

GEORGE DE BARNWELL.

A Burlesque Pantomime Opening.

BY

HENRY J. BYRON,

(*Member of the Dramatic Authors' Society.*)

AUTHOR OF

The Old Story, Cinderella; or, the Lover, the Lackey, and the Little Glass Slipper, Blue Beard from a New Point of Hue, Robinson Crusoe, Mazeppa, The Maid and the Magpie; or, the Fatal Spoon, The Babes in the Wood, Bride of Abydos, Fra Diavolo, Jack the Giant Killer, Very Latest Edition of the Lady of Lyons, The Nymph of the Lurleyberg, Pilgrim of Love, The Garibaldi Excursionists, Aladdin, or the Wonderful Scamp, Esmeralda, or the Sensation Goat, Goldenhair the Good, Ivanhoe in accordance, &c., Beauty and the Beast, Rival Othellos, Whittington and his Cat, Puss in a New Pair of Boots, Miss Eily O'Connor, &c., &c.

PART AUTHOR OF

The Miller and his Men, Forty Thieves, and Valentine and Orson.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND, LONDON.

913799

First performed at the New Adelphi Theatre, under the management of Mr. BENJAMIN WEBSTER,
on Friday, the 26th day of December, 1862.

GEORGE DE BARNWELL;

or, Harlequin Folly in the Realms of Fancy.

The new and splendid Scenery by Messrs. C. JAMES, T. THOMPSON, and Assistants. The extensive Machinery by Mr. POWELL and Assistants. The elaborate and scientific Properties by Mr. T. IRELAND and Assistants. The superb and elegant Dresses by MR. J. TAYLOR, Miss RAYNER, &c. The Overture and Incidental Music by MR. J. RIVIERE. The Character Dances by MR. C. J. SMITH. The Gas Arrangements by MR. G. BASTARD. And the Pantomime produced under the Superintendence of MR. R. PHILLIPS.

Characters.

FANCY	Miss A. SEAMAN.
ROMANCE (<i>her Friend</i>)	Miss WRIGHT.
CLAPTRAP (<i>Romance's Companion</i>)	Miss VINING.
FOLLY (<i>a volatile, or folly-tile, Spirit</i>)	Miss WOOLGAR (Mrs. A. MELLON.)
THOROUGHGOOD (<i>Haberdasher, Ten hundred, Tottenham Court Road</i>)	Mr. C. H. STEPHENSON.
MR. MAUVE MAGENTA (<i>his Shop Walker</i>)	Mr. SEFTON.
JONES (<i>his Head Assistant</i>)	Mr. LE BARR.
TRUEMAN (<i>his Foreman</i>)	Mr. C. J. SMITH.
GEORGE DE BARNWELL (<i>his Prentice—a youth whose notions are altogether above his station, and who, boasting of a high descent, may be said to have come down very low indeed</i>)	Mr. J. L. TOOLE.

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GEORGE DE BARNWELL.

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HIS UNCLE (<i>a Gentleman of the Pawnbroking persuasion, more addicted to the round of pleasure than his line of business</i>)	Mr PAUL BEDFORD.
SPRIGGINS (<i>his attendant Imp</i>)	Miss STOKER.
SIR MINIVER MUFF } (<i>Cross Beaux</i>)	{ Mr. HITCHENSON. Mr. BRANSCOMBE.
SIR PIMINY PUFF } (<i>Cross Beaux</i>)	{ Mr. W. H. EARNE.
FASTMAN (<i>a Manager's Friend</i>)	
LADY MILWOOD (<i>a leader of ton, with an amiable weakness for point-lace, flirtation, and other expensive luxuries</i>)	Miss WOOLGAR (Mrs. A. MELLON).
THE LESSEE OF RANELAGH	Mr. R. ROMER.
M.C.	Mr. ALDRIDGE.
MARIA (<i>Thoroughgood's "one fair daughter" ill-treated by George, who however eventually makes up to her</i>)	Miss K. KELLY.
AN OLD LADY WHO SHOPS	Mrs. STOKER.
ANOTHER OLD LADY WHO SHOPS	Mrs. LEWIS.

COSTUMES.—ALL OLD-FASHIONED DRESSES OF THE PERIOD.

WHERE FANCY WAS BREED.

Fancy very hard up—a welcome visit from two fast friends—Folly's suggestion.

A SUBJECT SELECTED.

WORK ROOM AT THOROUGHGOODS.

"Sew early in the morning"—Trueman tries on a suit which doesn't fit.

THOROUGHGOOD'S SHOP.

How the generous master sends his shopmen out to tea, and how George remains behind and minds the shop—how Milwood begins hawcocking his heart, and how he begins a voicing in his sleep—how he abuses the shop, but appears to love it still—how he cuts his old acquaintance, Trueman.

A GONY! AT THE UNCILE'S S-

"A pretty pop-it!"—the Discovery, the improper action, and the Proposition.

THE RESOLVE! RANELAGH,

THE DETERMINATION! GROUNDS AT THE UNCLE'S WILLAR.

How the Uncle feels very *pauy*—the result of misplaced affection—that Uncle of George's and that taunt of Milwood—the illusion broken, the lesson learnt, and the lovers happy—how Folly, having "pointed the moral" of the piece, adorns its tale" by exhibiting to the audience the

CHARMING TRANSFORMATION SCENE!

(Designed and Painted by C. S. JAMES,) of the

DYAD'S HOME IN FAIRY'S ELFIN FOREST!

*During this Scene the Theatre will be perfumed with the Odour of Woodland Flowers, by means
of Rimmel's Patent Vaporizer.*

GEORGE DE BARNWELL.

SCENE FIRST.—*The Fields of Fancy. Music.*

*Enter from R. U. E., through cave and down steps to stage,
twelve FAIRIES; FANCY up trap, R. C., with a letter.*

FANCY. And so this Christmas, '62 and '3
They want a new piece at the Adelphee;
Something admitting of no end of fun—
A subject, too, that never has been done,
If possible. And so to Fancy they
Have sent, imagining that Fancy's play
May help them out. Alas! they well might know
A play of fancy's now considered slow,
Bygone, old-fashioned, can't a smile provoke—oh!
Nothing to chuckle at, it's quite *ro-coa-coa*.
Plays must be highly spiced for modern taste,
The age must run and read, and time won't waste.
I must assistance seek:—Romance, attend!

Enter ROMANCE and CLAPTRAP up traps, R.

Romance, good morrow! Welcome! Who's your
friend?

ROMANCE (*introducing, c.*) Allow me, Fancy, Claptrap,
(whispers FANCY) Friend in need,
You can't get on without him.

FANCY (L.) Oh, indeed!

