

BUCKSTONE AT HOME;

OR, THE

MANAGER AND HIS FRIENDS.

An Original Domestic and Dramatic Apropos Sketch.

BY

J. STIRLING COYNE,

(Member of the Dramatic Authors' Society).

AUTHOR OF

Duck Hunting, The Little Rebel, Black Sheep, The Love Knot, Presented at Court,
What will they say at Brompton? Man of Many Friends, My Wife's Daughter,
Box and Cox Married and Settled, Binks the Bagman, How to Settle Accounts
with your Laundress, Did you ever send your Wife to Camberwell? A Duel
in the Dark, Leo the Terrible, Mrs. Bunbury's Spoons, The Water
Witches, An Unprotected Female, The Pas de Fascination, The
Hope of the Family, Willikins and his Dinah, The Old Chateau,
Fraud and its Victims, Catching a Mermaid, The Secret Agent,
Samuel in Search of Himself, That Affair at Finchley,
&c., &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND, LONDON.

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First performed at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, under the management of Mr. Buckstone, Easter Monday, April 6th, 1863.

BUCKSTONE AT HOME;

Or, The Manager and his Friends.

DESIGNED TO INTRODUCE

A splendid Panorama of the Tour of the Prince of Wales in the East.

Characters.

MANAGER	Mr. BUCKSTONE.
FAMILIAR FRIEND	Mr. W. FARREN.
1 ST HAMLET, in a Black Wig	Mr. BRAID.
2 ND HAMLET, in a Flaxen Wig	Mr. COE.
SIR PETER TEAZLE	Mr. CHIPPENDALE.
MAZEPPA	Mr. CLARK.
SERVANT	Mr. WEATHERSBY.
A MAN OF PEACE	Mr. ROGERS.
THE WIDOW GREEN	Mrs. WILKINS.
BURLESQUE	Miss LOUISE KEELEY.
ITALIAN OPERA	MISS WINTER.
PEREA NENA	Miss FANNY WRIGHT.
THE COLLEEN BAWN	Miss COATES.
PEEP O' DAY	Miss LAWTON.
JEANNIE DEANS	Miss COLEMAN.
BRITANNIA	Miss ELLEN TERRY.
<i>Lalla Rookh</i> , Miss H. MATTHEWS. <i>Cinderella</i> , Miss MATTHEWS. <i>Fair One with the Golden Locks</i> , Miss LAZENBY.	
<i>Perdita</i> , Miss HARRISON. <i>Sleeping Beauty</i> , Miss GIDDES. <i>Masanillo</i> , Mr. WETTEN. <i>Robin Hood</i> , Mr. JONES.	
<i>Yellow Dwarf</i> , Mr. GREEN. <i>Manhoe</i> , Miss CARROLL. <i>Medea</i> , Mr. JOHNSON. <i>Othello</i> ,	
Mr. MOYSE. <i>Rasselas</i> , Miss COGAN. <i>Atalanta</i> , Miss PENRY. <i>Prince of Happy Land</i> , Miss HANWELL. <i>Shylock</i> ,	
Mr. JAMES. <i>Maid with a Magpie</i> , Miss LEWIN. <i>Bluebeard</i> , Mr. FIELD.	

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Subjects of the Panorama.

1. CAIRO.

2. PHILAE.

3. JERUSALEM.

4. THE JORDAN.

5. THE DEAD SEA.

6. NAZARETH.

7. THE SEA OF GALILEE.

8. Mount Hermon.

9. Damascus and Distant View.

10. INTERIOR OF A TURK'S HOUSE IN DAMASCUS.

11. BAALBEC.

12. BEYROUT.

13. CONSTANTINOPLE.

The Panorama will conclude with a Grand Illustrative Picture of

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR,

During the celebration of the Marriage of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales and the Princess Alexandra of Denmark,

Painted by Mr. T. GRIEVE.

BUCKSTONE AT HOME.

SCENE.—*The Manager's Dining Room, Sydenham; table, c., with dessert, wine, &c., as after dinner.*

MANAGER seated r., sipping wine and glancing over newspaper.

MANAGER. Um, um! the paper's like a theatre in the dog-days, nothing in it. Stay, here's something that concerns me. (*reads*) "We understand that the popular and enterprising manager of the Haymarket Theatre has in preparation a dramatic novelty of peculiar construction, which, it is said, will surpass everything that has hitherto been attempted at this house." Quite right—I never had so strong a card in my hand:—the idea of the piece is so novel that the public will rush to see it—they must come.

A STRANGER of Mephistophelian aspect, in a fashionable evening dress, ascends suddenly l., sits l. of table.

STRANGER. Don't be too sure of that.

MANAG. (*starting*) Hey! I wasn't aware—I don't think I have the pleasure of knowing you.

STRANG. Then you don't know your best friend.

MANAG. My best friend!

STRANG. Well, your most familiar friend, if you like, who don't wait for an invitation to drop in and help you to discuss that decanter of excellent '34 Port.

MANAG. (*aside*) How did he know it was my '34 Port? (*tasting wine*) I rather pique myself upon my Port, it's rich, generous, and full of flavour, like a good old English comedy, worth a hogshead of your washy French importations. (*the decanter without being touched slides across the table to the STRANGER's side*) Allow me. (*fancies he has the decanter beside him, and looking for it, perceives it on the STRANGER's side*) Where's the decanter, hey?

