

THE  
THREE MUSKET-DEARS  
AND A LITTLE ONE IN.

*An Original Military Burlesque.*

BY  
JOSEPH & HARRY PAULTON.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,  
THEATRICAL PUBLISHER,  
LONDON.

PORTIOS (*this Courante, once on a time burly, swif, big, now a jolly whirlingly as becomes*) MISS OSBORNE ARMSTRONG.  
 ATHOS (*another Hussar, not exactly one cheer more—though something of a brayvo—proud,*

*hasty, discreet, and Count de la Fere, with the sublime family motto,*

Mr. HARRY PAVTON.

D'ARTAGNAN

(*an adventurer—afterwards Musket-Deer—afterwards*

Miss JULY WRIGHT.

POUCHET (*in the Public line—Logwood & Gooseberry's Entire*)

Mr. F. CHAMBERLAINE.

BARADAS

(*Nobles—crème de la crème*)

Miss PASCAL.

ROCHEGUYON

(*Peasants—Simpson de la Simpson*)

Miss LENOX.

JOLIQUET

(*Peasants—Simpson de la Simpson*)

Miss NELSON.

MOLLIQUET

(*Peasants—Simpson de la Simpson*)

Miss WATTS.

ANNE OF AUSTRIA

(*"in look so meek, in frowns so meagre, in friendship me kissed—*

Miss LOUISE CLAIRE.

CONSTANCE

(*her Maid-in-waiting—worth her weight in muling*)

Miss ROSE CULLEN.

LADY DE WINTER

(*Countess de la Fere and Baroness de Schepfeld—from the latter*

title, and her many lovers, supposed to be the original knife with a hundred

blades)

Peers, Peasants, Merry Manufacturers, Goblet Quaffers, &c.

Mr. EDWARD TERRY.

### Programme of Scenery, &c.

## SCENE 1.—ROADSIDE AUBERGE IN THE BOURG OF MEUNG.

How D'Artagnan, impetuous as Quixote, is *quick set* upon—how he falls in love with Constance—falls out with the Muskot-Dears—escapes arrest by taking the enlisted shilling—proves free, able, and advertising himself *willingly*—sticks to his swording, cooling, and *billing*.

*First performed at the Royal Strand Theatre (under the management of Mrs. Swanborough),  
on October 5th, 1871.*

# THE MUSKETEERS AND A LITTLE ONE IN.

The Overture composed and the Incidental Music arranged by Mr. J. FITZGERALD. The new Scenery by Mr. H. P. HALL. The elegant Costumes by Mr. S. MAY, Mrs. RICHARDSON, and Assistants. Appointments by Mr. BALL, and Assistants. Machinery by Mr. BEAVERGROVE and Assistants. Penquiter, Mr. CLARKSON. The Burlesque produced under the direction of Messrs. PATRICK, Mr. J. WALLACE, and Mrs. SWANBOROUGH.

## Characters.

LOUIS XIII. ...	(Father of his people's love, father off his wife's affection)	... Mr. H. J. TURNER.
BROCHEFORT ...	(a Spy, seldom heard, although nobody's creecher)	... Mr. H. CARTER.
VILLIERS ...	(Duke of Buckingham—an English Lover at a French Court)	... Miss CLARA BATEMAN.
ARAMIS (an Esquise of the King's Musketeers—the crack Hussars of that period, and candidate for huzzas in this) ...	... ..	... Miss Topsy VENN.

## SCENE 2.—THE PICTURE GALLERY.

How Anne of Austria's apartment becomes a *pearl* fishery—a *nice stir* ensues, and the Musket-Dears, for *divers* reasons, go to sea.

## SCENE 3.—*Deck of the Fleur-de-Lys, off Calais.*

How Lady de Winter, to keep up the Queen's *strait*, plays *traitor*, steals a pocket-book—awes a lover—overhauls a husband—lifts an anchor—leaves the harbour—is brought *to*, by Musket-Dears *three*, who with *darting on* prevent her putting to sea by forcing her to a life on the ocean *waive*.

## SCENE 4.—THE TERRACE.

How Constance, in a very bad *frame* of mind, and looking the *picture* of distress, waited for the good news that didn't come, and the crisis that did.

## SCENE 5.—ILLUMINATED GARDENS OF THE LOUVRE.

How the Parisian merchants gave a fête to a King, which was nearly fatal to a Queen—how Athos, mounting a pedestal, stood up in her defence, restored the missing necklace, and thus laying *bare* the plot, brought it with a *new duty* to its close.

UNIVERSAL JOY AND GENERAL EXUBERANCE.

[The entire Music of this Burlesque, pianoforte or band parts, may be obtained from Mr. J. FITZGERALD, Royal Strand Theatre.]

## THE THREE MUSKET-DEARS, WITH A LITTLE ONE IN.



SCENE FIRST.—*French Landscape and Village. An old-fashioned Roadside Inn, with swing sign, R. ; table and seats, R. C. ; wine cups and tankards on table ; barrel on trestle, C., at back, from which wine is being drawn ; a puncheon on end, R. C., at back, on which POUCHET is standing, wine cup in hand.*

JOLIQUET, male and female PEASANTS, standing at tables.  
*Cheering as curtain rises.*

POUCHET. Friends, neighbours, good wine needs, they say,  
No bush, so I'll not beat about it.

PEASANTS. Hurrah !

POUCH. I'm no speech-maker.

PEASANTS. Hurrah !

POUCH. Your mugs replenish,  
And drink to best of women, best of Rhenish.

JOLIQUET. *(rising and giving as a toast)* The Queen !  
*(all drink)*

POUCH. No, close your mouths, your boorships' hogsheads  
shut,

Though on a barrel, I'll not be your butt.

To Court my Constance goes—a rise surprising,  
She to this height has not been long a-risen.

Toast her—none but her toast—no muffing mind,  
Let no man flinch till drunk he sees he's blind.

Moselle, I'm no mo-selling. Some other day

I'll have you on the hip for your hurrah.

PEASANTS. Hurrah !

POUCH. You raise my spirit, so I'd best descend.  
*(gets down from puncheon)*

D'ARTAGNAN. *(without, L.)* House, ye varlets, ho !

POUCH. *(looking off, L. U. E.)* A stranger ! Who's our friend ?  
*(PEASANTS all look off, eagerly forming an oblique crowd from R. C., to L. U. E., till D'ARTAGNAN is on, when those who are L. drop down L.)*

Judging by rags, it is, we might allege,

Don Quixote, who's come through a quickset hedge.

*(general laugh and chorus of PEASANTS, during which)*

*Enter D'ARTAGNAN in ragged suit, à la Don Cæsar.*

CHORUS. Here's a plight, here's a sight, ha, ha, ha !

What a fright, come to light, ha, ha, ha !

Like a mildew'd shrub or bush, that's

Suffered from a blight, ha, ha !

D'ART. Hold, ye varlets, dare ye laugh at me ?

Cease your row, or quick I'll floor ye ;

Worse 't will be for all who are here,

Far worse, my vengeance fear. (PEASANTS advance)

Silence, 'nough said,—this coat, though old and torn,

Adorns one nobly bred,

And scoffs, be sure, I'll not endure,

So chastisement dread,

*(general laugh at end of song)*

D'ART. *(turning on them indignantly)* Well, friends ?

POUCH. (R.) His indigence there's no mistaking. (ALL laugh)

D'ART. What means this *shindy*, gents, that you are making ?

Landlord ! *(the MEN all press round him looking in wonder)*

A host ! Who hostess of the place is ?

*(at a sign from POUCHET the MEN retire and GIRLS take their places, pressing on D'ARTAGNAN)*

What ! more pretty women than *Boni-faces*.

You're the dishonest brewer's poisonous device,

Foretaste of angels, *grains of paradise*.

A pot of demi-semi.

POUCH. (R. C.) What ?

D'ART. *(slapping him on the back)* Cooper ! stop !

I'll have a cutler.

*(the male PEASANTS, who have gone up, now return with sticks, ladles, toasting forks, &c.)*

POUCH. *(taking long fork from PEASANT)* Mind, you don't get a chop !

D'ART. *(looking at their weapons)* A broil !

POUCH. The only one you'll get to-day.

You'd better cut.

D'ART. *(to his sword)* Then, Bobby, we'll carve away.

*(looks at them contemptuously, and sheaths it again, going, L.—they groan derisively)*

Bobby, old boy, such foes would have disgraced you.

POUCH. *(advancing to C.)* I rule the roast.

D'ART. *(snatching ladle from JOLIVET, who is L.)* You ?

Then it's meet I baste you :

*(Music, a few paces—the ladle is a trick one, which daubs POUCHET's face as D'ARTAGNAN wipes it down him. PEASANTS all laugh)*

POUCH. (*furious*) I'll stop the tap, the port close if I'm whacked.

Down with him!

(PEASANTS *rush at D'ARTAGNAN and knock him down.*

CONSTANCE *enters from L. down C. stands over D'ARTAGNAN, keeping back PEASANTS, R.*)

PEASANTS. Ha, *bas!*

CONST. Ha, baa, black sheep! An act

Worthy of column razers, who, truth to tell on,  
Should have been the cushions that the column fell on.

POUCH. He in his bill shall settle this affray.

(*brandishing fork*) I'll stick it into him. Come friends.

PEASANTS. Hurrah!

*They follow POUCHET to house and exeunt—CONSTANCE raises D'ARTAGNAN'S head*

CONST. Poor fellow! No friends, no kindred, he is p'raps

An orphan—they *awften* are, these rambling chaps.

