

LACY'S ACTING EDITION.

ROMULUS AND REMUS.

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A New Classical Burlesque.

WRITTEN BY

R. REECE,

(Member of the Dramatic Authors' Society.)

AUTHOR OF

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122, NASSAU STREET.

First performed at the Vaudeville Theatre (under the management of Messrs. D. James and T. Thorne),
on 23rd December, 1872.

A new Classical Burlesque, entitled

ROMULUS AND REMUS!

Being a new STORY, on an old FOUNDATION, and written by R. REECE.

The Scenery by Mr. J. LEITCH. The Music arranged by Mr. A. W. NICHOLSON. Properties and Masks by Mr. W. BURDETT. Machinery by Mr. THOMPSON.

Characters.

ROMULUS } (<i>twins—founders of Rome; remarkable instances of precocity, and justly earning</i>	{ Mr. D. JAMES.
REMUS } (<i>their title of Ancient Rum-uns</i>)	{ Mr. T. THORNE.
NUMITOR Mr. H. ELTON.
TATIUS Miss LIZZIE RUSSELL.
MOST APPIUS Miss NELLY WALTERS.
PILIUS COCLES Miss FANG.
TITUS ASPARAGUS Miss A. LANG.
APOLLO Miss NELLY POWER.
THE WOLF (the Nurse of the twins according to the legend; really a type of future Mrs. Gamps)	... Miss C. FENTON.
BACCHARIA (sister to Tattius; a lady in the matrimonial market, and a very shrewd customer)	... Miss MARIA RHODES.

Soldiers, Citizens, and Classical Tag, Rag, and Bobtail.

SCENE 1.—THE SITE OF ROME! SCENE 2.—ANOTHER SIGHT OF ROME!!

SCENE 3.—THE FORUM!!!

ROMULUS AND REMUS.

SCENE FIRST.—*The Site of Rome. A hilly landscape with fine foliage. Six mountain tops appear, and the stage represents the summit of a seventh, below which is seen the Tiber and a vine country; a rude stone cottage, R. 3 E.; at back of stage, C., a mound of turf masked with foliage, to work back, R. and L.—Music as curtain rises.*

Enter from cottage, R. 3 E., NUMITOR followed by the WOLF.

NUMITOR. (L. C.) Glorious Apollo! after such a night of it,
It quite surprises me you *make so light of it.*

WOLF. (R. C.) Peace! on your invocations put restraint;
You're nothing, if not classical, you ain't.

Besides, you'll wake the twins——

NUMIT. Oh! stuff and nonsense!

WOLF. Hard-hearted man! d'ye feel no *twins* of conscience?

My love for them poor children is that deep——

NUMIT. Well, I adore 'em, when they're fast asleep!

My life's a burden, what with one and t'other.

WOLF. Ah! it's too plain you never were a mother.

NUMIT. Ten years ago you dragged 'em from yon tide,
Floating, with thumbs in mouth, close side by side,
Deserted by their parents and their pet nuss,
You brought 'em up.

WOLF. Thereto I stand as *wet nuss*!

'They ain't no common foundlings, *I* can see.

NUMIT. Apollo, aid them! (*chord*)

Enter APOLLO, R. 4 E.

APOLLO. (*crossing, C.*) Ah! who calls on me?

NUMIT. Phœbus himself!

APOL. King Numitor disguised!

NUMIT. Hush! I'm in trouble! don't look so surprised!

APOL. Down on your luck?—sold up!

NUMIT. (L.) Pray, not so loud.

APOL. I know what 'tis, friend, to be under a cloud!

Though a bright chap when *out*, at times, you know,
I get the vapours, and then *in* *I* go;

Between me and the earth dark shadows fall——

In Britain, now, I seldom shine at all——

WOLF. (R.) Except as a musician.

APOL.

I agree!

I'm a distinguished foreigner you see.

My poetry goes down, perhaps the best,

Though, even that, at times will lose its zest;

Like fair complexions, some (oh! insult crowning!)

Won't look at *any son*, for fear of *browning*.

*Song—APOLLO—"Le Tour du Cadran."**

Look at me well! but your eyes pray be shading,

Rays such as mine are for mortals too bright;

These are the gleams that you grieve to see fading,

When I get weary and give way to night;

Soon as I rise all your earth wakes to gladness,

High on the hill tops the little birds sing,

'Neath my soft glow e'en the poor lose their sadness— } *bis.*

Warmth to the world I impartially bring!

Look at me well! glowing, graceful and slender,

Free for a time from my home in the clouds;

Countries there are, where to see me in splendour

People will flock to their windows in crowds!

When the year fades, and 'tis bleak chill November,

And darkly the reign of the winter's begun,

When Nature's in gloom and in sorrow, remember } *bis.*

How gladly you welcome a gleam of the sun!

(NUMITOR at end of song gets round to R.)

APOL. How fare the twins?

WOLF. (R. C.)

The angels, good as gold,

Where have they got to, drat 'em both!

APOL. (*going up stage and stands*, R. C.)

Behold!

(*Music—the leaves part*, C., and ROMULUS and REMUS are discovered asleep on two banks, they are dressed in pinafores, socks and shoes, and carry toys and a box of bricks each)

In these two faces (somewhat needing soap)

Observe and reverence an empire's hope.

This open mouth, Rome's eloquence discloses,

(REMUS yawns)

That snub, the type of future Roman noses;

(ROMULUS sneezes)

That chubby fist, means as it's tightly curled,

Any amount of "one-ers" to the world.

