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THE

CAMP AT THE OLYMPIC.

A NEW AND ORIGINAL

INTRODUCTORY EXTRAVAGANZA

AND DRAMATIC REVIEW

BY

J. R. PLANCHÉ.

Author of Mr. Buckstone's Ascent of Mount Parnassus, The Good Woman in the Wood, The Golden Branch, Fortunio, The Invisible Prince, &c., &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,
WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,
LONDON.

109451

*First performed at the Royal Olympic Theatre,
On Monday, October 17th, 1853.*

The Tents of Real Canvass, painted, as well as the other Scenes (if not better) by Mr. DAYES.

The Gentlemen's Uniforms by that uniformly Civil though occasionally Military Tailor, Mr. BROWN.

The Ladies to "dress up" under the command of Mrs. CURL.

The Accoutrements by Mr. MORELAND.

The Machinery by Mr. SUTHERLAND, of the Royal Olympic Engineers.

MATTER-OF-FACT PERSONS.

THE NEW LESSEE (<i>a notorious Fact</i>)	MR. ALFRED WIGAN,
HIS WIFE (<i>an absolute Fact</i>)	MRS. ALFRED WIGAN
STAGE CARPENTER (<i>a plain Fact</i>)..	MR. DEAL.
A BOY (<i>in Fact</i>).....	THE CALL BOY.

PERSONS OF IMAGINATION.

FANCY (<i>on her way to a Fancy Ball</i>) ..	{ MRS. T. G. REED, late MISS P. HORTON.
TRAGEDY	MRS. CHATTERLEY.
COMEDY	MRS STIRLING.
BURLESQUE ..	MR. F. ROBSON.
OPERA	MISS CORRI.
BALLET	MISS WYNDHAM.
MELO-DRAMA ..	MR. SANDERS.
PANTOMIME ..	MISS STEVENS.
HIPPO-DRAMA ..	MISS E. TURNER.
SPECTACLE	MR. EMERY

GHOST OF THE OLD ITALIAN
OPERA (*bearing a great bodily re-
semblance to a celebrated Basso*

SIGNOR CALLI.

HARLEQUIN

MR. FRANKS.

CLOWN

H. COOPER.

PANTALOON

MR. LINDON.

COLUMBINE

MISS HENDERSON.

THE TRUE BRITISH SAILOR.....

MR. MORTON.

SYLPHIDES

{ MADLIES. HOWARD
and GRAHAM.

✓ X6365797

SCENE I.

THE BARE STAGE.

A SCENE NEVER BEFORE EXHIBITED ON SUCH AN OCCASION AT THIS OR ANY OTHER THEATRE.

SCENE II.

RICHARD THE THIRD'S TENT,

EXACTLY IN THE WRETCHED STATE IN WHICH HE LEFT IT.

FOLLOWED BY

AN EFFECT OF FANCY.

SCENE III.

**EXPERIMENTAL CAMP OF THE COMBINED
FORCES OF THE BRITISH DRAMA,
ON THE STAGE OF THE OLYMPIC THEATRE, AND
REVIEW OF THE PLAY-HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE :**

IN WHICH, AMONGST OTHER BRILLIANT MANOEUVRES, WILL BE EXHIBITED,

By the kind Permission of Spectacle,

WHOSE MARQUEE WILL BE THROWN OPEN FOR THAT PURPOSE,
TABLEAU 1—MACBETH MEETING THE WITCHES.

PERIOD, 1053. COSTUME, 1853.

MACBETH 1 ST	MR. WHITE.
MACBETH 2 ND	MR. WATSON.
MACBETH 3 RD	MR. HART.
BANQUO	MR. LESLIE
THE THREE WITCHES.....	{ MESSRS. BACK, WHITE and REY.

TABLEAU 2—SKATING SCENE FROM THE OPERA OF "LE PROPHETE."

SKATERS—MISSSES MEDEX, TURTLE, CARTER, and WOOD.

TABLEAU 3—GROUP FROM "SARDANAPALUS."
SARDANAPALUS MR. VINCENT.
MYRRHA MISS MARSTON.

SCENE IV.

**THE PAVILION OF FANCY,
A FANCY SKETCH FOR THE LAST SCENE,**

GOT UP ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE, AND PERFECTLY REGARDLESS OF EXPENSE—

FEU DE JOIE—STURM MARSCH FINALE,

*And Royal Salute by the whole Olympic Division,
IN PRESENCE (IT IS HOPED) OF GENERAL APPROBATION.*

THE
CAMP AT THE OLYMPIC.

SCENE 1.—*The Stage at the Olympic Theatre.*

Enter MR. and MRS. WIGAN, arm-in-arm.

MR. W. Well, come what may, at least behold us here !
I hope you're satisfied ? (*to Mrs W.*)

MRS. W. So far, my dear.
The house is ours. We've nothing now to do
But—

MR. W. Fill it. Do you call that nothing, too ?

MRS. W. Well, it's not much. The Theatre is small,
And Lord John Clapham said he'd take—

MR. W. A stall !

MRS. W. Well, love, that's one—and one—

(*checking her*) "Friend," you would say,
"Makes many." I devoutly wish it may.

