

HARLEQUIN
B L U E B E A R D,

THE GREAT BASHAW;

OR, THE

GOOD FAIRY TRIUMPHANT

OVER THE

DEMON OF DISCORD!

A New Grand Comic Christmas Pantomime,

BY THE AUTHOR OF

Harlequin Hogarth, Harlequin Miller and His Men, St. George and the Dragon, Harlequin and William Tell, &c., &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND.

LONDON.

90952A

*First Performed at the Royal Princess's Theatre,
on Tuesday, December 26th, 1854.*

The Scenery painted by Messrs. W. GORDON, F. LLOYDS, SEWARD, &c. The Overture and Music composed and selected by Mr. B. ISAACSON. The General Tricks, Transformations, &c. by Mr. E. W. BRADWELL. The Machinery by Mr. G. HODSDON. The Dresses by Mrs. and Miss HOGGINS and Assistants. The Dances and the Fifth Scene in the Harlequinade arranged by Mr. OSCAR BYRN. The Pantomime under the Direction of Mr. G. ELLIS.

Programme of Characters, Scenery, &c.

SCENE I.—(*W. Gordon.*)

WINTER QUARTERS

And last Stronghold of Rustifusti, the Demon of Discord.

RUSTIFUSTI (*the Demon of Discord—a necessary evil in pantomimes, always the protector of “Cruel Husbands,” and consequently Blue Beard’s backer*) MR. F. COOKE.

HIS IMPS (*with the usual wages of “more kicks than half-pence”*) ... Messrs. Tremble, Truckle, Shiver, Shake, &c.

PRECIOSA, THE GOOD FAIRY (*from time immemorial the guardian of “Unprotected Females” and on this occasion, Fatima’s firm ally*) MISS KATE TERRY.

ATTENDANT FAIRIES (*her “Servants of all-work,” but principally engaged in “Cooking Blue Beard’s Goose”*) } THE BALLET.

BLUE BEARD’S AMBASSADOR (*with a trumpet accompaniment*) MR. COLLIS.

How Rustifusti summons to his assistance all the PRINCIPAL OLD WITCHES in the Neighbourhood, who, however, turn out to be very “Fast Young Women,” and how the good Fairy, resolved to do nothing by halves, not only demolishes Rustifusti’s quarters, but on the same site produces a more agreeable view, namely.

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SCENE II.—(*W. Gordon.*)

ENCHANTED GARDENS !

Summer Residence of the Good Fairy.

In which the Fairies, after their deeds of arms take to their legs,
and cut (it is hoped) a Very Pretty Figure.

SCENE III.—(*W. Gordon.*)

KITCHEN in BLUE BEARD'S CASTLE, AND GRAND PREPARATIONS FOR THE WEDDING BREAKFAST.

ABOMELIQUE (*called Blue Beard, probably because his beard was blue—a great Bashaw and celebrated Lady-Killer, very luxurious, but at times excessively furious, and then highly injurious*) MR. ROLLESTON.

HEAD COOK TO HIS ESTABLISHMENT
(*as black as her own kettle*) MR. J. COLLINS.

How the Wedding Breakfast was dressed and ultimately *dished* by a new Patent Steam Apparatus, under the immediate Superintendence of the Inventor, Blue Beard himself, who, mistaking his own Invention, not only *blows up* his cooks, but *himself* and the *Wedding Breakfast* also.

SCENE IV.—(*W. Gordon.*)

TURKISH VILLAGE, WITH IBRAHIM'S COTTAGE, AND DISTANT MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY.

IBRAHIM { *Nurseryman and Florist, and so very penurious that he thought it "A very fine thing to be father-in-law, To a mighty magnificent three-tailed Bashaw."*—Old MS.—Brit. Museum. } MR. PAULO.

FATIMA (*Ibrahim's Second Daughter, and Blue Beard's (intended Twenty-Second Wife—unluckily very curious)*) MR. DALY.

SISTER ANNE (*her Father's Eldest Daughter, and consequently her Sister's Sister*) MR. J. COLLETT.

SELIM (*a gallant young Bono Johnny, very sweet upon Fatima, and therefore Blue Beard's Rival*) MR. H. SAKER.

BRIDESMAIDS (*by three disappointed Old Maids, who wish the Bride all sorts of happiness, and are dying with envy all the while*)

BLUE BEARD'S GUARDS OF HONOUR...Messrs. Right, Left, Wheel, Face, &c.

BLUE BEARD'S MILITARY BAND (*mere Instruments in their Master's hands, and like himself—all Brass*) Mr. Puffandblow & Family.

SEDAN BEARERS ("licensed to carry two inside," viz.—*Blue Beard and his Bride*) Messrs. Start and Strong.