CLAPTRAP (R.) I'm he who prompts the author, I confess,
To write of "lovely woman in distress."
To make his virtuous peasant say, "This breast,
Although 'tis clad in economic vest,
Contains a heart—a—" All that sort of thing.
I make my heroes from a high rock fling

Themselves into the waves. 'Tis I who bid
 Six pirates fall before one jack-tar's quid.
 'Tis I who prompt the lover in the play,
 When he's a glorious platitude to say,
 Never to speak it, but to spout it—shout it!
 In fact, I'm Claptrap, and that's all about it.

FANCY (L.) Something we should concoct, with three
 to do it—

Enter FOLLY suddenly, l. trap.

FOLLY. You'd far best trust to me, I'll pull you through it!
 ROMANCE. (R. c.) And who are you, sir?

FOLLY. (L. c.) I am Folly—dear
 To me's this special season of the year.
 As much a part of Christmas time is Folly,
 As snow, plum pudding, indigestion, holly.
 You want a subject—what do you suggest?
 Fancy, you're surely wersed in all that's best.

FANCY (L.) My brain I've racked in in hopes ideas to
 gain;
 Gone through *our acting* drama but in vain.
 See nothing feasible I really can, sir.

FOLLY (L.C.) Well, what say you, Romance? (ROMANCE
shrugs her shoulder) That's a rum answer.

Claptrap, you can suggest a theme, no doubt.
 CLAPTRAP. I can't suggest, I only carry out.
 When you've the subject, plot, and situations,
 I can oblige you p'raps with some sensations.

FOLLY. And Boxing-night we're just upon the brink of—
 Really it's very terrible to think of.

Song—FOLLY—“There was a little man.”

There is a certain man,
 Who is hard up for a plan,
 Where upon to hang his parody and pun, pun, pun;
 There is no subject new:
 I don't know one—do you?
 It's extremely sad, but everything's been done, done, done.

Chorus—It's extremely sad, &c.

D'Anois tales, and every baby 'un,
 And all the Nights Arabian,

Sc. 1.]

GEORGE DE BARNWELL.

Have of't been used as vehicles for fun, fun, fun ;
And down here in the west he
Can find nothing for travestie,
For the merry folks this Christmas in Lon-don-don-don.

Chorus—For the merry, &c.

There are *some* eight, nine or ten p'raps,
That will do well o'er again p'raps,

And I fancy that *George Barnwell* may be one, one, one;
ROMANCE. George Barnwell! yes, it would, sir ;
CLAPTRAP. George Barnwell! very good, sir ;
FOLLY. Then George Barnwell we'll determine shall be
done, done, done.

Chorus—Then George Barnwell, &c.

CLAPTRAP. I'll lend thee a hand ;

FOLLY. Thou art kind.

ROMANCE. And I another ;

FOLLY. I myself have all the other.

ROMANCE (R. C.) I'll plan the story on a new foundation ;

CLAPTRAP (R.) I'll pop in now and then a "situation."

FANCY (L.) Fancy shall lend her free, unfettered aid ;

FOLLY (L.C.) You will! then Folly's Christmas piece is made ;

Avoiding personality—scurrility,
Only 'gainst shams exhibiting hostility ;
Wreathing a garland of jest, prank, and pun,
Pointing a moral too amidst our fun.

We'll shew the woes of a would-be patrician,
The grief to which comes Brummagem ambition ;
I, in the form of Lady Milwood, will
With foolish thoughts his brain and bosom fill ;
And shew the bitter grief and melancholy
Resulting from a wild pursuit of folly.

Come ! Is the notion good—what do you say ?

FANCY. Our soul's in arms—

ALL. And eager for the play.

Song—**FOLLY**—“*Rataplan.*”

Such a plan, such a plan, such a plan, plan, plan,
Such a plan must turn out all right ;
So I'll set about my task at once, and commence this very
night :

This young man, this young man, this young man, man, man,

Must be taught a lesson slight;
I'll make his present dark, so that his future may be bright!

As Milwood, I
Will charm his eye,
And captive lead his sense;
And I'll dress,
And confess
That I love,
Far above

That poor youth, all the universe—yes.

Chorus.—Such a plan, &c.

(BALLET *March off up platform*—FOLLY, CLAP-TRAP, FANCY and ROMANCE sink through four front traps to Chorus)

SCENE SECOND.—*Parlour at Thoroughgood's. (1st grooves)*
A handsome Apartment; in Old English style.

Enter six SEMPSTESSES, sewing and singing, L., 1 E.

Air, "So Early in the Morning."

Sew early in the morning,
Sew early in the morning,
Sew early in the morning,
Before the break of day.

Enter THOROUGHGOOD, L. 1 E.

THORO. Work on my busy bees and hive the honey,
Remember, you've the work and *hI've* the money,
Oh, well may England glory in her shops,
Although the H perchance, at times, I drops;
Or, from not being over-crammed with *nous*,
Put it where it is quite super-flu-ous;
Still, have I not a shop that's worth a plum—
I beg its pardon, an empori-um?
Am I not known to be extremely well off;
Have been for twenty years about to sell off;
Have been about retiring from the trade;
Have "most alarming sacrifices" made;
At seeming swindles boldly made a dash;
Have bought up bankrupt stock with ready cash,

And here Jack Thoroughgood defiant stands,
Like Briareus, "lord of a hundred hands."

Exit SEMPSTRESSES, singing, R., the same air.

Bless you, my children, can't repress a tear.

Enter MARIA, L. 1 E., with a skipping rope.

MARIA (L.) Good morning, dear papa.

THORO. Good day, my dear. (*aside*) He—hem ! now for it.

(*aloud*) Daughter, I'll engage,

You've often thought about your marriage.

Has none made no impression on your heart ?

My sweet, my very sweet one, why thus *tart* ?

I for your hand have had no end of proffers.

MARIA. (L.) It is but for *my coffers* they *make offers*.

THORO. (R.) The Baron Billiards—if you'd higher get,
That foreign swell, the Duke de Lansquenet—
I thought such splendid titles, dear, would stun you—
Lord Lollipop is very sweet upon you.

MARIA. He's but a boy !

THORO. He's one of the *he'-lite* !

MARIA. He's but eighteen !

THORO. Of course, so he's *d'sweet* (*dixhuite*).

MARIA. Papa, papa, forgive me if you please,
But I can't marry any one of these.

THORO. If any villain hath entrapped your heart, he
Must be a very eligible party :

For you may *starve*, this matter I am terse on,

If you should wed a *pauper* or *pore-per-sou*n !

MARIA. (*aside*) Alas ! De Barnwell's nothing but his name.

Enter TRUEMAN, R. 1 E. (a cringing fellow), and stands eyeing MARIA.

THORO. (c.) What is your infinitesimal game ?

MARIA. (*aside, L.*) Trueman, that dreadful persecuting pest !

TRUE. (R.) I've merely come to make a small request.

THORO. Trueman, your manner I don't understand.

TRUE. (*crossing to MARIA*) I've come to ask you for your
daughter's hand. (*MARIA laughs*)

I was prepared for ridicule and jibing.

