

THE
GOLDEN BRANCH,

An Original Fairy Extravaganza,

IN TWO ACTS.

Founded upon the Countess D'Anois' Story, "Le Rameau d'Or."

BY

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AUTHOR OF

Tunio; The Fair One with the Golden Locks; The White Cat; Beauty and the Beast; The Sleeping Beauty; Graciosa and Percinet; The Birds of Aristophanes; The Golden Fleece; The Invisible Prince; The Good Woman in the Wood; Buckstone's Ascent of Parnassus; The Drama at Home, &c. &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,
LONDON.

909552

First Performed at the Royal Lyceum Theatre,
Monday, December 27th, 1848.

Characters.

HUMGUFFIN (<i>an Enchanter of the Old School</i>)	} MR. S. SMITH.
MANDRAGORA (<i>his Sister, a Sorceress of the Old School</i>)	
BLUERUINO (<i>an Illicit Spirit</i>)	MR. H. MARSHALL.
PASTORELLA (<i>a Fairy of the New School</i>)	MISS MARSHALL.

N.B.—Only Two Hundred Years are supposed to elapse between this Scene and the one immediately following.

KING BROWN (<i>Tyrant of the Silly Islands</i>)	MR. H. HALL.
PRINCE HUMPY (<i>his only Son</i>)	MISS K. FITZWILLIAM.
QUAKE (<i>Lord Chamberlain</i>)	MR. KERRIDGE.
QUIVER (<i>Captain of the Guard</i>)	MR. HARLEY.
SHAKE (<i>Usher of the Brown Rod</i>)	MR. DE COURCY.
PRINCESS DUMPY (<i>only Daughter of King Stumpy</i>)	MISS HOWARD.
SUIVANTA (<i>her Waiting Woman and Confidant</i>)	MADAME VESTRIS.

ARCADIANS.

BENIGNANTA (<i>Queen of Arcadia</i>)	MISS LEE.
TRANSIMENUS (<i>an Arcadian Prince</i>) ...	MISS FAIRBROTHER.

Royal (OPERA) Arcadians.

MR. GILBERT, MISS BALLIN, and MR. MARSHALL.	
CORYDON } TITYRUS }	"Arcades ambo" { Miss K. FITZWILLIAM } MR. HARLEY.
PHILLIS	MISS HOWARD.
AMARYLLIS	MADAME VESTRIS.

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ACT I.

SCENE I.—SPIRIT VAULTS BENEATH THE ENCHANTER'S CASTLE.

Gate in c., Vaults r. and l.—MANDRAGORA, the Sorceress, discovered brewing mischief, assisted by BLUERUINO and other Illicit Spirits.

HUMGUFFIN, *the Enchanter, rises.*

HUM. Speak, sister, speak, is the job jobbed ?

Is the job jobbed ?

MAN. Long ago—long ago !

Twelve glasses since we have hob-nobbed.

Mischief I'm seldom slow

A-brewing !

But as we brew so must we bake,

As we shall one day find, and no mistake.

HUM. Many more, many more

Mischiefs may we brew,

Before Old Nick shall come to claim his due.

Chorus.

He must, he will—he must, he will,

He will have us some day ;

So on earth first we'll have the deuce to pay !

MAN. Yes, brother, I have worked your wicked will.

And am, you see, brewing more mischief still !

HUM. Well done ! well done ! more fun we'll have between us,

But where's that traitor—that vile Transimenus ?

(MANDRAGORA waves her hand, the wall opens r., and discovers an eagle)

MAN. Beneath that form behold the Prince ungrateful,

As false to me—as he to you was hateful.

Fast to that perch with potent spell I tethered him,

Whilst my ingenious spirits tarred and feathered him.

HUM. A bird ! Why not a beast ?

MAN. I thought the thing
When you called out a rival, was to wing
The gentleman !

HUM. Well—but then, why the deuce
Didn't you make him look more like a goose ?

MAN. Because his rank in fairy land was regal,
I couldn't make him look less than an eagle !
How have you punished the Arcadian Queen,
Whose charms the plague of both of us have been ?

HUM. Behold where lies the proudest of princesses.

(waving his wand, the wall opens, L., and discovers QUEEN BENIGNANTI, asleep on a couch of state)

Wo dared reject a Humguffin's addresses !
Into a state of coma I have cast her,
Which for two centuries at least shall last her.
If in Arcadia she would then abide,
She'll be on what they call the shady side !
Meantime to town I go in hope to find a
Lowther or Burlington Arcadian kinder.

Song, HUMGUFFIN.—“ *It's no use knocking at the door.*”

So I'm off to town on a little bit of spree,
And I hope to make acquaintance with a prettier girl than she.
But somebody's trying to lift up the latch,
And I shouldn't be surprised if it was Old Scratch !
Who is that knocking at the door ?
Is that you old fellow ?

FAIRY PASTORELLA. (without) No ! the Fairy Pastorella.

HUM. Then you're no friend of ours, so you can't come in,
And it's no use knocking at the door
Any more—
It's no use knocking at the door.

Enter the FAIRY PASTORELLA through the key hole.

FAIRY. No use ! you're no great conjurors I doubt,
To think a door can keep a fairy out.
At Christmas too, of all times in the year,
When we have special license to appear.
But to be short, as fairies short you see,
And to be quick, as fairies ought to be :
I've just popped in to say these are my friends,
And you shall not obtain your cruel ends,
If love or charity enough remain
To make of earth a fairy land again.
This “ Golden Branch,” plucked from the magic tree
Of Entertaining Knowledge, shall set free
The pinioned Prince—and ope the lovely eyes
Of the fair Queen you've dared to mesmerise !

HUMGUFFIN. Not for two hundred years—

FAIRY. They'll soon be past.

A fairy tale wiles time away so fast,

That amongst those that take an interest in it,

Two hundred years are over in a minute !

Air, PASTORELLA.—“*I'm the genius of the Spring.*”

With the genius of the spring

I have had an interview,

And a most ingenious thing

She has promised me to do.

That next year will leap-year bring

Is well known to every dunce,

So she means to make one spring,

And leap two hundred years at once !

'Tis a most ingenious thing,

And I think completely new.

So jump, my gentle spring,

As you've promised me to do.

(the whole scene, together with the personages in it, vanish,
and the Stage represents)

SCENE II.—THE BROWN STUDY OF KING BROWN.

The KING is discovered seated in an attitude expressive of deep reflection. QUAKE, Chamberlain, QUIVER, Captain of the Guard, SHAKE, Usher of the Brown Rod, enter in rotation, and with great precaution.

Round, QUAKE, QUIVER, and SHAKE, L.—“*Perfida Clori.*”

Lo! where a scowling,

To himself growling,

Sits, without winking,

Doing his thinking,

In mood black as ink, King

Brown, surnamed “the Bear.”

QUIVER. Silence! his majesty's about to (KING sneezes) sneeze.

QUAKE. Much good, sire, may it do you. If you please—

KING. And if I don't please?

QUAKE. I that wish recal.

(aside) And wish it may do you no good at all!

KING. What's that you mutter?

QUAKE.

N—nothing, sire.

KING.

Beware!

’Tis not for nothing I am called “the Bear!”

QUAKE. Dread sovereign—

KING. Peace ! and answer you, sir knave, (*to QUIVER*)
Have my ambassadors returned ?

QUIVER. They have.
KING. Admit them, with the portrait they import,
And call our son Prince Humpy into court.

