTERTAINMENTS.

IT has been well said that it is good for us all to talk a little nonsense at times, as long as it is innocent nonsense; for we thus recreate the mind more completely than by any amusement demanding the least activity of the intellect.

It must be on this ground, therefore, that burlesque entertainments have been of late years so popular with the public; and this must be our excuse for introducing them into the present volume.

* The music played during this representation was composed expressly for the occasion by the Baron de Perfhal, a celebrated German amateur then residing at Munich.

THE BARMECIDE'S FEAST;

Or, The Adventures of the Barber's Sixth Brother. A Burlesque, in Two Scenes.

Characters.

SCHACABAC, *the barber's sixth brother—a mendicant.*

The BARMECIDE, *a rich but eccentric nobleman of Bagdad.*

ABDALLAH, *his butler.*

HASSAN, *his footman.*

WALKING TURKS. PROLOGUE.

Costumes of the Characters.

SCHACABAC.—Large red and yellow bandana pocket-handkerchief turban, loosely rolled, one end hanging down untidily; dingy green or brown Turkish trousers, ragged and dirty; white calico sash, soiled and worn out; square open jacket, orange or red in colour, faded also; coloured flannel shirt; old slippers, in holes and down at heels; throat and arms from the elbows bare; general aspect of poverty and want of washing.

BARMECIDE.—Crimson velvet jacket, square and open, sleeves hanging; arms bare, but ornamented with showy sham diamond or gold bracelets; variegated chintz waistcoat, pattern flowery; splendid dark blue satin (glazed calico) trousers, very full, and fastened at the ankle; scarlet stockings; gold slippers, pointed and turned up at the toes; crimson or scarlet Indian scarf, embroidered in gold, worn as a sash round the waist, the ends hanging gracefully down, and in which two or three handsome paper knives may be stuck in default of daggers; voluminous dark-green glazed calico turban, half a yard across; tall peacock's feather, fastened upright on the front of the turban by an immense and showy gilt crescent; very long, thick, and flowing white beard of white wool, fastened on with invisible strings; long walking-stick chibouque, which, when the curtain draws up, he is discovered in the act of smoking whilst seated cross-legged on his divan.

ABDALLAH and HASSAN.—Complete servants' livery: coloured cloth coats with silver buttons, cords, and knots; plush waistcoats and shorts, with silk stockings and pumps; large white muslin turbans, with the Barmecide's crest in gilt paper on the

front of each ; white Berlin gloves. As the performers of these two parts may also enact those of the walking Turks who appear on the stage when Schacabac is singing, let them be ready dressed in the above costume, but slip over ample petticoat-trousers of white or red glazed calico, with Paisley shawls as sashes, and loose jackets of any material or brilliant hue. The turbans, the same, only exchanging the crest for a brooch or plume of showy effect.

Enter PROLOGUE, dressed in antique fashion.

Trunk hose, striped crimson and green ; crimson doublet, large ruff, short black velvet cloak, black silk stockings, shoes with large rosettes, long rapier, black velvet cap ; his hair gray. He halts, and, walking feebly, leans on his stick with both hands, appearing very old.

(Takes off his cap and bows to the audience.)

Ladies and Gentlemen,—Of course, you know
My name and office. What? you don't say No!
Is that the meaning of the blank surprise
Now streaming on me from your opened eyes?
What's this? you say ; we came to see a piece,
Not this intrusive fellow! Pray, now, cease

(Shaking his head at them.)

That rude, impertinent, and vulgar stare,
And who I am—you shall be made aware. •
I'm not the manager, not come to say
That any of the actors cannot play,
For no one's indisposed ; not e'en a cold
Makes havoc in their numbers. Be it told—
Since courteous recognition you refuse,
And force me thus myself to introduce—
That I am here "to introduce the play,"
And surely "'tis old Prologue" you will say.
Well, yes, you're right, your great-grandfather's friend
Stands now before you ; and so please attend
While I assist you, as I'm very happy,
To comprehend what's coming on the *tapis*.
The story's too well known to need relation,
Its very name gives ample explanation,

And therefore needs not here to be repeated ;
But, gentle audience, know you are entreated
In the first scene to view this carpet gay

(Points to carpet.)

As any dusty, muddy, trampled way ;
These papered walls as houses, and what's more,

(Pointing to walls.)

Lighted with many a window, many a door.
And if you wonder to see papers clad
In gay, bright colours, know they're in Bagdad.
The second scene is once again a room,
Rich with silk glories of the Persian loom ;
With Turkey carpets really comfortable,
With soft divans, no chairs, and yet a table ;
And on that table—well, I'll not disclose
What will appear, or you will say I prose,
And on your patience I shall prove a clog.
Past are the days when I and Epilogue
Commanded hearing, stooped not to implore.
I must away ! or shall be called a bore !
So leave the actors all the rest to tell,
And may you, critics, find they do it well.

(Makes his bow to audience in an old-fashioned manner, and then exit, halting in his walk, and leaning on his stick.)

SCENE I.—*A Street in Bagdad.*

Enter SCHACABAC by right door, singing a street song and offering a tin plate to passers-by in the hopes of remuneration.

SCHACABAC. *(Singing.)* Air—"I'm Afloat."

I'm a Turk, I'm a Turk, I'm a Mussulman true,
No dog of a Christian, no hound of a Jew !
My wants to relieve, oh ! ye faithful, incline,
My grave be defiled, if I ever eat swine !
Bismillah ! 'tis seldom, indeed, I can dine.
My voice become cracked if I tell you a lie,
I hav'n't a farthing to spend or lay by ;

Mashallah! my fast is unbroken to day,
 For who will sell food to the man who can't pay?
 Then throw me a penny! 'tis not thrown away.

(Runs about, looking up at the windows of surrounding houses, but receives no encouragement. At last, sees respectable old Turk passing, hastens after him, and presents the tin plate.)

(Sings.) My father! the soul of your grandmother live!
 The prophet defend you! I hope you will give
 A trifling donation to one whose sad case
 Deserves your compassion—you wont? then the place
 Of your family sepulchre, jackals deface!

(Old Turk walks unconcernedly on.)

SCHAC. *(Sitting despairingly down on doorstep, cross-legged.)*

Now what on earth am I to do? one thing is very plain,
 My style of singing don't go down—I can't try *that* again.
 It only shows the utter want of taste among the many,
 But certainly it don't succeed, I hav'n't turned a penny.
 I really hav'n't tasted food this morning, without fibbing,
 And Schacabac's an honest boy, and ne'er will take to cribbing.
 My late lamented father, well, you told me very true,
 When warning me what idleness one day would bring me to.
 I own your wisdom when too late to profit by the lesson,
 And wish that I had taken in good time to some profession.
 But what's the use of thinking now, the money being spent,
 With which my worthy father to a rising business meant
 To bind me as apprentice? Had he only lived to do it!
 Instead of which he left it me by will, how much I rue it!
 For then in speculations, which not once did e'er succeed,
 I wasted all, and now am brought to beggary and need.
 Oh! if like him I had but worked, and had not sought to
 double

My little store by avarice, I should not be in trouble.

(Wipes his eyes with end of his turban, and muses.)

Hem! shall I try it on? a begging letter,
 So touchingly, so elegantly written;
 Mashallah, no! Bismillah! this is better,
 A capital idea that I've just hit on!

(Slaps his sides and cuts a caper in the air.)

I will apply to good Lord Barmecide ;
 (I wonder I ne'er thought of it before) ;
 I'll ask to see him, will not be denied—
 Beard of the Prophet ! there's his very door.

(Runs across the stage to left door.)

For visitors this bell, for servants that.
 Odious distinction ! which I will not heed :
 I know plush nature, and a rat-a-tat
 Will bring John Thomas at his utmost speed.

(Gives a thundering knock at the door. ABDALLAH throws the door wide open. On seeing SCHACABAC his manner changes.)

ABD. *(Insolently.)* Well now, my good fellow,
 And what do you want ?

SCHAC. *(Nonchalantly.)* Is your master at home ?
 Can I see him ?

ABD. *(Rudely.)* You can't.
 And please to take notice next time as you call
 You'd better not come to the front door at all.
 Partic'lar remember, that parties as knock
 Are not of *your* style, or my feelings you'll shock.
 It isn't my business to stand here all day,
 And look after beggars, so come, cut away
(Offers to shut door.)

SCHAC. For love of the Prophet ! just one moment stay,
 I really have something most pressing to say.

ABD. Well, then, just get on faster.

SCHAC. If I could but see your master—!

ABD. Yes ; you'd like it, I've no doubt,
 But you're just a little out,
 For that won't come about.
 What do *you* think, Mr. Hassan ?

(Turning to second footman.)

HAS. *(Aside, to ABDALLAH.)* Don't you get in such a
 passion ;
 For if this fellow chose to say
 That we two turned the poor away,
 My lord, I'm sure, would send us packing,
 Or may be, order us a whacking.

ABD. (*To SCHACABAC.*) Well, then, your tale arrive at.
 SCHAC. I can't to you, it's private.
 ABD. You're a precious one for *chaffing*!
 Why, there's Mr. Hassan laughing.
 SCHAC. (*To HASSAN.*) Be good-natured. Tell your lord
 I am here.
 HAS. I'll take him word. [*Exit HASSAN by left.*]
 ABD. Well, my stars! he *is* a flat!
 SCHAC. (*Aside.*) Quite beyond my hopes was that.
 (*To audience.*) When poverty in plush meets with a friend,
 The world is surely coming to its end.
 HAS. (*Returning.*) You're to walk up, if you please.
 SCHAC. (*Aside.*) Bless me! wonders never cease!
 I'm quite breathless with surprise. [*Exit with HASSAN.*]
 ABD. What a strange hevent! my eyes!
 It's the Caliph in disguise!
 If he *should* offence have took
 At the way in which I spoke,
 (*Holds up both hands in consternation.*)
 I should lose my place and bread!
 And, oh! 'eavens! p'r'aps my 'ead.
 Well, henceforward, I am sure,
 I'll be civil to the poor. [*Exit in trepidation, left door.*]

SCENE II.—*A room furnished in the Oriental style, with two low sofas and divans. Upon one, placed very nearly in the middle of the room, the BARMECIDE is seated.*

Enter SCHACABAC in a hesitating manner, right door.

SCHAC. (*Salaaming three times.*) Light of my eyes and
 bank-note of the bountiful!
 Sunshine of the seedy! and preserver of the poor!
 Star of the Stock Exchange, and treasure ever plentiful!
 Fund for the forsaken, and great commercial store!
 May you live for ever more! (*Salaams again, three times.*)
 BAR. Not probable, I fear.
 SCHAC. May your shadow ne'er be less,
 But every day increase.
 BAR. My friend, what brings you here?

(*Aside.*) He seems an arrant chatterer,
And what is worse, a flatterer.

SCHAC. Father of philanthropists, and brother of the merciful!
First among the opulent, and of noblemen the chief,
Moon of the munificent, and planet of the powerful,
Best of benefactors, thy servant seeks relief. (*Salaams again.*)
Rose-tree among flowers, among gems the Koh-i-noor!
Peerless among pearls, and nugget of pure gold!
Pity the privations of thy servant who is poor,
And count not his petition for assistance as too bold.

(*Again salaams three times, knocking his head on the floor.*)

BAR. Don't mention it, pray! most delighted to see you,
(*Aside.*) No doubt, you expect me for all this to fee you;
Though he plainly shows me he thinks me a fool,
I know how to teach him—who's workman who's tool.
I've a very great mind his complaisance to try,
And to prove how much "blarney" is worth by-and-by;
And yet if I find that his story is true,
Before he departs something handsome I'll do;
(*Aloud.*) And is it possible in Bagdad town,
Any distress to Barmey is unknown?

(*Grandiloquently rattles his seals.*)

SCHAC. 'Tis a fact that your slave is so poor that no meat
He has tasted for weeks, and to day—nothing ate!

(*Salaams three times.*)

BAR. (*Pompously waving his hand.*) You shall not leave
without my aid;
In Bagdad, ne'er it shall be said
That any left my house unfed;
Here, slaves! the dinner must be laid.

(*Claps his hands, but no slaves appear.*)

SCHAC. My lord is most noble (*kisses his hand*), indeed, 'tis
no lie,
To swear for his service I'd willingly die!

(*Puts his hand on his heart, bowing low.*)

BAR. Ahem! his devotion I soon mean to try.
(*Aside.*) He's somewhat mistaken in thinking me one
By buttering thick to be instantly done.

(*Aloud.*) The dinner is ready, so pray take a chair.

(*Points to an imaginary place at an imaginary table.*)

SCHAC. My lord's sweetly affable, how can I dare?

(*Aside.*) Besides, as to dinner, I'd like to know *where*?

That missing repast is, Mashallah! not here,

But that is, of course, my receiver's affair.

(*Looks about and finally sits down.*)

BAR. (*Cheerfully.*) Now make yourself quite happy,

But first let us wash our hands ;

No Mussulman omits it ;

Slaves! bring the washhand-stands.

(*No basins are brought, but the BARMECIDE washes and wipes his hands in dumb show.*)

BAR. (*Aside.*) Now, if he takes this joke of mine,
I'll afterwards pay him well.

SCHAC. (*Aside.*) I must fall into his fancy,

But I hope 'tis not a sell. (*Washes and wipes his hands.*)

BAR. And having done our duty—thus,

Why, let us both fall to.

I hope you've a good appetite?

SCHAC. (*Aside.*) A better one than you!

Since yours it seems is satisfied with chawing empty air.

(*Aloud.*) My lord, a starving man like me could eat up all
that's here.

BAR. Nay, pray don't put that quite in force,
Or what becomes of me?

SCHAC. (*Aside.*) You'd be the meal yourself, of course,
The only one I see.

(*Aloud.*) Ne'er fear, my lord, you're welcome to the whole
repast for me!

But really you must pardon in your slave some gormandize,
If you tempt his hungry palate with so very much that's nice.

(*Makes a face to audience.*)

BAR. I'm glad you do it justice; how d'you like my
mutton broth?

SCHAC. Most excellent! so clarified! it almost seemed like
froth!

BAR. (*Aside.*) 'Twas froth, indeed, poor man to him,
And so is all the meal.

Here comes the fish, at last, that's right!
Now which? some sole? or eel?

SCHAC. A choice, indeed, no eel for me, for that might slip
away,

And I am one who ne'er profess with mouthfuls but "to play,"
So, please, some sole, that seems to me the most appropriate
fish,

(*Aside.*) Since total absence there appears of *body* in the dish.

(*Aloud.*) Indeed, this first-rate dinner might be well called, on
the whole,

If *not* the feast of reason, nothing *but* the flow of soul.

BAR. I thank you for the compliment, your feeling is quite
mine,

The well-bred man comes not to eat, but, as you hint, to *dine*.

SCHAC. Indeed, that is a sentiment in theory very fine,

(*Aside.*) But if dining is not eating, invitations I decline.

And if all dinner parties are like yours, old boy—a cheat,
Henceforward I will *dine* no more, but with the vulgar *eat*.

BAR. Now let me recommend this goose, served up with
"sauce piquant ;"

Of honey, raisins, vinegar, dry figs, and peas composed,

But do not eat too largely, or an appetite you'll want,

For better dishes coming, ere the second course is closed.

SCHAC. Nay, never doubt, my gracious lord, your servant's
moderation,

(*Aside.*) I were a goose myself to find in *his* goose much
temptation!

BAR. This lamb, stuffed with pistachio nuts, I'm sure you
will approve,

You'll see it in no other house, it is my cook's *chef-d'œuvre*—

SCHAC. (*Aside.*) I only wish I saw it *here*, exhausted as I am.

BAR. So tell me what you think of it—pray taste this bit of
lamb.

(*Pretends to put a morsel into SCHACABAC'S mouth with his own hands ; a great compliment among Orientals.*)

SCHAC. (*Chewing rapturously, and kissing the tips of his fingers, with the gesture of a delighted gourmet.*)

Most admirably stuffed, indeed! a *bon-bouche* quite delicious!
(*Aside.*) The more's the pity such a dish should only be fictitious!

I'm getting tired of this work, how long will he go on?
I'll bring it somehow to an end, 'tis time the joke were done.

BAR. I hope you've eaten well of that, now honour this *ragoût*.

SCHAC. My lord, your hospitality you almost overdo;
I could not touch a morsel more, though 'twere to save my head;
Remember, pray, how sparingly your slave of late has fed.

BAR. Why, then, I'll send the meat away,
Slaves! bring the dishes sweet.
You'll own the pudding's capital,
This *soufflé*'s quite a treat!
Or won't you try a piece of game?
There's partridge, and there's pheasant;
Or if light diet you prefer,
This *crème*'s uncommon pleasant.
There's lobster salad, and there's tongue,
There's trifle and there's cake. (*Pointing to imaginary dishes.*)
Now, please, whatever you prefer, don't hesitate to take.

SCHAC. Already I'm quite satisfied, but since to choose I may,
The "*soufflé*" would be just enough—the "whiff," I ought to say—

Since 'tis almost impalpable, your "*chef*," I must declare,
Is quite without a rival in these "trifles light as air."

BAR. Why, yes, I think he understands how to perform his duty;
For lightness, as you just remark'd, in sweets is such a beauty.

SCHAC. (*Leaning back in his chair and closing his eyes.*)
I'm almost drowsy with good cheer;
I'm sure you will excuse
My giving way—no *tongue*, nor *game*. (*Waves his hand.*)
I really must refuse.

(*Sinks back, nods his head, and feigns sleep; snoring preposterously.*)

BAR. (*Astonished.*) How dare you take such liberties?
Madman! I say, be waking!
For if you don't, you vulgar wretch,
I'll give you such a shaking!

(Attempts to shake SCHACABAC, who thereupon falls heavily on the BARMECIDE'S shoulder, snoring louder than ever.)

BAR. (Trying in vain to release himself.) I never saw in all my life, such a rude and horrid fellow!
His snore is insupportable, more like a wild bull's bellow
Than any human snoring that I ever heard before!
How fast he sticks! I can't get free! (Struggling.) This really is a bore.
Ruffian, awake! (Shouts in his ear.) I say, awake! or else my slaves I'll call;
Alack! I now remember, I bade Hassan tell them all
That none should heed my summons till this man had gone away.
They'll never come! and I must sit! thus sat upon all day!

(Attempts in vain to shake off SCHACABAC.)

In truth, 'tis such a comic end to all one's precious chaffing,
That were it not I'm almost *smashed*, I hardly could help laughing!

(Bursts into a fit of laughter. SCHACABAC jumps up suddenly, and turning a pirouette, stands before the BARMECIDE.)

BAR. (Severely.) So, sirrah! you're awake at last, your conduct pray explain!

SCHAC. (Ironically.) My lord, an unaccustomed man, like me, cannot refrain
From dozing, when he's overwhelmed by *too* much of a treat,
It was your fault, indeed, my lord, for pressing me to eat;

(Changing voice and manner; bows low.)

But now I'm wide awake at last! and not to be "caught napping."

(Turns a pirouette and stares impudently at the BARMECIDE.)

BAR. (Hastily.) False flatterers, I make a point in their own nets of trapping. (Rubbing his hands complacently.)
At least, my friend, you'll own you've learnt a very useful lesson,
Of what the value really is—of *over-loud* profession!

(Jingles his seals and looks gleefully at SCHACABAC.)

SCHAC. (*Vulgarly.*) Come, come, my worthy gentleman, no doubt you're very wise!
 And never in the wrong, ah, no! at least in your own eyes.
 But ere to pointing morals at "yours to command" you come,
(*bows.*)

Perhaps 'twould be as well to look a *leetle* nearer home!
 And might I the suggestion make, for which I beg your pardon,
 'Tis that this morning, Schacabac, you've been a trifle hard on.
 It's very well for you rich folks, who never want a dinner,
 To sit in judgment on the faults of every hungry sinner!
 But did it ne'er occur to you, a poor soul to be mocking,
 Than flatt'ry in a starving man, was very much more shocking?

(*Looks fixedly at BARMECIDE, who seems confused.*)

So now, good-bye; I'm very glad henceforward to be able
 To praise the hospitality (*ironically*) I met with at your table.

(*Bows low, and walks off to go away.*)

BAR. (*Catching hold of him.*) Stop, Schacabac, my worthy friend, you are the very style
 Of fellow I've been looking for, for ever such a while!
 I freely own I have been wrong, but only sought to test
 If I had lighted on a man who could keep up a jest.
 And since I find a merry joke you both can take and give,
 What was *no joking* part to you, as freely now forgive.

(*Holds out his hand to SCHACABAC.*)

For I humbly beg your pardon,
 And if you will be friends,
 With a very good *real* dinner
 I will make you full amends.
 And what is more, you shall live here
 As long as you will stay,
 And lamb stuffed with pistachio nuts
 I'll order every day.
 You shall not want for clothes nor cash,
 Or anything you need,
 If you'll take up your quarters here—
 Come! is it not agreed?

SCHAC. Good sir, if what you offer me is not another trick,
 My feelings on the subject are, that you are "quite a brick!"



THE BARMECIDE'S FEAST.

See page 171

These are my heart-felt sentiments, without the least disguise,
For henceforth I will speak the truth, and give up flatt'ring
lies.

(They perform a stage embrace in token of reconciliation, and SCHACABAO turns head-over-heels, dances, and pirouettes to express his satisfaction.)

BAR. Well, Schacabac, we must not waste
Much longer time in talking,
But to the dining-room in haste
We'd better both be walking. *(Offers his arm to SCHACABAC.)*

But first, although I cannot doubt you've got an appetite—
SCHAC. Mashallah and Bismillah! by the Prophet, you are
right!

BAR. In courtesy, we'll wish our friends *(to audience)* the
same, and so, good-night.

SCHAC. And I hope they'll find their supper, when they get
there, right and tight.

(They bow to the audience, executing a lively Turkish pas de deux expressive of extreme rapture and delight.)

End of Burlesque.

EXTRAVAGANZA.—THE DANCING PRINCESSES.

It will be seen by the stage directions that accompany the following extravaganza that we have assumed that scenery will be used during its representation—*this* is, indeed, almost necessary to elucidate the plot.

Scenery, of course, requires practised and competent hands to arrange and shift it. The actors will soon be initiated by such into the whole secret of the matter, should they desire it. We have only, therefore, to add on this head, that in describing scenery proper for this piece, we have followed out our own ideas as to what is suitable, and may illustrate the story, rather than what may be considered easily attainable.

Should any of our young friends find it impracticable to obtain the scenes of castle, lake, and forest, described in Scenes II. and III., any ordinary woodland scene may be substituted.

SCENE I.—*A room in the KING's palace. Throne and canopy. The curtain draws up and reveals the KING, robed and crowned, passing in front of the stage and lost in thought. The PRIME MINISTER is standing at a little distance in an attitude of deep respect.*

THE KING. (*Stopping and beckoning.*) Prime Minister!

PRIME MINISTER. (*Coming forward.*) My gracious sire!
(*Bows low.*)

KING. Approach my royal side.

P. M. (*Kneels.*) What might your Majesty require?

KING. Listen! While I confide
A most unheard-of thing!

P. M. Speak on, most mighty king. (*Rises.*)
And whatso'er perplexes
Your royal mind, or vexes
Your most majestic heart,
To me, I pray, impart.

KING. (*Sighing deeply.*) Since my sainted consort died,
I have been most sadly tried,
With the unassisted care
Of my dozen daughters fair
I've had no end of trouble!
Which now methinks is double. (*Weeps.*)
What I sent for you about
Must transport you with surprise.

P. M. Let me dry the royal eyes! (*Dries first the KING's eyes,
then his own.*)

KING. (*Bowing.*) Prime Minister, my thanks!
To continue—whether rightly
Or not, I'm told that nightly,
They slip out to a ball.

P. M. Me, you perfectly appal!
And my hair stands up on end! (*Feels his head.*)

KING. (*Sharply.*) You interrupt! Attend.
(*Sings.*) *Air*—"Far, far upon the sea."
To believe it I'd refuse,
If it wasn't for their shoes,
That are noticed every morn by those attending,
To be worn completely out,
Though I've new ones daily bought;

Inspect, my friend,
This long account for mending!

(Produces a roll of paper many yards long, and displays it to PRIME MINISTER and audience. As the KING unrolls the paper it stretches all across the stage.)

P. M. *(Starting back.)* What a fearful contemplation,
For the servant of the nation!

KING. Now, what is to be said?

P. M. If it's *ever* to be paid,
It must be by more taxation.

KING. Alas! 'tis very true,
But what am I to do?
The scandal is immense!

P. M. Besides—such an expense!

KING. 'Tis quite imperative to stop
This very strange nocturnal hop.

P. M. Then, why not lock your daughters up?

KING. That's done already with a *Chubb*.

(Sings.) Air—"Far, far upon the sea."

For they lay their pretty heads
On a dozen little beds,
In one room altogether in a row;
And I've even put a chain
On their door, but all in vain,
They manage to get out again, somehow!

(Speaks.) 'Tis just there the myst'ry lies!

P. M. So immense is my surprise
That my hair's on end again, *(Feels his head.)*
And I cannot but surmise
That your daughters are *(Drops his voice)* enchanted!

KING. *(Desperately.)* Nothing more,
I'm sure,
Was wanted

To turn my black and royal beard

(Takes up his beard and inspects it narrowly.)

As white as snow! 'Tis what I feared!

(He rushes frantically about the stage, flings off his crown and robes, and tears his hair.)

P. M. (*Runs after the royal crown as it rolls away, and picking up the royal robes presents them both to KING, on his bended knee.*)

My dread and gracious sire,
Once more yourself attire.

KING. I will at your desire.

(*Reluctantly puts on the garb of royalty.*)

P. M. (*Kissing his hand.*) Cheer up, cheer up, my gracious liege,
'Tis not so very hard
To ferret out this mystery
By offering a reward.

KING. (*With irritation.*) My worthy sir! you're rather dense,
Reflect a moment!—the expense!

P. M. Why need you any money proffer?
I've thought of a far better offer!
I rather think, my prince, I can
Propound an advantageous plan,
Or I'm mistaken in my man!

(*Rubs his hands gleefully together.*)

KING. (*Incredulously.*) Well, then, I give you leave to show it,
You're fond of talking, come now, go it!

P. M. (*Spitefully.*) Your daughters' matrimonial chances,
Owing to these clandestine dances,
Are not so good as once they were.

KING. I wonder, minister, you dare
Make any such remarks to me!
I find your conduct very free.

P. M. Since, sire august, this plan of mine
Offends you so, then I'll resign. (*Makes for the door.*)

KING. (*Who chases him round and round the room till he has caught him.*) Stay, I beseech you, only stay!

Your plan I'll take this very day.
Stay, I beseech you, I implore.

P. M. (*Decisively.*) Then, offer, as I said before,
The hand of one of your princesses
To any lucky man who guesses
The secret of their getting out.

KING. I'll send the trumpeter about,
Immediately the same to shout.
Just make a statement (with additions,
In writing) of the whole conditions,

The trumpeter is rather stupid. (*Whispering in his ear.*)
 Prime Minister, perhaps, when Cupid
 Is introduced to my princesses,
 He'll take off more than their highnesses. (*Laughs.*)

P. M. (*Confidentially.*) Once marry one, and set them going,
 All twelve may follow, there's no knowing!

(*They both dance about singing.*) *Air*—"Haste to the wedding."

Oh! haste to the marriage,
 On foot or in carriage,
 In chaise, or in phaëtons, in flys, or sedan!
 I'll marry my daughter
 To one who has caught her,
 And trust he may turn out a fortunate man.

(*Both, chorus.*) Then haste, haste, haste to the marriage,
 Oh, haste to the marriage, whenever you can.

[*Exit both, singing, dancing, and exchanging congratulations.*]

SCENE II.—*A magnificent fairy castle, built of marble, gold, and precious stones, is depicted on the side scenes to the right. The left represents a dense forest, the trees of which have gold, silver, and diamond foliage. In the background is a lovely moonlit landscape, wherein is dimly discernible an extensive lake bounded by distant mountains. On the edge of the lake are seen twelve tiny boats, in which the PRINCESSES are supposed to have been conveyed to the spot, each rowed by a FAIRY PRINCE. The foreground represents the lawn and pleasure-grounds of the fairy castle, which is bathed in a flood of moonlight. The fairy castle itself glitters with lights from within. The TWELVE PRINCESSES, each escorted by a FAIRY PRINCE, make their first appearance, as if advancing from the lake to the front of the stage, with a light dancing step. On arriving in front of the castle, the group form a tableau, each PRINCE bows low and lays his hand on his heart, whilst the PRINCESSES return their civilities by a deep courtesy. The tallest of the PRINCES then takes the tallest PRINCESS respectfully by the tips of her fingers and leads her to front of the stage.*

FIRST PRINCE. Twelve is our fairy number. Hark! the
 clock (*Points to a clock, which strikes at that moment.*)
 Is even now upon the midnight stroke!

Welcome are you, at this sweet hour,
 Fairest princesses, to our bower!
 Soon as the bell hath tolled the twelfth
 Knell of the hour, let every elf
 Choose out the lady he loves best,
 And mutely follow my behest!

(They wait till the hour is struck, then all the PRINCES, bowing low, and striking their hands on their hearts, advance in a body towards the PRINCESSES, and each selects one of the latter.)

FIRST PRINCE. *(Waving his hand like a band conductor.)*

Music flow and swell
 Through our fairy dell. *(Music is heard.)*
 Now fast, now slow,
 Our feet shall go.
 Keeping fitting time
 To the rushing streamlet's chime;
 Whose ripples follow fleet,
 Or the melody so sweet
 Of the slowly warbled tale
 Of the peerless nightingale.
 Howsoever this may chance,
 Mutely elves and mortals dance.