THORO. (R.) My faithful Trueman, have you been imbibing ?

TRUE. (*passionately*) Yes, at a draught which burns my heart much more

Than prime old fruity port at twenty-four;
Which doth my bosom scorch like living coal—
A sherry cobbler working at my soul.

MARIA. (L.) A small request, indeed, my hand you call.

TRUE. (*taking it*) I do indeed, sweet maid, extremely small.

MARIA. (*pleased*) Trueman polite.

TRUE. (*passionately*) That think ye none can be—

None save De Barnwell? (MARIA starts—chord in orchestra)

THORO. (*crosses to centre*) What! you don't—has she?

No, no! and yet as closer I descriy her,
How shrinks Maria now as I more eye her! (clutches
her hand severely)

Say, do you love him? is this statement true?

Speak, girl!

MARIA. (L.) I does.

TRUE. (R.) Ha, ha! She does!

THORO. (C.) She do!
Was it for this with love that ne'er diminished

I sent you to a school to be well finished?

The terms were just a hundred pounds a year—

Some of the ologies come very dear—

With extras that suggested thoughts of ruin.

Twelve towels and a silver fork and spoo-in.

What shall I do? oh! tell me, worthy Trueman?

TRUE. Bestow on me the hand of the young wooman.

THORO. Never! you must have dined, presumptuous T.;
My daughter weds not with the likes of thee.

TRUE. This my return for all the things I've done.

Who helped you up the golden heights you've won?

Who but the wretch on whom you are so hard

Taught you the tricks of trade, and on the card

On which was nineteen shillings boldly placed,

A faint elevenpence three farthings traced

With light lead pencil in the corner? Who

Declared the summer before last's silks were new?

Who vowed through thick and thin when you were
brought

Up for intimidation to the court

That you were out of town? You know that I
In a *near court*, swore to an *alley by*.

THORO. My observations hurts his feelings, pain 'em,
And as his tears are pure, he don't restrain 'em;
Trueman, she's yours, as partners I'll take *you*,
And you, Maria, I'll be his partner too. (*joins their hands*)

MARIA. Never! Maria's firmness you'll discover.

Partner! to think of *partn' her* from her lover,
I'll die a spinster rather, you shall see!

THORO (c.) If so, you'll be of great *ex pince ter me*.

Trio—“Whole hog or none.”

THORO. You well know when once I say a thing, I always
have it done,
I've a knack of going on, you are aware, when I've
begun;
To a vagabondish creditor, I'm a remorseless dun,
With a disobedient child I'll go the whole hog or
none!

MARIA. Oh la, pa! think of matrimony
With a horrid wretch like Trueman,
Wouldn't be a bit of fun!

Oh! if to him! I'm bound, I'll go the whole hog or
none.

(all repeat in chorus, and dance off to symphony,
L. 2 E.)

SCENE THIRD.—*Interior of large Mercer's Shop; counters r. and l.; doors, c. SHOPMEN behind counters serving CUSTOMERS; MAUVE MAGENTA, the shop-walker, is parading the shop; all old fashioned; scene bustling and lively.*

Music—Air, “Market Chorus, Masaniello.”

MAUVE. (to OLD LADY, r.) Madam, I trust our goods give satisfaction?

OLD LADY. They don't, and I intend to bring an action,
That farthingale I bought last week is soiled,
Spotted with grease I find, completely spoiled.

MAUVE. To kick up any breeze is no avail,
A penny breeze about a farthingale;

It's mean—(*returns parcel, and to another LADY, L.*)

I hope you've found, ma'am, what you wish?

OLD LADY. (*snappishly*) Certainly not, your goods are all rubbish;

You haven't got the coloured silk I want. (*going*)

MAUVE. (*interrupting her*) Good gracious! yes, we have, depend upon't.

Come in, give trouble, go and not buy anything,

Not so much as the value of a penny thing.

You call yourself a lady. (*she seizes a roll of calico from counter, L.*) What, defied!

And by a woman—Walker!

LADY. Stand aside!

(*knocks him down into the arms of a SHOPMAN and exit, c., followed by all other CUSTOMERS grumbling*)

MAUVE. Defeated! Some poor wretch shall feel my power—

That George de Barnwell has been out an hour!

SHOPMAN. See, sir, he comes with slow and measured paces,

Full of reflective thoughtfulness his face is.

MAUVE (*aside*) I like him not—he trying for my place is.

Music—Enter GEORGE DE BARNWELL, c., thoughtfully; he carries a parcel and yard measure.

MAUVE. And so, sir, you've come back,

BARN. (*looking up*) I have returned.

MAUVE. How were you treated by the Countess?

BARN. (*with animation*) *Spurned!*

I up the flaunting flight of steps did mount,

To ask the Countess for her small account;

She heard and laughed at me, while three or four

Huge pampered menials thrust me from the door,

And as I down the sharps steps flying came

Grazed the more nubbly portions of my frame.

(*SHOPMEN go up and laugh*)

They little know the man they kicked contains,

Aristocratic fluid in his veins!

That he who down the stone stairs flying went,

Could really boast of a most high descent;

De Barnwell, whose poor nose is scraped and sore!
Traces his lineage from the *Konkey-raw!*
Silence, ambitious boy! These grinning knaves—
These sniggering servile sycophantic slaves—
These counter-skipping varlets, here who know
Nothing beyond their silk and calico,
Don't understand thee. Keep poetic fervour
For times when you're alone, with no observer!
Meanwhile the bale, the counter-yard and shelf.
Heart, heart look inwards—feed upon thyself!

(blows his nose with emotion)

MAUVE. The guv'nor! (SHOPMEN skip to their places)

Enter THOROUGHGOOD, MARIA, and TRUEMAN, R. 1 E.

THORO. Friends, all work and no play
Makes Jack a dull boy; so a holiday,
I beg to give you. Go forth, happy be,
He-hem, and don't return till after tea.

MAUVE. A cheer for Thoroughgood!

THORO. Oh, no!

ALL. Hurray!
BARN. I'm not quite well, at home I'd rather stay,
As for the rest they may accept the boon.
Your custom always of an afternoon
Is rather slack. At home I'd rather stop,
For solitude I love—and mind the shop.

TRUE. (aside, L.) And with the shop his eye, for I shall
watch him,

And if in anything suspicious catch him,
Let him beware.

MARIA. Dear George.

THORO. Come, girl, don't pout.

(to SHOPMEN) You'd better sing a chorus and get out.

Concerted Piece.—“Zip Coon.”

THORO. Cut away, lads and lasses, to this hop skip tune.

TRUE. Cut away for time presses, 'twill be evening soon.

THORO. Never mind George de Barnwell, he's a melancholy
spoon.

BARN. I prefer to stop in here, sir, the entire afternoon.

THORO. What, all the afternoon?