Music. Enter, r., NOBLES, GUARDS, and four SERVANTS, bearing a picture in a case, which, by direction of the KING, is placed in the centre of the Stage.

Chorus.—“ *Gustavus.*”

Hail ! all hail to the great King Brown !
The world turns pale at his royal frown !
Hail ! all hail to the great King Brown !
Of vast renown !
Down on your marrowbones,
For, from his cleavers dread,
Nobody's safe who owns
An interest in a head !
Who would dare to brave him ?
Once his voice that hear did :
Close enough he'd shave him
In his wrath, if bearded. Hail ! all hail, &c.

KING.

Where is Prince Humpy ?

Enter PRINCE HUMPY, L.

PRINCE. Sire, behold your son !

KING. (*aside*) I'd rather not—he's such an ugly one !

Who could suppose him child of mine to be ?

And yet in one sense he takes after me—

For after me he takes this royal crown,
Sole hope of the illustrious house of Brown.

Malicious stars—my heart ye have with care rent,
So plain an heir should ne'er have been apparent !

Why gave ye not to me, as to King Jones,
Or to King Smith, a score of little ones—

Why stint the issue of my line, alas

To one poor Brown I am ashamed to pass !

PRINCE. In a quandary seems our royal sire ;

May I presume the reason to enquire ?

KING. Presume, indeed ! Presumptuous boy, would you

Be heir apparent and presumptive too ?

Inquire the reason ! Shall a subject dare

Interrogate a king like Brown the Bear !

PRINCE. Pardon, great sire, I meant not to offend—

KING. Peace ! and obediently our will attend !

You have arrived at years of indiscretion,

And it is time to settle the succession.

Therefore it is our pleasure you should marry.

PRINCE. You'll find that point, sir, difficult to carry.

E'en though a prince, few girls would care to catch me,
I fear it is impossible to match me!

KING. Nothing's impossible to kings like us!
The bride is found—so don't you make a fuss.
We've lighted on a match that nought shall hinder,
Where there is so much tin, hearts catch like tinder!
We're flint and steel—and you the happy spark.

PRINCE. Then keep me, sire, no longer in the dark—
But say who is "the inexpressive she,"

Will condescend Prince Humpy's bride to be?

KING. No less a lady than the Princess Dumpy,
The only daughter of the rich King Stumpy!
Here is her portrait—painted from the life.

(opens case and discovers portrait of the PRINCESS)

PRINCE. Preserve and pickle me! that fright my wife!
Why she's a cripple! seated in a bowl!

KING. Can't walk—but then in riches she can roll!
When countless millions over to you handing,
Would you complain of want of understanding?
Besides, with such legs as you have to boast of,
'Twould be a lame excuse when made the most of.

PRINCE. But she is hideous!

KING. You're a pretty fellow,
To talk of ugliness—you Punchinello!
In one word, will you wed her—yes, or no?

PRINCE. In one word—No.

KING. No! Oho! Is it so?
What ho! The captain of our archer guard!
There's a round tower in our castle yard,
Built by King Brute five centuries ago,
Rebellious princes safely in to stow.
Two hundred years no key has oped the door,
'Tis time it should be tenanted once more.
In it confine this contumacious cub,
With bread and water for his bub and grub.
Let fly at him if he attempt to fly,
Your head shall answer for his custody!

(QUIVER advances)

Air and Chorus, KING BROWN and COURTIERS.—“Statute Fair.”

Away with him to prison strait,
His manners need improvement,
In shopping him I advocate
The early closing movement.
In limbo leave him alone to sob,
Or back the lady to wed, post—
If any one grumbles I'll scuttle his nob,
In the twinkling of a bed post!

Exeunt QUIVER and GUARDS, with PRINCE HUMPY prisoner, L.

KING. So much for one!—But now, how much for t'other?
 The bride is on her road! Ah, there's the bother!
 She may arrive ere I can say Jack Rob—*(flourish without)*

Exit QUAKE, R.

—inson!—She has so! There's a pretty job!
 Now with what face can I the fact make known?
 Pshaw! It can't be a worse face than her own!

Re-enter QUAKE, R.

QUAKE. The Princess Dumpy!

KING. Bid her walk up stairs,
 We'll come to Hecuba at once—who cares?

QUAKE. Walk up. Alas! Her highness, sire, is not
 Able to walk.

KING. By Jupiter! Forgot!

QUAKE. Borne in a golden bowl by way of litter—

KING. Tell 'em to pass the bowl, and quick admit her! *(march)*

Enter PRINCESS DUMPY, carried by four BLACK SERVANTS, and attended by SUIVANTA, R.

KING. Welcome, fair Princess, to our royal court.

PRINCESS. *(sobbing)* Ah! Oh!

KING. "Ah! Oh!" What may such sounds import?

PRINCESS. Oh! Ah!

KING. "Oh! Ah!" We still desire to know
 What moves her royal highness so?

SUIVANTA. *(sobbing)* Ah! Oh!

KING. Can no one speak except in interjections?

SUIVANTA. Alas! There's no commanding our affections;

And, therefore, sire, the point at once to go to,
 Excuse our saying we object *in toto*
 To this alliance.

KING. We! Zounds—who are you?

SUIVANTA. My name's Suvanta, waiting woman to
 Her royal highness.

KING. Waiting woman, wait

Till you are spoken to! How dare you prate?
 Object! Sdeath, madam, do you mean to say
 That you object?

PRINCESS. I do.

KING. And wherefore, pray?

PRINCESS. Sir, to be plain with you—

KING. You may say plain.

PRINCESS. Prince Humpy ne'er could my affection gain,
 If he be half as ugly as he's painted.

When first I saw his picture, sir, I fainted.

KING. You! faint at ugliness! Well, come that passes.

In your court pray are there no looking glasses?

PRINCESS. Oh! I'm aware, sir, of my own defects—

SUIVANTA. And that's a reason, sir, why she objects.

She thinks she ought to wed a prince who'd be
Her better half, as there's no hope that she
Could be the better half of any man.

And I must say that I approve her plan.

KING. Will no one stop that woman's tongue? Odds life!

Madam—Do you refuse to be the wife
Of our sole heir, Prince Humpy?

PRINCESS. Most emphatically.

KING. Hah! Indeed! We'll soon see that.

Air, SUIVANTA.—“*Rory O'More.*”

Don't roar any more, for as sure as you're born,
Your hope's of the sort, sir, they call the forlorn.
His highness is not formed a lady to please,
So it's no use her highness on that score to tease.
To take it quite easy you really should try,
It's very undignified thus out to fly.
Like great King Dagobert whom I've heard talk about,
You've put on your—waistcoat I fear wrong side out.
Then act like another great king, sir, to-day,
And don't lose your temper in this stupid way,
But just please to order our coach to the door,
And as I've got a head-ache don't roar any more!

KING. A flourish trumpet, strike alarum drum,
Let not this loud-tongued woman talk us dumb.

Air and Chorus, KING BROWN, &c.—“*Elisire D'Amore.*”

A flourish, ye trumpets, my drums sound alarum,
These termagant women, to prison quick bear 'em;
I'll bring both the jades on their marrow-bones down,
I'm in such a passion, I've turned whity-brown!

SUIVANTA. For a king such as you I'd not give half-a-crown,
He's in such a passion, he's turned whity-brown.

CHORUS. He's in such a passion, &c.

Exeunt KING and COURTIERS, R., and PRINCESS and SUIVANTA, prisoners, L.

SCENE III.—A ROOM IN THE ROUND TOWER.

