

PRINCE DORUS ;
OR,
THE ROMANCE
OF THE
NOSE.

(*Of which the most striking feature is borrowed from the Countess
D'AULNOIS.)*

A New and Original, Aerial, Floreal and Conchological
Fairy Tale.

By the Author of "*Diogenes and his Lantern*," "*The
Philosopher's Stone*," &c.

HAILES LACY,
WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,
LONDON.

906032

*First Performed at the Theatre Royal Olympic,
Thursday, Dec. 26, 1850.*

The SCENERY in Earth, Air, Fire, and Water Colours, by Mr. W. SHALDERS, and Assistants.

The COSTUMES, by Mr. BLAKE, MRS. RAWLINGS, and Assistants.

The MEDLEY OVERTURE and MUSIC, arranged by Mr. J. BARNARD.

The MACHINERY by MR. MATTHEWS.

The APPOINTMENTS by MR. HILL.

The Piece produced under the direction of Mr. LEIGH MURRAY.

Introduction.

ROYAL NURSERY IN THE PALACE OF FRANGIPANE,

Where the Parents' Eyes are first shocked by their Infant's Nose.

KING FANFARON (<i>the Father of his People and of Prince Dorus</i>)	Mr. G. COOKE
QUEEN FANFRELUCHE (<i>a Monarch of a Domestic turn of mind</i>)	Miss RAWLINGS
PRINCE DORUS (<i>in the Cradle</i>)	By the Infant Phenomenon
FAIRY GRACIOSA,	Miss ADAMS
FAIRY BELLA,	Miss I. ADAMS
FAIRY GENTILLA,	Miss ANSTEY
FAIRY SPIRITUELLA,	Miss POWELL
FAIRY FURIOSA (<i>a wicked Fairy, driving a Dragon Fly</i>)	Mrs. B. BARTLETT.
THE NURSE (<i>addicted to Daffy's Elixir and Godfrey's Cordial</i>)	Miss E. SHALDERS
COUNT COQUELUCHE (<i>Grand Chamberlain and Gold-Stick in Waiting—for something better</i>)	Mr. COMPTON
SIR CLAIRVOYANT (<i>Mesmerist, Magnetiser, Magician in Ordinary—a Cerberus of Humbugs—extra-ordinary</i>)	Mr. W. FARREN, jun.
SIR CARMINE (<i>Court Painter, tinting every- thing Colour de Rose</i>)	Mr. W. SHALDERS
SIR BLANQUETTE DE VEAU (<i>Comptroller of the Kitchen</i>)	Mr. MASON
SIGNOR DE GAMBA (<i>Court Musician</i>)	Mr. HARRIS
THE CHEVALIER DE CANCAN (<i>Master of the Revels</i>)	Mr. GEOFFREY
SIR CHATEAU MARGAUX (<i>Intendant of the Cellars</i>)	Mr. SPINX

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A Lapse of Twenty Years is supposed to take place between the First and Second Scenes.

The Lapse takes this opportunity of apologising for taking place so early in the Piece.

Anti-Chamber in the Palace of Frangipane,
With a Terrific Struggle of Politeness between Count Coqueluche,
Sir Clairvoyant, and Sir Carmine.

PRINCE DORUS (*brought up, not before, but behind his own beak*) } MR. HENRY FARREN

PICTURE GALLERY

IN THE PALACE,

Where an Art-Union Conversazione will be held, and the truth that
“Art is a Language” eloquently illustrated.

PORTRAIT of MIGNONETTE (*a sweet face, and a speaking likeness*) } MISS LOUISA HOWARD
PORTRAIT of the LADY BLUETTE, (*her chief lady-in-waiting, a blue belle*) } MISS ELLEN TURNER

*Portraits of the Princesses BRUNA, AQUILINA, ROSA, MIMI, &c., &c.,
by an Array of Pretty Frames and Prettier Faces.*

Withdrawing Room in the Palace.

THE PALACE GARDENS, *A-la Watteau,*

Where the Prince’s nose stands in the way of his happiness, the
Princess charms the Wizard, and the Wizard, in his turn, bewitches
the Princess.

THE PRINCESS MIGNONETTE (*an un-protected female*) } MISS LOUISA HOWARD

THE LADY BLUETTE } MISS ELLEN TURNER

GAVOTTE A-LA LOUIS QUINZE,

By the CORYPHEES & CORPS DE BALLET.

And DANCING IN SACQUES! which courtly performance it is
earnestly hoped the Audience will not confound with the rustic sport
of “JUMPING IN SACKS.”

THE WEIRD WOOD!

With Witchcraft in all its branches, and doing a (burial) service for
a friend. The Prince makes an awful sacrifice of his looking-glass.

TRICKS AND TRANSFORMATIONS OF THE WIZARD.

DRYADS & HAMA-DRYADS (*formerly the Wizard’s Wives, but now, like unsaleable prints, employed to line trunks with*)
MISSES SHALDERS, PITTS, BEAUMONT, SHARPE, and SMITH.
COUNTRY GIRL (*a Fairy in disguise*) } MISS ISABEL ADAMS

LAKE OF LILIES,

(*Moonlight,*)

Where Dorus gets into hot water by throwing Coqueluche into cold ditto. Here the Prince makes another awful sacrifice of himself.

DANCE OF ANIMATED FLOWERS.

THE ROSE MISS LOUISA HOWARD
THE BLUE BELL MISS ELLEN TURNER
THE DAISY MADEMOISELLE ADELE

Tulipine, Miss LEES; Eglantine, Miss CELAIRE; Violette, Miss COLEMAN; Convolvula, Miss RICHARDSON; Fuschia, Miss DE VERE; Jonquille, Miss BRADY; Narcisse, Miss EGAN; Lilian, Miss TURNOUR; Larkspurine, Miss MARTIN; Hyacinth, Miss CHARLES; Dahlia, Miss COOK; Anemone, Miss HARRISON.

STARTLING DESCENT OF CLAIRVOYANT IL DIAVOLO.

UNDER WATER,

Where Coqueluche finds himself out of water in the water.