(STRANGER fills glass, nods to MANAGER, and drinks) Well, you are a familiar friend. May I take the liberty of asking your name?

STRANG. Call me what you please—Jones, if you like; nobody wants to be called Jones; it's a cast-off name, but I don't mind that—I rather fancy Jones.

MANAG. Then, Jones, permit me to ask, what is your business here?

STRANG. You want my advice. You are going to produce a new piece, the manuscript is there before you.

MANAG. How did you discover that?

STRANG. Never mind. This piece is to be a Grand, Allegorical, Mythologeal, and Metaphorical Masque—

MANAG. After the manner of Ben Jonson and Milton.

STRANG. Exactly so. And you intend to bring it out on the occasion of—

MANAG. Hush! don't speak so loud, or some dramatic poachers may get hold of the idea and forestall me. By the way, Jones, I wish there were game laws for the protection of ideas, as there are for hares and pheasants, so that any man found with an idea in his possession for which he could not satisfactorily account, should be fined or imprisoned.

STRANG. That would never do. What would become of our dramatic authors under such an inhuman law! But this entertainment you intend to produce in celebration of the recent nuptials of the Prince of Wales—

MANAG. Of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; the rising sun of this fair realm, whose youthful brightness gives promise of its future effulgence; that paragon of princes—

STRANG. Stop! excuse me, you are not a poet laureate of the good old times when Pye wrote for pudding, that you should burst into ecstatic nonsense at a royal name. Believe me, the age of fulsome flattery has passed away; but in the hearts of millions of Englishmen the feelings of honest, loving loyalty lie deeper than they have ever done.

MANAG. Bravo, Jones! I begin to think you're a sensible sort of fellow, I'll drink your health—pass the decanter. (*the decanter slides across to the MANAGER, who looks surprised, drinks—the decanter slides back to the*

other side of the table) If you've half an hour to spare, Jones, I should like to read the piece to you.

STRANG. With great pleasure, I spend a great many tedious Half Hours with the Best Authors. I can compose myself to sleep when you get very dull.

MANAG. There are cigars :—do you fumigate?

STRANG. Well—a—yes, I smoke a good deal by my own fire-side. (*the cigar box slides across, MANAGER looks surprised*)

MANAG. I'll find you a light.

STRANG. Thanks—I've got one at hand. (*lights cigar at the top of his finger*)

MANAG. (*with comic awe*) Wonderful invention! Every man his own lucifer.

STRANG. (*smoking*) I don't like personal reflections. Begin. What is your piece called?

MANAG. It's entitled "The Masque of Love and Innocence."

STRANG. Excuse me, Innocence should never be seen in a mask.

MANAG. Don't interrupt me. (*reading*) "Scene first, The Temple of Hymen, in the Island of Blissful Bowers."

STRANG. Temple of Hymen! I know it—St. George's, Hanover Square.

MANAG. (*reads*) "An altar in the centre, on which two lovers' hearts are consuming in a mutual flame."

STRANG. A pretty idea for matrimonial cookery, but not original;—oh, no! it has been done to death in the valentines. Can't you do without the hearts?

MANAG. I think we must keep them on *this* occasion.

STRANG. That's a pity; nobody ever thinks of hearts now, except when they are trumps. Then, the idea of having them broiled before your eyes, like a beef steak at a city dining house, is dreadful—positively inhuman!

MANAG. We'll reserve them then for the wedding breakfast. (*reads*) "Next, enter Hymen, in saffron robes, bearing a torch."

STRANG. Why a torch?

MANAG. Well, I don't know, unless that Hymen may be considered Love's *link-boy*. (*reads*) "—Hymen bearing a torch, followed by two Cupids."

STRANG. *Two Cupids!*

MANAG. Yes; as they have introduced two clowns in a pantomime, I don't see why I shouldn't have two Cupids in my Masque.

STRANG. Nor I either. But, by way of novelty, couldn't you introduce two lawyers, with the marriage settlements in their bags?

MANAG. Oh, hang your lawyers!

STRANG. With all my heart!

MANAG. (*reads*) "Hymen and his attendants are followed by the three Graces."

STRANG. In crinoline, of course! We must have the Graces in crinoline.

MANAG. "And the nine Muses."

STRANG. In point lace?

MANAG. No, Honiton.

STRANG. My good friend; point lace—point lace, nothing else! If you bring those ladies on in Honiton, they'll not get a hand. The Muses can appear in nothing but point lace.

MANAG. Well, if you make a point of it, let it be so. (*reads*) "Soft music in the air."

STRANG. What is the air to be?

MANAG. You're obtuse, Jones. (*reads*) "Soft music in the air," (that air you know) "during which, Gibson's Tinted Venus rises in her Shell, drawn by Tritons."

STRANG. Tritons won't draw. No, no, my dear sir, let Venus enter, driving a pair of cream-coloured ponies, in a sweet little park phæton.

MANAG. Phæton! No, for decorum's sake, we must bring her in a neat Brougham. (*reads*) "A loud flourish of trumpets outside."

STRANG. Very good, when you've got nothing to say, blow your own trumpet.