* Published by HOPWOOD & CREW, 42, New Bond Street.

This tiny foot which peeps through many a hole,
Rome's iron heel! (ROMULUS *sticks foot up*) Also her lofty
sole.

First of a race to bid all nations quake,
Twin founders of immortal Rome, awake! (*Music stops*)

(APOLLO, NUMITOR *and* WOLF, *stand by door of hut, R. and watch*—ROMULUS *and* REMUS *wake, and secretly kick each other*—ROMULUS *says in a choked whisper*, "Brother kicked me in my dreams." *They rise and start off into a wild hornpipe meeting face to face*—ROMULUS *is thin and melancholy*—REMUS *stout and cheerful*)

REMUS. (R. C.) So you're awake at last?

ROMULUS. (L. C., *blows trumpet*) What's that to you?

REMUS. Nothing! you've only kicked me black and blue

Throughout the live-long night in ev'ry part

You've tried the toeing and the *heeling art*.

ROM. (*swallowing bull's-eye*) I dreamt I was a king.

REMUS. Ah! on my waking.

I feel that *I*, aye, ev'ry inch was *aching*.

Duet.—"Josephus Orange Blossom."

ROM. We're a very funny pair of little creatures,

REMUS. As any one with half an eye can see;

ROM. We're twins alike in feelings and in features,

REMUS. And we represent an ancient fam-i-lee.

ROM. The classics we're considered very pat in,

REMUS. At Oxford soon we hope to make a shine;

ROM. Our native tongue of course you know is Latin,

REMUS. But at present we're afraid it is canine.

BOTH. { Quid pro quo! quantum suff!
This is what we used to sing in nurse's lap;
Sine die, cent per cent, nil desperandum,
Tantum quantum, hunkey dorum, verbum sap!

ROM. We give our minds a good deal up to thinking,

REMUS. Although it can't be said we ever cram;

ROM. We're very good at eating and at drinking,

REMUS. And the Latin word we like the most is "*jam*."

ROM. At times I grieve to state, we have exceeded,

REMUS. As little things like us will often do;

ROM. And then a slight corrective has been needed—

REMUS. I'll tell you what is done in Latin too!

BOTH. { Recipe! nocte sum!
You're both in very great per-ic-u-lum;
Tum dicet doctor ille medicinæ.
"Fiat haustus in a cochle-a-ri-um!"

ROM. Judged by your size, result of ceaseless fare,
 You'll not be a *light sovereign* I'll swear.
 What makes you stout, and me to bone inclined?
 You represent gross matter! I am *mind*!
 Within this breast a startling feeling comes,
 That seems to whisper——

REMUS. Ah! I know it—plums!

ROM. Beast! thy low soul conceives no noble question!
 What! call "divine afflatus" indigestion!
 Stick to your hard-bake! live your life at home,
 Don't talk to *me*! I'm going to build Rome.

(*sits with box of bricks, L. C.*)

APOL. (*at back, R.*) You hear?

REMUS. (*sitting with box of bricks, R. C.*) And so am I.

ROM. (*shoving him off*) You've got my place.

REMUS. Push me like that again, I'll slap your face.

ROM. There! (*pushing him—REMUS roars*)

REMUS. There! (*hits him—ROMULUS blubbers*)

NUMIT. (*at back, R.*) Oh! part them, there'll be such a scene!

APOL. (*delighted*) Young warriors!

WOLF. Young *worriers* you mean!

ROM. A blow! shall I my thought of vengeance smother?

No! Fate within me whispers, "Whack your brother!"
 (*hits him*)

REMUS. An 'it! to pass this over were a sin.

Come on! and Mars assist this twin, *to win*.

(*they spar at each other—APOLLO turns REMUS into R.
 corner and boxes his ears, he blubbers*)

APOL. (C.) The God of Harmony all strife assuages,
 Hold! nor destroy the history of ages.

REMUS. (R.) He hit me first.

ROM. (L. C.) I didn't!

REMUS. Oh! you sneak!

He hates me 'cos I'm pretty!

ROM. Let me speak!

(*to APOLLO*) What mountain's this? (and you just hold
 your noise)

APOL. The Palatine! (*sings*) It's the Palatine, my dear boys!

BOTH. Ha! ha!

ROM. Well, there's no spot on earth can e'er compare to
 One of these "natural hills that Rome is heir to."
 And here I mean to build. (*sits with box, L. C.*)

REMUS. And so do I.

You ain't so wonderful! (*sits with box, R. C.*)

ROM. Well, you just try!

REMUS. These trumpery materials I call
 Rather a *small type* for a *capitol*.

APOL. Example they afford worth going arter,
Unite like bricks.

ROM. Bricks, I'm a regular *martyr*!
Why was I born a twin?

REMUS. And I another?
I take it very mean of my dear mother!

ROM. I feel that I'm the eldest.

REMUS. So do I!

APOL. This is the important question we're to try.
(to WOLF, who has come down, R.) What's your opinion?

WOLF. (R.) Folks good judges deem us. (*thoughtfully*)
Perhaps it's Romulus, perhaps it's Remus.

NUMIT. (*extreme*, R.) It ain't of much importance I'll engage;
What matters half a minute *in an age*?

APOL. (to REMUS, R. C.) What evidence show you?