And so am I,—why then my pity smother?

Poor orphan, let me kiss him for hi-s mother.

(*kisses him, D'ARTAGNAN opens his eyes*)

D'ART. Thank you.

CONST. Oh dear! Better?

D'ART. I shall be if once more

I may that kiss me for my ma encore.

CONST. (*leaving him*) You are not insensible——

D'ART. To your charms, true.

*Faint* as I may, I'd *swoon* come round to you.

Have you a lover?

CONST. Dozens!

D'ART. You love them all?

CONST. No, I doesn't.

D'ART. (*putting arm round her waist*) Not one? then me instal.

With praises, sweet one, all day I'll be dinnin' you.

CONST. He winks! if you *wink* 'll stick a *pin* in you.

D'ART. You have! just here.

CONST. That's *Coopid's* dart.

D'ART. No doubt,

I feel as if my heart was *scooped* out!

Love at first sight I feel.

CONST. Enthusiast!

Love at *first sight*, but how *long* will it last?

D'ART. I'm lacerated! don't eradicate me.

CONST. How nice he pleads.

D'ART. Do you love *lass*, or *hate*, me?

CONST. Why I——

D'ART. Bid me, but hope and I'll adore you ;

If you *half love*——

CONST. I have *harfection* for you.

(*going*) Adieu.

D'ART. Tell me your address ; don't unkind be.

CONST. I'm going to the *Louvre*.

D'ART. Then *loove* will find ye.

*Duet.*—"I wouldn't like to tell," (*Christy's*).

D'ART. I'll seek you out where'er you go,  
You'll find me always near ;  
Then, sweet gazelle, don't hold me cheap,  
Though you're a little dear,  
More sweet to me than blush of morn.  
Were I—don't me repel—  
To ask you what you think of me——

CONST. (*archly*) I wouldn't like to tell.

D'ART. Ah, wisest and discreetest !

CONST. You'd know to me who's sweetest !

CONST. } Folks listen so, or { you } should know.  
D'ART. } { I }

Suspense { I } would dispel.  
                  { she }

Perhaps { you are } my darling, but——  
                  { she is }

{ I } wouldn't like to tell.  
{ She }

CONST. If I'm discreet, to tell you what  
I feel would sure be wrong ;  
And, stranger, though you've come *for miles*,  
Love may not last *for long*.  
Were I to ask how many times  
This love you speak so well  
You've breathed before—in other ears——

D'ART. I shouldn't like to tell.

CONST. Oh, wisest and discreetest !

D'ART. Take pity on me, sweetest !

Folks listen so, &c.

*They promenade arm-in-arm during the refrain, and exit, R. 1 E., at end. Hurried music, clash of swords and shouts without of "Comrades !" "Poltroons !" "Ha! bah!"*



*Enter ARAMIS and PORTHOS, L. U. E., each with a sword under his arm—in addition to his own, ARAMIS also carries a small labelled parcel.*

ARAMIS. Vagabonds—canaille—upstarts—I hate 'em!

PORTHOS. Who fears the lot? We can 'nihilate 'em!

ARAM. Insects fighting in sections!—brave guards, forsooth!

Fireguards for nursery hearth—protecting youth.

*(showing extra sword)*

I've a trophy.

PORT. *(same business)* And I. Where's Athos?

ARAM *(throwing sword on table)* Crept away,

His valour all oozing.

PORT. *(putting sword on table)* He'll lose it all some day.

ATHOS. *(calls without)* Comrades!

*Music.—Enter ATHOS, L. U. E.—comes down, L. C., carrying a sword, and clanging his own, a large cavalry sword, at his heels.*

ATHOS. *(seeing them)* Ha!—saved! He lied, the base poltroon did!

The victory's won—hurrah! *(aside)* and I'm not wounded.

ARAMIS. (C.) Killed your man, of course.

ATHOS. Yes; that is, I do

Not know for certain, but I ran him through.

PORT. Where?

ATHOS. *A dark alley, up the Rue de Blank.*

He climbed the *hill* like any *mountebank*,

Reaching the incline's crest, cried "Now, you *flat, race*."

I declined to follow such a *steep hill chase* *(puts sword on table and comes down)*

ARAM. My antagonist was a famed gallant, he

In a charmer's love strove hard to supplant me.

A countess—sweet Mary!—she lives, no prating,

In a great house.

ATHOS. Down some *airy grating*.

ARAM. *(half drawing)* Peste, who does?

ATHOS. *(frightened)* My wife! how me she'd snarl at.

Cursed *onion*! Frailty, thy name is *Challotte*.

I was gay, was handsome *(they laugh)*, it's some time ago.

The canker-worm (whatever that is I dun 'no)

Now gnaws my heart. She, my spouse, has gone—don't  
jeer!

A grocer poured golden syrup in her ear,

And bore her from me. Oh, tooth! oh, nail,

Hors de combat's the man whose best projects fail;

But elephant de combat's he whose thoughts rack him  
 With constant fear his wife turn up will, and whack him.  
*(he crosses, R. and back to C.—ARAMIS and PORTHOS,  
 during latter portion of his speech, have seated them-  
 selves—ARAMIS at back, PORTHOS R. of table)*

ARAM. Bah! take some sherry and don't long stories fob.  
 ATHOS. She'd drink sherry cobbler and call me snob.  
*(seating himself L. of table)* But that's nobbody's business,  
 the poor rover!

I'm a grass widower.

PORT. Living in clover.

ATHOS. *(half drawing)* A quarrel!

PORT. Drink! in wine your griefs elude.

ATHOS. You I'd prefer to *slay* before I'm *slewed*.

PORT. *(starting up fiercely and half drawing)* What!

ATHOS. *(seizing and shaking his hand)* Oh, if you apologise,  
 say no more.

*(aside)* I shouldn't like to welter in his gore.

ARAM. Come, here's wine, fruit, and every sweet adjunct.

ATHOS. This table reminds me of the poor defunct.

PORT. How so?

ATHOS. She'd such a timber——

PORT. Well, go on.

ATHOS. It boasts four well-turned legs——

ARAM. And she'd but one.

ATHOS. *(jumping up)* D'ye dare, sir? come on, I'll quickly  
 floor ye.

Recall those words.

ARAM. Shan't.

ATHOS. *(sheathing sword)* Then, I'm sorry for you.

POUCHET and PEASANTS re-enter from inn.

POUCH. Soldiers! *(lays hand on ARAMIS' shoulder)* Friends  
 you are welcome.

ARAM. *(foppishly removing his hand)* Thanks, good day—,  
*(MUSKETEERS all rise)*

POUCH. Going!

MUSKETEERS. Yes!

POUCH. I make no charge.

ATHOS. *(sitting down)* Oh then we'll stay.

*(D'ARTAGNAN, who has entered with crowd, drops down C.)*

D'ART. *(to MUSKETEERS)* Good day, friends!

ARAM. *(R. C., examining him contemptuously)* Friends! *(crosses  
 to L.)*

PORT. *(same business)* Friends! *(crosses from R. to L.)*

ATHOS. (*imitating others*) Friends! (*crosses from R. to L.*)

(D'ARTAGNAN, R. C.; ATHOS, PORTHOS, ARAMIS, L. C.,  
*their backs to audience.—ARAMIS, in crossing, drops his  
small parcel at D'ARTAGNAN'S feet by accident and  
without observing it*)

D'ART.

We are.

MUSKETEERS.

How so?

D'ART.

Their backs brave men ne'er turn upon a foe!

(*they wheel round sharply*)

ATHOS. (*blustering up to him*) Can you fight?

D'ART. (*half drawing*) To give you gratification?

ATHOS. (*pushing his sword back into sheath*) No, I was merely  
seeking information.

D'ART. (*picking up parcel*) Permit me, a trifle, that perhaps  
you store.

ARAM. (*going to him*) A present from a duchess.

D'ART. (*reading label*) Dickey, one and four.

(ARAMIS, *snatching parcel, flings it away, it strikes*  
ATHOS.)

ARAM. Insult a Musketeer! (*goes to table, takes up a sword,  
and drawing his own offers choice of them to D'AR-  
TAGNAN*) Pick it to suit ye!

D'ART. But I'm no soldier, nor on *pick it* duty.

ARAM. Sir!

D'ART. Since you insist. (*takes one*) Good article, but rough.

ARAM. You'll need a second,

D'ART.

Oh, this one's quite enough,

It seems. (*turning L. he tramples on PORTHOS' foot, who is  
quarrelling with ATHOS on his L., ATHOS believing he  
has thrown parcel*)

PORT. (*in pain*) Oh! (*limping to table*)

D'ART.

That corn-craik cry? I hope ye

Haven't corns.

PORT.

Each boot 's a cornucopia (*presenting swords  
at ARAMIS*) Choose!

D'ARTAGNAN. (*takes one*)

POUCH. (*to PEASANTS*) Fetch the gendarmerie, no rebelling!

You'll not do well to *du-el* near my *d-welling*.

PORTHOS *rushes at him and he runs off, L., with PEASANTS—  
ARAMIS, who has after challenge gone up and dropped  
down L., now pushes ATHOS forwurd towards D'AR-  
TAGNAN.*

ATHOS. (*strutting up to D'ARTAGNAN*) Sir, you've called me a  
*haddock!*—no evasion.

D'ART. My dear sir, I never *had oc-casion*.

ATHOS. Oh! I read your thoughts, you think me fishy,  
Shaky, funky, dickey, washy, wishy.

This may be out of place, but I'm no *crab*,

When I'm *lobsteropolus* I'm a *dab*!