MANAG. That's undignified, Jones. I *can't* do it, but I've engaged some gentlemen, who have politely undertaken to blow it for me. (*reads*) "Then, enter, four and twenty Virtues."

STRANGE. Four and twenty! ha, ha, ha, ha! Why, everybody knows, there are but four Cardinal Virtues.

MANAG. I'm aware of that remarkable fact, Jones. You'll observe though, these are not Cardinal, but Theatrical

Virtues :—there's plenty of them, and as they come cheap, I keep a large stock on hand.

STRANG. Your prudence and moral sentiments do you honour. When Virtues come cheap, what manager would be without them?

Enter PAGE, L., with several letters on a salver, which he places on table, beside MANAGER, and exits, L.

MANAG. Letters, and what a pile? I wonder people are not tired of writing to managers. (*opens letter*) Umph! what's this? Compton's autograph. (*reads*) "My dear air, Shakespeare says, 'One man in his time plays many parts.' I've never played one so bad as that you have cast me for, in the Masque of Love and Innocence, so must decline it, with best wishes—Henry Compton. P.S. Couldn't you get Spurgeon—he's the man for it—he'd make a hit in the part." Never mind, we can do without him. (*opens another letter*) Oh! Mrs. Wilkins, what does she say? (*reads*) "My dear manager—really now—I didn't expect it from you:—ask me to play an old woman in the Masque—ridiculous! Thank heaven, I'm not come to wrinkles yet! I don't mind doing the Fairy Queen, to oblige you—but that old woman!—never—while I remain, yours offended—Sarah Wilkins." There's an ungrateful woman, for you! (*opens another*) Umph! Chippendale. (*reads*) "Um—um—um—can't sacrifice my reputation by playing the heavy villain, though, I think I could astonish you in juvenile tragedy." I haven't a doubt of it. (*opens another*) Oh! Miss Keeley! A—um—um! (*reads*) "If the author re-writes my part, and gives me something to do, something to say, and something to sing, I'll try and do something with it." Ha, ha! this is pleasant. What do you think of that for a managerial crisis? (*turning over other letters*) Howe, Rogers, Clark, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, all throw up their parts.

STRANG. Awkward, deuced awkward! managers don't sleep on beds of roses.

MANG. Roses! No, they sleep on beds of down—thistle-down, Jones—with more of the thistles than the down in 'em. Can't you suggest anything to help me out of this difficulty?

STRANG. Write a letter to the *Times*, offering to wager

a trifle, say £20,000, that you are the only manager in London, who can cross the Thames at Westminster on the high rope.

MANAG. But I could'nt do it; I should break my neck, if I tried.

STRANG. Then, don't try; you have made a sensation, that's all you require.

MANAG. But, is my idea of reviving the "Court Masque" to be lost?

STRANG. Well, you know, it was preposterous.

MANAG. Preposterous! (*rises*) Let me tell you, Jones—
(bell) Ah!

Enter HAMLET, L., wearing a black wig.

HAMLET. Good even', sir.

MANAG. (c.) I beg your pardon, I've seen that face before—you are—

HAMLET. The same.

MANAG. I thought so:—let me offer you a glass of wine.

HAMLET. No wine. I am the *Spirit* of the Tragic Stage.

Enter another HAMLET, R., wearing a flaxen wig.

HAMLET 2ND. Misdake! *I am* the Spirit of the Dragic stage.

STRANG. (*half aside to MANAGER*) Two Spirits of the Tragic Stage, they must be double distilled spirits!

MANAG. I'm not particular to a *shade* or two;—the more the merrier.

HAMLET 1ST. I know not mirth:—*I am* the melancholy Dane.

HAMLET 2ND. Misdake again; 'tis *I* who am the melancholy Dane.

MANAG. Deign to inform me then, your pleasure here.

HAMLET 2ND. I come to regommend myself.

HAMLET 1ST. And I,

To recommend the only man I know,

Whose genius can restore the fallen stage,

And drag the draggled drama from the mire.

Give us our Shakespeare—Shakespeare unalloyed

With baser metal; give him in his pure

And simple grandeur; not bedizened o'er

With tinsel, paint, and scenery ; tricked out
 In gaudy robes, as I myself have seen.
 HAMLET 2ND. Give us an actor, who can comprehend
 The sentiments of Shakespeare's poetry,
 One, who can speak the speech, as I pronounced it
 to you.

Drippingly on the tongue.

HAMLET 1ST. What does he mean by "drippingly?"
 It seems—

HAMLET 2ND. That observation is—I know not seems—
 A little more than kean and less than kind.

HAMLET 1ST. Com'st thou to beard me here in England?
 Hamlet *I am!*

HAMLET 2ND. Hamlet, *am I!*

STRANG. (c.) Like Guildhall's famous giants in the East,
 Where each is greatest, neither can be least.

MANAG. Therefore, embrace !

HAMLET 1ST. Well said, old mole.

My arms are open.

HAMLET 2ND. So you see, are mine.

(they rush into each other's arms and embrace)

Oh, day and night! but this is wondrous strange !

MANAG. Enormous creatures ! Tower Hamlets, both !

Would I could board and lodge you here, but, oh !

This little house is far to small to play

Two such prodigious cards. (knock) More visitors !

Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE and WIDOW GREEN, R.

SIR PETER. (abstractedly) When an old bachelor
 marries a young wife—

MANAG. What !