Enter PRINCE HUMPY and QUIVER, L.

PRINCE. Here must I linger to despair a prey?

(to QUIVER who is going) Stay!

QUIVER. Eh?

PRINCE. O say—

QUIVER. Nay—

PRINCE. Pray—

QUIVER. Away! Good day!

PRINCE. Leave me not in this dungeon dark and chill !

QUIVER. Young boy I must—

PRINCE.

And will you ?

QUIVER.

And I will !

PRINCE. Have you the heart ? When you were once in quod
Didn't I pay for you thirteen pounds odd ?
All I could raise upon my watch and chain,
And I did never ask it you again !
And can you suffer me to pine and shiver,
In darkness here ?

QUIVER.

I've sworn to do it—

PRINCE.

Quiver !

If any one alive had said you ever
Could have done this, I should have answered, "never!"
Leave me, who in your need posted the coal,
Without a shovel-full, in this black hole !

QUIVER. Well, then, I won't; I'll brave the tyrant's ire,
May I be burnt if you shan't have a fire !
For you in turn I'll post the coal, in sacks :
And candles too—

PRINCE.

Now you're the lad of wax

I thought you were.

QUIVER.

Behold—at once to light

(produces wax taper)

I bring a candle's end, a perquisite,
Which with some cheese parings, I get per diem —
You shall have all the ends, as I come by 'em;
And the cheese parings also, if you please.

PRINCE. No, no, the candles only—that's the cheese !
For there are books I see within this tower,
Which by my taper's light I shall devour.

QUIVER. They're such old books, you cannot read 'em.

PRINCE.

Pho !

My friend, the hardship is to read the new.
Lend me a hand to pull this huge one out !

QUIVER. Heavens what a book, what can it be about ?

(they lift with great difficulty an enormous folio from the shelf, and lean it against the wall at the back of the stage)

PRINCE. (opening it) 'Tis full of pictures. Quaint illuminations.
Folks of all sorts in various occupations.

QUIVER. A volume of some old *Pictorial Times*,
Or *Illustrated News* of other climes.

PRINCE. Hunting and fishing, playing cards and dice,

QUIVER. Eating and drinking everything that's nice.

PRINCE. Why, Quiver, sure as fate that must be me !
And here again—in every picture see

(turning over the leaves)
A little humpbacked, ugly looking elf,
The very model of my precious self.
And in my clothes too—

QUIVER. Well, there's no denying—

The portrait's much more like than gratifying!

PRINCE. And by my side, whatever I am doing,

A lovely Shepherdess my actions viewing,
Beauteous as I am frightful, and arrayed
Like some that I have seen of China made;
More like a sylvan queen than rustic lass
Keeping her sheep beneath a shade—

QUIVER. Of glass.

(*music pianissimo; the volume expands, and a page becomes transparent*)

PRINCE. Mercy upon us! see, the volume grows

Brighter—its page with light unearthly glows.

QUIVER. I feel remarkably intimidated—

By whom d'ye think it's now illuminated?

PRINCE. As I'm alive! so are the pictures too!

QUIVER. Shut up the book—directly, sir, pray do.

The devil's in it.

(*a repetition of the Room on the Stage appears through the transparency, and the forms of the SHEPHERDESS and PRINCE HUMPY become visible*)

PRINCE. No—an angel rather,

For there's my Shepherdess!

QUIVER. I'll tell your father!

PRINCE. The chamber is the one we stand in—see,

She points to yonder wall, and lo! a key

I find, with which I ope a secret door

Behind those hangings.

QUIVER. Don't see any more.

(*a bower of roses is seen, and the same figure of the SHEPHERDESS surrounded by SHEPHERDS and SHEPHERDESSES*)

PRINCE. Another picture. There's my fair again,

Leading of youths and maids a brilliant train.

SHEPHERD. Prince Humpy!

PRINCE. Hah! on me they call.

QUIVER. No doubt.

If they should call on me, say I'm gone out.

Glee.—“*Hark, the Lark.*”

Hark! a lark if you'd enjoy,

And gain a precious prize,

The spell that binds our Queen destroy—

In slumber deep she lies.

'Tis time that she should now begin

To ope her lovely eyes;

Go in and win, 'tis you must sing,

“*My lady sweet arise.*”

(*the volume closes*)

QUIVER. Riddle my riddle my ree.

Who can tell what this riddle may be?

PRINCE. (*discovering key and secret door*) Why, of the riddle here I've
found the key !

A queen to wake.

QUIVER. You wouldn't go to do it.

PRINCE. I will, and here's the door.

QUIVER. I can't go through it.

Duo.—“*Come where the aspens quiver.*”

PRINCE. Come on my trusty Quiver.

QUIVER. Oh, how I shake and shiver ;

Think of papa,
Ruined we are.

PRINCE. Follow the Prince you love !

Think of the fame and glory,
Think how you'll live in story.

QUIVER. Longer to live just now, sir,

I should prefer by far !

PRINCE. Come on my trusty Quiver, &c.

Exeunt PRINCE and QUIVER through the door behind the hangings.

SCENE IV.—THE TURQUOISE BED CHAMBER.

A large window, L., alcove in centre, closed by curtains.

Enter PRINCE and QUIVER, R.

PRINCE. The door has slamm'd to, and the bolt has shot to.

QUIVER. 'Twas a fool's bolt soon shot.

PRINCE. Where have we got to ?

QUIVER. Where we've no business—in such queer concerns

One's only profit lies in quick returns.

PRINCE. Peace ! Lo, perchance, the object of my search.

(PRINCE HUMPY *undraws the curtains of the alcove, and discovers QUEEN BENIGNANTA on a couch of state, as in the first scene*)

QUEEN. I'll never marry you.

QUIVER. A lady !

PRINCE. Fast asleep too !

QUIVER. As a church !

PRINCE. Madam ! Ahem ! She stirs not—gently shake her.

QUIVER. Not I—I'm much too wide awake—to wake her.

QUEEN. (*in her sleep*) My Transimenus.

QUIVER. Hark, sir !

PRINCE. Silence, keep !

And listen—she is talking in her sleep.

QUEEN. Monster, away !

PRINCE. Monster !

QUIVER. That's not polite.

PRINCE. Though fast asleep, she sees that I'm a fright—

PRINCE. Ne'er marry me !
Stop till I ask you, ma'am ! (QUEEN rises and advances)

She rises ! see ?

QUIVER. What caper next is she about to cut—

Her eyes are open—

But their sense is shut.

QUIVER. Why rubbing of her hands so does she keep ?

PRINCE. Because her very fingers are asleep.

QUEEN. On the spot still—ruffian, my hand let go,

'Tis pledged to Transimenus. Oh ! oh ! oh !

Out, out, I say—out of the window fly.

An eagle, and afraid ? Fie, my lord, fie !

One—two—nay then 'tis time that I should wake,

Come bring the golden branch the spell to break.

(goes to chair, R., and sits)

PRINCE. Did you mark that—she must be in a trance.

QUIVER. Perhaps she's in a state of clairvoyance.

PRINCE. What's clairvoyance ?

QUIVER. The art of seeing through

Those who are not sharp enough to see through you !

PRINCE. But if they're fast asleep, what can they spy ?

QUIVER. 'Tis a magnetic sleep, that's all my eye !

And if this lady's in that sort of trance, sir,

To any question she'll give you an answer.

PRINCE. I'll put her to the question then, instanter.

Who are you, ma'am ?