However, we are in for it, and so
It's no use *talking*, we must *act* !

MRS. W. I know

We must act, and I come resolved to play—
All the best parts.

MR. W. If they are in my way.
MRS. W. And your's is such a taking way, my dear.

MR. W. Come, Mr. Impudence, you needn't sneer,
There *was* a time, to which I could allude—

MRS. W. Nay, don't be angry.

MR. W. Then don't you be rude.
MRS. W. I'd not the least intention. Don't let's squabble !
MR. W. But as you've got me into such a hobble—

MRS. W. *I got you?*

MR. W. Well, no matter then, since we
Have got into it, let us pray agree
Upon some plan, at least, to get well out of it.
You think we shall succeed?

MRS. W. I've not a doubt of it!

MR. W. Bless the dear women! They're such sanguine
souls!

Whilst men in doubt stand scratching their dull
polls,

They, by mere force of will, their ends achieve!

"*Ce que femme veut, Dieu veut,*" I do believe!

And so at once to business. I have got

An opening piece, of which I like the plot (*takes*
MSS. out of his pocket)

(*Reading title*) "The Camp at Chobham."

MRS. W. Law! Why that's been done
At the Adelphi!

MR. W. A piece—not this one.

MRS. W. But the same titles—

MR. W. More attractive make 'em.
When titles are so catching, people take 'em
Just as they do the measles—from each other.
And 'bout this Camp there has been such a
pothoer,
The name alone is money sure to bring.
So here, you man! fly-catching at the wing—

A CARPENTER advances from between wings

Show us a pair of flats.

(CARPENTER *smiles*) What do you mean
By grinning? Get me out, Sir, a tent scene!
(aside) Of flats, I'll swear, that rascal meant to
say

We were the biggest pair he'd seen to-day.

A Tent Scene is put on.

What's this?

CARPENTER. King Richard's tent, Sir.

MR. W. (R) That will do.
It's so old—that it's actually new.

"Methinks the ghosts of all who've Richard murthered"

Arise before me! Our cause won't be furthered

Much by such actors. (*to CARPENTER*) Two chairs, if you've got 'em!

CALL Boy brings forward two old broken chairs.

One with three legs! — The other with no bottom!

"This is a sorry sight!"

MRS. W. "A foolish thought
To say a sorry sight" — you rather ought
To think it a good omen, here.

MR. W. How so?

MRS. W. If we can't sit, we must stand!

MR. W. Oh! oh! oh!

You've got the inventory of the dresses,
What regimentals are there in the presses?

MRS. W. (*producing a paper and reading from it*) "Uniform coats, 1 red, 1 green, 1 blue."

MR. W. I don't call that quite uniform. Do you?

MRS. W. (*continuing*) "Three guns, two bayonets, one sword and belt."

MR. W. How about hats?

MRS. W. Ah! there the pinch is felt!

Only one cocked hat!

MR. W. Humph! that won't go far

To carry on, as we may say, the war;
Although at Astley's half-a-dozen horses
And twenty men play all the British forces!

MRS. W. I'll tell you what, we'll have one man well drest,
And let the audience fancy all the rest.

MR. W. Ah! if we could bring Fancy to our aid!

FANCY rises from Trap c., in a jester's costume.

FANCY. Fancy you can. It's done as soon as said.

MR. W. "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!"

What does this novel stage effect portend us?

MRS. W. "Be thou a spirit of health or goblin—

FANCY. Hum!

MR. W. "Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from—

FANCY. Mum!

I'm Fancy.

MRS. W. Only fancy that !

MR. W. Who'd guess,
In such a habit—

FANCY. It's a fancy dress.

MRS. W. A fool's—saving your presence.

FANCY. You forget .

That Fancy plays the fool with sense, and yet
Without some fancy Sense would be a frump,
While without sense Fancy's not worth a dump !
Their happy union makes for youth and age
The choicest entertainments of the stage,
(For which I have the greatest partiality)
And give to every scene I touch reality.

MR. W. Then pray touch some of mine up, and I'd name
This tent for one.

FANCY. With that intent I came.

AIR.—FANCY.

“La Dona Mobile.”

Fancy her magical
Influence lending,
Mortals befriending,
As much as befooling,
Comical—Tragical—
Classic—Romantic;
Apeing each antic—
Every sense ruling—
As you request her,
Comes as a jester,
Gaily to test her
Influence here.

On each sensorium,
Wild airs essaying—
Fancy sets playing
The world at “supposes.”
From her emporium,
Fashion proceeding—
All the town leading,
By their own noses.

Her stage direction
Baffles objection ;
Fancy, Perfection
Can make it appear.

But not at Chobham shall my camp be found—
The common there, is now too common ground
To be brushed up by even Fancy's wing.

“The Camp at the Olympic” is the thing !
Here all the drama's forces we'll review,
And see what troops will flock her standard to.
At Fancy's call, The Play-Household-Brigade
Shall turn out for inspection on parade !

(to Mr. W.) You as Field-Marshal—shall command in chief.

MR. WIGAN retires through tent (R), and immediately re-enters in a Field Marshal's uniform, with baton.

(to Mrs. W.) You as “White Serjeant” come with the relief.

