

THE VERY LAST DAYS OF POMPEII!

A New Classical Burlesque.

WRITTEN BY

R. REECE,

(Member of the Dramatic Authors' Society.)

AUTHOR OF

Dora's Device ; Perfect Love, or Oberon's Triumph ; Little Robin Hood, or Quite a New Beau ; Whittington Junior, and his Sensation Cat ; Undine ; Brown and the Brahmins, or Captain Pop and the Princess Pretty Eyes ; The Stranger, Stranger than Ever ; Chilperic ; Prometheus, or the Man on the Rock ; Lady of the Lake Plaid in a New Tartan ; Ulf the Minstrel, or the Player, the Princess, and the Prophecy ; Castle Grim ; Love's Limit ; Game of Dominoes ; Farewell of the Fairies ; A Wild Cherry ; Knights of the Cross ; Wicklow Rose ; Agamemnon and Cassandra, or the Prophet and Loss of Troy ; Last of the Paladins ; Our Quiet Chateau (German Reed's) ; A Public Dinner (John Parry's) ; Honeydove's Troubles ; The Ambassadors ; A Fancy Fair ; Aladdin, or the Tale of a Moderator ; On the Road ; A Pleasant Evening ; Guy Mannering Disguised ; Ingomar, or the Noble Savage ; Latest Edition of the Lady of the Lake (Liverpool Edition) ; In Possession (G. Reed's) ; Keep Your Places ; Three Graces, or the Days of the Fays ; Faust in a Fog ; Paquita, or Love in a Frame, &c., &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

THEATRICAL PUBLISHER,
LONDON.

ARPECIDES (*Disciple of Ardaaces—"In stimulating his faith you have robbed him of wisdom"*
Vide Novel—Brother of Ione) ... Mr. THOMAS THORNE.

IONE (*the Belle of Pompeii—"one of those brilliant characters, which, but once or twice flash
 across our career,"—Vide Novel*) ... Miss LIZZIE RUSSELL.

NYDIA (*a Thessalian Flower Girl and Slave—"here was something ineffably gentle, and you
 would say patient in her aspect,"—Vide Novel*) ... Miss MARIE RHODES.

THE LION ... (*from Britain, warranted not to fight*) ... Master W. BUDDERT.

ATTENDANTS, GUARDS, SLAVES, GLADIATORS, &c.

The Scenes in the Arena by the Great Quadrillion Troupe especially engaged.



SCENE 1.—A FLASH HOUSE IN POMPEII.

SCENE 2.—PERISTYLE IN IONE'S HOUSE.

SCENE 3.—**THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE!**

AND ERUPTION OF VESUVIANS!!

First performed at the Vaudeville Theatre (under the management of Messrs. D. James and T. Thorne), on February 13th, 1872.

An Apropos Burlesque entitled

THE VERY LAST DAYS OF POMPEII!

Being a complete BULWER-SEMENT of the Classic Drama, by R. REECE.

The Music composed and arranged by Mr. A. NICHOLSON.

Characters.

GLAUCUS (a Greek, "of that beautiful symmetry from which the Sculptors of Athens drew their models"— <i>Vide Novel</i>)	MISS NELLY POWER.
SALIUST	}	MISS NELLY WALTERS.
DIOMED		(Pompeian Snells of the Immortal Type—"Noble Parasites"— <i>Vide Novel</i>)			MISS A. PHILLIPS.
BURBO	}	(an Ex-Gladiator and Trainer—"a Trian Wine-vendor"— <i>Vide Novel</i>)			MR. C. FENTON.
LYDON					MR. HENRY ELLTON.
SPORUS	}	(Gladiators—"We beat the beasts hollow!"— <i>Vide Novel</i>)			MR. W. BINDOFF.
NIGER					MISS LANG.
TETRAIDES	}				MR. A. AUSTIN.
ARBACES (The Egyptian Priest of Isis—"a deep, thoughtful, and half melancholy calm seemed unduly fixed in his majestic and commanding gaze"— <i>Vide Novel</i>)					MR. DAVID JAMES.

THE VERY LAST DAYS OF POMPEII.

SCENE FIRST.—*A Flash House in Pompeii; Burbo's Shop and School for Gladiators, R.; at back, C. and L., a View of the City of Pompeii (as in Drama).*

GLADIATORS *discovered drinking inside shop*; BURBO *at classical beer engine.*

Chorus—" *Généviève de Brabant.*"

Our fine profession lives in stor-y,
We members of the classic ring.

BURBO. Not too particular for glor-y,
We love to fight for anything.

LYDON. All the gay young Fancy court us,
And the ladies not a few.

BURB. The laws support us —
The laws support us,
Like the beasts in the British Zoo.

Chorus repeated.

SPORUS. (R.) Let's see! that makes eight amphoræ between us.

LYDON. (C.) It does: I'll pay the next. Wake up, Silenus!

BURB. (L. C.) Fair words to Burbo, scurrilous young stripling.
Have you a taste for fighting, as for tipping?

D'ye want before your time comes to be slaughtered?

LYDON. (*comes down, R. C.*) It's plain you wish it, selling wine
so water'd.

BURB. It's strong enough for you. Good judges say

They don't taste wine like this, sir, every day.

LYDON. (*sneeringly*) Forbid it, Bacchus! (*goes up again*)

BURB. (*angrily*) Tongues like yours want muzzling.

SPOR. He's drunk too much. (*LYDON drinks*)

BURB. (*to LYDON*) You *goose*, do leave off *guzzling*!

SPOR. (*crosses to BURBO*) Don't rouse him, he's a very bad
character.

(*whispers*) He is a disappointed Roman actor.

Besides, I've challenged him!

BURB. A reason strong

That he won't trouble Burbo very long.