SIR P. I beg pardon, I was thinking of my own
 misfortunes.

MANAG. Sir Peter Teazle !

SIR P. Your most obedient sir. You know my handsome,
 pleasant neighbour, Widow Green.

(introduces her, she curtseys, MANAGER bows)

MANAG. To know her not, were to be ignorant of
 nature's fairest work.

WIDOW GREEN. O, sir ! your compliments overwhelm me
 quite.

Sir Peter, do I blush ?

SIR P.

Angelically, madam!

WIDOW G. This is a dear familiar house to me.

'Twas here my weeping widowhood was passed;

Heigho! a pleasant time, a very pleasant time.

Sir William Fondlove courted me. In faith,

I'm sorry that the man I did not wed.

Do people now e'er speak of us, Sir Peter?

SIR P. O yes, the town protests we're out of fashion.

WIDOW G. We out of fashion! we, Sir Peter! What!

Do the Vandals mean to change the mode

That we have set?

STRANG. The world is base enough, to do it, madam.

SIR P. (*aside to MANAGER*) I am glad you told those two tragedy fellows you would have nothing to do with them. When a whole nation is rejoicing, why should we try to be miserable? (*aloud*) If you really wish to honor our Prince's nuptials, you must play something light, elegant and witty! something in which the Widow Green and myself may have parts to delight the public.

MANAG. High comedy of course?

SIR P. As high as you please:—we stoop to nothing low:—do we widow?

WIDOW G. O, heaven forbid! we only "Stoop to Conquer."

SIR P. (*to MANAGER*) Observe her smile, her brightly beaming eye,

And dimpled cheek: there, sir, stands Comedy!

WIDOW G. My dear Sir Peter, once indeed the Town

Confessed me charming, but eclipsed am I

By an ungrateful child—Burlesque they call.

HAMLET 1ST. But no more like her mother than I to Hercules.

WIDOW G. A creature who talks doggrel and slang,

Sings nigger songs, we hear of "in the Strand;"

"Skillamalink," and "Hoop de dooden doo."

Makes frightful puns, and dislocates poor Mavor;

Having no reverence for Johnson or for—

STRANG.

Walker!

HAMLET 2ND. Alas, poor ghost! and is it come to this?

That you, like me, by Fun have been snuffed out!

SIR P. What's fun? Can anybody tell, what's fun?

HAMLET 1ST. Look here (*pointing to HAMLET 2ND*) upon this picture, and on this? Do we look like Fur¹

SIR P. Not in the least.

WIDOW G. Sir Peter, we have lived too long for fun.

SIR P. Egad, widow, that's true. In our time it was not fun, but wit that painted the shafts with which Congreve and Sheridan shot Folly as she flew.

MANAG. Oh, if Folly be your game, there are plenty of birds of that feather always on the wing.

SIR P. Ay, but our sportsmen now are little better than night poachers, they stun the game with noise and lights, and then knock it on the head.

STRANG. You must admit though, that Folly gets no quarter from them.

SIR P. True, the instinct is the same, but the weapons are changed; the polished rapier has given way to the rusty tomahawk, and a man instead of being run through by a pointed epigram, is cut down by a slashing joke.

WIDOW G. Burlesque has quite destroyed us all.

HAMLET 1ST. Could we not poison her,—poison in jest, no offence in the world? (knock outside, L.)

Music.—Enter HARLEQUIN and MAZEPPA, L.

MANAG. Hush! here are other friends, Harlequin and Mazeppa.

STRANG. The representatives of pantomime and the equestrian drama!

MANAG. I know them both. And how does the world use you, old friends?

(HARLEQUIN shakes his head mournfully)

MAZEPPA. (sadly) Never wuss, guv'nor'—never wuss.

WIDOW G. Why does not Harlequin speak?

STRANG. Perhaps he shows his wisdom by keeping his folly to himself.

SIR P. Gad, that's very considerate of him. I wish our collective wisdom would sometimes follow so excellent an example.

MANAG. (to MAZEPPA) You do look terribly in th dumps; Mazepa. What's the matter, poor fellow?

MAZEP. The Ring's done up.

MANAG. What ! have they put down the noble science
o' head-punching, and abolished the manly recreation of
bunging up a fellow's eyes ?

MAZEP. I mean t'other ring—over the water.

MANAG. Astley's ?

MAZEP. Ashely's as was, but they call it the West-
minster now, because it isn't in Westminster, but in
Lambeth.

STRANG. A very Irish and sufficient reason.

MAZEP. Ah ! there's been a sad change there ; they've turned Equestrian Drama into the street—haven't left her a stable to kiver her head. There's only one 'oss in the establishment now, and that's a very high one, which the manager rides hisself. I ask you, sir, as a gentleman, what's to become of art if we're to have no 'osses ? Where will the stage be when the sawdust is swept away ? Me and my poor hanimal haven't had a bit in either of our mouths these two days. (*weeps*) 'Tisn't that though, that makes me drop these tears, but thinking when there's no more 'osses, who'll care for Avon's swan. (*hiccups*) That's what cuts me to the 'art.