MRS. WIGAN goes off L. U. E., and reappears in white dress.

Changing that horrid every day dress
For one which may your Brevet rank express
In Fancy's Army. Here begins my reign ;
Current I make “the coinage of the brain,”
And General Orders issue from this station,
Now the Head Quarters of Imagination.

TRIO.—FANCY, MR. and MRS. W

“Rat-a-plan.”

Rat-a-plan ! Rat-a-plan ! Rat-a-plan !
To arms ! to arms ! ye mighty spirits muster !
Here pitch your tents—your standards here unfold.
To arms ! to arms ! the British drama's lustre,
At Fancy's call shed round us as of old !
To arms ! the Drama's cause uphold !

Rat-a-plan ! Rat-a-plan ! Rat-a-plan ! Rat-a-plan !

A new campaign the drama here prepare for,
With souls in arms and eager for the fray,
Your fights are all sham fights, you know, and therefore
At soldiers sure you can't object to play.
To arms ! the magic call obey.

Rat-a-plan ! Rat-a-plan ! &c.

Scene changes to the Camp of the Combined British Dramatic Forces ; on the R. H. are the characteristic tents of TRAGEDY, MELODRAMMA, and OPERA ; on L. H. those of COMEDY, FARCE, and PANTOMIME. In the centre is the large and splendid pavilion of SPECTACLE.

MUSIC. (*grand march*) Enter TRAGEDY from her tent in the costume of LADY MACBETH, 1753, a letter in her hand.

FANCY. First in the field, old English Tragedy
In stately hoop and train "comes sweeping by!"
As in the British Drama's palmy day,
When people took an interest in the play !

MR. W. A letter in her hand ! why then the dame is—
FANCY. The wife of the ambitious Thane of Glamis !

MRS. W. Lady Macbeth ! In Dollalolla's dress !

TRAG. (*reading the letter*) "They met me in the day of my success."

MR. W. That must have been a hundred years ago,
To judge from a costume so rococo !

TRAG. (*indignantly*) In my day, Sir, judgment, and power,
and feeling,
With confidence to public taste appealing,
Received the crown—no matter what its fashion,
It was the crown !

MR. W. Well, don't be in a passion !

TRAG. Not in a passion ! when I see the state
Of Denmark rotten ! When I hear the fate
Which hath befallen both the classic domes,
'Neath which my votaries once found their homes !
Where Garrick, Monarch of the mimic scene,
His sceptre passed from Kemble down to Kean.
Where Cibber's silver tones the heart would steal,
And Siddons left her mantle to O'Neil !
The drama banished from her highest places,
By Débardeurs and "fools with varnished faces."
Sees foreign foes her sacred ruins spurning,
Fiddling like Neros, while her Rome is burning !

FANCY. The times have changed ; but there is still a stage,
And one on which Macbeth has been the rage !

TRAG. Macbeth ! Is't possible ! O, hie thee here—
That I may pour my spirit in thine ear !

MUSIC. *The Pavilion opens and discovers "The Blasted Heath," same as at "The Princess's Theatre," with the three witches. MACBETH and BANQUO in the costume worn at that theatre. Temp. 1853.*

FANCY. Behold, he comes !
 TRAG. "Great Glamis ! worthy Cawdor !"
 Can that be he ?
 FANCY. In heavy marching order.
 Not as when Garrick used to meet the witches—
 In gold laced waistcoat and red velvet breeches ;
 GARRICK appears as MACBETH with the daggers (R.)
 Nor as in Kemble's time, correct was reckoned,
 Accoutred like "the gallant forty-second."
 KEMBLE appears as MACBETH with target and truncheon (L.)
 But as a Scottish chieftain roamed scot-free—
 In the year one thousand and fifty-three.

TRIO—MR. and MRS. WIGAN and FANCY.

"Auld Lang Syne."

My auld acquaintance I've forgot,
 If ever he was mine ;
 Is that the way they clad a Scot
 In days o' Lang Syne ?
 For Auld Lang Syne, my dear,
 For Auld Lang Syne !
 We'll look on him wi' kindness yet,
 For Auld Lang Syne !

TRAG. "My countryman ! and yet I know him not !"
 MR. W. More like an antique Rum'un than a Scot !
 TRAG. A Scotchman, and no kilt ?
 MRS. W. Don't Macbeth say—
 "We've scotch'd the snake, not kilt it" !
 MR. W. Oh ! don't ! pray ! (scene closes)

AIR.—FANCY.

"The Bonnets of Bonny Dundee."

Through their habits conventional managers broke,
 To make old plays go down they new habits bespoke ;
 The old fashioned Scotchman no longer we see,
 Except as a sign for the sale of rappee.
 So pack up your tartans, whatever your clan,
 And look a new "garb of old Gaul" out, my man ;
 For the stage in its bonnet has got such a bee,
 It's all up with "The Bonnets of Bonny Dundee."

FANCY. But see, where brilliant Comedy appears.

Music. Enter COMEDY from her tent, L. in the costume of LADY TEAZLE.

Blooming as brightly as in former years,

Invincible, with powder, paint, and patches,
Loaded and primed — her eyes the lighted
matches—

Ready to play upon a yawning pit,
She brings up the artillery of wit !