(*SPORUS returns to R.*)

Come, Lydon! Friends! Sustain, sir, if you can.
 You've heard the song, "The grasp of an honest man."
(he grips LYDON, who howls with rage)

LYDON. Assist me now, ye mighty powers of rage!
 "Blood!" as I've often said upon the stage.
(Music—he seizes BURBO, they struggle)

Enter DIOMED, SALLUST and GLAUCUS, L. U. E.; they inspect the fight critically; the COMBATANTS pause on seeing the COMPANY.

BURB. The noble Glaucus!

GLAUCUS. *(comes C.)* Fighting! What's the office?
(to LYDON, R. C.) This is your "dark one," eh? Old
 Burbo's Novice.

A tidy fellow! Who'll take ten to one?

SALL. *(L.)* Sestertia of course. *(takes out betting book)*

GLAU. Yes!

DIOM. *(R. C.)* I will!

GLAU. *(taking out betting book)* Done!

You've trained a point too fine, amend that matter,
(to SPORUS) I'm sorry to observe *you're* getting fatter;
 You must *train down*? attend to, if you'd shine,
 The *up train* and the *down train* in your *line*.

SALL. Prophetic joke!

GLAU. And here excuse my stating,
 That this pursuit is highly elevating.

BURB. *(L. C.)* It's quite poetical.

SALL Oh, sweetly!

GLAU. I,

Happily born beneath a Grecian sky,
 Trained in the soft refinements of my nation,
 Hail anything that promises sensation.
 I've seen all sports since I was ten, or greener,
 From classic skittles to the grand arena;
 Languid myself, *my* rule's in all diversion
 To patronize vicarious exertion.

SALL. *(L.)* O, happy man!

BURB. A prince, as I'm a sinner.

GLAU. Burbo, remove these animals to dinner.

Music—Exit BURBO and GLADIATORS, R.

SALL. *(L. C.)* You're deuced lucky, Glaucus, on my word—
 Young, rich, good-looking, clever!

GLAU. *(C., not displeased)* Oh, absurd!

DIOM. *(R. C.)* Adored by all the women!

GLAU. Let me call
 That phrase of yours to order, friend—not "all."

SALL. You mean Ioné!

DIOM. You *shall* win her.

GLAU. Good!

Ioné! Ah, *I on'y* wish I could!

ARBACES *appears at back from*, L. U. E.

DIOM. I know she loves you, Glaucus.

ARBA. (*loudly, then disappearing*) Ha! (*chord*).

GLAU. Dear me!

SALL. I heard a strange remark!

DIOM. Let's go and see.

SALL. It seems to me the sound came from the garden.

GLAU. We'll go and sift this out.

Music—they are going up the stage, when—

ARBACES *enters*, L. U. E.

ARBA. (*quietly*) I beg your pardon!

GLAU. A party with the gloomiest of faces.

ARBA. I hope I don't intrude.

GLAU. (*bowing*, R. C.) The great Arbaces!

ARBA. (C.) Too much of my poor gifts, my lords, you say,

I have a little credit though that way.

I'll not deceive you, 'neath my native sun,

The Truthful and the Beautiful are one.

(GLAU. 'Twas he that bellowed "Ha!" at that strange crisis,

He makes my blood run *cold*, this priest of *Isis*.

(*to him*) You're dreaded much.

ARBA. (*smiling*) Each superstitious ass

Lifts up his toga, thus, to let me pass;

They take as serious what's meant for fun,

Faint when I rub two rabbits into one.

A friendly meeting I have often marr'd,

By gloomily remarking, "Take a card." (*he offers one*

suddenly—they all shrink)

(*aside*) The Latin mind is weaker than I wish,

It's overcome by tricks with bowls of fish.

I never *can* from this conviction turn 'em,

That when I borrow handkerchiefs I burn 'em.

That real watches, rings, and hats are smashed,

That 'tis a pigeon in the paper squashed!

From such I turn half smilingly, half sadly,

Merely observing that I *don't do badly*!

GLAU. He veils his craft!

SALL. For once report is true!

GLAU. Your own invention, sir, these feats you do?

ARBA. From other lands I no illusions call,

I'm proud to say these are *Egyptian* "all!"

Where is my neophyte, I hope not distant ;
Pray let me introduce my young assistant. (*slow Music*)

Enter APÆCIDES, L. U. E., comes slowly forward, carrying a green bag—he is cadaverous and thin.

GLAU. (R. C.) Ioné's brother !

SALL. (L.) Doubts are getting stronger !

APÆ. (R. C.) Dread sorcerer, I can't stand this much longer !
Uncertainty no matter to deride is,
Am I Apæcides or Apæcides ?
False quantity is not a thing for sport,
You've had me *long*, don't take me up so *short*.

ARBA. (L. C.) Peace, slave !

APÆ. I can't ! of woes I'm a repeater ;
Arbaces ! throw some light on this *guess-metre*.
My grief upon this topic you shan't gag,
(*savagely*) Or I'll let all the tricks out of this bag.
They think you are a wizard !

ARBA. (*grinning*) Yes, that's true.

APÆ. 'Cause they don't understand the tricks you do.

To me, your noblest axioms are bosh,
The Truthful and the Beautiful won't wash.
Your best philosophies will ne'er protect you,
But gull *these* fools, and see how they'll respect you !

ARBA. (*loftily*) Apæcides ?

APÆ. (*delighted*) I'm short—he can't be wrong.

ARBA. Just shut up, Apæcides ! (*goes up, L. C.*)

APÆ. (*disappointed*) Sold ! I'm *long* !
(*aside*) He jests at me ! I must my senses rally,
I, who 'mongst other *ills* became his *valet*,
His slave, factotum ; on his skill a spunger,
Betrayed by my insane desire to conjure !
Now than his choicest tricks much worse my case is,
For I am fashioned on a *false Ar-baces* !
He called me "slave !" I'll show him from this hour
Apæc—no matter—has him in his power !