REMUS. (R. C.) What won't surprise;
I rest my claim upon superior size.
Nature perceiving, "true grit" and "no shoddy,"
Made me thus "double stout" with "extra body."

APOL. So then, your *bulk* of power is emblematic:
Your evidence is weighty.

REMUS. It's *em-phat-ic*!

ROM. (L. C.) Though at our birth (when both kicked up a
shine),

His cry was *stout*, mine was the *elder whine*!
Hence this thin body, wise folks say who've been here,
"We're sure you are the *elder* now we've *seen* yer,
Also *top sawyer*!"

APOL. Well, it's plain to me,
I only can decide by augury.

ROM. I'll be a king whether Fate like or lump it.

APOL. Whenever the game's doubtful Hoyle says——

(*trumpet sounds*)

REMUS. *Trumpet!*

APOL. Your warlike fame the Sabine King outcalls.

Retire, old folks—and boys look out for squalls!

Music—Exeunt NUMITOR and WOLF into hut, R. 3 E.—

ROMULUS, REMUS and APOLLO retire up stage, R.

*Enter, L. 3 E., TATIUS, BACCHARIA, MOST APPIUS, PILIUS
COCLES, TITUS ASPARAGUS and SOLDIERS*—Ballet.*

TAT. (L. C.) This is the shepherd's hut, no doubt, (*sees APOLLO*)
and he

The shepherd's self!

BACC. (C.) Now then, at last to see

* REMUS. APOLLO. ROMULUS.

GUARDS. GUARDS.

BACC. TATIUS. MOST A. ASPAR. PILIUS.

Those doughty warriors whose robber fame
Has kindled in this breast a sudden flame.
For should defeat remove that boy's protection,
My eyes I *must* turn in some new direction.
I'm but a simple thing, but think I should
Look out myself at once for something good.

TATIUS. These daring chiefs,—oh, for the chance of killing
'em!—

Wild as that bull so lately killed at Chillingham,
Swept o'er the plains, like storms in wint'ry weather,
Seized on our *flock*, and left us out of *feather*.
Each simple herdsman did they make a victim,
And adding injury to insult, kicked him.

He heeds us not. Won't the young fellow speak?

MOST A. Can this be ignorance, or is it cheek?

I'll put a question he shan't dare to miss,

And bring him to the *point* at once, of this. (*draws sword*)

ASPAR. (L.) Draw on a clown! use force your words to aid.

MOST A. Well, there! (*sheathing sword*) I know I'm a good-
temper'd blade.

Beside the chance of battle is untoward,

Most likely this same *shepherd* is a *coward*!

TATIUS. Where be these dreaded foes?

BACC.

Methinks I see

Their martial mien! their soldier symmetry.

(ROMULUS *sucks toffy*)

The one broad-chested, stern, with will of iron;

(REMUS *makes grimaces*)

The other fair, and lovely as Lord Byron!

Both like God-Mars! as painted by tradition——

(*suddenly*) But this, of course, is merely supposition.

ASPAR. (*seeing ROMULUS and REMUS*) I'll ask these children!

TATIUS. Do; they don't look clever.

APOL. (*bringing them forward, R.*) This is your chance, dear
boys, it's now or never.

Behold the foes you seek. (GUARDS *advance*) All right;
no fuss!

I'll introduce them! Remus! Romulus!

ROM. } What vision fair does on my senses shine!

REMUS. } I see my fate, she must, she shall be mine.

(*they say this together, coming face to face at the last
word, and turn up stage, R., indignantly*)

TATIUS. My foes!

BACC.

My heroes!

TATIUS.

Are my senses sane ones?

These are two children.

BACC.

Yes, and very plain ones.

- I wonder, though, who is that handsome one. (*to APOLLO*)
 Are you their father, sir? (*going, R. C.*)
- APOL. (R.) No! I'm their *sun*!
- TATIUS. Two little boys! they made me tremble, drat 'em.
 Two very little boys—Up guards, and at 'em!
 (*GUARDS advance—REMUS and ROMULUS stay them*)
- REMUS. (C.) What! little boys! These facts we'd better state, man.
 Let's see, last week you missed your water rate man!
- OMNES. (*except APOLLO*) We did!
- REMUS. No matter! (*crosses to R. C.*)
- ROM. (*advancing, C.*) Income tax I learned
 Call'd here, it don't appear that he returned.
- OMNES. No; he did not!
- ROM. No matter! (*crosses to R. C.*)
- REMUS. (*advancing, C.*) Once you had
 A pet policeman; a congenial cad! (*crosses to R. C.*)
- ROM. (*advancing, C.*) Robertus Frigidus Muttonus!
 (*crosses to R. C.*)
- REMUS. (*advancing, C.*) State
 If he's been seen on duty, sir, of late!
 We may be children, but if you'd be chief, oh,
 I may remark "*Haud convenit Josepho!*" (*crosses, R. C.*)
- ROM. (*advancing, C.*) And if you seek o'er us to come your bosh,
 "*Lavabit nunquam!*" Latin! it won't wash!
- TATIUS. (*drawing sword*) This is too much!
- BACC. (R. C.) To boast of deeds audacious.
- TATIUS. Too callous!
- ROM. *Calais!* Don't be *Ostend-Tatius!*
- BACC. Yield, to two boys! the thought is too atrocious
- REMUS. Indeed, miss, you'll find us most precocious.
- TATIUS. A thought! if victory should desert our arms,
 I have a chance left in Baccharia's charms.
 That gushing, artless thing, for all I *can* see,
 Perhaps, I say, *perhaps*, might take their fancy.
 Impossible! No more this insult may
 Pass unavenged!
- OMNES. Down with the traitors!
- APOL. (*crossing to C.*) Stay!
 Fate through Apollo speaks!
- TATIUS. Oh, I don't care.
- ROM. It's in the myth.
- REMUS. What? Shut up Lemprière!
 The story says you yield——
- TATIUS. To which?
- ROM. }
 REMUS. } To me!
- APOL. This must be settled now, at once, I see.