MERMAN (*a sketch in water colours*) MR. W. SHALDERS
SABRINA (*having suffered a sea change*) ... MISS LOUISA HOWARD
NENUPHAR (*a blue belle, colored sea-green*) MISS ELLEN TURNER

The Darlings of the Deep by several Ladies of the Lake.

Two Raw Lobsters MESSRS. HENRI & BRADY

The Weird Wood.

THE HALL OF FIRE!

Where the Necromancer first stands at bay, and afterwards goes to gulf; and Coqueluche's (not Schiller's) "Fight with the Dragon," illustrated (not by Retzch, but by W Shalders).

BLAZES (*Spirit of Fire*) MR. TANNER
ETHER (*an Airy Spirit, afterwards an Area*) } MR. W. TANNER
Sneak) } DRAGON (*sadly altered since we last saw him*) MR. W. SHALDERS

TERRIFIC COMBAT OF FOUR!

By Messrs. COMPTON, H. FARREN, W. SHALDERS, & W. FARREN, jun.

GREAT EXPOSITION OF INDUSTRY (on the part of the Prince) and

CRYSTAL PALACE OF THE PRINCESS,

Where the Prince's nose gets shorter in spite of the Wizard's teeth, and the difficulties of the situation are solved by the pleasant magic of a kiss.

THE BOWER OF STARS AND ROSES, AND GORGEOUS

BOUQUET OF BEAUTY.

PRINCE DORUS ; OR, THE ROMANCE OF THE NOSE.



INTRODUCTION.

SCENE I.—NURSERY IN THE PALACE OF FRANGIPANE.

A spacious Apartment, richly decorated in the style of Louis XIV. Slightly to the left of the centre is placed a gilt and decorated Cradle, under a canopy of crimson. Grouped round, as the Curtain rises, are the Fairies BELLA, GENTILLA, GRACIOSA, SPIR-TUELLA, clothed in white, with circlets of stars, and wands. The moon shines through the casement. Two Sentries are asleep at the door, and the Nurse slumbers in a chair. The Curtain rises to the air of "The Angel's Whisper," sung by the Fairies.

The baby is sleeping, and loyally keeping
Our watch round the Prince in his cradle are we;
In these days of rebelling, 'tis easy foretelling,
Royal berths rather ticklish are likely to be.

GRA. Yes, sister fairies, this round baby face,
Heir to a crown, crown with each air and grace;
Be liberal to him of the precious things
We keep for peasants oftener than kings—
The thoughtful head, the wisely liberal hand,
And in commanding others, self-command;
Sense of this truth, in flattery's despite—
He rules by right divine, who rules aright.

BEL. Sister, you'll have the babe the merest noddy;
Don't mind his mind; think of his precious body.
What princes want is fashion, face, and figure,
To trifle gracefully, to waltz with vigour,
To bow and smile, salute, put a court dress on—

GRA. Some princes now teach us a different lesson.
(at each gift all four wave their wands)

Here's to his Highness, then, a charming face.

BEL. A winning air, a form of manly grace.

GRA. Teeth of the pearliest.

BEL. Hair of the sunniest.

GRA. Small talk o'the readiest.

BEL. Bon mots of the funniest.

GRA. A pair of lips like one of Cupid's bows—

Fairy FURIOSA rises behind the cradle; she is dressed in black, and has a snake wreath round her head, and a snake for a wand. All look aghast.

FUR. Shaded by a portentous length of nose—

A nose that keeps perpetually growing,
Covered with blossoms, but too long for blowing.
Now which of you for that gift will propose a
Neat vote of thanks to Fairy Furiosa ?

(*all shrink from her*)

Really, this reception's not quite hearty ;
You had forgot to ask me to your party,
So from my dragon I have just alighted,
And popped in on you, although uninvited.

(*they supplicate her by gesture*)

BEL. For mercy 'tis in vain to supplicate her,
She's one of Johnson's favourites, a "good hater."
The nose, I fear, must have it. 'Tis too bad ;
But to her curse this codicil I add—
Our prince's beak shall shrink from its enormity,
When he himself admits his own deformity.

FUR. A likely cure your ladyship selects ;
Whoever yet discerned his own defects ?
But o'er the boy, lest your fine scheme should answer,
I'll set Clairvoyant, our own necromancer.
Who conquers him will do afeat to brag on.
(*calling off*) What ho ! below there, bring up my Rouge Dragon.

Exit, L.

GRA. So all the beauties that our love bestows
The poor dear prince must pay for through the nose.

(*crowing*)

Hark ! the cocks crow, sisters—the night grows grey,
Morning must not o'ertake us—hence—away !

They disappear, first taking leave of the PRINCE by gesture. The morning dawns through the large open casement. Drums and trumpets are heard playing the "Wedding March" from the Midsummer Night's Dream, which passes into "Merrily danced the Quaker's Wife." The Sentries wake up hurriedly; so does the Nurse. KING FANFARON, QUEEN FANFRELUCHE and Courtiers enter, attended by SIR CLAIRVOYANT, SIR CARMINE, and COUNT COQUELUCHE.

K. FAN. Good Morrow Nurse—we should have given you warning,
'Ere looking in thus early in the morning ;
But our parental feelings on us prey so,
We're somewhat fidgety—if we may say so ;
And like ourselves our Queen is in a stew,
In fact though princes we are parents too.

Bring forth our babe. (*NURSE is overcome with awe*)
Waive this untimely shyness.

CAR. Produce his darling little royal highness.

(*the PRINCE is taken out of the cradle, wrapped in a gorgeous mantle; the KING takes him up, and looks at him with profound emotion*)

K. FAN. His mother's eyes !

Q. FAN. His father's nose and ears !

K. FAN. Yes, much what our's must have been at his years.

CAR. Since then, no doubt, the royal nose is stronger.

COQ. The royal ears have naturally grown longer.

(*the KING unfolds the mantle which envelopes the infant PRINCE. His nose is discovered growing, and has already attained a considerable length. The QUEEN looks aghast*)

ALL. A lovely babe !

Q. FAN. Yes ! he's well shaped and strong ;

But—don't you think his nose a little long ?

COQ. A leetle, perhaps, your highness.