GLAU. (*who has been talking to DIOMED and ARBACES up R. C., comes down L. C.*)

To prove that Egypt's first, you then aspire ?
Think of my Greece, you'll own her *lore* is *higher* !
Your language seems to fit a land of dummies,
What are you famous for, except your mummies ?
With Greece would you to rivalry pretend,
Greece, which designed the now immortal Bend ;

ARBA. (L. C.) Bah !—that for Greece ! don't so insanely go it

APÆ. (R. C.) I think she gave us here and there a poet.

ARBA. Egypt is noted for her great inventions.

APÆ. (*aside*) Especially for lies of vast dimensions

ARBA. 'Twas Egypt first sold pine-apples in slices

APÆ. I've heard 'twas Egypt that invented *Isis*.

ARBA. At *games*, our skill all rivalry forbids,

Egypt has beat the world at Pyramids!

GLAU. In fact so great a land existed never?

ARBA. We are—— (*drawling*)

APÆ. (*imitating*) By Jove——

GLAU. (R. C.)

SALL. (L.)

DIOM. (R.)

APÆ. (R. C.)

ARBA. (L. C.)

(*together*) A-bom-i-na-bly clevar!

*Concerted Piece, "Awfully Clever."**

GLAU. We Greeks are a wonderful nation,

As potent in war as in peace,

To the world we first introduced fashion,

And certainly started police;

Our history, verse, mathematics,

Our learned philosophies see,

All high art's derived from the *Attics*,

And nothing much higher can be.

Oh, yes, we are awfully clevar,

Oh, so clevar—did you ever!

You'll admit that so smart a young shaver,

And so clevar was never before!

APÆ. Our luxuries who could relate 'em?

Your swell but for *us* badly fares,

For 'twas Greece that invented pomatum,

And used it for Lydian *'airs*!

In cookery too, we're creative,

Of one case in point I may speak,

If "soy" (*σῶι*) of a pronoun is dative,

Then "pickles" are probably Greek.

Oh, yes, we are awfully clevar,

Oh, so clevar, did you ever!

The world owes us many a fla-vour,

It never could sa-vour before!

ARBA. You've talked quite enough of your nation,

Your pickles, pomatum, renown,

But in *one* very short observation

Your pride will, I fancy, go down!

To my land I make no allusion,
 Antiquity here for it speaks,
 For know, to your utter confusion,
 'Twas Egypt *invented the Greeks!*
 I think *that* was awfully clevar,
 Oh, so clevar, did you ever?
 The world must ejaculate bra-va!
 One so clevar was nevar before!

(ALL repeat last chorus, then walk foppishly up the stage
 and down again into position—striking attitude at the
 last note—Music changes—hurry)

Enter NYDIA, pursued by BURBO, from L. 2 E.

NYDIA. I won't! that's flat; in vain expend your fury,
 I throw myself on this enlightened jury!

(embraces GLAUCUS)

GLAU. My little flower girl! 'Tis Glaucus, I——

APÆ. (R. C.) You're in the party's arms, why *need ye* cry?

SALL. (L.) Our pretty songstress, whom we love to hear,

And sells us nose-gays, shan't be *put on here!* (*boutonnière*)

BURB. (L. C.) Gents, don't you interrupt 'twixt slave and
 owner;

To think, too, of the kindnesses I've shown her!

NYDIA. I will not stay beneath this worst of roofs!

BURB. I'll prove to all——

NYDIA. Yes, yours are *striking* proofs;

Of those I've *lashings*, as the Irish say.

BURB. Look here, I can't stand arguing all day.

NYDIA. Don't let me go; protect me and I'll bless——

GLAU. In Athens, dear, we all befriend distress.

What ails you?

NYDIA. Why, he drags me from the tub,

Where, night or day, I'm doomed to toil and scrub,

(Sufficient degradation!) and insists

That I shall rub the steps.

SALL. (L.) Insists?

NYDIA. With fists,

Washing I'll stand! but do (excuse anxiety)

Put me outside the *pail* of his society!

GLAU. You'll sell the girl, no doubt? I'll buy her then.

NYDIA. Oh! dearest, best, and loveliest of men! (*kisses him*)

ARBA. (L. C., to APÆCIDES) A little plot within my brain is
 quickening!

APÆ. (R. C.) I think her forward manners simply sickening!

ARBA. She shall be made to spoil his game, that's flat!

(GLAUCUS and NYDIA embrace)

APÆ. No one takes liberties with me like *that!*

BURB. (L. C.) I'll sell her cheap, 'twixt me and that young
"cratur."

There's no love lost—in fact I'm *glad-I-ate her!*

Pay up!

GLAU. (*crosses to him, takes his hand*) *As in præsenti.*

NYDIA. Oh, what fun!

BURB. *Tityre tu patulæ. (shakes hands)*

GLAU. (*returns to NYDIA*) That's done. *Exit BURB.* L. 1 E.

NYDIA. This quick negociation fits me nicely.

Belong to you? Oh, rapture, joy!

GLAU. (*coolly*) Precisely!

NYDIA. How charming it will be to wait on you.

GLAU. That's not exactly what you'll have to do,

You're to be servant to a lovely dame!

NYDIA. Servant?

GLAU. *Companion, dear!* (It's just the same!)

The fair Ioné.

ARBA. (*to APÆCIDES*) Ha! (*seizes his arm*)

APÆ. Don't raise a blister!

Her brother though is helpless to assist her.

(*aside*) A statement which is not precisely true,

But anything to save her, friend, from you.

(*goes up, C., ready to come down, L. C.*)

NYDIA. You love Ioné? (All my hopes gone wrong!)

SALL. His admiration's been the topic long.

DIOM. The envy and the wonder of the city!

NYDIA. The Grecian swell! I've heard she's awful pretty.

GLAU. My present then to *her* you're meant to be.

NYDIA. (*aside, R. C.*) This is a cheerful bit of news to me.

I could rebel, plot, scandalise, combine,

Do anything, to make his heart but mine.

E'en to the very meanest tricks I'd fly—

Can no one help me? (*ARBACES pinches her*) Ah!