HAMLET 1ST. What's Avon's swan to him, or he to
Avon's swan

That he should weep for it ? What would he do,
If he, like me, had called that swan his own,
Taught it to answer to the name of—William,
Fed it and nursed it, gilt its wings with gold—
The best Dutch gold—and then, ungrateful bird,
Had seen it spread those wings and leave me—oh !

MAZEP. Ah, guv'nor, you're right ; we'll never see
again the stunning drama as we used to see it when we'd
such men as Ducrow, and Cooke, and Batty in the ring.

HAMLET 2ND. What is that you carry there so carefully,
my friend ?

MAZEP. This ?—(*crosses to r.*) An 'elmet. (*uncovers it*)
Whose do you think it was ?

HAMLET 2ND. Nay, I know not.

MAZEP. Why, Andrew Ducrow's. I remember the
first time he wore it, it was the night we brought out
St. George and the Dragon. It was in that same 'elmet he
fit the monster and cut off his head. (*giving helmet to*
HAMLET 2ND)

MANAG. A monstrous head to fit a horrid tale.

HAMLET. Alas, poor Andrew, I knew him well. I've often seen him stand upon a single toe like Mercury, riding to save the post, upon six fiery steeds that have borne him upon their backs a thousand times to Petersburg. (*to MAZEPPE*) Get thee to a scullery—go. To a scullery—go! (*gives him helmet*)

MAZEP. Thank you, I'd rather go to a larder. (*re-crosses to L.*)

MANAG. Then go to the larder, my poor fellow, there'll you find a cold saddle—

MAZEP. Hey?

MANAG. Of mutton. Go.

MAZEP. Oh, guv'nor, you're a perfect trump.

Exit MAZEPPE, L., followed by HARLEQUIN—bell heard.

MANAG. What, more friends!

Enter L., the COLLEEN BAWN, JEANIE DEANS, and PEEP O' DAY.

COLLEEN. Yes, sir, here's the Peep o' Day, and meself the Colleen Bawn. We're both of us from ould Ireland, sir, though you mightn't think it by the way I spake.

MANAG. Never could have believed it; you haven't a tinge of the brogue upon your tongue.

JEANIE. Hech, sir, what's that ye're saying? Gin ye'd hear the English spoken perfectly and accordin' to the true preenceeplees o' pronoonciation, you'll hae to tak' a lesson frae me. I'm ca'd Jeanie Deans, as my frien' the Duke o' Argyle will tell you, gin you speer at hi', wha I am.

MANAG. Oh, I know you very well—Walter Scott made me acquainted with you, I don't like to say how many years ago.

HAMLET 1ST. To this favour must we come—hark! (*taking arm of STRANGER and pointing to COLLEEN BAWN*) Dost thou think Ophelia looked in this fashion when she fell i' the brook? Did she dress like her?

STRANG. The court milliner of Denmark would best answer your question.

HAMLET 1ST. Too much of water had she, like Ophelia; but oh! she did not mix her ardent spirit like Polonius' daughter. There was a difference, was there not?

STRANG. Yes, in their fate—the Colleen Bawn was saved.
HAMLET 1ST. Why was she saved?

STRANG. For divers reasons, as Miles na Coppaleen could tell you.

HAMLET 1ST. Miles na Coppaleen ! there's a name for a hero ! a fellow whose sole virtue lay in swimming ; yet this unvarnished clown could carry it away while I have been neglected and forgot.

MANAG. The cause is plain, sir; he relied on his *header*, you depended on your *tailor* to take the town.

STRANG. But these sort of things should only be spoken of amongst friends. (*loud double knock outside, L.*) Hey ! more company !

HAMLET 2ND. I am the melancholy Dane ; I like Not gombany. We have no business here.

HAMLET 1ST. Oh ! none at all.

HAMLET 2ND. Go on, I'll follow thee.

HAMLET 1ST. Together, oh, together we will go, Like brothers in our suits of woe—gee woe!

Exeunt the two HAMLETS, r. 1 E.—Music—“Corsican Brothers.”

STRANG. (*looking off, L.*) Who's this? a lady, a person of some consequence, too, for she comes in her own carriage. As I live, 'tis Opera.

WIDOW G. Her carriage Opera keeps, while Comedy— Poor Comedy can scarce a cab afford.

Music.—Enter, L., OPERA dressed as Amina in the Sonnambula, followed by a PAGE with a roll of music.

OPERA. (*running to MANAGER whom she embraces*) Ah, caro amico, I am enrapture to see you and your eccellente societa ! Teneri amici, I salute you. (*to MANAGER*) Ecco—I have learn you come to give qualche gran representazione per il matrimonio reale.

MANAG. Oh, yes the matrimonio is really real.

OPERA. Perdona—it is the Royal Marriage I speak of :—e, I offer you my service as prima donna for your cantata, serenata, or grand opera ;—e, I shall not ask a too much—fifty guineas a night.

ALL. Fifty guineas !

WIDOW G. (*aside*) Monstrous !

SIR P. (*to WIDOW G.*) Gad ! if she can change her

notes for gold at that rate, her roullades will soon be converted into rouleaux.

MANAG. Hum ! Signora, the figure is molto grande, vasto, immenso, too high a great deal.

OPERA. Ah, si ! Piccolo Giovanni, but my voice is much higher than my figure.

MANAG. (*aside*) She don't understand my Italian. (*to her*) The fact is, Signora, you open your mouth too wide.