PRESENT BEARERS (*Blue Beard's "Parcels' Delivery Company"*) Messrs. Lookalive, Trusty, &c.

How Ibrahim won't let "*well alone*," and consequently puts his foot in it—How Blue Beard marches in to his own march to claim his Bride, and how Selim, having lost his *wits* for love of Fatima, would inevitably have lost his *head*, but for the timely interference of

The Good Fairy, Preciosa,

Who preserves his life and saves his *bacon* by a practical illustration of the old saying, that one Good *TURN* deserves another.

SCENE V.—(*F. Lloyds.*)

CORRIDOR IN BLUE BEARD'S CASTLE,

AND

EXTERIOR OF THE BLUE CHAMBER!

THE YOUTHFUL BLUE BEARDS

(No less than 21 in number, and consequently to be *taken in the lump*.)

How Blue Beard brings home Mrs. B—How Blue Beard's one-and-twenty little Blue Beards, by Blue Beard's former one-and-twenty Mrs. Blue Beards, are allowed to sit up *this once*, and see their new Mamma—How Blue Beard, being suddenly called away by "Poachers in his Preserves," places the keys at the disposal of Mrs. B—with the exception of one.—"Beware! And open that Blue Chamber door, if you dare!" Another Old M.S.—*Apply again, British Museum.* Ladies, beware of Curiosity—How Fatima opens the "Blue Chamber door," and shows "*Portraits Vivans*," of Blue Beard's Wives, very well *executed*, the HEADS especially!

SCENE VI.—(*F. Lloyds.*)

TOWER AND BATTLEMENTS.

How Sister Anne is seen to look-out (not for a *Husband*)—How Blue Beard is seen *too*, as the Clock strikes *One*—How Selim makes his appearance as number *Three*.

Re-appearance and Disappearance of Rustifusti, and Triumph of
THE GOOD FAIRY.

SCENE VII.

(*F. Lloyds—the Mechanical Portion by E. W. Bradwell.*)

Illuminated Temple of Concord!

HARLEQUIN AND BLUE BEARD.

SCENE I.—THE CAVERNS OF GLOOM, NEAR THE SLOUGH OF DESPOND, IN THE REGIONS OF DESPAIR.

The Winter Quarters and last stronghold of Rustifusti, the Bad Genius. How the Bad Genius suddenly finds out that he's *no conjuror*, and summons to his aid the most celebrated Old Witches of the neighbourhood, who however turn out to be very fast Young Women, thereby proving beyond a doubt, that the Bad Genius is really the only *old woman* on the premises.

Dark caverns at back composed of rock and stones, so blended as to form very melancholy and woe begone faces, when required both full and profile. At sides high leafless trees, with large spreading branches, the whole Scene very desolate and representing the depth of winter. At l., an old dilapidated building, doors and windows broken and shattered, over which is written "Manufactory of Mischief;" another equally delapidated house, r., over which is written "Distillery of Discord, all sorts of Bitters Brewed;" the works are at a stand still, and the IMPS, in workmen's dresses and with long lugubrious faces are standing about lazily and despondingly. In the centre is a large cauldron over which RUSTIFUSTI with a very woeful countenance is standing, energetically stirring up the contents of the cauldron with a large ladle, IMPS gathered about the cauldron and anxiously waiting for the expected result.

RUSTI. It's no use stirring up this cauldron any more,
And though I've used the same ingredients as before,
Yet still in spite of all my toil and trouble,
The fire won't burn, nor will the cauldron bubble.

IMP. *(IMP putting his finger into the cauldron and tasting it)*
There's only just one fault that I can pick in it,
Our broth's not thick enough!

RUSTI. Then you shall thicken it!

(hits him on the head with the ladle and IMP tumbles into the cauldron, RUSTIFUSTI and IMPS then recommence stirring the pot, and walking round and round it, RUSTIFUSTI stops with a wry face—IMP tumbles out—groans—general moaning manufactured in the Orchestra, all the IMPS wipe their eyes with the tips of their tails)

RUSTI. There was time, when, with this little arm and spoon,
I could work mischief plenty, in one afternoon.

But now, because a little saucy Fairy, prates
 About the march of intellect—a thing I hates,
 Shall I, the only real original old wizard,
 Suffer a chit like this to run me through the gizzard ?
 Shut up my shop ! and hunt me down throughout the land ?

IMPS. Never !