ARBA. (L. C.) Don't bellow!—I!

APÆ. He's up to something wicked, I'm in fear,

I must go *over there* and *over-hear!*

(*goes from C. at back to L. C. and listens*)

ARBA. You love this Glaucus?

NYDIA. Spare my blushes, do.

ARBA. I will, whene'er the article's in view.

You'd spite the fair Ioné?

NYDIA. Spite her? "Fair!"

Wait till you see how I'll turn out her hair.

Mislay her new frisettes, her dyes out-pour,

And spill her best complexion on the floor;

Show up where Nature ends, and Art begins,

In awkward places plant the sharpest pins,

Let Glaucus, who don't guess how I despise her,
In her most unbecoming dress surprise her;
Say how the *women* follow him, and——

ARBA. (*rejoiced*) Good!

You'll do exactly as a rival *should*.

We're friends. I'll help you; let your wits recover!

I have a mighty secret here. (*takes her down, R. C.*) *I love her!*

(*turning L., sees APÆCIDES listening—looks contemptuously at him, and retires up C. with NYDIA*)

APÆ. (*aside*) Here is a pretty plot! this priest of Isis,

Don't seem to put the *screw* upon his *vices*.

But I'll destroy each dodge, and little *gay-lure*

And make his finest feats a fearful *failure*!

Yes! he shall prove his boasting's been too fast,

And settle what's my prosody at last!

Ha, ha!

GLAU. (*who has been speaking to DIOMED and SALLUST*) We're
wasting all this lovely day.

Here come the animals again. Good day!

Enter BURBO, L., LYDON and GLADIATORS, R.

Look, Sallust! where the fair Ioné passes!

Before her charms, the *lictors* veil their *fascies*!

My love!

SALL. My friend!

ARBA. (My heart! That's turned Stonehenge!)

BURB. My eyes! (L.)

NYDIA. My rival!

APÆ. Ha, ha! my revenge!

*Concerted Piece, "Billy Johnson's Ball."**

GLAU. (R.) Come away, too long we've tarried,

You're wasting all the day;

When a chap wants to be married,

He shouldn't so delay.

NYDIA. (R. C.) This sweet anticipation, I,

By some means will prevent.

ARBA. Better feign a light and gushing air

And throw him off the scent.

(*innocently*) Lar, dar de dar, and doodle, doodle, diddle,

(*savagely*) I'll run him through the middle,

This affected indiwiddle.

He's lots of pals, the pearl of gals, which last is worst of all.

This sort of swell, would get on well, at Billy Johnson's Ball!

* Sung by Mr. FRED. COYNE. Published by Messrs. HOPWOOD and CREW.

GLAU. I can see my sweet Ioné, (*looking off*)
She is waiting there for me!

SALL. (L. C.) And I'll bet you all a pony,
That a match 'twill surely be!

APÆ (*aside*) My secret indignation I will with a smile conceal,
In an airy manner hide from all, the sufferings I
feel.

With lar, dar de dar, and doodle, doodle, diddle,
Arbaces is a riddle!

My heart is on the griddle.

Just like the "Bells" where conscience tells the story after
all,

I'll bust his fame, I'll spoil his game, and bid his nonsense fall!

Chorus repeat last four lines.

NYDIA and GLAUCUS dance a solo, then ARBACES
and APÆCIDES. They exeunt L. 1. E., leaving BURBO,
SALLUST, and others to be closed in.

SCENE SECOND.—A Court in the House of Ioné. Pompeian
Interior.

*Enter IONE, R. 1 E., with a bouquet of flowers, followed by
NYDIA.*

IONE. (C.) These are the flow'rets then, he sends by you;
How sweet their scent, how exquisite their hue!

NYDIA. (R. C.) Imagination has one value lent.

Why, these especial flowers possess no scent!

IONE. No scent?

NYDIA. I know for certain they've not any.

I used to sell such, ten bouquets a penny.

IONE. If they were still the commonest that grow,
They're priceless now; his love has made them so!

NYDIA. (*aside*) One failure. (*aloud*) You should be a flower
girl, miss.

He'd buy— (*savagely*) Oh! how your hair comes out of
curl, miss;

And some one will be here so soon. (That's spiteful!)

Your dress too— (*arranging it.*)

IONE. (*starting*) Ah!

NYDIA. (*innocently*) Was that a pin? (*aside*) Delightful.

IONE. How do I look to-day?

NYDIA. (*aside*) The minx! (*aloud*) Oh! charming!

(*aside*) I'll try another style of mild alarming.

(*aloud*) Isn't he late to-day? But then you see

He's up so much at night.

IONE.

Up late? What he?

Glaucus up late!

NYDIA. In pleasure too, not chary.

He comes in with the milk.

IONE. The milk! how *dare he*!

And I can neither breakfast, dine, nor sup for him.

How do you know this, girl?

NYDIA. 'Cos I've sat up for him!

IONE. See where he comes—he shall your words disprove.

Enter GLAUCUS, L. 1. E., hurriedly.

GLAU. It is my lady—yes, it is my love!

How fares it, sweet Ioné?

IONE. Well, but sad.

To send me scentless flowers! it was too bad.

GLAU. Nay, in our Grecian land, these buds so rare

A tender tale of ardent passion bear.

IONE. Read this one. (*showing flowers.*)

GLAU. "Do you love as I love you?"

IONE. This one, pure azure?

GLAU. "Yours till all is blue!"

IONE. This, all in green, says—

GLAU. "Will you wed me?"

IONE. This, This,

All crimson blushing whispers—

GLAU. (*kissing her*) Just one kiss!

In these unread no perfume, love, is blent,

But question them, you'll find they'll give *a-scent*.

(*to NYDIA*) There, you can go! Get out!

NYDIA. (*disgusted*) Well, I declare!

(*aside*) I'll send Arbaces up the private stair;

With him consult, and see if he can not,

To Nydia suggest an 'idiot plot!