BARN. (faintly) Yes, all the afternoon.

ALL:
BARN.

What, *all* the afternoon?
Yes, all the afternoon.
I'm never very jolly,
And this afternoon, it's true,
I feel more melancholy
Than I usually do.

ALL (*repeat*) Cut away, lads, &c., &c.

(*the SHOPMEN dance off*, c., THOROUGHGOOD and MARIA, R.—TRUEMAN follows them with tragic strides, with his eyes fixed on DE BARNWELL)

BARN. Down to a counter brought, oh, sad disgrace!

Is this the last of the De Barnwell race?
I, who've a throbbing and ambitious soul
The strongest waistcoat buttons can't control.
Maria loves me, but I must look higher;
I like Maria, but I can't marry *her*!
'Twill break her heart.—No matter, I have seen
My soul's adored, heart's idol, fancy's queen!
'Twas in the pit tier that I first did meet her;
I thought I never saw a *pittier* creature.
I called her carriage, as she left the lobby,
Although I was pushed backwards by a bobby;
I saw she smiled on me, than Romeo madder,
Ever since then I've been her living shadde,
Her wild adorer, her entranced lov'er;
Round her I hover, thinking always *hof-her*.

Song—Air, "Cottage by the Sea."

By the waving sea we'd wander,
Gaze on the expansive blue;
On the periwinkle ponder,
Catching crabs and starfish too.
If she'd marry me to-morrow,
We'd retire and blissful be;
But there's no chance of my getting
A cottage by the sea.

Air—"Ship's Carpenter."

I have followed her carriage,
And have waited in vain
To see her get in it,
Sometimes in the rain;

But what is the wet when your bosom's on fire?
And mud makes no difference when you ad-mire
Such a diddle, daddle, doodle chip chop, &c.

I feel a little weary, and methinks
I may as well indulge in forty winks;
When wakin', I'm so poor that people scoff,
But when I'm once asleep I feel *well off*;
Against this counter short, I feel so small,
In fact I *may* say no account at all.
Oh, dear—(*sleeps on chair, L.*)

Music—Enter LADY MILWOOD, from behind statue, R.U.E.

MILWOOD. I want to look at some Chantilly lace.

There seems to be no shopman in the place!

(*stamps her foot*)

BARN. (*awakes and rises*) I'm the assistant.

MILWOOD (*aside*) No, it cannot be.

It is!

BARN. (*aside*) It is!

MILWOOD. It is—'tis he!

BARN. 'Tis she!

Duet—“There is a young Woman.”

BARN. It is the young woman who has such a spell,
Cast over the fortunes of George de Barnwell.

Wag a tye, ah,

Than Mari ah,

Alas! this young lady is lovelier far.

MILWOOD. Oh, please, sir, how is it, explain if you please,
The reason I find you on these *premi-ses*.

BARN. A Braggart I are,

In fact a li-ar,

I'm assistant, that's all, to this haberdash-ar.

MILWOOD. Your noble appearance has taken me in,

BARN. (*aside*) That's a hint, George de Barnwell, to go
in and win.

Wag a tye air,

Madam, a chair,

Deserving alone are the brave of the fair.

(*Goes behind counter and nervously piles up goods*)

What can I show you handsome and expensive?
Our stock of summer silks is most extensive.

(aside) She smiles, she loves me, oh, despair,
distraction!

(aloud) These silks from Spitalfields give satisfaction.
They're cheap since the decline and fall—not
Gibbon's,—

But of the weavers—lovely thing in ribbons.

(aside) Her beauteous eyes surpass all other women's,
With love I'm *mad*! Is it delirium? trimmings!

MILWOOD. Excuse me, sir, if I appear to be,
Impelled by vulgar curiosity,
But though a shopman's *boldness* you appear
To ape, you wer'n't born for the shopman's *sphere*.

BARN. Mum, the De Barnwells—

MILWOOD (*rising and aside*) Oh, enchanting name.

BARN. With Will the Conqueror to England came,
Though poor we're passing proud—as for the rest,
Our birth is noble, and unstained our crest.

MILWOOD. There is a lordly presence in your eye!

BARN. Which, mum?

MILWOOD. In both—that seemeth to defy
The frowns of fortune; say, is this not true—
Doth not De Barnwell dross despise?

BARN. (*proudly*) He do!

MILWOOD. You are romantic!

BARN. Rather!

MILWOOD. And a poet!
You wrote these lines—your mantling blush doth
shew it. (*produces pamphlet*)

BARN. Allow me!

MILWOOD. Nay—with it I ne'er will part;
For weeks and weeks I've worn them next my heart.
(reads in trembling accents) "Ye who would look
the nobly born, I vow, sirs,
At once try Thoroughgood's twelve shilling trowsers;
The cut, and the material must please,
They never become baggy at the knees;
The price twelve shillings, which but double six is—
Twelve shillings for the Montmorency kickseys."
How charmingly expressed!

BARN. They're rather choice.

MILWOOD. I knew so by the accents of your voice;

There's a melodious cadence in its tones,

So different from those of Mr. Jones,

Who generally serves me when I come.

BARN. (*ratirosely*) Thrice happy Jones! I beg your pardon, mum.

MILWOOD. Nay, I'm not offended, but time presses,

And I have not selected the new dresses.

It ne'er has been my lot to meet with yet—

Sir, your attentions I can ne'er forget.

(she takes his hand—he appears thrilled at the touch) Farewell!

BARN. Lady, our summer silks are stunning, stay—

MILWOOD. It's getting late, and what might people say.

BARN. (*conceitedly*) Precisely so.

MILWOOD. The world's so merciless.

I find it difficult to choose a dress—

I will, with your permission, take 'em all. (sweeps up a great pile of goods)

And if at my address you'll kindly call—

(BARNWELL starts and supports himself by chair)

What ails you?

BARN. (*dreamily*) N-nothing.

MILWOOD. Something surely, sir.

BARN. Nothing at all—and I shall call on her!

Duet—“Lucia.”

MILWOOD. 'Tis late growing,
There's no knowing

What folks may say at my stopping;

Hints be dropping,

On my shopping

At so late an hour you know.

BARN. Direful thoughts my breast are filling,
I, poor fool, ain't worth a shilling,
I feel such an awful “Willing,”
Agony, despair and woe!

MILWOOD. Now farewell, for I must go!

BARN. Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh !

MILWOOD. Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh !

Now farewell, &c. *Exit MILWOOD, c.*

BARN. (R.) It's no use. Gracious ! what is this I see ?

Young Wilkins in his desk has left his key ;

I've but to turn the lock—oh, Milwood ! Milwood !

It is for thee De Barnwell rob the till would.

The cover of the desk once lifted, I'd

Immediately desk over what's inside. (*opens it*)

Cheques ! notes, and guineas ! and a bank post bill !

The shop with all its faults, I love its till.

