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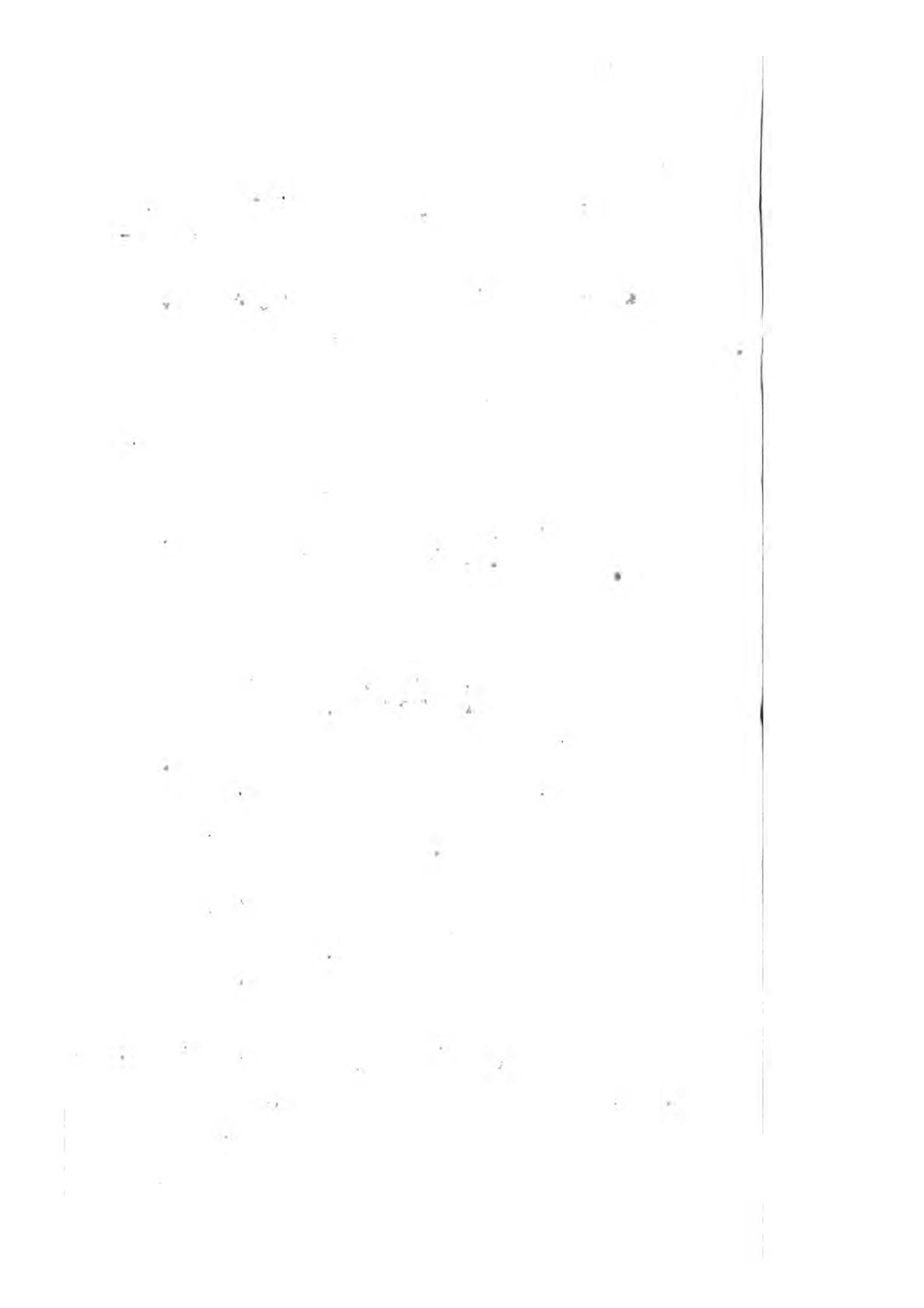
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# **Novelty Fair, or, Hints for 1851**

**Tom Taylor, Albert  
Smith**



# NOVELTY FAIR;

OR,

HINTS FOR 1851.

AN EXCEEDINGLY PREMATURE, AND THOROUGHLY APROPOS

REVIEW.

By the Authors of "*Valentine and Orson*," "*Whittington and his Cat*," "*Cinderella*," &c., &c., &c.

T. H. LACY, 17, WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,  
LONDON.

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Programme of the Scenery, &c.

THE LIBRARY OF TIME

And original Treasury of Knowledge.

THE EXTERIOR OF THE BOOTH

(Which it is hoped will prove the real Boothia Felix)

INTERIOR OF THE PAVILION,

Which it is anticipated will be found some day in  
HYDE PARK,

With Grand Exposition of

THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS,

For which the Authors have put their inventions to the rack, and every pinion of their imagination to full flight, to produce quips and cranks, with a profusion of wheeling about and turning about, and a magnificent display of (Mechanical) power.

Specimens of the INDUSTRY of all NATIONS!

INCLUDING

TABLEAU FIRST.

THE INDUSTRY OF SPAIN.

Spanish Saying, "*No Hay.*" Anglice—*There is none.*

TABLEAU SECOND.

THE INDUSTRY OF ITALY.

The Siesta—*Dolce far niente.*

TABLEAU THIRD.

THE INDUSTRY OF FRANCE.

Behind the Barricades—*Mourir pour la patrie.*

UNION OF THE UNIVERSE

Under the Banner of (Miss) St. George,

THE PRIZE MEDAL

And TRIUMPH of

(REAL, not)

**B R I T A N N I A !**

(METAL)!



# NOVELTY FAIR!

Or, HINTS FOR 1851.

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## SCENE I.

*The library of TIME. A vast apartment filled with bookshelves, on which are ranged Annual Registers, labelled, 1, 2, 3, &c. Among other volumes are those labelled B.C. 55; A.D. 1215; A.D. 1630; A.D. 1792; A.D. 1815; A.D. 1830; A.D. 1848; and A.D. 1851, not yet put into its shelf. [Air—"Turn on, old Time."] TIME is discovered c. balancing his books at an antique lectern, a scythe in his hand, and an hour-glass before him.*

TIME. Never were times so hard to comprehend:  
Some say they're bad times, and, what's worse, won't mend;  
Others declare they're good, and don't want mending.  
How, of such doubts, am I to make an ending?  
To think of Time being puzzled, though we've here  
The Annual Register of every year,  
From One to Eighteen Forty-nine—the set  
Waits Fifty—our last number—not out yet.  
Ha! some of these past years, in many ways,  
May throw on this the "light of other days."  
The wisdom of our ancestors they boast—  
Our oldest ancestor must know the most;  
So I shall get some light, sure as a gun,  
Thrown on the present day by "the Year One."