With a Thessalian no soul shall trifle—

She's a great *gun*, but I'm a dang'rous *rifle*!

GLAU. (*to IONE*) Come, sing to me!

IONE. (*pettishly*) Why don't she go?

GLAU. I'll tell her.

(*crosses to C.*) Retire, my girl, to some convenient cellar.

IONE. She frets me so, I cannot catch the *mere-key*.

NYDIA. I'm off. *Exit, R. 1 E.*

GLAU. She's gone. (*they are about to embrace*)

Re-enter NYDIA.

NYDIA. I've come back for the beer key.

IONE. Again! this is too much! I'm quite *de trop*:

No doubt you've got your secrets, so I'll go. *Exit, L. 1 E.*

*Duett.—“Two Loves.” **

GLAU. There's not a breeze at early dawn,
 There's not a flower in all the grove,
 There's not a bud that scents the lawn,
 Is half so sweet as is my love.
 By day I muse, by night I dream,
 Her fairy form I still can see;
 And by a thousand pretty signs,
 I know my love was meant for me.
 Search through the world from shore to shore,
 Where is a heart so proud to see?
 For oh! I love the fairest maid,
 And oh! the fairest maid loves me.

NYDIA. There's not a slave that toils on earth,
 There's not a freeman 'neath the sky,
 There's not a soul throughout the world,
 Is half so sad at heart as I.
 I nurse a passion, wild and deep,
 Yet know no joy may ever be,
 For though I love the dearest youth,
 The youth I love cares not for me.
 Search through the world, from shore to shore,
 Where is the heart so sad to see?
 For, oh! I love the fairest youth,
 But he, alas! cares not for me.

*Both sing the last four lines of their respective verses
 and exeat, R. 1 E.*

Enter APÆCIDES, L. 1 E.

APÆ. Play on, young things, who know not tear or sigh,
 I too, was once a careless butterfly;
 Now, on my cheek distress has left its traces,
 In lines, which fall in very awkward places.
 Oh! vile magician! (vile, for what I suffer)
 Vile, in the sense of being an utter duffer!
 Why did he show me tricks, French, British, German,
 And vow that *his man* soon should rival *Herr-man*?
 But let me see to business! He has gone
 To seek Vesuvius and its witch, alone.
 There 'midst familiar spirits—gin and rum—
 She drives a roaring trade as medi-um!
 So I'll stay here to spoil his round of flummery,
 And in good time unroll th' Egyptian mummy-ry.
 Then I'll transfer, when quite I've played my part,

* Music composed by ARTHUR W. NICHOLSON. Published by
 Messrs. HOPWOOD & CREW.

The *lightness* from my *fingers* to my heart!
He comes!

Enter ARBACES, L. 1 E.

ARBA. How now! have you discharged your cares?
Where is the earthquake?

APÆ. In a bag down stairs.

ARBA. Where's the eruption?

APÆ. 'T won't be good I fear,
For squibs, I find, have got uncommon dear.

ARBA. Slave! do you make mere money a pretence?
Get *two* at once, regardless of expence.

We'll do the thing in style, young fellow, *for-it* is
A rule with me to give the best authorities!

Duet.—" *Perhaps She's on the Railway.*"

ARBA. We are the great Illusionists,
As any one may see,

APÆ. Who leaves outside by way of form
A small admission fee.

ARBA. No other artist's genuine,
His tricks but copies are.

APÆ. We are the real Simon Pures,
Who've travelled near and far.

ARBA. Perhaps upon the railway with a dash and style,

APÆ. Perhaps we've walked for want of means some eighty
thousand mile,

BOTH. { Perhaps we're up, perhaps we're down, but these
results we see—
We make a gain by legerdemain, wherever we may be.

APÆ. We are the first performers
Of the famous basket feat,
Which means we steal a basket-full
Of lots to drink and eat!

ARBA. We also borrow half-a-crown,
And e'er you could explain,
Hi, Presto, quick! we've done the trick,
It's never seen again.

APÆ. We've tried this on the railway, with a swell so rare.

ARBA. Perhaps he goes and cuts up rough and says it isn't fair,
Perhaps we go and bonnet him, perhaps for weeks

BOTH. { twice three
We then refrain from legerdemain, being lodged and
boarded free.

APÆ. We've got up bubble companies
With fine fictitious names,
But find the thriving dodge of all
Is making doubtful claims.

ARBA. Our former jokes were good enough,
 But counsel all agree,
 Our latest jest has reached the height
 Of Wagga-Wagga-ry!

BOTH. Perhaps it is the rale way, if you cut a shine,
 To plunder all your fellow-men and try the swindling line;
 Perhaps it's not the proper thing, but this result you see,
 We make a gain by legerdmain as long as fools shall be.
 Hush! some one comes. (APÆCIDES *stands aside*, R.)

Re-enter IONE, L. 1 E.

IONE (*aside*) This fellow in my hall!
 How came you here? how do you dare to call?

ARBA. I couldn't help it, you are so enthralling!
 Don't interrupt a party in his *calling*.
 What I've endured to gain a smile from you,
 The ignominy that I now pass through,
 Should move you! Vain philosophies, farewell!
 My moral axioms are all a "sell."
 I plainly see divided thus from you,
 The Youthful and the Beautiful are two.

IONE. You know I hate you.

ARBA. So you always say,
 I've heard that heartless speech for many a day.
 See how I've fallen off. This body vile,
 Is like my native land, reduced to *Nihil*.
 From Pharaoh's realm, rich gifts I bring, my *fair-oh*:
 I ransack *Egypt*, yet you do not *Cair-o*;
 I spurn my food, my drink is all pretence,
 I live a *fast* life in the *starving* sense.
 Of trivial woes I do not give detailment;
 Be my sup-porter in this *bitter ail-ment*.