QUEEN. My name is Benignanta,

And of Arcadia I was once the Queen.

PRINCE. Indeed ! How long ago may that have been ?

QUEEN. Two hundred years.

PRINCE. Two hundred years !

QUIVER. Oh, fie !

Asleep, how very fast some people lie !

PRINCE. Two hundred years, ma'am, do you mean to say

You've been asleep here ?

QUEEN. Yes, sir, to a day.

PRINCE. Your bed, methinks, you've lain quite long enough in,

Who tucked you up in it ?

QUEEN. The great Humguffin !

QUIVER. Humguffin !—what a name to go to bed with !

PRINCE. And wherefore ?

QUEEN. For that him I would not wed with.

PRINCE. No doubt some other suitor you preferred ?

QUEEN. Oh, yes !

PRINCE. He's dead, of course.

QUEEN. No—he's a bird.

QUIVER. } A bird !

PRINCE. } A precious old bird he must be !

QUIVER. A precious old bird he must be !

No chaff could catch him to a certainty !

QUEEN. Oh, no—he calls upon me every day.

QUIVER. A bird-call ! (*music*)

Hark ! those notes, no doubt, announce, sir
His visit.

(*the casement flies open, and the large eagle, seen in the first scene, flies in, bearing the golden branch in his beak*)

Zounds ! an eagle, and a bouncher !

PRINCE. At sight of him the Queen no word can utter !

QUIVER. The eagle, too, is in a precious flutter.

PRINCE. What means that golden bough ? I wish to know.

QUIVER. I wish he'd make another bow, and go.

PRINCE. I have it !

QUIVER. What ?

PRINCE. The branch—there's magic in it,

And this, perhaps, may be the lucky minute ;

And I the lucky mortal fixed by fate

To break the spell, and change this lady's state.

Air.—“ *O Fortune a tou caprice.* ”

O fortune, if in your caprice,
You've cast the pleasant lot to me,
This sleeping beauty to release,
Her eyes shall quickly opened be !
Golden Branch, I take you,
Boldly from your bearer's clutch ;
And, lady fair, to wake you,
Your heart I'll gently, gently touch.

O fortune if, &c.

QUEEN. (*starting up*) My Transimenus, stay !

(*the eagle flies out of the window*)

Again he's flown.

PRINCE. A very flighty lover you must own.

QUEEN. Forgive a passion not to be suppressed,

My first words should have been to you addressed ;

I thank you for your aid, sir, most sincerely.

PRINCE. Don't mention it, I am too happy, really.

QUEEN. You for my benefit have played a part—

PRINCE. Which any gentleman must know by heart.

QUEEN. I am a Queen, who benefits can heap—

PRINCE. You told me all your story in your sleep.

QUEEN. How I was wooed by a vile necromancer,

A wretch who would not take “ no” for an answer ?

PRINCE. The great Humguffin.

QUEEN. Aye ! Upon your word ?

And how Prince Transimenus to a bird

Was changed, by a foul sorceress he hated ?

QUIVER. The facts, in brief, your majesty has stated.

QUEEN. Then you shall hear the rest some other day,

For I am now impatient to repay

My obligations to you, which are heavy.

PRINCE. Madam, I but assisted at your “ levee.”

QUEEN. (*takes the branch*) You are too modest, pray some wish discover.

PRINCE. I wish you were united to your lover,

QUEEN. Nay, generous youth, you must not think of me
Before yourself. Say would you wish to be

As perfect in your person as your mind ?

PRINCE. Your majesty is really very kind.

I can't admit my title to perfection,
In any wise ; but still have no objection,
To come more near the human form divine
For other's sake, a great deal more than mine.

QUEEN. Be handsome then as you are good and fearless,
No more Prince Humpy—you are now Prince Peerless.

(*touches him with the golden branch—his deformities vanish*)

QUIVER. Prodigious ! sir, permit me to inspect you ?
You're grown so handsome, none could recollect you.
Oh, madam, pardon me, but ere you go,
A boon, perhaps, on me you would bestow.

QUEEN. For what am I indebted, pray, to you ?

QUIVER. I did the looking-on part—

QUEEN. Very true—
And in most offices it stands confess'd,
The lookers-on are often paid the best ;
So name your wish, my friend, for I'm in haste.

QUIVER. I needn't tell a lady of your taste,
That in the way of personal attraction,
Nature has given me ample satisfaction.
My sole desire is to preserve intact,
This head and body, which the awkward fact
Of yielding to the prince's supplication,
Exposees to a sudden separation.

QUEEN. If of your whole request that is "the tottle"
Upon my toilet table stands a bottle
Filled with sulphuric ether, which if smelt
Some moments ere the fatal blow is dealt,
Your head beneath the sword or axe may fall
Without your feeling any pain at all !

QUIVER. Pardon me once again, most gracious Queen,
But that is not at all the thing I mean.
My head and body wish to stick together.
To sing—"How happy could I be with *ether*,"
Is not my object—I should be quite loth
To part with either—I would keep them both.

PRINCE. Poor Quiver knows the temper of my father.

QUEEN. Is King Brown so tyrannical then ?

QUIVER. Rather—
About the edges—

QUEEN. Come then both with me,
My guests awhile in fair Arcadia be.

PRINCE. With all my heart—but how are we to go?
Is there a railway?

QUIVER. There's a branch—

QUEEN. Just so.

With Fairy Pastorella's kind assistance
From here to there will scarce seem any distance.

Air, QUEEN.—“*Jenny Lind's Farewell.*”

So away we go to a far off land,
Where awhile your home shall be,
And perhaps you may find in that bright new world
The fair one you wish to see.
The trembling throng in your father's halls
You'll change for a happy band,
And you'll jump for joy, “I believe you, my boy”
At the sight of my fairy land.

The Scene changes to

SCENE V.—THE BOWERS OF ARCADIA.

The Stage is filled with SHEPHERDS and SHEPHERDESSES.

Chorus.—“*Echo Quadrille.*”

Hail! Hail! Hail to our Queen
Too long absent she's been.
Home now, welcome her all,
Sing, dance, keep up the ball.
Come Pastorella, our friendly fay,
Dance to our rustic roundelay.
Here let us gambol,
Revel and ramble.
Till the “star company” o'er our heads
Bids us sheer off to our sweet flock beds.

BALLET.

PAS DE DEUX À LA WATTEAU,

By Mr. GILBERT and Miss BALLIN.

PAS DE DITTO À LA CATCHAFAIRY,

By Mr. and Miss MARSHALL.

Arcadian Mazurka-Polka and Pastoral Gallopade,

By Mesdames Burbidge, Herbert, Clair, Douglas, Finart, E. Lee,
Ford, Sidney, Healey, S. Healey, E. Mercer, Simmonds,
Hunt, E. Hunt, Collier, E. Healey.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—GALLERY IN THE PALACE OF KING BROWN.

In c. a large window, the shutters of which are closed; PRINCESS DUMPY discovered seated in a gothic chair, GUARDS in attendance; SUIVANTA brought on by GUARDS; as curtain rises, GUARDS exit, R.

SUIVANTA. Madame, your patience is to me provoking,
I would put up with such affront from no king!
Incarcerated in this model prison:
Except our own—to look no mortal phiz on!

Write to your father—bid him make a racket.

PRINCESS. I have, but they refused to post my packet.

SUIVANTA. Couldn't they get it through the office gate;
Or did it much exceed a hundred weight?
For put but heads enough upon the elf,
And you might post the post-master himself.