OPERA. Amico mio, you are an ass ! When the great artiste sing, she open her mouth so wide as she can: You shall hear me open my mouth ; I bring the score of Signor Fogato's new opera with me. (*to PAGE*) The music, Fabio. (*PAGE gives her a sheet of music*) I sing my little romanza for you. Ah, it is piena d'affetto, delicatezza e gracia. It is call "La Vecchia Madre Ubbarda."

STRANG. "La Vecchia Madre Ubbarda!" why, that's our nursery ballad of "Old Mother Hubbard who went to the cupboard to get her poor dog a bone." These Italians have boned it from us.

SIR P. Gad ! let's hear it then. We have pilfered so much from the Italians that we should wink at their stealing a trifle sometimes from us.

OPERA sings,—*Air, "Zitti, Zitti."*

La vecchia Madre Ubbarda,
Andò in dispensa,
A cercarvi uno stinco per il cane
Invano fruga e guarda.
Fù sordida la mensa
Ed il povero can famelico rimane.
Corre la vecchia al forno,
Per comperar del pane ;
Ma quando è di ritorno
Trova già morto il cane.

ALL. Brava ! brava ! brava ! (*knock heard*)

STRANG. Another visitor !

Enter BALLET, L. dressed as Perea Nena.

MANAG. Ah, my little Seville orange, Perea Nena ! Come esta, senora ?

BALLET. Oh ! I speak English now.

MANAG. I'm very glad you do, for between you and me, that's all the Spanish I know. These are my friends, the Widow Green—Sir Peter Teazle.

(*the Widow bridles up, and acknowledges the introduction contemptuously* — SIR PETER ogles her through his eye-glass, and bows politely, while BALLET executes a few brilliant steps, and makes a profound obeisance, at the end of the pas.)

BALLET. (L. c., aside to MANAGER) Horrid old creatures!

MANAG. (C., aside to BALLET) We must be civil to them though; they belong to good families, and have high connexions. (*aloud*) But you do not recognize the signora. I thought Opera and Ballet went hand in hand together.

OPERA. (R. c.) Scusa; we meet some time, but when Opera appears, Ballet must follow after.

BALLET. She knows if I came first, no one would wait to hear her squalling!

OPERA. Impudente! my voice enchanting the world—I make the furore—I fill the theatre!

BALLET. *She fill the theatre! vain creature!* Ask the young swells in the stage boxes, ask the old beaux in the stalls, what they come for?—they'll tell you, 'tis to see my Zapateado. Could Opera do this? (*dances a graceful Spanish pas*)

OPERA. (*scornfully*) Ignoble grasshopper!

WIDOW G. Preserve us all! I blush to look at her.

For heaven's sake! beseech her, sir, to wear
Her skirts a little lower.

MANAG. My dear madam, skirts are one of those delicacies of civilization respecting which there are many conflicting opinions; like game, some people prefer them high, others don't.

STRANG. And then a handsome leg in character—

WIDOW G. When Comedy had character to lose,

She did not show her legs.

SIR P. Yet, let me tell you, widow, there are worse things in the world to look at, than a pretty ankle, or a well-turned leg.

WIDOW G. Your head is turned, or you would never speak, Before me thus. At your age too—for shame, Sir Peter! Oh, for shame! (*bell rings*)

STRANG. Hey, more company.

WIDOW G. (*looking off, l.*) Support me, dear Sir Peter.
Oh, look there!

That graceless girl.

SIR P. Burlesque, I do declare.

WIDOW G. I feel as I should swoon. (*to MANAGER*) Excuse us, pray.

MANAG. You are not going? you'll for coffee stay.

Of Mocha, I have got a splendid stock o' late.

WIDOW G. Don't mention coffee; I've had such a *shock o' late!*

Enter BURLESQUE. L.

BURLESQUE. Bless me! a party, numerous and gay;
Let's have three *cheers*, then, for this grand *array*!

What, dearest mother, don't you know your daughter?

MANAG. Well, if she don't, as Yankees say, she oughter.

BURLESQ. You should forgive a giddy, fluttering thing,

For youth like birds, they say, must have it's s-wing.

What would life be, if life had not a play-day?

Nay, do not frown, *ma mere*, you've had your *hey-day*.

WIDOW G. Well, I forgive; so take my blessing—there!

BURLESQ. What, give and take at once, oh! that's not fair
(*to MANAGER*) I hope, I'm not intruding here.

MANAG. Oh, no!

Being so little, you can't be *de trop*!

Come tell us every thing you've seen or heard,

About this bridal, which all hearts has stirred.

BURLESQ. O my! I've nothing done, but dance and sing,
E'er since those marriage bells began to ring.

Inflamed with love and loyalty, the nation,

Burst forth into a general conflagration!

In pyrotechnic *rain* it *hailed* the pair,

While stars and feathers blazed out everywhere;

In motley mottoes, bade their glory glow,

And all their *virtues* in devices show:—

The City started with a new sensation,

And felt a quiver in its corporation.

What floral arches, and what wreaths of myrtle,

From civic *groves*, were mingled with his turtle.