And, Lavater-like, as an expounder,

You'll find me a *fly-fish* that'll never *flounder*.

(*drawing his sword, crosses it with scabbard*) Choose!

D'ART. (*laughing*) Here's only one!

ATHOS. Eh! Oh! (*crosses to table, gets sword and presents the two trembling with fear*)

ARAMIS. (*aside*) His valour's shaking;

D'ART. (*taking one*) But with a lady first I've a leave taking.

ARAMIS. Sir, by Venus, go.

D'ART. Thanks, excuse my urging,

Each in the meantime provides a surgeon.

(*Shouldering the three swords, he swaggers into inn.*)

ARAMIS. By Venus!

PORT. By Mars!

ATHOS. *Tobaccos*, I'm number three;

He'll be polished off before he comes to me.

PORTH. (R.) Mean!

ATHOS. Do you mean me?

PORTH. (*half drawing*) What then? don't bellow;

ATHOS. (*calming down*) I thought perhaps you meant some other fellow.

ARAMIS. Cease your rows, your snarling each abate;

Rows with loved *pals* nothing can *palliate*.

*Trio.*—"Three *Chafers*."

ALL. There were three young and gallant Musketeers,

Who with a merry sum, sum, sum;

ATHOS. Adventure took delight in,

Adventure took delight in;

They most famous for fighting

Became, and struck foes dumb.

ALL. Sum, sum, sum, &c., &c.

ALL. Now these three young and gallant Musketeers

At sound of merry fife and drum, drum, drum,

ATHOS. Would fight and took I'm thinking,

Would fight and took I'm thinking,

Delight in dancing, drinking

Gin, brandy, whisky, rum.

ALL. Rum, rum, rum! (*Grotesque Dance and exit, R. 1. E.*)

*Music changes.*—Enter LADY DE WINTER, L. U. E.

LADY DE W. Haply for I wear black, I'm thought uncommon,

And folks mistake me for a heavy woman;

Once I was fair, was fat, and wasn't forty,

Wore short frocks, did naught and wasn't naughty;

I loved, but once alas, though I've—how true 't are,  
 More husbands had than husbands' wives at Utah.  
 But why should I look back upon the futah?  
 Some still weep my loss and wear the willow,  
 While some *bedew* and some *be don't* their pillow.  
 Oh, Bucky Buckingham! wherefore art thou not?  
 But if he was, what would by that be got,  
 When I might—Fool! dolt! I may say, idiot!  
 My heart is full. What's this? a tear—a crummy 'un!  
 Welcome, old friend. (*drops an onion from her handkerchief*) I've dropt my onion.

*Re-enter* MUSKETEERS, R. 1 E.

ATHOS. Where is he? (*runs against* LADY DE WINTER—a *chord—he starts and turns to* MUSKETEERS) My wife!

ARAM. } Oh! (*going*)  
 PORT. }

ATHOS. Don't go!—protect me!

LADY DE W. (*C., curtseying*) I'm Lady de Winter.

ARAM. Don't recollect ye.

LADY DE W. I've *chilly* breath, a hand of *ice*, frozen look;  
 A *snowy* bosom with *frigid* agues shook;  
 My *Alpine* manner shivers love's darts, d'ye see,  
 And Cupid's afraid to *have a launch* at me!  
 (*touching her nose*)

No *glacier* here! this organ's boiled lobster tint,  
 Is caused by a fearful *obstruction* in't.

ATHOS. (*apart to them*) That's her craft—bless her!—done to excite your pity.

Serve me—abuse her! drive her to the city!  
 Once let that sweet *belle* know that I'm her *hubby*,  
 And you'll hear a *hubbub* rather *Belze-bubby*!

PORT. Observe. (*advancing to* LADY DE WINTER) We've met before. (*Music tremuloso*)

LADY DE W. Indeed!

PORT. (*R. C.*) In Dover.

You're that bathing woman always half seas over.

LADY DE W. Go to Bath! (*PORTHOS goes up*)

ATHOS. (*who has gone up and dropped down, L.*) You're—

LADY DE W. (*severely*) Well, little man?

ATHOS. (*trembling, turning away, and calling, L.*) Ho, there!

ARAM. (*R., to* LADY DE WINTER, *advancing to her*) Have we not met before?

LADY DE W. I never go there.

ARAM. Did you one night sell me—mind, I'm furious!—

A ring you said was *pure*, but which was *spurious*?

Such prigs as you ought not to live among us ;  
Being seen with you at one time might *have hung us*.  
(ARAMIS crosses in front to L., consults with PORTHOS and  
ATHOS)

LADY DE W. *Have hung us* (fungus)! He's called me a mushroom!

ARAM. (to PORTHOS) 'Tis well.  
(to LADY DE WINTER) In baby-farming who did most excel?

PORT. Committed crimes too horrible to tell!

ATHOS. And, oh! who put poor pussy in the well?  
(*they take L. corner, drawing their swords*—LADY DE WINTER screams)

LADY DE W. They draw their swords!—I'll on the asphalté lie.

What poor female ever *has felt* as I?

(*she crouches down, c.*—MUSKETEERS are advancing with swords, D'ARTAGNAN with drawn sword rushes on from house, and stands protecting her)

D'ART. (R. C.) Hold for your lives! How now, slaves? I'll uphold her.

ARAM. (L. C.) This tone is bold.

D'ART. You'll find this stone is boulder

If needed. Poor crushed flower, you're hard on her.

PORT. You're not her husband, man.

D'ART. I'm a guardin' her.

LADY DE W. (*pretending half consciousness*) Go it, my pippin.

ATHOS. (*swaggering to c.*) Allow me to acquaint

You this lady is——

D'ART. (*fiercely*) What?

ATHOS. (*getting back*) Well, perhaps she ain't.

LADY DE W. Where am I?

D'ART. She's coming to.

ATHOS. Prevent her.

Should she *come in two*, you'll never mend her.

LADY DE W. Where's Buckingham?

D'ART. (*seeing her face for first time, is disgusted*) Oh, an old un.

ARAM. D'ye mean——

The gay George Villiers, lover of the Queen?

LADY DE W. Is't so, I'll dog his steps, I'll plant my spies.

Her royal head the crown break, black his eyes.

Espouse my cause. (to D'ARTAGNAN)

D'ART. No time. (*preparing to fight*) Gentlemen!

LADY DE W.

Cease.

They're going to fight—I'm going to faint—police !

*She faints in D'ARTAGNAN's arms, who turns her over to ARAMIS, who passes her to PORTHOS, who pitches her to ATHOS, L., during this enter ROCHEFORT and GUARDS L. U. E., all the PEASANTS and POUCHET—ROCHEFORT crosses at back of characters to R.—GUARDS in a line at back—ATHOS tries to stick LADY DE WINTER against wing, and finally props her against a GUARD, L. C.*

ROCHE. A rising ! I arrest you all.

ARAM.

A stretch of power.

The Musketeers can rise at any hour.

POUCH. (*in corner, L., pointing at D'ARTAGNAN*) He's not one.ARAM. (*giving coin to D'ARTAGNAN*) Take the shilling.D'ART. (*to ROCHEFORT*) Your catch is gone.

ARAM. Our motto's—

MUSKETEERS. (*raising swords*) One for all.LADY DE W. (*advancing, c.*) Mine's all for number one.\*

*Concerted Piece.—“ Kurmess Polka.”*

D'ART. Now I am a Musketeer, it's long been my desire,

ARAM. Proudly scorn all other corps, to rival none aspire ;

LADY DE W. I in this exciting scene have caught a dreadful chill.

ATHOS. Come, let's go, or we shall not be back in time for drill.

CHORUS. When the trumpet sounds !

Then away, away to arms !

At the beat of drum

Quick away, quick away, rum, tum, tum.

LADY DE W. I've influenza got,

ATHOS. And I,

LADY DE W. A most catching thing, oh is it not.

*(business of supposed effort to sneeze through symphony, and chorus of sneezes)*

Oh, what a dreadful cold we've got !

We've influenza got, oh my !

A most catching thing, oh is it not ?

*(sneezing business as before)*

Oh, what a dreadful cold we've got !

*Dance—scene closed in.*

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\* ROCHE. D'ART. LADY DE W. ARAM. ATHOS. PORT. POUCH.  
R. L.

SCENE SECOND.—*Picture Gallery in the Louvre. The lower portion of flats are hung with arras, behind which the characters conceal themselves; a large picture of a lady, c., above arras, with moveable face.*

*Enter* BUCKINGHAM, QUEEN, and CONSTANCE *from L.*

BUCK. (R.) And must I Paris leave?

QUEEN. There's danger.

BUCK. True.

QUEEN. Take my last farewell.

BUCK. I'd rather have had you.

QUEEN. No more—this casket take. When far away—

BUCK. My love needs no remembrancer.

QUEEN. (*taking it back*) Oh, then.

BUCK. (*eagerly taking it*) Nay,

Your present recall the past will, grief immense.

CONST. Oh, no more of past, and for the present, hence.

BUCK. (*who has opened casket*) A string of pearls!

QUEEN. Wear them—now don't look surly.

CONST. With those, though late a-bed, you'll get *up early*.

QUEEN. Avoid prying Rochefort.

CONST. An instigation

From his cast eye would cause *castigation*.

QUEEN. He is *quintessence* Duke of all that's evil.

BUCK. The King trusts him.

CONST. He's dealings with the *dee-vil*.

BUCK. I'll be discreet.