COMEDY. Wit ! oh, my dear, don't mention such a thing !
Wit on the stage, what wit away would fling ?
There are so few who know it when they hear it,
And half of those don't like so much as fear it.
Wit ! If to theatres for wit they'd come,
Would Farquhar, Congreve, Wycherly be dumb ?
Or even the poor devils now-a-days,
Who can't help scribbling—hawk their hapless
plays

From house to house, to hear the sentence
chilling,
“ Your piece is clever, but won't draw a shilling.”

MR. W. (R.) Then, what will draw ?

COMEDY (C.) O Mercy ! Tell me, pray—

What horse will win the Derby, Sir ? You may,
I'm sure, as easily as I tell you
What the dear British public will come to !
Just what they like—whatever that may be—
Not much to hear, and something strange to see.
A Zulu Kaffir, with his bow and quiver ;
A Pigmy Earthman, from the Orange river ;
An Aztec Lilliputian, who can't say a
Word, from the unknown city Iximaya.
Any monstrosity may make a hit,
But no one's fool enough to pay for wit !
Or if he be, in theatres why seek
For jokes, when *Punch* is but a groat a week !

MRS. W. (L. C.) No wonder that in such a situation
Your spirits flag—

COMEDY. My only consolation
Is that all sorts of folks are now so funny,
My dullness will be soon worth any money.
Even Tragedy—my sister there—sad soul,
Has recently become so very droll,
That the judicious few, her acts who see,
Laugh at her more than at poor Comedy !

TRAG. (*advancing on her*) Madam ! This irony !—

COMEDY. Oh, lud ! she'll bite !

MR. W. Part them ! they are incensed !

FANCY. (*down c.*) A jest so light

- Should not to any serious censure doom her ;
 Like Mr. Sulky—she “ will have her humour.”
- TRAG.** Will she, indeed ? Then I’ll forgive her gladly,
 For lately she has wanted humour sadly.
- COMEDY.** Now who’s ironical, dear sister, pray ?
 “ Oh, sister, sister ! sister ev’ry way !”
- MR. W.** Come, come, be friends ! The Drama’s foes to rout,
 The word should be “ fall in ” and not “ fall out.”

AIR—MR. WIGAN.

“ *We have been friends together.*”

You have been friends together,
 Together money made—
 When tragedies and comedies
 To crowds were nightly played !
 And though the word may make you start—
 The fact you must allow,
 You have been—damned together !
 Shall a light word part you now ?

- MRS. W. (R.)** Talking of humour—where on earth has fled
 Our broad old English Farce, or is he dead ?
- FANCY.** No, but too homely for this polished age,
 He’s lately taken French leave of the stage ;
 But there’s a substitute still more grotesque
 We often find for him—He’s called Burlesque.
- TRAG.** Don’t name the wretch ! I hate him with a hate
 Known only on the stage ! He mocks my state ;
 Mimics my voice ; my words mis-quotes, mis-
 matches.
 A vice of kings ! a king of shreds and patches !
(Flourish of penny trumpets, heard L.)
- FANCY.** He comes ! I know his trumpet !
- TRAG.** Too ! too ! too—
- MR. W.** Well I remember it ! Support me, do !
 Tragedy ! show me where’s the actor strong
 enough ?
- TRAG.** Then I shall fall ! (*sinks in a chair*)
- MRS. W.** Alas, I’ve thought so long enough !
- Charivari.** Enter BURLESQUE, L. 2 E. in the costume of
King Arthur in “ Tom Thumb.”
- BURLES.** “ Call up our cavalry from Horslydown ! ”
 Queen Tragedy, I’ll fight you for a crown !

AIR—BURLESQUE.

“Such a fine King as I!”

Such a fine King as I,
 Don't care for your frowns a fig !
 Folks laugh 'till they're ready to die
 At the wisdom that's in—my wig !
 For Burlesque is up ! up ! up !
 And Tragedy down ! down ! down, O !
 Pop up your nob again,
 And I'll box you for your crown, O !
 Toll rol der rol loll, &c.

Your Hamlet may give up his Ghost,
 Your Richard may run himself through,
 I'm Cock-of-the-Walk to your cost,
 And I crow over all your crew !
 For Burlesque is up ! up ! up !
 And Tragedy down ! down ! down, O !
 Pop up your nob again,
 And I'll box you for your crown, O !

Toll rol der rol loll, &c.

TRAG. (R.) Avaunt, and quit my sight ! let the earth hide
 thee ;

Unreal mockery, hence ! I can't abide thee !

BURLES. (R.C.) Because I fling your follies in your face,
 And call back all the false starts of your race ;
 Show up your shows, affect your affection,
 And by such homœopathic aggravation,
 Would cleanse your bosom of that perilous stuff,
 Which weighs upon our art—bombast and puff.

MR. W. (L.C.) Have you so good a purpose then in hand ?

BURLES. Else wherefore breathe I in dramatic land ?

MRS. W. (R.C.) I thought your aim was but to make us laugh ?

BURLES. Those who think so but understand me, half.

Did not my thrice-renowned Thomas Thumb,
 That mighty mite, make mouthing Fustian mum ?
 Is Tilburina's madness void of matter ?