CLAIR. To my eyes,

It seems exactly of the proper size.

K. FAN. (*to CAR.*) What say you ?

CAR. I say—what you say, my lord. (*bowing*)

K. FAN. Eh ? then you think—

CAR. I do, upon my word. (*bowing again*)

Q. FAN. (*in dismay*) Gracious ! I see it growing as we speak ;

Who knows what it may come to in a week ?

K. FAN. (*alarmed*) Yes ! really this to too great lengths is going ;

(*sternly*) Doctor Clairvoyant, make that nose stop growing.

CLAIR. My gracious liege—

K. FAN. Arrest its growth this minute !

CLAIR. I see the hand of Furiosa in it.

Q. FAN. My child, my child ! will no one interpose ?

COQ. The darling infant will run all to nose !

K. FAN. Come, cut it short (*CLAIR. looks at the QUEEN*)

Nay, ne'er consult our wife.

CLAIR. (*solemnly*) To the babe's nose is tied his thread of life.

Who cuts the one must cut the other too ;

But if my liege insists — (*takes out his scalpel*)

K. FAN. Have done, sir, do !

And say what you advise.

CLAIR. No use of force ;

Best let mysterious nature take her course ;

Allow his royal highness' nose to grow,

When come to full growth—'twill no further go.

K. FAN. That fact, we may say, we already knew,

Although we are no conjurer, like you. (*deeply distressed*)

In irony, whene'er my son dares show nose,

They'll say that he's a babe of Pio Nono's.

Q. FAN. My child will lead a life of scorn and pity—

CLAIR. Not if trained up to think long noses pretty.

K. FAN. He dies the death, who dares our infant wrong
 By saying any nose can be too long.
 Let Grecian beauty ugliness be dubbed,
 And snubs be never seen but to be snubbed.

Coq. Convince their majesties, sirs, by a song,
 Noses, to our taste, cannot be too long.

Chorus of COURTIERS. Air—“Jolly Nose.”

Such a nose, he's a booby who'd venture to snip,
 It must be the boon of a fairy ;
 An exquisite feature from root to the tip,
 Not too long, but quite the contrary.
 Such a nose ! he who says it's too large is an ass,
 Or who holds it too rich in complexion ;
 We haven't a doubt when he looks in the glass,
 He'll admire it still more on reflection.

Such a nose ! &c.

(Scene closes)

A lapse of Twenty Years.

**SCENE II.—ANTI-CHAMBER IN THE PALACE OF
 FRANGIPANE.**

Enter SIR CLAIRVOYANT, R., and COQUELUCHE with SIR CARMINE, L.

CLAIR. Give ye good day—how does your lordship do ?

Coq. Salubrious, thank your lordships—how are you ?

CLAIR. You've heard the news ?

Coq. Which news ? The isle is full
 Of several kinds of news—there's the new Bull,
 Just come from Rome, on purpose to be baited.

CLAIR. My news to pleasanter reception's fated—

I mean the portraits of the various graces
 Who to the Prince offer their hands and faces.

CAR. And so the Prince really means to marry ?

CLAIR. To-day he's twenty, and no more will tarry.
 We've received pictures of all forms and figures,
 Both whites and browns, and whitey-browns and niggers.

CAR. The daughter of the great black prince, King Crow,
 Who turns about and wheels about, and does just so,
 Her portrait sends. Who sees her figure, owns
 It must be modelled from the “original bones.”

Coq. And these confiding maids, ere they propose.
 Know of his—eh ?

CLAIR. (*mysteriously*) Hush ! we knows what we knows.
 They've seen his portrait, painted by Sir Carmine.

Coq. Oh ! that I've not the slightest doubt is charming.

CAR. (*bows*) Your praise is praise—I know you never flatter.

Coq. But whether like or not's a different matter.

(SIR CARMINE looks indignant)

CLAIR. (*looking off*) The Prince!

Coq. (*hurriedly*) Of course all that I say to you
Upon this subject's strictly *entre nous*.

Enter the PRINCE, l., with SIR CHATEAU MARGAUX, the CHEVALIER DE CANCAN, SIGNOR DE GAMBA and COURTIERS, all laughing.

Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Coq. His highness is so witty.

PRIN. (to CAR., Coq., and CLAIR.) Good day, my lords—we come from the committee

Who're sitting on our wives that are to be,
Seeing them hung—such a sad Bluebeard we.

CLAIR. Ha! ha! a Bluebeard!

Capital!

Coq. Delicious!

Accept our homage on this day auspicious;
May each new birthday some new blessing bear,
It scarce can make you wiser or more fair. (*bows profoundly*)

PRIN. (looking in his pocket mirror) Thank you—yes—we believe we're pretty well—

That is, unless all round us bouncers tell.

Coq. A prince, my lord, with beauty, wit, and youth
Like your's, can well afford to hear the truth.

PRIN. Sir Carmine, for the portraits, you are chartered
To see such as are well drawn, hung, and quartered.

(looks in his pocket mirror)

For you, my lords—attend us to our toilet.

Exeunt PRINCE and Courtiers, r., leaving CAR., Coq., and CLAIR.

CLAIR. Had he an angel's nature, they would spoil it.

Coq. When his intended comes, to what a scandal
This monstrous nose of his will give a handle.

CAR. And such a nose—he really ought to know it.

Coq. Yet none of them have got the pluck to blow it.

CLAIR. (*shrugging his shoulders*) A miserable set!

Coq. (with the same gesture) A wretched crew!

CLAIR. (to both) Were all like you!

Or like you!!

Coq. Or like you!!!

Exeunt, r., after a terrific struggle of politeness.

SCENE III.—THE PICTURE GALLERY OF THE PALACE.

Open arches, r. and l. Hung with pictures of LADIES of various sizes—some full length, some three quarter, some in circular frames, some in square, some seen in full face, some in profile. They are dressed in costumes of various Nations; Eastern, Italian, Spanish,

dec. The portrait of the PRINCESS MIGNONETTE is in the centre, with the portrait of BLUETTE in the same frame. The portraits are all represented by Ladies.

Enter COUNT COQUELUCHE, r. c., cautiously. He carries his white wand in his hand.