Air—"Long, long ago."

[TIME opens the volume labelled A.D. 1., R. flat. The YEAR ONE appears as a child with an old face and a long beard; advances R.]

YEAR 1. (R.) Hail, master! Why hast thou unlocked my tongue?

TIME. (L.) I'd no idea the Year One was so young!



To read the present times I'd know the way?  
In short—be put up to the time of day.

YEAR 1. To learn to read men why come to a child?  
Look forward, and not backward—

[*The YEAR ONE lays his finger on his lip, and retires up R.*

TIME. There! *he's tiled.*  
The classic times such knowledge must be pat in,  
Since public schools teach nought but Greek and  
To learn the meaning of affairs at home, [Latin.  
I'll do as the French did—I'll go to Rome.  
Let's see—here's fifty-five, the volume written  
The year that Julius Cæsar seized Great Britain.

[*He opens the volume labelled B.C. 55. JULIUS CÆSAR steps out L. F.*

CÆS. Why am I called?

TIME. I hope it's not a bore—  
But tell me, pray, will Europe go to war?

CÆS. Yea—if she's mad; if she be wise, then nay.  
War made Rome great—and what is Rome to-day?

TIME. Will Britain, then—?

CÆS. (*Contemptuously.*) Ask one of British race;  
What do *I* know of that small savage place?

[*He retires stately and sulky. TIME reads from a volume labelled A.D. 1215.*

TIME. I'd fain learn what the Chartists may be arter;  
Here's twelve-fifteen—the year of Magna Charta!

[*He opens the volume for 1215, L. F. A BARON in the costume of the reign of King John comes out; a scroll in his hand.*

Air—"Out John, out John."

BAR. I signed the Charter, although no great clerk.

TIME. (*Reads.*) Thus: "Signed, John Bull, Baron of Beef,  
What of *our* Charter, sir? [*his mark.*"]

BAR. Oh, no great matter!

*Ours* was the Charter, *yours* is but the chatter.

TIME. But how? (*BARON retires up.*) No, John Bull-like,  
of words he's thrifty.

Let's see—I may learn more from sixteen-fifty.

[*He opens volume 1650. CROMWELL comes out of one page, and CHARLES I. out of the other. They lay their hands on their swords and scowl at each other.*

## Air—"Vicar of Bray."

TIME. (L.) Gentlemen, will you please my words to note,  
Not look as if you'd each cut t'other's throat?  
All revolution how must we prevent?

CROM. (C.) Put down your kings!

CHAS. (R.) Put down your parliament!

TIME. How!

CROM. (To Charles.) Tyrant!

CHAS. (To Cromwell.) Traitor!

TIME. Oh, for both your shames!  
I don't call *you* to hear *you* call hard names.  
But this is hist'ry! Read one side or t'other,  
'Tis but two parties blackguarding each other.  
[CROMWELL and CHARLES retire up, scowling.  
The great French Revolution, for its lesson,  
I'll ask.  
[He goes to volume 1792, by the sides of which are  
ranged 1830 and 1848. All three are rushing out.  
One at a time—Lord, how they press on!  
[He puts back REVOLUTIONS of 1830 and 1848 in  
their volumes. A POISSARDE comes out of 1792.

## Air—"Marseillaise."

TIME. Your lesson?

POIS. Would you learn it? Look at me—  
A sweet child once, though now the hag you see.  
Stunted by wrong—made mad by persecution,  
The child Reform is the hag Revolution!  
[She rushes up.

TIME. And Miss Britannia might, for all her stubbornness,  
Profit by lessons from this wild French governess.  
But for a sweeter teacher, to the scene  
Let me call Peace, forth from eighteen-fifteen.  
[He opens volume 1815. PEACE steps out L. F.—an  
angel robed in white, with an olive branch.

TIME. Say, on what terms will *you* stay always here?

PEACE. Where truth and good sense are, I'll be, ne'er fear.

TIME. No more? Then here you'll find yourself at home,  
I see.

PEACE. But, if you love me, not too much diplomacy.  
Stick to plain Truth, let Common Sense be heard,  
And Peace will always smile.

1848. (From his volume.) Pooh—stuff—absurd!  
[TIME opens the volume. 1848 comes out as a RED  
REPUBLICAN. He advances L.

Air—" *Mourir pour la patrie.*"

1848. Make way at once for Eighteen Forty-eight!  
Wherever history's *read*, I must be great.  
What is *her* mawkish flat sentimentality  
To "liberty, fraternity, equality?"  
Turn the world upside down—your kings abandon—  
Since crowns are good for nothing but to stand on.

TIME. Silence.

1848. I *will* preach at all times and seasons.

TIME. You'd best retire—for several *special* reasons.

[*Draws a constable's truncheon.* 1848 *retires up.*

PEACE. Would you learn how my smiles may best be won?  
Consult the good time coming—Fifty-one.

TIME. Pooh, he's not due for these seven months and more.

1851 *suddenly appears from his volume* R. F.

1851. (*Advancing R.*) You're too slow, gov'ner—I was at  
the door.

TIME. (L.) Why, you—

1851. I know what you are going to say—

Next January's my time, and not this May.

Think of me lying eight months on the shelf!

Hang it—you're so slow—you're behind yourself.

[*Slaps him on the shoulder.*

We years don't travel now, as did years past,

By *your* slow coach, old Chronos; we're too fast!

No! We condense you by high-pressure—flat!

Into a next-to-nothing. Look at that!

[*Shews him a very small Breguet watch.*

Your crawling twelvemonth's stage to scorn we laugh.

Whiz! fiz! we go express, per telegraph.

Well, old boy, is there anything I can do for you?

[*TIME is about to speak; 1851 interrupts him.*

1851. Eh? want to know if I have *anything* new for you?  
Haven't I just? For telling 'tis too long,  
But, if you please, I'll sing it in a song.

*Song, 1851.* Air—" *When a Man travels.*"

Never was known such a wonderful year  
Of thundering wonders as soon you shall hear;  
Till you've trusted your ears, you will ne'er trust your eyes,  
So hear what I tell you to blunt your surprise.