What dinning, drumming, banging, shouting, cheering;

What crushing, rushing, pressing, volunteering;

What joyful voices, and what happy faces;
 What crowds of patriots striving to get places;
 What waving banners, what applauding hands;
 And bands of music for those wedding bands.
 But I've a notion for a grand effect
 To grace these nuptials, which you don't suspect:—
 Rank, manhood, valour to the bride may bend,
 Truth, love, and loyalty her steps attend;
 But though the Loves and Graces wait upon her,
 My little troop shall be her guard of honor.

WID. G. Her troop! O fie! she's not a child of Ma's
 To talk thus like a captain of hussars.

MANAG. The notion's good, your friends are—

BURLESQ. On the lawn.

MANAG. To keep them waiting, I am quite forlorn:—
 Admit them instantly.

The following BURLESQUE CHARACTERS enter in order, L.

BURLESQ. Behold the sprites that fancy's throne environ,
 Allied to fame by Planché, Brough and Byron;
 The mirth-born children of each merry punster,
 Whose jokes have made so many sides with fun stir.

(*sings as she introduces the various BURLESQUE CHARACTERS*)

Air, "Norah Creina."

Let me introduce you to
Lalla Rookh and *Cinderella*,
Blue-Beard in a point of hue
 That makes him quite a handsome fellow,
The Fair One with the Golden Locks;
 Such locks would make a lover prize her.
Miss Perdita has left her flocks,
 You'll by her milk-walk recognize her.

The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood
 Was waken'd up by *Masaniello*;
 They took a cab with *Robin Hood*,
 And cabby was the *Dwarf in Yellow*.
Ivanhoe, of course, you know,
 That Saxon swell, who used to dress well;
Medea he espoused, and so
 They're going before *Sir Cresswell Cresswell*.

From *Kenilworth*, Queen Bess—behind
Othello rode, on pillion bumping ;
But *Rasselas*, to walk inclined,
With *Atalanta* came here stumping.
Riquet with the Tuft,* I miss ;
That fellow is for ever flirting ;
The *Lady of Lyons** saw him kiss
*Miss Eily o'Connor** behind the curtain.
Beauty and the Beast,* I'm told,
Have parted, and are living gaily ;
The lady was a shocking scold,
And her brute of a husband thrashed her daily.
Here's the *Prince of Happy Land*,
Once he reigned at the Lyceum ;
And here's another *Prince** in hand,
But being *Invisible* you can't see him.
The *Maid and the Magpie* popped their spoon
With *Shylock* who's as rich as Midas ;
*Fortunio's** spending his honeymoon
At Hammersmith with the *Bride of Abydos*.*
An ounce of laughter's better than
A pound of care—says Sancho Panza ;
So lighten your load whene'er you can
With Burlesque and Extravaganza.
Chorus. An ounce of laughter, &c.

SIR P. Never in my life heard a better excuse for folly, and, egad, it seems so pleasant, that if I could live my time over again—

STRANG. (*half aside to him*) You might be a greater fool than ever.

SIR P. (*apart*) Puppy!

(*a confused noise of persons laughing, talking, and dancing outside, L., mingled with a charivari of street musicians and vocalists, singing "Dixey's Land," "The Cure," and other popular nigger airs*)

MANAG. Hey! what's that—has Hanwell broken loose?

Enter SERVANT, L.

SERVANT. O, sir, there's a swarm of people from the Music Halls wanting to see you. There's the Christy's

Minstrels, and the Mississippi Niggers, Irish Boys and Yankee Girls, the Cure and the Nerves, the Dark Girl dressed in Blue, the Young Man from the Country, Sensation Knives and Forks and Spoons, Stump Orators, Contortionists and Ceiling Walkers—

MANAG. Oh, lord ! where are they ?

SERVANT. Outside the gate.

MANAG. Then keep them there, or send them to Cremorne.

SERVANT. There's one, sir, who said he didn't belong to the gang—a steady-going, sleek-looking party from Manchester, who *would* come in.

STRANG. Oh, I know him, he's in the cotton line—does principally in *piece* goods, which have been lately rather heavy in the market—he's here ?

Enter MAN OF PEACE, in Quaker garb carrying an umbrella.

MAN OF P. Kind friends and customers, in the interests of humanity, and—my own little shop—I come to raise my voice—

MANAG. My good sir, I beg you won't raise your voice in this house; nobody does, unless they're paid for it.

MAN OF P. In behalf of our American brethren—

MANAG. I don't know much of our American brethren, but I've had an American Cousin on a visit with me, and I liked that So'thern chap amazin'.

MAN OF P. Friend, thy ideas are as narrow as thy hat-brim—thou hast no sympathies for the great race of man.

MANAG. Well, I think I have; I backed Deerfoot in his great race against time ;—that's what I call sympathy.

MAN OF P. I will proclaim to the world—

MANAG. Permit me to say you are an intruder.

MAN OF P. Nevertheless, I will uplift my voice for peace.

MANAG. Peace ! why you are making all the disturbance yourself.

MAN OF P. Yea, I will cry with a loud voice and cease not. I will clothe myself in the garments of humility ;—the proud man shall pull me by the nose ;—the strong man shall kick me ;—but they will come to my little shop — yea, they will come to my little shop, and will buy the goods that are therein.

MANAG. Really, sir, I am afraid you have made a mistake; this is not a commercial establishment, though we do a pretty good business in our line. We were just now considering how we might best testify by some entertainment our participation in the general joy at the Royal Nuptials.