(The music changes to a dance tune. The PRINCES and PRINCESSES all join hands, dance once round in a circle; they then divide into two lines, turn their partners as in setting, and remain a moment opposite line to line. The PRINCES then each go down on one knee, the PRINCESSES dance twice round their partners and then form a star or figure in the centre, round which the PRINCES dance, six of them going one way round the star, the other six the reverse way. After this, each dances up to his partner, and they form various manoeuvres and figures, waltzing. As the curtain begins to fall the PRINCES and PRINCESSES dance away towards the lake.)

SCENE III.—*The same room in the royal palace described in Scene I. KING robed and crowned. PRIME MINISTER in attendance.*

KING. *(Leaning on the shoulder of PRIME MINISTER.)* Prime Minister, things worse and worse
 Seem daily to be growing! *(They walk up and down.)*

Such drains upon the royal purse,
Such bills unheard of owing!

P. M. Affairs are at a *crisis*!

KING. And *shoes* in such demand,
I hear they've raised the prices
Through the whole length of the land.

P. M. The treasury is very low;
You really should refuse.

KING. How can I let princesses go
Completely without shoes?
See, here's a dozen pair of soles.

(*Produces them one by one from his pocket, counting them out to*
PRIME MINISTER.)

P. M. (*Starting back.*) Good gracious! where's the satin?

KING. No remnant of it, not e'en holes.

'Tis so clean gone,
They can't be worn,
Unless put on with matting!

P. M. What a fearful contemplation,
To the servant of the nation!

KING. (*Triumphantly.*) Shut up! No more of *that*, my man,
I've acted *solely* on *your* plan.

P. M. I own I cannot comprehend
How such a plan fell through.

KING. Then if you'll kindly but attend,
I'll tell the tale to you.

(*Sings.*) *Air*—"Twas a beautiful night, with the stars shining
bright."

Ten princes they came,
Their hearts all a-flame,
My fair eldest daughter to wed;
But so cruel was fate,
In a terrible state,
They are lying in dungeons half dead.
In prison so dreary,
They of their life weary,
Are fed upon bread and cold water;
For I sent them about,
Since they couldn't find out
The secret, concerning my daughter!

N (*Turns à pirouette.*)

P. M. Your singing's charming (*Claps*); an encore!
(*Claps again.*)

But I'm no wiser than before.
 Just please inform me plainly *why*,
 If so much pains they took to spy
 (And sit up all night long to watch),
 Those princes none of them could catch
 The twelve princesses as they passed?

KING. Because they slept too fast.

P. M. Slept? why where?

KING. Upon the stair.

P. M. What, all the ten?

KING. I say, again,
 The silly fops
 All slept like tops!

P. M. Immortal Cheops!

KING. (*Whispering.*) In confidence, I half incline
 To fancy they were drugged with wine.

P. M. My stars and garters! 'tis so shocking,
 I really must resign.

KING. Pray don't—come in—there's some one knocking!

Enter OLD SOLDIER.

KING. Why, this is very fine!
 I never have been so before
 Intruded on, sir!

(*To OLD SOLDIER, and pointing to entrance.*)

There's the door!

OLD S. Sovereign august! No harm is meant;
 I answer your advertisement!

KING. You do? By Pharaoh! Well, 'tis cool.

P. M. (*Aside.*) And what's more, he is a fool.

KING. D'you mean to say, to my princesses
 You think of paying your addresses?

OLD S. To *one* of their fair highnesses.

KING. Well! if this isn't coming down!
 Be off again, my royal crown,
 My royal robes!

(*Attempts to fling off robes and crown, but is prevented by PRIME
 MINISTER.*)

P. M. Now, don't get warm,
 My gracious liege ; he means no harm.
 You'll own you did not specify
 That only princes were to try.
 Besides, emergencies political
 Make kings themselves not over critical.

KING. I give my eldest girl in marriage
 To an old soldier !

(During this colloquy the OLD SOLDIER slips unseen behind the side scenes. He is not supposed in the play to quit the stage, but to become invisible.)

P. M. Don't disparage
 Any admirer at this crisis ;
 You really must bring down your prices ;
 The kingdom's going fast to ruin !

KING. Good sir ! you don't see what you're doing ;
 You'd make this veteran my heir !
 And that is more than I can bear.

P. M. Most true, but look at it with reason,
 'Tis only one more thrown in prison.

KING. Well, well, then let it be permitted.

(They both turn towards the spot where they left the OLD SOLDIER standing.)

P. M. Garters and stars ! the fellow's quitted.

OLD S. *(Speaking from behind the scenes.)* By no means ! I'm
 invisible—

I have a magic cloak.

KING. *(Starting and looking on every side.)* Though horrible,
 'tis risible.

There's no one, though he spoke !
 Of that I'm very clear.

OLD S. And so am I, my dear.

KING. *(To PRIME MINISTER.)* I shudder quite with fear !

(They both run and hide themselves under chairs and tables, very much frightened.)

P. M. *(Peeping out.)* My monarch, are you there ?

OLD S. *(Answering instead.)* I'm close by you, quite near.

P. M. Oh, dear ! oh, dear ! *(Gasps.)* Oh, dear !
 I'm fearfully alarmed !

KING. With one thing I am charmed.
He's the person to discover
My daughters at their dances.

OLD S. And to be your eldest's lover,
I've the very best of chances.

(On hearing the voice the KING and PRIME MINISTER again hide their faces in their robes. During this time the OLD SOLDIER throws a cloak on the stage and reappears. He taps the KING on the shoulder.)

KING. *(Starting up.)* Good gracious! Who is there?

OLD S. Only me, my father dear.

KING. *(Holding up his hands.)* What! in person, I declare!

P. M. *(Emerging from beneath the table.)* You may well, my monarch, stare!

OLD S. Yes; my cloak is off, you see,
And underneath there's me.
Give me leave just to explain.

KING. *(Recoiling.)* Oh, no! please not to remain.
You are certain of success,
Of the kingdom and princess;
And you'll find your room above,
If you kindly will *remove*.

P. M. You must indulge us—go!

OLD S. To oblige you, I'll do so. *[Exit OLD SOLDIER.]*

P. M. My monarch, did you ever?

KING. Prime Minister, I never! *[Tableau—Curtain falls.]*

SCENE IV.—*The same scenery as in Scene II. Near the side scene, fruit, flowers, and golden goblets are ranged. The curtain draws up and reveals the PRINCES and PRINCESSES dancing incessantly—in figures. By-and-by the dancing ceases, and the music also, to allow the conversation to be heard.*

YOUNGEST PRINCESS. *(Dancing lightly forward to ELDEST PRINCESS.)* Dear sister, are you quite at ease?

ELDEST PRINCESS. *(Standing elegantly on one toe.)* Yes, silly child; and why not, please?

Y. P. I feel a strange presentiment
All is not right, for as we went
Along the secret corridors,
Behind us slammed the passage doors. *(She shivers.)*

E. P. And what of that? 'twas but the gale.

Y. P. My dress was trodden on—

E. P. A nail

Caught it upon the passage floor,
And held it back—'twas nothing more. (*She makes two
or three pirouettes and turns away nonchalantly.*)

Y. P. (*Dancing up to SECOND PRINCESS.*) Fair sister, as we
passed the wood,

Heard you the branches snapping loud?
The golden leaves clashed, ringing out!

SECOND P. 'Twas but our princes' joyful shout!

Y. P. So difficult it was to take

My little boat across the lake,
My fairy prince and I, together,
Could scarcely bring it o'er.

THIRD P. The weather

Is hot and sultry, that is why
You found it both so hard to ply
The oars.

FIFTH P. (*Dancing up.*) Fie! youngest sister, fie!

What silly fears! no harm can come.

Y. P. I would that I were safe at home.

FIFTH P. Remember how those princes ten,

Were baffled o'er and o'er again,
Our secret ne'er can be found out.

(*Laughing, and dancing off.*)

E. P. (*Joining the group.*) Why, sister,

What's all this about?

Be sure the last new-comer's eyes
Are closed in sleep; he's not more wise
Than all the fools who went before,
I'm certain, for I heard him snore
Heavy with wine, and something more;
Myself, I drugged it o'er and o'er;
Come sisters! lightly dance, I pray.

Y. P. Most willingly, the dance so gay,

Fills me with rapture and delight.

(*They join the dancers.*)

(*All the PRINCES and PRINCESSES together.*)

Come, let us dance the livelong night.

(They continue dancing incessantly. The FAIRY PRINCES go from time to time to bring wine and fruit for the PRINCESSES. The OLD SOLDIER has, meanwhile, being invisible, eaten and drunk all up.)

THIRD P. *(Returning empty-handed.)* Most unaccountably,
my fair,

There's not a cake or comfit there!

THIRD P. Oh, never mind! I don't, I'm sure!

We'll go on dancing as before.

(They resume their dance.)

SIXTH P. *(To SIXTH PRINCE, who also returns empty-handed.)*

All eaten up? why, what a shame!

SIXTH P. My princess, no one is to blame.

I fear our enemies, the mice,

Have made away with all that's nice!

(The PRINCESS much put out, resumes the dance.)

FIFTH P. *(To FIFTH PRINCESS.)* Lady, our enemies, the
owls,

Have pounced upon the tongue and fowls!

FIFTH P. Nay, bring me then a cup of wine,

Your fairy cellar is so fine.

(He goes to bring it, but returns empty-handed.)

FIFTH P. *(With looks of consternation.)* Princess, our
enemies, the deer,

Have lapped up all the wine I fear;

Empty the goblets twelve appear!

(All turn three pirouettes, and then form a tableau in different attitudes of fright.)

E. P. Nay, then, in sooth, there's something wrong,

Trip it, my sisters fair, along.

Bid ye farewell to every sprite,

We'll meet again some other night.

(All the PRINCES and PRINCESSES exchange the deepest bows and courtesies. They then dance away towards the lake.)

[Curtain falls.]

SCENE V.—*The KING's palace again. The KING seated on a canopy of state in regal robes and crown. He holds his ball in one hand, his sceptre in the other. The PRIME MINISTER stands near him. The TWELVE PRINCESSES are concealed behind a screen, listening to the conversation of KING and MINISTER. The screen is so disposed that they are seen by the audience, though not by the KING and PRIME MINISTER.*

KING. (*Considerably out of humour—he kicks off one of his golden slippers.*) Prime Minister!

P. M. (*Aside.*) That's sinister! (*Hastens forward.*)

KING. Bring me that fellow,
In red and yellow,
Who came the other day.

P. M. I fly, your behest to obey!

(*Goes towards door, but stops on hearing KING speak.*)

KING. (*Furiously.*) He's stayed here three days,
Without any reason,
'Tis time that his quarters
Be changed to a prison.

(*Kicks off other slipper.*)

P. M. (*Running about and assiduously picking up the slippers.*)
So please you, my sovereign, I now remember,
He's waiting outside in the ante-chamber,
Anxiously waiting, till you permit him
To tell you the whole of his tale.

KING. Admit him.

P. M. Dread sire, I will, if feasible. (*He lowers his voice.*)

KING. (*Agitated.*) He mustn't come invisible!

P. M. (*After putting on the KING's slippers, opens the door at arm's-length, peeps cautiously out, and calls.*)

Prisoner! your presence is commanded,
Corporeally, until remanded.

(*PRIME MINISTER then jumps hastily back, and running up to canopy hides himself in its folds.*)

OLD S. (*Who enters.*) Behold me! just as you demanded.

KING. (*Starting violently, but ostentatiously condescending.*)
Take courage, prisoner, e'en while gazing
On majesty, your optics dazing.
My clemency is most amazing!

OLD S. I feel no sort of consternation ;
Shall I proceed to my relation ?

KING. Not for a moment ; I pray you wait.

(Calls.) Prime Minister ! What ! left me to my fate ?

(*In his fright he drops both ball and sceptre, and clasps his hands.* PRIME MINISTER, on hearing the clatter, peeps furtively out, and seeing the insignia of royalty on the ground, unwinds himself from the curtain, and hurries to pick them up.)

KING. (*Recovering his dignity.*) How, sirrah ! this is treasonable !

I'll have your head, as soon as able.

(PRIME MINISTER *throws himself on his knees before the KING.*)

KING. (*Much mollified.*) Well, never mind—on second thoughts,

Take your portfolio, and make notes ;

If anything out of the way is told,

I'll have it written in letters of gold.

THE P. (*Behind the screen, clasping their hands and giggling with amusement.*) How preciously they'll all be sold !

(PRIME MINISTER *arranges a table with pen, ink, and paper, and kneels down to write.*)

KING. (*Turning with a frown to OLD SOLDIER.*) Speak ! have you made the mystery out ?

OLD S. Of that, my liege, there's not a doubt.

THE TWELVE P. 'Tis capital ! they're all so out !

(*They titter and jump about.*)

KING. If this be true, the sleepy wine
You somehow managed to decline.

OLD S. Decline it ! am I quite so green ?
That would have let my plan be seen.
I took the goblet, smiling,
From the lady, thus beguiling
Her to leave it me behind.

E. P. How could I be so blind ? (*Wrings her hands.*)

OLD S. She'd no sooner turned her back,
Than out of window, smack
I sent the liquor flying !
And on a sofa lying,
I feigned to fall asleep.

KING. Aha! now, that was deep! (*Rubs his hands.*)

E. P. All's lost, my sisters, weep!

(*Suits the action to the word, the other PRINCESSES do likewise.*)

OLD S. (*Singing.*) *Air—"Fine Old English Gentleman."*

They listened at the door
To my artificial snore,
And when they thought I slept,
On tiptoe in they crept;
He's safe enough, they say
And lightly skipped away,

These dozen beauteous princesses, all on amusement bent.

But ere their door could close,
Most wide awake I rose,
And putting on my cloak,
Their steps I overtook,
Till in that room at last
Invisible I passed,

Of those dozen beauteous princesses, all on amusement bent.

THE TWELVE P. Invisibly he went!

(*They frantically clasp their hands.*)

OLD S. (*Continues—same Air.*)

Then all the twelve princesses,
From a dozen little presses,
Took out their gayest dresses,
And combed and curled their tresses.
To see them at the glass
'Twas better than a farce,

These dozen beauteous princesses, all on amusement bent.

(*Speaks.*) I never had such fun! (*Laughs.*)

THE TWELVE P. The wretch! we are undone!

(*They all faint simultaneously, but no help coming, recover themselves.*)

KING. Pass over that, I'm shocked!

(*Puts his hand before his face.*)

OLD S. But, when the door was locked,
They only laughed and mocked!

KING. Impertinence! What more?

OLD S. One of them gave a clap,
And quickly through a trap,
Her bed sank through the floor!

P. M. }
KING. } (*Together.*) Now really—to be sure!

THE TWELVE P. My sisters, all is o'er!
(*They fall simultaneously flat on the floor.*)

OLD S. Then all went down the stair,
I followed—

P. M. I declare!

YOUNGEST P. I knew a man was there! (*Shudders.*)

OLD S. Till to a garden-gate,
We came and went on straight
Through a forest—

KING. That was bold!

OLD S. Where the leaves were all of gold,
Or of diamonds untold!
At last a lake romantic
We reached.

KING. I'm growing frantic,
At the conduct of these minxes!

OLD S. A dozen fairy princes,
Were waiting for the belles.

KING. (*Stamping.*) The disobedient girls!

OLD S. Each stepped into a boat.
"Two's company, three's not,"
Thought I; "but I must go,"
So stepped in one also.

YOUNGEST P. Did I not tell you so?
(*They all place their fingers on their lips and listen intently.*)

OLD S. And to a castle underground
They row'd us o'er.

KING. Now, I'll be bound,
This fellow is deceiving.

P. M. 'Tis out of all believing.

OLD S. And there, with great delight,
They danced the livelong night.

YOUNGEST P. Alas! I was too right!
(*They all swoon again, and recover as before.*)

KING. (*Boiling over.*) A likely story to relate
To an indignant father!

P. M. But one you can't substantiate.

OLD S. There you're mistaken, rather!
Examine these and cease reproaches.

(*Produces gold, silver, and diamond leaves from his pocket.*)

KING. By Jupiter! what splendid brooches
Any of these would make!

(*Eyes them closely and covetously.*)

OLD S. Your choice, my sovereign, take.

KING. These diamonds have a natural setting,
In the best shops there is no getting!
I'll graciously accept them. (*Pockets them all.*)

OLD S. But if you still suspect them,
Here is something further to convince you—
The goblet of a fairy prince, who
Lost his gold cup, as well as drink;
My gracious liege, you cannot think,
How inwardly I laughed,
As all the wine I quaffed,
And felt no worse—nor better!
Then cleared the plates
Of fruit and cates.

KING. A most prodigious eater! (*Laughs.*)

(*At this crisis the TWELVE PRINCESSES all rush from behind the screen, and throw themselves on their knees in two rows before their royal father, sobbing and wringing their hands.*)

All the PRINCESSES. Dear father, after such a fright,
We'll ne'er go out another night;
Our disobedience, pray forgive,
And never more your side we'll leave.

(*They all sob loudly and embrace the KING's knees. KING and PRIME MINISTER very much overcome.*)

KING. Free pardon I bestow on all
My dozen darlings, great and small.

(*He embraces each in turn. This ceremony ends at last.*)

KING. (*To ELDEST PRINCESS.*) And you, my child, as chief offender,

Should be, methinks, the first *amender*.

E. P. In token of my true repentance,
I bow myself to any sentence
You lay on me.

KING. Fulfil my oath,
And to this warrior plight your troth.

(*Points to OLD SOLDIER.*)

E. P. Impossible! What, marry him!

KING. And why not, madam? what's your whim?

E. P. Dearest papa, he is too old;

(*She turns her back upon the OLD SOLDIER.*)

And then *invisible*, I am told.

KING. What stuff and nonsense!
Come, your hand
Bestow upon him,
I COMMAND! (*In a voice of thunder.*)

E. P. Wild horses shall not drag me to it!

KING. (*Stamps furiously.*) Obdurate girl! I'll make you rue it!

OLD S. (*Throws himself at the feet of the PRINCESS, and laying his hand on his heart, sings in a fine tenor voice. Air—*
"Beautiful Star."

Beautiful girl! my heart's delight,
Slay me not with scorn and spite!
Know that I adore you quite,
Star of existence! beautiful girl!
Star of existence! beautiful girl!

(*Tears off the false gray beard and hair, and exhibits himself as a handsome young prince.*)

ELD. P. (*Much struck with his appearance, but hiding her face behind her fan with an appearance of modesty and reluctance. Sings. Air—"If it be really true."*)

Then if it be really true,
You love me as I love you,

I'll give you my hand
Upon *command*,
Of course, you'll understand.

(*Bestows her hand upon him.*)

SOLDIER. If you'll be mine
As I am thine,
Consenting hands
We'll intertwine ;
For ne'er was seen
So fair a queen,
Or prince so happy as thine !

(*Stage embrace between the pair.*)

KING }
and P. M. } *Singing duet—same air.*

P. M. So all comes round quite straight.

KING. But no ! my Prime Minister, wait !

DUO. } Let us unchain, those princes ten,
} And open their prison gate.

KING. (*Solo.*) And I'll provide
Each with a bride. (*Points to the remaining daughters.*)
This joyful day, I'll set aside
My stern decree
And set them free.

(*Archly.*) To have them firmer tied ! (*All laugh.*)

P. M. 'Tis rightly and kindly done ;
But what of the youngest one ?

(*Pointing to YOUNGEST PRINCESS.*)

For she being over
Will have no lover !

KING. (*Significantly.*) She's better by *far* with none.
(*Speaking.*) She'll stay with me
And take her chance,
And every night
We'll give a dance ;
And since all things come round so right,
Why, let us begin to-night.

(*The same waltz air is again played, "If it be really true."*)

A DUMB BURLESQUE.

*In Four Scenes.**Episodes from the life of LORD BATEMAN, as related in the celebrated Ballad.**

SCENE I.

"He sailed east, he sailed west,
Until he came to famed Turkie."

LORD BATEMAN is discovered barbarously bound by a rope round his middle, which is attached to a strong stone. His lordship groans, tosses his arms despairingly above his head, and struggles to release himself from his bonds. All in vain—they are too tightly knotted by command of that "cruel Turk." Abandoning hope, he at last hangs loosely over the rope which upholds his waist, overcome by fatigue, hunger, and despair.

The turning of heavy keys, the drawing back of bolts and bars, is suddenly heard. LORD BATEMAN, reduced to the utmost depth of indifference and despair, will not deign to upraise his drooping form or glance at the cruel gaoler about to enter his prison.

Enter the lovely SOPHIA, her aquiline features animated by an expression of the tenderest sympathy and compassion, her feather waving high in the air. For one moment she gazes entranced on the wretched prisoner; her clasped hands, thrown-back posture of body, and pointed toe, expressing her mingled feelings of admiration at LORD BATEMAN'S manly form, and horror at his terrific situation. She approaches, with as much of a light dancing step as she can manage on the tops of her yellow turned-up Turkish slippers, jingling the heavy bunch of keys in her hand to arouse his attention.

His knightly ire inflamed at this unfeeling insult, LORD BATEMAN draws himself erect, clasps his hand to his side, from whence, alas! his trusty "Toledo" has long since been removed, and with flaming eyes, prepares to greet the intruder with an angry scowl of hate.

* For complete narrative and costumes, see the edition edited and illustrated by Cruikshank.

On beholding the angelic form of the beauteous SOPHIA, his expression instantly changes, and the hand which mechanically sought the missing weapon is now laid devotedly on his heart, whilst a soft and tender smile irradiates his noble but strongly-marked features. Love—and that "at first sight"—beams from the countenances of both.

SOPHIA then takes from her cashmere girdle a large carving-knife, and quickly severs the cruel band that confines her lover to the post, then with her own fair hands likewise unties the ropes that bind his ankles.

The liberated BATEMAN springs to his feet, and then drops down on one knee, placing one hand on his heart, waving the other high in the air (an attitude long since admitted to be expressive of the most complete devotion and surrender of the soul to that fair one to whom it may be addressed.)

SOPHIA, bashfully raising him with her right hand (which his lordship, of course, salutes), with her left indicates the door, while her pointed toe, ready for the graceful movement of a joyous *chassé of release*, intimates the necessity of immediate flight, and the slender finger laid upon her rosy lips enjoins the strictest silence.

LORD BATEMAN rises as speedily as his long boots chained to the knee will admit of, and then with stealthy footsteps accompanies the lovely SOPHIA to the door, which closes after them and hides their retreating forms from the gaze of the spectators.

SCENE II.

"She took him to her father's cellar,
 And gave to him the best of wine,
 And every health she drank to him
 Was, 'I wish, Lord Bateman, as you was mine.'"

The scene displays all the gloom and darkness of a first-rate wine-cellar. Bins are seen through the shadowy light afforded by the flickering of the two lovers' solitary tapers. Barrels, large and small, surround the pair. Shelves crowded with rows of bottles labelled "Fine old Port," "Malaga," "Madeira," "Sherry," etc., furnish the walls.

On two kitchen chairs, before a large upturned empty beer-barrel, which serves as table, are seen the elegant SOPHIA and

the enamoured BATEMAN, evidently solacing themselves for the sufferings inflicted on the latter by a few draughts of the "very best" of SOPHIA'S "father's cellar." They strive by the exhilaration of the flowing beaker to prepare themselves for the trials of the impending separation, and mutually exchange healths and good wishes. Black bottles and decanters are alike admitted to this homely board, and the adorable SOPHIA is often seen raising the sparkling goblet to her lips, her dark eyes revealing the sentiments expressed in the poet's lines as fervently as words themselves.

LORD BATEMAN, on his side, is not slow to respond, with glances of enthusiastic but respectful admiration, levelled ever and anon at his fair neighbour.

After some little time occupied in this delightful entertainment, the fond pair again quit the scene in an elegant and joyous *pas de deux*, directing their steps towards the paternal harbour.

Thither the company are not expected to accompany them—on this stage the difficulty of offering a scene of ships and water being, to amateurs, almost insurmountable.

Passing over in imagination a lapse of some few years, we bid our readers once more contemplate LORD BATEMAN in—

SCENE III.

"Then up and spoke the young bride's mother,
 Who never was heard to speak so free,
 And you'll not forget my only daughter,
 If so be as Sophia *has* crossed the sea!"

LORD BATEMAN, now attired in his "very best," is seen seated by the side of a young and lovely betrothed, not indeed (alas! for man's inconstancy!) the peerless SOPHIA of eastern origin, but a fair English girl.

Her hair and features being entirely covered by a lace veil, the audience will easily conclude that if not already a bride she will very speedily become one.

Such indeed is the case, as may be observed from her modest and downcast bearing, and her utter absence of conversational powers, notwithstanding the ardent wooing of the gallant and

chivalrous BATEMAN, expressed by animated gestures and the language of the eyes.

A little apart, in a different attitude, is seen seated the mamma of the bride, whose majestic imperturbability seems to be induced by the extreme stiffness of her costume. Her position is evidently that of a chaperone, for whilst she studiously averts her face from the direction of the engaged couple, ever and anon her eyes wander back towards them with an anxious scrutiny, doubtless annoying to his lordship. She, however, preserves perfect silence, being in every respect a woman of immense discretion.

This affecting domestic picture is suddenly interrupted by the apparition of the "proud young porter,"—he who in the ballad went "away and away and away" (and for whose livery and personal attributes we refer to the ballad itself). This faithful and devoted retainer, according to his invariable custom, on reaching "his master's chamber," instantly goes down on his "bended knee," and appears to convey to him intelligence of such a startling and exciting nature that the nobleman is deeply agitated.

"For up and rose Lord Bateman then,
And broke his sword in splinters three."

Having performed this act of excitement and passion, he turns and explains, by many hurried gestures to the young bride's mother, the imperative necessity that she and her daughter should speedily quit the castle.

That silent, and hitherto reserved lady is not, however, so easily got rid of, for the first time she opens her lips, or, no—let me rather say, she portrays by violent and indignant gesticulations the claims of her wronged, but still unmoved daughter.

LORD BATEMAN, kissing the tips of her fingers, respectfully demonstrates by holding up three of his own, and cracking an imaginary whip, that he offers all the reparation in his power—more clearly expressed in the ballad—

"She came to me on a horse and pillion,
And she shall go back in a coach and three."

He then conducts the bride and mother to the door, signalling to the "proud young porter" to show them safely out. That haughty domestic speedily returns, ushering in the fair, fond, though for a while forgotten SOPHIA, unchanged in look, age, and

even in costume. The meeting is affecting! Stage embraces of a rapturous description pass frequently between the long-parted lovers. LORD BATEMAN places an enormous ring on her finger, to announce to the audience that all being prepared for a wedding their nuptials will be speedy; and the curtain falls on an animated *pas de joie*, in which the porter joins.

CHAPTER VI.

"CELEBRATED CHARACTER" CHARADES.

A NEW IDEA.

THESE charades are, I believe, based on an entirely *new* idea.

The name of a celebrated character is divided into syllables, whilst the final scene is the *whole name*, and must comprise some well-known anecdote of the character represented. This idea might, of course, be made extremely comprehensive, and go back into the far-off annals of ancient and modern history. I recommend, however, the selection of those celebrated characters only who have distinguished themselves in later times or in more modern history, and give as a suggestive list (to be followed by a few "celebrated character charades," in dialogue, as examples) such well-known names as—

- | | |
|--------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Bonaparte to be acted | Bony-part. |
| 2. Selwyn | „ Sell-win. |
| 3. Wellington | „ Well-inn-tun. |
| 4. Washington | „ Washing-ton. |
| 5. Gladstone | „ Glad-stone. |
| 6. Sheridan | „ Sherry-dan. |
| 7. Garibaldi | „ Garry-bald-eye. |
| 8. Walpole | „ Wal-pole. |
| 9. Hampden | „ Ham-den. |
| 10. Montague (Mrs.), | „ Mount-ague. |

Others will easily and quickly suggest themselves as good

characters for the stage. To begin with the name of a hero of our own day, I select

GARIBALDI.

ACT I.—*Garry.*

Dramatis Personæ.

MR. O'GARRY, *Irish adventurer.*

THE O'GARRY, "*soi disant*" *Irish chieftain.*

LANDLORD, "*Hen and Chickens*" *at country town.*

A POLICEMAN, WAITER, *etc., etc.*

SCENE I.—*Inn room. LANDLORD and WAITER laying supper.*

LANDLORD. Come, Bill, look sharp there, I'm expecting the coach directly, and we are sure to have one passenger to-night at any rate, for here's his letters; they've been lying here for him since yesterday. (*Goes to sideboard and takes up two letters and places them on the chimney-piece.*)

WAITER. Who is it, sir?

LANDLORD. (*Reading address on letters.*) Well, it looks like "Garry,"—"O'Garry."

WAITER. Oh, an Irish gentleman, then.

LANDLORD. I suppose so, from the name; however, look sharp, I say; time's up. (*Coach horn is heard outside.*) Ah, there it is! (*Runs out.*)

WAITER. (*Alone, laying table.*) Two plates, two breads, two knives, two forks, two peppers, two salts—all right, I think.

Enter LANDLORD and Mr. O'GARRY.

LANDLORD. Yes, sir; coach stops an hour, sir, to bait and water the 'osses. What will you please to have, sir?

MR. O'G. Oh, a hot steak, done to a nicety, potatoes, cheese, and a glass of hot and hot.

LANDLORD. Very good, sir.

WAITER. Anything else, sir?

MR. O'G. Nothing more, only be quick.

LANDLORD. Is your name O'Garry, sir?

MR. O'G. (*Aside.*) How does he guess it? (*Aloud.*) Well, yes; it is.