All o'er the world sails are unfurl'd,

Sailery, baleary, blow, blow;

White men, and dark, bound for Hyde Park,

Rational, national, show, show;

China, New York, Cadiz and Cork,

Italy, Chili and Malta,

Rome and Penzance, Boston, or France,  
 Belgium, Greece, and Gibraltar,  
 Smyrna, Trieste, Glasgow, or Brest,  
 Arragon, Oregon, Aden,  
 Spain and Chusan, Jersey, Japan,  
 Sark, Massachusetts or Leyden;  
 Sicily, Tripoli, Lipari, Italy, Montreal, Senegal,  
 Borneo, Mexico, Rational, national, &c., &c.

The Brighton Pavilion was famous of old,  
 But twenty of it, *our* Pavilion will hold;  
 With its square miles of canvas, its acres of ground,  
 'Twill take one hard walking, a month to get round.  
 Models in tanks, engines and cranks,  
 Steamery, steamery, roar, roar;  
 Pistons and wheels, spindles and reels,  
 Clattery, shattery, bore, bore;  
 Jennies and looms, all through the rooms,  
 Twirlery, whirlery, buz, buz,  
 Tweezers and tools, self-acting mules;  
 Cottony, rotteny, fuz, fuz;  
 Forges with blast, down and up-cast,  
 Glare-away, flare-away, hot, hot;  
 Porcelain and glass, dangerous to pass,  
 Crashery, smashery, pot, pot,  
 Chantilly falls, ivory balls,  
 Chinery, finery, beau, beau;  
 Wrappers and shawls, tap'stry the walls,  
 Catchpenny, Cashmery, no no,  
 Catchpenny, Cashmery, &c., &c.

TIME. Oh! gracious goodness! Well, of all fast cattle,  
 I ne'er saw one did o'er the ground so rattle!

PEACE. For England ho! where, safe from war's alarms,  
 I hold my grand review of arts, not arms.

1851. I'll lead the way—come, years—I'll show you more,  
 Than any of you ever saw before.

There—that's the sort; now governor, the door lock.  
 So—push along—I'll take Time by the forelock.

[1851 seizes TIME by the forelock. The Years form a  
 procession and march round the stage.]

Song & Chorus. PEACE & 1851 "There's a good time coming."

PEACE. There's a good time coming, boys,  
 A good time coming;  
 We've been expecting him for years,  
 But now at last his self appears,  
 Though we thought him humming.

1851. Time, you're up—don't mind the song,  
 Hang it, come out stronger;

You've awaited me so long,  
Don't wait any longer.

*Chorus;*

Here's the good time come, my boys;  
He's been long coming;  
Here's the good time come, my boys—  
We won't wait any longer:

[*They march off L. in procession, and scene closes.*]

SCENE II.

*The outside of the Pavilion in Hyde Park prepared for the Exposition of Industry, BRITANNIA is sitting at the door, the BRITISH LION couchant at her side, dressed as a beadle—allusive placards posted about, "Reduced Prices at Edgington's Clarendon Pavilion, bed and breakfast, twenty guineas a week"—"Notice, Cabs are in waiting in all the Rooms, to drive round them"—"Telescopes on hire, to see about five miles"—"All persons losing themselves to apply to the Inspectors"—"Notice, The only correct Murray's Handbook for Travellers through the Exhibition, is published in twenty-four volumes folio"—"You are requested not to feed the Boilers, nor put your hands in the Cog-wheels"—"To the Icebergs"—"To the Great Pyramid"—"To the men with tails from Central Africa"—"Visitors are requested not to chip pieces off the North Pole."*

BRIT. (L.) Lie quiet, will you, Lion, and don't grumble.

LION. (R.) I don't like my clothes—I look like Bumble.  
And then these poses plastiques my muscles try:  
The British Lion isn't used to lie.

[*He gets up, and comes to front.*]

Song, BRITISH LION. "*Ri tooral looral.*"

The British Lion so bold I am,  
With pudding and beef my ribs I cram;  
When my stomach's full, without any flam,  
I'm as mild as new milk, and as sweet as house lamb,  
With my tooral looral, &c.

I likes to be quiet, and seldom roars,  
Till an enemy comes too near my doors;  
But *when* I fight, I pay off long scores,  
And, tho' Lion, to foes I'm the biggest of bores,  
With my tooral looral, &c.

I'm a hard-working beast as ever was seen,  
And my constitution has healthy been,  
Since they signed Magna Charta on Runnymede Green;  
I pays my rates, and I loves my Queen,  
With my tooral looral, &c.

And now with the world all my fire I cease,  
 Though I had a bit of a broil in Greece;  
 I like to see wages and work increase,  
 I don't fear war, but I'd rather have peace.  
 With my tooral looral, &c.

BRIT. Well—my old boy; this is a great occasion.  
 You've to receive strange brutes of every nation.  
 The Austrian Eagle——

LION. Ah! those birds of prey,  
 I think, ma'am, perhaps might better keep away.

BRIT. The Gallic Cock——

LION. Poor bird! his comb is cut;  
 I may say in it he has put his foot.

BRIT. The Russian Bear——

LION. Of his hugs I'd be sparing,  
 That bear comes here to get a loan from Baring.  
 Best look sharp, ma'am—I don't know what he's doing,  
 But trust me that ere Bear's some evil Bruin.

BRIT. The Yankee Eagle——

LION. In my books he figures,  
 Best pay his just debts, and not wop his niggers.  
 But never mind—all of us, in our stations,  
 Will welcome here the Industry of all Nations.

BRIT. With useful arts henceforth our fight shall be,  
 And not with troops on shore, or ships at sea.  
 To shew your earnestness in Peace's cause,  
 Just let me draw your teeth and cut your claws.

LION. Thank you—I'm equally obliged to you,  
 But, as the vulgar say—"blow'd if I do!"  
 Both teeth and claws I'll keep all ready planted,  
 But promise not to use them—till they're wanted.

BRIT. Well, usher up the guests, while at these wickets  
 I'll sit, and take the money for their tickets.

LION. Britannia money-taking! Ain't that funny?

BRIT. I'm not 'bove taking anybody's money.  
 Calling the world this grand sight to behold,  
 With might and main your tale to all unfold.

[The BRITISH LION turns round, whisks his tail  
 about, and exits L.]

BRIT. He's a good brute, though rather too conceited.  
 [Looks off.  
 Whom have we here? A stranger! I'll be seated.  
 [Retires to her seat.]

*Enter FRANCE, elegantly dressed, introduced by LION, L. 1 E.*

FRAN. Ah, Dieu! Mille graces! At last I'm off de ocean.  
 Ce que j'ai souffert, nobody have no notion.

So up and down, and down and up again,  
And nothing dat go down will down remain.