MOST A. (*to APOLLO*) Do I behold the sun ! at once I'll say
 The proper thing ! Give us a light !—*a-ray !*
 (*crosses to him*) Hail, matchless Lucifer ! Great orb divine,
 The world's at peace whene'er *you* make a shine.
 Our hearts (just like the sky) feel rarefaction,
 And all the earth hails thee her Sol attraction !

APOL. Shut up, I say ! Lights down, and thunder there !
 (*thunder—lights down*)

The thing done in "Medea," you're aware.

BACC. (R.) Apollo's self ! a gay young spark they rate him,
 I wonder would it pay to fascinate him !

ROM. (L. C.) Excuse me, there's one item out of place,
 You haven't got a red glare on your face.

(*a red light shines on APOLLO*)

REMUS. (R. C.) The public will have (though to me it's pills),
 The classic drama ! well, they have their *Wills !*

APOL. One manager, this line keeps without swerving—

BACC. And he succeeds !

POM. But not without *deserving* (*his Irving*)
 (*thunder—tableau—chord*)

APOL. (C.) Jove, (from the "Court,") says, though we seem
 grotesque,

He begs you won't mistake this for burlesque. (*Music*)

THE SPELL.

APOL. All with rev'rence standing by,
 Hear the sun-god's augury,
 Clear, great Jove, this dreadful pother
 Show by signs the elder brother !
 And since, like feeble mortals, you
 Don't mind a "tip" for what you do,
 Hear what gifts to thee they'll spread
 When this puzzling riddle's read.

TATIUS. (L. C.) Comic paper, looked at twice !

BACC. (R.) Coal at reasonable price !

MOST A. (L.) Treaty which no nation shirks !

REMUS. (R. C.) Politeness from the Board of Works !

TATIUS. Flogging spared for Taylor's sake !

BACC. Royal boots of Odger's make !

REMUS. Proof that Shakespeare ever drew !

ROM. (L. C.) Plot of "Babil and Bijou" ! (*music stops*)
 (*loud thunder—lights up*)

That last nick'd Jove ! you heard his awful thunder ?

REMUS. Of course, you bribed him with the greatest wonder !

BACC. (*running up C., looks off, L. U. E.*) What speck is that ?
 a flock of birds I'm thinking.

APOL. Jove sends the sign ; 'twill now be cleared like winking.

MOST A. They come! (*excitement*)

OMNES. Look out!

REMUS. (*C. jumping up*) I saw them first, what fun!

APOL. Who sees the most is elder.

REMUS. (*tremendous excitement*) I see—one!

(*large GOOSE flies across stage from L. U. E.*)

ROM. I don't think *you* your augury need bless,
When my turn comes, it's plain I can't see less.

Enter WOLF and NUMITOR from cottage, R.

WOLF. (*down, R.*) My old goose flown.

NUMIT. (*down, R. C.*) The question's near solution.

BACC. Look out! Here comes Jove's second contribution.

TATIUS. The speck increases!

OMNES. See! this way they fly!

ROM. They! then they're plural!

(*two GEESE fly across stage, from L. U. E.*)

OMNES. Who's the winner?

ROM.

I!

REMUS. I shall appeal.

BACC. (*to ROMULUS*) I'll stick to *you*!

WOLF. {

Come home!

NUMIT. }

REMUS. We'll fight this out.

APOL. I'll back the winner!

ROM. (*in ecstasy*) ROME!

Concerted Piece—"First she would and then she wouldn't."

(*G. W. Hunt.*)*

APOL. As the matter now you've seemed to fix,
And you know what you've to do,
Just order in a thousand of bricks
And a lot of mortar too.

NUMIT. The oracle is now fulfilled,

TATIUS. To lose my crown I'm loth.

BACC. I wouldn't say yes, and I couldn't say no,
So I'll set my cap at both.

ROM. { First we would, and then we wouldn't,
Then we thought perhaps we couldn't;
REMUS. { Lively things! but, oh! we shouldn't,
Ain't we naughty, naughty boys.

APOL. I can see a noble city rise,
From this exile's lonely home.

BACC. I mean to keep the sharpest of eyes
On the one who's King of Rome.

* WOLF. NUMIT. BACC. REMUS. ROM. TAT. MOST A. ASPA. PILIUS.
R. R. C. C. L. C. L.

Enter TATIUS and FOLLOWERS, L. 2 E.

TATIUS. (L. C.) Still dallying! when ev'ry minute tells
On your attractions for these Roman swells.
You know your brother's vanquished; that his carriage,
And little comforts, hang upon your marriage.
Why, this delay? Have neither power to charm ye?
Look at the poor remainder of my army.

MOST A. (L. C.) The flow'r of ours! I can't my feelings stifle!
Unequalled—yes, we hadn't got a *rifle*!
Good ones to look at—got up well for show,
And good ones when the battle came—to go.
Our soldiers panic-stricken to a man—
Cut——

BACC. (C.) No, you didn't cut, *they* cut, you ran!