Coq. Before the Prince comes, and the common crew,
I've just popped in here for a private view. (*looks around*)
Egad, sir Prince, 'twill be a pleasant duty
To pick the leaves from such a book of beauty ;
Yet 'tis an awful thought, by the Lord Harry,
That these are all "young persons 'bout to marry."
Allured, the little dears, like wasps to honey,
By our advertisement—hem!—"Matrimony.
(reads) "Wanted a wife, by a young Prince, just twenty,
"With a fine face, sweet temper, cash in plenty.
"Portraits to be directed, 'Prince X. Y.,
"With care.'—N.B. No widows need apply."
To look upon the pretty picture senders,
One would suppose he'd advertised for tenders ;
They look so languishing, the little pets—
What with sweet blondes and brilliant brunettes,
With Europeans, Africans, and Asians,
It's quite an Exposition of all Nations.

"Going ober de Mountain."

The finest girl his choice will be—
I would rather not be he ;
Be so green as choose a wife
By her picture—no, upon my life.
Oh, no ! we don't love so—
Go along, you darlings ;
He'll soon confess he's made a mess
Who dares to wed by guess, love.
Yher, yher, yher !
 Go along, my darlings,
 Over the mountains.

Enter PRINCE DORUS and COURTIERS, r.

- PRIN. So these are my intendeds !—gracious me !
I never deemed how hard the choice would be.
Read from the catalogue their names and ages,
While I inspect their pretty little pages.
- Coq. My liege, it is with very great regret
I own the catalogues ar'n't finished yet.
- PRIN. Unfinished still !—when may we hope to see 'em ?
- Coq. At the same time as those of the Museum.
- PRIN. Slave ! know'st thou not of them the papers say,
It takes six years to get through letter A.

- Read from your rough notes, whilst we make inspection.
- Coq. The Princess Bruna—
PRIN. Too dark a complexion.
Phœbus hath lipped her, and, as we're Prince Dorus,
We kiss not where the sun hath kissed before us.
- Coq. The Princess Aquiline—
PRIN. 'Hem! in the throng
She might pass, but her nose is much too long.
- Coq. The Princess Rosa—
PRIN. Faugh! her red cheeks bore me;
Is this a milkmaid that I see before me?
- Coq. The Princess—
PRIN. Ha! what face is that discloses
Its sweetness 'mid the flowers—a rose 'mongst roses?
Cheeks blushing like the ripe bloom of the peach!
Lips, love without a master made to teach!
Eyes like—why don't you help me to a metaphor?
- Coq. In short, a dainty dish a Prince to set afore.
- PRIN. Her name? her name?
Coq. The Princess Mignonette.
PRIN. Sweet plant! henceforth within my heart be set.
The other candidates put on the shelf,
Here is the flower wins the first prize—myself!
- Coq. (aside) His frenzy fairly puts me in the twitters—
My lord, remember all's not gold that glitters.
What's in a face?—why my face now to see,
Who would think there was anything in me?
- PRIN. See where Clairvoyant comes—suspicious noddy—
He who knows everything and everybody.
- Enter SIR CLAIRVOYANT and SIR CARMINE, R.*
- PRIN. (pointing to the Portrait of MIGNON.) Upon her character
consult the wizard.
- Coq. You do it, sire—the words stick in my gizzard;
His art and heart are both so very black,
(aside) At making friends with old Nick I've no knack.
- PRIN. (to CLAIR. and COURTIERS) Sir Clairvoyant and lords, look at
that picture! (pointing to the portrait of MIGNONETTE.)
- CAR. (contemptuously) The drawing, sire, is open to much stricture,
The handling weak, the colour is—(Coq. makes signs to him
to change his tone)—delicious;
Most mellow, without being meritricious.
- PRIN. We'd know her character.
- CLAIR. By magic art,
To all the pictures I can speech impart.
- PRIN. Then let 'em all talk, while to talk they're able—
- Coq. Oh, Lord! their babble will be worse than Babel!
- CLAIR. (makes mesmeric passes)
The mystic pass is made—the spell is flung!
Set wide the flood-gates of the female tongue!

- 1st POR. It's too bad! (*the Portraits begin all talking at once*)
 2nd POR. Shameful!
 3rd POR. Dreadful!
 4th POR. Shocking!
 Coq. Horrid!
 5th POR. Look at his nose!
 6th POR. His eyes!
 7th POR. His mouth!
 8th POR. His forehead!
 1st POR. Tricked, shameful!
 2nd POR. Dreadful!
 3rd POR. Shocking!
 4th POR. Horrid!
 Coq. Ladies!
 5th POR. I'll back to Rome!
 6th POR. To Paris!
 7th POR. Naples!
 8th POR. Cadiz!
 Coq. Huzza! they're out of breath.
 CLAIR. (*to PRIN.*) 'Twas your own seeking
 CLAIR. You can't deny the likenesses are speaking.
 PRIN. (*gazing at MIGNON.*) I'm sure she spoke. Oh, sweetest,
 speak again!
 MIG. What I say shall be like you—very plain.
(*the PRINCE stands aghast*)
 My sister portraits, I appeal to you,
 Isn't his highness a tremendous do?
 1st POR. A shameful—
 2nd POR. Scandalous—
 3rd POR. And base deceiver!
(*Portraits speak again*)
 Coq. That's second wind—they're off as bad as ever.
 PRIN. Silence this concert—loud as one of Hullah's!
 What have I done?
 MIG. You've woo'd under false colours.
 PRIN. I sent my portrait—
 MIG. Yes; but don't it strike you,
 You should have sent something a little like you?
 Oh, what a grace was seated on that phiz!
 A brow like Jove's—and, ladies, look at *his*!
 An eye like Mars—while yours, my lord, is very
 Like—let me see?—yes, like a boiled gooseberry!
 Then that nose was a nose—like other noses.
 PRIN. And what is mine?
 MIG. My lord, it's a proboscis.
 PRIN. Really, the joke wants point! For I suppose,
 If I've one perfect feature, it's my nose.
 Coq. Certainly. (*the Portraits cry, "Oh, oh!"*) Will you por-
 traits hold your tongue?
 MIG. For your court painter there—he should be hung.