Did great Bombastes strike no nonsense flatter ?
 When in his words he has not one to the wise,
 When his fools bolt, *spares* folly as it flies,
 When in his chaff there's not a grain to seize on,
 When in his rhyme there's not a ray of reason,

His slang but slang, no point beyond the pun,
Burlesque may walk, for he will cease to run.

MR. W. Although your trumpet, Sir, is but a penny one,
You blow it, I confess, as well as any one!

COMEDY. I vow the wretch to common sense pretends !
BURLES. Don't mention it, I beg, even among friends.

Like Mr. Snake, though here the truth I own,
I should be ruined, if abroad 'twere known.

I live, as that same worthy does aver,
Upon the badness of my character.

If once of common sense I was suspected,
I should be quite as much as you—neglected.

TRAG. "That's wormwood!"

Music.

MR. W. Hark ! what means that prelude grand ?

Enter ENGLISH OPERA as Mandane in Artaxerxes, with a GERMAN BAND. R. 3 E.

FANCY. (L.) 'Tis English Opera !

MRS. W. (L.) With a foreign band !

FANCY. (L.) She takes the best her music book that suits,
She always had French horns and German flutes.

COMEDY. (L.) Has she forgot her native wood-notes wild ?

FANCY. (L.C.) She hasn't chirped them since she was a child.

TRAG. (R.) You mean "When music, Heavenly maid, was young,"

"And first in early Greece—she—she—

BUR. (prompting her) "Gave tongue." (*TRAGEDY sits down disgusted*)

FANCY. But not in Opera like that before us.
The Greeks had none.

TRAG. They'd Tragedy !

MR. W. And Chorus !

FANCY. Yes ! spoken, so that you heard every word ;
A sort of chorus now that's never heard.

MR. W. But let us hear what Opera has to say,
Or rather sing, in her own cause to-day.

OPERA. (sings) "The soldier tired of war's alarms, &c."

MR. W. (interrupting her) Thank you ! that's quite enough !
O dear ! O dear !

BURLES. That old style won't agree with the new y(ear) !

MRS. W. (r. c.) It was a stile I hoped she had got over !

OPERA. (c.) Of English Opera you wished a "Prova" ;

MR. W.
OPERA.
MR. W.
OPERA.
FANCY.

And that's about the best in English still.
Except "the Beggar's."

That's a Vaudeville !
Have you no new and great airs on your shelves ?
The greatest airs the singers give themselves !
And while they do so there is little chance
Of seeing English Opera advance ;
The only compositions her proveditors
Have lately gained by have been with their
creditors.

MR. W.
MRS. W.
TRAG.
OPERA.
FANCY.

Then Bishop, Balfe, and Barnet, where are they ?
Wallace ! Macfarren !
(wildly) "Rivers ! Vaughan ! Grey!"

Madam !

Poor soul ! Her wits are going fast,
She has not seemed quite right for some time past
And now Burlesque completely has upset her.
I shall weep soon, and then I shall be better !

Suppose you take a nap ?

Aye, sister, do,
Your audience sleep sometimes, why shouldn't
you ?

MR. W.
(to COMEDY) You're too severe upon your
sister muse.
(to OPERA) This interruption, madam, pray ex-
cuse.

OPERA.
MR. W.
OPERA.
FANCY.

Sir, I'm accustomed to a few bars, rest.
You spoke of airs by which you were opprest.
Oh, even my foreign rivals on that score
Suffer as much as I do, if not more ;
One has already given up the ghost.
See where it walks !

*Ghost music from Don Giovanni. The Ghost of Her Majesty's
Theatre appears from R. 3 E., having a great bodily re-
semblance to Signor Lablache.*

Once in itself a host !
The last, but not the least by any means,
Of the great stars that lighted up her scenes.
What, old acquaintance ! could not all that flesh
Keep in a little life ? Mine ears refresh
With choice Italiano. Speak ! "Ore rotundo !" Enormous artist ! Great basso profundo !

ENSEMBLE—*from Don Pasquale.*

SOLO—GHOST OF OLD ITALIAN OPERA.

Pacing yon colonnade
 Most melancholy,
 Humming the serenade—
 From *Don Pasquale* ;
 Nightly I wander—sighing and sulky,
 No more in Figaro, brilliant as bulky !
 Dull is thy valet now,
 Gay *Don Giovanni* !
 What trump shall rally now,
 “I Puritani” ?
 My Impressario
 Plays “Belissario”
 Grisi and Mario
 Partiti son !

TRIO—MR. WIGAN, FANCY, E. OPERA.

Bravo ! Bravo ! *Don Pasquale* !
 Can no Magic Flute recall ye
 Whose superb recitativo,
 Could this great Basso relieve O ?
 Caro mio, let this trio—
 So enchanting, so bewitching,
 Bring a moment back to Fancy,
 The great rôle you were so rich in !

GHOST.

Bene, si !
 Now fortissimo !
 Now pianissimo !
 Bravo, bravissimo—
 Bene, si.

TRIO.

But while we strive,
 Once more alive
 To fancy “*Don Pasquale*”—
 We find, alas,
 The shadow pass,
 And so as a finale,
 Regretting one so great, should e'er
 Be forced to sing so smally,
 Addio ! Addio ! unhappy *Buffo* say !