CONST. If seen, distort each feature,

None know that you are here—

(*LADY DE WINTER's face appears in large portrait, c.*)

LADY DE W. Except dis creetur.

*Quartette.*—"Georgy Porgy" (*Christy's*).

BUCK. And must I now, dear, say good-bye.

LADY DE W. Of course, she's other fish to fry.

QUEEN. Hush now, Constance, that's a rude hit.

CONST. I never spoke, 'twas echo dood it.

LADY DE W. Naked truth, though well she knew'd it.

CONST. That naughty echo's on the spree.

LADY DE W. How doth the little busy bee—

QUEEN. Quickly fly.

LADY DE W. Lively flee.

CONST. Wherever can that echo be?

QUEEN (*to BUCK.*) Quickly homeward pack! (*pulling his arm*)

LADY DE W. Wasn't that a pull back?



QUEEN. Oh, go dear, do dear, do dear, do dear,

Georgy porgy, lovey, do.

CONST. Oh, go sir, do sir, do sir, do sir.

LADY DE W. Rogey, pogeey, do—Hah!

*(they look round for the echo—LADY DE WINTER repeats howl—same business—Chorus is again sung, and they exit, R.)*

LADY DE WINTER *gets down from picture, replacing face during latter portion of chorus and entering from arras through concealed door, watches them off.*

LADY DE W. You're well tuned now, but I'll unscrew. My prating

Shall raise a discord most excruciating.

Revenge is mine, ha, ha! Oh, many an hour

I've schemed and toiled to get her in my power,

Fore all the court she scoffed my heavy sighs

With looks that burnt like caustic when you caught her eyes.

Demeaned, reviled, with rage and anger reeking,

Scorned, spat upon me, figuratively speaking.

I fled her presence, her fine ladies' titters,

And took, to drown my gall, to gin and bitters.

He too prefers her—ha, ha! that fires anew.

How, if I—hum—ha—I could, that's true,

But then again—if she should—ha—she might.

Pshaw—bosh—I'd better,—yes—I will, all right

And tight, this night with spite at boiling height,

Vesuvius-like, I swear, I'll *have* a (lava) light.

*Enter ROCHEFORT hurriedly, L.*

ROCHE. Your news?—speak quickly.

LADY DE W. Buckingham here has been.

ROCHE. And has he seen the Queen?

LADY DE W. He the Queen has seen.

He's gone, receiving as a parting token,

A string of pearls, the King's gift.

ROCHE. You're a jokin'.

LADY DE W. Be yours the task to publish her offence.

Go hence, *infer* you know an *inference*

That she is false, maybe—or may be not.

But he's been here, you think, no proof you've got,

And then, you don't know why, but you've a fancy

That she's—and groan at her exorbitancy—

Given to him some gem or diamond speckless,

A ring, a bracelet, or perhaps a necklace,

ROCHE. Conclude it done, my lady.

LADY DE W.

Her name traduce.

I'll follow Buckingham. To the King, vamous!

*(pushes him off, L.)*

Ha, ha! what sport! This wicked accusation

I revel in, who could make revelation.

How bad I am!—of coarseness vile the essence;

I from my sex *stand out* a coarse excrescence.*Song.—(Original).\**

I'd like to tell my history, but myself I've little known,  
 For when a little infant at a baby show being shown,  
 The ticket with my name on, in another's lap did fall,  
 And when they brought me home again it wasn't me at all.  
 I often wonder where has gone, my own, my proper me,  
 And for this scraggy substitute myself would like to be.  
 If anybody here should feel they're me and I am them,  
 I wish they would speak out at once and we'll change  
                     back again.

Lady de Winter's tale this is: she hopes the wretched elf  
 Some day to meet—oh! what a treat—and shake hands with  
                     herself.

Although my story may seem odd, don't think that I'm  
                     deranged;

I'm certain as a baby I for some one else was changed.  
 Sometimes you hear girls sighing, "I don't feel myself to  
                     night!"

If so, suggest that they are me and bid 'em set things right.  
 Take back themselves and give me me, no questions shall  
                     be asked;

I'm tired of being some one else, it is no easy task.  
 To weep with eyes that ain't your own and others' griefs to  
                     bear!

It's hard to feel you're growing grey with another party's hair.  
 CHORUS. Lady de Winter's tale, &c. *Exit, R.*

D'ARTAGNAN *calls, L.*, "Constance!"—*Re-enter* CONSTANCE.

CONST. That's he, the dear! What is he about, though?

Followers are *allowed*, he needn't *shout* so.

*Enter* D'ARTAGNAN *in Musketeer's dress, L., meeting*  
                     CONSTANCE, C.

CONST. I thought you wouldn't come;

D'ART. Not come to thee?

To see my Constance, gives me *constancee*.

CONST. When last I saw you—

D'ART. I was rather seedy!

Enterprising genius rises speedy.

I've joined the army—now I pass life gaily,

Fighting not less than three duels daily.

Mars calls at early morn, Bacchus soothes at noon;

But Venus hour's most prized 'neath Dian's moon.

Kissing each lovely fair, but mostly you;

Deceiving many, though to one I'm true.

CONST. How nice he looks, the dear!

D'ART. The dress I trust is

Doing my figure justice?

CONST. That it *just is*.

Cost much, love?

D'ART. Don't know!

CONST. Don't know?

D'ART. Don't meant to pay.

I found a tailor who's kind enough to say

He'd like his ledger my honoured name to bear,

So, to prolong his pleasure, he shall keep it there.

CONST. What regiment, dear?

D'ART. Household, of course.

Lend me a pony, love, to buy a horse.

CONST. I'll present you to the queen—she may assist us,

Stay here a moment.

*He catches and kisses her; she runs off, R.*

D'ART. They can't resist us. (*swaggering*)

We sons of Mars bear everything before us—

The men all fear us, and the girls adore us.

*Introduced Song.*—D'ARTAGNAN.

*At end of song, D'ARTAGNAN goes to R., meeting CON-*

*STANCE, who re-enters—PORTHOS pops his head on,*

*L. 1 E.*

PORT. Shall you be long?

CONST. Who's that?

D'ART. A comrade, dear.

PORT. The boys are tired of waiting.

CONST. Bring them here.

D'ART. They're such brave fellows!—share my dangers—  
fears!

Of course you've heard of the "Three Musket-  
Dears?"

*Enter ARAMIS, PORTHOS, and ATHOS, L. 1 E.\**

D'ART. Comrades, my adored—the miss I've ne'er mistrusted!

PORT. Ma'm'selle, I'm proud. (*bows*)

ARAM. I'm delighted. (*bows*)

ATHOS. (*crossing and looking at her through eye-glass*) I'm disgusted.

D'ART. (*firing up*) Eh!

ATHOS. That fate didn't bless me with such a one!

Did you go far for her?

D'ART. I'm with her far gone.

QUEEN. (*without, R.*) Constance!

CONST. There's the Queen! Go that way—quick as thought.  
(*they all rush to L. entrance*)

KING. (*without, L.*) Rochefort!

D'ART. The King! By Jove, we're nicely caught!  
(*music, pianissimo—they rush about in confusion*)

CONST. Hide yourselves behind the arras!—quick!—no din!

*The arras has an opening in C.—ATHOS goes in, L. C.;*

*PORTHOS behind, R. C.; D'ARTAGNAN, L.; ARAMIS, R.*

CONST. He'll never find you out. *Exit, R.*

ATHOS. (*looking out.*) This is harrassin.

*Enter KING, ROCHEFORT following, L.*

KING. I'm boiling o'er with rage!

ROCHEFORT. Be calm, my lord.

Your passions cool.

KING. I won't be thus cool bored.

*Enter QUEEN and CONSTANCE, R.*

QUEEN. The King!

CONST. Oh, dear.

KING. Come here, sweet chuck, delicious,

Are you honest?

QUEEN. Honest?

CONST. (*goes up to arras*) He seems suspicious.

KING. I've potted in, trusting there's no intrusion.

(*snatches large white handkerchief from her hand*)

Is this a lady's mouchoir, ha?

QUEEN. (*aside*) Confusion!

Such doubt I'd scorn.

KING. What's in this corner, B. B.?

QUEEN. (*aside*) Lost.

CONST. (*coming down L. of KING*) Yes, B. B.—baby, of course,  
don't you see?

---

\* CONSTANCE. D'ARTAGNAN. ARAMIS. PORTHOS. ATHOS.  
R. L.

KING. Baby! whose? we have no squalling brats.

D'ART. (*aside, looking out of arras*) That's true.

KING. Anne of Austria, A. A., should be here for you,

Where's your A. A., eh?

CONST. It's the mangling woman.

The way she scrunches things is most uncommon,

The poor letters don't know where to hide their heads.

She can squeeze A, A's, sire, into X, Y, Z's.

(*goes up to D'ARTAGNAN*)

D'ART. You dear.

ROCHEFORT. (to KING, L. C.) The pearls! (*goes back to L.*)

ARAM. (*aside, looking out*) By Venus, that girl's a gem.

KING. (to QUEEN) Show me your string of pearls, I'd look at them.

QUEEN. (R.) Not just now.

KING. On end my hair's uncurling.

Where are those pearls?

QUEEN. I cannot brook your purling,

Nor tortured be with this *pearl hash*.

KING. No jokes!

You'll not *Victor Hannah* in this *hoax*.

North, south, you go the pace—I'm getting wild!

I'm more than *all but victor*, I'm *wroth, child*.

Some one has been here.

CONST. Who says there hasn't?

You've been—are here still.

ATHOS. (*aside, putting head out*) So'm I—wish I wasn't.