PRINCESS. 'Twas not its size—but should my sighs transpire,
They feared the weight they might have with my sire.
To bribe the guard I made a vain endeavour,
They're bound to take no note of us whatever.

SUIVANTA. Oh, that old bear, King Brown! Look, ma'am, just see
In what a prison polka he's put me.

Song, SUIVANTA.—“*Old Joe, or Somebody in the house with Dinah.*”

Old King Brown he kicked up a din,
And this prison polka he put me in,
I said 'twas too short: but he answered, “stuff!”
“Ere you get another, 'twill be long enough!”
O what “a Joe!”—what an “old Joe!”—
A very “old Joe!”
Old Joe Miller made the joke before,
But nothing tells better than a good old Joe!—
How many are the wits that I know,
How many are the wits I know,
How many are the wits that I know,
Trading upon poor old Joe!—

Many good things said funny old Joe,
Which were printed in a book long ago,
Old Joe's book is now very rare,
But they take leaves out of it everywhere.
What old Joe's! yes, old Joe's!—

Such old Joe's!

Old Joe Miller made 'em all before,
But nothing tells better than a good old Joe.
How many are the wits that I know, &c.

SUIVANTA. If one could hail somebody passing by?
But that old-fashioned window's up so high,

That I can hardly reach to ope the shutter,
And then, perhaps, it looks out on the gutter,

(*opens shutters and discovers painted window; on one side the FIGURE of the PRINCESS, on the other a SHEPHERD*)

Oh, madam ! oh, your highness, only see !

PRINCESS. Why there's a little figure, just like me ;

And gazing on her from the other pane,

A young and very handsome shepherd swain,
Who looks as with her he would be acquainted.

SUIVANTA. O, what a pity that he's only painted !

In his whole figure there is not one flaw,
And finer eyes in glass I never saw.

PRINCESS. I'll speak to him, as though alive he were.

SUIVANTA. You'd better then address him—" Glass, with care."

PRINCESS. Say, gentle shepherd ! (*the FIGURE moves*) Ah, I'm all amazement,

The figure sure is moving in the casement !

(*the FIGURE of the PRINCESS becomes also animated*)

SUIVANTA. And this moves too !—I don't know what's occurring,
But certainly the incident is stirring. (*symphony to glee*)

PRINCESS. Hark ! Music, which Jullien's even surpasses.

SUIVANTA. The window is paned sure with musical glasses.

Glee.—“ *The Wreath.* ”

FIGURE OF PRINCESS.

Shepherd, tell me, tell me, have you seen
An eagle fly this way ?

He is the lover of Arcadia's queen,
And Pastorella's princely protégé.

SHEPHERD.

Yes, round and round this round tow'r, oft before
He's flown at evening's stillly close ;
And in his beak the branch he bore,
With which you are to change him, I suppose.

PRINCESS and SUIVANTA.

Shepherd, tell us, tell us, pray what can you mean,
What can you mean—by what you seem to say ?
Where is this eagle to be seen ?

And who, and who is Pastorella, pray ?

SUIVANTA. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell us more.

(*FIGURES move slowly off*)

What is behind—that we've not heard before.

Say on what ground glass you appear to chuzzle us,
And why you've taken all these pains to puzzle us ?

(*the FIGURES disappear*)

The glass had bubbles in it when 'twas blown,
And these are of them—

PRINCESS. Whither have they flown ?

SUIVANTA. As with a diamond,—cut out of *their* pane,
 Left us in *ours*—and but the window, plain. (*window closes*)
 Like the old story of the bear and fiddle,
 Begun, but broke off in the very middle.

PRINCESS. Would they had staid—a window should have thrown
 More light upon a subject of its own.
 I'll tax it with unkindness—

SUIVANTA. Hold, ma'am, pray,
 Windows are taxed enough, another way.
 But certainly it wasn't very civil.

PRINCESS. It opens !

(the EAGLE appears at it with the golden branch)

SUIVANTA. (frightened, and dropping on her knees) Oh, the devil,
 ma'am, the devil !

PRINCESS. Suivanta ! silly girl, don't be absurd,
 'Tis but an eagle—such a noble bird !

Perched in the gutter, why, what can it mean ?

SUIVANTA. The finest gutter percher ever seen.

PRINCESS. And in its beak it bears a golden sprig.

SUIVANTA. An eagle with a branch—then, ma'am, I twig—

PRINCESS. You twig ?

SUIVANTA. Yes ; with it give him a slight pat,
 And say—"There, take your change, sir, out of that."

PRINCESS. Suivanta ! Wouldn't that be very bold ?

SUIVANTA. 'Twas what the shepherd in the glass foretold
 Would happen—and what is to be you know
 Comes usually to pass.

PRINCESS. It must be so—
 Hand me the talisman, and for a freak
 I will go boldly up before the beak !

SUIVANTA. This eagle may with safety fly a kite
 He's gold enough to cash a bill at sight.
 What a fine partner in a bank he'd make !
 A branch with so much gold would never break.

(Music. SUIVANTA wheels the PRINCESS up to the window,
 on the side of which the EAGLE is perching)

Incantation, PRINCESS.—“The Fine Old English Gentleman.”

If you are a bird as you appear to be,
 You will not moult a feather at the tickling of this tree,
 But if you are a gentleman, upon your honour and word,
 Why then behave as such, and be no more a dicky bird.

(touches the EAGLE with the branch ; the bird disappears,
 and in its place is seen PRINCE TRANSIMENUS)

SUIVANTA. Oh, Gemini ! He's a fine young fairy gentleman.
 One of the modern time.

PRINCESS. Who are you, sir ?

TRANSIMENUS. With gratitude most fervent,
 Madam, I am your very humble servant !

SUIVANTA. (*aside*) Well, that is what I call a handsome chap,
At him I certainly must set my cap!

TRANSIMENUS. How may I best my gratitude evince?

Speak, and upon my honor as a prince

There's nothing in my power I will refuse.

SUIVANTA. If he asked me I know what I would choose,
And that's himself!

PRINCESS. Sir, I am more than paid
In seeing what a charming change I've made,
And only hope 'tis not too bright to last.

TRANSIMENUS. I've been expecting it for some time past.

Two centuries have now elapsed since I
Was literally forced my realm to fly.

During which time, though always in high feather,
I've been beneath a cloud for years together.

Driven, though a prince, like any common sinner,
To trust to my own talons for a dinner.

Matters have sometimes gone so very ill
I could raise nothing, even on my bill.

Whilst drawn upon by needy bows at sight,
I've had an arrowish escape by flight,
And but for being rather a high mounter
My days had ended in the poultry counter.

SUIVANTA. Had ever bird so sad a tale to spread?

Exit, R.

TRANSIMENUS. My tale is told—so no more on that head.

But ere I hop the twig—I mean depart—

I must some way relieve my grateful heart.

You (*to PRINCESS*) have been put into this cage—excuse—

I mean this prison—because you refuse

To pair with, that is, wed, the ugly chick—

Son, I should say, of an old gun—who'd stick

At nothing which would help his nest to feather,

I mean by which he could scrape wealth together.

But, gentle Princess, banish all alarm,

Beneath my powerful wing—I mean my arm—

I beg your pardon, it is too absurd,

But when a man has been so long a bird—

PRINCESS. Pray don't apologize—your meaning's clear.

TRANSIMENUS. You must no longer mope in sadness here,

But beautiful as you are good and kind,

A lover worthy your affection find!

In fairy Pastorella's name—behold

In turn I touch you with this branch of gold.