(*pockets the money*)

Now to my tailor quick—away, away ;

My soul's in arms, and eager for the— (*rushing out*)

Enter TRUEMAN, R. ; abruptly seizes him.

TRUE.

Stay !

Stay, stay, your manner something wrong betrays ;

BARN. Think you to hold me with a pair of stays ?

TRUE. A pair of stays ! Your station you forget ;

BARN. Bother ! I've done with you and your course set !

TRUE. Corset and stay, my bosom friend and pally,

Your manner's too much of the lacey alley !

(*seizes BARNWELL*)

Drop that till-gotten wealth ; your plans I'll spoil,

And the designs of guilt on that tin foil ;

I watched the whole proceeding—'twas a bold 'un—

Through the keyhole—

BARN.

Indeed ! Now hark'e, old un :

I'm desperate ! there ! (*Music—breaks from him, and*

seizes an enormous pair of scissors from R. counter)

Ha, what a pair of fuzzers !

There, there, and there—there, there, and there !

(*stabs him six times*)

TRUE. (*falls*)

Oh, scissors !

BARN. Thus perish those who'd thwart me in my mission,

Or seek to curb my towering ambition !

(*wipes scissors on TRUEMAN'S coat*)

TRUE. Oh, trait'rous dog !

BARN. Shut up! (*hits him on the head; he drops as dead*) What have I done?
 He breathes—ah, yes, he must! (*kneels beside him*)
 No breath—not one!
 I must away.

Music—creeps towards door, c.; TRUEMAN rises, seizes him, turns him round, and struggles to counter, R.; seizes Watchman's rattle, which he springs.

Enter THOROUGHGOOD with napkin tucked under his chin, as if he had been interrupted at dinner, followed by MARIA, R. 1 E.

THORO. (c.) Trueman! what means this riot?
 Stuck!

TRUE. By De Barnwell.

THORO. (*going to seize him*) Scoundrel!

BARN. Don't you try it.

TRUE. He's robbed the till, and me he's tried to kill.

BARN. Villain! I rob the till, beast! (*crosses to him*)

TRUE. Yes,

BARN. (*strikes him*) Be still!

Concerted piece, "Billy Patterson."

BARN. He who attempts to lay finger on me,
 Or of old Baily patters—on—

His fate disagreeable and speedily will be.

TRUE. He did kill me! he did kill me!

MARIA. Oh, George de Barnwell, pray,

Oh, George, don't go away;

My heart will break I know;

Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!

BARN. Good-bye, dear Ma-ri-ah,
 And Thoroughgood, tar-tar,

De Barnwell ne'er was meant to be,
 A low hab-er-dash-er!—

ALL. Good bye, &c., &c., &c.

BARNWELL dances off, c., TRUEMAN, R., THOROUGHGOOD and MARIA, L.

SCENE FOURTH.—*A West-end Pawnbroker's Parlour behind shop—The three golden balls seen through window—“Money lent,” and other signs of business—Door, l. flat used.*

Enter the UNCLE, reading newspaper.

UNCLE. Well, from these columns the stern fact I cull,
 That, taken altogether, things are dull.
 For, as Jack Gong observeth, in my line
 “Things is werry much upon the decline”—
 No student, now, I own it to my sorrow,
 Takes to that interesting author “Borrow”—
 No briefless barrister, who sporteth oak,
 For coal makes free with his Black-stone or Coke—
 No hard-up poet pining for a supper,
 For a small trifle wildly spouts his Tupper—
 Few now seek the assistance of the shop,
 The very weasels have ceased going “pop.”
 If things continue long to look so blue,
 And business doesn't take a turn, I do;
 And in the grounds of my suburban villa,
 Of trade in order to steer clear, turn-tiller,
 With spade in hand plant flower, tree, and twig,
 And thus enjoy my *otium cum dig*,
 And never shrink from moderate expense
 In wages, and in gardening implements,
 Till gravelled, bedded, turfed, well smoothed and
 lawned,
 Is this pawnbroker's garden in *Balls pawn'd*.

Song—“Old English Gentleman.”

I've got a villa out of town, a villa of two floors,
 Approached by a new avenue of fine young sycamores,
 With two brass plates, I decorates the bells at the front
 doors,
 The one is labelled “*Servants*,” and the other “*Visitors*.”
 Like a fine old British pawnbroker one of the modern time.
 I've chandeliers that drop glass tears, and cost this child
 a few,
 And carpets upon which I'm quite afraid to put my shoe,

And cart loads of fine furniture that smells extremely new,
For everything is redolent of happiness and glue.

At this fine old British pawnbroker's, &c.

I've got a butler clad in black, it's evident to see,
Although he's heavy wages, that he don't think much of me,
I've got a foreign cook whose dishes with me disagree,
A fashionable doctor, too, whose homœopathee

Will kill this British pawnbroker, &c.

Enter R. D. in flat, a hideous SHOPBOY.

SHOPBOY. A lady, which her name she will not tell,
But which, I think, she is a tip-top swell—
Leastways, her manners is both proud and haughty—
Is in the shop.

UNCLE. Show up the female porty.

Exit SHOPBOY.

All soft roads to my heart must I Macadam,
The shopman's sternness summon. Walk in, madam!

Enter MILWOOD veiled, R. D. in flat.

I think I know her veil.

MILWOOD. (R.) If that's the case,
Then it's of no avail to hide my face. (*removes her
veil*)

UNCLE. Your ladyship! Can I believe my eyes?

MILWOOD. The fact is, I perceive, you advertise
To those who for a time hard up may be,
That you lend cash on good security,
And though my fortune's ample, some delay in
Collecting rents—my tenants all hate paying.

UNCLE. You to your uncle come for an advance
'Cos of the backwardness of your *ten-ants*.

MILWOOD. Precisely—then the failure of a bank,
And the extravagant demands of rank
Compel me to—in short, to clear the case,
What will you lend me on this silk and lace?
The lace you see is point, and plenty of it.

UNCLE. The only point I look at, mum, is profit.
Of course a man must live, and there's you see,
Unfortunately, a good deal of *me*.

(aside) She seems to me to shun my observa-shun.
 (aside) Where did you get this lace?

MILWOOD. From a relace-ion.

UNCLE. Impossible ! I must repeat, mum, *where* ?
 This is Chantilly.

MILWOOD. I *shan't tellee*, there !

UNCLE. This a case, mum—instantly I twigged it—
 Of kleptomania—that's to say, you prigged it !
 The label, see, of Thoroughgood and Co.

MILWOOD. The label ; it's a libel !

UNCLE. Oh, dear no.

You've given way, it's very plain to see,
My pretty lass, to *petty larceny*.

Where's the police ! you're guilty and shall rue it ;
 I *must* call the police.

MILWOOD. Please don't do it.

Upon my knees I fall.

UNCLE. (aside) Which shows that she
 Admits that it's a case of *fell-on-knee*.