KING. The pearls? I'll see them.

QUEEN. But——

KING. I will, I say.

QUEEN. Why so you shall.

KING. I shall?

QUEEN. But not to-day.

KING. The *pearls*! I'm most *pig-headed*, don't decline.

Give 'em, fling 'em at me.

ATHOS. Casting pearls to swine.

KING. (*bringing QUEEN to C.*) List! (*music piano*) On Tuesday next the city we surprise,

The merchants give a *fête* we patronise.

Now, at that gala, on the night I've stated,

That necklace wear, or vengeance unabated

Do thou dread. You'll bring, you to feel remorse  
ought,

To the block your head, this tale to the Divorce Court.

(*throws the QUEEN off, R.*)

ATHOS. (*creeping out*) I wish I was there.

\*QUEEN.      ATHOS *on his knees.*      CONSTANCE.      ROCHEFORT.  
R.                                  L.

*Finale to Scene*—"Promenade Elastique" (D'ALCORN).\*

QUEEN. Then you the task will undertake, my casket bring  
me back.

PORT. The Duke we'll follow, banish fear, be soon upon his  
track.

CONST. They fight, love, rescue, with a grace becoming posés  
plastiques.

ARAM. Ah, you've not seen our latest form, the Promenade  
Elastique.

D'ART. Look here, look here, our movements scan,  
It's most complete, none can compete from Greenland to  
Japan.

All other walks, it beats by chalks, surpass what can  
The Military Promenade Elastique.

*Chorus.* Look here, &c.

D'ART. The author who could freely give to Monte Christo  
gold,

Makes Musketeers swift paces show o'er highway, fell,  
and wold.

CONST. Away then, ride as Turpin rode, the Duke as express  
fast seek,

ATHOS. To arms!—I mean legs—walk your chalks, à la Pro-  
menade Elastique.

Look here, look here, &c.

*Chorus as before, and exit the three on the L. to R. and the  
three on the R. to the L.*

SCENE THIRD.—*Deck of the "Fleur-de-lis." A view of the sea,  
on the L. portion of the Harbour of Calais, with shipping to  
work off; bulwarks across back, L.; 2nd wing is painted, with  
sails, &c., as main mast, ropes, sails, barrels, &c.; on the L.  
a large sea chest; R. a working capstan.*

BUCKINGHAM in sea-faring dress on chest, smoking cigar; SAILORS  
and ÉMIGRES discovered.

*Chorus.*—"Starry Night for a Ramble."

CHORUS. We've bade farewell to neighbours,  
To friends we've said good bye;  
Then why not raise the anchor,  
The tide is running high?

\* ARAMIS.  
R.

ATHOS.

CONST.

D'ART.

QUEEN.

PORT.  
L.

BUCK. I don't feel anxious in the least  
Being with qualms beset,  
Can imagine the sensation,  
From the tossing we shall get.

CHORUS. Come quickly, run up the sail, boys,  
Sound the parting bell ;  
There's music in the gale boys,  
Life in the ocean swell.

*Bell strikes, and all exit, L., repeating chorus, except*  
BUCKINGHAM.

BUCK. Why don't the captain come, that we may sail ?

LADY DE W. (*without*) "Fleur-de-lis," ahoy !

BUCK. That must be his hail !

LADY DE WINTER *appears, and scrambles over bulwarks.*

LADY DE W. Help, help ! man overboard.

BUCK. Where, pray ?

LADY DE W. Here, near me.

If you weren't *overboard*, you'd be in *sea*.

BUCK. Who are you ?

LADY DE W. Not know me ? Oh Jack, Jack, shame !

BUCK. My name is George, ma'm.

LADY DE W. Well, it's all the same.

Every tar's a *jack* tar, when he to sea goes,

It's a mere *ejackelation*, in sailor lingo.

BUCK. (*offering cigar*) D'ye smoke ?

LADY DE W. You're smoking me, I'm on fire—oh, Bill !—

Tom—that is Jack—I mean George—I love thee still.

I'll with you, as your cabin boy, away go.

It's often done, at least, old ballads say so.

(*throws herself upon his breast, and picks his pocket of*  
*pocket-book*)

BUCK. This is too much, madam ; I'll descend.

LADY DE W. Yes, go.

You'll be beneath my notice, when you're below.

*Exit BUCKINGHAM, L. 1 E.*

I've cribbed his pocket-book, so he may frown,

Well up in money, I'll not be cashed down.

(*having opened book, shows notes and papers—hearing some*  
*one coming, she thrusts notes and papers in her pocket,*  
*dropping book near chest*)

ROCHEFORT *appears over bulwarks.*

ROCHEFORT. Lugger, ahoy !

LADY DE W. Ha ! I's a luggering at you.

ROCHEFORT. Lady de Winter, I've tried hard to catch you,



The Musketeers are here Buckingham to find,  
And get the pearls from him—they come.  
LADY DE W. (*pointing*) Behind,—  
Or in the barrel—it's spratty lodgings,  
I'll near the box encompass all their dodgings.

(ROCHEFORT conceals himself off, R., LADY DE WINTER  
gets off behind chest)

D'ART. (*entering over bulwarks, R. C.*) Entrez.

ARAM. (*same*) By Venus, we're rising from the sea!

PORT. (*same*) Here we are again.

ATHOS. (*same, stumbles and rolls down stage*) Where can your  
sea legs be?

D'ART. I don't like this old tub.

ARAM. You don't. Why fear her?  
She's rated seaworthy.

D'ART. So was the Megæra.

Those who sound rated her, dire risk creating,  
Deserve, and may they get as sound a rating.

(*picking up pocket-book*) What's this? (*seeing name on it*)  
"Villiers." He's here—then hope's restored,

As I'm a man.

ATHOS. You're not.

D'ART. (*half drawing*) How!

ATHOS. (C.) 'Cause you're a board.

Ah! this is my life; I rank A, B, at sea.

D'ART. (L. C.) You'd be more at home in a C, A, B.

ATHOS. (*blustering up*) At sea you'll find my courage, sir,  
prolific.

By the great German ocean—

ARAM. (R. C.) Be *pacific*.

D'ART. Come, we'll seek the Duke.

*Exit, L.*

ARAM. (*crossing*) Athos, on deck you'll stay

As sentry.

ATHOS. A cent'ry? Thank you.

PORT. (*coming down, L. C.*) Belay.

(*to ATHOS*) By Mars, if aught goes wrong our wrath we'll  
wreak.

ARAM. Come, Porthos.

*Music—Exit PORTHOS and ARAMIS, L. to E.*

ATHOS. How memories crowd and speak,  
And bring her back, her face—I mean—(*taking up mop*)  
the mop

Tells of her unkempt locks—(*looking at chest*)—the locker  
—memory, stop!

She had a workbox like it. (*walks to chest and turns his back upon it ready to sit down*) Who knows what's hid,  
Like the Old Oak Chest, beneath this lid.

(*as he sits, LADY DE WINTER, from behind, lifts the lid, and he falls in—LADY DE WINTER closes the lid with a bang, and exit, L.—ATHOS raises his head, nose bleeding, gets out, looks round*)

ATHOS. She's in Paris, or I'd make affidavit  
No hand but Mrs. Athos that blow gave me.  
I'll add to my list of battles this affray,  
Purchase being gone, merit must win its way.  
I'll coach myself, read tactics, take the threads up,  
Words of command rehearse, and drill, look heads up.

*Original Song.—“Military Life.” \**

I'm on military topics *au fait*, and an officer going to be,  
Promoted by merit and looks, who so rosy, nosy as me?  
Calisthenics I know, mathematics know less,  
Rifle practice, and cricket in chief;  
A course of algebra, three courses at mess,  
Each course, of course, a course of boiled beef.  
Infantry very odd—rank and file, awkward squad!  
Solid square, as you were—right about—toes turn out!  
Stand at ease, knock your knees,  
Steady, you crew, quick march, Hullaballoo!  
Tall, short, thin, straight, bandy, no lack. Hough!  
There's nothing so jolly as life military.

(*burlesque march to symphony, in the manner of an officer, beside his company; shouting unintelligible words of command*)

I've read of the Trojans of old,  
They in Hampshire, each other did batter;  
None knew which was friend, or which foe,  
And they said it didn't much matter.  
Guards charged at the double, civilians in grief,  
Found double, charging cabbies no lack,  
But the victory was fine, and commander-in-chief  
Was created the Duke of Hog's-back.

*Chorus.* Infantry very odd, &c.

*March and exit, L. 1 E.*

---

\* Composed by Mr. JOHN FITZGERALD, Royal Strand Theatre.

*Re-enter* LADY DE WINTER *stealthily*, L. U. E., ROCHEFORT, R.

LADY DE W. They're all in the cabin snug, now for my scheme,  
To keep them till too late to save the Queen.

We'll to sea.

ROCHEFORT. How!

LADY DE W. The thingumbobs—revoke 'em.

ROCHEFORT. Understand the ropes?

LADY DE W. Haven't I picked oakum?

Let go the sails, brace the yards, lower penny gaff,

Flying jib, flying scud, don't stand and laugh.

*(gets on sea chest, unfastening ropes at mast)*

ROCHEFORT. I applaud your zeal.

LADY DE W. Shut up, and work,

ROCHEFORT. D'ye see——

LADY DE W. Be mute, lend a hand——

ROCHEFORT. But this is mutiny.

*(the rope she unfastens is taut from L. C., in flies to mast, it runs through her hands and a sail descends a quarter down, and half on from L., then rope at the same time runs her off her feet across stage, and throws her down)*

LADY DE W. Belay!