MOST A. And might have all escaped, 'tis clear as mud,
Had you but patronized a national stud.
Our cavalry's, I'm sure, sufficient proof
That nothing has been done, in their *be-hoof*.

TATIUS. Reduced to nil's the infantry you knew.

BACC. Our cavalry is *horse-de-combat* too.

APOL. Make up your mind, you still are young and pretty,
And you're the only woman in this city.

BACC. But which to choose; for there must be, you'll own,
One on the throne, and t'other *over-thrown*.

APOL. To-day decides it! under my protection,
She means to witness the first great election.
Fate showed the elder brother for one thing,
But votes alone decide who must be king.

TATIUS. Here is a gleam of hope! you can but choose it;
It's your last chance, Baccharia, don't lose it.
You cannot think—don't turn away and scoff!—
How terribly, my dear, you've fallen off.
The open camp once pleased me; but I'll say
That secret voting has its charms. Away!

Exeunt TATIUS and FOLLOWERS, L. 1 E.

BACC. You know their little failings, ev'ry one.

APOL. I do! there's nothing new, dear, under the sun.

*Duet—"Le Rci Carotte."**

APOL. Come, dear, and follow Pheebus Apollo
Don't heed a moment what they say,
I have a home, dear, beats others hollow,
Up in the blue, there, far away.

* By kind permission of Messrs. BOOSEY & Co.

Don't shed a tear, love; I have, I fear, love,
 Ever an eye for womanly charm.
 Come on "ma belle," you'll hear what I tell you,
 If you'll only take my arm.
 I'll hide you, hide you, hide you, through æther guide you,
 With a pretty home up above provide you,
 Hide you, hide you, hide you, and my ray
 Never shall your secret love betray, &c.

BACC. Excellent brightness! Winning politeness!
 Who could resist that warm appeal.
 Proverbs have said, though, often with triteness,
 Men vow much more than e'er they feel!
 Don't look so blank, you force me to thank you,
 Such condescension who could refuse?
 First let me try this chance, dear, and by this
 Bright sky above, 'tis as *you* choose.
 But hide, hide me, hide me, through æther guide me,
 With a pretty home up above provide me;
 Hide me, hide me, hide me, and your ray,
 Never shall my secret love betray, &c.

Exeunt APOLLO, R. 1 E., BACCHARIA, L. 1 E.

Enter L. 2 E., *arm in arm*, ROMULUS and REMUS, *they are about twenty-one*—REMUS *is thin*, ROMULUS *stout*.

ROM. (L. C.) Well, as I look upon the walls we're raisin'
 I *must* say, as a *builder*, it's a-mazin'!
 So well I've packed each stone and stopped each chink,
 They should have called me *Trowellus*, I think.

REMUS. (R. C.) Oh! *you* do everything! To spite cur feet,
 Who put Macadam down in ev'ry street?
 I've had it up, though, (all the State's my debtor),
 And put down asphalte, sir, *as felt* much better.
 With me good workmanship with art combines,
 You can't be ignorant of my designs.

ROM. No; though you've mixed my genius phosphoric
 Ionic with both front and the *back Doric*!
 Observe my services! folk can't ignore 'em.
 Look at the *market place* I've built, sir, *for 'um*.

REMUS. You name your works, and talk about 'em vollums,—
 I'd like to see you count up half my columns.

ROM. Your what *d'ye call 'ems*? Brag amongst your pals,
 I write *my* name in Roman Capitals!
 Be quiet, little boy; your envy smother,
 And learn to reverence your elder brother.

REMUS. Boy! but no matter! Down, wild palpitation!
 Now you've your city, where's your population?

ROM. Baccharia! My love, my fancy's queen,
 The only woman I have ever seen,
 Whose hair, that on her neck so sweetly capers,
 Like news, is generally *found in papers*.
 A flower I gave her once; refuse she can't,
 A simple flower, but whisper'd——

REMUS. It's a *plant*.

Duet—"Nerves."

ROM.	How terribly strange it is!
REMUS.	How odd it seems to be!
ROM.	Whatever I choose to do,
REMUS.	Is sure to be done by me.
ROM.	If ever I'm feeling glad,
REMUS.	The merriest fit I choose;
ROM.	And if for a change I'm taken sad
REMUS.	I'm always in the blues.
BOTH.	{ Whatever we do, there's one of the two, Who's certain to confuse. Oh! How terribly strange, &c.
REMUS.	I've got a small cast in my eyes.
ROM.	These optics slightly swerve.
REMUS.	My pride is the fall in my back.
ROM.	My joy is my Roman curve.
REMUS.	I practise the violin,
ROM.	I'm learning to play the fiddle—
REMUS.	Right and left I arrange my locks,
ROM.	And I part my hair in the middle.
BOTH.	{ Whatever I do, is done by you; Oh! fate pray solve this riddle. Oh! How terribly strange, &c.

(*they dance off R. and L. 1 E., then return*)

REMUS. I can't express to you the pain I suffer,
 In saying it, but, brother, you're a duffer!
 I am the happy man! Pride has a tumble!
 Your hopes of reigning, sir, are *all of a crumble*!

ROM. You dare to scoff at me, rebellious thing!
(*knocks his hat off*)

Uncover in the presence of your king!
 (*to audience*) This is historical!