Trio.—"Barber's Daughter."*

ARBA. (L.) Oh! at your feet behold Arbaces,
 Once so rightly termed the Great,
 View with pity what his case is,
 See his most distressful state.
 All day long I'm sighy, groany,
 Beauty, all along of you!
 Fair Ioné, don't be stony,
 Or I'll tell you what I'll do.
 I'll throw myself off London Bridge,
 And jump into the water,
 And down, down, down, I'll drown, drown,
 drown,
 For the sake of your father's daughter.

* Sung by Mr. FRED. COYNE. Published by Messrs. HOPWOOD and CREW.

IONE. (C.) Oh! prythee, dark man, cease your pleading,
All your arts are quite in vain;
You've no chance of e'er succeeding,
Go! and don't come back again.
Take my brother, now you've tricked him,
Teach him dodges that won't pay;
But Ioné's not your victim,
She was not born yesterday.
So throw yourself off London Bridge.
And jump into the water,
And down, down, down, you may drown,
drown, drown,
For the sake of my father's daughter.

APÆ. (R.) Oh! hear the gay and young assistant,
Who is pledged to help his chief;
Don't be quite so jolly distant,
Promise, but don't give relief.
Answer him, like sugar, sweetly,
Whether you're annoyed or not;
If you don't behave discreetly,
I shall catch it awful hot.
(*aside*) Though hethrows himself off London Bridge,
He'll never die in water;
But he'll meet his fate, some morn at eight,
For the sake of my father's daughter.
(*Chorus*)

IONE. Go away, black man. Go! you plead in vain,
Pray don't approach the subject, sir, again.

ARBA. Black man! derided! I'll have satisfaction.

APÆ. (*who has got round to L. of ARBACES*)
Might I remind you that it's time for action?
If you won't bow to Fate, and patience learn,
A man, you know, must bow, when it's *his turn*.

IONE. My brother!

ARBA. (*furiously*) Yes! He comes at fitting crisis,
Bring forth the earthquake and the head of Isis.

Exit APÆCIDES, L. 1 E.

Now haughty Beauty! see! the fates are willing.

Music.—Re-enter APÆCIDES, L. 1 E., bringing on the head of Isis on a pedestal. The eyes are transparent and the mouth made to work; also a small box marked "The Earthquake," which contains a cannon ball.

APÆ. I couldn't get a better for a shilling:
Considering the price, it's rather like.

ARBA. Behold! (*chord—then Music sustained tremolo until GLAUCUS enters*)

APÆ. (*fumbling*) Excuse me! but the match won't strike.

ARBA. Let out the earthquake! see how Isis grins!

The goddess smiles on me!

APÆ. (*shakes small cannon ball in box*) Here, mind your shins!
(*he rolls the cannon ball across the stage*)

Enter GLAUCUS and NYDIA R. 1 E.—(They have to avoid the cannon ball.)

GLAU. (*turning IONE round to R. C., threatens ARBACES*) Good gracious! what means this?

NYDIA. (R.) Oh! tempt him not.

GLAU. (R. C.) Pooh! he's a quack! I'd kick him-on the spot,
Were you not present!

IONE. (R. C.) Kick the Egyptian Priest!

APÆ. (*getting between GLAUCUS and IONE*) I don't believe
'twould hurt him in the least.

You can but try.

(*he retires up to back and gets round to L. of ARBACES*)

ARBA. (L. C.) I threaten and despise you.

The wise Egyptian publicly defies you.

APÆ. (L.) A splendid thought has come into my brain,
(*seizing ARBACES and bringing him down, L.*)

Let's do the earthquake and the head again!

(*ARBACES goes up with contempt*)

(*aloud*) You've dealt with pliant wills, he tells you freely

He's Eastern, and you cannot bend his, really.

NYD. (R.) What's come to both of them, they look so queer!

IONE. Take me away from him, do, Glaucus dear.

He frightens me.

GLAU. (*to ARBACES*) Away!

ARBA. I'll not "away!"

APÆ. Of course as his assistant I must stay,

To sweep up Isis, if she goes a cropper.

(*he takes the head and box off L. 1 E. and returns immediately*)

NYD. I fear this priest is something quite improper.

Why did I e'er consult with him?

IONE. Pray go!

ARBA. And leave you to that Jack-a-Dandy? No!

GLAU. This passes all endurance, I declare,

Get out!

APÆ. (*aside, laughing*) He'll catch it.

ARBA.

Nev-ar!

GLAU.

Well then—There!

Chord—he hits at ARBACES, who turns APÆCIDES in front to catch the blow. APÆCIDES is floored

APÆ. Oh, dear! a slight mistake.

ARBA. (*howling*) Help! murder! Ho!

He's whopped a citizen! that's death you know.

NYDIA. I see it all.

Enter hastily SALLUST, DIOMED, and BURBO, L. 1 E.—BURBO gets round to R.

GLAU. Duped, swindled, and deceived.

SALL. (L. C.) What's this?

ARBA. (L. C.) The Priest himself will be believed.

BURB. (R.) I saw the blow! I'll swear to it.

NYD. Oh, cease!

APÆ. (C.) The villain! what a loss to the police.

ARBA. Secure him fast! when you have cuffed and kicked him,

Remember at the games they want a victim.

ALL. Ay! Glaucus to the Lion!

GLAU. (R. C., *bitterly*) *These are friends!*

IONE. Who fawned upon you, while you served their ends.

SALL. If folks will break the laws, why they must rue it.

DIO. (L.) Common assault!

NYDIA. (*sneering*) *You've not the pluck to do it.*

IONE. My love!

ARBA. Be off with him at once.

NYDIA. Oh, mercy!

Spare him!

IONE. Yes, do!

ARBA. Spare him? No, vice-versy.

BURBO. We'll have our law—one victim now at least.

The Lion gets your Glaucus.

NYDIA. Happy beast!

APÆ. This is the British Lion. No pretence.

SALL. Imported at a fabulous expense.

APÆ. I've seen the monster, and I will maintain

He is a Lion of great *might*—and *mane*!

ARBA. They've kept him starving since last Saturday.