GHOST.

To the shades I must away,
There a deeper part to play !

GHOST retires, R. 3 E.

BURLES. Poor Buffer !

MRS. W. Buffo.

MR. W. In his situation

"Buffer's" the more expressive appellation.
(to FANCY.) "Our cause, my friend, is in a damn'd condition,"
The Drama's perishing of inanition,
In all it's branches, foreign and domestic.
Tragedy halting in her march majestic ;
Poor Comedy with nothing left to spout ;
Farce only fit to play the people out ;
The English Opera completely prostrate,
And the Italian taken up to Bow Street.

AIR—MR. WIGAN.

"*Oft in the Stilly Night.*"

When I remember all
The talent brought together,
I've seen in Don Pasqual—
E, And in such high feather—
I grieve, I own, that he alone,
Should haunt that stage deserted,
Whose lights are fled, and garlands dead,
And all but he—departed.
Still on an Opera night,
When other voices wound me—
Fond memory brings the light
Of all those stars around me !

MRS. W. And whither has the once gay Ballet hopped ?

FANCY. Like the poor sylphide when her wings were
cropped,
Behold her shorn of all her magic power,
Denied to dance upon a single flower.

Enter BALLET "a la Sylphide" L. 3 E. with her CORYPHEES.
She expresses her altered state in action to MR. W.

MR. W. What does she mean ? I'm stupid, I've no doubt,
But I could never make a Ballet out.
With diplomatic notes take rank they should,
Then most successful when least understood.

BALLET. Oh I could tell you, Sir, in words as well,
But if the Ballet talk'd it mightn't tell.
FANCY. She tells you, fallen from her high estate,
On her last legs she's taken now to skate ;
Like a bold wench, resolved at any price
To cut a figure, though it's but on ice.

Music. Scene at back opens and shows the skating scene from "Le Prophete," as at the Italian Opera, Covent Garden.

AIR.—BALLET.

(*Skating Music in Le Prophete.*)

We slide and glide and slip and trip,
And wheel and reel through snow and sleet,
These are bad days when coryphees
Are puzzled to keep their feet !
We colds have caught and chilblains brought,
To spite our light fantastic toes !
And vile Jack Frost perhaps may cost
Poor Ballet her lovely nose !

Scene closes.

MR. W. Cold comfort this for a new speculator !
MRS. W. For a house warming—a refrigerator !
MR. W. A Drama must be found, or we are undone,
With spirit in it to stir up all London !
FANCY. Oh, if you want a piece with spirit in it,
I'll call up Melodrama in a minute.
His supernatural efforts have told,
When all things else have failed. Appear !

A chord. MELODRAMA comes through his tent R. 2 E, as "the Monster" in "Frankenstein."

Behold !

MR. W. What monster's this ?
FANCY. The one from "Frankenstein."
He reads a lesson to folks in your line.
How many a manager I've seen a stew in,
Making a monster that has been his ruin !
MRS. W. He looks of blue ruin the incarnation !
FANCY. I've no great hopes from his resuscitation !
There is a spirit of another blue,
He sometimes personates the fine old "true !"

Chord. WILLIAM in the melodrama of "Black-eyed Susan," enters from R.

FANCY. Of Black-eyed Susan, there the hero stands,
Into the pit he oft has piped all hands,

BURLES. And brought the drama up with a wet sail ;
He goes a-head—but thereby hangs—a tail.

COMEDY. All in the Downs the British Fleet lay moored,
When black-eyed Susan came the stage on board ;
The scene is changed—the Fleet is at Spithead,
And our poor stage "All in the Downs" instead.

FANCY. Well, there's another sprite, at Christmas time,
That oft does wonders—Comic Pantomime !
Spite of blows, tumbles, changes, kicks, and slaps,
She makes her annual trips and sets her traps.

Music. PANTOMIME enters as "Mother Goose," HARLEQUIN, COLUMBINE, PANTALOON, and CLOWN, rise up trap c. dance, rally, groupe.

BUR. Shade of Grimaldi ! who thy loss can know,
That never saw Inimitable Joe !

QUINTETTE.

"There's some one in the house with Dinah."

BURLESQUE, FANCY, OPERA, and MR. and MRS. WIGAN.

SOLO.—BURLESQUE. (*Bone accompaniment.*)

Old Joe he was an artist great,
There's been nobody like him seen of late ;
To Pantomime 'twas a knock down blow
When the curtain fell upon poor old Joe !

Poor dear Joe—was the Joe—yes the Joe !

ALL.

Old Joe kicking up behind and before,
The Columbine a kicking up behind old Joe ;
There's no one in this house so fine, ah,
Nor any other house I know,
There's no one in that funny line, ah,
Can play the fool like dear old Joe !

MRS. W. But 'though such kickshaws may succeed per chance,

We must have some "morceau de resistance";
And from such fare we're as far off as ever.
Do help us, Fancy!

MR. W.
FANCY.

Well, don't I endeavour?
Shall I invoke the genius of the ring?

MRS. W.
FANCY.