REMUS. What! strike me, dare you?
 (*quietly*) Give me an earldom, and perhaps I'll spare
 you!

ROM. Your base insinuation I resent.
 I go in for the King and Parliament.

I mean to have things turned to please my bent,
I go in for the King and Parliament.

REMUS. Your Parliament's all ginger-bread! (How nice!)

I am a patriot and I'll have my price.

ROM. Defied! (*blows trumpet*) What, ho! my faithful guards
where be 'em?

*Music.—Enter from various entrances, APOLLO, BACCHARIA,
NUMITOR, WOLF, TATIUS, and FOLLOWERS, GUARDS,
EVERY ONE—Tableau as in "Charles I."*

REMUS. (R. C.—*to audience*) I say! they can't beat *that* at the
Lyceum!

APOL. (R. C.) What means this row?

NUMIT. (*extreme R.*) The boys a fighting! What?

WOLF. (R.) Any one ill?

ROM. (L. C.) Don't hang on me, I'm hot!

APOL. Hot? Yes, you *luke warm*!

BACC. (L. C.) But I say! heigho!

As you've been quarrelling, there'll be no show.

TATIUS. (L. C.) Put off the election! Shabby! Worst of jokes!

APOL. And all the Forum swarms with such queer folks!

ROM. (*starts*) My plan succeeds.

REMUS. (*starts*) Kind fate success has lent!

ROM. To get a city full I've been and sent

Halfpenny cards to all the thieves and plotters!

REMUS. Taylor, M.P., sends me some pet garotters!

ROM. He little knows! I shall be king, no fear!

REMUS. He hasn't of my dodge the least idea!

BOTH. Ha, ha!

BACC. (*crosses, C., to them*) Your answer! I'm oppressed with
fears,

And you've been on and off so many years!

ROM. Come, to the Forum!

REMUS. To the Forum! Come!

APOL. (*crosses, C.*) The trial will be made then!

ROM. Silence!

REMUS. Mum!

*Concerted Piece—"Spring, Spring, gentle Spring."
(T. Rivière.)*

ENSEMBLE. { King, king, who shall be king,
Younger, older, who's to know.
Ring, ring, let the place ring,
Bid the noisy trumpets blow.

ROM. Boys and girls come out to play,
APOL. Try and make a holiday.

BACC. Greet this season of the year,
 REMUS. Though things are so precious dear!
 NUMIT. You, who have your purses long,
 Sing with cheerfulness this song.
 Sing, sing, pray let us sing,
 ENSEMBLE. { Nothing goes down like these pets of boys!
 Row don't cost anything,
 Chorus, friends, let's make a noise!
They repeat chorus, piano, and glide off, R. and L.--
Change Scene.

SCENE THIRD.—*The Forum. Crowd cross the stage from L. to R., shouting; they carry banners with "Remus Rex," and a golden goose inscribed. "Romulus Rex," and two golden geese inscribed. Remus's banner is blue; Romulus's crimson; other flags inscribed "R. S. V. P.," "P. T. O.," "£ s. d.," "Q. E. D."—Music.*

Enter TATIUS and OFFICERS, L. U. E.

TATIUS. (C.) All seems prepared, I think the men are willing.
 I've tipped them all I could afford—a shilling.

MOST A. (L. C.) I told them that the coin was understood,
 As interest on their coming sovereign!

TATIUS. Good!
 The jest may pass, but as a rule, good folk,
 A Chancellor of the Exchequer shouldn't joke.
 Whene'er a jest that functionary cracks,
 Result is, as a rule, an extra tax!

MOST A. Your speech is ready. (*hands a scroll*)

TATIUS. Ha! it seems a plump one.
 Pray cut it short—I mean make it a stump one;
 I think it pays the best! That and effrontery
 Go down with vast effect, friend, in this country.
 How look our chances?

MOST A. Oh! you yet may reign,
 None but these youths oppose you.

Enter NUMITOR and WOLF, R. 2 E.

NUMIT. (*down, R.*) Sold again!
 I do!

MOST A. Mysterious shepherd——

WOLF. (*throwing off disguise, R.*) No, my dear;
 The King of Italy, a-man-you'll fear.

TATIUS. King Numitor! then these two boys, oh, spite.

NUMIT. My darling grandsons, and your Kings!

TATIUS. All right,

I'm off--a shilling wasted!

MOST A. (*aside to TATIUS*) Ah, but think,
Your sister——

TATIUS. (*aside*) Good! let's go and have a drink.
Baccharia, for years about I've carried you,
But no one yet has seen the point and married you.
For half my life I've hawked you through all lands,
Oh, fate, when will you take her off my hands?

NUMIT. We'll let remembrance of our strife begone.

MOST A. Come, then, a drink:

TATIUS. A drink! I'm off!

WOLF.

I'm on!

They exeunt, R. 1 E.

Enter from R. U. E., REMUS and CROWD, cheering.

REMUS. (C.) Garotters! Friends and workmen out on strike,
I hope you've all had everything you like. (*cheers*)
We mean to do the things that best beseem us,
And promise everything! well?

CROWD. Bravo, Remus!

REMUS. Remember, you've enlisted in *my* cause,
Don't give my brother's feats the least applause;
If for a speech he gets upon his legs,
Be ready, with the questionable eggs. (*cheers*)
And as his mouth he opens, my dear boys,
Blow every thing you've got that makes a noise. (*cheers*)
Now go! *Exeunt CROWD, L. U. E., cheering.*
My plans, I think, with one and 'tother,
Will make it rather hot for my dear brother. *Exit, R. U. E.*

Re-enter CROWD, L. U. E., cheering, followed by ROMULUS.