ROCHEFORT. That sail's a sell.

LADY DE W. *(sitting up)* Is she moving?

ROCHEFORT. No.

LADY DE W. Couldn't you go aloft and sing, "Blow, breezes blow?"

ROCHEFORT. When they see that *sheet*, they'll little thank it;—

'Twill be, to the ocean's *bed* you'll walk the *planket*.

LADY DE W. *(in dolorous tones, still sitting)* Is she moving?

ROCHEFORT. No.

LADY DE W. I never saw the like.

ROCHEFORT. It's odd.

LADY DE W. *(in different key)* Is she moving?

ROCHEFORT. *(decidedly)* No!

LADY DE W. Then she's on strike.

Haul up the keel, bout ship—old tub, I'll rank her.

Give way. *(struck with sudden thought)* Perhaps we'd better weigh the anchor. *(jumps up)*

Quick, don't be scaly, take a capstan bar.

*(fixes two in capstan)*

Now bear a hand.

ROCHEFORT. *(innocently)* Pull off my glove.

LADY DE W. Right you are.

*(they put their shoulders to it and chant, "Hee, hee, hoy, ho—hee, hee, hoy, ho!")—seeing it is immovable they stop, she comes down exhausted and draws a long breath.*  
"Hee, hee, hoy, ho, but it doesn't,")

*Re-enter* ATHOS, L. 1 E.

ATHOS. 'Tis she! (*is darting back when she seizes him*)

LADY DE W. Young man, a female in distress, gaze over—

Whose husband waits her on the pier at Dover.

To see his *dove* appear, he strains each optic;

But *callous* men here, have the anchor dropt it.

Help us to raise it, show that a friend we've found,

Shoulder to wheel put for a merry-go-round.

You'll hoist 'em.

ATHOS. I'm high stomached, and — (*keeping his face away*)

LADY DE W. No; yes. Can

It be that chin there marked with a frying pan?

ATHOS. Her handiwork.

LADY DE W. 'Tis Jones—no, Athos, I mean.

ATHOS. (*very feebly*) Charlotte.

LADY DE W. He knows his *lot*.

ATHOS.

It's a sad 'un been.

LADY DE W. Say, alias Jones, what is it thee alarms?

ATHOS. I'll *stranger* be, for I misses (*h*) *all her* charms.

LADY DE W. Read the "Times?"

ATHOS.

*Some-times.*

LADY DE W.

In the ag'ny column

My advertisements for you would fill a volume.

ATHOS. Mine were in the "Telegraph," weeks I thrust  
you,

Requesting all my tradesmen not to trust you.

LADY DE W. What a darling husband!—you've been a father

To the cats I left you.

ATHOS.

Haven't I rather?

I left 'em in a basket, packed like sprats up,

They'd not much room, p'raps now they're *mutchroom*  
*catsup*.

LADY DE W. One question more—little Tommy much grown,  
eh?—Speak!

ATHOS. Fine and *kitten*, more like you every week.

LADY DE W. And the *tortoiseshell*, blended in colours four—

Oh *shall I torture* bear like this no more!

There is now nothing left for us to say

But that one hard sad bitter word—good day.

(*this scene is played nearly back to back, with business, of  
catching each other stealing a look and starting away  
again—a travestie on STRANGER and MRS. HALLER*)

ATHOS. And very glad I am to get away. (*striding off, she  
catches him*)

LADY DE W. Stop! To help us lift the anchor you must stay,

The capstan meandering about—assist us.

ATHOS. Don't *my hand wring* so.

LADY DE W. You can't resist us.

ATHOS. But it's a revolution.

LADY DE W. Well!

ATHOS. You'll rue it.

It's treason!

LADY DE W. (*her eyes fixed on him*) Yes.

ATHOS. For that reason——

LADY DE W. (*overbearing*) Well!

ATHOS. (*frightened*) I'll do it.

(*aside*) Here's a fix, that anchor raised all comes to grief.

(*wipes his face with handkerchief*)

LADY DE W. Put that rag away—I'm your anchor chief.

*Re-enter ROCHEFORT with another bar, which he fixes— they walk round to chorus moving capstan, and panorama of harbour commences to move off.*

CHORUS. When sailors lift the anchor oh!

Heave oh! heave oh!

They round about the capstan go;

Around, around, and heave oh!

Around, around, and heave oh!

ATHOS and LADY DE WINTER come down and commence duet—ROCHEFORT takes out two of the capstan bars, leaving one for business afterwards, and exits, R.

*Duet.—“Piccadilly.”*

ATHOS. Oh! isn't she of brides the pick,

Of wives the flower still?

LADY DE W. You must be daft to hint as much;

I'm now no daffodil.

ATHOS. I might call you rhododendron, or else chrysanthemum,

But that humble flower rather, which does in the valley come.

(*spoken*) Yes, for comparisons I'll pass over all the hard names, and

Pick a lily, pick a lily—

LADY DE W. But that hides from view.

ATHOS. Yes, and so should you.

(*together*) Pick a lily, pick a lily,  
The pride of the valley's renown.

LADY DE W. Oh! what a pick-a-ninny I,

To pick you, must have been.

ATHOS. I'm sure that pickaxe profile, ma'm,  
I never could have seen.

LADY DE W. You're like a bottle of pickles gone,  
 Those of the yellow kind—  
 The sourest that are sold I think,  
 Not sourer than your mind.

(spoken) And I believe they are called—

Picalilli, picalilli.

ATHOS. Don't look black, cross girl!

LADY DE W. You are cross and black—well,

(together) Picalilli, picalilli!

Not half so sour-looking as you.

*Grand Pas de Deux, and exeunt, R. and L. 1 E.*

*Re-enter D'ARTAGNAN, followed by PORTHOS and ARAMIS,*  
*L. 1 E.*

D'ART. Our project thrives. The Duke, at my request,  
 Is searching for the casket in his chest.

ARAM. Look!—where's the land?—from harbour pier we've  
 strayed!

By Venus!

PORT. By Mars!

D'ART. By Athos we're betrayed!

He's raised the anchor!—Peste! our star is falling!—

And spread the *canvas*!—this is most *arpauling*!

Where's he got?

*They draw their swords—ARAMIS and PORTHOS exit at  
 different entrances looking for him.*

Search hatchway and hencoop.

Has he the poop got in, the nincumpoop? *Exit, L. 1 E.*

*Enter ATHOS, L., rushes wildly, R., followed by MUSKETEERS—  
 he falls on his knees, they stand over him with swords—  
 picture.*

ATHOS. Cæsar at the foot of Pompey's statue.

Oh, Charlotte, love, if I had my will at you—

OMNES. His wife. (they sheathe swords)

ATHOS. Her name makes steel shut up.

D'ART. Can't go on.

By law you're not amenable, nor anyone

When acting under influence of a wife.

ARAM. Never heard a meaner *bull* in all my life!

D'ART. How shall we return?—all will be lost.

ARAM. Stay!

There's Athos, he's at seamanship *au fait*.

PORT. For years he's ploughed the deep foul weather and  
 calm.

ATHOS. I feel of sea-sickness a dreadful qualm.

D'ART. All hands on deck!

*Enter CREW.*

Now, Athos.

ATHOS. There'll be strife.

The captain has a captain, the captain's wife.

PORT. Now you put to sea?

ATHOS. No.

ARAM. You know you did it.

D'ART. Now, take us back.

ARAM. 'Bout ship!

*Enter LADY DE WINTER, R.*

LADY DE W. I forbid it.

(ATHOS, frightened, rushes behind MUSKETEERS and gets on sea chest—MUSKETEERS prevent LADY DE WINTER from following with drawn swords)

D'ART. (to others) Go on, command, don't heed yon hag abhorred.

(to others) Keep her at bay. I'll fetch the Duke. (calling)

My lord. *Exit D'ARTAGNAN, L.*

ATHOS. (shouting) Stand by!

LADY DE W. Wait till we're alone.

ATHOS. Appease her!

LADY DE W. Thinks it's a penny steamer.

ARAM. (suggesting to ATHOS) Reef sails!

ATHOS. (calling down) Ease her!

Back her—Oh! I'm so ill. Ba—I'm getting hoarse.

LADY DE W. Stop.

Bring this loblollyboy a lob lollipop.

ARAM. Come, to the helmsman speak, he'll take us handy.

ATHOS. Has anybody got a drop o' brandy?

PORT. Now, the helm.

LADY DE W. Mustn't speak to the man at the wheel.

ATHOS. Half a turn astarn.

LADY DE W. (mockingly) Half a cooper.

ATHOS. I feel—

Oh! how it rocks, serve out grog—I feel I ain't in  
The right place.

LADY DE W. Unlace ship's stays; captain's fainting!

ATHOS. (getting desperate) Aye, aye! Luff your larboard!

Starboard your leeward!

Scuttle jib! Cut away the masts! Oh, steward!

*Falls into SAILOR'S arms, and is borne off, L. U. E.—  
Re-enters for finale of scene.*

*Re-enter D'ARTAGNAN, L. 2 E.*

D'ART. How now! Hold! Let go the anchor's bower and sheet!

LADY DE W. No. (*they set the capstan running—LADY DE WINTER clings to the one bar which has been left in, is carried round, and flung down, R.*) The Memberess for Turnstile's took her seat.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM with casket, L.*

BUCK. Here's the casket.

D'ART. (*taking it melodramatically*) Mine!

ROCHEFORT. (*snatching it from him*) No, mine; I win it.