What! from Aladdin?
Quite another thing;
One who knows how the public in to whip,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

*Music. Enter HIPPODRAMA as a lady attired for the ring,
RIDING MASTER, &c. L. 3 E.*

FANCY. Hither he brought amusement for the million,
When here old Astley first pitched his pavilion.

AIR.—FANCY.

"I'm the Genius of the Ring."

He's the genius of the ring,
To this house by no means new,
Horses here could money bring,
Ere the stage they were put to;
And when fast the stage has stuck,
As all stages sometimes do,
Horses oft have had the luck
The poor drama to pull through.

On Parnassus' highest ground
Still a winged horse one views,
And a horse is to be found
Wheresoever there's a *Mews*;
And if Thespis in a cart
Madè the drama first the rage,
Horses must have played their part
In that very early stage.

To the Genius of the Ring
Then be ev'ry honour due,
If the drama's not the thing
Try what hippo-drame can do!

MR. W. Soft sawdust! I am proof against soft sawder;
I've great respect for the equestrian order,

And hope its members oft my stalls will pay to ;
 But horses on the stage I must say nay to.
 To Cavalry I own its obligations,
 But there's no field here for its operations ;
 The genius of the ring it would but cramp,
 And might put out the genius of the lamp.
 You're very hard to please !

FANCY.
MR. W.

The town is harder !
 And sadly empty the dramatic larder.
 While army raising Fancy plays the Fairy at,
 I fear she quite forgets the Commissariat !
 The bravest troops that ever took the field,
 If they've no food to fight upon, must yield.

Music. SPECTACLE appears in splendid fancy dress.

SPEC.

You're right, and then the food should be well
 drest,

MR. W.
FANCY.

Or quite uneatable may be the best.
 Who's this that talks and looks so mighty fine ?
 Spectacle ! a great friend of mine !

BURLES.
OPERA.
PANT.
MELO.
& HIPPO.
FANCY.

You've heard of him, of course !

MR. W.

And seen him, too,
 Till I am almost sick of him ! arn't you ?

SPEC.

Is this your gratitude for all the splash
 I've made upon the stage, and all the cash
 I've brought into the Treasury ?

MR. W.

I doubt
 If you bring in as much as you take out.
 Well, try a piece without me now-a-days ;
 See if your triumph will be called a blaze ?

MRS. W.
COMEDY.

The blaze is often only in the bill—
 Or one that burns the fingers through the till.

TRAG.

Why should a drama that deserves success
 Burn blue lights, like a vessel in distress ?
 Has not immortal Shakespere said—'tis silly,
 "To gild refined gold—to paint the lily?"

SPEC.

Immortal Shakespere ! come, the less you say
 The better on that head. There's not a play

Of his for many a year the town has taken,
If I've not buttered preciously his bacon.

TRAG.

More shame then for the town !

SPEC. (*to COM.*)

And you, Miss Prue!
Pray, has Spectacle nothing done for you ?
Have I not given you correct costumes,
And furnished splendidly your drawing rooms ?
Ungrateful minx ! till my Augustan age
You never saw a carpet on your stage.
Dragging your train through dust of other days,
You envied Tragedy her old green baize ;
And all the sticks, to muster you were able,
Consisted but of two chairs and a table !

COMEDY,

You have improved my room I don't deny,
But you preferred it to my company ;
And Lady Townley now, or Lady Teazle,
May starve, unless she'll dance—"Pop goes the
weazole!"

FANCY.

What's to be done, when the immortal names
Of Shakespere and of Byron urge their claims
In vain to popularity, without
Spectacle march all his contingent out ?
Not mere Dutch metal, spangles, foil, and paste,
But gems culled from authority by Taste ;
Until, reflecting every bygone age,
A picture-gallery becomes the stage ;
And modern Babylon may there behold
The pomp and pageantry that wrecked the old !

*Music. The Pavilion of SPECTACLE opens and discovers
Tableau from Sardanapalus.*

MRS. W.

It seems, then, that the new way to success
Is when the Drama halts, to make it dress.

FANCY,

"The tailor makes the man," we used to say—
The tailor makes the manager, to-day.

COMEDY.

Oh, if he'd really be our benefactor,
Let him take one stitch more and make the actor !

FANCY.

Well, Fancy has done all she can to aid you,
And seems more fanciful but to have made you.
You must make up your mind—if you have got
one—

Out of all these fair offers is there not one
That you can count on ?

- TRAG. (to MR. W.) Tragedy restore
 To the proud station that she held of yore !
- COMEDY. (to MR. W.) Give Comedy again a chance to play
 Where folks may hear what she has got to say.
- MR. W. Thus Tragedy and Comedy between,
 I stand like Garrick—in the print, I mean,
 The only way like him that I could stand—
 A musing, with a Muse on either hand ;
 Now swayed by Mirth—now mov'd by Melancholy,
 Or, like Macheath, 'twixt Lucy and poor Polly !

AIR.—MR. WIGAN.

"How happy could I be with either."

How happy could I be with either,
 If either were certain to pay,
 But really I much question whether
 To both I had not better say—
 Tol de rol de rol lol de rol loddy, &c.

TRAGEDY knocks his hat out of his hand. COMEDY picks it up, brushes, and restores it to him.