LANDLORD. Two letters for you, sir, then. (*Gives letters.*)

MR. O'G. Letters for me! oh, ah! I did expect some. Bring supper at once, please. [*Exeunt LANDLORD and WAITER.*]

MR. O'G. (*Alone.*) Well, how I'm to pay for my supper I don't know! Hunted from town to town, without a sixpence in the wide world, I'm sick of existence. Letters for me! it's impossible! who would write to the outcast adventurer, thief, scamp, gamester, scoundrel—Lawrence O'Garry? (*Looks at addresses.*) Ha! one from Brown. (*Reads.*) "You are tracked, beware, and fly!" It is then time to be off if he warns me to fly—but stay, I'll read the other. (*Opens letter.*) "My dear O'Garry,"—what's this? not for me, I'm sure—a five-pound note, by all that's sacred!—and who from? (*Puts five-pound note in his pocket, and reads.*)—"My dear O'Garry, I fancy you'll be going back to the Emerald Isle by the time you receive this. How surprised you'll be at my sending you the enclosed five-pound Bank of England note! You generously trusted me; and as I have unexpectedly come into a little money at this propitious moment" (*most propitious, I am sure*), "I can't do better than pay my debts, and remain, etc., etc., yours, E. D."—Well, if this isn't luck, what is? I haven't the most remote knowledge who "E. D." is, but I gratefully accept the five pounds; and—but, ahem! here's supper.

Enter WAITER, bringing the supper.

MR. O'G. Come, sir, be quick, for I must be off.

WAITER. No 'urry, sir; coach got to have its feed first, sir, inside and out.

MR. O'G. *Coach* have its feed?

WAITER. Coachman, sir, I mean; and them 'osses.

[*Places supper on table and exit.*]

MR. O'G. Well, I'm hungry; so here goes. (*Eats rapidly, and then jumps up and puts on his hat.*)

(*Voices heard outside.*)

1ST VOICE. No, sir, gentleman come by coach; letters belong to him; his name O'Garry, too, sir.

OTHER VOICE. Nonsense; don't believe it. There's only *one* O'Garry, and I am he—*The* O'Garry. I ordered my letters to be sent here, and you've given them to the wrong person!

MR. O'G. Most certainly he has. I'm off. (*Jumps through window.*)

Enter LANDLORD and THE O'GARRY.

THE O'G. Where is the gentleman?

LANDLORD. Most extraordinary; he was here but two minutes ago!

THE O'G. (*Picking up a letter.*) Ah, here it is! Now, landlord, how *dare* you give my letters to any one but myself? (*Reads.*) And there was a five-pound note, too, in it, I find. It's an evident case of robbery, and the whole story of another Mr. O'Garry is made up. There is but *one* O'Garry in the world, and I'm him!

LANDLORD. Well, sir, the gentleman was here a moment ago; I'll run out and find him. [*Exit.*]

Enter at other side WAITER.

WAITER. What will you have, sir?

THE O'G. Supper at once, and no nonsense.

WAITER. Very well, sir. One steak, one bread, one cheese, one potato?

THE O'G. One devil—and be off. [*Exit WAITER.*]
I never was in such an inn.

Enter LANDLORD, with POLICEMAN.

LANDLORD. There he is! (*POLICEMAN collars THE O'GARRY.*)

THE O'G. What's all this? come now—hands off!

POLICEMAN. 'Aint your name O'Garry?

THE O'G. Of course it is; unhand me! I'm *The* O'Garry!

LANDLORD. Told you so, peeler; it's the scamp.

THE O'G. Scamp, sir! scamp, sir! I tell you I'm *The* O'Garry!

POLICEMAN. Come along, then; I have been looking for you this three months.

THE O'G. What do you mean, impudent minion? my name is O'Garry, *The* O'Garry, of Castle Garry, Ballingarry, County Garry, Ireland.

POLICEMAN. Of course you be, and ever so many aliases besides.

THE O'G. There's some mistake here; who are you looking for?

POLICEMAN. Why, you, to be sure, if your name's O'Garry. You've gone and forged, I don't know how many checks.

THE O'G. I forge? *The* O'Garry!

POLICEMAN. So I've been told; and if you're injured innocence, I advise you to "come it over" the magistrate, if you *can*.

[*Exeunt* POLICEMAN, *collaring* THE O'GARRY.

LANDLORD. (*Alone.*) Ha, ha, ha! I begin to suspect it's a mistake, and that No. 1 was not *The* O'Garry: but it 'aint no business of mine. He *said* his name was O'Garry!

[*Exit.*—*Curtain falls.*

ACT II.—*Bald.*

MR. FREDERICK AUGUSTUS TIBBS, *a briefless barrister.*

MRS. TIBBS, *his mother.*

A SERVANT, *and* FIVE HAIRDRESSERS.

SCENE.—*A breakfast-room, in which are* MR. TIBBS *and* his MOTHER.

MRS. T. (*Looks at her watch.*) Time for you to be off to the Temple, dearest Frederick.

MR. T. I am not going yet, dear mother; I've—I've an appointment.

MRS. T. An appointment, Fred, on legal business?

MR. T. Well, not exactly. The fact is—in fact—I've something to tell you. You know how much I admire the eldest Miss Tomkins?

MRS. T. With my full consent.

MR. T. Of course, of course. She's a nice girl, with a nice little fortune; but, alas! my suit is a hopeless one!

MRS. T. Indeed! Why, she always seems as if she liked you, and once said she wished so much to marry a barrister.

MR. T. 'Tis true; but for all that, she has rejected me.

MRS. T. But *why*, Frederick? Pray explain. I don't understand.

MR. T. After sporting for months with my feelings; leading me on, day after day, week after week; allowing me to press her hand when, returning from the Crystal Palace Flower Show, we two sat in the back seat of the—the one-horse fly—and darkness favoured my tenderness, I say (*Rises from his seat and walks about*)—I say, that after leading me to hope, my heartless, but ever dear Juliana, has calmly told me that she never, never, never, can accept me as long as I am so BALD!

MRS. T. I never heard anything so absurd in my life; you are a *little* bald, but it is the *wig*; and I must say I'm surprised that Miss Tomkins should not be proud of marrying a barrister, instead of refusing you because you're *bald*. What's to be done?

MR. T. Well, I've advertised.

MRS. T. What's the use of *that*?

MR. T. I've advertised for a remedy, and I am waiting at home till eleven to see if any one answers it. (*Reads out of a "Times" that he takes from his pocket*)—"Wanted, by a gentleman, a certain remedy for baldness; whoever can produce any liquid, powder, or other remedy, may apply at Rose Cottage, Brompton, on Wednesday next, and before eleven o'clock, when a handsome reward will be given for any really efficacious remedy."—Well, now, isn't that a brilliant idea?

MRS. T. Lor, Fred, I'm afraid they will think it's *me* who am bald!

MR. T. Not at all! Ah, there's a ring! Now to business, with the fond hope, that if I gain my hair again, I also win my Juliana!

Enter SERVANT.

SER. (*Grinning.*) Please, sir, there's Mr. Summer, an 'airdresser, sir, as is asking for you; is it right, sir?

MR. T. Right? oh, certainly; show him up! show him up!
[*Exit* SERVANT.]

Now comes the trying question, is my baldness curable, or is it not? Shall I win, or shall I lose my Juliana?

Enter SERVANT and FIRST HAIRDRESSER.

MR. T. (*To* HAIRDRESSER.) Hem, hem! I suppose you've called in answer to my advertisement in this morning's *Times*?

FIRST H. Yes, sir, and I've no kind of doubt that I shall be able very soon to remedy your baldness, sir.

MR. T. Indeed! then you think it's *not* incurable?

FIRST H. Oh, dear no, sir! Nothing exists in the 'air line that our hart cannot fully comprehend. You see, sir, *my* system is an entirely new one. May I be allowed, sir, to look at your 'ead?

MR. T. Certainly; by all means. (*Sits down.* HAIRDRESSER examines his head minutely, and purses up his mouth.)

FIRST H. Hem!

MR. T. (*Anxiously.*) Is it a bad case, then? (*Rises.*)

FIRST H. Well, sir! hart in your case must remedy nature's 'andiwork. The 'air, sir, on your 'ead, is extremely feeble.

MR. T. But I have not got *any* hair!

FIRST H. Very true, sir; but I am a speaking of the little you 'ave. Now, sir, what I recommend is, *my* tonic lotion. You'd be surprised, sir, at the orders we get from all parts of the 'abitable globe for "Summer's Tonic Lotion," which strengthens, cleanses, and beautifies the 'uman 'ead, and 'air.

MR. T. Well, how soon do you think it will take to get back my hair?

FIRST H. I'll *warrant* it in six weeks' time, sir.

MR. T. Then I'll try it.

FIRST H. Very good, sir; I'll send you up a dozen bottles, and am confident of obtaining the reward in six weeks' time.

[*Bows, and Exit.*

Enter SERVANT, *laughing.*

SER. Please, sir, there are four *more* waiting to see you.

MR. T. Good gracious! 'tis rather embarrassing; however, I may as well see them. Show them all up. [*Exit* SERVANT.]

Enter FOUR HAIRDRESSERS. *All present their cards to*
MR. TIBBS.

MR. T. Well, I suppose you'll all want me to try your remedies, but I've just ordered a dozen bottles of "tonic lotion," and I'm told it will soon restore my hair.

SECOND H. Quite a mistake, sir; nothing can cure baldness but *my* entirely new system.

THIRD H. Or my hair restorer.

FOURTH H. Sir, *mine* is the real remedy—"Age defeated, no more gray hair." (*Produces pamphlet.*) Allow me, sir, to offer you this.

FIFTH H. Sir, try my "Kathairon hair-wash;" it's infallible.

MR. T. Well, one at a time. What do you recommend? (*To* SECOND HAIRDRESSER.)

SECOND H. May I examine your head, sir? (*MR. TIBBS sits down and* SECOND HAIRDRESSER, *drawing a brush from his pocket, brushes it violently.*)

MR. T. Oh, oh, oh! please, don't; you hurt me!

SECOND H. Well, sir! my system is to employ friction by

means of a "preventive brush," then we apply our "Eastern Depilatory," which removes all superfluous hairs.

MR. T. Superfluous hairs! I have none. I am *bald*, I tell you.

SECOND H. Yes, sir; but our system removes and then restores.

THIRD H. Pray, sir, try my balm.

FOURTH H. Or our pomade, sir.

FIFTH H. My Kathairon, sir.

MR. T. It's extremely perplexing to choose among so many; but I will try a bottle of each specific, and if I am no longer bald at the end of six weeks' time I'll give you each the reward all round. Send me up, each of you, a bottle of your different remedies, and if you cannot cure my baldness by the free use of all of them, and give me a beautiful head of hair in six weeks' time, I'll give up the game and be bald as well as briefless!

[HAIRDRESSERS bow and retire.—Curtain falls.]



ACT. III.—*Eye.*

Dramatis Personæ.

MISS ARABELLA HARPER, } *Friends.*
 MISS SUSAN HOOKER, }
 MR. TESTY, a very ugly man.

SCENE.—*Drawing-room. Whole Dramatis Personæ.*

MR. T. Ladies, I must now take my leave. I have several visits to make, and I shall therefore retire.

ARA. Oh, Mr. Testy, don't go.

SUS. Do stay a little longer; our papas and mammas will be back soon.

MR. T. I'll call again. Good-morning. Very happy to have seen you, ladies. [Exit behind screen.]

ARA. Dear me, Susan, how you did press Mr. Testy to stay!

SUS. Did I, dear? I thought all the *pressing* was on your side!

ARA. I'm sure I don't know what you mean, Susan; you know I can't bear him.

SUS. People, dear, do say you rather like him.

ARA. Oh, people will talk! some say, Susan, that because he's so rich, you want to be *Mrs. Testy*. Mind, dear, I don't believe such ill-nature.

SUS. Nonsense! that fright! he's got a glass eye.

ARA. No, it's a squint.

SUS. No! I am sure now it's a glass eye.

ARA. Well, squint or glass eye, I wouldn't marry Mr. Testy—no, not if there wasn't another man in the wide world.

SUS. Oh, Arabella! I know you have tried to catch him, ugly as he is.

ARA. How can you say so! he is perfectly hideous!

(MR. TESTY *pops his head again into the room, and says*)—

Ladies, I've accidentally overheard your *flattering* remarks. Let me give you a piece of advice—*Wait till you're asked!* Moreover, ugly as I am, I beg leave to say that I have neither of you in MY eye! [Curtain falls.]

ACT IV. *Garibaldi.*

Dramatis Personæ.

GARIBALDI, *whose costume must be that so familiarly known to every one by the numerous prints of the hero in his red shirt.*

As many GARIBALDIANS as can be personated.

NEAPOLITANS (*men and women*) *in Neapolitan costumes.*

SCENE.—*Naples.**

The curtain must draw up and disclose Garibaldi leaning over a balcony of the palace of the King of Naples, and attentively regarding the crowd below. (GARIBALDI *elevated as high as possible above the stage.*) Behind him should stand several of his officers. The crowd of Neapolitans below must cry "Viva Garibaldi," "Viva Garibaldi," "Italia una," &c. The women may be kneeling, so as to give more effect to this *tableau*; whilst behind the scenes, drums and military music is heard. Garibaldi should be personated leaning thoughtfully on his sword.

* This scene, for obvious reasons, must be chiefly in dumb show; and *Naples* must be imagined by the spectators.

SELWYN.

ACT. I.—*Sell.**Dramatis Personæ.*

MISS LARKY, and } Ladies who are holding stalls at a fancy
MISS FLIRTY, } fair.

CHARLES MIRTHFUL, } Friends and Oxonians.
HENRY GREEN, }

MRS. STERN, and } Who have also a stall.
MISS STERN, }

Several LADIES and GENTLEMEN walking about at a fancy fair.

SCENE.—*A Fancy Fair.*—*The whole Dramatis Personæ.*

MISS LARKY and MISS FLIRTY, hold a stall together. MRS. and MISS STERN, the same.

(*The stalls may be represented by tables, and the mute actors must appear to be buying the articles for sale.*)

MIRTH. How-de-do, Green? (*Shakes hands with MR. GREEN.*)

GREEN. Very well, thank you. Are you staying down here for the Long?

MIRTH. Yes; I am looking up a very pretty cousin of mine who's living here—in this neighbourhood, I mean.

GREEN. Indeed!

MIRTH. Can't you guess who she is? (*Looks towards stalls.*)

GREEN. Not that lady. (*Points to MISS STERN.*)

MIRTH. No! that pretty girl in the pink bonnet. I'll introduce you; come along.

(*As the two young men retire up stage, MISS LARKY and MISS FLIRTY must converse apart at their stalls; but audibly so.*)

MISS F. I am so provoked, Lucy, love, that we've sold so little. Every one goes to that horrid Mrs. Stern's stall.

MISS L. Ah, I see cousin Charles coming in with a strange gentleman. I wonder who it is!

MISS F. Hush, darling! Mrs. Stern looks our way.

MISS L. I don't care a bit for Mrs. Stern! How-de-do, Charles?

MIRTH. Well, how are *you* getting on?

MISS L. Very badly. (MR. GREEN *appears to be buying something at MRS. STERN'S stall.*) There's your friend, too, has deserted us.

MIRTH. I'll fetch him here; he's very rich, but rather *soft*. He's a college chum of mine, just come down.

MRS. S. (*To MR. GREEN.*) Those sketches, sir, are six shillings. They are all done by the children of the Blind Asylum; but perhaps you would like a pair of slippers, or a—

GREEN. I wanted a cigar-case.

MRS. S. (*Severely.*) I am afraid, sir, you've come, then, to the *wrong stall*.

MISS S. I don't approve of smoking.

GREEN. (*Embarrassed.*) Really, I am shocked. (MIRTHFUL *approaches.*)

MIRTH. Come, Green, I want you. (*Aside.*) My dear fellow, don't go to *that stall*; my cousin is longing to be introduced to you; come along! (*The two young men cross to the other side.*)

MRS. S. (*To MISS STERN.*) How very flippantly those two girls are going on.

MISS S. Yes; the strange gentleman has got his cigar-case, I see. So bold to sell cigar-cases.

MRS. S. Very bold.

(*Both these ladies look shocked; during their conversation the two young men must appear to be buying at the opposite stall, and laughing with MISS LARKY and MISS FLIRTY.*)

MISS F. (*Handing MR. GREEN change.*) Pray, count it, Mr. Green, and see that it's right.

MIRTH. Do, Green; she's sure to cheat.

MR. G. Oh, Mirthful! how can you!

MISS L. Well, Mr. Green, I must sell you something else before you go.

MR. G. I've spent all my money.

MISS L. It's only half a crown.

MIRTH. What is it, coz.?

MISS L. Oh, *you* don't want it. (*Whispers to MISS FLIRTY.*)

MIRTH. (*Nettled.*) Come, do tell me.

MISS L. I can't tell *you*; but the highest bidder shall have it.

MISS F. I am *sure* Mr. Green wants it

MR. G. I'll give five shillings.

MISS L. It's a letter.

MIRTH. From you? I'll give ten.

MISS L. It's directed "Advice to Persons about to Marry."

MIRTH. That's me.

MISS L. Take it, then.

(MIRTHFUL opens letter and appears disgusted.)

MRS. S. (*Aside.*) I am surprised at those two girls' goings on!

MISS S. Shameful!

MR. G. I must have one, too.

MIRTH. *Do, Green.* (*Aside.*) You're too bad, cousin.

(MR. GREEN receives another letter, and opens it.)

MR. G. What's this! Is this all? (*Reads.*) "To Persons about to Marry—*Dont.*" Well! (*Looks dismayed.*)

MIRTH. Ha, old boy! Isn't that a regular sell?

[*Curtain falls.*]

ACT II.—*Win.*

Dramatis Personæ.

CAPTAIN TURF, a sporting character.

MRS. TURF.

SCENE.—*A Drawing-room.*

CAPTAIN TURF. I'm off now, to Newmarket.

MRS. TURF. Oh, love! before you go, you must give me a five-pound note.

CAPT. T. What for? Hav'n't got one.

MRS. T. Oh, love! don't tell such *dreadful* stories!

CAPT. T. Well, I mean, I can't afford it; you're always wanting money.

MRS. T. (*Sobs.*) You're *most* unkind! Spending all your money, as you do, at races, and never giving your *poor* wife a sixpence. I hav'n't got a thing to put on.

CAPT. T. Well, well, don't cry! If my horse wins this time, I'll give you ten instead of five.

MRS. T. It's sure not to win.

CAPT. T. What do you mean? I tell you it's certain to win. (*Speaks crossly.*)

MRS. T. I'd rather have the five pounds before you go.

CAPT. T. You're so provoking, saying my horse won't win, I've a good mind to disappoint you! (*Walks about in a violent passion.*)

MRS. T. You are most unkind! (*Sobs.*)

CAPT. T. What do you mean by being so provoking? Here, take your money, and dry up your tears. (*Gives bank-note.*)

MRS. T. Oh, thank you, Charles; how *very* kind! (*Smiles.*) I am sure I hope your horse *will* win now!

CAPT. T. Ah! I dare say you do! (*Aside.*) A five-pound note will *win* any woman to good temper. (*Aloud.*) Good-bye, then. [*Exit.*]

MRS. T. I must go out shopping, now. I am sure I hope that horrid horse will win, for he always is in a good temper when he wins. [*Curtain falls.*]

ACT III.—*Selwyn.*

Dramatis Personæ.

GEORGE SELWYN, *wit and beau; dressed in appropriate costume. Full-skirted silk coat, of delicate pink hue, bound and frogged with gold lace; open sleeves, large cuffs, white lace ruffles; knee-breeches of same hue as coat; single-breasted waistcoat, bound with gold lace; silken hose; high-heeled shoes; cambric cravat, edged with lace; powdered hair; cocked hat and sword.*

TWELVE CHIMNEY SWEEPS, *celebrating May-Day in 1782.*

SCENE.—*Streets of London.* GEORGE SELWYN, *treading daintily on his high-heeled shoes, is seen approaching.* CHIMNEY SWEEPS, *their faces blackened, clamour round him for money.*

CHIMNEY SWEEP. First of May is garland day.
Please to remember, First of May.

(*All present plates to GEORGE SELWYN.*)

GEO. S. No, no, my good sirrahs; let me pass.

OMNES. Here, you fine beau, give us a sixpence! Please to remember the poor sweeps: sw—e—eps, sw—e—eps, sweeps! (*Gives sweeps' peculiar cry.*)

GEO. S. Not a penny! let me pass; I'm pressed for time.

OMNES. Not till you give us something; come, fork out, or we'll black you all over.

(*They press round and daub the beau's dress.*)

OMNES. We'll spoil his fine suit for him ; give us something !

GEO. S. Let me pass, I say ; I've an appointment.

KING OF THE SWEEPS. Please, sir, remember the king.

GEO. S. I should rather ask a man of your high position to remember me. (*Gives money. Crowd allow him to pass.*)

GEO. S. (*Stops and removes his hat, and bows.*) Gentlemen, I've often heard of the majesty of the people ; I presume your highnesses are in court mourning. [*Exit.—Curtain falls.*]

JOHNSON.

ACT I.—*John.*

Dramatis Personæ.

MR. and MRS. HUMDRUM, *quiet country people, of moderate means.*

MISS HUMDRUM, *their daughter.*

MR. and MRS. CLOVER, *dinner guests.*

MR. HUNTINGTOP, *dinner guest.*

JOHN, *young rustic, entering on the duties of a page.*

SCENE.—*A Dining-room. A table half-laid for dinner. Enter JOHN, carrying small tray full of wine-glasses, and knife-basket. He sets down the tray and glasses in the centre of the table with a thump, breaking two or three glasses.*

JOHN. Lawks-a-daisy ! There they goes a-breaking ! Well, I shall catch it, that's sartin ! (*Draws together the fragments hurriedly and rushes off with them ; returns into room again quickly.*) They'll be two short, but I can't 'elp it. P'r'aps they won't all want drink. (*Resettles tray and glasses in centre of table.*) How ever is them there spoons to go ? I should like to know. What a bother and a worry there always is about them there spoons ! (*Heaps the spoons together in a mass at one end of table, the forks at the other ; a large pile of plates standing awkwardly on one side, the vegetable-dishes and castors jostling one another in hopeless confusion.*)

JOHN. (*Complacently.*) There, now, I think that's something loike. (*Hums.*) Toodle—oodle—oodle—oo, pop goes the weasel !

Enter MISS HUMDRUM.

MISS H. Why, John, the cloth not laid yet! the company is arrived, and papa's waiting for dinner. Make haste!

JOHN. (*Pulling front lock.*) Yes, 'um, it's all ready; and I think we looks very noice!

MISS H. Oh, you stupid boy! do you call this ready? Upon my word, it's too tiresome! Enough to provoke a saint! Here, take these wine-glasses and set them all round the table. (*JOHN takes them eagerly, and in his hurry breaks two more.*)

MISS H. Oh, John! what are you doing, when you know there are no more in the house? You dreadful boy!

JOHN. (*Pulling front lock.*) Beg parding, miss; they come to pieces in my 'and!

MISS H. Well, don't stand doing nothing now, or the dinner will get cold. Oh, dear! oh, dear! I see, I must do it all myself, or it will never be ready in time! (*She rapidly puts the dishes in their right places, places forks, spoons, and glasses round the table. JOHN all the time bringing everything wrong, and hindering rather than helping her.*) [*Exit MISS HUMDRUM.*

JOHN. (*Solus.*) What a worrit miss is! It would ha' done quite as well as it wor; I'm quite flustered with so much foine company! (*Leans against the wall in a slouching attitude. Hum of voices is heard in the distance. Enter all the company to dinner. Conversation as the couples enter.*)

MR. HUMDRUM. (*To MRS. CLOVER.*) You are quite right, my dear madam, such an arrangement is most unusual. (*He conducts her to her seat.*)

MR. CLOVER. (*To MRS. HUMDRUM.*) And they do say, the corn will scarcely be got in before November. (*Takes her to a seat.*)

MR. HUNTINGTOP. (*To MISS HUMDRUM.*) Yes, Scourer's a capital horse, though he was the death of young Dare-all! (*As MISS HUMDRUM passes in she says in an audible aside*) John! Why didn't you announce dinner?

JOHN. (*In a loud voice.*) Please 'um, I forgot it! (*Starts up with a jerk, and looks confused.*)

(*The party being seated appear anxious to begin, but JOHN makes no signs of life.*)

MRS. H. (*Sotto voce.*) Here, John! take the cover.

(*JOHN hurries about uncovering the side dishes.*)

MRS. H. (*Aside.*) No, no; not those; the *soup*, John!

MR. H. (*Talking to cover mistakes.*) Yes, as you remarked, Mrs. Clover, the distribution of coal-tickets at this early season is most injurious.

MRS. CLOVER. Extremely wrong, I think, in point of feeling.

MR. C. Encourages idleness. Encourages idleness.

MRS. H. (*Aside.*) Hand the plates, John! (*Aloud.*) And who was it set it on foot?

MR. H. Ah, there's the mystery! *I* incline to think it was the Miss Browns suggested it to the rector; though, of course, I would not for worlds have it repeated!

MRS. C. *There*, I think you have been misinformed; I've good reason to know it was not the Miss Browns. I have it on the very best authority. (*She turns to JOHN, who in offering her soup spills it all over her dress.*) My good boy, pray, take care! dear me!

MRS. H. Oh, John, how clumsy of you!

MR. H. Hang it, sir! and what *are you* about?

MISS H. Oh, my dear Mrs. Clover! how very sad! over your beautiful satin turk. *Do* let me try and get it off. (*Scene of general annoyance and confusion. JOHN collapses and becomes stupefied.*)

MR. H. (*Between his teeth.*) Take away the soup, will you!

(*The soup is removed and the other dishes brought in.*)

MRS. H. (*Pointing out places for the dishes.*) There, John—and there!

JOHN. (*Aloud.*) Well, 'aint I a doing of it! (*General stare.*)

(*Brushes past MR. HUNTINGTOP, and throws rabbit with white sauce over his head; the sauce runs down in thick streaks over MR. HUNTINGTOP'S face.*)

MR. HUNTINGTOP. Confound—! Excuse me, ladies; I am not fit to remain at table. [*Exit, in high dudgeon.*]

MR. C. (*To JOHN.*) I tell you what, young man; if you were my servant, I would not keep you another hour!

MR. H. It's shameful, intolerable, that my guests are to be annoyed in this way! Put the things down, and go about your business! (*Signals of distress pass between MRS. and MISS HUMDRUM.*)

MR. C. Poor Huntingtop! ha! ha! ha!

MR. H. Will you allow me to leave you an instant? I must go and see if I can make him comfortable again. (*To his daughter.*) Emily, take my place.

MRS. H. (*Blandly.*) And so you think the harvest must suffer?

MR. C. Undoubtedly, ma'am, if this weather continues as it has been. As to turnips, they haven't a chance. Mangewurzel very poor; hops ruined. (*Meat course is cleared off. Long pause. JOHN has left and does not return.*)

MRS. H. Indeed, how very sad!

MRS. C. But, as I was saying before the little accident occurred, it was *not* the Miss Browns who instigated the distribution. They are very much opposed to it on principle.

MRS. H. Could it be the Miss Smiths? (*Aside.*) What a time that boy is!

MRS. C. Yes; they are at the bottom of everything that is mismanaged. Mr. Cope-and-stole is so papistical, he does not care in the least for established customs, and the Smiths—

MRS. H. Emily, ring the bell!

Re-enter JOHN.

JOHN. Please 'um, cook says is the tarts to come in as well as the puddin'?

MISS H. (*With looks of agony.*) Hu—sh!—of course; make haste and bring them. [*Exit JOHN.*]

MRS. C. As I was saying, the Miss Smiths are always at him; what with daily early services, Sunday-schools, or something or other—(*A tremendous crash is heard without.*)

MRS. H. } What can have happened!
MISS H. }

Re-enter JOHN, in great dishabille: pulls his front lock.

JOHN. Please 'um, the things fell out of me 'ands, and the puddin's smashed, and the tart is all runned, and I've a-busted all my buttons a-trying to pervent of it! Please 'um, I couldn't ha' 'elped it no how!

MRS. H. Oh, John! you must leave! (*Great agitation.*) My dear Mrs. Clover, what will you think of us? pray excuse this most uncomfortable meal!

MRS. C. (*Gauchely.*) It does not in the least matter, I assure you. I dined before I came.

MISS H. (*Irritably.*) Bring the dessert, John!

JOHN. Please, miss, there haint none.

MISS H. (*Gasping.*) No dessert! I put it out!

JOHN. Yes, miss; but the young miss and master 'ave heat it all hoff the slab.

MRS. C. Dreadful mismanagement!

MRS. H. I'm so distressed! (*Aside to JOHN.*) John, you leave to-morrow!

MRS. C. Such accidents will happen in the best-regulated families. [*Exeunt OMNES.*]

ACT II.—*Son.*

Dramatis Personæ.

MRS. CRÆSUS DYER, *a rich hypochondriac.*

MISS SELINA BALMER, *humble admirer of MRS. CRÆSUS DYER.*

MRS. CRÆSUS DYER *is seen reclining on a sofa, sal-volatile, eau-de-Cologne, and other restoratives near her. A small piece of rag dipped in scent is placed on her forehead to indicate that she is suffering from headache. She holds a letter, which she is perusing in her hand.*

MRS. C. D. A discovery, indeed! and just made in time to prevent serious annoyance. What an artful girl! after all my extreme kindness to her, taking advantage of my weak state of health and shattered nerves to—

LIVERY SERVANT *announces* MISS BALMER.

(MRS. CRÆSUS DYER *starts up hurriedly, then sinks back on her couch languidly, crushing the letter in her hand.*)

MISS BALMER. (*Running forward in a gushing manner.*) May I come in?

MRS. C. D. Hu—sh, no noise! my head! Yes, you may come in, Miss Balmer.

MISS B. (*Advancing stealthily.*) My poor dear angelic sufferer! Still a martyr! But why Miss Balmer? Let me always be *Selina* to you! (*Presses MRS. DYER'S hand devotedly.*)

MRS. C. D. (*Aside.*) Yes, you would like to be on those terms, no doubt. (*Aloud.*) Please, spare me all agitation; I am extremely feeble to-day.

MISS B. (*With a heaving sigh.*) Oh! (*Shakes her hand.*) Neuralgia?

MRS. C. D. (*Irritably.*) No, nerves. I have been terribly tried this morning—received a great shock, which has quite unhinged me.