ARAM. (*same business*) Mine!

LADY DE W. (*snatching it from ARAMIS*) No, 'tis mine! (*opens it—a jack-in-the-box flies up, which she takes out*) And there's nothing in it.

D'ART. The pearls we want.

BUCK. Pearls? I have pledged 'em.

PORT. That's funny.

ARAMIS. 'Twas passing strange.

BUCK. No, 'twas for passage money.  
(*feeling pockets*) I've lost my book containing the duplicate.

D'ART. (*showing book*) I have the pocket-book!

LADY DE W. (*having looked at papers—aside*) But I've the ticket.

*Concerted Piece.—“The Year of Jubilee.”*

ARAM. All's trim and taut as we could wish, now some one's in command.

PORT. Put back upon another tack, and let's get back to land.

D'ART. You trust to me, and soon you'll see, I'll take you safe and sound.

LADY DE W. And won't I rush when I get there, with the ticket that I've found.

ATHOS. (*with a walk round*) We'll dance with glee, ha, ha!

We're homeward bound, ho, ho,

With a mainsail flowing,

And a fair wind blowing,

From the ocean's pitching, tossing, we will go.

Chorus. We'll dance with glee, ha, ha, &c., &c.

(*general breakdown—closed in*)



SCENE FOURTH.—*An old Street in Paris.—Evening.*

*Enter* QUEEN, *veiled*, R., *meeting* CONSTANCE, *who enters*, L.

QUEEN. Constance, what tidings? stop, I read your glance;  
You are *sans* news.

CONST. I am.

QUEEN. What a nuisance.

(*walks about in great agitation, followed by CONSTANCE*)

Oh, what is to be done?

CONST. Madam, don't give way so.

QUEEN. All's lost—I—it is so—say.

CONST. Pray don't say so.

QUEEN. None return.

CONST. Of hope I'll be diviner.

QUEEN. To fate they leave their *Queen*.

CONST. But they'll *rejoinder* (Regina).

It might be worse.

QUEEN. What could be worse, please mention?

CONST. Well—oh hang it!

QUEEN. I can't bear suspension.

CONST. Nay, laugh at this as *sport*.

QUEEN. (*trembling*) I feel *ch-chilly*.

This *s-sport* you call it's *S-pain*.

CONST. Oh, you're *so silly*.

QUEEN. (R. C.) Hark!

CONST. Hush.

QUEEN. What's this, 'twixt despair hope intervenes?

It must be—

CONST. It must—I don't know what she means.

(*looking off*) That horse, 'tis he!

QUEEN. (*offering to go*) Come, let's list while he recounts.

CONST. From his *wild steed*, wait here whilst he *dismounts*.

*Enter* D'ARTAGNAN, L., *crosses to* C., *kneeling to* QUEEN, R. C.

QUEEN. You're welcome. Come, your news—keep nothing hid.

D'ART. (C.) Most *sovereign* lady—that is, gracious *Quid*—

CONST. (L. C.) Have you the pearls? Your story tell compactly.

D'ART. Why, no.

QUEEN. (R. C.) What then? You've failed?

D'ART. Well not exactly.

It don't follow that—

QUEEN. Speak out.

CONST. No, don't.

I know, the Duke will bring them?

D'ART. No, he won't.

QUEEN. Explain, perplexity and doubt I stand amid.

CONST. You were too late and didn't see him?

D'ART. Yes, we did.

QUEEN. And spoke with him?

D'ART. Oh, yes.

CONST. I'm glad on't.

QUEEN. And he had lost the pearls?

D'ART. Oh, no, he hadn't.

CONST. He should by you have sent them.

D'ART. No, he shouldn't.

QUEEN. Surely you could have brought them?

D'ART. No, I couldn't.

CONST. Not popped them in your pocket! What has stopped them?

D'ART. That's just it.

QUEEN. What's it?

D'ART. He'd already popped 'em.

CONST. This is interesting!

QUEEN. Better, suspense ne'er ceases.

D'ART. And every month the interest increases.

He left them as a pledge.

CONST. Did he so scorn her?

QUEEN. And are they really pawned?

D'ART. Up *awn*, my honour.

CONST. What are they in for?

D'ART. Merely his fare o'er sea

To Dover.

QUEEN. (*holding her hand out*) The ticket; he don't get *dover* me.

D'ART. They have the ticket.

QUEEN. (*giving purse*) Fly and get them out.

D'ART. As swift as meditation—

CONST. Go there to spout.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM, L., crosses to QUEEN.*

BUCK. Stay.

QUEEN. Traitor, you've come more anguish to awaken,

D'ART. Her words don't take amiss.

BUCK. (*to QUEEN*) You are mistaken.\*

I never meant—

QUEEN. Don't with excuses dally,

Give him the ticket, act laconically.

BUCK. It's lost.

D'ART. Eh, gone?

QUEEN. I'm crazy going.

CONST. Not gone!

BUCK. I shall go off, if you keep *going on*!

QUEEN.  
R.

BUCKINGHAM.

D'ARTAGNAN.

CONSTANCE.  
L.

They're taken out.

D'ART. By whom?

BUCK. That we must find.

CONST. Then it's clear the *string of pearls* have been *purloined*.

BUCK. A female—by the description, I should say

Lady de Winter—last night went away,

Post haste from Calais.

CONST. She's a callous lot.

BUCK. She's come to Paris, and the pearls she's got!

QUEEN. At the *masquerade*, how shall I fate evade?

(to BUCKINGHAM) Those who would learn deceit, let 'em  
*ask your aid*.

To say "You're lost," false one! here you have run.

D'ART. Don't at him *yell*.

CONST. Oh! think what she's *saffron*.

D'ART. Be of good heart—the Musketeers, take note, oh,

E'en *foot to foot*, will fight for you in *toto*.

*Concerted Piece*.—"Perhaps He's on the Railway."

CONST. Lady de Winter find you must, and foil her wicked  
schemes;

Where she can be's the mystery that you've to solve it  
seems;

I saw her tried for larceny, but they could not agree,  
And discharged her with a caution—oh! wherever can  
she be?

D'ART. Perhaps she's on the railway, in a porter's place,

Perhaps she's on the jury, in the Tichborne case.

CONST. Perhaps she's hung, perhaps she's drowned, perhaps a  
*felo de se*,

Perhaps she's gone to Brigham Young, a Mormonite to be.

*Chorus*. Perhaps she's on the railway, &c.

D'ART. I saw her with a cancan troupe, in red morocco  
shoes,

I saw her on a stretcher tight, escorted by the Blues;  
I saw her with an organ, playing "You'll remember me,"

I never can forget her—oh, wherever can she be?

CONST. Perhaps she on the railway, a porter's place does  
fill,

Perhaps she's on the School Board, perhaps she's on  
the mill;

Perhaps she's hung, perhaps she's drowned, perhaps a *felo*  
*de se*,

Perhaps she's gone to Brigham Young, a Mormonite to be.

*Dance and exeunt*.

SCENE FIFTH.—*Gardens of the Louvre, illuminated for Merchant's Fête; the palace seen lighted in the distance; terraces and figures representing different nationalities, which are continued on the cloth; on the L. a dummy Highlander (life size) on pedestal; ATHOS, as a figure of Irishman, long frieze coat, broken hat, and shillelagh, on pedestal, R.; profile figures, R. and L.; behind these "Britannia," "Swiss Boy," &c.*

DE JUSSAC, POUCHET, and PROMENADERS, *masked, discovered.*

DE JUS. What are these figures, citizens?—d'ye know 'em?

POUCH. We are effigies of city customers show 'em.

This one is Scotland—a customer they state,

Except in one item, *snuff*, he's *nuffin* great.

DE JUS. And the lady—ah!—with the shield?

POUCH. Oh! she

Is called Britannia, said to rule the sea;

Deals with us in nick-nacks, laces, fans, sirs,

Fashions, adapting plays, and can-can dancers.

DE JUS. This?

POUCH. Ould Ireland—considered quite the thing.

DE JUS. You've got that answer *pat*. (*flourish of trumpets*)

OMNES. The King, the King!

*They rush off in a mob.*

MUSKETEERS *come down to front to music*—PORTHOS *from L.*  
ARAMIS, R., D'ARTAGNAN, C. *from R.*

D'ART. (C.) Report!

ARAM. (R.) Nothing to report.

PORT. (L.) Ditto here.

D'ART. Discovered nothing? Comrades, this seems queer!

ARAM. Ha, then, you have found out——

D'ART. Um!

PORT. What?—let's know.

D'ART. The difficulty of our project.

PORT. } Oh!

ARAM. }

D'ART. We vowed to save the Queen.

ARAM. We did, that's plain.

We can't do more.

D'ART. Yes; we can vow again.

Come by day, by night, what horrid work soe'er.

ARAM. Propose the oath.

D'ART. Swear by my sword.

ATHOS. (*the figure on pedestal*) Swear!

(*they look round in astonishment*)

D'ART. (*to PORTHOS*) Did you?

PORT. No.

D'ART. (*to ARAMIS*) *Aramis*, this sport you rue will.

ATHOS. Whisht, boys!

ARAM. 'Tis Athos!

ATHOS. 'Tis! *arrah, me*, jewel!

D'ART. How dare a dummy speak? I'll stop his jeering.

ATHOS. Keep your distance—don't be domineering.

D'ART. Why this disguise?

ATHOS. I'm hiding from my wife.

D'ART. Ha! is she here?

ATHOS. She is. Upon my life

I thought as a *staytue* she'd not know me thin,

D'ART. She'll never know you, faith, the *state yer* in.