Police ! You've tasted pleasure, now you'll sup
Most bitter cup, and you must *be took up*.

MILWOOD. Rather than that, I'll take a fatal "header."
 (going to window, L. in flat)

UNCLE. (aside) I wonder wedder she would let me *wed der* !
 Here goes. (aloud) Your ladyship, say but the word,
 And you're as free as any ocean bird ;
 If I make free 'tis but to make *you* free ;
 Your only chance, mum, is to marry *me*.

MILWOOD. Villain ! but no, the notion's too absurd ;
 Marry a pawnbroker ! Upawn my word !
 Pray recollect the distance 'tween us two,
 I came to "pop" myself and not hear *you*.

UNCLE. Reflect ; I've got a handsome modern willa,
 A spacious cellar and no end of siller ;
 Mine is a rather enviable lot,
 I keep a brougham and a chariot ;
 Be mine, they're yours ; if not, a jail expect.

MILWOOD. Oh, agony ! time give me to reflect.

UNCLE. To-morrow morning, after breakfast——

MILWOOD. Oui.

Oh never shall the sun that morrow see !

I, Lady Milwood, stoop to such as he;
 A very *stoopid* sort of thing 'twould be;
 I, one of England's aristocra-*cee*!
 'Tis here, but not engendered—George de B.
 Shall help me from this ruffian to be free.

Duet.—“Nix my Dolly.”

MILWOOD. In a box of the stone jug, highly born,
 Lady Mil-wood would feel all forlorn;

UNCLE. Take away!

MILWOOD. Goods I'd no right to was wrong, you'll say;
 'Twas a case of what's termed kleptoma-nia!

UNCLE. Nix my dolly palls, take away, &c., &c.

Exeunt, R. door in flat.

SCENE FIFTH.—*Ranelagh—a brilliant scene, and, though correct in points of detail, suggestive by its adjuncts of Cremorne—on a supper box, R., in large letters, “Ranelagh Sherry,” “This way to the Dogs and Monkeys,” “Fireworks at Eleven,” “The Ranelagh Supper half-a-crown,” “Signor Dislocatisnecki on the Treble Trapeze at Nine,” “Circus at Seven.”*

Music.—Company gaily dressed à la Watteau are promenading the grounds—WAITERS dressed between the Cremorne waiter and the waiter of the period, are carrying sherry cobblers and trays of tea about—a MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES is walking about with an air of authority.

Enter the LESSEE.

LESSEE. To-night some profit I may hope to get,
 Miraculous to say, it isn't wet;
 I've had these gardens open now three months,
 And had it fine, I may say, scarcely once;
 For my directorship it's very plain,
 Is what one calls a managerial *reign*.

Enter FASTMAN, smoking, L.

FAST. Halloa, old boy!

LESSEE. I hope I see you well!

FAST. That fellow on the trapéze is a sell!

LESSEE. You don't mean that he's been and gone and fell?

How he's kept on so long I can't divine ;
I hope he's not broke anything—of mine.

FAST. Oh ! he's a deal too careful, man, to fall,
And that's what I complain of.

LESSEE. Oh, that's all !

FAST. Of course, if he'd create a great sensation,
The acrobat must take a lofty station,
Sight-seers love a highly seasoned dish ;
In fact, were you to take them at their wish,
They'd have the trapeze swing athwart the sky.
It's dangerous *game*, and people like it *high* ;
And if you want my tin, likewise, my pals,
Give us a ballet, man, and lots of gals.

LESSEE. We'll see about it.

FAST. Do so, and look here,
We think your shilling supper dooced dear,
Drop it to sixpence and throw in some beer.

LESSEE. Then how am I to pay.

FAST. Oh, bother that !
Your entertainment, like your Bass, is flat ;
Your shows are only fit for cads or tars,
And nothing draws, not even your cigars.

LESSEE. Anything else you'd like me, sir, to do ?

FAST. Yes, put me on the free list.

LESSEE.

Eh ?

FAST. For two. *Retires.*

Music. — Enter LADY MILWOOD, l. 2 E., as if looking about
for some one amongst the crowd.

MILWOOD. 'Tis here De Barnwell comes each night I hear,
And smokes cigars extremely cheap, poor dear ;
Gazing upon me with devouring eyes,
And doing the most awful things in sighs.
His uncle's in my way, with threats unpleasant ;
" 'Tis here, but not engendered," just at present.
I see a way to foil the hateful villain.
Sir Charles, your hand, sir, for the next cotillon.

M. C. Now, *carpe diem*, the occasion seize ;
Gentlemen, take your partners, if you please.

Music — a dance, a cotillon, by the CHARACTERS and
BALLET, 24 in number — all go off.

Enter BARNWELL, slowly.

BARN. I am alone with conscience, where is *she*?

Moving amidst her splendid company—
With lords and ladies, who with flatteries sate her.
Jealousy racks my tortured bosom—Waiter!

Enter WAITER, L.

Methinks I see her—dandies at her side—
Who would a numble youth like me deride.
Oh, Milwood, would I from your thrall were free!
What madness will you drive *one to*? *One tea!*
I am in haste, so look alive, be quick!
How loathsome's food—some bread and butter, thick!

(the WAITER places a small tray, with bread and butter, tea and watercresses, on a little table, R. C.
BARNWELL sits at it)

This banquet's not what one might term a ch'ice 'un—
This tea is not *enticin'*, it *ain't hyson*;
The butter's salt, the bread like me is sad,
The water *creases* ain't so very bad.
I think I might consume two more such pieces—
I really find my appetite in *creases*.
I do this every night without variety,
Fondly imagining I'm in society;
I can't repress a sigh—alas, you see
This is the way I do *so sigh at tea*.

Punch Song—“Puritan’s Daughter.”

Let others sing in praise of wine,
 Tol de rol;
Give me Souchong at four and nine,
 Tol de rol.
And Pekoe doth agree with me,
 Fol de rol;
And I believe you, my Bo-hea,
 Fol de rol.

Enter MILWOOD, R. U. E.

BARN. Another cup, I think, I'll take—*encore!* (MILWOOD
seizes his arm) Your ladyship.

MILWOOD (L.) Forbear, and eat no more.

BARN. Most lovely of thy sex, I ain't eat *none* yet.
MILWOOD. Bah!

BARN. Queen of my soul, I haven't done yet.
MILWOOD. Come here, I'd speak with you, there's no
one by,
Don't mind your *cup o' tea*, look up at *I*,
You have an uncle. (*chord*) He's my foe—no words
He dies.

BARN. Oh dear, the tea's all turned to curds;
I don't feel well—you don't mean—

MILWOOD. Yes, I do!

BARN. Only a little?

MILWOOD. No, completely through!
(he staggers and leans against chair)

Duet—MILWOOD—“Martha.”

You list to me,
I would be free,
From a villain whom I detest to see;
You understand,
This daring hand
Courage has, and nerve to do the deed.