CAR. I hung ! My crime, p'raps, you'd not mind discov'ring.
What have I done ?

MIG. Done ! why you've forged a sovereign.
In legal phrase I don't know what the offence is,
I call it "getting wives on false pretences."

PRIN. Let this be stopped—the portraits grow impertinent.

CLAIR. I knew they would, sire—there is no averting it;
I have no power the female mouth to shut up.

PRIN. (*drawing his sword*) I'll slash them small !

COQ. They'll talk after they're cut up.

(*The Portraits all talk again*)

PRIN. Silence those dreadful belles !—what use in bringing
Them to be wed ?—I'm sure they don't want ringing.

COQ. Be quiet—if you don't I'll set, 'od 'rat you,
The National Gallery Picture Cleaners at you.

Trio and Chorus—*Concerted Piece between COQ., CLAIR., the PRINCE, MIGNON., and the Pictures.*

For the severest law
They do not care a straw ;
Who'll make them hold their jaw ?

PORTS. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha !
Who'll make them hold their jaw ?

(*Scene closes*)

SCENE IV.—(*As in Scene II.*) AN APARTMENT IN THE PALACE.

Enter CLAIRVOYANT, L., in a state of excitement.

Song. Air—"Largo al Factotum."

Large the sum total of work that must be done,

La, la, la,

Ere she is mine, as she shall be, sure as a gun,

La, la, la,

Spells necromantic,

Mesmeric antic,

I will essay ;

Humbug gigantic,

Certain to pay.

Then face and figure, oh !

Bravo, bravissimo, &c.

La, la, la.

Satire may snigger and science may frown,

Wonders and wizards will always go down ;

On friends I impose,

And doctor my foes,

Whate'er humbug uppermost happen to be,

La, la, la,

Be't mesmeric pose,
Homœopathic dose,
Or a snooze in wet clothes,
Christened "Hydropathy."
La, la, la.

Every one calling me,
Pulling and hauling me,
For advice waking me,
Shoving and shaking me—
Hearing my history
Where is the mystery,
I should be making a rare
Figure, oh ! figure, oh ! figure, oh !
Oh, zounds, what clamour !
Confusion to grammar,
While modest I stammer,
" Why be in such hurry your guineas to pay ?
I haven't a notion of running away."
Sniggering here,
Figuring there,
Who can know what ?
Who can know where ?
Conjuring high,
Quacking 'em low,
Figure I cut,
Bigger I grow.
'Twixt a pair of black eyes and my black art I go,
From the young un' above to the old un' below—
Such a sweet figure, oh !
Lips made for pressing, oh !
But if I twig her, oh !
Dorus caressing, oh !
Like a perfect Othello,
I'll at the young fellow let fly !
Perish all sorts of things that dare to stand
'Twixt Clairvoyant and Mignonette's fair hand.
Yes, sweet, to beauty magic bends the knee ;
I bewitch others, thou bewitchest me.
She's mine—if by fair means or foul no matter,
In fact I generally choose the latter.

Enter SIR CARMINE; R.

CAR. Oh ! blackest misery—oh ! joy extatic,
Now in woe's area, now in rapture's attic
I burn—I freeze—

CLAIR. (*trying to feel his pulse*) Do you ? then you must need me.

CAR. Stand off ! I'm ill, but I won't let you bleed me.
I am in love—

CLAIR. With Mignonette ?

CAR. Oh, bother !
 No, not with Mignonette ; but with the other,
 In the same frame—that witching girl in blue.

CLAIR. Between ourselves, I am enamoured too—
 Of Mignonette.

CAR. Your love the Prince allures.

CLAIR. And I saw Coqueluche making eyes at yours.

CAR. (seizing his hand) Friendship—

CLAIR. (same tone) And vengeance !

CAR. Done, with *you*, sir !

CLAIR. Done !

CAR. We'll win our loves—

CLAIR. Our rivals lick—

CAR. Like fun !—
 But how ?

CLAIR. By magic—I've a friend below.

CAR. Hush, hush ! we never mention him—oh no !
 Ere you resign your Mignonette to Dorus
 His nose shall cease to grow. (to *Orchestra*) 'Hem—Song—
 you chorus !

Bravura Song, CARMINE. Air—“The Rose shall cease to blow.”
 His nose shall cease to grow,
 In size all beaks above ;
 To blazes we will go,
 Ere we will cease to love.

CLAIR. The Prince !

Enter the PRINCE, COQUELUCHE, and Courtiers, L.

PRINCE. Sir Carmine, I presume—not that it mattered
 What that daub said—my portrait was *not* flattered ?

CAR. Sire, no daguerreotype could be more true.

COQ. Pshaw ! 'twould be gilding gold to flatter *you*.

PRIN. Attack my nose too !

COQ. Yes—the tasteless creature !
 Thus to lay hold of your most striking feature.

CLAIR. Your mirror, sire, can't flatter—ask the glass.

PRIN. (looking in pocket mirror presented by CAR., and complacently
 twirling his moustache)
 Decidedly, the portrait is an ass.

COQUELUCHE—my mouchoir ?

COQ. (advances with it) If your highness please,
 Is't for the gentle wipe, or powerful squeeze ?

PRIN. The mildest titillation—so—(COQ. gently wipes the end of
 his nose)—Enough !

COQ. Shall I administer the royal snuff ?
 (passes a diamond snuff-box under the PRINCE'S nose ; the PRINCE
 sneezes with a sound like a blast from a trumpet)

PRIN. (*to CLAIRVOYANT*) What says your art? Is Mignonette at hand?

CLAIR. (*mesmerising himself*) Even at this instant, sire, she nears the strand—

But who are those that with her I desery?

There's a whole fleet in my clairvoyant eye.

PRIN. Somebody with her—father? mother? brothers?

CLAIR. By Jove!—excuse me, sire—it's all the others. *Exit, R.*

PRIN. What ho! without there! double our coast guards!

He dies who brings us in one of their cards!

Their handsome offers say the Prince rejects,

And send their portraits back with our respects.

Exit CAR., L.

The Princess Mignonette into her bower

Conduct in state, as fits so sweet a flower.