MISS B. Dear, dear me, how very, very sad! No bad news, I *fondly* trust.

MRS. C. D. (*Curtly.*) Yes, bad news.

MISS B. (*Pumping.*) None of your family circle indisposed, I do hope?

MRS. C. D. (*Fixing her.*) No, they are all at home, you know, excepting my son, who is quite well, I thank you. (*Stares hard at MISS BALMER.*)

MISS B. (*In a slight tremor.*) I am truly glad to hear that; you know how deeply everything connected with you, my dear and admired friend, must ever interest your fond Selina.

MRS. C. D. (*With covert irony.*) I quite believe you, Miss Balmer.

MISS B. (*Assiduously arranging MRS. DYER'S pillows.*) Do let me make you comfortable. Another cushion? Oh! could I mitigate your sad sufferings!

MRS. C. D. Thank you; I want quiet. There, that will do. Don't touch me, please.

MISS B. How deeply I sympathize! The slightest movement jars on your sensitive nerves. See (*Producing nosegay*), I have brought you a few flowers, which I trust you will not think unworthy your acceptance, inferior though they must be to those rich exotics you can so easily procure. Still, as a humble tribute of devoted attachment, they may be acceptable. (*She smiles mournfully.*)

MRS. C. D. (*Stiffly.*) You are very kind; but Dr. Pulser has strictly forbidden me to have any flowers in my room, on account of the injurious effects of the scent on my nerves; so if you will have the kindness to ring the bell, I will have them taken away.

MISS B. Oh, certainly. (*Rings bell.*) What sweet self-denial and resignation! But surely these pears are not forbidden? (*Produces a small basket with fruit in it.*)

MRS. C. D. (*Mollified.*) What a pity, my dear, you brought them; I *can't* touch fruit. I am sorry you should have taken the trouble.

MISS B. (*Submissively.*) Nothing can be *trouble*, when done for my dear Mrs. Cræsus Dyer!

MRS. C. D. Hum!

MISS B. (*Admiringly.*) But though so sadly indisposed, you look sweetly, sweetly elegant, as you always do, with your exquisite taste in dress. What a rich and splendid silk! (*Smooths MRS. DYER'S dress.*) How I do admire you, my dear Mrs. Cræsus Dyer! (*Stoops and offers to kiss her.*)

MRS. C. D. (*Recoiling and sitting upright.*) Stop, Miss Balmer, before you go any farther in the path of dissimulation and hypocrisy in which you are now treading.

MISS B. My dear mistaken angel! What can you mean? *I* deceitful—*I* a hypocrite, who love you so fondly! so devotedly! (*Becomes hysterical.*)

MRS. C. D. Your professions sicken me, for I see through your attentions, your fawnings, your presents, and your flatteries! It is not on *my* account you come here—you come, Miss Balmer, to look after my *son*!

MISS B. (*Shrieking.*) Your son! As if I should presume to aspire so far above my station! No, believe me, I have merely a sister's interest in your son! (*She grows deadly pale.*)

MRS. C. D. Very fine, indeed! a sister's interest, when I have it here, in black and white, that you have been corresponding with him at Oxford for months! Is this your hand, or is it not? (*Displays letter.*) I picked it up on the floor after you left me yesterday; and seeing an envelope directed in *your* hand to my poor weak Frank, I considered it my duty, as a mother, to intercept and read it! Yes, Miss Balmer, it is my *son* to whom you are attached, not me; and I shall take good care you never come near me or my *son* again. You are unmasked—exposed! I may now wish you good-morning!

MISS B. (*Rises to go, but before her exit she turns round and says.*) Very well, Mrs. Dyer; but I may as well inform you that I am married to your *son*!

[*Exit* MISS BALMER. MRS. DYER *faints.*—*Curtain falls.*]

ACT III.—*Johnson.*

Conversation between JOHNSON, MRS. THRALE, and FANNY BURNLEY.

Dramatis Personæ.

DR. JOHNSON.

MR. THRALE.

MRS. THRALE.

MISS BURNLEY.

Costumes.—JOHNSON. Appearance stout, large, heavy. Face frightfully seamed and disfigured with burnt cork. Brown scratch-wig, too small for his head; rusty old brown single-breasted coat and vest; knee-breeches; black worsted stockings, loose, and badly pulled up; shoes left unbuckled, and down at heel; large cravat, half untied. General appearance of slovenly neglect.

MRS. THRALE.—Pretty, short and plump; hair drawn up high, surmounted by lace flowers and lappets; old-fashioned costume; square cut bodice; large hoop; looped-up silk skirt, of bright hue, over one of paler tint; short tight sleeves, with lace ruffles.

MISS BURNLEY.—Short and small; neat features; hair turned back and frizzed; a large black velvet hat on the top, surmounted by plumes; dark silk bodice, and tight sleeves; handkerchief of fine cambric and lace, crossed on the neck, and tucked into the low bodice skirt of bright-coloured silk.

MR. THRALE.—Plum-coloured suit; flowered silk waistcoat; knee-breeches; stockings; powdered hair; ruffles.

SCENE.—MR. THRALE'S house. *Small tea-table, tiny old china cups and saucers.* JOHNSON and FANNY BURNLEY seated in elbow-chairs sipping their tea, which MRS. THRALE is pouring out.

MRS. THRALE. My lovely Burney! you cannot imagine what a strange set of maimed, halt, and blind, our good doctor has collected in his dwelling. His charity gives a refuge and a home to all the poor and destitute!

MISS B. My dear and venerated doctor! this is like the benevolence of your expanded soul! (*Gazes at him admiringly.*)

DR. J. (*Deprecatingly.*) Pooh, pooh ! (*Sips his tea.*)

MRS. T. Pray, sir, how does Mrs. Williams like all this tribe?

DR. J. Madam, she does not like them at all, but their fondness for her is no greater. She and De Mullins quarrel incessantly.

MRS. T. And pray, sir, what is Mr. Macbean?

DR. J. Madam, he is a *Scotchman*. (*See-saws with signs of irritation.*) He is a man of great learning, and for his learning I respect him, and I wish to serve him ; he knows many languages ; but (*Pompously*) he knows nothing of life ; (*Saws up and down with his arm continually.*)

MR. T. And pray, who is the clerk of your kitchen?

DR. J. Why, sir, I am afraid there is none ; a general anarchy prevails in my kitchen, as I am informed by Mr. Levett, who says it is not what it used to be.

MRS. T. Mr. Levett, I suppose, sir, has the office of keeping the hospital in health ? for he is an apothecary.

DR. J. Levett, madam, is a brutal fellow ; but his brutality is in his manners, not his mind.

MRS. T. But how do you get your dinners dressed?

DR. J. Why, De Mullins has the management of the kitchen ; but our roasting is not magnificent, for we have no jack.

MRS. T. No jack ? why, how do they manage without it ?

DR. J. Small joints, I believe, are done with a string, and large ones at the tavern. I have some thoughts of buying a jack, because I think a jack a credit to a house.

MR. T. Well, but you'll have a spit, too ?

DR. J. No, sir, no ; that would be superfluous. If a jack is seen, a spit will be presumed.

MRS. T. But pray, sir, who is the "Poll" you talk of ? She that you used to abet in her quarrels with Mrs. Williams, and call out, "At her again, Poll." "Never flinch, Poll!"

DR. J. Poll is a stupid slut. I had some hopes of her at first, but when I talked to her tightly and closely, I could make nothing of her, she was wiggle waggle, and I never could persuade her to be categorical. Another cup, madam, of your tea. (*Hands her his cup.*)

MRS. T. The tea, sir, is not worth your drinking, it is so weak.

DR. J. The weakness is in your imagination, madam, not in the tea. (*Receives a cup and stirs it.*)

(MISS BURNEY *meanwhile* has been looking over a new book.)

DR. J. (*To Miss B.*) Do put away that book, pretty Fanny, and prattle to us. I can't make this little Burney prattle; and I am sure she prattles well. You shall give me a discourse on the passions. Come, begin! Did you ever read Norris's "Theory of Love?"

MISS B. (*Blushing and tittering.*) No, sir.

DR. J. Well, it is worth your reading. He deduces from inordinate love all human frailty.

MRS. T. To-morrow, sir, Mrs. Montague dines here, and then you will have talk enough.

(DR. JOHNSON *see-sawing with an expression of fun on his face.*)

DR. J. Down with her, Burney! down with her! spare her not! attack her, fight her, and down with her at once! You're a rising wit, and she is at the top; and when I was beginning the world, and was nothing and nobody, the joy of my life was to fire at the established wits, and then everybody loved to halloo me on. But there is no game now. Every one would be pleased to see me conquered. So at her, Burney, at her, and down with her! (*They all laugh.*)

DR. J. Mark, now, if I contradict her to-morrow. I am determined, say what she will, I will not contradict her.

MRS. T. Why, to be sure, sir, you put her out of countenance last time she came.

DR. J. Why, madam, I won't answer for that. I shall contradict her again, if she provokes me again as she did then; but a less provocation I will withstand.

MRS. T. Oh, I warrant you she fears you, indeed; but that, you know, is nothing uncommon. (*MISS BURNEY has risen, and is about to leave the room.*)

DR. J. Little Burney, my dear, where are you going to? (*She returns.*) Don't leave us, my sweet Burney. Nay, it is very handsome. (*Looking at her.*)

MISS B. What, sir?

DR. J. Why, your head-gear. I have looked at it some time, and I like it much. Women, take them in general, have no idea of grace. I don't mean Mrs. Thrale and Miss Burney, when I talk of women. They are goddesses! and (*Gallantly bowing*) therefore I except them.

MRS. T. La, doctor!

MISS B. What benevolent affability! (*Turns up her eyes.*)



“CELEBRATED CHARACTER” CHARADE.—JOHNSON.

See page 216.

DR. J. Come, Burney, shall you and I study our parts against Mrs. Montague comes? (MISS BURNLEY *looks bashful.*)

MRS. T. Miss Burney, you must get up your courage for this encounter; begin with Miss Gregory, and down with her first.

DR. J. No, no! always fly at the eagle! down with Mrs. Montague herself! Down with her, little Burney!

[Curtain falls.]

This scene has, with some slight alterations, been adapted from Madame d'Arblay's diary.

PART II.—IN-DOOR GAMES.

CHAPTER I.

INTELLECTUAL GAMES IN WHICH THE PLAYERS TALK.

THE STOOL OF REPENTANCE.

ONE of the company leaves the room as the culprit, whilst another, who is selected as public accuser, goes the round of the circle collecting in whispers the various accusations each of the party has to make against the culprit. This being done, the latter is then brought in again and placed on a stool in the middle of the circle. He is then addressed by the public accuser, in the following terms:—"I regret to state, that you are accused of several very heinous and dreadful offences, amongst other; of—" here the accuser states one of the accusations that was whispered to him, which we will suppose to be such as — "making your hair curl every night with curl-papers," or something of the same kind; for it should be remembered in playing this game, that though a little harmless raillery is quite permissible, yet any wounding or rude accusations should be avoided, as likely to disturb the harmony and good feeling of the party. The culprit, after hearing the accusation made against him, must strive to discover amongst the varied expressions on the faces in the circle around him who has made the accusation. If he cannot guess the first, the accuser passes on to a second, and so on, till he either guesses one, when he gives his place as culprit to the one guessed, or if he cannot guess any, he must leave the room again whilst a fresh round of accusations are collected

against him. So the game proceeds till the accused has discovered one of his accusers.

If the accusations are carefully confined to good-humoured raillery, this is at once a mirthful amusement and a good school for the study of "Expression," or, as it is called, "the Science of Lavater."

PLANTING.

THIS is a game which has recently become very fashionable. It does not require any very great amount of mental exertion to play it; at the same time it may be made the medium of some pretty compliments to the fair sex, or the reverse if desired. The following is the way in which it is played:—One amongst a circle of friends says she, or he, has planted something in the ground: this something need not be either seed or plant; it may be a person, or anything, in fact, but a plant; but whatever is planted must come up something bearing the name of flower, fruit, tree, or vegetable.

For instance: a gentleman of the party is requested to make a plantation; he does so—*mentally*, and announces that he has planted two very pretty girls. After a little hesitation, some successful guesser calls out "Rose-Mary;" which in this case was the right answer. Another of the party says, they have planted Louis-Napoleon. In a short time Louis Napoleon shows his head above ground as "Crown-Imperial."

A third person then plants some dust, and lo! it comes up as "Broom." We will now make a selection of some of the best plantations we have heard of as coming up successfully, and trust they may inspire our young friends to add to the list. The only requisite is a knowledge of the common names of flowers, familiar to all dwellers in the country.

1. Plant a couple of Hedge-hogs. What do they come up?

Answer—"A Prickly Pear" (pair).

2. Plant a Mouth and what comes up?

"Tu-lips" (two lips).

3. Plant a devoted, but rejected Lover.

There comes up "Love-lies-a-bleeding."

4. Plant a Widow.

There comes up "Weeds."

CROSS QUESTIONS AND CROOKED ANSWERS.

THIS game is played by the company first ranging themselves in a circle. No. 1 then asks No. 2, in a whisper, a question—No. 2 answers. No. 2 asks in a whisper another question from No. 3, No. 3 asks No. 4, and so the whispered questions and answers are given and received until the last of the circle is reached (we will for convenience say No. 10), who then asks No. 1 a question. This having been thus completed, No. 1 begins by saying, "The question was put to me whether so—so, and the answer was" (the answer given by No. 2 to No. 1's question). We will suppose, as an illustration of this, that No. 10 asks No. 1 whether she likes dancing? No. 1 answers, "Yes, if I have a good partner." No. 1 had previously asked No. 2 whether she had been out that day? No. 2's answer, "No, I did not go." Therefore when No. 1 begins, she will say as follows:—The question was put to me, "Whether I liked dancing?" and the answer was, "No, I did not go." No. 2, too, says, "The question was put to me whether I went out to-day?" and then she will add the answer of No. 3 to her own question. In this way this game goes the round of the circle. It is always somewhat puzzling for very young children.

QUOTATIONS.

ONE of the party repeats a tolerably well-known quotation from a famous poet, such as Shakspeare, Milton, or our favourite of modern days—Tennyson. The first who can say the author's name after the last word of the quotation has been said has a right to make another quotation after the first. We will suppose one of the party begins with—

"Fare thee well!

Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough. This earth that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman."

The first who calls out "Shakspeare" after this may, perhaps, continue with—

“Our life is twofold. Sleep hath its own world,
 A boundary between the things misnamed
 Death and existence. Sleep hath its own world
 And a wide realm of wild reality,
 And dreams in their development have breath,
 And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy.”

The first of the party who names “Byron” after the quotation has then a right to begin another.

THE SECRET THAT TRAVELS.

THIS is a short but amusing game. It must be played either in a line or by a circle of players. The first whispers a secret to her neighbour, who passes it on to the next, and so on, always, of course, in a whisper. When it arrives at last at the end of the row or circle, the last person repeats it aloud. The rest must repeat, in turn, what his or her secret was as given to him or her, and so the party will be amused by the various ways of telling one thing, and by the varieties of additions and omissions that have occurred on the road. The players should not be told beforehand what the secret is afterwards to be exposed, as their carelessness in transmission adds to the amusement of the game.

THE INITIAL LETTERS.

THIS game is played much in the same way as Proverbs. A word only is thought of by the company, the guesser being out of the room. When he returns, however, he walks up to the first player and stands opposite to him or her, until a word is pronounced, which must begin with the first letter of the word agreed upon. We will suppose that the word Volunteer has been chosen :—

No. 1	says—	Valentine.
No. 2	„	Omnibus.
No. 3	„	Lamb.
No. 4	„	Uniform.
No. 5	„	Nobody.
No. 6	„	Tory.
No. 7	„	Eagle.
No. 8	„	Every one.
No. 9	„	Robber.

The guesser, of course, puts the initials together and exclaims, it is Volunteer; but there is often hesitation both on the part of guesser and player, and then a forfeit must be given.

MAGIC MUSIC.

ONE of the party who has sufficient ear and appreciation of music is sent out of the room. Another, who can modulate well on the piano, is seated at it. The company then determine on something that the absent player is to do in the room on his return. When he first re-enters the room, the music is to be loud and decided; it is to soften and slacken in time as the player approaches the object or part of the room with or in which he is to do something, but grows loud again when he appears to show but little comprehension of his task. We will suppose that task to be to take a candle off the table and blow it out. As the guesser approaches the candle the music grows softer, when he perhaps touches it, softer still; he will then perhaps walk about with the candle, the music becomes louder again; he then stops, listens, and finally blows it out. The music then becomes very loud and animated, and he is told that all his task is performed.

CUPID.

THE players are in this game all ranged in a row, each one representing a letter of the alphabet. One of the players, chosen as the leader of the game, seats him or herself at the end of the room. If a gentleman, he must be called Jupiter; if a lady, Venus. The players then, in turn, come forward to Jupiter or Venus, to personate Cupid before him or her, in a manner expressed by a word commencing with the letter of the alphabet they have adopted.

For instance, the first one, who represents A, says, Cupid comes Acting (at the same time he or she must walk across the room in a theatrical manner, towards Jupiter or Venus, and then take up his station behind her). Then the next one says, Cupid comes Barking, and must come barking like a dog across the room. The next (C) says, Cupid comes Crossly, and must come with a very adverse expression of face and manner. And so on until

the alphabet has been represented. As there is often a difficulty in thinking of words, we subjoin a list of some :—

Cupid comes Affectionate—Angry—Afflicted—Astonished.
 Cupid comes Bowing—Blowing—Bravely—Bellowing.
 Cupid comes Carelessly—Cantering—Chasséing—Cautiously.
 Cupid comes Dancing—Determined—Dejectedly—Dawdling.
 Cupid comes Eating—Excited—Eagerly—Exhausted.
 Cupid comes Fastly—Fanning—Foolishly—Fondly.
 Cupid comes Giving—Galloping—Grumbling—Gaspings.
 Cupid comes Holding—Hopping—Humbly—Happy.
 Cupid comes Idly—Impatient—Impertinent—Irritably.
 Cupid comes Joking—Jumping—Jolly—Joyous.
 Cupid comes Kissing—Kicking—Kindly—Knocking.
 Cupid comes Lame—Leaping—Laughing—Looking.
 Cupid comes Madly—Merry—Marching—Meddling.
 Cupid comes Naughty—Nimbly—Nipping—Nobly.
 Cupid comes Openly—Originally—Officiously—Offensively.
 Cupid comes Pleasing—Playing—Proudly—Puffing.
 Cupid comes Queerly—Quaking—Quietly—Quacking.
 Cupid comes Running—Reading—Roaring—Rudely.
 Cupid comes Sadly—Simply—Singing—Snapping.
 Cupid comes Talking—Teasing—Tyrannical—Tame.
 Cupid comes Urgent—Upbraiding—Untidy—Undaunted.
 Cupid comes Victorious—Veiled—Violently—Vowing.
 Cupid comes Warbling—Warlike—Waspish—Winged.
 Cupid comes Xalting—or omit the letter.
 Cupid comes Yawning—Yelling—Youthful—Yielding.
 Cupid comes Zigzag—Zealous—Zephyr-like.

Any one who fails in performing their letter must do so at the command of Jupiter or Venus, or else pay a forfeit. It is an amusing game when the players think promptly of their words.

THE TRADE.

THE leader of the game commences, by saying, "I have apprenticed my son to (naming a trade), and the first thing he made (used or sold) was (here mention the initial letters of the article thought of)." Whoever guesses first what they represent has the next turn in the game. As an example, let us suppose five or

six persons playing. The first begins, "I apprenticed my son to a linendraper, and the first thing he sold was a B. S. D."

Black satin dress?

Wrong.

Blue satin?

Wrong again.

Blue silk dress?

Yes.

The next then says, "I apprenticed my daughter to a milliner and the first thing she made was a G. A."

"Green apron," says No. 3, who continues, "I apprenticed my son to a carpenter, and the first thing he made was a B. S."

Bedstead?

Not right. Try again.

A box stool?

Yes.

And so on, till all have had their turn.

I LOVE MY LOVE.

THE letter A, or any other letter, may be taken to commence the game. Each player must take the same letter, until it has gone the round of the whole party. But any one who repeats a word that has been previously used must pay a forfeit. We add an example for three letters:—

A.—I love my love with an A because he is Amiable, I hate him with an A because he is Angry, he came from America, lives on Anchovies, his name is Alfred, and I will give him an Amethyst for a keepsake.

B.—I love my love with a B because he is Benevolent, I hate him with a B because he is Bearish, he came from Brighton, lives on Berries, his name is Benjamin, and I will give him a Bex for a remembrance.

C.—I love my love with a C because he is Careful, I hate him with a C because he is Curious, he came from Corsica, lives on Cabbages, his name is Charles, and I will give him a Carbuncle for a keepsake.

THE BOARDING-SCHOOL-MISTRESS ;
OR, THE TELL-TALE LITTLE FINGER.

THIS game is more particularly intended for young ladies, but it may be played by young gentlemen also.

The party range themselves in a row in front of the schoolmistress, who is seated on a higher seat than the pupils. The schoolmistress then selects one of the company and places her on a seat in front of all of her companions. The schoolmistress then commences thus :—

MISTRESS.—You went out yesterday without my permission ; where did you go to ?

ACCUSED.—My aunt's. (*Pointing to one of her companions, who must at once answer, " Yes, Mistress," or pay a forfeit.*)

MISTRESS.—I know you went somewhere else also ; my *thumb* tells me so. (*At the word " thumb " the ACCUSED answers, " It knows nothing about it," which she must repeat every time the MISTRESS mentions the word " thumb," or pay a forfeit until the MISTRESS mentions another finger.*)

MISTRESS.—The worst of it is, you did not go alone.

ACCUSED. It knows nothing about it.

MISTRESS. It still says you walked over the hill.

ACCUSED. It knows nothing about it.

MISTRESS. With a handsome young man.

ACCUSED. It knows nothing about it.

MISTRESS. And that you dined in company with him ; my *middle finger* tells me that.

ACCUSED. Do not believe it. (*This phrase is always to be repeated whenever the middle finger is mentioned.*)

MISTRESS. In a room at the " Star and Garter."

ACCUSED. Do not believe it ; my neighbour knows to the contrary. (*She points to another of her companions, who must directly answer, " Yes, Mistress," or pay a forfeit.*)

MISTRESS. After the dinner, which lasted an hour.

ACCUSED. Do not believe it.

MISTRESS. You drove home with this young man in a carriage.

ACCUSED. Do not believe it.

MISTRESS. The carriage was overturned crossing a brook.

ACCUSED. Do not believe it.

MISTRESS. And your best dress was torn and spoilt.

ACCUSED. Do not believe it; my companions can tell you it is untrue. (*The companions must all say, "Yes, Mistress," or pay a forfeit.*)

MISTRESS. It is my *little finger* tells me so.

ACCUSED. Pardon me, mistress, it has told a falsehood.

All the young ladies say, at the same time, "Ah! naughty little finger."

MISTRESS. It insists upon it, however.

ACCUSED. It has told a falsehood; ask my companions.

All these, without uttering a syllable, must then lift up their hands as if to attest the untruth of the accusation. Any one who forgets or hesitates must pay a forfeit.

MISTRESS. It says all these young ladies speak an untruth.

All then rise. Whoever remains seated pays a forfeit. The accused changes places with one of the school-girls; a new mistress is chosen; a new charge made; and the game goes on in the same manner.

THE ACROSTIC SALE.

THIS is a very good game for the young, as it improves their spelling. The leader of the game begins by announcing he has just bought some article, which must have as many letters in its name as there are players amongst the party. For instance, if there are ten playing, there must be ten letters; we will therefore imagine the article to be a butter-dish. The leader announces that he will barter his butter-dish for as many articles as the players offer him; each article, however, must have an initial letter corresponding with the order of letters found in the word butter-dish. Thus, with a pencil and paper in hand, the leader notes down the offers made him, the list of which he must read out, and inform the company what he means to do with each article. We will suppose him to commence in the following manner:—

"I have just come home, after having bought in the city a costly silver butter-dish. As it cost me more than I find I can afford to pay, I propose to barter it, to the present party" (turning to his nearest neighbour). "What will you give me for the letter B?" This one and then the other nine players each make their offers in

succession. The leader writes them down. After which he says, "You propose to give for my—

B—a Ball.

D—a Dog.

U—an Ugly mug.

I—an Ivory-knife.

T—a Time-piece.

S—a Saucepan.

T—a Turnspit.

H—a Hammer.

E—an Ewer.

R—a Round table.

"Very well, I shall accept your offers, and this is what I shall do with all the things. The *dog* I shall keep and feed every day myself. The *ivory knife* I shall mend my pens with, when I write to the donor. The *ball* we will all have a game with to-day. The *ugly mug* I will use every day to drink beer out of, when I am seated at the *round table* at my dinner. The *saucepan* will boil the potatoes for my dinner. In the *ewer* I shall first wash my hands. Without a *turnspit* my mutton could not be roasted, and my meat would most probably be overdone if it were not for the *time-piece* to keep my cook in order. After thus disposing of most of the things I am sure to find the *hammer* most serviceable in nailing up the fruit-trees against my garden wall." This round of the game being thus played out, one of the others becomes barterer, and makes a new acrostic sale.

THE SPORTSMAN.

ALL excepting one of the party, who is chosen as sportsman, assume the names of different animals followed in the chase. The game consists of the animals replying to the sportsman in appropriate terms relative to the field-sports he alludes to. Thus when the sportsman mentions—

A Gun.

All the animals call out, "Take care, take care."

A Setter.

The RABBIT cries, "To your burrow, to your burrow."

A Greyhound.

The HARE cries, "Run, friends, run."

A Staghound.

The STAG says, "I have good legs."

A Trap.

The Fox says, "I am too cunning for that."

A Hunting Horn.

The STAG and FOX both cry, "Hark, away!"

The Powder-flask.

All the birds cry, "Fly away, fly away," and raise their arms, as if about to fly.

The Game-bag.

All the animals and birds drop their heads on their breasts, excepting the Fox, who calls out, "I don't care."

Whoever fails in a proper answer at the right time must pay a forfeit.

The reader will probably understand the character of the game more clearly from an example.

An Example.

SPORTSMAN. A southerly wind and a cloudy sky proclaim it a hunting morning. The *hounds* are coming up the lane already.

THE STAG AND FOX. Hark, away, hark, away!

SPORTSMAN. I shall not, therefore, have the *setters* out to-day.

RABBIT. To the burrow, the burrow.

SPORTSMAN. Nor the *greyhounds*, either.

HARE. Run, friends, run.

SPORTSMAN. John, look to my *powder-flask*.

BIRDS. (*All moving their arms.*) Fly away, fly away.

SPORTSMAN. Though I do not want it to-day, but will have out the *hunting horn*.

STAG AND FOX. Hark, away!

SPORTSMAN. Keeper, what's in the *trap* to-day?

FOX. I'm too cunning for that.

SPORTSMAN. Get the *game-bag* out, to be ready for to-morrow. (*All but the FOX droop their heads.*)

FOX. Don't care.

In this style the game may be prolonged for some time. The sportsman being careful to *mark down* and claim a forfeit from those who omit to respond at the proper time.

P'S AND Q'S.

THE company form a circle, and one stands in the centre as questioner. In the answers to be given, a forfeit is required if any one names a town beginning with a letter standing before Q in the alphabet. The leader may, perhaps, commence thus:—

“Louis Napoleon is at the head of the army in Italy, where is his next move? Tell us where he is going to? but mind your P's and Q's.”

The unthinking speaker answers “Milan,” for which a forfeit must be paid, as it stands before “Q” in the alphabet, and so the game goes on.

THE MISTRESS WHO DOES NOT LIKE PEAS.

THE leader of this game begins as follows:—“My mistress is fainty, and does not like peas. What shall we therefore get her for dinner to-day?”

One suggests “Potatoes, chops, or plum-pudding.”

“Pork and turnips,” cries another.

“She does not like any of these—pay forfeits all that have proposed such dishes.”

“Bread, cabbages, and salad,” suggests another.

“Yes, these will do, for she likes these,” replies the leader, who has to pay a forfeit himself; having in the words “pay” and “proposed” named the letter *p*.

INTELLECTUAL GAMES IN WHICH WRITING IS
REQUIRED.

BOUT RIMÉS.

THIS game, bearing a French name, for which we have never yet invented a significant substitute, but which means, literally, “rhymed ends” of lines, was originally invented by the French. The incident that first suggested it as a game was the distress of a poor poet, accustomed to compose sonnets at so much the line for lovers, at being robbed of his skeleton verses, or

“bout rimés.” The courtiers of Louis IV. began to adopt rhymes and try their skill in filling them up. The game is of some standing in England, as Horace Walpole mentions that he had the rhymes :—

“brook” “I,”

“crook” “why,” given him to compose a verse with. He produced the following :—

“I sit with my toes in a brook,
And if any one asks me for why,
I gives 'em a tap with my crook,
And 'tis sentiment makes me, says I.”

Our readers, perhaps, already comprehend from the above example that the game is played by giving to different individuals of the same party similar rhyming terminations they must each, in their different styles, fill up. For instance :—

the rhymes “still” “garden.”
“hill” “face.”
“trace.”
“grace.”
“pardon.”

Longfellow has gracefully filled up these with what follows :*—

“The night is silent, the wind is ‘still,’
The moon is looking from yonder ‘hill’
Down upon convent, and grove, and ‘garden ;’
The clouds have passed away from her ‘face,’
Leaving behind them no sorrowful ‘trace ;’
Only the tender and quiet ‘grace’
Of one whose heart has been healed with ‘pardon.’”

This game always produces merriment and amusement by the variety of styles, comic and sentimental, into which the same rhymes may be turned.

* “The Golden Legend.” Longfellow.

PARADOXES.

THIS game is played by each of the company selecting a letter of the alphabet and writing a paradoxical verse on it, such as follows :—

A.