ROM. Friends! Romans! Murderers! and other beauties,
I hope you fully understand your duties.
Whatever feats he does with ostentation,
Make not the faintest sign of approbation. (*cheers*)
If he would speak, let some of you, most fit 'uns,
Spoil ev'ry point with cabbage stumps and kittens. (*cheers*)
Macadam being removed, work of that caitiff's,
Be *oyster shells*, my friends, your alter-natives.
If any very rounded period comes,
Look to your crackers and your kettle drums. (*cheers*)
Remember! I'm your man! Don't mind his fuss.
I am your King! Well——?

CROWD. Bravo! Romulus!

ROM. Now, go! Pray don't forget my last directions.

Exeunt CROWD cheering, R. U. E.

Remember! Purity in all elections.

Exit, L. U. E.

Enter APOLLO and BACCHARIA, L. 1 E.

APOL. (R. C.) A great excitement! 'tis a stirring scene;

But your indifference—what can it mean?

BACC. (L. C.) May I confess to you?

APOL. Of course, my dear!

BACC. It is the dreadful *exposé* I fear.

Why, as I stroll with you the streets along—

(*hesitating*) You see—it can't be helped—your light's so strong.

You—well—in fact—(*angrily*) Good gracious, can't you see?

APOL. Your hair dye's not what it assumed to be?

BACC. Nonsense! You might have guessed, but you're too slow.

(*confidentially*) You freckle me so terribly, you know!

APOL. Ah, few can brave the sun's light (*sad reflection*!)

Either on character or on complexion.

Are you decided?

BACC. I must wed the king.

Enter TATIUS, R. 1 E.

TATIUS. Decision then will be a puzzling thing

For both; but stay, our friends, this way incline them,

And the Great Incorruptible behind them! (*Music*)

*Enter OFFICERS, CROWD, NUMITOR, WOLF, every one from R. U. E.**

TATIUS. (C.) To try this question now we're all agog.

Apollo, do the honours, you gay dog.

APOL. (L. C.) "Gay dog!"—amend that phrase, I think you'd better.

(*reflecting*) Stay! in the evenings, though, I *am* a setter!

BACC. (*handing wand*) Pray take this wand and be a *pointer* too

APOL. (*drawing curtain at back*) A wondrous exhibition here you'll view!

The twins prefer persuasion to brute force,

And mean to try the most amusing course.

BACC. (L. C.) He will be made our king who proves most funny!
A popular idea!

APOL. (*aside*) And makes money! (*chord*)

ROMULUS and REMUS, *appear on the pose plastique table at back.*

There's a strong love for the antique; before you

You have the real thing I can assure you.

BALLET.

* PIL. NUM. WOLF. MOST A. TATIUS. APOL. BALLET. BACC. ASPAR.

ROM. Look here, this platform's wobbly. (*staggering*)

REMUS. (*staggering*) I can't stand!

Perhaps the wolf would kindly lend a hand.

WOLF. (*goes to platform*) This is the place where the machinery huddles.

ROM. } (*staggering*) Take care, please, of the models.

REMUS. } (*staggering*) Take care, please, of the models.

WOLF. (*attending to the platform*) Yah! the muddles!

BACC. Oh! should they hurt themselves! and for my sake!

APOL. Well, if these statues nose or arm should break,

What matter? Antiquarians of sense

Will value them the more some ages hence.

ROM. (*peeping through curtain*) Give us a toon, Apollo, there's a dear!

APOL. (*to LEADER*) Would you oblige us?

(*Music, "Jack Rag," piano*)

REMUS. (*peeping through curtain*) Holloa! Where's the beer?

WOLF. (*showing pewter pot*) I've got it! Statues! why should I be neuter?

(*comes forward*) Subject from Gulliver! Voyage to "La Pewter." (*drinks*)

(*curtains are drawn aside and discover ROMULUS and REMUS as statues—the curtains close at the end of each picture—the table revolves once round to each picture—APOLLO announces the pictures after ROMULUS and REMUS*)

REMUS. Ajax defying the lime-light.

ROM. I'm going to do Ajax—you do the lime-light.

(*REMUS pushes him over—WOLF picks him up—ROMULUS drinks—they push the table round and REMUS disappears—ROMULUS mounts platform*)

ROM. The Venus of Milo!

(*REMUS gets out sily and pushes platform round fast—ROMULUS staggers*)

APOL. Venus he represents most *à propos*.

She was a shaky character you know!

REMUS. (*on platform*) The Dyin' Boucicault—

I mean Gladiator!

ROM. (*reading from scroll*) Hercules and Ant—What?

(*comes to APOLLO*) Never knew he had an aunt?

TATIUS. Expound, and from uncertainty, pray free us.

APOL. (*reading*) Hercules and—why, of course—Antæus.

(*REMUS lifts ROMULUS, as if wrestling; REMUS objects; they sprawl down; REMUS announces*)

REMUS. Cupid and Psyche. (*laughter*)

ROM. The Three Graces. (*they strike attitude*)

BACC. Where's the third?

TATIUS. There should be three, perforce.

ROM. The grace is in our attitude, of course!

APOL. No, no, that trick won't serve.