RUSTI. Here ! on this very spot I'll make a stand !
 And to the foe, that I may offer good resistance,
 I've summoned all the witches round to my assistance.
 A woman bully me ! Now really, upon my word,
 I never heard of anything half so absurd. (**IMPS laugh**)
 What are you grinning at, you ill-shapen lump—you ?
IMP. I'm thinking of your wife, sir, how she used to thump you.
RUSTI. She did ! and for that reason I the sex detest !
 I think, my friend, great Bluebeard's plan about the best—
 He makes some simple maiden Mistress Abomelique,
 Chops off her head, and weds another in a week !
 Twenty-one wives he's had—I call that plenty :
 I found one wife enough, without the twenty.

Witches' music in "Macbeth" heard at a distance, gradually getting louder—RUSTIFUSTI gives a violent jump of delight—all the IMPS do the same.

Hark ! obedient to their master's call,
 Here come our faithful witches—sticks and all! (*music louder*)

A number of old WITCHES enter at various sides, very infirm and hideous, each with a large pair of spectacles and a long forked stick—at the same time, other WITCHES, represented by children, appear on the caverns—RUSTIFUSTI runs to meet them, and, with great politeness, offers his arm to the principal WITCH—each of the IMPS do the same—they lead the old WOMEN down, and at last they form a half circle in front of Audience—each WITCH then begins to make a very shaky curtsey, and, at the same moment, all fall squat on the stage—each then, at the same time, takes a pinch of snuff, and all give a loud simultaneous sneeze.

RUSTI. Ladies, you're doubtless tired, and want something cheering.
 One glass of punch all round ?

1ST WITCH. We're rather hard of hearing !

(RUSTIFUSTI imitates the action of drinking; the WITCHES nod their heads—RUSTIFUSTI and IMPS about to enter cavern)

1ST WITCH. Stop ! Why all this fuss about a bit of lunch ?
 There stands the bowl—I'll soon find the punch.

(waves her stick, the cauldron changes to a handsome china bowl, on which is written, "Punch." RUSTIFUSTI and IMPS run and begin drinking the punch; RUSTIFUSTI keeping them in order with sundry knocks on the head with the ladle—great rubbing of stomachs—during which the 1st WITCH rises and beckons the others round her)

1st. WITCH. Thus far into the bowels—I mean interior !
Of this dark cave we've marched—from the exterior !
And thus, our fairy forces, by a cunning plot,
To Rustifusti's camp, have easy access got.

(WITCHES chatter)
But caution's still the word ! Let each girl "mind her eye,"
Be prudent, vigilant, and "keep her powder dry !"

(the Post Horn Galop heard without, played on a very shrill post horn)

RUSTI. (intoxicated) Ah, 'tis an ambassador, I do declare !
An envoy from the great Abomelique, I'll swear.

Enter two HERALDS with large trumpets, followed by ENVOY with paper, which he hands to RUSTIFUSTI, who, after two or three attempts, opens and reads.

RUSTI. How plaguy dark it is ! the words I scarce can spell :

(to IMP) Run for a candle—stop ! your tail will do as well.

(IMP rubs his tail sharply on the floor like a lucifer match, and it lights ; he first snuffs it with his fingers, and then respectfully holds it to RUSTIFUSTI)

RUSTI. (reading with difficulty, still more intoxicated, looks back at the bowl, at which the IMPS are being copiously helped by the WITCHES—1st WITCH in triumph pointing to them, and expressing satisfaction—he reads)

"Tell me, great Rustifusti, have I ought to dread—
(I don't mean from my former wives, for they're all dead)
"But from my twenty-second ? Quick, and let me know
"Whether you think I ought to marry her or no."

Pooh ! don't bother me—I havn't done my lunch.

Here, take my magic wand—I'll have a drop more punch !

(hands his wand to 1st WITCH, who triumphantly clutches it—RUSTIFUSTI staggers back to the punch bowl, into which he pitches headlong)

1st WITCH. The wand is mine ! His very imps my game must play !

Friends ! let great Blue Beard have his answer—quick ! obey !

1st WITCH waves her stick—Music a la "Der Freischutz" heard—low moaning of the wind—the high trees at the sides begin to wave to and fro—the branches move about like human arms, and the tops of the trees assume the forms of human faces with practical eyes and mouths—at the same time the faces formed by the outlines of the caverns are illuminated, and in the centre a very large and hideous face is seen, with large rolling eyes ; its huge mouth opens and a voice is heard)

VOICE—"Bear back this answer to your master,
As fast as you can ride and faster,

Blue Beard's life
Shall in danger be,
From his new wife's
Cu—ri—o—si—ty."

RUSTI. (*staggering up*) Go!—hence!—and bid great Blue Beard not despont.

Exeunt Envoy and Heralds.

1ST WITCH. Ha! you quite forgot I've got your magic wand!
I am no witch, old boy—but your most deadly foe.

RUSTI. The fairy!—oh, crikey!—here's a pretty go!