It is in the Arm, but not in the Bone,
It is in the Ash, but in Cinder there's none.

B.

It is in a Bag, but not in a Sack,
It is in a Bee, but in Drone it doth lack.

C.

It is in a Circle, but not in a Round,
It is in a Carpet, but not in its Ground.

D.

It is in a Dog, but not in a Hound,
It is in a Ditty, but not in a Sound.

E.

It is in an Eel, but not in a Fish,
It is in an Ewer, but not in a Dish.

F.

It is in a Flower, but not in a Plant,
It is in a Fugue, though 'tis never in Chant.

G.

It is in a Goose, but not in a Bird,
It is in Grammar, but not in a Word.

H.

It is in the Hand, but not in the Fist,
'Tis found in Hearken ! but never in List !

I.

It is in an Image, but not in a Bust,
It is in Iron, but never in Rust.

J.

'Tis found in a Jewel, but not in a Gem,
'Tis really in Juniper, not in its Stem.

K.

It is in a Kite, but not in its Tail,
It is in a King, but in Monarch doth fail.

and so on to—

X.

It is in a Box, but not in a Trunk,
It is in St. Xavier, but not in a Monk.

Y.

It is in You, but not in Me,
It is in One Year, yet not in Three.

Z.

It is in Amaze, but not in Surprise,
'Tis heard in a Buzz, though 'tis not in Flies.

An endless variety of paradoxical verses on the alphabet may be composed in the same manner as the above.

ZOOLOGICAL RECREATIONS.

THE names of all the company are to be written on pieces of paper and thrown into a basket. Each person then chooses either a beast or bird, and writes its name on one slip of paper, its size and colour on another slip, and its habits on a third. These three slips are all to be thrown into three different baskets appropriated for them. After this, one of the party draws a name out of the first basket and reads it aloud. He then draws a slip out of each of the other three baskets and reads them out. There may be a great deal of amusement in the qualities that chance to be thus placed against the names of Brown, Jones, or Robinson.

The animals' names are left to the end of the game, when they and their various sizes, qualities, and habits, may be appropriately sorted.

THE COUNCIL OF FRIENDS.

IN this game every member of the company is provided with a pencil and a strip of paper. Some words are then agreed upon, and each person writes them down on his own slip of paper, accompanied by a short definition of each word composed by himself. The anonymous must be strictly observed when reading the various strips aloud. This game therefore presents opportunities for amusing jokes and raillery which may be inspired

by the feeling of writing without detection. We will give a few examples :—

Truth.

A substance that lies ever in the bottom of a well.—Sometimes an unpleasant mirror of the soul when held up to its contemplation.—The corner-stone of friendship.—The light of love.—The grace of wit and crown of wisdom.

A Bee.

One of man's best servants.—A stinging reprover of the idle.—The creator of earth's best sweets.—A comb-maker.—A lover of flowers and a self-taught botanist.

A River.

A subject for poets.—The benefactor, and yet at times the destroyer of mankind.—A traveller that wanders through many countries, yet lingers long in none.—It bears on its bosom the wealth of the world.—It hides in its depths deeds of darkness.

A Sigh.

An expression of sorrow heard but not uttered.—The voice of the wind.—The first token of restored consciousness and the language of the heart's hidden griefs.—It belongs to no animals save man alone.—Has no portion with the joys of life, but with its darker side.

ACROSTICS.

AN acrostic was at one time a very favourite mode of addressing a compliment or satire to any one. It is a verse or sonnet, the first *word* of each line of which must always commence with one of the letters of the person's name to whom the acrostic is addressed—the commencing letter of each line following in the same order as they do in the name itself, so that when written they may be read *downwards*. One specimen of this style will best explain our meaning. The name is Philip, to whom the following is addressed :—

P egtops and Sardinian caps
H ave a charm for some, perhaps ;
I sidore may cut and curl,
L ost on me moustachio's twirl ;
I can see without a sigh
P hilip, pink of vanity.

POETICAL DOMINOES.

SOME bits of white pasteboard are to be cut and shaped like dominoes, only considerably larger. They are then to be marked down the centre of the card by a firm line of red ink, dividing it in two. On one half is to be some well-known quotation from a well-known author; on the other half the name of *one* of the authors quoted in the dominoes; but the name of the author of the quotation must not be written on the same card as the quotation itself. For instance:—On one card we would write “To be or not to be? that is the question.” Shakspeare, from whom this is quoted, must not be written on the other half of the *same* card, but on another card, side by side perhaps with a quotation from Byron or Moore. There is, however, one point that must be particularly observed, viz., that as many selections as you take from one author, so many times must his name be written on the cards. When these preparations are completed, then shuffle and deal the cards round, and one of the circle must commence by laying one of his cards on the table and reading what is written on it. The person seated on his left hand then looks over his cards, and if he has in his hand the name of the author of the quotation read first will announce it, reading the passage that is on the other side of that card, and placing it on the table—the author’s name side by side with the first quotation read out. If this second player has not the author’s name amongst his cards, he must search among them for a passage written by the author whose name appears on the first card laid on the table. In the event of such quotation being found he reads it aloud, and also the name on the other half of that card; then his left-hand neighbour proceeds with the game in the same manner. If, however, the 2nd and 3rd players have neither of them such cards as we have described to read out, they lose their turn and the game passes on round the table. The game is won, as in ordinary dominoes, by the person who first exhausts all his cards.

 CONSEQUENCES.

A LONG strip of paper and a pencil are required for this game. One of the party then becomes the leader, and tells the first

player to write down a description of a gentleman or lady. After doing so, the first player folds down the paper over what he has written, and passes it on to his nearest neighbour. The leader then gives a second order, such as the name to be written. This done, the paper is folded, and passed on in the same way as before till the game is played out. The leader then reads the contents of the papers aloud, and it becomes very amusing from its inconsistencies. The directions of the leader may be either according to choice or something like the following :—

1. Begin by writing a description of a young lady.
2. Her name.
3. An adjective descriptive of a gentleman.
4. His name and residence.
5. Describe the meeting of these two.
6. Give a date or period when this occurred.
7. Put a speech into the gentleman's mouth.
8. A reply from the lady.
9. Tell the consequences.
10. And what the world said of it.

The paper we may imagine would read thus :—

“A lovely, but ignorant and forlorn young lady, named Anna Maria Kitty Sophia, met a showy but too insinuating foreigner, named Pierrot, whose last place of residence was Siberia. They met on the sands at Scarborough, and were both immediately struck by each other's appearance. It was moonlight. The shades of night enveloped the landscape. He said, ‘Thou art lovelier than the coming of the fairest flower in spring.’ She replied, ‘Go, forget me!’ The consequences were—they were married, and the world said, ‘It was hard on her relations.’”

QUESTIONS.

Two sets of plain white cards must have numbers written on them, one set being the duplicate of the other. When this is done, one set is shuffled and dealt out to the company; the other pack is laid on the centre of the table. One of the party then commences by drawing a card from those on the table, showing its number and asking a personal question. The person who has the

duplicate number to the first must put it with the other, and answer the question quickly. In this game the questions should be saucy, the answers promptly given. For instance: one who commences by drawing a card from the centre calls out, "Who is the vainest person in the room? the number is 4." "I am," cries No. 4, throwing down her duplicate card.

"Who is the prettiest? No. 8."

"It is I," says No. 8. And so on till all the cards are exhausted.

RHYMING CARDS.

ON some dozen of cards write out legibly all sorts of nouns and adjectives, only one word being on each card. Then turn the backs up and deal out three to each of the company. Upon these three a doggerel verse must be composed, which before being read out, it is required to state what the three words are. We will suppose the words Cat, Home, and Mary to be the three words given. A verse in the following style will suffice:—

"In my home there dwells a black cat,
Its eyes flame ever like fire;
Ere I go back I'll tell Mary that
She must strive to make it retire."

RHAPSODIES.

IN this game a leader is required, who gives out several short sentences to the party playing, each of whom must write them down, and then compose a rhapsody, introducing the sentences in the same order as they were given. The sentences should be mixed in character, so as to afford some little difficulties to the rhapsody-writers in weaving them together. We will give a few examples:—"The income-tax; a nosegay of flowers; the Empress Eugénie; walk by moonlight; how are you? down with all knavish tricks." These sentences may be weaved together in the following style:—"Desiring to serve my country, and cordially hating *the income-tax*, I thought of the best means of effecting its repeal. After some deliberation, I resolved on presenting *a nosegay of flowers to the Empress Eugénie* as the most certain

method of obtaining an audience. She proposed to come, accompanied by the Emperor, and take a *moonlight walk* in the Tuileries Gardens. I was to meet the two, the pass-word being previously agreed upon as *How are you?* and the response *Down with their knavish tricks.*" This game is always amusing and certain to be popular.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

THE loose alphabets used by children make the best material for playing this game with. A person gives a word, or a short sentence, which when transposed makes the name of a city or country. For instance:—"More—Rome;" "No age—Genoa;" "Hen sat—Athens;" "Men in rank—Inkermann," &c.

ANAGRAMS.

THIS game is played with alphabets also, but instead of places, cities, or countries, the sentences or words must compose the names of some celebrated man or woman. For instance:—

"William Shakspeare—Make we all his praise;" "Alfred Tennyson—Not lend say fern;" "William—I am Will;" "Charles James Fox—I search lame foxes;" "Salvator Rosa—Roar, toss, lava;" &c. William Oldys, the well-known bibliographer, composed on his own name a very famous anagram:—

"In word and William a friend to you,
And one friend Old is worth a hundred new."

The anagram is generally more easy and graceful when introduced by a couple of accessory rhyming lines.

THE NARRATIVE.

AN amusing game, which is played by the company all assembling round a table, with pen and ink before them—a large sheet of paper on which the narrative is to be written being provided. After a name for the story is agreed upon, the leader of the game commences by writing two or three lines, his contribution ending by a word placed at the commencement of the line intended to

follow his lines. None of his part, excepting this word, should be visible to the next writer, the paper being doubled down so as to conceal it—the great amusement of the game is the variety of incongruous ideas and inconsistencies thus strung together. As an example of this, we will suppose a party of seven are writing, their names being Herbert, John, and Edwin; Susan, Henrietta, Louisa, and Clara. Herbert is made the leader and proposes that the narrative shall be called—

The History of the Jones Family.

This being agreed upon, he then commences writing thus:—

HERBERT. In a small country town in England, not long ago, there existed the certainly very numerous family of Jones, whose adventures were *remarkable*

SUSAN. For their elegance, high-bred manners, and grace of demeanour. Notwithstanding this and the advantages of unbounded wealth, none of them married *young*

HENRIETTA. Enough, looking more like an elder sister than a mother, to such an immense family; yet this *mother*

LOUISA. "Is the battle o'er?" inquired the heart-broken Isola Jones, as she gazed *afar*

CLARA. At a youthful cavalier, mounted on a thoroughbred hunter, leisurely riding up the lane; a *smile*

JOHN. Illumined the features of the Iron Duke, as Jones, of the 90th, listened to the orders given, and leading his *own*

EDWIN. History, his unfortunate, and never-to-be-forgotten adventures were a *source*.

The above is a specimen of the strange nonsense that may get strung together in this game, which, however, seldom fails to afford considerable amusement to the players of it

MARRIAGES AND DIVORCES.

THESE two games may be described at once, as there is so much similarity in the manner in which they are both played.

The party first seat themselves round a table; the ladies on one side, the gentlemen on the other. A couple are left out, however, to form the tribunal. Every gentleman and lady who are seated opposite to each other are the future spouses in the

game of marriages or divorces. Each person then takes a sheet of paper, and without any concert with the other, writes out a sketch of his own character. When this has been done—and the sketch should be executed as promptly as possible—the future spouses, most distant from the tribunal, are called up, sheet of paper in hand, to hear read aloud the defects or virtues of which they are self-accused. If a great likeness is declared to exist between the two characters, they are pronounced married, and invited to form part of the tribunal. If, on the contrary, the two characters are totally opposed to each other, the tribunal declares it no marriage, and they must each pay a forfeit.

The game of divorces is played in the same way, with this difference, that if the characters are found similar, the marriage is confirmed, and they are each required to give a forfeit for having demanded a separation; whilst, if the characters are opposed, divorce is pronounced, and the pair are invited to augment the number of judges.

THE TORN LETTER.

A LADY accuses a gentleman of having written certain injurious statements regarding her, and asks what can possibly justify such conduct. He declares that the letter has been torn in half; were the whole before her, it would be found that it was extremely favourable and flattering.

Example.

“I confess to a great contempt for
Miss Smith, whom I consider
the most ridiculous person
in the world. She is entirely
without sense, heart, or beauty,
The man whom she may
love is much to be pitied; the
man who could love her
if any such exist, is
entitled to our execration

After this offensive specimen, the gentleman has only to add to each line the following words:—

-
- the idiots who cannot admire
 - charming, otherwise I should be
 - breathing. She is without equal
 - faultless. Only those who, being
 - feel envious, could detract from her.
 - prefer, and who cannot appreciate her
 - crime of separating her from the
 - sincerely few would be responsible for ;
 - not so much selfish thoughtlessness
 - ?”
-

GEOGRAPHICAL GAME.

THIS game is an agreeable way of impressing on the minds of the young any bits of information they may accidentally pick up, either in their readings or by travel. A number of names of towns, cities, or countries are written on slips of paper and placed in a bag. These are then drawn out by the various members of the party, and they must give some little information referring to the city or country the name of which has been drawn by them. Suppose Paris, Munich, and the Tyrol are the names selected, the style of description might be as follows :—

PARIS is famous for its industrial arts, bronzes, the famous Gobelin tapestries, clocks, watches, lace, and every variety of beautiful ornament in or-molu for furniture and houses are among some of the tasteful products of which we think with the greatest pleasure. Their artists are also famous, and the city itself is one of the most beautiful in the world.

MUNICH is a city famous for its beautiful buildings and its school of art. Bronzes and painting on glass are the things that are there most excelled in ; at the same time we must not omit to mention that Munich possesses the best breweries for famous Bavarian beer. It is said that the citizens of Munich rise in the morning “an empty beer-barrel,” and go to their beds at night “a tun of beer,” for they indulge in such large potations.

THE TYROL.—One of the most lovely corners of Europe with regard to its scenery ; is peopled by one of the handsomest nations in the world. In its villages they devote themselves to wood-carving ; to the breeding of canary-birds, which some one member of the family travels with in cages all over Europe ; and to

making artificial flowers from feathers, which are used for decorating the churches. The people are devotedly fond of music, and they play their mountain airs on a small but touching instrument called the *zither*. They have always been famous for their patriotic spirit and attachment to the Austrian monarchy; in the wars of the French Revolution opposing the troops of Napoleon with an heroic resistance, and forming the best soldiers, or, at least, the most skilful marksmen, in the Austrian army. Their national melodies have a strong affinity to those of the Swiss. Many of the Tyrolese are excellent lapidaries.

CHAPTER II.

CATCH GAMES AND TRICK GAMES.

THE CHAIR.

THIS game must commence by one of the party in the secret making a boast of the strength of his will, and of the influence he possesses over the actions of others at his pleasure. There will, of course, be a fair proportion of doubters in the room. One of the most vehement of these is selected, and is entreated to allow himself to be operated upon, with an assurance that, however determined his resistance, he will in the end yield to the stronger will of the boasting person.

“For instance,” says the latter, “if you mount on that chair” (pointing to one), “I can make you come down with a couple of words.”

The doubter shakes his head, but unwittingly mounts upon the chair. The boaster then hastens to say, “Come down,” once or twice. The doubter, of course, refuses. The boaster walks

away, leaving the doubter perched on the chair, to come down after an interval of time, sooner or later, *in obedience to the command given*. Our readers will, of course, perceive that the secret of success in this trick is to get the victim to place himself in a position which amongst a large party of friends it is not particularly pleasant to remain long in, and one which in the common course of events must be forsaken sooner or later. The agony of the victim is only prolonged if, as often occurs, he persists in holding his position for half an evening, as he is always declared *defeated* when he descends at last from the chair.

THE DIVINER.

ONE of the party leaves the room, his confederate of course remaining. A word is fixed upon by the company as one to be guessed when given him amongst a number of other words. The confederate must always place it after some object having four legs, such as a table, a chair, a horse, &c. For instance: Mary is the confederate, and the party have secretly confided to her the word "book." Harry, the guesser, re-enters the room, and then Mary says, "We were thinking of giving you something for your house, and we are puzzled to know what you would like best—a clock, an inkstand, a butter-dish, an easy chair, a *book*, a mirror, a paper-knife, &c." Of course, Harry replies immediately, "A book." As it comes after chair, an object with four legs, he knows it to be the word fixed upon: the confederate must of course take care not to mention two objects with four legs.

THE DEAF MAN.

SOME one who is ignorant of the game is requested to play the part of deaf man, and is told that he must say three times in succession to different speakers, "I am deaf; I can't hear." The fun of the game is when he has promised to fulfil this, to go up to him with every variety of agreeable proposal; such as bringing a pretty young lady and proposing he shall salute her, offering him gifts, &c., to all of which he is bound to reply, under penalty of a forfeit, "I am deaf; I can't hear." The fourth

time, however, he is requested to perform some disagreeable or humiliating act, such as sing a comic song, &c., to which he must answer, "I can hear now," and do what he is requested or pay a forfeit.

SCISSORS CROSSED OR NOT CROSSED.

EVERY one in turn passes to his neighbour a pair of scissors, saying, either "I give you my scissors crossed," or, "I give you my scissors uncrossed." If the player says the first, he must carelessly, and in a natural manner, cross either his legs or feet whilst he is saying this. If, however, his speech is "I give you my scissors uncrossed," he must be careful to keep both hands separate. Those uninitiated in this game render themselves liable to pay forfeits, without knowing why; their surprise, until followed by an explanation, adding to the amusement.

THE CHERRIES.

A LARGE dish of cherries with long stems is placed on the table.

Some one, ignorant of what is going to occur, is asked to lead the game.

The rest of the party then take the names of different fruits, such as the apple, the plum, the pear, the strawberry, &c.

The leader is then told to ask who will have cherries. Every one says "I will," and selects one at the same time from the basket.

The questioner is then told to say what fruit he will exchange his cherry for; he will, perhaps, say "I will exchange my cherry for a pear." Then the player representing a pear says directly, "I have got a pear; how will you have it, by the fruit, or by the stem?" The victim, most naturally, will answer, "By the fruit." The one representing a pear, has many ways of obeying this; he may either place the stem of the cherry in his mouth till the cherry touches his lips, and the victim may then take it, or he puts the stem in his hair, or his shoe, or anywhere. There is also another way, though not a polite method, viz., throwing the fruit in the victim's face, who

then has to say, "This pear is not ripe," and to question another. Perhaps, however, the victim may say he wishes to have the fruit by the stem; then the other puts the cherry in his mouth, and offers the stem to the victim.

THE PIGEON FLIES.

THIS is a very simple game. The company all are told to place their first fingers on the edge of the table, and when the leader raises his hand and says "The pigeon flies," they must all, under penalty of a forfeit, raise their fingers too.

The leader, after repeating a few times "the pigeon flies," will then mischievously say, "the *book* flies;" the party will again raise their fingers, but must then pay forfeits, as "the book" was certainly not the same as "the pigeon," the players not being allowed by the rules of the game to raise their fingers except after the name of some winged bird, or insect.

THE MOLE.

THIS is a young child's game, and merely consists in one saying, "Have you seen my mole?"

Another one answers, "Yes, I have seen your mole." The first one again asks, "Do you know what my mole is doing?" The other answers, "Yes, I do know what your mole is doing." "Can you do as it does?" The one who has to reply must shut his eyes at each answer or pay a forfeit.

THE SORCERER BEHIND THE SCREEN.

ONE of the party is placed behind a screen or in an adjacent room, in such a position that he cannot possibly see the players. The leader of the game then calls out, "Do you know Miss ——?" (naming one of the party). "Yes," is the answer. "Do you know her dress?" "Yes." "Do you know her wreath?" "Yes." "Do you know her slippers?" "Yes." "Her gloves?" "Yes." "And her bracelets?" "Yes." "You know everything she wears?" "Yes." "Her handkerchief?" "Yes." "Her fan?" "Yes."

The leader then says, "Since you know her so well, tell me what article of her costume I am now touching?"

If the one behind the screen is acquainted with the trick, he will, of course, answer directly, "Her bracelet," being the only article mentioned with that little word "and" before it. If he is uninitiated, he will most probably mention several articles before he hits on the one touched, and for each wrong article he must pay a forfeit.

When any of the players have a desire to get forfeits from any particular individual known to be ignorant of the game, two or three agree to act the sorcerer in succession, each making some intentional mistake to avoid suspicion of confederacy. The last one who guesses right then names as his successor the one marked out to be victimized.

TOMBOLA.

THIS is an amusing method of collecting money for any charitable purpose. A number of articles, toys, and pretty nick-nacks, are to be set up in a lottery. One of these articles is destined as a discomfiture to some luckless wight. This lot must be something of small value, wrapped up in endless envelopes of cotton-wool and paper, so as to conceal its make and substance. It should be then (in its packed-up state) set amongst the other uncovered lots on the table.

The master of the house then takes a pack of playing cards, and according to their several wishes, distributes them amongst the drawers; a price agreed on beforehand being set on each card.

He then turns up the remainder of the pack, calling out the names of the cards as he lays them down in succession. Those who have drawn similar cards of other suits place them beside the ones called out.

When this has been all gone through, those who remain holders of cards similar to those (though of other suits) under the lots are declared the winners; of what, however, remains to be shown. The card that lies under each lot is then called out, and whoever has a similar one in his hand is declared possessor of the lot.

As the drawing goes on, those who have failed in drawing lots will most likely venture again, the excitement will increase as lot

after lot disappears off the table, and the few last drawers are left with feelings of trepidation lest their own card should be similar to that lying under the "sell" lot, till at last it is drawn by one, who, with feelings of mortification, unrolls layer after layer of paper and cotton-wool, to reveal at last some comparatively worthless article. At the end of the lottery the money is collected.

I HAVE JUST COME FROM SHOPPING.

THE company form a circle, and then the leader of the game commences by saying, "I have just come from shopping." "What have you bought?" says her next neighbour; "a gown," "a handkerchief," specifying something she can touch when named. This has to be repeated all round, but if unaccompanied by the touching of the articles named, forfeits are gleaned from most of the party.

THE SLAVE DESPOILED.

A KING or queen is first chosen and placed on a high seat or throne at the end of the room.

A slave is next selected, who is seated on a low stool at the king's feet.

The king then calls on one of the party by name, and says to him, "Come up near, my slave." If the one thus summoned is ignorant of the game, he will perhaps go straight up in obedience to the royal command. If he does this he is obliged to become the slave without any explanation, which would put others on their guard. If, however, the person is acquainted with the game, he says, "Sire, may I dare?" The king answers, "Dare!" Then he comes forward, saying, "Sire, I have obeyed; what shall I do now?" The king then commands him to despoil the slave first chosen either of his ornaments or some article of dress. The other, however, under penalty of a forfeit, must be careful not to do so without first saying, "Sire, may I dare?" to which the king answers, "Dare!" After obeying the command, the player says, "I have obeyed; Sire, what shall I do next?" The king then either commands some fresh service, or says, "Return to your place." The player, however, will be careful not to obey, under penalty of a forfeit.

THE ROYAL MENAGERIE.

THIS is a very good game for amusing a party of children. One of the elder ones, already in the secret, dresses himself up like a showman, and aided by an assistant, carries in a large box, which he places behind a window-curtain. He then makes a speech from behind the curtain to the children, and says, "Walk up, my little ladies and gentlemen, this is the royal menagerie, and whatever you would like to see amongst animals and birds are contained in my travelling box! Walk up, my little dears!" One child then says, "He would like to see a monkey;" on which the showman says, "Yes, come along! one at a time," and takes the child behind the curtain. When there, he is shown his own face in a looking-glass, and told not to say what he has seen when he goes out from behind the curtain. The next child goes behind, asking to see a leopard, and is treated in the same way; no one liking to divulge how they have been tricked, till some one lets out the mystery and the play is over.

THE MYSTERIOUS WORD.

THIS is a game in which a confederate is needed: it resembles several already described. One leaves the room, and has on her return to guess a word which has been agreed on by the rest. The confederate suggests *carpet*, and then says to the rest, "We will puzzle her well, and as you do not know the game, you say 'candle,' you 'arrow,' you 'room,' you 'pinafore,' you 'eggs,' you 'table.'" Before they have time to reflect, the guesser is quickly brought back, and if the confederate manage to make each word follow in proper order, the unwary little party will have their word discovered from the initials of the six words they pronounce.

THE MAGIC WAND.

THIS game also requires a confederate. One of the party offers to leave the room, saying, such are her powers of divination, that she can tell, even when out of the room, who a magic wand held by another stops at. The holder of the magic wand, who, of course, must be in the secret, mutters some cabalistic words over

it; the diviner leaves the room, whilst some one fills up the key-hole with paper, and then the magic wand goes round, the holder saying, "It moves, it moves, it moves," until it stops. "Mr. Mansfield," calls out the diviner from behind the door; true enough it was before Mr. Mansfield the magic wand stopped; the secret being that it must stop before the one who spoke last as the diviner left the room.

THE PRONOUN.

ONE of the party leaves the room, having a confederate left behind her. The rest are to touch something—the absentee is to guess what on her return. When she comes in again, the confederate begins, "Is it that?" "No."—"That?" "No," pointing all the time to various objects. "Is it that?" "No."—"Is it that?" "No."—"Is it *this*?" "Yes." The simple arrangement between the two consists in changing *that* into *this* when the confederate touches the right article. If on going once round with the game the company do not at once guess it, it may help to puzzle them still more if the confederate begins, "Is it *this*?" "No?"—"Is it *this*?" "No."—"Is it *that*?" "Yes;" changing the position of these two small words.

MALAGA RAISINS.

THE leader begins by repeating "Malaga raisins dried in the sun;" the rest repeat this after the leader, and are surprised when forfeits are demanded and they are assured they say it wrongly. The puzzle consists only in the sentence being prefaced by the little "hem!" of the leader, who clears his throat, and this was omitted by the others not in the secret.

THE ASSERTION.

ONE of the party, perhaps a delicate-looking lady, boasts that such is her strength she can bring the strongest person down on a feather, however determined his resistance. Of course, an incredulous smile greets this declaration, but she has permission to try her "worst." Upon this, the lady says, "Prepare yourself in your best attitude of defence; I will return in a moment."

Whilst she is out of the room, the strong man fixes himself firmly and determinately on a sofa, with arms a-kimbo. The lady re-enters, carrying in her hand a small feather, evidently just extracted from some soft pillow. The strong man smiles again, whilst the lady walks round and round the sofa, uttering cabalistic words and pretended incantations; suddenly pausing, she turns to the strong man, and begs him to bend and to examine her feather. He does so cautiously, suspecting his occupation will be taken advantage of to have a sly push given him, when the lady says, "Look well; don't you see I have brought you *down* on a feather?"

THE HAT.

TELL the company that you will drink a glass of water placed under a hat without touching it. Put the glass of water under the hat, and then both under a table, with a cover on it. Then put your head under the table-cover, make a noise as if drinking, and when you rise from under the table wipe your mouth. One of the party will then lift the hat to see whether you have really drunk the water, on which you will take up the glass and empty it, saying, "I told you I would drink the water without touching the hat."

A DIFFICULT MATCH TO CARRY.

ASK one of the party how long he would take to carry a lucifer match out of the room. He will probably answer, about two minutes. Tell him to try and do it in that time; then cut up the match into numberless minute pieces. He will soon weary of the experiment.

AN IMPOSSIBLE JUMP.

ASK any one of the party if he could jump over a ruler or small piece of wood when laid on the floor. He will, of course, declare there is nothing so easy. "Easy!" you exclaim; "I will prove it is impossible." You then take the ruler and place it close to the wall.

A CIRCLE OUT OF WHICH YOU CANNOT WALK.

ASK a boy amongst the party whether if you drew a circle round him in chalk he could walk out of it. Of course he will declare he can. You say he is mistaken, and then prove it by taking a piece of chalk, and drawing a circle all round the jacket of the boy, saying, "Now walk out of the circle."

CHAPTER III.

FORFEITS.

WHEN the time comes for crying the forfeits, the players are often at a loss; we therefore desire to assist our young friends by the following list.

When they are cried, the forfeits should all be laid in a basket; the one who is to name the penalties attached to each, should kneel down blindfolded before another member of the company, who takes up in turn each article contributed as forfeits, and says: "Here's a pretty thing, and a very pretty thing; what is to be done to the owner of this pretty thing?" The one who is blindfolded then pronounces judgment, such as follows:—

1. Say three flattering speeches to ladies without uttering the letter C.
2. Recite four lines from Shakspeare.
3. Kneel to the prettiest, bow to the wittiest, and kiss the one you love best.
4. Not to speak until a question is asked you (the company all take care not to ask this one a question for some time after).
5. To find another line of poetry that rhymes with one given you.
6. Ask a riddle.
7. Recite a piece of comic poetry.
8. Not to speak for ten minutes.
9. To dance a *pas seul*.
10. Kiss some one through the tongs.
11. To imitate, without laughing, any animal named.
12. Say "A ragged rascal ran around the rugged rocks" five times without making a mistake.
13. Repeat the names of all the Kings of England.

14. Give the name of some one celebrated in history for his crimes.

15. Laugh in one corner, cry in another, yawn in a third.

16. Spell Constantinople by a syllable at a time. (As soon as the speller arrives at Constanti—, all the company call out “No, no;” if the speller is puzzled, he begins again, and must pay another forfeit for doing so. If he, however, does not stop when “No, no” is called out, his forfeit is restored to him.)

17. Repeat the following: “Peter Piper picked a peck of pepper, if Peter Piper picked a peck of pepper, where’s the peck of pepper Peter Piper picked?”