Exit two Courtiers, R.

COQ. She'll find, now the originals we've got,
Your portrait spoke the truth, and her's did not.

Re-enter CARMINE, in disorder, L.

CAR. They will land!

PRIN. On the ships lay an embargo.

CAR. They say they don't mind—

PRIN. Say you'll drown the cargo.

CAR. They bid us come and do it.

PRIN. Then go and do it.

CAR. My lord! my lord! there's no man durst go through it;
They've nailed their fighting colors to the trucks,
And 'twould be rather hard to drown such ducks.

PRIN. Fire on the boats.

COQ. The guns, sire, ain't kept loaded.

PRIN. Load them.

CAR. They did, but only one exploded—

And that was at the breach, and killed the gunners.

These are no common females, sire, they're stunners.

Exit, L.

PRIN. (*to COQ.*) You pacify them.

How?

You have full powers.

COQ. I'll say that you've been married several hours;

But should your wife die, 'twill be a nice run for 'em,

To come back, and you'll see what can be done for 'em.

Exeunt, L.

SCENE V.—THE ROYAL GARDENS.

Arranged as in Watteau's pictures, with groups of Ladies and Courtiers; one plays on a guitar, others are reclining on the grass. Fountains and statues. In the back ground a view of a bright sea.

Enter CLAIRVOYANT, COQUELUCHE, and SIR CARMINE, l.

Coq. I'd face ten Commons Houses, like Westminster's,
Rather than four boat loads of eager spinsters.
So deafening were the tongues of the she praters
That two tide waiters, since, have been dumb waiters.
Talked down for ever!

CLAIR. What said Mignonette?

Coq. She was the only still one of the set.

CLAIR. Saw she the Prince?

Coq. As yet she only knows
His portrait—that is, knows him all but nose.
She stepped on shore, so pretty and demure,
Her eyes fixed on the Prince's miniature.

CAR. Then she has taste—painting must take a start,
Now we've a Queen appreciates high art.

CLAIR. (*contemptuously*) Court-painters, I've observed, like other
funkeys,

Succeed the best with puppies and with monkeys.

CAR. (*angrily*) My art, whate'er it be, sir, is not black,
Like certain parties—

Coq. The Princess—stand back.

CLAIR. (*aside*) Pray fortune that the shock mayn't be too strong
When she discovers what's been hid so long.

*Enter the PRINCESS MIGNONETTE, the LADY BLUETTE, &c., and a
train of female attendants, l. 3 e. The Courtiers range themselves
and bow.*

MIG. (*looking round her*) Charming! but, Bluette, may I trust
my eyes,
Do all these people look, to you, like Guys?
(coaxingly to Coq.) Now, there's a dear old stick—(*he looks
dignified*) well, goldstick, toddle; (*he looks astonished*)
Order up Prince and lunch—bless his old noddle!
How the man stares!

Coq. (*aside, and going*) How gracious her address is,
This is the free and easiest of Princesses.

(*calling with dignity*)

What, ho! accelerate the preparation
Of her facetious Highness' cold collation;
In the vernacular, bring up the luncheon—
Exit, r.
MIG. (*looking after him*) Ha! ha! he waves his gold stick like a
truncheon.

Come, lest you girls should flirt and be unsteady,
You dance, and I'll peck, since the tiffin's ready.

*Re-enter COQUELUCHE, with Attendants, bearing in the collation
They place it on a table. CARMINE flirts with BLUETTE. The
PRINCESS sits at the table, and falls to at luncheon. COQUE-
LUCHE attending with SIR CHATEAU MARGAUX and BLANQUE
DE VEAU. Gavotte by the Ladies and Courtiers.*

MIG. Lunching's so jolly on the open terrace. (*holds out her glass*)
 CAR. A glass, your highness of the rare old Sherris ?
 MIG. Sherris ? Say sherry—or you'll get the sack.
 COQ. (*aside, in profound astonishment*) The strangest language !
 MIG. Won't you take a snack ?
 COQ. Your grace is much too gracious.
 MIG. I'm not proud ;
 Sit down—don't be a calf.
 COQ. (*seating himself*) I own I'm cow'd.
 I'll pick a bit.
 MIG. You may both pick and choose.
 A glass of wine ? (*drinks with him*) Now tell me what's
 the news.

Enter the PRINCE, L.

PRIN. Where is she ?—where's this peerless heap of charms
 That waits to drop into my longing arms ?
 I say, where is she ?—Eh ! as I'm a sinner,
 Eating a lunch, that looks more like a dinner.
 Healthy employment, but not sentimental.
 My princess !
 MIG. (*looks up and sees him*) Prince ! oh ! (*screams and faints*)
 CLAIR. (*rushing forward and supporting her*) Something accidental !
 Gone the wrong way—no wonder wrong it goes,
 What lady e'er could swallow such a nose ? (*aside*)
 PRIN. Unlace her stays ! (*he is pressing forward to do it*)
 BLU. (*prudishly*) Sire, if that must be done,
 I'll do it.
 CLAIR. Quick ! a glass of water, run !
 (*everybody rushes for a glass of water, leaving CLAIR. alone with
 the PRINCESS ; he gazes on her face*)
 Ha ! she revives—those violet lids unclose.
 MIG. (*wildly*) What's that I see before me ?—is't a nose,
 The handle towards my hand ? Come, let me clutch thee !
 I have thee not, and yet I seemed to touch thee ;
 'Tis here, and there, and—hence, thou hideous vision !
 (*shudders*)
 Who are you ?
 CLAIR. Clairvoyant, the court physician.
 MIG. What was it ?
 CLAIR. The sad truth must I disclose,
 It was.
 MIG. Oh ! say not so—it was his nose !
 CLAIR. But if to him your horror you impart—
 Unhappy Prince—you'll break his tender heart.
 I'll aid your flight, dissemble for the present.
 MIG. I will, then—though it's anything but pleasant.
 CLAIR. They're here—quick, faint again—so—(*aside*) I have
 caught her.

All re-enter.

CANC. (R.) Here's water!
 BLANQ. (L.) Water!!
 CHAT. (R.) Water!!!
 COQ. (L.) Water!!!!
 PRIN. (R.) Water!!!!!