(*touches PRINCESS, who springs to her feet and appears as a beautiful SHEPHERDESS, the same as seen in the magic book*)

TRANSIMENUS. Arise! you're now as lovely as you're kind,

(*leads PRINCESS, to glass*)

I've changed your person—don't you change your mind.

Re-enter SUIVANTA, R., her dress changed.

SUIVANTA. Oh! madam, what on earth has come to pass?

I too am changed into a rustic lass.

TRANSIMENUS. And now the fairest, as you are the best,
Come—in Arcadia be by Cupid blest.

(*changes to*)

SCENE II.—A PASTORAL LANDSCAPE.

In front, a beech tree, under which QUIVER, in shepherd's attire, is seated, playing on a pipe; PRINCE PEERLESS in the costume of the SHEPHERD seen in the painted window, is reclining on a bank on the opposite side, guarding his sheep.

TRANSIMENUS. Beneath the shade yon beechen boughs diffuse,
See Tityrus invokes his sylvan muse,
While youthful Corydon recounts his love,
And for his Phillis fills with sighs the grove.

PRINCESS. O sir, in mercy tell me, who is Phillis?

TRANSIMENUS. Yourself.

PRINCESS. Oh! joy.

TRANSIMENUS. (*to SUIVANTA*) And you are Amaryllis
Till further notice. Take good heed of that,
Nor from the bag emancipate the cat
Until I bid you. Foes are mischief brewing—
Love without prudence leads too oft to ruin.

Exit TRANSIMENUS, R.

PRINCESS. He goes.

SUIVANTA. And don't say when he'll come again.

PRINCESS. And leaves us here alone—

SUIVANTA. With two young men!

PRINCESS. Who won't leave us alone, perhaps—let's run—

SUIVANTA. It's too late. They have seen us. (*aside*) O what fun!
And see where yonder stretched upon the grass

The very shepherd we saw in the glass!

PRINCESS. Where are we in the name of all the Magi?

PRINCE. (*addressing QUIVER*) "Tityre tu patulae recubans sub tegmine
fagi"—

PRINCESS. Suivanta! Hark, what language does he speak?

SUIVANTA. It may be Latin, but to me it's Greek.

(*PRINCE and QUIVER rise, and advance towards the Ladies;
the PRINCE salutes the PRINCESS, and they return in con-
versation, L., whilst SUIVANTA addresses QUIVER*)

SUIVANTA. Pray, shepherd, can you play upon this pipe?

QUIVER. In course I can.

SUIVANTA. Then play me "Cherry ripe."

QUIVER. What's "Cherry ripe?"

SUIVANTA. A song I'm partial to.

QUIVER. Then sing it me—as I can't play it you.

Air, SUIVANTA.—“*Cherry Ripe.*”

Cherry ripe, cherry ripe—ripe, I cry,
That’s the ballad you should buy,
Herrick’s sparkling poetry,
Horn’s true English melody.
Let the belle of London balls,
Dream she “dwelt in marble halls.”
Let the husband she would get,
Hope they “may be happy yet;”
But cherry ripe, cherry ripe, still I cry,
‘Twas a spell, in years gone by.
Must it yield the prize of song.
To “Lucy Neal,” or “Lucy Long?”
No—though Yankees black to view,
May be cherry colour too.
“Old Dan Tucker,” with “Jim Crow,”
To Old Virginny back shall go—
And cherry ripe, cherry ripe, still to me,
Shall the sweetest ballad be.

Re-enter PRINCE and PRINCESS, L.; the PRINCE and QUIVER advance and offer garlands; the PRINCE to the PRINCESS, and QUIVER to SUIVANTA.

Quartette.—“*Minuet de la Cour and Gavotte de Vestris.*”

PRINCE and QUIVER.

Fairest nymph, all nymphs excelling,
Take this wreath, my passion telling.
Beauty such as thine compelling
Every shepherd’s heart to love.

PRINCESS and SUIVANTA.

Gentle swain, the wreath you’re weaving,
Pray excuse me from receiving.
Men, alas, there’s no believing,
Faithless they too often prove!

PRINCE and QUIVER.

Say, by what name may I address you?

PRINCESS.

Phillis—

PRINCE.

A goddess I should guess you.

SUIVANTA.

Mine, sir, is Amaryllis.

QUIVER.

Bless you!

I never saw your like before.

PRINCE.

Corydon here the shepherds name me.

QUIVER.

"Tityrus dear" the nymphs proclaim me.

BOTH.

But you alone could thus inflame me.

The lovely Phillis }
Sweet Amaryllis } I adore!

Gavotte.

PRINCESS. Oh! Amaryllis, love has set my heart on fire!

SUVANTHA. Oh! Phillis, I as deep am in the mire!

PRINCESS. In quite a fearful fashion for Corydon it burns!

SUVANTHA. And mine the tender passion of Tityrus returns.

PRINCESS. Young Corydon without a rival reigns, reigns, reigns!

SUVANTHA. Sweet Tityrus the sweetest is of swains, swains, swains!

Enter QUEEN BENIGNANTA, meeting PRINCE TRANSIMENUS, each attended by SHEPHERDS and SHEPHERDESSES.

Chorus.—“*Acis and Galatea.*”

O! the pleasures of the plains,
Happy nymphs and happy swains.
Benignanta! Transimenus!
Joy with them for ever reigns.

TRANSATLANTIC MEDLEY PAS DE DEUX.

By PRINCE TRANSIMENUS and PRINCESS.

Exeunt omnes.

Re-enter PRINCESS, followed by PRINCE PEERLESS.

PRINCE. Too lovely maid, ah! wherefore dost thou fly me?

PRINCESS. Sweet shepherd, if you please don't come a-nigh me.

PRINCE. What from her Corydon can Phillis fear?

PRINCESS. Making herself too cheap, and him too dear!

Besides, no longer ought I here to stay.

“The curfew sounds the knell of parting day,

The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,”

And there are yet no lodgings found for me.

PRINCE. I have a lodging in Lamb's Conduit Street,

Genteelly furnished, small, but very neat.

To occupy it, if you'll but consent,

I'll never ask you for a farthing's rent.

PRINCESS. Lodge at a bachelor's! You don't expect

I should do anything so incorrect.

If you were married—

PRINCE. 'Tis my wish to be,

If lovely Phillis will but marry me.

PRINCESS. Alas ! fond shepherd, I am not of age,
 And a stern father did my hand engage
 To one of a much higher rank than you.

PRINCE. I question that, sweet maid, if all you knew.

PRINCESS. What ! are you not the shepherd that you look ?

PRINCE. O yes, I am a shepherd (*aside*) with a hook !

But in Arcadia princes tend their sheep.

PRINCESS. Are you a prince ?

PRINCE. Dear Phillis—can you keep
 A secret ?

PRINCESS. (*aside*) O, how shall I keep my own ?

PRINCE. I am a prince, and yet may claim a throne,
 Which with my Phillis I would gladly share.

PRINCESS. Then shepherd know I also am—

TRANSIMENUS. (*appearing amongst the trees, L.*) Beware !

PRINCE. What voice was that ?

PRINCESS. A friendly warning to me.
 For breach of promise somebody might sue me.

O let me fly from you, while fly I can.

Do, there's a dear, good-natured, little man !

Air, PRINCE.—“*La Barcarole.*”

O stay my blushing beauty,
 Let love thy steps enchain,

And beg of cruel duty

That she will call again.