BRIT. (*Comes forward R.*) Dear France—Britannia is charmed to greet you.

FRAN. Ah, madame! charmée, ver much glad' to meet you.

BRIT. (*Drawing back.*) Oh! but we've quarrelled—so say all the papers.

FRAN. Bah! diplomates, who cut—what you call—

BRIT. Capers.

Right: let them chafe—we'll never take offence,  
But quarrel in a mere Pickwickian sense.

FRAN. You rule the waves—eh bien—I must to state,  
De Boulogne à Folkestone, you not rule 'em straight.

BRIT. Oh, France! how *could* you?

FRAN. N'est ce pas? 'Tis a Joe.

N'importe, dat coin in England always go.  
Permettez, dat I shall take off my shawl.

[BRITANNIA assists her; FRANCE presses her hand affectionately, and kisses both her cheeks.

Charmante! C'est tout à fait, l'entente cordiale.

Song, FRANCE. Air—" *Tes deux jolis yeux.*"

*Tes deux jolis yeux,*  
Your two pretty eyes,  
*Bleus comme des cieux,*  
So blue as de skies:  
*De tes jolis yeux,*  
So lovely and mild,  
*La céleste flamme,*  
Might drive a man wild.

*De tes jolis yeux,*  
Do but caress me;  
*Mon cœur ému,*  
Wizout alloy;  
*Un regard pur*  
Wiz a smile bless me—  
*Ah, ce regard.*  
Fills me wiz joy!

BRIT. What a sweet dress! You will be quite a passion;  
Everything French you know's so much in fashion.

FRAN. You have bien de Français come here now—eh?

BRIT. Yes, they leave France—

FRAN. Because they cannot stay.

Dere is great many French à Londres dis season,  
Did come here for dat most sufficient reason.

BRIT. And pray, France, what's the last strange news with you?

FRAN. Oh!—Paris has elected Eugene Sue.

BRIT. Howe'er came Paris to choose such as he?

FRAN. Ah! that's one of the—"Mystères de Paris."

[*Exeunt, BRITANNIA shewing her into the Pavilion  
c. arch through curtains.*]

*Enter 1851, running, L. 2. E.*

1851. Here we are! [*Looks round as if for his companions.*]

No, here *I* am—here they're not.

Slow coaches! Not one leap-year in the lot.

*Re-enter BRITANNIA from Pavilion, and advances R.*

BRIT. Who's that?

1851. I'm '51. Pray who are you?

BRIT. I am Britannia.

1851. Come that won't do—

You hop-my-thumb!

BRIT. Be quiet, I advise;

I've often hit one double my own size.

1851. Beg pardon. Oh! I've led Time such a dance.

His forelock see—I'm some months in advance;

But not too soon for all my expedition;

Here come the strangers to the exhibition.

[*Music. Visitors of all nations, in various costumes, arrive L. 2 E. As 1851 recognises them, he leads them forward.*]

Medley Song of Introduction, 1851. Air—"King of the Cannibal Islands."

Now stand aside an instant, pray,

And let me sing my little say,

To introduce the friends to-day,

Who've come to our tight little island.

We've Frenchmen, Persians, and Yankees,

And folks who've crossed all sorts of seas,

All brisk as bees, and grave Chinese

And Bosjesmans, and Cherokees;

And also Poonah-winkey-wong,

Who kicks up a bobbery all day long;

And the Tongaree-wongarees all in a throng;

And the King of the Cannibal Islands.

[*He leads the FRENCHMAN forward, L.C.*]

Air—"La Famille de l'Apothicaire."

First of the motley group you see

An ill-read red Republican before ye,

Let's hope of his wild notions cured he'll be,

And get a new idea of glory.



Perhaps he'll learn from what he here shall see  
 There's a kind of progress that is retrograding ;  
 And that to national prosperity  
 Nought so much stops the way as barricading.

(*The CHINESE advances.*)

Chinese Air.

Ching-a-ring, a-ring-ching, joss-stick, chop-stick,  
 Sun's and moon's relation !  
 Pekoe, Souchong, sing-song, Hong-kong,  
 Mandarin of station ;  
 Long strong Mandarin, great Panjanderan,  
 When your visit's ended,  
 Hope we'll be, sir, like mixed tea, sir,  
 Strongly recommended.

(*The AMERICAN advances.*)

Air—" *Yankee Doodle.*"

Yankee Doodle comes to town,  
 Sallow-faced and bony ;  
 But in New York's latest mode,  
 A perfect Maccaroni.  
 He's about to buy the show,  
 And take it home for view, sirs ;  
 Let us hope it will not prove  
 A Yankee Doodle-do, sirs !

(*The GREEK advances.*)

" *Major Longbow.*"

Here's a Greek so fine,  
 ΤΥΠΤΩ, ΕΤΥΠΤΟΥ, ΤΥΠΤΕΙΝ,  
 Pacifico best let alone,  
 ΤΥΠΤΟΙΜΙ, ΤΥΠΤΕΙΝ, ΤΥΠΤΩΝ.  
 Folks should pay up you know,  
 Nominative, ὁ, ἡ, το,  
 But you've been bullied enow ;  
 Genitive, του, της, του

(*The ITALIAN advances.*)

Air.

Italy next we greet you,  
 Charmed at our shores to meet you,  
 And to our best fare treat you,  
 Sons of the bright blue sea,  
 Your laziness shall fly away,  
 When once our work you see,  
*Io te voglio ben assai*  
 Then do the same by me.

Finale. "*King of the Cannibal Islands.*"

Then go a head, and you can't go wrong,  
For I have sung my little song  
And introduced our motley throng,  
Who've come to our tight little Island.

The sights you'll see there's none to tell,  
But catalogues at the door they sell,  
Which as most can't read, and some can't spell,  
Might just be Hebrew, or Greek as well,  
For Frenchman, Persian and Cingalese,  
And Prussians, Russians and Chinese,  
And Bosjesmans, and whoever you please,  
With the King of the Cannibal Islands.

*Enter* BRITISH LION, L. 2 E., *agitated, and whispers* BRITANNIA.

LION. Oh! here's a precious fix. One man alone  
Was equal to describe all here we've shown.  
Through all the British Islands we could find  
Only one Brougham with such a sweep of mind.  
He's thrown us over!—undertook last night  
A new Encyclopedia to write.

BRIT. Then here we are at fault.

1851. At fault? No, no, man,  
I'll discharge the colossal task of showman.  
Let me talk to the audience. I'll content 'em;  
I know most facts,—when I don't, I'll invent 'em.