(the glasses increase in size as each is brought in—the PRINCE's is colossal. BLUETTE and Female Attendants return; they throw the water each in the other's face; all sneeze—the sneeze of the PRINCE, as before, sounding like a trombone.)

MIG. (faintly) From but one nose that fearful sound can come!

CLAIR. (whispering) Think of your promise.

MIG. I am deaf and dumb.

PRIN. Pray lean on me, my sweetest.

COQ. And on me too.

CLAIR. On that, as doctor, I must put my veto.

I will support her grace—with the least haste,
 Or slightest pressure on her highness' waist, (squeezing it)
 Or any shock to her yet struggling senses,
 I wouldn't answer for the consequences.

PRIN. A thousand thanks, dear doctor.

CLAIR. 'Tis a pleasure
 For your sake to protect this precious treasure.
Exeunt CLAIR. and MIG., L., followed by the PRINCE and Couriers anxiously.

BLU. The poor dear princess—she'll be better soon.

COQ. Madam, if you should feel disposed to swoon,
 I'm ready to support you—don't forbid it—
 I saw exactly how the doctor did it.

CAR. (breaking in) My lord, this lady does'nt wish to faint.

BLU. Sir, I shall p'lease myself.

COQ. (contemptuously to CAR.) Go to your paint!

CAR. I'll paint your ugly face in its own gore.

BLU. I will faint—if you talk so any more.

COQ. Faint upon me, my sweet.

CAR. No, love, on me,
 I'm pleasanter to faint upon, than he.

COQ. (flourishing his sword) To make your will, you may as well begin,

We'll have it out.

CAR. (sheathing his sword) I'd rather keep it in. Exit, L.

BLU. Oh! dear—I can't stay fainting here all day,
 Are they all gone? oh, then I'll walk away. Exit, R.

Exit, L.

Enter CLAIRVOYANT and MIGNONETTE, 2 E. L.

MIG. You'll save me, then?

CLAIR. I will.

MIG. Can you?

CLAIR. I can, too,

Have you made up your mind and your portmanteau?

MIG. Yes—yes—but how, on earth, shall we get out?
 I can't go down a drain or up a spout;
 And we are here, upon a sea-girt island,
 Our ships have sailed, and we can't 'scape by dry land.

CLAIR. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

MIG. What means that grim guffaw?

CLAIR. You cross the sea, who're stopped by a ha—ha!
 The isle has not an exit or an entry,
 But boasts its watch-dog and ferocious sentry.

MIG. Then we must go by a balloon—that's flat,
 Riding on something.

CLAIR. Can you guess on what?

MIG. Asses?

CLAIR. We might, had we friends to have got 'em us.

MIG. Bull? (*he shakes his head*) Ostrich? (*he shakes his head triumphantly*) I know—on a hippopotamus;
 Like Madame Poitevin, with scarce a rag on.

CLAIR. No! she who rides with me rides with a dragon.

MIG. (*calls*) Bluette!

Enter BLUETTE,, l. followed by COQUELUCHE peeping, l., and SIR CARMINE peeping, r.

BLU. Yes, ma'am.

MIG. The trunk, and the imperial.

CLAIR. Ha! ha! no luggage on my line aerial.

CLAIR. *waves his wand; dragon chariot rises throught the trap.*
CAR. and Coq. rush forward.

CAR. Let me go.

Coq. Let me go.

CLAIR. Rash men, beware,
 Think of the price.

Coq. I think but of the fair.

CLAIR. You'll mount the car?

CAR. With fiends though it were crammed.

CLAIR. If you go— (*warningly*)

CAR. I know.

Coq. (*drawing back suddenly*) If I go, I'm— (*drum*)

SIR CAR., BLU., MIG., and CLAIR. *mount the car.*

CLAIR. Hold tight, ladies—so now drive on, all right,
 Off in the fairy “bus”—we fly by night. (*they descend*)
 Coq. (*shouts*) Fire! murder! robbery! thieves! prince! police!

Enter three Courtiers, l. and three Courtiers, r.

ALL. Who?—what?—where?—how?—what is it?—

Enter PRINCE, l.

PRIN.

Idiots, peace.

Coq. They're gone.

PRIN.

Who're they?

Coq.

Princess, Bluette.

PRIN. Where ?
 Coq. (*points to trap*) There !
 PRIN. When ?
 Coq. Now.
 PRIN. With whom ?
 Coq. With Old Nick, I declare.
 I saw his forkèd eyes, and saucer tail,
 And 'twas Clairvoyant drove th' infernal mail.
 PRIN. Oh, woe ! oh, anguish ! oh, infernal wizard ! (*draws his sword*)
 Would thou wert here, and this was in thy gizzard.
 Send out our horses, skirt the country round,
 They shall be found above or under ground.
 Traitor, Coqueluche, how wast you let them go ?
 Coq. My lord, I wasn't going down below.
 PRIN. I'll send thee hither. (*rushes on him*)
 Coq. Not before my time.
 PRIN. Come with me, then—the mountains we will climb,
 Swim over seas, take headers into craters—
 Coq. And frizzle there, like two insane baked 'taters. (*aside*)
 PRIN. Away at once—forth each upon the quest ;
 We'll find her, or—
 Coq. Oh ! dont—I know the rest.
Exit, with a rush.

SCENE VI.—A GNARLED WOOD.

Enter CLAIRVOYANT, L., bearing the PRINCESS, followed by CARMINE bearing BLUETTE.

CLAIR. We've reached the enchanted wood. They ope their eyes !
 CAR. Our declarations took them by surprise. (*they revive*)
 CLAIR. My sweet !
 CAR. My fair !
 MIG. Was it some hideous vision,
 Or was I popped to, by a low magician ?
 BLU. And was I popped to, too ?
 CAR. You were, my moppet.
 Who wouldn't pop to such a pretty poppet ?
 (*MIG. turns with contempt from CLAIR.*)
 CLAIR. This high and mighty style is out of place ;
 I don't bow down twice to a pretty face.
 I like you now—you'd best not make me loathe you.
 Or who can say in what form I may clothe you ?
 MIG. (*alarmed*) The man's not going to turn us into something ?
 BLU. Or if you do, don't let me be a dumb thing.
 Whate'er you are, I'll be, ma'am.
 CLAIR. Look around—
 Reflect awhile—this wood is charmèd ground ;
 Within these leaves and flowers are human lives,
 The ladies who refused to be my wives.