- OPERA (R.) Let native Music here, then, weave her spell—
 You really sing yourself, Sir, pretty well—
 Italian Opera can't object to Rome ;
 For English Opera there's no place like home.
- MELO. Try me ! I keep all spirits under my lock !
- BURLES. Try me, my boy, remember Mr. Shylock.
- PANT. Before you leap, just look at one of mine !
- SPEC. (R.) Without me you can never cut a shine !
- BALLET (R.) You'll catch no mice without an "entre chat"
- HIPPO. (R.) What can you find like horses, pray—to draw ?
- MR. W. (C.) I am completely bothered—that's a fact !
 And, like some actors, don't know how to act.
- TRAG. But screw your courage to the sticking place !
- MR. W. I have—and stuck quite fast—that's just my case.

MRS. W. (L.) I'll tell you what to do.

MR. W. I wish you would.

MRS. W. In each of them there's something that is good.

Without committing ourselves here to fix 'em,
Let's take the best and mix 'em.

Mix 'em !

Mix 'em.

MR. W.
MRS. W.
MR. W.

Like pickles ? or like physic ? what a notion !
D'ye think the town will swallow such a potion ?
Why, Tragedy's a black dose of itself !

MRS. W.
MR. W.

Who talks of taking all, you silly elf ?
I mean an extract of each spirit—Tragic,
Comic, Satiric, Operatic, Magic,
Romantic, Pantomimic, Choreographic,
Spectacular, Hip—

MR. W.
MRS. W.

Spare that tongue seraphic,
Such vain exertion—for they would but call
Your mixture, melodrama after all.
With all my heart, I say—I don't care what
It's called, provided always—it is not
Of "the stage stagey"—whatsoe'er we do,
Let there be nature in't—

FANCY.
MRS. W.

And fancy, too.
By all means—for with you I quite agree
Without some Fancy, dull e'en sense would be.
Besides, you know, to vary our diversions—
We must make supernatural exertions.

MR. W.
TRAG.

" It must be so ; Plato, thou reasonest well."
On second thoughts I think the plan will tell.
Elegant extracts shall be as you say,
In this our Camp, the order of the day.
And so—attention ! eyes right ! dress up there !
I fear it's hopeless to say, "as you *were* ;"
But as you *are*—on you I will depend,
So "stand at ease !"

MR. W.
TRAG.
BURLES.

And you will stand my friend ?
One of the best you ever had on earth ;
I wouldn't murder you for all you're worth !
Then I may take myself off, I suppose ?
" Do it, nor leave the task to me ! "

TRAG.
MR. W.

Here goes !
Stay ! though I leave Burlesque to cure your
bathos,
We'll keep, of Tragedy, the gentler pathos.

(to COMEDY) From you I would extract—you look so arch,

Upon me, I'm afraid you'll steal a march.
Gay as a lark, and so good humoured too—
I feel I can't extract too much from you !

(to MELODRAMA) Some spirits from your vasty deep I'll call;

Ballet shall help me to keep up the ball.
Opera lend a ballad or Romanza,
And Fancy make Burlesque Extravaganza.
Pantomime teach me how to do the trick,
E'en Hippodrome may furnish a last kick.

SPEC. Well, try what trick you please, to get the tin with,

Spectacle's after all the card to win with.

MR. W. Yes, *after all*; yet in one sense, my friend, Spectacle should not be the Drama's end. Where that's the case the satirists may say It is indeed *all over* with the play !

But my play's over now, thanks to your stars ! (to FANCY.)

(to Audience) And now I fain would call up your huzzah's, To keep the ground for us and our review. I have not told you all I mean to do; For on that head—as promises may fetter— The Lessee thinks the less he says the better ! But to our Chobham if you will but tramp, And smile on our experimental Camp, A gallant corps in time I hope to form, Which may, some fine night, take the town by storm !

Oh ! let me hope that hope's not a forlorn one, I'm a bold man, if ever there were born one ! Pardon that boldness in my utmost need, And by your *coups de main* make mine succeed ; Confirming me in this proud situation, By the command of general approbation.

SPEC. From me, to borrow nothing, do you mean ? MRS. W. Perhaps you'll favor me with a last scene, On this occasion, by your own desire.

SPEC. Then give the word—
MR. W. Make ready !—present !

Scene changes to a splendid Fairy Temple.

Fire ! (coloured fires are lighted)

FINALE.—*The Sturm Marsch.*

March to support the Drama's small division here ;
Into the ranks before us nightly volunteer ;
Over "the roughs" at Chobham you your pleasure took !
Over "the roughs" you meet with here be pleased to look !

SOLO—MR. WIGAN.

Critics, don't our ardour damp,
Nor compel us to decamp ;
Kindly, just as something new,
Pray review our "Grand Review."

SOLO—FANCY.

Only fancy what on earth will Fancy do,
If her fancy-sketch you take no fancy to !
In this mighty wise utilitarian age
Leave to Fancy still a little, tiny stage !

CHORUS.

March to support, &c.

CHORUS.

Grand Salute.

Thus presenting arms before we march away,
End we our review !
Off with beating drums and flying colours pray,
Let the piece go too !
Command us by a parting cheer,
Nightly to salute you here !