18. Ask a question that can only be answered by “Yes.” The question is, “What does Y-e-s spell?”

19. Dance a hornpipe.

20. Bite an inch off the poker. (This is done by making a bite at the distance of an inch from the poker.)

21. Pay a compliment, and undo it afterwards, to every lady in the room.

22. Put your hand through the keyhole. (This is done by writing “your hand” on a piece of paper and putting it through the keyhole.)

23. To go all round the room and tell every one you are going to see His Holiness the Pope—that you will be glad to take whatever is given you to him. (Every one to give some heavy article to be carried to the farthest corner of the room—all the articles at once.)

24. To say to each person in the room, “You cannot say *bo* to a goose.”

CHAPTER IV.

BOARD GAMES.

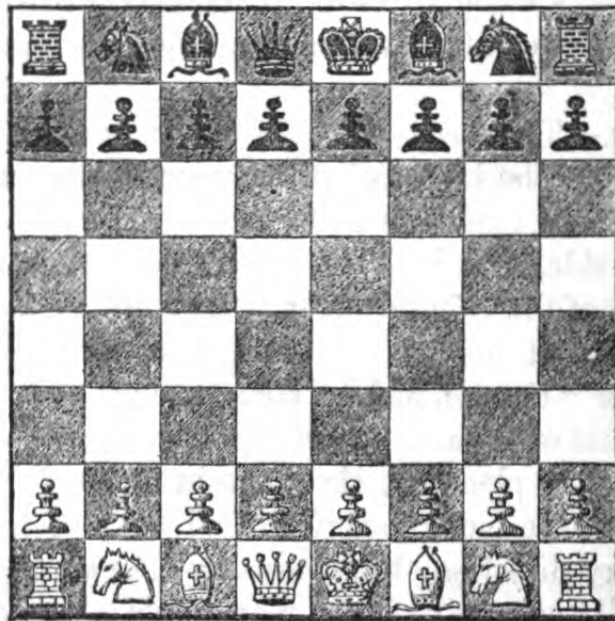
CHESS, Backgammon, and Draughts will always hold their position as first among these games. Requiring, as they do, great concentration of thought and intelligence to insure really good play, these games have been employed in all countries as intellectual relaxations by the most gifted and famous among men.

Chess, in particular, has long been esteemed a real test of capacity in that rare qualification—the power of abstraction.







It is not, however, our intention or province to give here more than a mere outline of the rudiments and rules of this game; the complete study of which is a thing requiring a volume to itself, and no ordinary power of mind to enter into it. Our descriptions, nevertheless, will prove sufficient to enable the youthful aspirant to master the *first elements*, and perhaps incite him later to work out the more complicated problems he meets with.

CHess.

THIS game, one of the most ancient now known to us, is played by two persons on a board divided into sixty-four squares, eight on each of the four sides. The squares are alternately either red and white, or black and white. Each player has under his command sixteen pieces. Eight of these are superior pieces or officers, and the other eight are pawns. The board should always be so placed that a white square is on the right-hand corner towards each player. The following is a diagram of the board and pieces as they stand before the first move is made:—



The names of the various pieces are as follows :—

<i>The King</i>	
<i>The Queen</i>	
<i>The Castle or Rook</i>	
<i>The Bishop</i>	
<i>The Knight</i>	
<i>The Pawn</i>	

The black pieces bear the same names as the white. On opening the game, the pieces hold the positions on the board represented in the diagram. The queen and king stand on the centre squares of the first or royal line, taking care that the white king stands always on the black square—the black king always on a white one. On the side next the king are ranged the king's bishop, the king's knight, the king's castle. On the side next the queen are the queen's bishop, the queen's knight, the queen's castle. The pawns in front are placed in the same way—the king's pawn, the king's bishop's pawn, the king's knight's pawn, the king's castle's pawn. The queen's pawn, the queen's bishop's pawn, the queen's knight's pawn, the queen's castle's pawn.

The Moves.—The *king* can only move one square at a time (excepting when he is “castled,” a process to be explained hereafter), but he can make his move in every direction on the board—to either side, and both backwards and forwards. He can take any one of the enemy's men if they are in a position to be taken by him, but he can never be taken himself—he can only be “checked” or “checkmated.” He must not, however, move into any square that will place him in check, neither can he, under any circumstances, be placed on the adjacent square to his rival king.

The queen is the most powerful of all the pieces, since she may move in every direction, backwards and forwards, to each side, and diagonally across the board where it is open—that is, where no pieces intervene between her and the square to which she is to be moved. She is not, however, privileged like the king, being liable to be taken by any of the enemy's pieces.

The castle or rook is next in value to the queen. He moves only in straight lines, backwards and forwards, to the right and left sides, on any number of squares.

The bishop moves only diagonally across the board, on his own colour, on any number of squares.

The knight.—The knight's move is peculiar, but may be perhaps best described, when not demonstrated on the board, by saying it is *first one square in a straight line* and *one in an oblique direction*, and always from a black to a white or from a white to a black square. He has the privilege of jumping over the heads of other pieces, and is by some players esteemed next in power to the castle.

The pawn moves only one square at a time, and that *straight forward*, excepting where he takes one of his enemy's pieces, when he moves one square in an oblique direction, or diagonally across the board. A pawn, however, on making its first move, has the power of going two squares forward* "*provided no hostile pawn commands the first square over which he leaps.*" Whenever the pawn, after moving across the board, reaches the last line, or the enemy's royal line, it has the privilege of being "*invested with the title, and assumes the power of any superior piece, except the king, which the player chooses.*" In this way, a player may manage to have two, or even three queens on the board at a time. The pawn cannot take any piece in a straightforward movement, only diagonally.

We now proceed to the technical terms used in this game.

To Castle a King, or Castling.—The king, although only allowed to move one square at a time, has, under conditions to be afterwards mentioned, *once* in each game, the privilege of moving, in conjunction with either of his own castles, two squares on the board. This privileged move is called *castling*, and is performed as follows:—If the player desires to castle his king, the squares between king and castle must be vacant. The king may then be placed on his own knight's square, and his castle moved to the king's bishop's square. He may also castle on the queen's side, if the squares between the king and castle are vacant; and in this case, the player must place the king on the queen's bishop's square, and the castle is placed on the queen's square. The con-

* Staunton.

ditions under which a player is allowed to castle his king are, 1st, The king must not be in check. 2nd. The king must not have moved. 3rd. The castle must not have moved. 4th. The king must not place himself in check by castling; and 5th. The squares between the castle and king must be unoccupied.

Check and Checkmate.—The king is said to be in check when any of the enemy's pieces are in a position to take him—only as the king cannot be taken, "check" must be cried instead, and the player is then obliged to move his king out of check, or interpose one of his men between his king and the enemy's attacking piece, or else capture the attacking piece. When none of these things can be done, the king is declared "*checkmated*," and the adversary has won the game. When the king is attacked by a piece it is a *simple check*; when, however, the enemy moves a piece that does not directly attack the king, but opens a way for another piece to check the king, it is called a *discovered check*. There is a third check, called the *double check*, where the king is not only checked directly by a piece, but in moving to give this check, it also opens check from another quarter.

Double Pawn.—When pawns that are of the same colour are in the same row the one in front is called a *doubled pawn*.

Drawn Game.—When neither party can give a checkmate, it is declared a drawn game. This will occur when both the kings only are left on the board, or when there is not sufficient force on either side to give checkmate—such as a king and knight against a king only; and also when one of the party is *stalemated*, it is declared a drawn game.*

Minor Pieces.—The bishop and knight, to distinguish them from the queen and castle, are minor pieces.

To Queen a Pawn.—When a pawn is advanced up to the enemy's royal line, it has the rank and power of a queen or of any other piece the owner chooses to give it.

Fool's or Scholar's Mate is a checkmate given occasionally to an unpractised player in *four* moves at the opening of the game.

Smothered Mate.—A checkmate given by the enemy's knight when the king is hemmed in or *smothered* by his own pieces.

Stalemate.—When the king is in that position that, though not in check, he cannot make a single move without placing him-

* Until recently a stalemate was considered as a game *won* by the player stalemated.

self in check, and his adversary has left him no other piece to move to cover his check.

Laws of the Game of Chess.

The following are now in universal use in all the chess clubs of Great Britain :—

1st.

The chessboard must be so placed that each player has a white corner square nearest his right hand. If the board have been improperly placed it must be adjusted, provided four moves on each side have not been played, but never afterwards.

2nd.

If a piece or pawn be misplaced at the beginning of the game, either player may insist upon the mistake being rectified if he discover it before playing his fourth move, but not afterwards.

3rd.

Should a player at the commencement of the game omit to place all his men on the board, he may correct the omission before playing his fourth move, but never afterwards.

4th.

If a player, undertaking to give the odds of a piece or pawn, neglect to remove it from the board, his adversary, after four moves have been played on each side, has the choice of proceeding with or recommencing the game.

5th.

When no odds are given, the players must take the first move of each game alternately, drawing lots to determine who shall begin the first game. If a game be drawn, the player who began it has the first move of the following one.

6th.

The player who gives odds has the right of moving first in each game, unless otherwise agreed. Whenever a pawn is given, it is understood to be always the king's bishop's pawn.

7th.

A piece or pawn touched must always be played, unless at the moment of touching it the player says "*J'adoube*," or words to that effect ; but if a piece or pawn be overturned by accident, it may be restored to its place.

8th.

While a player holds any piece or pawn that he has touched, he may move it to any other square, but having quitted it he cannot recall the move.

9th.

Should a player take one of his adversary's pieces or pawns without saying "*J'adoube*" (I adjust), or words to that effect, his adversary may compel him to take it; but if it cannot be legally taken, he may oblige him to move the king; should his king, however, be so posted that he cannot be legally moved, no penalty can be inflicted.

10th.

Should a player move one of his adversary's men, his antagonist has the option of compelling him—1st. To replace the piece or pawn and move his king; 2nd. To replace the piece or pawn and take it; 3rd. To let the piece or pawn remain on the square to which it had been played, as if the move were correct.

11th.

If a player take one of his adversary's men with one of his own that cannot take it without making a false move, his antagonist has the option of compelling him to take it with any piece or pawn that can legally take it, or to move his own piece or pawn which he may have touched.

12th.

Should a player take one of his own men with another, his adversary has the option of obliging him to move either.

13th.

If a player make a false move, *i. e.*, play a piece or pawn to any square to which it cannot legally be moved, his adversary has the choice of three penalties:—1st. Of compelling him to let the piece or pawn remain on the square to which he played it; 2nd. To move correctly to another square; 3rd. To replace the piece or pawn and move his king.

14th.

Should a player move out of his turn, his adversary may choose whether both moves shall remain, or the second be retracted.

15th.

When a pawn is first moved in a game it may be played one or two squares ; but in the latter case, the opponent has the privilege of taking it *en passant* with any pawn which could have taken it had it been played one square only. A pawn cannot be taken *en passant* by a piece.

16th.

A player cannot castle in the following cases :—

1. If the king or rook have been moved.
2. If the king be in check.
3. If there be any piece between the king and rook.
4. If the king pass over any square attacked by one of the adversary's pieces or pawns.

Should a player castle in any of the above cases his adversary has the choice of three penalties, viz. :—1st. Of insisting that the move remain ; 2nd. Of compelling him to move the king ; 3rd. Of compelling him to move the rook.

17th.

If a player touch a piece or pawn that cannot be moved without leaving his king in check, he must replace the piece or pawn and move his king ; but if the king cannot be moved, no penalty can be inflicted.

18th.

If a player attack the adverse king without saying "Check," his adversary is not obliged to attend to it ; but if the former in playing his next move were to say "Check," each player must retract his last move, and he that is under check must obviate it.

19th.

If the king has been in check for several moves, and it cannot be ascertained how it occurred, the player whose king is in check must retract his last move and free his king from check ; but if the moves made subsequent to the check be known they must be retracted.

20th.

Should a player say "Check" without giving it, and his adversary in consequence move his king or touch a piece or pawn to interpose, he may retract such move, provided his adversary have not completed his last move.

21st.

Every pawn which has reached the eighth or last square of the chessboard must be immediately exchanged for a queen, or any other piece the player may think fit, even though all the pieces remain on the board. It follows, therefore, he may have two or more queens, three or more rooks, bishops, or knights.

22nd.

If a player remain at the end of a game with a rook and bishop against a rook, with bishops only, with knight and bishop only, &c., he must vanquish his adversary in fifty moves on each side at most, or the game will be considered as drawn: the fifty moves commence from the time the adversary gives notice that he will count them. The law holds good for all other checkmates of pieces only, such as queen or rook only, queen against a rook, &c.

23rd.

If a player agree to checkmate with a particular piece or pawn on a particular square, or engage to force his adversary to stalemate or checkmate him, he is not restricted to any number of moves

24th.

A stalemate is a drawn game.

25th.

¶ If a player make a false move, castle improperly, &c., &c., the adversary must take notice of such irregularity before he touches a pawn or piece, or he will not be allowed to inflict any penalty.

26th.

Should any question arise respecting which there is no law, or in case of a dispute respecting any law, the players must refer the point to the most skilful bystanders, and their decision must be considered as conclusive.

General Rules and Maxims in the Game of Chess.

It is advisable to castle the king early in the game on the king's side; in that position he is less open to attack than on the other. In castling, the king should be moved before the castle is touched. It is seldom prudent in an inexperienced player to move the pawns on the side the king is castled. Do

not, in all cases, take an enemy's pawn when it stands before your king, as it often serves to protect the king. It is not advisable to play the queen out too soon in the commencement of a game, because she is then generally obliged to retire after the loss of several moves. Endeavour always to double your rooks; that is, place one in front of the other; their power in this position, thus protecting one another, is double what they possess apart. A good position for a rook is also on the enemy's second rank; in this position he can attack the pawns. It is also best to play out your pieces in the beginning of the game, to give more power to your rooks or castles. As a general rule, you should not move out your queen's pawn *one* square before moving out the king's bishop. Two bishops at the conclusion of a game are stronger than one knight; one knight stronger than one bishop. A knight with three or four pawns at the end of a game is stronger than a bishop with the same number of pawns. Let the pawns hold the middle of the board, because they serve to retard the enemy's advance, and it is an excellent thing if you can have two or three pawns abreast in the centre of the board. The value of the pawns is frequently too little appreciated by beginners in the game; much hangs on their successful manœuvring and positions. If subject to a violent attack, your adversary may be confounded by an exchange of pieces; the loss of a queen has often saved a game to the winner. If you are left only with pawns and a knight at the end of a game, remember that by placing your king on the same diagonal as the knight (one square only being between) your adversary cannot check you again under three moves. There are several ways of opening games; but the following are the best known :*—

(1.) Each player moves his king's pawn to king's 4th square, and the first mover must move king's knight to king's bishop's 3rd square. This is called the king's knight's opening.

(2.) Each player moves his king's pawn to king's 4th square, and then he who has the first move plays king's bishop to queen's bishop's 4th square. This is known as the king's bishop's opening.

(3.) Each player opens with king's pawn to king's 4th square, and the first plays queen's bishop's pawn to bishop's 3rd square. This is termed the queen's bishop's pawn's opening.

* Staunton on Chess.

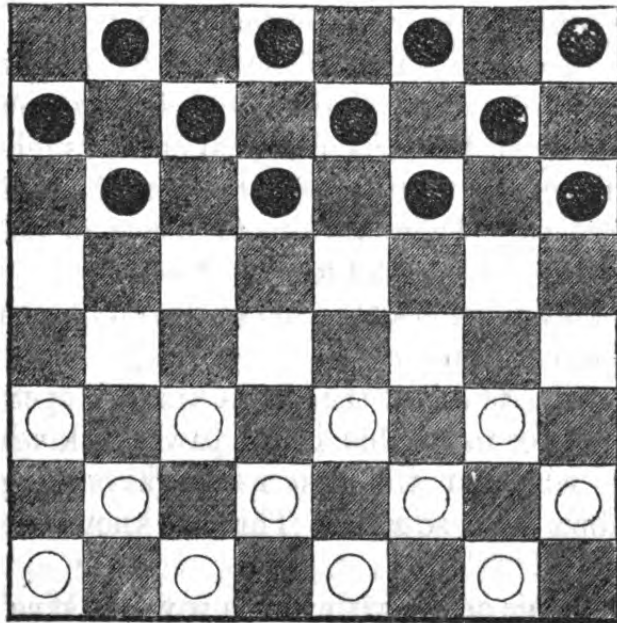
(4.) Each player begins with king's pawn to king's 4th square, and the first follows with king's bishop's pawn to bishop's 4th square. This is called the king's *gambit*.

If a young player wishes to play chess from books and diagrams, he must devote some study to acquiring the notation or designation of the different squares, such as king's square, king's pawn's square, king's castle or rook's square, king's castle's 8th square, &c.

DRAUGHTS.

THIS interesting and scientific game is believed by many learned writers to be of more ancient invention even than chess, though it does not appear to have been very universally known and played in Europe until after the commencement of the sixteenth century.

It is simply a game of calculation, played by two persons on a board of sixty-four squares. The position of the board towards the players is the reverse of chess; the black or red squares being always in draughts at the right-hand corner of each player.



There are twelve men for each side, who at the commencement of the game occupy the three first rows of the white squares nearest to each player (See the diagram.)

The Moves.—The men can only move forward one square at a time, either to the right or left diagonally on the board, until they arrive at one of their adversary's four squares on the extreme line of the board, when a second draughtsman is placed on the one that has attained such a position, and then they become kings, but can still move only one square at a time, though this may be either backwards or forwards as their position admits.

The men can take each other in the position they move, by passing over any piece they arrive next to, provided the white square on the other side of the adversary's piece be vacant. The piece or pieces so taken (for if chance permits several may thus be taken at one move) are then removed from the board, and the man that has taken them then occupies the vacant square beyond the last piece taken. A piece must always be taken where its position allows of it, there not being in draughts, as in chess, the option of refusing to take your adversary's piece. If the adversary omits to take a piece that he ought to take he is liable to be *huffed*—that is, the player whose piece ought to have been taken may remove from the board the piece that should have been taken, as a penalty for the omission. The player who is in a position to *huff* his adversary has the option of insisting on his own piece being taken, if more in accordance with his plans.

However, if one of the players *huff* the other in preference to insisting on the piece being taken, he does not replace the piece moved by his adversary, but simply removes the huffed man from the board and plays his own move at any part of the board. Should he, instead of *huffing*, insist on his adversary taking the piece, the latter must do so, first retracting the wrong move if one has been made to its place. Kings are as liable to be *huffed* as the uncrowned pieces.

One of the great objects of the game when it is commenced is to get a piece safely across the board to the last white squares, so that it may be crowned and become a king; this piece then has the advantage of moving backwards as well as forwards, and its value becomes doubled. It is, of course, as important for each player to prevent his adversary attaining this end as it is advantageous to himself to do so.

Whoever succeeds first, either in taking all the enemy's pieces or so blocking them up that he cannot move any other way wins the

game. The game is considered as drawn, when both players are in such positions and so reduced in numbers that neither can hope to make any impression on the other. Were this not the case, a game might be prolonged for days without bringing it to a conclusion when both players are in certain reduced positions.

When a piece arrives at a square where he can be crowned, he cannot take any piece he may find *en prise*, or in a position to be taken, until his adversary has had a move in turn; after which he is bound to take the piece *en prise*, or be liable to be *huffed*.

General Maxims and Advice.

It is in most cases advisable to keep your men in the centre of the board rather than in the side squares, where half their power is suppressed. In some situations it is of great importance to have the move on your own side, though where your men are in a confined state it is of no use, and, indeed, may serve to make you lose the game. There is little advantage in being the first to play. It is a good plan for a young student, who really desires to become a successful player, when his game is done, to go through the same positions, as far as his memory will carry him; he will thus see the variations he might have made to his advantage. Accustom yourself to play slowly at first, that you may give yourself time for calculation. When there is any great disparity between the players, a piece should be given on the stronger side. The squares of the board ought never be touched, as the different positions should from the first be carried in the mind's eye.

Laws of the Game.

1st.

The first move of each game is to be taken by the players in turn, whether the game be won or drawn. For the move in the first game, at each sitting the players should cast or draw lots, as they must also for the men, which are, however, to be changed every game, so that each player shall use the black and white men alternately. Whoever gains the choice may either play first or compel his adversary to do so.

2nd.

You must not point over the board with your finger, nor do anything that may interrupt your adversary's full view of the game.

3rd.

At any part of the game you may adjust the men properly on the squares by previously intimating your intention to the adversary. This is usually done by saying "J'adoube." But after they are so adjusted if you touch a man, it being your turn to play, you must play him in one direction or other if practicable; and if you move a man so far as to be in any part visible over the angle of an open square that move must be completed, although by moving it to a different square you might have taken a piece, for the omission of which you incur *huffing*. The rule is "touch and move." No penalty, however, is attached to your touching any man who cannot be played.

4th.

In the case of your standing the *huff*, it is optional on the part of your adversary to take your capturing piece, whether man or king, or to compel you to take a piece or pieces of his which you omitted by the huff. The necessity of this law is evident, when the young player is shown that it is not unusual to sacrifice two or three men in succession for the power of making some desired "coup." Were this law different, the players might take the first man so offered, and on the second's being placed *en prise*, might refuse to capture, and thus spoil the beauty of the game by quietly standing the huff. It should be observed, however, that on the principle of "touch and move," the option ceases the moment the huffing party has so far made his election as to touch the piece he is entitled to remove. After a player entitled to *huff* has moved without taking his adversary he cannot remedy the omission, unless his adversary should still neglect to take or change the position of the piece concerned, and so leave the opportunity still open. It does not matter how long a piece has remained *en prise*—it may at any time be *huffed*, or the adversary compelled to take it. Whenever several pieces are taken at one move, they must not be removed from the board until the capturing piece has arrived at its destination.

The act of *huffing* is not reckoned as a move; "huff and a move" go together.

5th.

If, when it is your turn to play, you delay moving above three minutes your adversary may require you to play; and should

you not move within five minutes after being so called upon you lose the game ; which your adversary is adjudged to have won through your improper delay.

6th.

When you are in a situation to take on either of two forward diagonals you may take which way you please, without regard to the one capture comprising greater force than the other. For example : if one man is *en prise* one way and two another, you may take either the one or the two, at your option.

7th.

During the game neither party can leave the room without mutual agreement, or the party so leaving forfeits the game. Such a rule, however, must only be carried out with certain limitations.

8th.

When at the end of the game a small degree of force alone remains, the player appearing the stronger may be required to win the game in a certain number of moves, and if he cannot do this the game must be abandoned as drawn. Suppose three black kings and two white kings were the only pieces remaining on the board, the white insists that his adversary shall win or relinquish the game as drawn after forty moves at least have been made by each player ; the moves to be computed from that point at which notice was given. If two kings remain opposed to one king only the moves must not exceed twenty on each side. The number of moves once claimed they are not to be exceeded even if one move wins the game. A move, it should be observed, is not complete until both sides have played ; therefore, twenty "moves" so-called consist of twenty on each side. In giving the odds of "the draw" the game must, however, be played to a more advanced state than is required for any other game. When in such a game the situations become so equal that no advantage can be taken, he who gives the draw shall not occasion any unnecessary delay by uselessly repeating the same manoeuvres, but shall force his adversary out of his strong position, or, after at most twenty moves, lose the game through its being declared drawn.

9th.

Bystanders are forbidden to make any remarks whatever relative to the game, until that one game be played out. Should the players be contending for a bet or stake, and the spectators say anything that can be construed into the slightest approach to warning or intimation, that spectator shall pay all bets pending on the losing side, should that side win that had the intimation.

10th.

Should any dispute occur between the players not satisfactorily determined by the printed rules, the question must be mutually referred to a third party, whose decision shall be considered final. Of course, should a player commit any breach of the laws, and refuse to submit to the penalty, his adversary is justified in claiming the game without playing it out.

11th.

Respecting a false move, such as giving a common man the move of a king, or any other impropriety of the same sort, the law varies in different countries as to the penalty to be exacted by the opposite party. We cannot but suppose such mistakes are unintentional, and consider it sufficient penalty that in all cases the piece touched must be moved to whatever square the adversary chooses; or that he has the option of allowing the false move to stand if more to his advantage. Should the piece be unable to move at all, that part of the penalty cannot be inflicted.

12th.

The rule (almost universal with English draughts) is to play on the white squares. The exception (limited, we believe, to Scotland) is to play on the black. When, therefore, players are pledged to a match, without any previous agreement as to which squares are to be played on, white must be taken as the law. The colour of the squares, excepting so far as habit is concerned, makes no difference in their relative position on the board.

In all cases, a player refusing to take, to play, or comply with any of the rules loses the game. Hence the saying—"Whoever leaves the game loses it."

LOSING GAME OF DRAUGHTS.

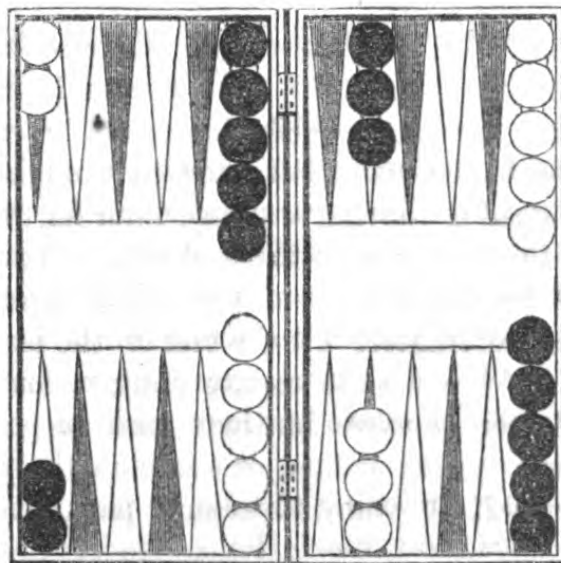
This is an amusing variety in the method of playing the game of draughts, which, though it cannot be termed exactly scientific, yet requires care and management. Whoever first gets rid of all his men wins the game. Your great endeavour, therefore, must be to force your adversary to take your pieces, and oblige him to make kings, which you must aid by opening your back squares. All the rules of the game of draughts, such as huffing, &c., apply equally to the losing game.

BACKGAMMON.

The origin of this game has long been a vexed question to the antiquary, as well as its present designation. One part of its machinery—the dice—defies chronology, they having been found in Etruscan tombs and traced in the hieroglyphics of Egypt. Its early name in England is believed to have been “Tables;” when it was played with three dice instead of two, and the men commenced their action from the adversary’s table.

The backgammon board is quadrangular, and on it are depicted twenty-four points, or *flèches*, of two colours placed alternately. The board is divided into four compartments; two inner and two outer ones; each containing six of the points, alternating in colour.

No. 3.



The game is played by two persons, each having their two dice

and boxes, as well as fifteen men, or counters, black and white, like draughtsmen. These, at the commencement of the game, are placed on the board as follows. (See diagram No. 3.)

Two of your men—which we shall call, for convenience, the white—are placed on the ace point of your opponent's inner table; five on the sixth point in his outer table; three on the cinque point in your own inner table. The adversary's men are placed in corresponding order in the same positions directly opposite your own. The game consists in moving your men from point to point so as to bring them round into your own inner table (or the table on your left hand), and then moving and taking them off the board. Whoever gets all his men off first, wins.

The dice are thrown to determine the moves of the men; the great object of the game being to bring your own men into your inner table; so all throws that aid this course are advantageous, and the reverse to your adversary. It is therefore very important that you should, as you travel round to your inner table, endeavour to block up and detain your adversary in your own tables, unless all your men have made their progress to your own inner table, and so have the best chance. The two players, on commencing the game, agree which end of the board they will play. Each one plays into one of his tables on his own side; for example, if black plays into his left-hand table, white plays into his right; this being directly opposite to black's left, and *vice versa*.

For the right of the first move both players throw one die; the highest number wins. He then throws both his dice, and moves one of his men to the point indicated by one of his dice, and another man to the point indicated by the other die. Or if he prefer it, instead of moving a second man for the second dice, he may give both the moves to the first man. This being done, his adversary does the same, and the other again throws and moves, and so on alternately till the end of the game. When a pair is thrown by the dice it counts double; for instance, two sixes will enable you to move four men each six points forward, or two men each twelve points, or one man the whole twenty-four points forward, if your adversary has left the position vacant.

Your men must move from the adversary's inner table, through

the adversary's outer table, into your own outer table, and thence home into your own inner table.

When a single man occurs on a point, he is called a "blot," and may be taken by your adversary, who must strive to "hit" the blot by bringing one of his men to this point. In this way he takes, and must place on the bar or division of the table, the "blot," and the player who owns it cannot move until he has made a throw which will enter this single man on the table again. He can only effect this by throwing a number that is vacant, or left a "blot" on his adversary's inner table, playing it as from a point off the board adjoining the adversary's ace point.

When most of the adversary's inner table is covered, that is, the points have two or more men on them, it becomes difficult to enter, and yet you must remain on the bar until your adversary leaves a point vacant to be gained by your throw. "Hitting" a blot always adds interest and excitement to the game.

If, during the game, every point on which a man could be placed is covered by your adversary's men, you must wait till your adversary opens a move by his own play. After bringing all your men home you must begin and "bear them," or take them off the board. Every number thrown allows a man to be borne or taken off, according to the throw. If, however, your adversary is waiting for "blots" to enter his men, you must take care by your moves to avoid as much as possible leaving any. If higher numbers are on the dice than on the points, men may be taken from any lower point to "bear off" the board. If a lower one is thrown, and the point has none on it, a higher one may be played. If one player has not borne off his first man before the other bears off his last, he loses a "gammon," which counts as two games or "hits." If both players have borne off it is a game that counts one. It becomes a "back-gammon" if the winner bears off all his men before the loser has carried his out of his adversary's table; and this is equivalent to three hits or games.

Laws of the Game.

1st.

If you take a man from any point that man must be played; the same must be done if two men are taken from it.

2nd.