When you know
That one blow
Is sufficient me to make
Happy you
That will do

I am certain for my sake;
Yes, I am *certain for my sake*—
Think of what's at stake!

Milwood, Milwood, prays De Barnwell—
Prays De Barnwell her to rid;
If her love her George would a'rn well,
He will do as he is bid,
He will do as he is bid.

GEORGE—“Mrs. Johnson.”

Your meaning is as clear as mud;
A deed you mean—mean of be-lud;
You've only got to say the *wud*,
It's with my wishes conson-

Ant—when I say *ant*, I mean
Not ant, but uncle ;—all serene !
A wretched quip, which would, I ween,
Enrage poor Doctor Johnson.

Air—MILWOOD—“Black Sal.”

MILWOOD. Get your best weapons ready this wretch to annihilate ;

BARN. Yes, I will arm myself, just as the nervous do,

MILWOOD. 'Gainst those low ruffians who do the laws so violate,

BARN. When they're some shy neighbourhoods agoing through.

MILWOOD. When of this plague I am rid I shall happy be,
Say I may trust to your arm, say I *may*.

BARN. Make yourself easy, I'll arm myself cap-a-pie,
As if burglaree and garotting was my lay.

(both dance “Black Sal and Dusty Bob” jig off,

R. and L.—enter all the VISITORS, and dance
an umbrella dance as scene closes)

SCENE SIXTH.—*The Garden of the Uncle's Suburban Villa.* House, L. 2 E.; two garden seats on R. and L.; man-trap behind tree, R. 2 E.

Enter MARIA, her hair down and in great grief, followed by THOROUGHGOOD, also in grief, R. 1 E.

Duet, “Blue Bells of Scotland.”

THORO. Oh, where! and oh, where! is my poor apprentice flown?

MARIA. He has fled from his indentures, left me to sob and groan,

THORO. I'd soon be down upon him if his whereabouts were known.

MARIA. He's broken my poor heart, burst soon it will.

THORO. He's broken *his* indentures and *my* till;

Prigged my point lace, and other things as fine,
Cut from *his* articles with lots of *mine*.

MARIA (clutching his arm) Look! look! I see him dancing in the hall! Ha! ha!

THORO. (R.) Alas! she's mad—sad sight for me to view,
Since he's gone off she has gone off it too.

MARIA (*sings*) "Good morrow, it is St. Valentine's day !
Up in the morning be times."
Father!

THORO. My child !

MARIA (*sings*) "I am a perfect cure." (*dances—gunfires*)
Oh, agony ! what have I been and done ?

THORO. You've been and gone and trod on a spring gun,
You're always coming across some mishap.
Oh ! (*screams*) I've been and gone and trod on a
steel trap.
Murder ! police !

(*Music*)

Enter UNCLE, with large blunderbuss; a GARDENER with a hoe, backing him up; a fat COOK, with a sauce ladle; a HOUSEMAID, with a broom; and a GROOM, with a pitchfork—all alarmed—from house, L. 2 E.

UNCLE. Wh-wh-where are you, you garotting brute, you ?
Let's know your whereabouts, that I may shoot you.
This blunderbuss's contents you I'll lodge in—
Your'e fixed, my friend, and so it's no use dodging !
You've prigged my pears, ha ! ha ! there's no escape !
My apples, too—now you shall taste my grape !

MARIA (*falls on knees, c.*) Mercy ! it is my father !

THORO. (R.) Yes, it's me—Thoroughgood,
Hosier, ten hundred and three, Tot'nham Court-road !

UNCLE. What are you doing, there, in that enclosure ?

Who'd think, 'midst apple-trees, to find an osier !

(SERVANTS release THOROUGHGOOD, and exit, L.)

THORO. Oh, sir, De Barnwell !

UNCLE. What, my nevvy, oh !

THORO. Gone !

UNCLE. Oh, this is indeed a nevvy blow (*all take out pocket handkerchiefs*)

Trio, "*Johnny was a shoemaker,*"

THORO. That George de B. was to make her,
His wife was understood ;
But he's gone alack,
And I fear he won't come back ;
Though he's certainly not gone for good-ood-ood.

MARIA. That apprentice to a hosi-er,
 Behaved most shamefule ;
 For the heartless sinner,
 Run away, just after dinner,
 And he never came back to his tea ee-ee.

UNCLE. Bound him 'prentice to a haberdash-er.
 Did I. My handkerchief !

You'll give back some
 Of the heavy premi-um.
 We'll go inside and give way to grief eef-eef.

(all exit in house)

Music, "The Wolf."—Enter BARNWELL, r., in the dress of a Coburg Bandit, black ringlet wig, russet boots, gauntlets, and large buckle in his belt which is studded with knives ; combat sword.

BARN. To nerve me to the deed so dark and vile,
 I've togged myself in the old Coburg style ;
 Thus have I seen transpontine villains stride,

(imitates melodramatic style)

Thus have I seen them enemies deride ;
 (laughs in same manner)

Thus with a voice that's well up in the throat,
 Have heard them growl " In cell beneath the moat,
 Load them with chains and manacles, you he-ar,
 Ha, ha ! Remorsolino knows no fear."

Where are my weapons ? I've sufficient knives,
 Ay, " if the slave had forty thousand lives ;
 My great revenge has stomach for them all,"
 He comes !—here goes to make short work of Paul.

Enter UNCLE with watering pot from house.

UNCLE. (l.) Heigho ! to keep my spirits up I'll try ;

GEORGE. (r.) Excuse me, but teremble—also die.

UNCLE. Who are you ?

GEORGE. What, who am I ? as for that a—

I am—

UNCLE. You are—

GEORGE. I am, ha, ha ! no matter ;

Just have the kindness please, to take your fate.

Music.—Fences with the UNCLE who guards himself with the watering pot, which has a very long spout—GEORGE

rubs his sword along the spout after manner of minor theatre combatants, and leaves off to wipe his brow. The fight is renewed, and BARNWELL falls, the UNCLE pours some water on him and he revives; fights on one knee, drives UNCLE to L. garden chair, on which he sinks.

Now die.

UNCLE. You wouldn't hit me when I'm down?

BARN. Of course I would—here goes! (*sticks him*) Oh, Uncle Brown!

I didn't go to do it! Here! it's I,
Your nephew George! He's killed, by George!
don't die.

I only meant with just a prod to drill him!
He is my uncle! Oh! I can't *un-kill* him,
It's all that dreadful creature Milwood's doing;
She wrought my ruin!

Enter MILLWOOD through vampire in flat suddenly—tremulous music through this.

MILWOOD. What, the deed your rueing,
Your sorry for it, eh?—You'd gladly be
Once more the poor apprentice, happy, free
From silly notions foreign to your station;
In fact you'd like your former situation,
Maria's love——

BARN. Don't torture me, I see
Policeman eighteen hundred sixty-three!
With Bluchers for a Brodignagian meet,
And elephantine boots on his poor feet!
His blood-shot bull's-eye glares from its deep socket;
He pulls the cruel handcuffs from his pocket!