ARAM. He's caught a brogue—

ATHOS. From the clothes. (*they groan derisively*)

Truth I've spoken.

D'ART. His English, like all foreigners, is *broguen*.

ATHOS. I'm comin' down.

D'ART. No, you may be useful there,

Take care!

PORT. Somebody coming!

ATHOS. Hough! as you were.

*Strikes position as before—MUSKETEERS rush off different entrances as LADY DE WINTER in domino enters,*

*L. 2. E. followed by ROCHEFORT, they raise their masks.*

LADY DE W. (*speaking as she enters*) No faltering, Rochefort, vengeance is at hand.

I'll wait here.

ATHOS. (*frightened*) It's Charlotte.

ROCHEFORT. I understand.

LADY DE W. Leave the rest to me.

ROCHEFORT. You got the Queen's dress?

LADY DE W. Mum!

By swearing to her modiste she wouldn't come.

ROCHEFORT. Her domino becomes you.

ATHOS. Oh, the fox!

ROCHEFORT. When you meet his majesty don't spare hard knocks.

LADY DE W. Fear not. Ha, ha! for so I hate her highness.

*Exit ROCHEFORT, L. 2. E.*

There is no lowness at which I'd show a shyness.

This figure of her (*looking at ATHOS*) is not a striking likeness,

Yet to strike it as her, I've a liking strikeness. (*draws poniard, L. C.*)

Or with poniard to demonstrate it further. (*going to him with tragic stride*)

As I this sawdust calf do pierce. (*about to stab his leg*)

ATHOS. Och, murther! (*she starts back and looks round*)

LADY DE W. Some nightbird. (*takes casket from under domino*)

This casket weighs me down, is there  
No hollow oak, crevice, or burrow near,—  
Some safe bank where in secret I can stock it  
'Till interest needs it? Ah! the figure's pocket.  
(*puts casket in pocket of ATHOS' coat*)

ATHOS. (*aside*) A pillar post is it?

*Enter KING, L., followed by masqueraders and ROCHEFORT, who beckons them to follow him off—they exeunt at back.*

LADY DE W. Ah, masks, flocks of 'em!  
And dominoes in dozens, quite a box of 'em. (*lowers mask*)  
The King! Fate aids my plans,—Sire.

KING. You'd with us speak.  
Ha! that costume—the brocade I bought last week.  
'Tis Anne.

LADY DE W. (*aside*) He's taking me for the Queen, I vow.

ATHOS. (*aside*) He'll never get a worse take in, anyhow.

KING. Anne, of the happy day that married me,  
To-morrow is the anniversaree.

LADY DE W. Then, if not *any verser*, be delighted.

KING. D'ye *any verse* remember I recited?  
Some song.

LADY DE W. (R. C.) Yes; I said, "For Annie's carriage shout!"  
And you sung, is there "*Any Lorry* there about?"

KING. (L. C.) No, 'twas, (*sings*) "Take this *trousseau*, 'tis thine,  
love."

LADY DE W. *True so*, it was.

KING. Some pearls were in it, above

All prized—where are they? Speak!

LADY DE W. Shan't!

KING. Rage! I smother!

Of women you're the vilest.

LADY DE W. You're another.

KING. You gave them Buckingham!

LADY DE W. Don't at me, sir, stamp.

KING. I'll have the proof, and then—

ATHOS. (*aside, changing his position*) Oh, I've got the cramp!

KING. (*crossing, R., to foot of pedestal*) He dies,

LADY DE W. Spare him.

KING. Never!—his crimes you share.

Traitor!

LADY DE W. Wretch!

KING. Fury!

LADY DE W. Cassowary, there!

Now do your worst !

KING. Am I awake or no ?

Here, some one pinch me, kick me, strike me ! Oh !  
(*having his face R., ATHOS strikes him—he believes he is struck by LADY DE WINTER*)

Rash woman !

LADY DE W. (*about to go*) Rasher, not to save my bacon.

*Enter ROCHEFORT, L. 1 E.*

ROCHEFORT. My lord, the Duke of Buckingham is taken !

KING. Taken ill ?

ROCHEFORT. No, my lord.

LADY DE W. Good gracious ! No.

What is the legitimate a coming toe ?

*Enter BUCKINGHAM, guarded, L.*

'Tis he—I claim this hand for the next dance.

(*LADY DE WINTER crosses to L., and throws herself into BUCKINGHAM'S arms*)

KING. Ho, Guard !

*Enter more GUARDS, and the MASQUERADERS.*

An insult to the King of France !

To the Bastille ! with crime too deep she's tainted !

Tear off her mask !

LADY DE W. Wretch, can't you see I've fainted ?

(*DE JUSSAC tears off LADY DE WINTER'S mask*)

KING. (*astonished*) Lady de Winter, d'ye know the man you'd cozen ?

LADY DE W. Louis Thirteen, surnamed the Baker's Dozen.

KING. Where's the Queen ?

*Enter QUEEN, followed by CONSTANCE, R.—BUCKINGHAM goes up.*

QUEEN. Here—what is it ?

KING. (*C., after looking at QUEEN*) She too has them not.

Seize her—him—she—they—take in charge the lot.

Such base disloyalty was never seen.

Why am I not obeyed ?

ROCHEFORT. (*with line of GUARDS L., drawing and making a movement*) The King !

(*MUSKETEERS with drawn swords rush through, crowd down R. C., and in line protect the QUEEN*)

MUSKETEERS. The Queen !

D'ART. You must carve a passage, Rochefort, persevere,  
Through each Musketeer, if you must get here.

BUCK. (*coming down and taking position with them*) I'll join you, though my fighting bump's not large.

ATHOS. (*on pedestal aside*) Order for the Balaclava charge!

KING. (*C., at back*) Drive them back!

(GUARDS make a movement, but again fall back as MUSKETEERS start into position of defence—in the scuffle LADY DE WINTER gets pricked by the GUARDS' spears, and clings to the KING)

LADY DE W. Oh, oh!

KING. Don't on my arm languish.

QUEEN. What am I charged with?

KING. The pearls.

(ATHOS takes pearls from casket in L. pocket, and puts them into R., unperceived by others)

LADY DE W. (*still in pain*) Oh, anguish!

See, she's guilty. To the Duke she gave them;

He gave them me; I, from risk to save them,

Put them in yon scarecrow's Ulster.

ATHOS. (*aside*) Oh, musha!

Begorra!—likewise bedad!—that's a crusher!

(KING goes to pedestal, MUSKETEERS opening to let him pass, and takes casket from ATHOS'S pocket—goes to L. C., followed by all the CHARACTERS except QUEEN, CONSTANCE, and ATHOS)

KING. What's here? (*searching*) Ha! the contents! then I'm contented.

ATHOS. (*to QUEEN*) Whist!

CONST. Who spoke?

ATHOS. The dummy—look.

QUEEN. I'm demented!

ATHOS. (*taking pearls from his pocket and throwing them over her head*) Put your pretty head in and defy them, dear.

KING. (*having opened casket*) Empty! (*general surprise, and all fall back from KING to their places*) Where are they?

QUEEN. (*advancing*) Where they should be—here.

(the KING rushes wildly and embraces QUEEN, shouting "Innocent! Innocent!"—the CROWD cheer—ATHOS hurroo's on pedestal—all look up, and he endeavours to fall into a statuesque position.)\*

\* MUSKETEERS. BUCKINGHAM.

ATHOS. MASQUERADERS. ROCHEFORT.

CONSTANCE. KING. QUEEN. LADY DE WINTER.

R.

L.



D'ART. Come down. (ATHOS *jumps down, taking off his hat*)

LADY DE W. Alias Jones.

KING. You down from that *there* place.

ATHOS. Descent, sire, was easy; you were such a *stare-case*.

KING. (to QUEEN) Forgiven!

QUEEN. Yes!—am I?

KING. Yes.

QUEEN. Best of men!

I've nothing done, and won't do it again.

(*general cheer—KING and QUEEN go to R.*)

LADY DE W. May you be happy! The sweetest thing in life,

The bringing together is of man and wife.

ATHOS. (R. C.) I don't like *sweet* things.

LADY DE W. Then from *this hour* we're parted.

I'll intact sigh hence, while you'll be broken hearted.

QUEEN. Gentlemen. (MUSKETEERS *advance*, C.) Good assistance you've afforded;

Your services shall not go unrewarded.

D'ART. (with CONSTANCE, L. C.) Here's my reward.

CONST. A poor waiting maid!

D'ART. What fear?

All girls are waiting maids till married, dear.

LADY DE W. Nobody takes me by the hand. (to audience)

Will you

Say "Bless you, Charlotte?" Thank you; that'll do.

CONST. Smile, and assure us we approval win.

THREE MUSKETEERS. (*saluting*) For the Three Musket-Dears!

D'ART. (*coming forward, same business*) And a little one in.

*Finale.—"March of Military Life."*

CHORUS. All's past, we fain a favour now would ask,

Autumn campaign, imagine was our task;

Manœuvres done, we've warred in fun,

Be umpires you, and say we've won.

Our efforts cheer, in kindly Hampshire way,

Like them you know, it is our first essay;

Calm our fears, with smile that cheers,

And stand at ease the Musketeers.

(*all march forward, and retire in lines during the chorus, and salute at end*)

POUCHET. MASQUERADERS.

ROCHEFORT. GUARDS.

PORT. ARAM. ATHOS. D'ART. CONST.

KING. QUEEN.

LADY DE W. BUCK.

R.

L.

**Curtain.**