1ST WITCH. Come, now to business—this vile Blue Beard you'd befriend—

RUSTI. While you of young Miss Fatima would be the friend.

1ST WITCH. Of course! Blue Beard, depend upon't is safely booked,
And by his twenty-second wife his goose is cooked.

RUSTI. Pooh, pooh! he'll take her home and with no friends to back her,
He'll serve her as my wife served me—that is, wack her.

1ST WITCH. Whack her! I see, then you're not aware then of the fact,

That wives are now protected—I'll just quote the Act.

"That all bad husbands who their wives belabour,

"Six months imprisonment besides hard labour."

RUSTI. That for the act! Give me my wand again I say.

1ST WITCH. To work more mischief with? Nay you've had your day.
No words, old Rustifusti! your mouth pray shut it,
While thus your head I break—here, take your stick and cut it.

(*hits RUSTIFUSTI on the head, who falls into cauldron*)

1ST WITCH. Sisters in arms! You have in this last action
Given your Gen'ral, general satisfaction;
Indeed, so nobly have you acted, my brave witches,
Instead of petticoats, you ought to wear the (*aside to audience*) breeches. (WITCHES look very modest)
So now having most clearly shewn, Ifegs,
What these our arms can do, (*flourish crutch*) let's shew
our legs, (*imitating dancing*)

The WITCHES join hand in hand and dance round the prostrate IMPS, with the exception of the 1st WITCH, who waves her wand over the changing scene—crash—the WITCHES' ragged dresses disappear, and they appear as FAIRIES. All the IMPS disappear, with the exception of RUSTIFUSTI, who is suddenly enclosed in a large cage of gold—round which a number of large BEES keep buzzing—RUSTIFUSTI jumping about and trying to keep the insects off.—At the same moment the abode of RUSTIFUSTI is changed to

SCENE II.—THE CRYSTAL FOUNTAINS AND ENCHANTED GARDENS, THE SUMMER RESIDENCE OF THE GOOD FAIRY.

DANCE AND FAIRY FESTIVAL.

SCENE III.—KITCHEN IN BLUE BEARD'S CASTLE.

On the flats are the separate cooking apparatuses, r., "Boiling by Steam"—c., "Baking by Steam"—l., "Stewing by Steam" the words written over each; hanging over them are quantities of dish covers, ladles, jugs, saucepans, gridirons, frying pans, and various other culinary requisites; l. c. a doorway with a low arch.

Grand preparations for the wedding breakfast—how it was dressed and very nearly dished—by "A new Patent Steam Apparatus," under the immediate superintendence of the inventor, Blue Beard, himself, author of "Blue Beard's Cookery for the People, Price One Shilling," who not exactly understanding his own invention, burns his own fingers.—A short Scene (and it is hoped) a "merry one."

Music.—"Speed the Plough," or some other bustling tune.—A number of COOKS and SCULLIONS (in the costume of Turkish menials) run in with various sorts of fish, poultry, joints of meat, hams, large cabbages, carrots, turnips, &c., which they put into the three cooking departments, from which steam is seen to issue.—At last a very fat FEMALE COOK waddles in, followed by SCULLIONS carrying a very large fish kettle, which they deposit on the stage, puffing and blowing to shew how heavy it is; the FAT COOK then runs to side and drags in an enormous TURTLE (which is on its back) by the tail, lets it go and falls backwards, runs after it, and again drags it in; she then, after considerable difficulty, manages to tumble it into the fish kettle, banging it on the head with a ladle every time it appears above, then sits down on the edge of the kettle fanning herself; the turtle reappears, and crawling or jumping on her shoulders, pulls her backwards into the kettle—general consternation—the COOK and TURTLE are both extricated.—At this moment, BLUE BEARD, in morning gown and slippers, suddenly comes in at side—the TURTLE waddles between his legs and throws him down—all run to help him up; a fight takes place between them, ending in BLUE BEARD running for the red-hot poker and applying to the COOK, who runs screaming off; BLUE BEARD, with the self-satisfied air of a conqueror, contemplates his victory, leaning on the red-hot end of the poker, &c.—COOKS tie a large white apron round him.

BLUE B. Now then, to see if every thing's progressing,
And how the wedding breakfast is a dressing.

(*busies himself in examining the contents of the three cooking compartments, applauding some of the Cooks and punishing others—tasting this dish and the other, burning his mouth, putting in additional pepper, and sneezing into the pots, &c. &c.)*

BLUE B. Holloa! this oven's not half hot enough for baking,
The steam wants turning on, and the fire wants raking.