NYDIA. } Oh, Glaucus!

IONE. }

GLAU. Keep your spirits up!

ARBA. Away!

SALLUST and DIOMED *exeunt* L. 1 E. BURBO and

IONE, R. 1 E.

*Quartette—"The Birds will come again."**

GLAU. Come no delaying,
Why all this staying?

Pray take your vengeance; my love, a long farewell.

NYDIA. Here's a conclusion, ruin, confusion.

ARBA. 'Tis no illusion, all's up, unhappy swell.

NYDIA. Good-bye, my own love; take this small loan, love.

* By kind permission of G. W. MOORE, Esq.

SALL. (L. C.) Give us the tip, old fellow; will he fight?

LYDON. (C.) The lion has been roaring all the night—
They've kept him on short commons all the week.

SALL. That being the case, I shall not back the Greek.

What is the programme, Burbo?

BURB. As it's fixed,
The sports I think are creditably mixed.

LYDON. Niger and Sporus, Burbo and the rest of us,
Challenge all comers here to get the best of us,
With sword or cestus! Then more sport in snatches,
The great Quadrillion Troupe in wrestling matches.
Then Glaucus and the Lion! So we do it! *Exit, R. 2 E.*

SALL. Delightful! if you only live to view it.

DIOM. I back him!

BURB. (*crossing, R.*) Stop! Get out! I can't be worried.

SALL. Come on! (*going up stage*)

DIOM. How hot the sun is! (*seating himself outside
the ring, L.*)

SALL. (*seating himself outside of the ring, L.*) Aint it torrid!

Enter ARBACES and NYDIA, L. 1 E.

NYDIA. Oh, my!

ARBA. Shut up that caterwauling, do!
Time presses, and I've got a change to do.
Keep up!

NYDIA. I shan't!

ARBA. Then I shall drop you!

NYDIA. Don't!

ARBA. Leave off your foolish blubbering.

NYDIA. I won't.
I'll die!

ARBA. Well, die! but pray be quick about it.
Let go my arm.

NYDIA. (*savagely*) Oh! I can do without it.
Ten minutes to the time.

SALL. Too fast.

ARBA. (*producing large watch*) Too slow.

Egypt alone boasts watches; and I know—

BURB. (R.) You're in a hurry, master.

ARBA. Come, begin, sir.
You go *too slow*!

BURB. Well, that's the way to *Win-sir*!

Exit, R. 2 E.

NYDIA. Where is Apæcides?

ARBA. Not very far,
He's down below at the refreshment bar.

SALL. I wonder if Ioné's going?

Enter IONE and APÆCIDES, R. 1 E.

IONE.

Yes.

DIOM. That's plucky.

APÆ. (C.) Shouldn't fancy, I confess,
To see my lover clawed up, chawed up, eaten,
And half a dozen men to mummies beaten;
The taste of woman, though, inclines to strife,
That makes her anxious to become a wife.

IONE. (to NYDIA) D'ye think he's safe?

NYDIA. I've done the best I can.

IONE. Oh! what an end for such a nice young man!

How will stern fortune settle this sad question?

ARBA. We can't escape our fate.

APÆ. Nor indigestion.

ARBA. Silence!

(IONE and NYDIA go to their places, R., at back, outside the arena)

APÆ. Allow me space for some slight grumbling,
I've just been practising my lofty tumbling.

ARBA. With what success?

APÆ. As far as bruises tell,
I may confess I *tumbled* very well.

ARBA. You've been imbibing; oh! I know you're fond
Of patronising classic Spiers and Pond.
Treating the athletes, too—I have my fears.
Have you been *pondering* among the *spears*?

APÆ. Not I! All wine I look upon with dread.
I've been two hours standing on my head.

As to my tight-rope practice, you're no prophet!

ARBA. You got on?

APÆ. Yes, and speedily got off it!
In some new line an artist's fame I'll search,
I was an *acher*, with no *pole* nor *perch*.

ARBA. The world's alike, from potboys up to Popes;
You're only disappointed in your *r-opes*.

Enter BURBO, R. 2 E.

BURB. Look sharp!

ARBA. All right! (*going up stage, R.*)

SALL. Now then, step up, Arbaces.

APÆ. Shut up! We've got an order for two places.

IONE. Don't come near *me*, you wretch!

NYDIA. You monster!

ARBA. Pooh!
It isn't such a treat to sit by you!

APÆ. (*bangs gong, R.*) Hi, hi!

(*bell rings*)

ARBA. Hi, hi!
 SALL. (*rising*) Shut up, and order there!
 ARBA. Silence yourself, young party with the hair!
 OMNES. Here, turn him out!
 APÆ. (*frightened*) I say, you'll see me through it?
 ARBA. "Turn out," with pleasure friends, but who's to do it?
(*trumpets*)

IONE. Here come the men!
 NYDIA. Keep still or you shall go!
 APÆ. We're parties as enjoy to see the show!

Music.—Enter BURBO, LYDON and all the GLADIATORS, R. 2 E.—they march in procession, headed by BURBO—they salute SALLUST and divide, R. and L.

BURB. The Greek, Tetraides, will engage with Sporus!
 SALL. Bring out at once the warriors before us.
(*Music—combat—SPORUS is floored*)
 ARBA. Oh, charming! quite the classic Roman air.
 APÆ. It's quite as good as reading Lemprière.
 BURB. Burbo and Lydon, with the net and spear!
 NYDIA. The classic Blindman's Buff, this is, my dear.
(*Music—combat*)

APÆ. He's in a mesh! It most exciting gets.
 ARBA. It's like a Spanish dance with castin' nets.
(*BURBO catches LYDON*)
 ARBA. Enough! This programme's slow, I shan't get through it.

Get out, young man, and show 'em how to do it.
(*drags APÆCIDES over the barrier into the arena*)

GRAND PERFORMANCE OF THE QUADRILLION TROUPE.
(*a mock Acrobatic display ad lib.*)

SALL. That's over; now to see the rarest show.
(*ARBACES and APÆCIDES resume their seats*)
 Out with the Lion there!