REM. Well, I don't care!

Will you oblige us, Wolf, and step up there?

WOLF. With pleasure.

*(gets on platform—picture—they push WOLF off platform
—he balances a feather on his nose)*

TATIUS. Why stick persistently to the antique?

Do give us something modern and less Greek.

BACC. A good idea, show the shadows, pray,

Of those who will have statues in their day!

APOL. Here is a good occasion to rehearse,

The very subject which I've set to verse. ("Jack Rag,"
piano)

(proudly) My music! *(all laugh)* Oh, in days to come,
you'll see

That style achieve vast popularity.

Duet.—"Jack Rag." (Exhibition of Modern Characters.)

REMUS. In years to come, this scene we know
Will through the world resound.

ROM. And anxious hearts will be to hear
How Livingstone was found.

REMUS. Through many a wild and dreary place,
Brave Stanley had to go.

BOTH. { And when the two met face to face,
They stood just so!

ROM. A patriot's statue there shall rise
Who hates all royal fame;

REMUS. He won't accept a *sovereign* 'cos
It bears his monarch's name!

ROM. "Call it a pound," he'll cry, "perhaps,"
"I may not then say, no!"

BOTH. { But when he looks upon the coin,
He'll stand just so!

(other topical verses to this song ad lib.)

TATIUS. Well, friends, who wins? To a decision bring
This rivalry; whom name you to be king?

(loud shouts of "Romulus!" "Remus!")

BACC. It's worse than ever, always the same doubt!

ROM. *(jumping down)* Well, there's but one way left, that's
fight it out!

REM. *(jumping down)* My first suggestion, as you're all aware!

APOL. Justify history and Lemprière!

(Music—combat—REMUS falls)

TATIUS. He's down! What says mythology?

APOL. He dies!

ROM. Perhaps you'll like first to apologise.

REMUS. Never! I know it's time to change our places;
I had *you* down, friends, when you played Arbaces!
(*thunder*)

APOL. Stay! Jove forbids! Give history the slip,
And settle the affair by partnership.

ROM. What do you say? It's better than to die.

REMUS. A partnership? Not a bad thought. I'll try.
I think we shall get on. (*shakes hands*)

ROM. (*helping him up*) That's very pretty.

REMUS. And do you think that we shall fill this city?

ROM. That all depends. Be this our aim in view,
Try and make friends.

REMUS. And strive to keep 'em, too.

BACC. But what of me? To speak out here I'm loth—
But if you're partners now, I can't have both.

TATIUS. Come to your brother, love, we've got the worst;
I thought your case was hopeless from the first.

APOL. (*to audience*) We've built this nonsense for your
recreation,

Though, as you know, the myth has small foundation.

ROM. We've lots of room; without exaggeration,
We here invite the entire population.

REMUS. A proper bargain what the law allows is,
We'll keep on building, if you'll fill the houses!

TATIUS. I'm an ex-king, forgive me on that score!

BACC. Don't shut a blighted maid out, I implore;

WOLF. And don't you keep the Wolf, friends, from the door!

APOL. Bid us not lay this trifle on the shelf,
But let us live as long as Rome herself!

Finale—"First she would and then she wouldn't."

APOL. And now this simple nonsense ends,
And all must bid adieu;
Regard our faults like kindly friends,
And not with a judge's view.

NUMIT. To wile the time that might be long,
Is all the aim we seek.

BACC. So grant the quarter which the strong
Accord to all the weak.

ROM. { Don't be hard and say you couldn't!
Crush our spirits sure you wouldn't!
REMUS. { Spare the rod, although you shouldn't,
We're such naughty, naughty boys.

(*Chorus repeated*)

PILL. NUM. TAT. MOST A. REM. ROM. APOLLO. BAC. WOLF. ASP.
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- 1388 After the Party
- 1389 Shakespeare's Early Days
- 1390 Birds of Prey
- 1391 My Husband's Ghost
- 1392 Matchmaker
- 1393 Little Leigh
- 1394 Bride of Ludgate
- 1395 New Footman

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- 1396 Coals of Fire
- 1397 Cupid in Waiting
- 1398 Agreeable Surprise
- 1399 Manager in Distress
- 1400 Rival Pages [smiths]
- 1401 Love Laughs at Lock-
- 1402 Separate Maintenance
- 1403 Lucky Stars
- 1404 Cameramanian
- 1405 Aline
- 1406 Tower of London
- 1407 Master's Rival
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- 1413 Clari [Chickens, &c.]
- 1414 A Little Change
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- 1417 Siege of Rochelle
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- 1419 Three Musketeers
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- 1443 Anne Boleyn
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- 1445 Son of the Soil
- 1446 One too Many
- 1447 The Bells
- 1448 Shadows of the Past
- 1449 My Wife's Baby
- 1450 Behind a Mask
- 1451 Should this Meet the Ey
- 1452 Cut off with a Shilling
- 1453 Which is Which
- 1454 Leah, the Forsaken
- 1455 Romulus and Remus [Burlesque]

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- 1456 Awakening
- 1457 Obliging a Friend
- 1458 I Love You
- 1459 Furnished Apartments
- 1460 On Guard
- 1461 A Yule Log
- 1462 Montcalm
- 1463 Kenilworth (Drama)
- 1464 Two to One
- 1465 Up a Tree

COMPLETED (WITH INDEXES) IN ONE HUNDRED VOLUMES