(*turns on the steam of the baking apparatus; a volume of steam rushes out, scalding BLUE BEARD's legs, and making him skip about roaring with pain—COOK runs to him with a large wooden box, takes a handful out and rubs it violently on BLUE BEARD's leg, who roars more lustily than before—seizes the box and turning it round, shews the word "Mustard" written on it—pitches into the COOK, &c. Suddenly runs to apparatus, c., and alters it)*

BLUE B. There's too much steam on! Zounds! I've done it wrong;
Instead of letting off the steam, I've turned it on!

(*a terrific explosion takes place in the entire apparatus—fish, fowls, joints, puddings, and vegetables are thrown violently out from the three compartments—all the dish covers, saucepans, &c., begin dancing about with tremendous clatter—some of the COOKS' turbans are blown up into the wings—BLUE BEARD falls flat on his face; when he is picked up, his face and beard are all blackened—ATTENDANTS carry him off*)

SCENE IV.—A TURKISH VILLAGE.

Mountainous Country in the distance. At R. 2 E. Ibrahim's Cottage, a board hanging over the door, on which is written, "Ibrahim, Nurseryman and Florist." The cottage has two windows above and a portico over the door. L. 3. E. a House with a sign, "Mustapha, Tailor" Another House, R. U. E., with sign, "Hassan, Water Carrier." At back a Well, with apparatus for raising water; the stage is almost dark, the morning just beginning to dawn.

Music.—SELIM comes in cautiously by feeling his way, and almost tumbling headlong down the well, points to a light, which is seen through one of the windows of Cottage, expresses his love for FATIMA, kissing his hands and blowing the kiss to window; takes his guitar, which hangs at his back, and after tuning it, begins to play, "Yes, Beda, yes," under the window. Pause. The window slowly opens, and IBRAHIM, with a very large turban and a lantern in his hand, looks out. SELIM hastily hides himself—IBRAHIM looks about, and leaning very much out of the window to look under the portico of the door, his turban falls off, showing his bald pate—SELIM re-appears and gives IBRAHIM a terrific crack over the head with his guitar, then seizing the turban, rings it at IBRAHIM,

smashing the window, runs out. IBRAHIM comes hurriedly out of cottage door, with his lantern in one hand and a cudgel in the other, with which he lays about him furiously up the stage, and falls half-way down the well, his legs only seen, which kick about violently. SELIM again comes in—takes hold of IBRAHIM's feet and tips him over into the well—runs at his utmost pace for the door, comes bang against the door, which knocks him back; at last goes in at door—by this time IBRAHIM is seen pulling himself up by rope—lets go two or three times, at last manages to get out.

Music.—FATIMA opens window and looks out.

FATIMA. My Selim's voice I heard! his love I can't resist!
Selim! I'm ready to elope if you insist.

(*drops carpet bag on IBRAHIM's nose, who by this time is under the window, and floors him—the day by this time has broken and the stage becomes more light—IBRAHIM looks up, is horrified at seeing SELIM embracing FATIMA, furiously shakes his fist at SELIM, who taking up a large flower pot off the balcony, reverses it, and lets it fall over IBRAHIM's head—IBRAHIM gets rid of it, and after trying to enter at the cottage door, which he finds bolted, fetches a ladder which he plants against the window, and just as he gets up a step or two SELIM slips down the ladder backwards, upsets IBRAHIM again, and runs off, l.*)

Lively music heard.—The sun is seen to rise gradually, and it is now broad daylight—a certain number of Fatima's BRIDESMAIDS come in—they all run and knock at cottage door, go in, and again come back, pulling in FATIMA—SISTER ANNE enters with them—FATIMA is in a dreadful temper, and evidently anything but delighted at her approaching marriage—BRIDESMAIDS point to her costume, and intimate it is high time her bridal dress was arranged—they proceed to put on her veil and wreath of orange blossoms, &c. &c.

Blue Beard's March in the extreme distance—all on the stage simultaneously signify that the Bridegroom is coming—great anxiety and curiosity, especially among the WOMEN, to see the Bridegroom—FATIMA gathers up her petticoats and runs into cottage—the PROCESSION (a profile one) is seen to wind through the mountains, and the music gradually getting louder, accompanied with a loud and merry peal of wedding bells—at last, Blue Beard's sedan chair is seen to be carried across, down the declivity at the back of the stage—the path is excessively uneven, so as to render the motion highly unpleasant to the occupant of the sedan chair.

The sedan chair is brought on to the stage, and deposited in the centre the BEARERS wearing enormous wedding favours. ATTENDANTS follow, bearing rich presents; the sedan chair is preceded by a German BRASS BAND, with monstrously twisted horns, the Players with very distended cheeks and eyes almost out of their heads. At a loud flourish given by the Band, the top of the sedan chair is

thrown back, and BLUE BEARD appears—at the sight of his blue beard, all the WOMEN, who have approached to catch a look at the Bridegroom, utter a loud shriek and run to hide themselves behind the men—general consternation—BLUE BEARD comes forward smiling and trippingly, points to his beard, and shrugs his shoulders.