(*kneels—tearing off wig and robber's dress*)
Mercy! take that and that—there, there, and there!
I'm guilty!—collar me!—Despair, despair!

(*falls helplessly on the ground on his face*)
MILWOOD. Enough—the spell' tis full now time to break,
First, though, my form original I'll take.

(*music.—her dress of MILWOOD vanishes, and FOLLY appears in its place*)
Quick, George de Barnwell, from your dream awake!

(*touches him—he looks up*)

BARN. Where am I?

Enter THOROUGHGOOD, TRUEMAN, and MARIA, from house L.

THORO. There he is—my boy—my 'prentice!

UNCLE. My nevvy!

MARIA. George!

BARN. What, am I *compos mentis*?

THORO. My dear de Barnwell, you've been out all-night,

BARN. What, uncle, ain't you dead then?

UNCLE. No, not quite.

BARN. Where's Lady Milwood?

FOLLY. Married, now forget her.

The least you say about all this the better.

Let bygones bygones be, your dream is past,

We'll hope that the impression, though, will last,

And that the moral we've to-night conveyed

Will be of a fast colour, and not fade.

MARIA. Why, you've been walking in your sleep, what fun!

UNCLE. Let's hope the walk may finish in a run.

BARN. Forgiven, thankee; you'll forgive me too,

Your hands alone, you know, can pull me through.

De Barnwell's going into business, and

He asks your favours, thus—you understand?

He needs naught else his future path to bless

If you'll stamp this night's vision a success.

Finale.—“Hot Codlings.”

FOLLY. The dreadful condition

MARIA. To which is brought

UNCLE. The sort of ambition

BARN. One didn't ought

MARIA. To flourish, we to-night have shown,

In language not at all high flown.

FOLLY. Then smile on our absurditee.

Let George de Barnwell happy be.

Thus us jolly make, our folly take,

As you've very often done at Christmas time, oh!

ALL. Thus us folly make, &c.

(*all sink through traps during chorus*)

TRANSFORMATION.

HARLEQUIN Mr. JOHN LAURI.

COLUMBINE Miss CAROLINE ADAMS.

CLOWN The celebrated WALTER HILDYARD.

PANTALOON Mr. J. PAULO.

LORD DUNDREARY...*(under Difficulties)*... Mr. LE FARR.

Incidental to the Pantomime.

ARTHUR & BERTRAND.

The two Clowns de Rothomago, from the Theatre Imperial
du Chatelet, in their

Christmas Gambols.

LE TONNEAU DIABOLIQUE.
LE CHAPEAU ENCHANTE.
LA CHAISE PERILLEUSE.

LE SOMMELL D'HERCULE.
LA GRENOUILLE SAUTANTE.
L'HABITANT DES LANDES.

*As performed by them 256 nights in Paris. They were patronised by
the Emperor Napoleon at their last performance in Paris.*

CHARING CROSS RAILWAY,

AS IT WILL BE.

Trip, pas de Bouquet Mr. J. LAURI & Miss C. ADAMS.

Here we are once more—"Somebody's Luggage"—what the *Dickins* is that?—is that a *ghost* I see before me?—no, it's the

Woman in White, you fool—Oh, Collins, Collins, wherefore art thou Collins?—steam up—off we go—don't you fish?—you are getting me in a *line*—what are you *railing* at—Dundreary done really, dreadful treatment of his lordship—*Clown's Grand Cricket Match*—the Eleven v. Australia—mind your *wicket*—what a *bowl*—go on with your *stump*—balls for the million—odd *bat it*—you've lost the long *odds*—Police—no betting allowed—where's my child?—give me back my child—Likeness by Hogg—black's white—a lady's feint—what a fitting appointment—don't *truckle* with me—

Barrows for four and on we go,

GREAT AGRICULTURAL HALL CATTLE SHOW.

Trip, pas de Caractere Mr. J. LAURI & Miss C. ADAMS.

Prize oxen—there's a *calf*—what are you *bleating* about?—you are so *pig-headed*—well, I'm not *sheep-faced*—the grand discovery of Clown's—**GREAT SENSATION**—how's the wind?—*North and South*—give me a *quarter*—oysters in season—what an *opening!*—done by *Rule*—fighting for the million—who's afraid—the star-spangled banner—grand pictorial illustration of *wedded-life*—*United States*—here, where, there—the Horn's in view—what a *coward* you are—it's only a *bull*—away, away to the *mountain*; No, to the

HARBOUR OF DOVER.

How *crabbed* you are—look out for the *lobster*—an eye to business—second-hand bird-cages required—crinoline in the way—official s(c)ell—pair of *birds*—after the beak

CLOWNANTIGAROTTINGANDWELLWHIPPINGHARD-

WORKINGTICKETOFLEAVEBARONBRAMWELLSO-

PINIONAMIRIGHTORANYOTHERMAN.

The sea, the sea, the open sea,—bathing for the million—Biarritz for ever—which are the ladies and which are the gentlemen, sir?—Vich you please my little dears—the wrong machine—I beg your pardon—I always take a *bathe* when I go to *Bath*—Clowny come up, and a rally for everybody.

A BED CHAMBER.

Trip, Double Hornpipe Mr. J. LAURI & Miss C. ADAMS.

Chairs for everybody—*covers* to match—what are you *harping* at?—there are *strings* in the human *heart*—oh, my *back*—halt, front—now for *breakfast*—*cup* no *saucer*'er—*breakfast*—I will—hey, presto, and up she goes—“thisss is a sort of thing no fellah can understand”—what a *dreary dun* you are, my lov—“To sleep, ay, there's the rub”—where's *Bed*—say?—Oh, I've a *counter-pain*, where?—this is a *blank* let—lodgings for two—what an *Exhibition*—GRANDPASDEPHANTOMGHOSTERINIHAMLETALAHILDYARDPAULOLAURINI—what a storm—lend me an *umbrella*—*Pa-ar-sold-it*—here's a *stew* and lots of *Greece*—where's my *Alfred*?—he's my *Princeipal*—*capital* idea, and *interest* to follow—grand introduction—low society, high society, and *London Society*—physic for *Clown*, *Pantaloona* at a draught—Oh, never—yes, it is—No, can, Ha, ha * *—riddle my riddle my ree, and conundrums for the million—not to be had—enquire at the *Jackdaw*—oh, he's got my feathers—a general consternation—*Leotard*, *Blondin*, and *Olmar* rivalled by the — — — actly, when found make a note of, and off we go to the

GRAND TABLEAU.

CUPID'S OFFERING TO THE

FUTURE STAR OF ENGLAND

OR,

The Nation's Brightest Hope.

Curtain.