BRIT. Thanks,—walk up! You'll find room in the Pavilion;  
We've not yet let in above half a million.  
Like carpet bag, or 'bus, until one's tried it,  
One can't tell what a lot will go inside it.

*Exeunt* BRITANNIA and 1851.

LION. Now—this way, every scientific scion,  
*They start back.*  
Lord bless you, don't mind the old British Lion.  
I've just dined—and if I *did* want a treat,  
Foreigners are the last things I should eat.

[*Music.* He shows them into Pavilion through arch c.]

### SCENE III.

*The interior of the Pavilion of the Exposition of Industry of all Nations. The wings are engines of all sorts; the centre represents two rows of models and machinery stretching away till they are lost in the distance. This centre is formed by two immense cranks, within which the Tableaux are shown.*

*Enter BRITANNIA, PEACE, and FRANCE, PEACE in the middle with her arms entwined round them.*

BRIT. (R.) Oh France! Oh Peace!—Well, really do you I quite enjoy this “*tria juncta in uno*” [know,

FRAN. (L.) And have I called you “perfide.”—Ah! fi done Come to my arm—Oh! fidèle Albion!

PEACE. (C.) With Peace between you, thus your arms [entwining,  
Great Sisters, laugh to scorn the world’s combining.

*Trio, PEACE, FRANCE, and BRITANNIA.*

“*Oh Susannah.*”

May peace between us aye be found,  
And may the Channel be  
The only separation that  
Shall sever you from me.  
Under Peace’s banner  
May we ever be,  
In our present manner, thus  
Gathered sisterly!

FRAN. Yes! a ver’ pretty show, of great and small things,  
And very well arranged—

BRIT. Considering all things!

Through all I wonder shall we ever get?  
We’ve been a week here and not seen half yet.

PEACE. Oh, I could stay for years, and never cease;  
The Arts I love are the sweet arts of peace.  
And I have seen such loves of Cashmere shawls,  
Such polkas, paletôts, capes, and cardinals,  
Silks, satins, laces, Brussells and chantilly  
Cobwebs to catch poor woman, willy, nilly!  
And then, when one would buy them on the nail,  
To be told all’s for show, and naught for sale!

BRIT. That, married men no doubt most wise will call,  
Or wretched husbands durst not come at all.

*Enter BRITISH LION (L.) in a state of great agitation, followed by all the Visitors, Advancing C.*

Air, BRITISH LION, and Chorus—“*Old Dan Tucker.*”

I wish you wouldn’t make a row,  
I can’t explain—I don’t know how,  
The showman I don’t ought to come,  
Cos I’m a animal that’s dumb,  
So get along! Who can succour,  
A beast in a state of awful pucker?

1851. If you must have a showman, pray leave him  
 He's a lion, and used not to show, but be shewn, [alone,  
 If you'd know what you see,  
 Just you listen to me,  
 And this lion I'll shew up as pat as can be.

1851. *Ad libitum chant.*

Of all the wonderful sights to be shewn in this pre-  
 sent exposition,  
 There's not such a wonderful sight by half, as the  
 proprietor of the exhibition.  
 The British lion of all that's here is worthiest the atten-  
 tion,  
 Of foreign visitors to this grand Industrial Convention.  
 Observe the animal how well fed and lusty is his figure,  
 There may be some question of his grace, but there  
 can be none of his vigour,  
 And I beg you to mark that he don't owe his strength  
 to hasty revolution,  
 For he wisely holds that sudden change is bad for the  
 constitution,  
 And hé hates alteration, if made only for the sake  
 of alteration !  
 In his youth he'd the scarlet fever, was all for sailors  
 and soldiers,  
 And used to take other folks' quarrels on his own  
 broad pair of shoulders.  
 But he found more than once, as the fable says, that  
 he'd warmed a frozen viper,  
 And discovered the fact that whoever danced it was  
 John Bull paid the piper.  
 Which set him on alteration, &c., &c.  
 So henceforth for peaceful industry his sword and  
 bayonet shelving,  
 He'll use his teeth for eating, and his claws for dig-  
 ging and delving ;  
 And he gladly includes the whole of the world hence-  
 forth 'mong his foreign relations.,  
 By this grand inauguration of Peace with the Indus-  
 try of all Nations,  
 Which will lead to an alteration, — a wonderful  
 alteration !

LION. Brayvo ! And much obliged for my charácter.

[*A machine is brought in L. H. 2 E. inscribed—“ Electric  
 telegraph all over the world.”*

Pray what's that article of manufacture?

1851. (L.) Tis the electric telegraph, whose fires  
 Put the whole world in a huge cage of wires.  
 O'er nature's face, wherever Phœbus gazes,  
 Its throbbings run, as one might say, like blazes;  
 And give the furthest nations all facilities  
 For the exchange of mutual civilities.
- (*Exhibits the telegraph. He takes a slip of card and reads*)  
 "New York—how's slavery?"
- (*He puts it down one of the two orifices; the hands on the first dial work round rapidly, the second dial responds, and a card appears from the other orifice, which 1851 takes and reads.*)
- Answer. "How's your mother?"  
 "You're a fool, China! (*puts question, &c.*)"  
 Answer. "You're another."  
 "Russia—where's Hungary?" (*puts question, &c.*)  
 Answer. "I've eat it."  
 "Greece—Pay up! (*puts question, &c.*)"  
 Answer. "Don't you wish you may get it?"  
 [*The telegraph is taken off 2 E. R.*]
- BRIT. (R.) Nor does it with mere messages thus far go,  
 But carries parcels also by the cargo;  
 And bales and ships, and men, and works of art,  
 It whips about the world from mart to mart.  
 This telegraph's no dream, has long been made,  
 Is working and will work—its name is TRADE.
- FRAN. Nation of shop-keepers! moi, je suis poëte—  
 Give me a work of art—
- BRIT. We've got one—  
 FRAN. Shew it.
1851. Now, down in front—hats off—and take your stations,  
 For pictures of the Industry of all Nations.  
 And our first tableau is, I should explain—  
 A picture of the Industry of Spain.

Air—"The Cachucha."

*The curtain before the centre arch is withdrawn, and discovers the court of a Posada, with Spanish landscape and figures in attitude. Two as dancing the bolero.*

- LION. If Spanish industry's confined to that,  
 No wonder "Spanish actives" are so flat.  
 [*The curtains are closed.*]
1851. The workman's fire there quite at its last flicker is,  
 All I know that they make is Spanish liquorice.
- LION. Of flinging off her chains she still desponds.  
 1851. Of course; who *can* get rid of Spanish Bonds?