BLUE B. Where is my lovely Fatima? I want my bride!
I shan't be happy till the nuptial knot is tied.

(signifies his anxiety to see his BRIDE, and FATIMA is lugged in from cottage, by IBRAHIM—BLUE BEARD makes desperate love, but is repulsed by FATIMA. Loud screaming heard without)

FATIMA. What wretched, crazy looking object's that I see?
(gives a tremendous jump and coming down on BLUE BEARD'S toes)

'Tis Selim! gone stark staring mad for love of me!

SELIM *rushes on with his dress absurdly disordered—one stocking down, &c.—his turban or hair, stuck all over with straws—BLUE BEARD in a horrid fright, takes refuge behind FATIMA—after a little mad pantomime action, SELIM, pointing to FATIMA, appeals to IBRAHIM in dumb show, to the tune of “Villikins and his Dinah,” played very pathetically in Orchestra, the chorus taken up by the young TURKISH GIRLS—IBRAHIM repulses SELIM, who makes a very loving rush with open arms at FATIMA, she steps aside and SELIM throws his arms round BLUE BEARD, who roars with fright—ATTENDANTS seize SELIM and drag him away—BLUE BEARD hurriedly drags FATIMA to the sedan and gets in himself—he in his turn is lugged out by SELIM, who, in his turn is pulled back by BLUE BEARD—they then both rush in together, the back of the sedan chair comes out, and FATIMA, BLUE BEARD, and SELIM all roll out in a lump—great confusion—all except BLUE BEARD, SELIM, and a few of BLUE BEARD'S GUARDS run off—at a sign from BLUE BEARD, the GUARDS seize SELIM.*

BLUE B. Seize him, and to yonder pillar chain him tight,
And with the bastinado tickle him all night.
So perished all the mighty Blue Beard's foes,
Who dare to crack his crown, or punch his nose.

(he runs off to catch sedan chair which is seen to cross at back, stumbles and goes headlong into the water, by this time SELIM is chained to the pillar)

SELIM. *(struggling)* In vain I turn, and twist, and roar, and bellow,
Is there no good fairy near to help a fellow?

Music.—GOOD FAIRY appears

FAIRY. Yes, Selim! clever as Blue Beard is, I'm quite as deep!
Behold, your chains are broken—your jailors fast asleep.

(lullaby played—the GUARDS fall oppressed with sleep, FAIRY waves her wand, &c.)

But that's not all—I'll make them 'ere I go,
To turn about, and wheel about, and do just so.

SCENE V.—CORRIDOR AND EXTERIOR OF BLUE CHAMBER.

With portrait vivans of Blue Beard's wives, very well executed, the heads especially.

The Scene very handsome and richly decorated. R. c., a large blue door; L. c., another door, over which is written "Nursery."

How Blue Beard brings home Mrs. B.—how Blue Beard's one and twenty little Blue Beard's are allowed to sit up this once and see their new Mamma—and how Blue Beard being suddenly and most provokingly called away by "Poachers on his Premises" places the keys at the disposal of Mrs. B., with the exception of one.

" Beware !
" And open that Blue Chamber Door if you dare."—*Old MS.*

A very loud ringing at castle bell heard—ATTENDANTS run hastily across from R. to L.—BLUE BEARD comes in arm and arm with FATIMA—ANNE and IBRAHIM follow, who look about and admire the glittering ornaments.

BLUE B. Where are our darling babbies ? Why are they not here ?
To kiss their new Mamma, they're gone to bed I fear ?

Nursery door opens and twenty-one BLUE BEARDS, dressed exactly like BLUE BEARD, run on—FATIMA kisses them, &c., while some of the CHILDREN run between IBRAHIM's legs, upsetting him, pulling off his turban, tugging his tail, &c.

BLUE B. (aside) How little she suspects with kisses while she smothers,

Those one-and-twenty babbies—I strangled all their mothers,
Who, spite of everything that I could say or do,
Would pry into the secrets of that Chamber Blue.

(by this time the CHILDREN with SISTER ANNE and IBRAHIM have re-entered the nursery)

BLUE B. What, oh ! a chamber candlestick for Mrs. B ;
A bootjack, rascals, and a dressing gown for me !

(the articles are brought on—fun of pulling off BLUE BEARD's boots, the ATTENDANTS tugging at them and letting go, so that BLUE BEARD falls on his back, and the ATTENDANTS on their noses.—Two shots fired without—Blue Beard's GAMEKEEPER, very pale, rushes on with huge blunderbuss.

GAMEKEEPER. Poachers, my lord, are killing all your lordship's pheasants !