You are not understood to have played any man till you have placed him on a point, and quitted him.

3rd.

If you play with fourteen men only, there is no penalty attending it, because by playing with a lesser number than you are entitled to you play at a disadvantage by not having the additional man to make up your tables.

4th.

If you bear any number of men before you have entered a man taken up, and which, consequently, you were obliged to enter, such men so borne must be entered again in your adversary's tables as well as the man taken up.

5th.

If you have mistaken your throw, and played, and if your adversary has thrown, it is not in your choice to alter it unless both parties agree.

General Hints and Maxims.

In playing three at backgammon, your great object will be, in the first place, either to secure your own or your adversary's cinque point, or both if you can. After doing this, play a pushing game, and strive to gammon your adversary. If only playing for a hit, one or two men taken up of your adversary's will be safer than more, if your tables are made up. Never at the commencement of a set play for a back game, because, by doing this, you play at a disadvantage, running the risk of a gammon to win a single hit. Be careful, in playing for a gammon, not to crowd your game at any time, if possible. What is meant by crowding a game is placing a number of men either on the row or deuce points in your own tables, which comes to the same thing as losing those men, since you do not have them in play. By thus crowding a game you become liable to be gammoned, because your adversary has liberty to play as he likes when he finds you crowded in your own tables. If your adversary be much in advance of you, do not play your man from your quatre trois or deuce points in order to bear that man from the point where you put it, because nothing but

high doublets can give you a chance for the hit; therefore always play them on, from your size or highest point, by which you will find, if you throw two fives or two fours, that having eased your size or cinque points will be of service to you; and had, on the contrary, your size point been loaded, you must perhaps have played those fives or fours at length. Never be prevented taking up any of your adversary's men from the fear of his hitting you with double dice, because the highest chance that your adversary has of hitting you is five to one against him.

Supposing also you have five points in your own tables covered, and you have got to take up one of your adversary's men, and are obliged to leave a blot out of your tables, leave it sooner on doublets than any other chance, because doublets are thirty-five to one against his hitting you, and the other chances are only seventeen to one against him.

BAGATELLE.

A BAGATELLE board is usually about six or ten feet in length, and from one foot nine inches to three feet in width. It is lined with green cloth, and has a thin piece of wood placed at its upper end to form a semicircle. Nine cups are let in level with the cloth, which are numbered from one to nine, and into which the balls are to be driven when playing bagatelle or sans egal. Two small cushions are placed against the sides, which are used in the game of Mississippi; or sometimes the board is stuffed round the sides, instead of having these two cushions. There is also a bridge with small arches, numbered from one to nine, through which the balls are to be driven in playing the two games of Mississippi and iron madame, when the cups are not used.

LA BAGATELLE.

THERE may be any number of players in this game, and either mace or cue may be used, according to the agreement made at starting. Each player begins by striking a ball up the board, and whoever gets the highest number has the lead and takes possession

of the nine balls. The black ball, which counts double, is placed on the white spot in front of the holes before every round, and must be struck by one of the other balls before there can be any score. The striker must place his ball on the white spot nearest the other end of the board, and he then strikes his own ball with the cue or mace, aiming to knock the black ball and put it into one of the holes. The rest of the balls must be played up in the same manner, either at the outstanding balls or the holes. Any number of rounds may be played at this game, according to agreement. The player who has the highest score, counting by the different numbers on the holes into which he sends his balls, of course wins the game. At the edges of the board there are holes which serve to mark the game. If a ball rebounds beyond the centre, or is driven off the board, it cannot be used again during that round.

SANS EGAL.

THIS game is played by two persons. The leader, who should be decided in the same way as described in bagatelle, selects four balls, and placing the black ball on the white mark in front of the holes strikes one of his own balls up the board.

The other player then in turn strikes one up the board, and so on alternately. Whoever holes the black ball counts it on his score as well as all the other balls he can hole. If a player holes a ball belonging to the other player, it counts on the score of the owner of the ball. Whichever makes the greatest number of points in a round takes the lead in the next round. The game may be from 21 to 31, according to agreement between the players.

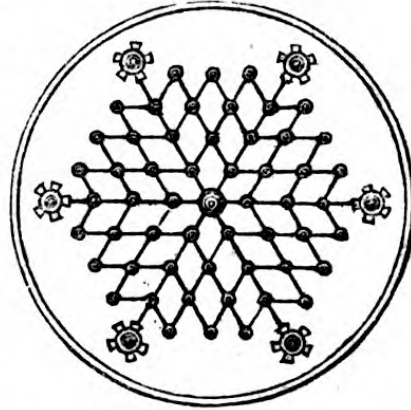
MISSISSIPPI.

IN this game the bridge must be placed close up to the circle and the cushions against the sides. Each player then sends a ball up through the bridge, and whoever gets the highest number has the lead, and plays the nine balls first. Every ball must strike one of the cushions at the side before going through the bridge; if it does not the number counts on the adversary's score. The game may consist of any number of points, according to agreement at its commencement.

THE RUSSIAN BEAR-HUNT.

THIS game is played on a mahogany board, with seven glass balls (see diagram No. 16). Two persons may play at it, one taking the six men, the other the larger one. The game affords great opportunity for skill and foresight, being founded on a species of blockade; the pieces not being captured, however, in the usual way.

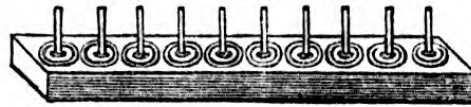
No. 16.



THE DECIMAL PUZZLE.

TEN pins are fixed in a mahogany board, with ten rings lying on the pins (see diagram No. 17). The game is to make these ten rings into five pairs, the player passing over two pins every move, and the five pairs being made in five moves.

No. 17.



SQUAILS.

THIS is a game that has lately been much in fashion. It is played on an ordinary round table (see No. 18), a small medal

No. 18.



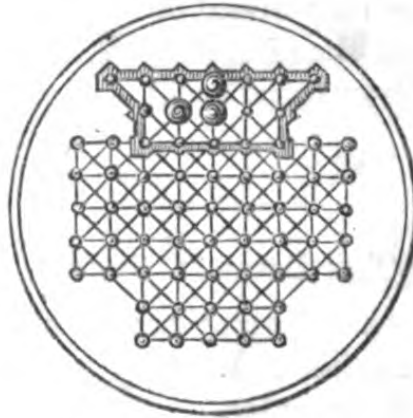
being placed in the centre of it; and each player then in turn

iams at the medal, by striking towards the edge of the table a round piece of wood called a squail. There are, of course, certain rules accompanying this game, which are purchased only with the squails.

THE ROYAL GARRISON.

No. 19.

THIS is but another variety of German tactics. Two people playing at it, and one

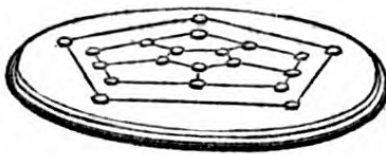


taking the fifty men, the opponent the three officers (see diagram No. 19).

THE NEW ICOSIAN GAME.

THIS very ingenious game, invented by Sir William Rowan Hamilton, is played on a mahogany board (see diagram No. 20)

No. 20.



with twenty pieces, numbered from one to twenty, which are to be placed in the holes on the board according to certain rules laid down. The game is to place the twenty pieces in rotation in such a way along the

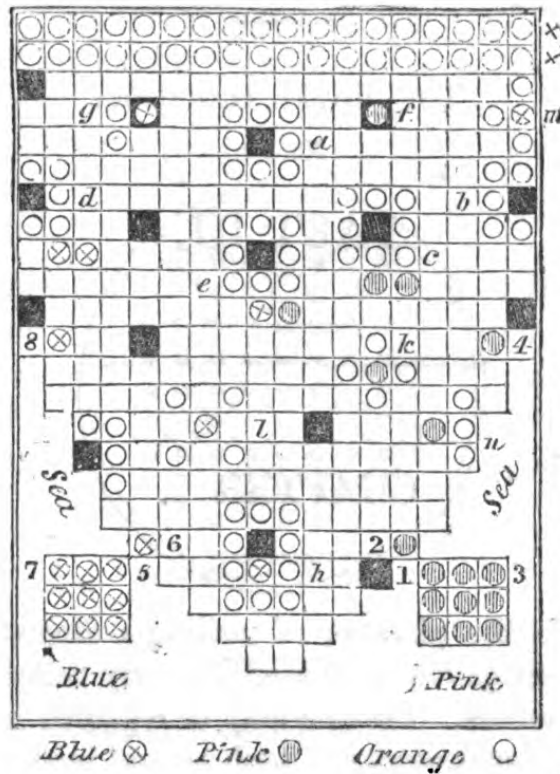
lines of the board that the last piece, No. 20, will always be left in the hole immediately adjoining the first piece, No. 1. This may always be done from whatever hole the player commences; the difficulties of accomplishment being greater or lesser, according to the position of the first piece.

THE GAME OF EMPIRE.

THIS game is founded on historical facts; the quality of the pieces, or men, also being derived therefrom. It is played on a

board (see diagram No. 21) divided into squares, the plain space round the squares of nine, and along the angular portion of the

No. 21.



figures on the board, representing the sea. The dark squares on the board represent fortified towns. The space covered by squares representing land. The figures one to forty-one at right angles on the border of the board are for working problems and diagrams of the game, or to distinguish moves. The men, or pieces, are coloured pink, blue, and orange. Pink has nine, blue has nine, and orange thirty-six pieces or men.

The game called the generalissimo is played by two persons; one player taking the nine pink and nine blue against his opponent, who has the thirty-six orange pieces or men. The player of pink and blue must have the pink squares of nine spaces at his right, and the blue at his left. Orange is seated opposite the other player.

In the captain's game, two, three, or more persons may play at once; one taking pink, another blue, and one or two others dividing the orange men between them. Orange wins the game, marking 50; the pink and blue win by taking all the orange.

The rules of the game are to be purchased with the board and men.

PART III.

CHAPTER I.

PUZZLES.

To many minds the pleasure of making a discovery after long and patient investigation is greater than any delight that can be offered to the senses. Puzzles may be regarded as an excellent medium for the development of such natural tendencies in youth combining as they do the elements of work and play; necessitating also both application and perseverance, and enabling us to improve the valuable faculty of holding several ideas in the mind at once. In short, the same powers of intellect that will enable a boy to unravel the intricacies of a puzzle might, later in life, prove in their fullest development valuable aids to the investigation of the mysterious problems of Nature, and yield for their fruits some fresh contributions to the never-ceasing wonders of Science. For centuries, Puzzles, Paradoxes, and Riddles, have been popular as recreations. Those that we place before our readers in the following pages have been carefully collected from several sources; the answers we have placed in a separate chapter, so that our young friends may have the chance of deciphering them for themselves, instead of being directly enlightened by the printed solutions.

I. DEAD OR ALIVE.—(Fig. 1.)

“These dogs are dead you well may say,
Add four lines more they'll run away.”



II. QUIBBLES.

1. How can a circle be drawn round a person placed in the centre of the room so that he cannot jump out of it, though his legs be free?
2. If five times four are thirty-three,
 What will the fourth of twenty be?
3. Place four fives so as to make six and a half.
4. I can stretch my hands apart, having a coin in each, and yet without bringing my hands together I can get both coins in one hand. How may this be done?
5. How can I get the wine out of a bottle without breaking the glass or making a hole in the cork, and without a corkscrew?
6. What two numbers multiplied together will produce seven?
7. Place a candle in such a manner that every one shall see it but one person, although this latter shall not be blindfold or prevented examining any part of the room, neither shall the candle be hidden.
8. If you cut thirty yards of cloth into one-yard pieces, and at one yard every day, how long will it take?
9. Divide the number 50 into two such parts that, if the

greater part be divided by 7 and the less multiplied by 3, the sum of the quotient and product will make 50.

10. What is the difference between twice twenty-five and twice five and twenty?

11. A person may, without leaving the room, place himself where it is impossible for another to do the same. Explain this.

12. A person tells another that he can put something into his right hand he cannot put into his left.

Fig:2

III.—A piece of cardboard or paper, of the shape and size given in fig. 2, is to be cut in



such a way that a person may pass through it, still preserving it in one piece.

IV. THE HEXAGON PUZZLE. (Fig. 3.)—Arrange the five following pieces into a perfect *hexagon*, or figure with six equal sides.

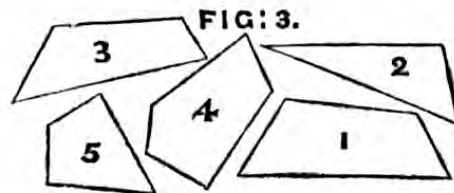
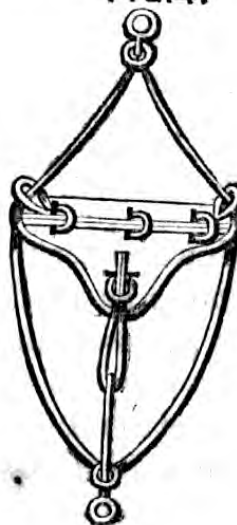


FIG:4.

V. THE MAGIC PURSE. — Construct a purse such as is represented in fig. 4, the material being either



morocco or any other suitable stuff. The puzzle is to open the same without removing any of the rings.

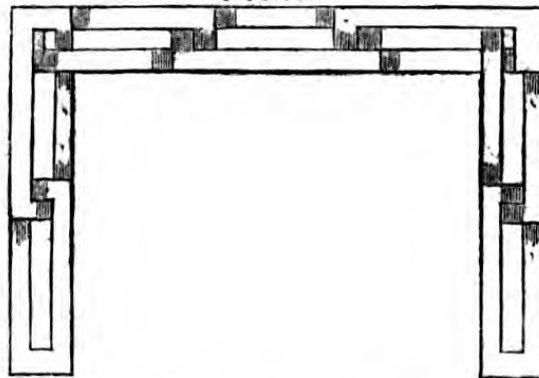
FIG: 5.

VI. THE MAGICAL ARRANGEMENT. (Fig. 5.) —Arrange the following twelve counters in such a way that, instead of counting four in a row, they count five counters in a row.

VII. THE CARPENTER PUZZLED.—A ship having sprung a leak at sea, and being in considerable danger, the carpenter was desired to mend it; but the only piece of wood that could be found to give him was like fig. 6, —a piece with sixteen holes in it; and the sized piece he required being exactly one-quarter of the board represented. Show a way of cutting a piece of the required size out of this board, the cut piece having no holes in it.

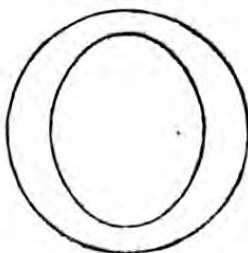
VIII. THE CARD-CHAIN PUZZLE. (Fig. 7.)—The links of which this chain is formed have no joints, neither was any gum,

FIG: 7



paste, nor adhesive material used in their formation; but they were all fairly cut from a single card. Our young friends will find this one of the most ingenious puzzles in this collection.

FIG: 8



IX. THE OVAL PUZZLE.—Form a complete circle, either in cardboard or paper; let this circle be divided into eight parts, and with these parts form two perfect ovals. The figures, whether large or small, should be in the same proportions as those depicted in fig. 8.

X. THE PROTEAN PUZZLE.—Cut a piece of stiff cardboard in the shape of fig. 9. Let it be about five inches long, by one inch broad. Cut it then into eleven pieces, and with these eleven pieces form a cross. After this, by changing the positions of the pieces, form in turn the several shapes in fig. 10.

FIG: 9

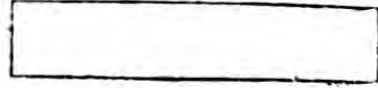
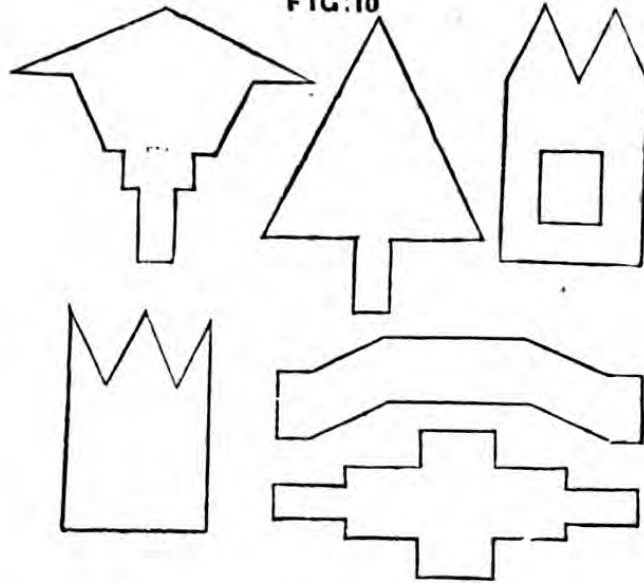


FIG: 10



XI. THE TULIP PUZZLE.—A gentleman having nineteen tulips planted them in nine rows, with five in each row. How did he plant them?

XII. THE GRASPING LANDLORD. (Fig. 11.)—A certain landlord who had eight apple-trees round his mansion had also surrounding these eight houses which he let to tenants. Around these eight tenants' houses were ten pear-trees, and one morning he determined on appropriating the ten pear-trees to himself, and allotting in their stead a single apple-tree to each tenant. How will he place the fence that is to accomplish this?

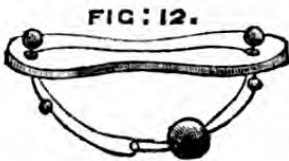
FIG: 11.



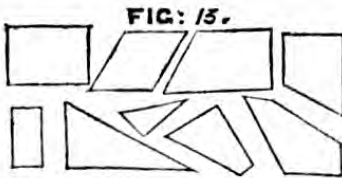
XIII. AN AMUSING AND DIFFICULT TRICK.—Let two persons be placed opposite to one another on their knees. Each of them is then to kneel on one knee whilst he raises the other leg in the air. To one then a lighted candle is to be given, and he is

requested to light the candle that is placed in the hand of the other one. This is extremely difficult to perform without tumbling down, but may be acquired after some practice.

XIV. THE BOARD AND BALL PUZZLE.—Get a slight piece of

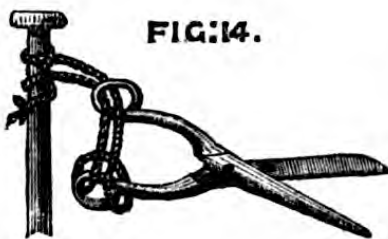


board, such as the cover of a cigar-box, about five inches long, and then cut it to the shape shown in fig. 12, and then arrange string and balls in the same way as they are there represented. The trick is to get the large ball off the string without untying it or removing any of the smaller balls.



XV. THE SQUARE PUZZLE.—Cut out in paper or card the figures drawn in fig. 13, and then arrange them so as to form a perfect square. The pieces should all fit close together.

XVI. THE MARKET-WOMAN'S PUZZLE.—A market-woman bought 120 apples at two for a penny, and 120 more at three for a penny. Not liking her bargain, she mixed them all together and sold them again at five for twopence, thinking she would get the money she had laid out back again. On counting it, however, to her surprise, she found she had lost fourpence. How did this happen?



XVII. THE SCISSORS ENTANGLED.—A piece of double twine being fastened through a pair of scissors as shown in fig. 14, both the ends are held with one hand whilst another person extricates the scissors from the twine.

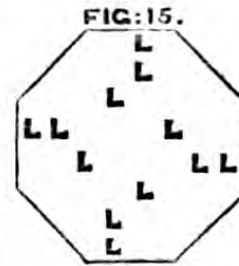
XVIII. THE ROW OF FIGURES.—What is the shortest method of adding up the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, up to 50, without either putting them down on paper or adding them up in your head?

XIX. THE THREE GENTLEMEN AND THEIR SERVANTS.—Three gentlemen and their servants, being obliged to cross a river, find a boat at the water's edge which can only carry two at a time. In what way can these six persons transport themselves over the

water so that none of the gentlemen shall be left in company of any of the servants except when his own servant is present.

XX. THE OCTAGON PUZZLE. (Fig. 15.)

“I have a piece of ground which is neither square nor round,
But an octagon, and this I have laid out
In a novel way, though plain in appearance, and retain
Three posts in each compartment, but I doubt



Whether you discover how I apportioned it e'en though
I inform you 'tis divided into *four*.
But if you solve it right, 'twill afford you much delight,
And repay you for the trouble, I am sure.”

XXI. THE BLIND ABBOT AND THE MONKS.—A convent, in which there were nine cells, was occupied by a blind abbot and twenty-four monks, the abbot lodging in the centre cell, and the monks in the side cells, three in each cell, forming a row of nine persons on each side of the building, as in fig. 16.

FIG:16

3	3	3
3		3
3	3	3

The abbot, suspecting the fidelity of the monks, frequently went round at night and counted them, when, if he found nine in each row, he retired to rest quite satisfied. The monks, however, taking advantage of his blindness, conspired to deceive him, and

FIG:17.

4	1	4
1		1
4	1	4

so arranged themselves, as in fig. 17, that four could go out and still the abbot would find nine in each row. The monk that went out returned with four visitors, and they were arranged with the monks as in fig. 18, so as again to count nine each way; consequently the abbot was satisfied.

FIG:18

2	5	2
5		5
2	5	2

Emboldened by success, the monks next night brought in four more visitors, and succeeded in deceiving the abbot by arranging themselves as in fig. 19. Again, four more visitors were introduced and arranged with the monks, as in fig. 20.

FIG:19

1	7	1
7		7
1	7	1

FIG:20

0	9	0
9		9
0	9	0

Finally, when the twelve clandestine visitors had departed, carrying off six of the monks with them, the abbot still finding nine in each row, as in fig. 21, retired to bed fully satisfied that no one had either gone out or come into the monastery.

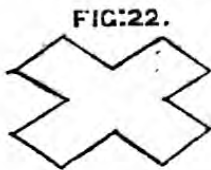
FIG:21

5	0	4
0		0
4	0	5

XXII. THE CIRCLE PUZZLE.

“Twenty lines on paper place,
 On every line five circles trace,
 These numbers should just in amount
 In number thirty-seven count ;
 And every circle, orb, or round,
 Upon an angle should be found ;
 At an equal distance too should be,
 Upon each line—solve this for me.”

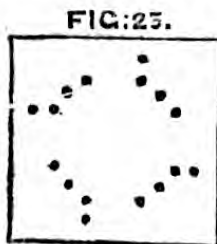
XXIII. THE ANGULAR PUZZLE.—Let a piece of cardboard be cut into the form and proportions shown in fig. 22. After which, produce with the same three successive pyramidal or angular boxes, alternately bearing the respective numbers of 7, 6, and 5 corners, still keeping the cardboard in one piece.



XXIV. THE CIPHER PUZZLE.—The authenticity of Shakespeare’s autograph being discussed by a large merry party round the fire-side of a cheerful country mansion, a young lady of the bluest of eyes, and sunniest of golden hair, was heard to ejaculate, “That of all things she envied the possession of such a treasure!” On retiring to rest, the following *jeu d’esprit* was discovered by her on her dressing-table. Can you assist her in *deciphering* it?

You O a O
 But I O thee ;
 O, O no O
 But O O me.

And O let my O
 Thy O be ;
 And give O O
 I O thee.



XXV. THE DIVIDED SQUARE. (Fig. 23.)
 —Divide this square into four equal parts, so as to obtain two dots in each division and eight in the centre.

XXVI. THE MAGIC OCTAGON. (Fig. 24.)

“ Upon a piece of cardboard draw
 The three designs below ;
 I should have said of each shape *four*,
 Which when cut out will show,
 If joined correctly, that which you
 Are striving to unfold,
 An octagon, familiar to
 My friends, both young and old.”

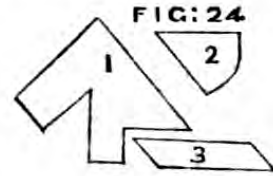
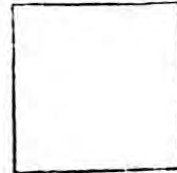


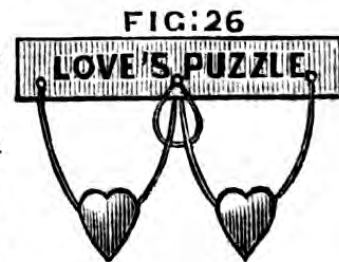
FIG:25

XXVII. THE GEOMETRICAL PUZZLE. (Fig. 25.)
 Given a square to divide into seventeen smaller but
 equal squares.



XXVIII. THE FLORIST'S PUZZLE.—A florist planted thirty-one varieties of flowers (only one of each kind), so that he had one circle containing eighteen varieties; seven circles with six varieties in each; six straight rows with six varieties in each; and three straight rows with six varieties in each.

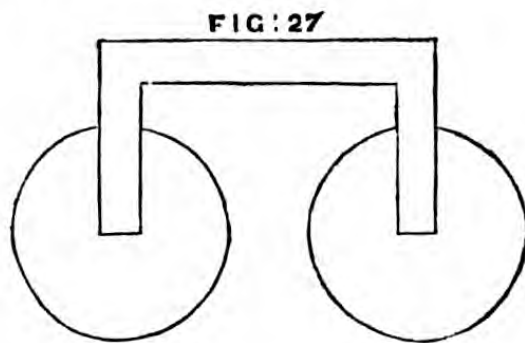
XXIX. LOVE'S PUZZLE.—Cut a thin piece of wood about four inches long and three-quarters broad. Perforate it with three holes. Cut pieces of bone, cork, or wood, into the shape of two hearts, and then arrange the whole on strings, as in fig. 26. The puzzle is to get the two hearts on one loop. This is a good puzzle for lovers, suggesting the union of hearts.



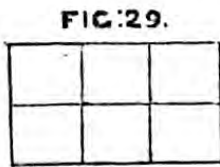
XXX. THE CROWNING PUZZLE.—First, place ten draughts-men in a row thus: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10. Now, the difficulty is to lift up a man, and passing over *two* each time and no more, to crown the next to them, continuing this until they are all kings. In passing over a king it is to be reckoned as *two* men; thus, for instance (not that this is any explanation of the puzzle—that, we leave our young friends to solve), suppose we place the 6th or the 3rd, it must pass over two men; and then on the 4th and on the 2nd we pass a king (two men): here will be

two crowns effected : but the puzzle completed must have five crowns and no men. Remember well, that it is required to pass over two, but never more or less than that number.

XXXI. THE METAMORPHOSIS PUZZLE. — Procure a thin piece of wood, or cardboard, or writing-paper ; let the same be formed into a perfect square ; after which divide this square into fifteen parts, and with them form the accompanying diagrams, figs. 27 and 28 :—



XXXII. THE MAGIC SQUARE.—With seventeen pieces of wood (lucifer matches will answer the purpose, after removing the combustible ends and making them all the same length) make a figure like fig. 29. The puzzle proposed is—to remove only five matches and yet leave no more than three perfect squares of the same size remaining.



XXXIII. THE DROVER'S PROBLEM.

“ One morning I chanced with a drover to meet,
 Who was driving some sheep up to town,
 Which seemed very near ready to drop from the heat,
 Whereupon I exclaimed, with a frown—
 ‘ Don’t you think it is wrong to treat animals so ?
 Why not take better care of your flock ?’
 ‘ I would do so,’ said he, ‘ but I’ve some miles to go
 Between this and eleven o’clock.’
 ‘ Well, supposing you have,’ I replied, ‘ you should let
 Them have rest now and then by the way.’
 ‘ So I will, if you believe I can get,
 There in time for the market to-day

Now, as you seem to know such a lot about sheep,
 Perhaps you'll tell us how many I've got?
 'No, a casual glance as they stand in a heap
 Won't permit of it, so I cannot.'
 'Well, supposing as how I'd as many again,
 Half as many and seven as true,
 As you're there it would pay me to ride up by train,
 Because I should have thirty-two.' "

XXXIV. THE LANDLORD TRICKED.—Twenty-one persons sat down to dinner at an inn, with the landlord at the head of the table. When dinner was finished it was resolved that one should pay the whole score, to be decided as follows:—A person should commence counting the company, and every seventh man should rise from his seat until all were counted out but one, who should pay the whole bill. One of the waiters was chosen to count the company out, who, owing his master a grudge, was resolved to make him the person who should have to pay. How must he proceed to accomplish this?

XXXV. THE FARMER'S PUZZLE.—A farmer planted eleven trees in eleven rows with three trees in each row. How were they planted?

XXXVI. THE CARPENTER'S PUZZLE.—A plank of about a foot broad was to be cut into two; the carpenter cut it half through on each side, and then found he had still two feet to cut. How was this?

XXXVII. THE VERTICAL LINES. (Fig. 30.)—Draw six vertical lines, and then by adding five other lines let the six form nine.

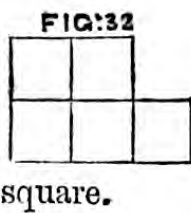


XXXVII.* THE PEACH ORCHARD PUZZLE.—A Jersey farmer planted twenty-seven peach-trees in ten rows, with six trees in each row. How did he plant them?

XXXVIII. THE KEY, HEART, AND ARROW. (Fig. 31.)—This puzzle is to extricate the key from the arrow, and the



arrow from the heart, without bending or tearing the paper or cardboard of which the three objects must be composed.



XXXIX. THE SQUARE PUZZLE.—Take a piece of card and shape it to the form and proportions shown in fig. 32. The puzzle is to cut this into three parts, and with these parts form a perfect square.

XL. THE DISHONEST JEWELLER. (Fig. 33).—A lady requested a jeweller to repair a diamond cross for her, but to guard any chance of having her diamonds stolen she took the precaution of numbering the diamonds, and did it in the following manner:—She found the cross contained in length from A to



B nine diamonds; reckoning from B to C, or from B to D, she also counted nine. When the cross was returned to her she found the number of the diamonds precisely the same, yet two diamonds had been purloined. How was this managed?