No—though the old leg-crushing Spanish boot  
 The squeamish taste of modern times don't suit,  
 The torture still exists, but now one locks,  
 Unhappy suff'ers in the Spanish stocks.

Air. "We're a' nodding."

*The new HOUSES of PARLIAMENT—a Girl in Plantagenet costume, with turret for head dress, with miniature scaffolding and crane upon the top, a wand in her hand. Enters yawning 2 E. L.*

BRIT. And who's this lazy lady, hither bent?  
 HOUSE. I'm the new Houses, ma'am, of Parliament;  
 My staff of workmen they've once more diminished;  
 I wonder if I ever shall be finished!  
 LION. So long upon the commons—this work o'er,  
 Let's hope we ne'er shall know short commons more.  
 BRIT. Poor thing—take comfort; you look very tired,  
 1851. But you've been very generally admired.  
 LION. So she has, and that's more than we can say  
 For those Trafalgar fountains—there they play,  
 And as I live, exposing him to raillery  
 They've trotted out the poor old National Gallery.

*Music. The NATIONAL GALLERY enters L. 2 E., preceded by the two TRAFALGAR FOUNTAINS, who have jets on their heads which squirt. The GALLERY carries a lantern, palette, brushes, and maul stick.*

GAL. (C.) All the way from Trafalgar Square we've toiled it—  
 The finest site in Europe—  
 1851. (R.) Till you spoiled it  
 FOUN. *Both together R. and L.*  
 Gentlemen—hem—we rise—  
 1851. No spouting, pray.  
 Shut up your jets—you don't work, and shan't play.  
 GAL. Sirs, I have had one series of disasters,  
 They've been and gone and flayed my ancient masters!  
 And when the Vernon pictures came, the sole hole  
 They found to put them into, was the coal hole.  
 And now the Academy they turn away;  
 My poor R. A.'s troop out in sad array—  
 Folks jeer and joke, and flout my punch-bowl crown—  
 1851. Oh, it's too bad; why don't they pull you down?

*Music. 1851 leads her off R. 2 E., preceded by FOUNTAINS. A filter is brought on L. 2 E.*

BRIT. Next, the machine for filtering Thames water.  
 LION. Oh! don't, you know it makes the best of porter!

**BRIT.** In any shape it brings folks to their beer—  
1851. That's the one thing about it, that *is* clear.

*Music.* **FATHER THAMES** rises from the filter, an old man crowned with eels, his beard and hair shaggy—a goblet of dirty water in his hand.

**Air, THAMES.** “*Oh, did you ne'er hear of a jolly young waterman ?*”

Oh, did you e'er hear of such jolly bad water, man,  
As at Blackfriars bridge comes out of I ?  
No wonder they talks of my stream with severity,  
Sickenning each nose, and disgusting each eye.

(*Speaks.*) I'm Father Thames, my lads ! Oh, did you ever  
See such an ill-kept, badly-used ould river ?  
The only liquor I can get to sup is—  
Extract of shoes, gas refuse, cats, and puppies !

1851. (*Taking the goblet from him*) Quite the black dose !  
Now let us see the gems  
They fish up from thy depths, O Father Thames !

**THAM.** Here's what they give me—you may well be  
shrinking—

Nice water souché stock for Christians' drinking.

(*He holds up a hat, shoe, &c. &c.*)

Won't nobody stand a drop of nice clean water ?  
All I say is, that if you don't, you ought-ter.

**LION.** How he runs on—there, to your bed retire.

1851. Oh, burn the Thames !

**THA.** You won't set me on fire !

[*Music.* **THAMES** sinks through filter.]

**LION.** No wonder when such filth in it they shed,  
That the poor river lately left his bed,  
Thames has good reason to enquire why was it  
They thus have made his banks, banks of deposit !

*Air*—“*Come unto these yellow sands.*”

**A NAIAD** rises through the filter, with a goblet of clear water in her hand.

**BRIT.** But lo ! where floating up with pearly gleam,  
Rises the Naiad of the limpid stream.

1851. (*Taking the goblet of water from NAIAD.*)  
Yes—now to show what the new filter's done,  
Ha ! Pure as crystal, see the waters run.

*Naiad's Song*—“*Come unto these yellow sands.*”

Thanks to you, my yellow sands,  
Have now changed hands  
Where the poisonous gases hissed,  
And eels did twist,

All is neatly kept and clear,  
 And we nymphs inhabit there.  
 Hark, hark, I hear  
 My sisters of the water near,  
 Cry many thanks to you.  
*[Sinks through filter, which is removed.]*

1851. If you catch fish like that maid by th' improvement,  
 All will go in for the clean-water movement.
- LION. Of touching my self-government beware,  
 If I like dirt, it's neither here nor there.
- PEACE. 'Tis poor self-government that seeks but self;  
 And has one measure for all values—pelf;  
 Whose magnanimity consists in mulishness,  
 Whose wisdom's penny-wisdom, and pound-foolish-  
 ness.
- LION. Come, as that dose of the Thames tastes rather  
 bitterly,  
 A picture of the industry of Italy.

*Waves his hand. Air from Masaniello. The curtain is undrawn again, and discovers a sunny Italian scene, with sleeping contadini and contadine. Two are playing at morra (C.), a girl is gathering grapes from a trellis at the back (R.), with her lover by her side, watched by a rival with his stiletto, while a priest confesses a girl (L.), and in the foreground (L.) lounges a lazzaroni with his basket, and a string of macaroni at his mouth.*

- LION. Well, industry like that will scarce breed plenty.
1851. The Italian name for it is, "dolce far niente,"  
 Or, "sweet do nothing," which, I scarce need tell,  
 Is a thing Italians do extremely well.
- LION. They're half asleep: no wonder we've been making  
 Such fuss of late 'bout Italy awaking.
- PEACE. To own there's one work they will do were properer,  
 Their Opera Omnia are in their Opera.
- BRIT. Then, if you please, to wake them from their slum-  
 I, all alone, will try the force of numbers. *[bers.]*
- [She rushes into the picture, and begins her scena. The figures fall into attitudes of attention.]*

*Mock Italian scena—BRITANNIA.*

Recitative.

Yes, it is true, that in this lazy clime  
 For anything like work they have no time;  
 But, if you'll listen to me, I'll pourtray  
 Italian industry in its own way.



Air.—“*Urbino's second song in Les Huguenots.*”

No, no, no, no, no, no; they best love in the shade to be  
 lurking,  
 All noontide's heats sleeping idly away.  
 No, no, no, no, no, no; you can't catch an Italian working,  
 All they can do, is in operas to play.