BLUE B. I'll kill them in return.

Exit GAMEKEEPER.

(FATIMA seems shocked) My love, they're only peasants!

(taking keys from his side, and giving them to FATIMA)
There's the key of the cellar, the store room, and larder,
From which none of my wives could e'er say I debarred her;
But in using the one key, I'd have you beware,
And open that blue chamber door, if you dare.

Goes out.

Music.—FATIMA looks at key (a large one) then at the door, then signifies that BLUE BEARD is gone, and that she is alone—she then tries to look through the keyhole, it shifts to the other side of the door, and as she tries again to look through, it shifts to the top of the door, then about a dozen keyholes appear in various parts of the door—at last the keyhole resumes its original position, and FATIMA hastily thrusts the key in, and letters appear over the door, “ Beware of Curiosity ”—the lock of the door changes to a head with rolling eyes and spitting out a stream of fire—at last, with a desperate effort, she turns the key—tremendous crash—she falls on the ground—the large folding doors at back are thrown violently open, and the interior is seen lighted up with blue fire—FATIMA, in a horrid fright, raises her head to have a peep, but instantly hides her face again, and begins screaming, as a gong is heard to give one sound, and the figure of one of Blue Beard's WIVES crosses and stops in c. d.

1ST WIFE. Fatima ! here Blue Beard's one-and-twenty wives behold
Listen while I, our one-and-twenty tales unfold;
Because we came peeping within this chamber blue,
He cut off all our heads, and he'll do the same to you.

(the heads all fall off—great crash, with blue fire, and the doors close.—After a pause, FATIMA looks up, fans herself violently, then suddenly seems to remember that the key is left in the door, runs, seizes it, and pulls at it with all her might—at last it comes out, she falling backward with the effort—looks at the key, and is horrified at finding that one half of it is quite blue, rubs it with her sleeve, then sits down on it, rubbing it violently backwards and forwards—at last runs to side and returns with a pail and a scrubbing brush, tucks up her sleeves, and begins scrubbing with all her might—blue as ever—BLUE BEARD enters at side unperceived, expresses his surprise at FATIMA's occupation, advances on tiptoe, and as FATIMA holds the key up, BLUE BEARD, with a terrific start, seizes it, points to the door)

BLUE B. Five minutes by the clock I give you to prepare;
And as the clock strikes one, off goes your head, I swear.

(draws his scimitar and makes a rush and a blow at FATIMA, who screams and bobs her head, and the scimitar

falls on IBRAHIM's head, who enters at the moment from the Nursery in his nightcap and morning gown, and carrying the bed-room candlestick. SISTER ANNE follows, also in night costume, and armed with the warming pan, with which she furiously pitches into BLUE BEARD—FATIMA runs off screaming, and BLUE BEARD, breaking away from SISTER ANNE, rushes out after her—ANNE follows, and IBRAHIM re-enters Nursery—sees CHILDREN coming—they enter, catch hold of his dress, and he rushes off, dragging the one-and-twenty CHILDREN after him, L. 1 E—FATIMA crosses from R., followed by BLUE BEARD—SELIM comes on from R.

SELIM. Blue Beard, come forth ! I'm hoarse with calling thee to arms !

It seems he's a " Soldier Tired of War's Alarms,"
Tyrant ! I call on thee again—come out and fight !
You can't expect a fellow to stop here all night.

SCENE VI.—THE BRAZEN TOWER AND BLUE BEARD'S HOUSE OF CORRECTION FOR DISOBEDIENT WIVES.

How Fatima is locked up, but is bailed out by the timely arrival of Selim, and the Good Fairy, who proceeds to fulfil her prophecy, and superintends in person the "Cooking of Blue Beard's Goose."

The Brazen Tower, c., with practical entrance, an open corridor or window in first story, and battlements at the summit, immediately under the window a large illuminated clock, pointing 5m. to 12, the back of Stage to consist of battlements, likewise a drawbridge leading on to the Stage, the whole Scene sombre and dark.

Enter BLUE BEARD. *He goes to the tower, resolved to kill FATIMA.*

BLUE B. Only three minutes more and one will strike !

Enter SELIM. *A desperate combat ensues, in which BLUE BEARD is killed.*

FATIMA *rushes on, and tumbles over BLUE BEARD.*

FATIMA. What's this I see ? my cruel husband lying dead !
Or is he only shamming—I'll just punch his head.

RUSTIFUSTI *rises between SELIM and BLUE BEARD.*

RUSTI. Fear not, great Blue Beard, I am here to save your bacon ;
We'll soon young Selim settle, or I'm much mistaken !