No black sheep of a lover

To fleece my lamb am I !

Some love for me discover,

Oh try ! Oh try ! Oh try !

On some fine summer morning,

If I must hope give o'er,

You'll find, I give you warning,

My death laid at your door.

And if at your bedside leering,

Some night a ghost you spy,

Don't be surprised at hearing,

'Tis I, 'tis I, 'tis I ! Exit PRINCE and PRINCESS, R.

Enter QUIVER and SUIVANTA, L.

QUIVER. To Amaryllis love compels my way,

My grazing sheep up Gray's-Inn Lane may stray.

SUIVANTA. You'll lose a lamb while you are following me.

QUIVER. I'm a lost mutton since I gazed on thee !

SUIVANTA. Am I a bell-wether to lead you so ?

QUIVER. You are my belle, whether I will or no !

SUIVANTA. Go, cast an eye upon your sheep, man, do !

QUIVER. No, let me stay, and cast sheep's eyes at you—

The fairest ewe—the lamb that I would fold

In these fond arms.

SUIVANTA. Shepherd, you grow too bold.

QUIVER. My passion's growing every moment stronger.

I can't and won't live single any longer.

O, Amaryllis, on your shepherd look,

Mine you must be by hook, love, or by crook.

Regard your Tityrus without a titter.

And say where would you find a husband fitter,

SUIVANTA. (*aside*) A husband?—that deserves consideration.

And yet, to wed a person of his station—

How to refuse him? It is very hard—

If he were but a captain of the guard!

Duet.—“*The Swiss Girl.*”

QUIVER. Oh! hear me pretty miss!

Come tend the flocks with me,

We'll cut a shine amongst

These boors of Arcady!

SUIVANTA. No, no strange doubts my bosom fill—

Though simple maid, I'm not so green

To follow thee—at least, until

The ring and license I have seen.

QUIVER. Oh, come with me, I'll wed you there,

'Pon honour, bright and fair.

SUIVANTA. No, no, no,—I'm very well here,

Contented, sir, to stay.

I never trust men's honours,

So I wish you, sir, good day!

La, la, la, &c.

QUIVER. Oh! hear me, pretty miss!

Both. La, li, ut, li, ut!

QUIVER. My cottage shall be thine,

At Shepherd's Bush 'tis found

With kitchen garden, paddock green,

No end of pleasure ground!

SUIVANTA. No, no, I'd rather single live,

Than wed a man almost unknown;

And find, when I'd no more to give,

I dared not call my soul my own!

QUIVER. Say yes—your slave I'll be with pride,

Oh, say thou'l be my bride!

SUIVANTA. No, no, no, I'm very well so,

Contented here I'll stay,

And ever free and happy,

Sing and drive old care away.

La, la, la, &c.

QUIVER. Oh, say thou'l be my bride!

La, la, la, &c.

Exit SUIVANTA, l.

QUIVER. I die, and death shall finish all my pain!

Enter PRINCE hastily, r.

PRINCE. Where's Phillis? I have sought for her in vain!

Speak, wretch, I'm sure thou knowest.
QUIVER. Who, sir? I, sir?
 You might as well have asked me "Where's Eliza!"
PRINCE. Run! Fly! Haste, seek her, over hill, through grove.
 I've lost myself—if I have lost my love!

Air, PRINCE.—“Through the Wood”
 Through the wood! through the wood follow, and mind you,
 Hunt, hoop, and holloa! dash forward pell-mell.
 Run as if Old Nick himself were behind you,
 For if you don't find her I'll wallop you well.
 Look in at "The Barleymow"—call at "The Rose;"
 Into the cells of the station-house peep.
 Weary with looking for lodgings, who knows
 The rural police may have caught her—a-sleep!
 Through the wood, &c.

Exeunt PRINCE and QUIVER.

SCENE III.—A FOREST.

Enter BLUERUINO, L. who beckons on HUMGUFFIN, R. and MANDRAGORA, L. then exit L.

MANDRAGORA. Why how now, brother? you look very grumpy.
HUMGUFFIN. Have I not reason, beldame? Young Prince Humpy
 Has roused Queen Benignanta from her nap,
 And Princess Dumpy helped that dandy chap
 To cast off the strong pinions that he wore;
 And take up arms against us as before.

MANDRAGORA. Are you sure, brother, that this news is true?

HUMGUFFIN. Positive—it's in all the papers too—

The *Magic Times*—the *Fairy Morning Post*—
 The *Daily Spectre* and the *Evening Ghost*.
 I just lounged in to take an ice at Grange's,
 And saw it headed "Fashionable Changes."
 Read and convince yourself, if you doubt yet,
 Here's the *Official Conjuror's Gazette*.

MANDRAGORA. (*reading*) "Queen Benignanta at the Royal Bower,
 Arcadia, from a tour."

HUMGUFFIN. Misprint for "Tower."

MANDRAGORA. (*continuing*) "Prince Transimenus, in Transportman
 Square,

After a lengthened sojourn in the air."

HUMGUFFIN. There's no mistake—Hemlock and Donnabella!

This is the work of that vile Pastorella.

If with her branch of Entertaining Knowledge
 She's to show up the black arts of our college
 There'll not be left one superstitious fogie,

And babes will laugh when threatened with Old Bogie!

MANDRAGORA. What's to be done?

HUMGUFFIN.

Why, all the harm we can

Whilst power is left us o'er the mind of man !

To work with every fiend in darkness nurst !

Let Knowledge do her best—we'll do our worst !

MANDRAGORA. A mortal footprint ! Who comes here so late ?

HUMGUFFIN. A female by the style and by the gate.

Pretty and young. Sister—Ahem ! Begone.

MANDRAGORA. O brother ! well, you are a wicked one !

*Exit MANDRAGORA, R.—HUMGUFFIN retires, U. E. R.**Enter PRINCESS L.*

PRINCESS. In this bewildering wood I've lost my way,

To shun temptation I have gone astray.

A country life will not suit me 'tis plain,

Bred in a court—I'm bothered in a lane,

And in a forest where no road I see,

As Jonathan would say—"I'm up a tree !"

Is there no human being within hail ?

HUMGUFFIN reappears disguised as an old man with a staff.

O yes ! (to him) "Turn, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way."

HUMGUFFIN.

With pleasure, maid.

(aside) As I'm a conjuror the very jade
Who made a man again of Transimenus—
I owe you one for that my little Venus !

Duo.—HUMGUFFIN and PRINCESS.

HUMGUFFIN.

Where are you going to, my pretty maid ?

PRINCESS.

Going astray, sir, I'm afraid.

HUMGUFFIN.

What came you into this wood to seek ?

PRINCESS.

Lodgings to let, sir, by the week.

HUMGUFFIN.

My wife has an attic, if that will do ?

PRINCESS.

O yes if you please, sir, and thank you too.

*Exeunt HUMGUFFIN and PRINCESS, R.**Enter PRINCE, L.*

PRINCE. O for a Falconer's voice ! my own I'll strain,

To lure my tassel—gentle, back again.

Air, PRINCE.—"Fra poco a me recovero."

I've poked in every cover, O !—

But all without avail—O !—

And now, poor wretched lover, O !

My hopes begin to fail, O !—

None know how much I miss her, O !—

Man cannot comfort me !—

Since from these fond arms she flies-a,

In "The Times" I'll advertise her,

And have bills of every size-a,

Stuck all over—stuck all over Town, to tell,
 The sad loss of her I prize-a,
 (As they did about Eliza.)
 To return I will advise her,
 To the friends who'll use her well !
 Oh yes ! I'll advertise her,
 To return I will advise her
 To the friends who'll use her well !