XLI. THE PUZZLE OF THE TURKS AND CHRISTIANS.—Fifteen Christians and fifteen Turks were all at sea together, in the same vessel. A dreadful storm arose which obliged them to throw all their cargo overboard; this, however, not proving sufficient to lighten the ship, the captain informed them they would all go down unless half the passengers were thrown overboard also. Having, therefore, caused them all to be placed in a row by counting from nine to nine, and throwing every ninth person into the sea, beginning again at the first of the row, when it had been counted to the end, it was found that after fifteen persons had been thrown overboard, the fifteen Christians remained. How did the captain arrange these thirty persons so as to save the Christians?

XLII. THE GRECIAN PARADOX.—Protagoras, a Greek philosopher, agreed to instruct a young man in oratory for a sum of money, one-half of which was paid down and the remainder to be liquidated *when the pupil made his first successful pleading in the courts*. Long after the instructions were concluded, the pupil neither paid *nor pleaded*, and Protagoras brought an action for the recovery of the money. The question is, could Protagoras recover the same?

XLIII. THE THREE HOLES.—A piece of cardboard, about three inches in length, must be cut the shape which is shown in fig. 34; the three holes must then be cut. The puzzle is to make one piece of wood pass through all the three holes, at the same time it must also completely fill each of them.



XLIV. THE JESUIT'S PLACARD.—On Sunday, the 8th of October, 1850, whilst the Pope went to celebrate the Nativity of the Virgin at Rome, the following placard was posted in various parts of the city :—

Morte a
Mazzini
La Republica e
Il piu infame governo
Abasso
Il domino del popoli

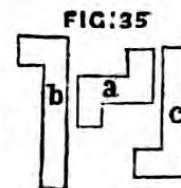
Pio Nono
Viva lungamente!
Il piu dolico governo
E quello dei Preti.
Il potere dei Preti
Regni in eterno.

The translation of which is as follows :—

Death to
Mazzini
The Republic is
The most infamous form of govern^t.
Down with
The rule of the people

Pio Nono
Live for ever!
The best of all governments
Is that of the Priests.
The power of the Priests
Let it rule for ever.

XLV. THE CROSS PUZZLE. (Fig. 35.)—Cut three pieces of cardboard of the shape of **a**, and then one each of the shapes of **b** and **c**, and then with these pieces form a cross.



XLVI. THE MECHANIC'S PUZZLE.—A piece of wood, ten inches long by two inches wide, is to be cut in such a way as to make a perfect square without wasting any of it.

XLVII. THE FIVE ARAB MAXIMS. (Fig. 36.)—Explain the five following Arab maxims:—

Fig. 36.

Never	All	For he who	Every-thing	Often	More than
Tell	You may know	Tells	He knows	Tells	He knows
Attempt	You can do	Attempts	He can do	Attempts	He can do
Believe	You may hear	Believes	He hears	Believes	He hears
Lay out	You can afford	Lays out	He can afford	Lays out	He can afford
Decide upon	You may see	Decides upon	He sees	Decides upon	He sees

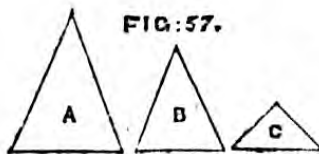


FIG. 57.

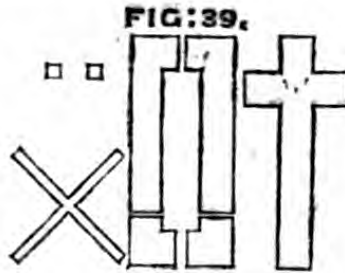
XLVIII. THE PYRAMIDAL PUZZLE. (Fig. 37.)—Cut eight pieces of card of the shape of fig. A, cut four of fig. B, and four of fig. C, all being of proportionate sizes: with them form a perfect square.



FIG. 38.

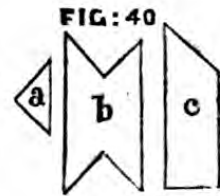
XLIX. THE COUNTERS.—Let eight counters or corks be placed as they are seen in fig. 38. They must then be laid in four couples, removing only one at a time, and in each removal passing the one in the hand over *two* on the table.

L. THE CROSS AND GALLOWS PUZZLE.—With *one cut of the scissors* cut a perfect cross, and



the other shapes shown in fig 39 all from one piece of paper.

LI. ANOTHER CROSS PUZZLE. (Fig. 40.)—Cut three pieces of paper, one shaped like **a**, one piece like **b**, and another like **c**; all being of proportionate sizes; then place the pieces together so as to form a perfect cross.



LII. THE ARM-LOOP PUZZLE.—Take a long piece of string of about three yards long, knot the ends together so as to form a loop, place the loop over a gentleman's arm, and then place the hand belonging to the arm in his waiscoat pocket. He must extricate himself from the string without removing his hand from the waistcoat pocket or untying the knot of the string. To perform this properly, he should, before placing the string on his arm, have taken off his coat.

LIII. THE PERPLEXED CARPENTER.—There is a hole in the barn-door just two feet in width and twelve in length. How can it be entirely covered with a board, three feet wide and eight feet long, by cutting the board only once in two?

LIV. THE GARDENER'S PUZZLE.—A gardener having twenty-four rose-bushes, planted them in two beds, twelve bushes in each, and each bed containing six rows with four bushes in each. Anxious to appear singular, the gardener planned each bed entirely different from the other in pattern. How was this done?

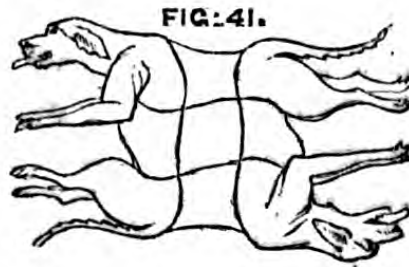
LV. THE TREE PUZZLE.—Arrange fifteen trees in sixteen rows with three in each row, also two rows of four trees, and one row of seven trees.

LVI. THE PRACTICABLE ORCHARD.—Plant sixteen trees in ten rows, with four trees in each row.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

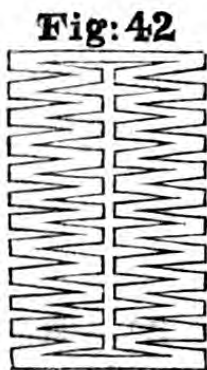
I. ANSWER TO DEAD OR ALIVE. (Fig. 41.)

“See here the four lines, Tally ho!
Have touched the dogs, and away they go.”



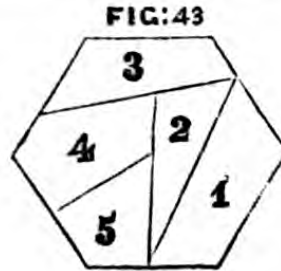
II. ANSWERS TO QUIBBLES.

1. Draw it round his body.
2. $8\frac{1}{4}$.
3. $5\frac{2}{3}$ 5.
4. Place the coin on the table, then turning round, take it up with the other hand.
5. Push the cork into the bottle.
6. 7 and 1.
7. Place the candle on his head, being careful that this is done in a room without mirrors.
8. Twenty-nine days.
9. 35 and 15.
10. Twice twenty-five is fifty; twice five and twenty is thirty.
11. The first seats himself on the other's lap.
12. The last person's left elbow.



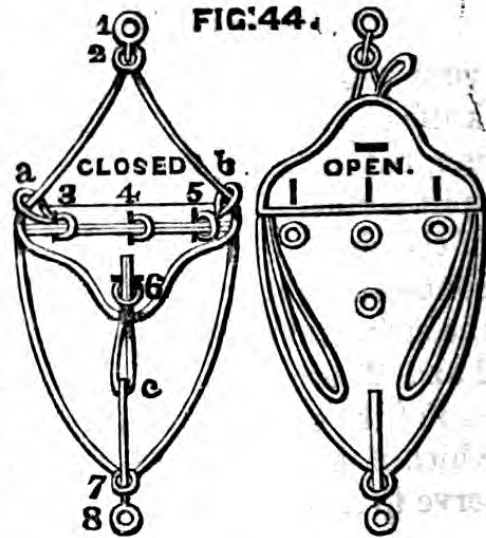
III. ANSWER TO CARD PUZZLE.—Take a piece of cardboard or leather, double it lengthways down the middle, and then cut it first to the right nearly to the end (the narrow way), and then to the left, and so on to the end of the card; then open it and cut it down the middle, excepting the two ends. Fig. 42 shows the proper cuttings. By opening the card, or leather, a person may pass through it.

IV. ANSWER TO THE HEXAGON PUZZLE. — Arrange the

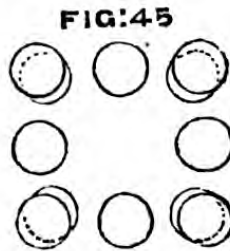


pieces in the way represented in fig. 43.

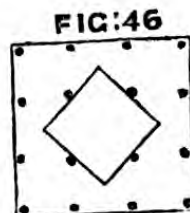
V. ANSWER TO THE MAGIC PURSE PUZZLE. (Fig. 44.)—Pass loop a up through ring No. 2, and over No. 1; then pass loop b over rings 1 and 2, up through No. 2 and over No. 1, as before; when the same may be easily drawn through rings 3, 4, 5. Again, pass loop c through ring No. 7 over 8, draw it up through ring 6, and the purse is complete.



VI. ANSWER TO THE MAGICAL ARRANGEMENT. (Fig. 45.)



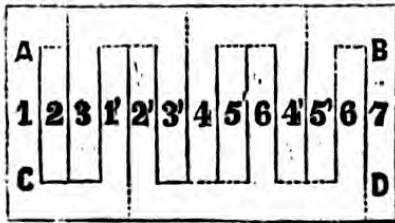
VII. ANSWER TO THE CARPENTER PUZZLED.—Fig. 46 will show how the square piece was cut from the board.



VIII. ANSWER TO THE CARD-CHAIN PUZZLE. (Fig. 47).—Take a card, say four inches long and two and a half inches wide, or of

any other size thought fit; but the larger the card the better it is for practice. Draw a light pencil line from **a** to **b**, and another

FIG:47



line from **c** to **d**, at about a quarter of an inch from the edge of your card. Then lay the card in water for a short time; after which, split it down from the edge with a penknife as far as the pencil line, and then put the card aside until it is perfectly dry, when

your will resume your task as follows:—With a sharp penknife cut right through the *straight* lines indicated in the engraving, but only half way through the *dotted* lines, as that is the split portion of the card. The figures show the bar of each link of the chain. Thus 1 and 1' belong to the same link, and are connected at the top and bottom; the latter by the upper half of the split, and the former by the under half of the split; the links 2 and 2' are also connected in the same way, and so on to the end of the chain, until every link forming the cable is released, which if not useful for any mechanical purpose, may at least serve to amuse.

IX. ANSWER TO THE OVAL PUZZLE.—Cut the card as represented in fig. 48, and then you will easily arrange the pieces as in figs. 49 and 50.

FIG:48

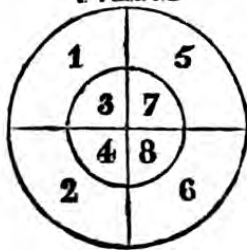


FIG:49



FIG:50

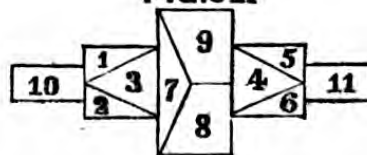


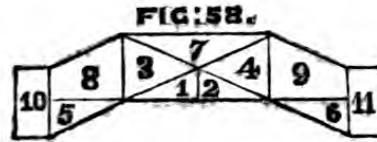
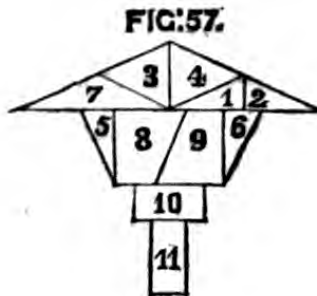
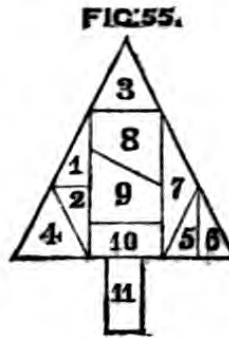
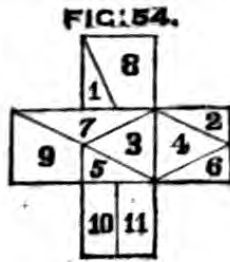
X. ANSWER TO THE PROTEAN PUZZLE.—Cut the card into the pieces marked in fig. 51, and then the different diagrams may be formed with them.

FIG:51.



FIG:52.





XI. ANSWER TO THE TULIP PUZZLE. —Either of the accompanying dia-



grams (figs. 59, 60) will fulfil the conditions of the problem.

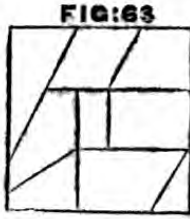
XII. ANSWER TO THE GRASPING LANDLORD PUZZLE. —The fence is to



be placed by the landlord in the same way as the lines in fig. 61.

XIV. ANSWER TO THE BOARD AND BALL PUZZLE.—Push the ball close up to the wood, and pull the loop of string down as much as it will come; then pass the end of the loop through the hole in the wood and over the pellet, as here shown in fig. 62. The two loops will then separate, and the ball can be easily taken off.





XV. ANSWER TO THE SQUARE PUZZLE.—Arrange the pieces as they are in fig. 63.

XVI. ANSWER TO THE MARKET-WOMAN'S PUZZLE.—On the first view of the question there does not appear to be any loss; for if it be supposed that in selling five apples for twopence she gave three of the latter sort (viz., those at three for a penny) and two of the former (viz., those at two for a penny), she would receive just the same money as she bought them at; but this will not hold throughout the whole; for admitting she sells them as above, it must be evident that the latter stock would be exhausted first, and consequently she must sell as many of the former as remained overplus at five for twopence which she bought at the rate of two for a penny, or four for twopence, and would therefore lose. It will be readily found that when she had sold all the latter sort in the above manner, she would have sold only eighty of the former, for there are as many threes in one hundred and twenty as twos in eighty; then the remaining forty must be sold at five for twopence which were bought at the rate of four for twopence, viz. :—

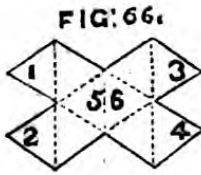
	Apples.	d.	Apples.	d.	
If	{ 4	2	40	20	Prime cost of 40 of the first sort.
	{ 5	2	4	16	Selling price of ditto.

XVII. ANSWER TO THE PUZZLE OF THE SCISSORS ENTANGLED.—The scissors may be released by drawing the noose upwards through the eye of the scissors, and passing it completely over them.

XVIII. ANSWER TO THE ROW OF FIGURES PUZZLE.—The first and last of these numbers, 1 and 50, make 51; the second and last but one, 2 and 49, also make 51; and so on throughout the whole row of figures. Altogether, therefore, there are twenty-five times 51, which makes 1275.

XIX. ANSWER TO THE PUZZLE OF THREE GENTLEMEN AND THEIR SERVANTS.—First, two servants must go over in the boat; then one of them returns with the boat and takes over the

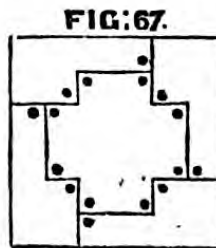
bend the more readily ; close the spaces between 1 and 2, and 3 and 4, by bringing the ends together ; bend the whole between 5 and 6, and the seven-cornered box will be produced ; then fold the parts 1 and 2, and 3 and 4, underneath each other, and the six-cornered box will be formed ; and by again placing the angular sections inwards the remaining box will present itself.



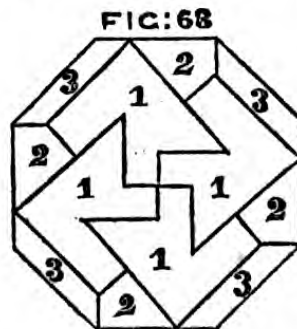
XXIV. ANSWER TO THE CIPHER PUZZLE.

“ You sigh for a cipher,
 But I sigh for thee.
 O, sigh for no cipher,
 But O sigh for me !
 And O let my cipher
 Thy cipher be !
 And give sigh for sigh, for
 I sigh for thee.”

XXV. ANSWER TO THE DIVIDED SQUARE PUZZLE. (Fig. 67.)

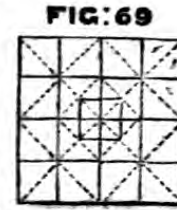


XXVI. ANSWER TO THE MAGIC OCTAGON PUZZLE.—Put the pieces together in the way represented in fig. 68.

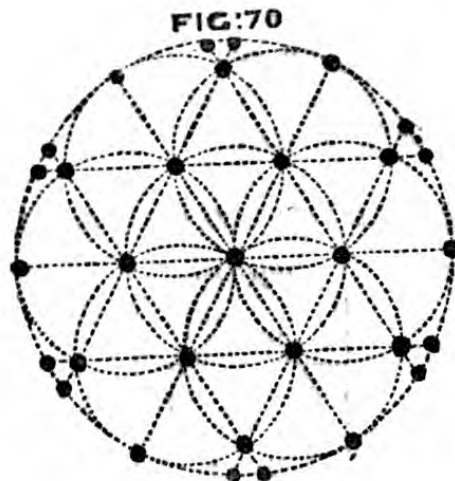


XXVII. ANSWER TO GEOMETRICAL PUZZLE. (Fig. 69.)—Divide each side of the square into four portions. By drawing

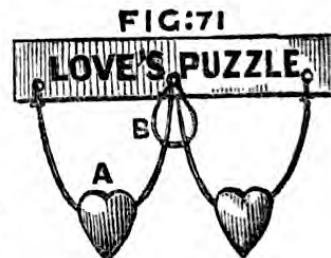
lines across each way to these points you produce sixteen of the squares. Unite the points by which the diamond is formed, within which is a square one quarter the size of the first; next draw a diamond within this quarter-sized square, and by drawing lines like a St. Andrew's cross through the whole figure you have the points for the seventeenth square, as in the figure.



XXVIII. ANSWER TO THE FLORIST'S PUZZLE.—To plant thirty-one kinds of flowers, one of each kind, so as to have eighteen varieties in one circle, seven circles with six varieties in each, six straight rows with six varieties in each, and three straight rows with five varieties in each. Apply fig. 70 to further elucidate the problem.

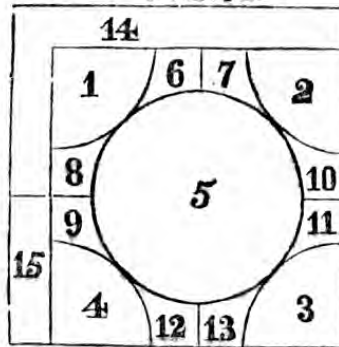


XXIX. ANSWER TO LOVE'S PUZZLE. (Fig. 71.)—First draw the heart, A, along the string through the loop, B, until it reaches the back of the centre hole; then pull the loop through the hole and pass the heart through the two loops that will then be formed; then draw the string back through the hole as before, and the heart may easily be passed to its companion.



XXX. ANSWER TO THE CROWNING PUZZLE.—Place the fourth on the first, the sixth on the ninth, the eighth on the third, the second on the fifth, and the seventh on the tenth.

FIG:72



XXXI. ANSWER TO THE METAMORPHOSIS PUZZLE.—Cut the square as

shown in fig. 72, and then form the figs. 73 and 74 with the pieces.

FIG:73.

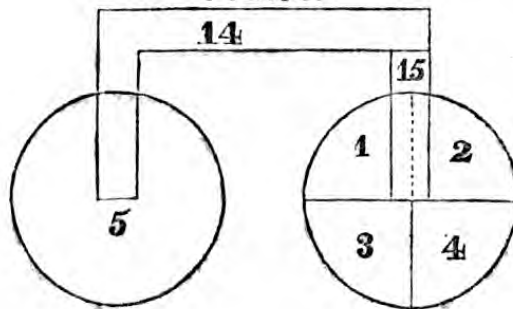
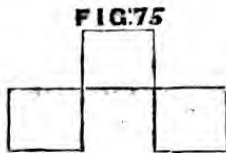


FIG:74



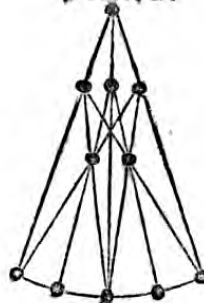
XXXII. ANSWER TO THE MAGIC SQUARE PUZZLE.—This apparent impossibility is made easy by removing the two upper corners on each side, and the centre line below, as shown in fig. 75. This ingenious problem is one of the best we know for parlour magicians.



XXXIII. ANSWER TO THE DROVER'S PROBLEM.—Ten in the flock; ten, as many again; five, half as many; seven besides; total, thirty-two.

XXXIV. ANSWER TO THE PUZZLE OF THE LANDLORD TRICKED.—Begin with the sixth from the landlord.

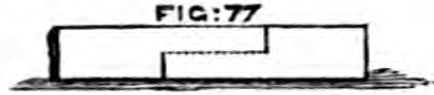
FIG:76.



XXXV. ANSWER TO THE FARMER'S PUZZLE.

—They were planted as represented in fig. 76.

XXXVI. ANSWER TO THE CARPENTER'S PUZZLE.—The plank to be cut as shown in fig. 77.



XXXVII. ANSWER TO THE PUZZLE OF THE VERTICAL LINES.—Draw the line in the direction of the dotted ones in fig. 78.

FIG: 78
NINE

XXXVIII. ANSWER TO THE KEY, HEART, AND ARROW PUZZLE.—Press out the lowermost cut in the heart so that it forms a loop, which you draw through the ring of the key, so that you can pass one end of the arrow through it, without breaking the pasteboard. Then fold the arrow together in the middle so that one point fits on the other, bring the loop back into its former position, drawing it out of the ring of the key, which then glides down the arrow and hangs, held fast by its barb; and the three objects are then joined together, and they may be released by the same method. The ring of the key should be small, so as to allow the barb of the arrow to pass through it with some difficulty, and as no one supposes that it can be taken out in any other manner, the trick seems the more difficult, as it is forbidden to bend the pasteboard.

XXXIX. ANSWER TO THE SQUARE PUZZLE. (Fig. 78.)—Cut in the direction of the dotted lines, and it will then be easy to lay down the pieces to form a perfect square. A good plan is to have a piece of cardboard cut to the shape of the diagram, another cut to the size of the square diagram, formed by the pieces as divided above, and also the pieces themselves. Then tell the person whom you desire to puzzle to produce with the pieces the desired figures.



FIG: 79.

XL. ANSWER TO THE DISHONEST JEWELLER PUZZLE.—The jeweller ar-



ranged the diamonds as seen in fig. 79.

XLI. ANSWER TO THE PUZZLE OF THE FIFTEEN CHRISTIANS AND FIFTEEN TURKS.—The method of arranging the thirty persons may be deduced from the two following lines :—

⁴ ⁵ ¹³ ¹ ¹
 “From numbers’ aid and art
² ² ³ ¹ ² ² ¹
 Never will fame depart.”

Or from the two following French lines :—

⁴ ⁵ ² ¹³ ¹ ¹
 “Mort tu ne faillras pas,
² ² ³ ¹ ² ² ¹
 En me livrant le trépas.”



Or the following Latin line :—

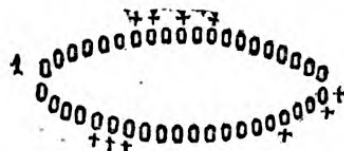
⁴ ⁵ ² ¹ ³ ¹ ¹ ² ² ³ ¹ ² ² ¹
 “Populeam Virgam Mater regina ferebat.”

Attention must be paid to the vowels in these verses, observing that a is equal to 1, e to 2, i to 3, o to 4, and u to 5. The Christians are then arranged together, because the vowel in the first syllable is o, in the next u, therefore 5 'Turks, and so on to the end. By proceeding in this manner it will be found that taking every ninth person circularly, that is, commencing at the first of the row, after it is ended the lot will fall entirely on the Turks. For example, we will draw a o to mark the Christians, a line | thus, to mark the Turks.

Beginning here—

o o o o | | | | | | | | | | o o o o
 | o o o | | | | | | | | | |

The solution of this problem may be extended still farther. Let it be required, for example, to make the lot fall on the persons in 40, counting from 12 to 12. Arrange 40 ciphers in a circular form as below :—



Then beginning at the first make every twelfth one with a cross continue in this manner, taking care to pass over those already crossed, still proceeding circularly till the required number of places has been marked. If you then count the places of the

marked ciphers, those on which the lot falls will be easily known; in the present case they are the 7th, 8th, 10th, 12th, 21st, 22nd, 24th, 34th, 35th, and 36th.

XLII. ANSWER TO THE GRECIAN PARADOX.—From history we learn that both parties argued in person. Protagoras contended that whatever way the cause was decided he must recover; for if the pupil lost, the money must be paid according to the decree of the court; but if the pupil gained, his successful pleading would make the money also due to Protagoras, according to agreement.

The pupil, on the other hand, contended that the money ought *not* to be paid Protagoras; for if he the pupil gained, the decree of the court would excuse him from payment; and if he lost, the *unsuccessful pleading* would annul the original contract between himself and Protagoras.

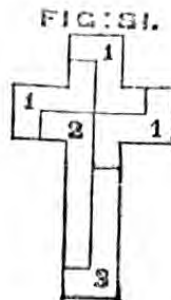
The perplexed judges could arrive at no determination, and dismissed the cause, and so extinguished Protagoras' claim; but is it *reasonable* that Protagoras should lose his money in consequence of the pupil's not pursuing his profession?

XLIII. ANSWER TO THE PUZZLE OF THE THREE HOLES.—Take a round cylinder of wood, of the diameter of the circular hole, and of the height of the square hole. Having drawn a straight line across the end, dividing it into two equal parts, cut a section from either side to the edge of the circular base. A figure, such as is shown in fig. 80, would then be produced which would fulfil the required conditions.

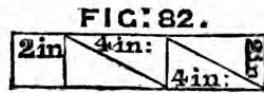


XLIV. ANSWER TO THE JESUIT'S PLACARD.—Let the lines in the two placards be read right across.

XLV. ANSWER TO THE CROSS PUZZLE. (Fig. 81.)

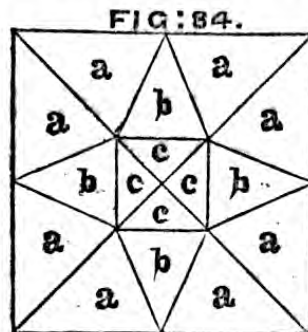


XLVI. ANSWER TO THE MECHANIC'S PUZZLE.—Cut the wood, or pasteboard, as in fig. 82, and with the pieces form fig. 83.



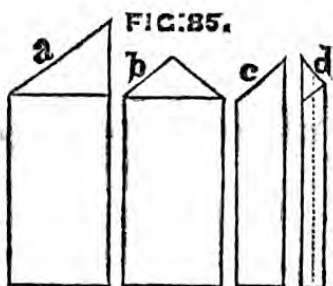
XLVII. ANSWER TO THE FIVE ARAB MAXIMS PUZZLE.—Read the first and second alternately. “Never tell all you may know, for he who tells everything he knows often tells more than he knows.” Then the first and third, first and fourth, first and fifth.

XLVIII. ANSWER TO THE PYRAMIDAL PUZZLE. (Fig. 84.)



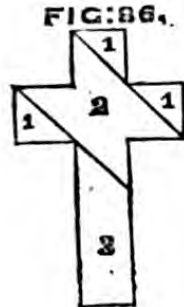
XLIX. ANSWER TO THE PUZZLE OF THE EIGHT COUNTERS.—Place 4 on 7, 6 on 2, 1 on 3, and 8 on 5; or 5 on 2, 3 on 7, 8 on 6, 4 on 1, &c.

L. ANSWER TO THE CROSS AND GALLOWS PUZZLE. (Fig. 85.)—



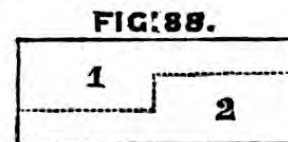
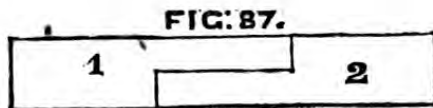
Take a piece of writing paper about three times as long as it is broad, say six inches long and two broad. Fold the upper corner down, as seen in **a**; then fold the other upper corner over the first, and it will appear as in **b**. You must next fold the paper half lengthwise, and it will appear as in **c**. Then the last fold is made lengthwise also in the middle of the paper, and it will exhibit the form depicted in **d**, which when cut through with the scissors where the line is dotted will give all the forms mentioned.

LI. ANSWER TO ANOTHER CROSS PUZZLE. (Fig. 86.)



LII. ANSWER TO THE ARM-LOOP PUZZLE.—The string must be put through the arm-hole and over the head, then through the opposite arm-hole; then the hand must be put up underneath the waistcoat, and the string drawn down around the body, until the former drops down about the waist, when the experimenter may jump out of it and put on his coat.

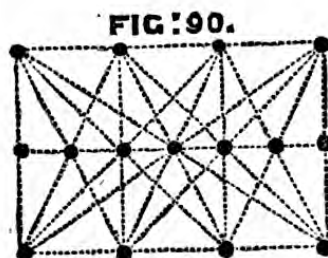
LIII. ANSWER TO THE PERPLEXED CARPENTER PUZZLE.—The board was cut after the manner of figs. 87 and 88.



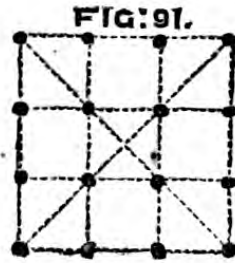
LIV. ANSWER TO THE GARDENER'S PUZZLE.—They were planted as represented in fig. 89.



LV. ANSWER TO THE TREE PUZZLE.—Arrange the trees as shown in fig. 90.



LVI. ANSWER TO THE PRACTICABLE ORCHARD PUZZLE. (Fig. 91.)



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