Air from *Somnambula*.—“*Sovra il sen la mano.*”

In some song their thoughts revealing,  
 Quite convulsed with love and feeling;  
 O'er our ears their voices stealing,  
 Fill our hearts with wild delight.

Air from *Norma*.—“*A bel a me ritorno.*”

In most exciting madness,  
 Or lowest note of sadness,  
 Or tip-top scale of gladness,  
 The Opera singer lives.

Her love by runs expressing,  
 Or in adagio blessing,  
 Or joy in shakes confessing,  
 Each phase in turn she gives.

*At the conclusion of the scena, the peasants rise and form a group. The curtains are closed, and BRITANNIA advances.*

PEACE. But who are these two petticoats advancing?  
 1851. The two extremes of flirting and dancing;  
 One is in lace attired—one in merino.

*ALMACKS and the CASINO enter, 1 E. L.*

The first is Almack's—this is the Casino.

ALM. (B., *angry*) I'll bear with it no longer, thus to see  
 A milliner can waltz and polk like me!  
 I, who have been pronounced, and with much reason,  
 The fairest *debutante* of all the season,  
 To be thus with my milliner compared,  
 And have my courtly suite with this thing shared!  
 To think *his* arm to-morrow may entwine  
 That very waist, when, last night, it was mine.

CAS. (L.) And why not lady? It is rather hard  
 That we should be from everything debarred—  
 We, who are just as fair, as young as you,  
 With hearts of the same stuff, and feelings too.  
 We never seek your partners; if they choose  
 To ask, 'twould be ill manners to refuse;  
 But, you're a lady, and can sneer at *us*.

- ALM. Of course—go on, and make the usual fuss.  
A lady—yes. Think you my state must prove  
A happier one than yours? You meet *your* love  
Whene'er you please.
- CAS. That is, whene'er I can.
- ALM. And when *we* could we can't; whilst your young man  
Can join your party in the Hampton van,  
Or Gravesend steamer, or in some snug pit,  
Packed close with oranges and biscuits sit.
- CAS. But you can know no poverty, or doubt  
What fortune the next week may bring about.  
You have your Opera-box, your easy carriage,  
Your crowds of suitors, and your high-life marriage  
Whilst all the pleasure that to share *we're* willing,  
Must not exceed the plain domestic shilling.  
Then let me dance, and do not jealous be.
- ALM. Jealous indeed, of such a thing as thee!  
Why you impertinent—
- PEACE. (*Advancing between them c.*) Stop, stop! I pray,  
And both amuse yourselves in your own way;  
You are too fair to quarrel. To be brief,  
Each station has its pleasure and its grief.  
Bear meekly both. Kiss and make friends, my pets—  
[*They kiss.*  
And deem kind hearts as good as coronets.  
*They are conducted off R. 2 E. by 1851.*
- Enter PANORAMA, 2 E. L. (a Yankee in a cylinder, smoking a large cigar.)*
- PAN. I'm panorama! just three miles a penny!  
1851. Of such sights just now we've a sight too many.  
Song, 1851. Air—"Don't be jeering."  
For a shilling, if you're willing,  
You can go anywhere, hot or cold;  
From Piccadilly, if you're chilly,  
All down the Nile in a kanjar you're rolled!  
If perspiring, and desiring  
Rather more ice, and a little less coal,  
Merely sally to Cranbourne-alley,  
Just like a bear you may climb up the Pole!  
In New Zealand would you see land  
Fit for a settler to take his ease,  
But repair to Leicester-square, you  
Straight are blown there, by the aid of a Brees!  
To Calcutta would you cut a-  
Way by the voyage, which somehow they dub  
Overland, sir, close at hand, sir,  
There it's next door to the Parthenon club!

Would you journey to Californy,  
 There to dig gold with penknife or awl,  
 O'er the prairie, red man hairy  
 Ushers you out of the Egyptian Hall.

So Panorama, though you charm a  
 Lot of the lounging sight-seeing throng,  
 Life's too short, sir, for your art, sir,  
 Which really grows alarmingly long.

*Exit PANORAMA, pulled off by 1851, R. 1 E. by his roll.*

1851. And now the final tableau we'll advance,  
 Shall be the curious industry of France.

PEACE. That industry's so marred by late disasters,  
 That this must be a work by the old masters.

*Music. Air—"The Marseillaise." The curtains in c. are withdrawn. TABLEAU.—A group defending a barricade, from behind which smoke is ascending—distant reports of musketry—grisettes attending the wounded.*

BRIT. The barricades ! in fratricidal stand,  
 Brother 'gainst brother lifts his murd'rous hand—  
 Ill fares the Tree of Liberty so set;  
 Blight clings to leaves that kindred blood has wet.  
 Not thus, oh Britain, thy broad oak was reared,  
 With foresight pruned, and nursed by hands revered.  
 So shall it spread an ever widening shade,  
 When rots the light growth of the barricade.

*Music. A Folie appears on the summit of the barricade, and shakes her marotte; the workpeople spring up and welcome her.*

1851. Well preached, Miss Britannia ; but, prithee, no more  
 For see ! light-heeled Folly, as light as before !  
 She shakes her marotte and her followers she calls,  
 From gloomy masked batt'ries to lively masked balls.

*Music. A band of Débardeurs and Folies enter R. and L. They are greeted by the workmen und grisettes. A grand galope. After dance a group is formed, and the curtains close.*

*An agricultural machine is brought on L. 2 E.*

Song, 1851. Air—"Mrs. Carey."

*(Pointing to the various agricultural machines on the wings.)*

See here we've got a wondrous lot of rustical machines, sirs,  
 To make the fields come up like bricks, and corn to grow like beans, sirs !

(Points to clod-crusher.)

This clod-crusher which here you see's not merely  
meant for grain, sirs,  
But crushes clods, of which there's loads in tenant  
farmer's brain, sirs.

(To scarifier.)

This scarifier root and branch brings up the weeds  
that bind, sirs,  
The wholesome growth that ought to be in the  
bucolic mind, sirs!

(To sub-soil plough.)

And here's a ten-horse sub-soil plough, for forcing  
stubborn way, sirs,  
Through prejudice, which all must know's the stiffest  
of all clay, sirs!

(To machine in c. of stage.)

And here's an out-of-date machine we don't intend  
retaining,  
'Tis one that's been, in times gone bye, much used  
• estates for draining;

Upon your tenants one and all, you first put on the  
screw so,  
Then squeeze them down, and force rents up, as far  
as you can do so.