PRINCE. Nought can I see, the wood's as dark as pitch !

Re-enter MANDRAGORA, R.

MANDRAGORA. Whom seek you, shepherd ?

PRINCE.

Not you, you old witch.

MANDRAGORA. Old witch !

PRINCE.

But if you are a witch—be kind

And tell me where I may my Phillis find !

MANDRAGORA. A shepherdess ?

PRINCE.

Oh, yes, whom I adore.

MANDRAGORA. Then, silly swain, don't do so any more,

For she's a false one—

PRINCE.

False one ! You're another !

MANDRAGORA. I say your Phillis bolted with my brother.

But if the chase you are inclined to follow,

Right through the wood I'll give you the view hollow !

Enter BLUERUINO, L.

(at a sign from MANDRAGORA, BLUERUINO causes the trees
 to divide and show the Enchanter's Castle by moonlight;
 HUMGUFFIN is seen guiding PRINCESS towards it)

Now, shepherd, am I worthy of belief ?

PRINCE. It is my Phillis ! Ho, police ! Stop thief !

Exit hastily, U. E. L.

MANDRAGORA. Old witch ! I'll make you rue that word, young
 swaggerer,

If I don't witch you, my name's not Mandragora !

Exit MANDRAGORA, U. E. L.

SCENE IV.—THE SPIRIT VAULTS.

In much the same state they were Two Hundred Years before.

Enter HUMGUFFIN and PRINCESS, L.

HUMGUFFIN. Walk in and make yourself at home, my dear.

PRINCESS. At home ! Alas, I'm all abroad I fear :

Are you the master of this house ?

HUMGUFFIN.

To show it

I'll make you mistress.

PRINCESS. Not, sir, if I know it.

Where is your wife?

HUMGUFFIN. My love, I never had one.

PRINCESS. I'm very much afraid that you're a bad one.

Hence let me fly—

(she attempts to go, but is prevented by BLUERUINO)

HUMGUFFIN.

Ha, ha! Fly, Princess, do—

My web's too strong for such a fly as you.

You are no shepherdess, but don't look so sheepish;

In love with you I've tumbled rather deepish!

My name's Humguffin.

PRINCESS.

And you look the part.

HUMGUFFIN. I condescend to offer you my heart—

Be Mrs. Humguffin, and share my pelf—

My palace—

PRINCESS.

Me! I think I see myself.

HUMGUFFIN. Pause ere you answer.

PRINCESS.

No, at once—paws off.

HUMGUFFIN. Sad is the fate of those at me who scoff.

Observe those bottles, in due order set,

Filled with the strongest spirits I could get;

A drop from one of those, and you would be

A beast, bird, insect, reptile, vile to see—

Therefore, once more, beware how you decline.

PRINCESS. Your ardent spirits cannot conquer mine—

"I'd rather be a toad," as says Othello,

Than wife of such a horrible old fellow!

HUMGUFFIN. You would!—then my bold belle I'll try your mettle,

I have an old account with you to settle.

A toad you shall be, traitress, in a twinkling.

(takes down a vial, and taking out the stopper, sprinkles some of the contents upon her)

This "leprous distillation" o'er you sprinkling—

Confound it!—Somebody has changed the stoppers,

This is the compound essence of grasshoppers!

(the PRINCESS disappears and a GRASSHOPPER is seen in her place)

Yes, there she is, a Grasshopper.

(the GRASSHOPPER vanishes in the same manner as PRINCESS)

And zounds!

With one spring she has hopped out of my bounds.

Enter MANDRAGORA, R.

MANDRAGORA. Oh, brother, I have caught a man.

HUMGUFFIN. At last!

MANDRAGORA. Aye, you may sneer, but 'tis of value vast;

I've lured Prince Humpy hither!

HUMGUFFIN. What the chap

Who roused Queen Benignanta from her nap?

MANDRAGORA. The very same—see where he comes, in search
Of your new flame, who left him in the lurch.
The pretty Phillis.

HUMGUFFIN. Ho! my rival too.
Then his arrival he shall dearly rue.

MANDRAGORA. Where is the wench?

HUMGUFFIN. By some unlucky blunder
Turned to a grasshopper—but, fire and thunder!
This medler shan't escape with so much ease.

MANDRAGORA. Nay I shall deal with him, sir, if you please.

Enter PRINCE, R.

PRINCE. Where is my love? Restore her to my arms.

MANDRAGORA. Audacious prince, who has despised my charms,
Your love's a grasshopper!

PRINCE. What have I heard?

MANDRAGORA. And you shall be a little butcher bird
That feeds on grasshoppers—so if you meet her
The chances are you'll snap her up, and eat her.

PRINCE. I be the butcher of my own pet lamb,
You cannot be in earnest, ma'am—

MANDRAGORA. I am,
And this shall prove.

(*takes down a vial and sprinkles him with it. The PRINCE disappears and a CRICKET is seen in his place*)

How now! why he's a cricket.

(*the CRICKET vanishes*)

And run to earth before I had time to stick it.

HUMGUFFIN. Another blunder. Sister, we're betrayed!

Some bottle imp on us a trick has played,
And changed the draughts without the doctor's order:
Our laboratory's in complete disorder.
Of mischief, half the spirits gone, and more—
And not a single mixture as before.

The FAIRY PASTORELLA rises.

FAIRY. I rise, sir, to explain—that Imp am I.

HUMGUFFIN. I thought she had some finger in the pie.

FAIRY. The time has come to stop your private still,

With ignorance in darkness brewing ill!

To make of simple mortals beasts and brutes,
The spirit of the age no longer suits.

To your black art she scorns to be a debtor,

Her object is to change man for the better;

And benefitting those e'en who despise her,

Would make men merrier as she makes them wiser,

And while she makes a jest of old wives' stories,

Leaves their bright morals in their ancient glories.

Scene changes to

GOLDEN GARDENS AND FAIRY TREE OF ENTERTAINING
KNOWLEDGE IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

In the hollow of the Trunk are seen the GRASSHOPPER and the CRICKET.

Enter PRINCE TRANSIMENUS, QUEEN BENIGNANTA, SUIVANTA, and QUIVER, L.

SUIVANTA. I hope we don't intrude, but 'twould appear
To seek intelligence we should come here;
To find our friends we're told this is the ticket.

FAIRY. The Prince is here as merry as a cricket.

QUIVER. To ask after the Princess it is proper?

FAIRY. She's here, and she shall sing like a grasshopper.

(tree opens and discovers the GUARDIAN SPIRIT of its leaves;
the GRASSHOPPER and CRICKET disappear)

Enter PRINCE PEERLESS and PRINCESS, c.; ARCADIANS, r. and l.

Finale, PRINCE.—“*Don Pasquale.*”

The “Golden Branch”
By friends so staunch,
In this parterre now planted,
A Christmas tree
Of mirth shall be
By all good spirits haunted;
And every shoot
Again take root
Within this soil enchanted,
To flourish and nourish
Us with its golden fruit!

Solo, SUIVANTA.—“*La Truandaise.*”

Merrily, merrily,
Ariel-like, beneath the bough here,
Merrily, merrily,
By your leaves, shall we live now here?
Merrily, merrily,
Let the “Golden Branch” succeeding
Be a branch to Fortune leading
Mine and me?

Merrily, merrily, &c.

CHORUS.

Curtain.