MAN OF P. If thou desirest an entertainment, behold I am here to make a speech.

MANAG. You make a speech! If I required a speech, I could make one myself, sir. (*snatches the umbrella from him*) Yes, sir, a speech that in the burning and emphatic language of the eloquent Don Marcus Julius Caesar de Bazan, might exasperate the democratic intelligence, and enkindle the imperial dynasties of Homer, Shakespeare, Joan of Arc—or any other man. Where are we now? Answer that. Let the degraded minions of the base tyrants tremble! Let them tell the usurper, King Ptolemy, whose myrmidons plough the fair field of Poland with the hoof, that the sun of freedom has risen in the West, while the eagles of the North flapping their wings against the rocky shores of the East, proclaim to the listening South, that while the mind of man can soar into the subterranean regions of Liberty, and plunge into the clouds of unfettered parochial independence, he may stand erect, and proudly ask the world—where are we now? That's the question that must be answered, though the slaves of power have bribed the despots of the earth to shirk it. Have you watched the signs of the time? Have you seen Blondin on his rope? Have you smoked a cigar on the knife-board of a City 'bus? Have you joined a rifle corps? Have you travelled by the Underground Railway, and asked Sir Joshua Jebb,—where are we now? If you haven't—why have the Emperor of Russia and Garibaldi taken Uncle Tom's Cabin from Mrs. Beecher Stowe—and what has that to do with the trial of Effie Deans—or Friar Bacon's petition to Parliament to repeal the duty on cocked hats and kneebuckles? That's what's the matter. Am I right, or any other man? (*BRITISH LION roars outside*) What's that?

STRANG. I should know that roar.

MAN OF P. I know it well, for it hath oftentimes made me quake:—'tis even the old British Lion, claws,

teeth, and tail. Verily, I like him not—wherefore, I will depart.

Exit, l.—STRANGER going.

MANAG. You are not going, Jones?

STRANG. Excuse me, (*looks at his watch*) I must be in Japan in three minutes and thirty-four seconds, by Electric Telegraph.

MANAG. Good gracious!

STRANG. I came to give you a little friendly advice, and having done so—I leave you.

MANAG. I'm very much obliged to you, but before you go, I wish you'd tell me who and what you are.

STRANG. (*mysteriously*) Hush! that's Lady Audley's Secret.

MANAG. Then I'll not mention it to Aurora Floyd. (*STRANGER descends, l. c.*) Hey! he's gone! (*examining the floor*) There's nothing left of him but a lucifer match. I begin to suspect my Familiar Friend was—he!

(*LION roars outside—LADIES scream and huddle together*)

SIR P. O lord! (*to MANAGER*) You see his roar has frightened the ladies out of their wits. Don't let him in, pray.

MANAG. If the British Lion means to come in, he'll not be kept out, I can tell you; but there's no cause for alarm, ladies; he's so devoted to the fair sex, you have but to smile upon him to bring him to your feet.

WID. G. Let me smile upon him then.

OPERA. No! let me sing to him.

(*Music—“Rule Britannia,” the LION ascends through stage with BRITANNIA. She comes down, c.*)

BRIT. In me behold—so pray resume your smiles—

The tutelary genius of these Isles;

Britannia with her Lion joins this meeting,

Assured that she'll receive a hearty greeting,

From honest hands and loyal hearts intent,

To celebrate a joyful late event.

Would you delight the lov'd and chosen one,

By our dear Prince so newly to us won,

Trust not to pageantry and idle show,

To make her fair young cheek with pleasure glow:—

But let the painter on his canvas fair,
 Pourtray those scenes where England's royal heir
 Wander'd through Eastern climes in fancy free,
 By the sweet waters of broad Galilee,
 Where the blue mountains lift their heads serene,
 In solemn majesty above the scene.
 And let him by his magic pencil trace
 Each soften'd beauty and each savage grace;
 The desert solitude, the city set
 With mosque and fountain, dome and minaret;
 And palaces where Nature strives to shade,
 With verdant robe the ruin man hath made.
 Let him depict that sea whose death-like shore,
 Has seen no wild bird's truant pinion soar
 Above those sullen waves—where dark and deep,
 The dooméd cities of the plain still sleep.
 Or turn to where rich Cairo's gardens smile }
 In endless summer—or to Philœ's isle,
 Whose templed shore looks sadly o'er the Nile. }
 Or Baalbec's columns—standing still sublime—
 Like ghosts of ages past—forgot by Time :—
 Or fair Damascus, city of Delights
 That brings us back to our Arabian Nights :—
 Or queenly Stamboul—seated in her pride,
 A crown'd sultana, o'er the Thracian tide.
 But higher must the artist's genius rise,
 To paint those scenes of sacred memories ;
 The fall'n city of proud Judah's line,
 That broken diadem of Palestine,
 With Hermon, Nazareth, and Jordan's stream ;
 The goal of many a weary pilgrim's dream :—
 To tell of these the faltering tongue is weak ;
 Where thoughts want language—let the pencil speak.

Music—“Partant Pour la Syrie,”—BRITANNIA resumes her place by the LION—the CHARACTERS group as the Scene closes—it immediately opens again discovering the first picture the panorama — terminating with the Interior of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, upon which the Curtain descends.