Soft Fairy Music.—*The Brazen Tower slowly falls, and at the same time the entire scene changes to*

**SCENE VII.—THE ENCHANTED CRYSTAL FOUNTAINS IN
THE REALMS OF FAIRY LAND.**

The Tower changes to a beautiful Fountain of variegated crystal, surrounded by a basin, in the centre of which is the GOOD FAIRY. The rest of the scene changes as well to a beautiful view of Fairy Land. Group of FAIRIES, &c.

FAIRY. Well, Rustifusti, confess, I told you true?

Like Blue Beard's beard, you really look quite blue.

RUSTI. I own I'm licked, in short, I'm knocked quite clean out of time;

So like all Bad Geniuses in Pantomime
I go below.

Disappear through trap.

FAIRY. Then let the merry work proceed,
I'm sure that none of you will fail me in my need ;
Remember that our task is only just half done,
And that our friends are looking out for lots more fun ;
To furnish which, suppose I thus at once begin
By changing Selim into agile Harlequin. (*change*)
And for her lover's loss lest Fatima should pine,
She shall become his constant faithful Columbine. (*change*)
Old Ibrahim, too, his daughter must look after,
And add as Pantaloон his share of laughter. (*change*)
Though last not least, great Blue Beard must all blue devils drown,
And change at once to merry laughing tumbling Clown.

TRANSFORMATION!!!

HARLEQUIN	MR. CORMACK.
CLOWN	MR. HULINE.
PANTALOON	MR. PAULO.
COLUMBINE	MISS DESBOROUGH.

SCENE VIII.—(Seward.)

Exterior of MUTTON'S HOTEL, Brighton.

Hotel Touts—Fighting for Customers—"Want your shoes blacked?"—Second Edition—Morning Papers—Roast Pig—"All alive, all alive, oh!"—A well-bred Rat—Heads off—Exchange no robbery—A Christmas Box—"What a stretcher!"—Great Fall in House Property.

SCENE IX.—(*W. Gordon.*)**BATHING BEACH AT BRIGHTON.**

"Take a dip this morning, ladies?"—"A most ungentlemanlike intrusion"—A general rush for the Bathing Machines—Though *last not least*—After a Calm comes a Storm—A fine John Dory, and strange Monster of the Deep (one of the *extinct species*)—"I'm half a Fish, and half a Horse, and half an Alligator."

SCENE X.—(*W. Gordon.*)**Distant View of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham.***Character Pas de Deux*, by MISS DESBOROUGH and MR. CORMACK.

A Game of Leap-frog—Real Ginger Pop—*French Pocket Edition Guides to the Crystal Palace*—"Try your Weight, only one Penny"—Heads up.

"LA JOTA ARRAGONESA,"*By Senora HULINA, assisted by Senor PAULO* ("All round my hat")

First Class Medal, American Prize Baby Show, 1854—What a Beauty!—Give him a hot bath—in an ice Mess—A grateful change of temperature.

SCENE XI.—(*F. Lloyds.*)**SPITHEAD (FROM SOUTH SEA COMMON.)**

Peep-show, only One Penny—"Which is which?"—Whichever you please, my little dears"—New Military Polka—The Tower of Strength arranged as a Trio, and generally admired—"What a Tail our Kite's got!"—Algar's Booth—"Dancing at Eight"—Review of the Allied Fleets Capital Seats, 6s, 5s, 4s, 2s, 1s.

"LA FLOTTE!"

New National Dance, in honour of the French & English Alliance, just Imported from Paris.

FRENCH MEN-OF-WAR—*Mesdilles. J. Lovell, Dring, Cutmore, Mott, Watson, A. Adams, Hendrick, and Stapley.*

ENGLISH MEN-OF-WAR—*Mesdilles. C. Parkes, Startin, Cushnie, Maile, Clifford, C. Adams, C. Lovell, and Healey.*

SCENE XII.—(*Seward.*)

Tinman's & Fishmonger's Shops & "House to Let."

Stealing a Turkey—Not so easily Done—"Gobble gobble gobble"—
—Neck or nothing—*There's a Sprat*—A pretty Kettle of Fish.

SCENE XIII.—(*F. Lloyds.*)

QUARTER-DECK OF THE
ROYAL ALBERT, of 131 GUNS,

*Fully Manned by an Able-Bodied Crew, averaging from
Five to Six Years of Age.*

Carrying the Flag of Admiral OSCAR BYRN—Pipe all Hands on Deck—Poll of Plymouth and Black-eyed Susan—"Clear Decks"—Man the Captain—"The Anchor's Weighed"—An Enemy in sight—"England expects that every man will do his duty"—Glorious Victory !!

SCENE XIV.—AND LAST.

GRAND NATIONAL ALLEGORICAL TABLEAU !

Curtain.