IONE. The Lion,—oh!
 NYDIA. Keep up your courage; pray don't give way so.
 See, here comes Glaucus.

IONE. Oh! how pale he looks.
 NYDIA. Just like a party in the fashion books.

Music.—Enter GLAUCUS, R. 1 E., with white tunic, shield and short sword.

GLAU. (L. C.) Ioné!
 IONE. Glaucus!
 GLAU. (*going to her*) Here to see me die?
 APÆ. (*aside to IONE*) Say it's all right.
 NYDIA. You hear, relief is nigh.

GLAU. How's that?

APÆ. (*aside to him*) A little scheme I had to try on,
Last night, I hoccussed—

GLAU. Me?

APÆ. Not *you*—the Lion!

We are observed.

ARBA. Young man! I pray, step back,

You'll have those dainty hands full in a crack.

Bring out the Lion!

SALL. (*rising*) I the orders give!

GLAU. We'll hope for better times, love, if I live.

E'en now to gaze upon thy lovely face,

Dispels the gloomy terrors of this place.

Farewell!

IONE. Oh! cruel fate, our hearts to sever.

Farewell!

NYDIA. No! *Au revoir!*

ARBA. I say "for ever!"

IONE. Wretch!

ARBA. Thank ye!

NYDIA. Monster!

GLAU. False and juggling priest!

ARBA. Hooray! it don't annoy me in the least. (*Music*)

*Enter the LION, R. 2 E., he is a large but mild-looking animal—
he sits down, and washes his face like a cat.*

ARBA. Call that a Lion!

APÆ. Milder than a pup.

Lanista, come and stir the beggar up!

BURBO, *stirs him up with a spear—the LION growls, and
advances towards him—he exits, R. 2 E.*

GLAU. (*L. C., aside*) He spoke the truth.

SALL. The brute, how I could lash ye!

APÆ. I've seen a better made of papier maché.

GLAU. (*L. C.*) You see, the Lion he objects to fight

'Gainst any foe whose cause is in the right.

Is it not so? He'll never fight with me?

(*the LION walks to him and shakes hands, then goes to
APÆCIDES, who gives him a sandwich and some beer,
they hob and nob*)

ARBA. This is a "put-up" thing, I plainly see.

Revenge I'll *have!* since he declines to kill,

And no one has a prior right, "I will."

(*jumps into the arena—Music.*)

(*L. C.*) Come on, proud Greek! I tell you you're defied,
Though you've the British Lion by your side.

You've called me snob, charged me with horrid vices,
 You do not value at a *penny*, *Isis*.
 You stole my love, and, (quite your greatest blunder!)
 Laughed at my earthquake and defied my thunder.
 Now, 'tis my turn! no craven beast is here!
 Come on! I always hated you, my dear.

(*he rushes on GLAUCUS—the LION seizes him and holds him down*)

OMNES. A miracle! At once remove the Greek!
 Arbaces to the Lion!

APÆ. (*jumping into arena*) Let me speak!
 Get out! (*taking LION away*) You tawny humbug! now
 then yield.

ARBA. I do, I'm wrong, I should have backed the field.
 (*all the CHARACTERS come into arena*)

GLAU. (R. C.) You see I'm saved.

NYDIA. (R. C.) You owe it all to me.

IONE. (R.) It's true! but we'll explain it presently.

GLAU. (*to ARBA.*) Come now, confess yourself a cheat, a sham,
 A common conjuror.

ARBA. (*dolefully*) I am! I am!

APÆ. (C.) In *Isis'* mound if you're to search inclined,
 The little secrets of his craft you'll find;
 All sorts of apparatus from the shops,
 Boxes with bird-seed glued upon the tops,
 False-bottomed chests—I give you leave to rummage 'em;
 Sham rings, sham watches, everything that's Brummagem,
 False packs of cards, false dice, false pistols, guns,
 Rabbits and pigeons both with little ones.
 Some flags, a hat, six gold fish in a pond,
 Two cannon balls, a summons, and his wand!

SALL. (L.) They're confiscate!

OMNES. And he must quit the city.

ARBA. (*rising*) Wretched Pompeians, accept my pity.

For see the avenging mountain——

(*a MAN is seen trying to light a squib at the top of mountain*)

ALL. (*laughing*) No, it don't!

GLAU. Not till the tag is spoken, friend, it won't.

ARBA. Sold! (*going up*)

APÆ. (*seizing him*) What's my quantity?

ALL. (*excited*) Yes, tell him, please!

ARBA. Upon my honour it's Apæcides. (*cheers*)

(*to audience*) The people here have got a sparing fit on,
 So pray excuse the subject we have *Lytton*.

NYDIA. I know I should be drowned, but pray forgive,
 You make the sacrifice and let me live!

APÆ. 'Tis true we ought to be engulfed to-night,
 And for our impudence, perhaps, 'twere right.
 GLAU. But as the city, in the poet's pages,
 Survives, and will survive, no doubt, for ages.
 Do you establish in our little realm us,
 And only with your plaudits overwhelm us!

Finale.—"Awfully Clever."

GLAU. Dear public, don't fly in a passion.
 But laugh at this nonsense we've done,
 APÆ. And cheer in your kindly old fashion,
 Which shows you forgive us our fun.
 NYDIA. 'Tis done but to make you all merry,
 So look with benevolent eyes;
 ARBA. And think us not tedious very,
 Although we're not awfully wise.
 GLAU. Though we know we're not awfully clever,
 APÆ. No, not clever! Say you never
 NYDIA. Have been *less* disinclined to cry Brava!
 IONE. And will cheer as you've cheered us before!
(all repeat last four lines twice)

BURBO. SPOR. APÆ. IONE. GLAU. NYDIA. ARBA. SALLUS. DIOM.
R. L.

Curtain.