Then thro' this pipe, a waste pipe called, you let  
your means flow fast, sirs,  
But pray take care that none flows back upon the  
land at last, sirs!

And you'll soon find, I've not a doubt, your tenants  
quite cleaned out, sirs,  
Your property completely drained, yourself well up  
this spout, sirs!

[The machine is taken off R. 2 E.]

LION. (L.) Dang it, I know that plan, and all its harms.  
I've used it upon a many of my farms.

1851. Use these new implements henceforth instead of it;  
Waste nothing, so long as you can make bread of it,  
And you may laugh the Foreigner to scorn,  
Nor yet enhance the price of British corn.

LION. Egad! There's a good deal in what you say,  
I'll think on't—

1851. Think on't? Act on it to-day.

(Taking a golden hand glass from R. wing.)

For a last sight—ere from our show you pass,  
Let me present you with this looking glass.

[To BRITANNIA.]

Within its crystal depths reflected far,  
All see themselves exactly as they are.

BRIT. Sec ourselves as we are! I've not a friend,  
But this invaluable glass I'll lend—  
France, take a peep—you want one sadly—do.

FRAN. Ah, mon cher Albion, mais, aimez vous.

[BRITANNIA *holds the glass*, FRANCE *looks into it*,  
BRITANNIA *peeping over her shoulder* c.

BRIT. (*Aside.*) Poor France! There's vanity, corruption  
strange,

Gluttony, levity—dear! what a change!

FRAN. (*Aside.*) Pauvre Albion! What a pig-head I trace.  
What dulness, conceit, purse-pride in de face!

(*To BRIT.*) Your perceive, eh?

BRIT. Oh yes, I hope *you* saw—

FRAN. You?

BRIT. No, yourself!

FRAN. Myself—comment?

BRIT. (*To BRITISH LION.*) Oh, law!

LION. (*Sententiously.*) Well! these French *are the* most  
conceited elves!

It's strange how foreigners can *not* see themselves.

1851. (*Confidentially to audience,*)

If any one himself would like to see,  
Come back to-morrow and inquire for me.

FRAN. Eh bien! Je m'en vais! Adieu!

1851. No, no—pray stop,  
Ere we shut up our universal shop,  
We've to display our medal and our moral,  
And let us hope with neither you will quarrel.

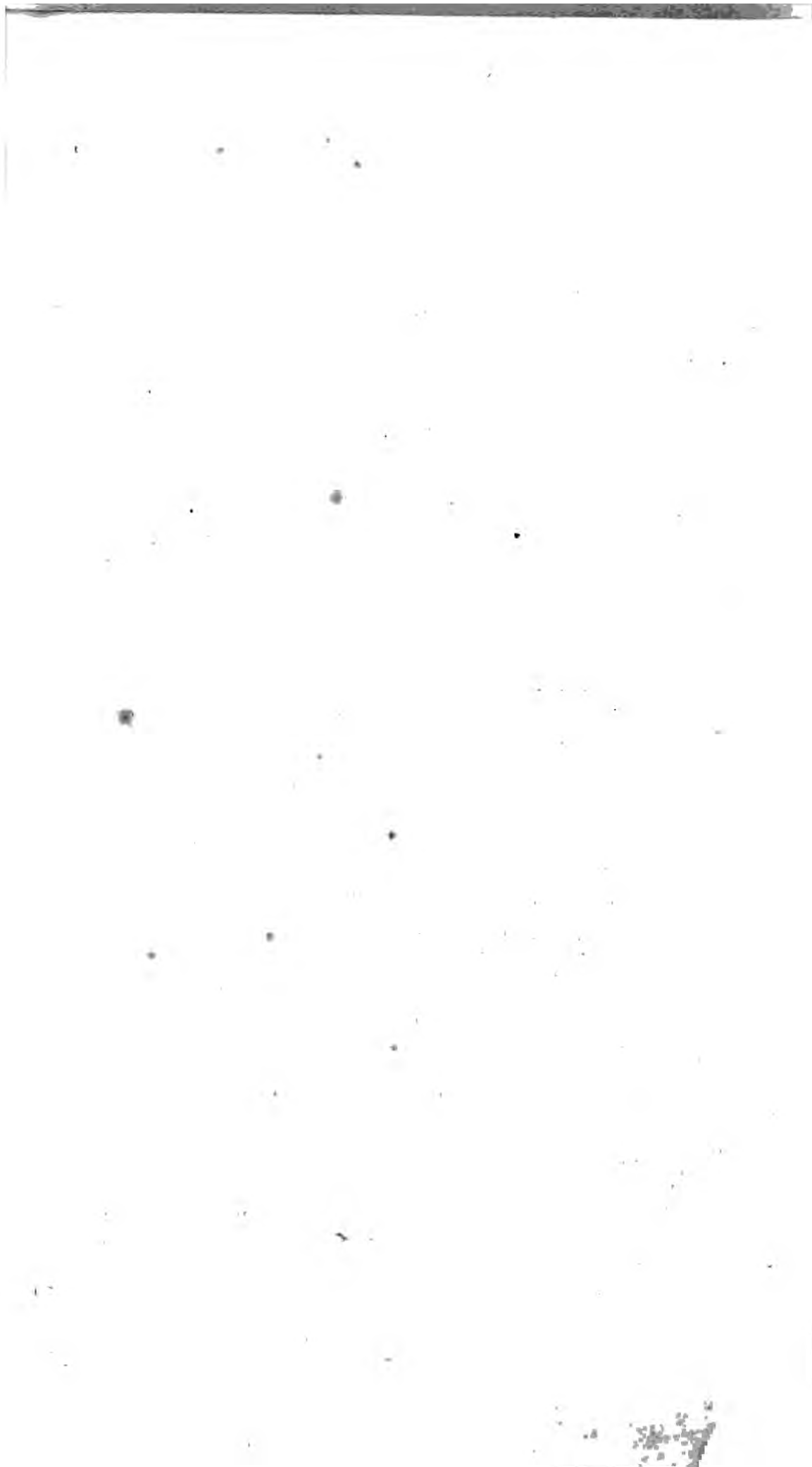
As for the last, each article you've seen,  
Of its own moral has the bearer been.  
And for the first, can Frenchman or Italian,  
German or Russian, equal *our* medallion?

*The curtain is drawn, and discovers the Queen in a medallion,  
with Peace and Industry as supporters, and an allegorical  
group of all nations clustered below and around.*

Air—"God save the Queen."



Curtain



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