CAR. (*to CLAIR., uneasily*) I say, a joke's a joke, but you aint serious.

CLAIR. (*sharply*) I'll change you, too, if with more words you weary us.

CAR. (*angrily*) My lord, you shall not.

CLAIR. (*fiercely*) Slave!

CAR. (*submissively*) That is, please don't.

CLAIR. Say one word, and you're changed.

CAR. (*humblly*) My lord, I wont.

CLAIR. Your choice.

MIG. (*with dignity*) Then, no! although you look so big,

Now, then, I am prepared to hop the twig.

CLAIR. Both Prince and I must wear the willow wreath;
No! to his nose—and, now, no! to my teeth.

BLU. (*to CAR.*) Let him, too, pop to me, and I'll abuse him,
And say no—

CAR. And be changed, if you refuse him.

CLAIR. I'll grant you, for reflection, half-an-hour.

MIG. No—I should rather like to be a flower.

BLU. And so should I.

MIG. You'll make us flowers, sir, wont you?
You let poor creatures choose their new forms, don't you?
Then we shall still breathe sweetly and be fair,
The wind will come and woo us, the warm air
Will play about our cheeks—I mean our petals,
The gem-like humming bird, that never settles,
Will lay his warm beak to our lips.

BLU. How jolly!

MIG. I'm sure a flower's life can't be melancholy.

CAR. Change me, too, since you change her, willy-willy,
She's a blue bell, I'll be a daffodilly.

CLAIR. Unto your bed, I shall come every day,
To cull a bit of you for a bouquet.

CAR. I'll come and sprinkle you, when you're too hot,
The water tears, my eyes the watering-pot.

(CLAIR. *waves his wand over his head, they sink into the scene. A rose bush takes the place of MIGNONETTE, and a cluster of blue bells that of BLUETTE*)

CLAIR. (*to CAR.*) You are my slave, my work if you refuse,
Remember that your soul is—

CAR. (*in agony*) Don't say whose.

CLAIR. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something that oughtn't this way comes.

As I live 'tis the Prince, Coqueluche beside him,
And with that cursed good Fairy Belle, to guide him.

Exeunt CLAIR. and SIR CAR., R.

Enter COQUELUCHE, L., and PRINCE, their swords drawn, led by Fairy BELLE, dressed as a peasant girl.

BEL. Now, from this point, the road is straight, though rough;
Follow your nose, I'm sure it's long enough.

- Coq. You're very kind us on our road to bring,
But, really, these remarks are not the thing.
- BEL. I'm sure your friend, when through these woods he goes,
Must know main well he's got a wouny nose.
- PRIN. (*looking in his pocket mirror*) It's very odd, but certainly one
sees,
It's been a good deal bruised against the trees.
Long, long before I think a bough is near,
Bang goes my nose against it !
- Coq. It is queer.
Absence of mind, no doubt, brought on by grief.
- PRIN. Most probably ; Coqueluche, my handkerchief.
(*Coq. presents it, and passes it over the nose*)
- PRIN. Ah ! gently, gently.
BEL. (*laughing*) Ha, ha !
- PRIN. Do give o'er.
BEL. I ne'er saw proxy nose-blowing afore.
- PRIN. (*looks at his mirror*) The damp's put my moustache quite
out of curl,
- Coq. (*to BELLE*) Don't you perceive that you're a bore, my girl ?
- PRIN. Ah—when do people see their own defects ?
- BEL. (*aside*) His mirror is the one thing that reflects.
Well, if you'd find the lady, you must press on,
I'll leave him now, he needs a further lesson.
- Exit BEL., r. (the Stage slowly darkens)*
- PRIN. Coqueluche, I'm hungry.
- Coq. (*sitting*) So am I, your highness,
And tired, too—let's sit down, here's shade and dryness ;
Night's coming on, some forty winks we'll catch,
Or, if your lordship's wakeful, you can watch.
- PRIN. And keep off the wild beasts.
- Coq. (*starting up*) Wild beasts, you said.
My lord, please don't put such things in one's head ;
A fire would keep the nasty brutes from coming,
So I'm informed by Mr. Gordon Cumming.
- (*they lay hold of boughs from the wing, as if to pluck them. A groan is heard, and then a sharp cry*)
- (*Voice from tree*) Oh ! don't, sir, please don't.
- Coq. (*starting*) Eh ! my lord, you spoke.
- PRIN. No.
- (Coq. proceeds to pluck the boughs.)
- (*Voice from tree*) Oh ! please.
- Coq. (*alarmed*) I say, this is no time to joke.
- (*the trunks of the trees become transparent, female forms appear imprisoned within them*)
- Were I not dry, I should say I was drunk ;
Look, there's a lady packed up in a trunk.

LADY. (*in tree*) For the kind courtesy your hands that staid,
The Dryads of the Wood your quest will aid ;
The maid you seek is in the wizard's power.

PRIN. Teach me to find her, I'll scale any tower,
Swim any river, clamber any wall,
Get up, through, over, anything at all.

LADY. (*in tree*) Take three dead leaves, and 'neath yon gibbet post,
Bury them, with what you consult the most.
Wait the event.

(*the stems darken, the forms disappear*)

Coq. A very cheerful story,
About dried leaves, and graves, and gibbet hoary ;
Don't you go digging graves, sir, in the dark.

PRIN. I'm bent on following the course of bark ;
Let's take our leaves. (picking some up)

Coq. At least, wait for the light,
Or what's begun by bark may end in bite ;
You ought to know, sir, nothing can be good,
In wine, or woman, just out of the wood.
You'll come across wild beasts, p'raps, or a ghost,
Bury the thing that I consult the most ?
What's that ?

Coq. You never, to my observation,
Consulted aught, except your inclination ;
If you could bury that, we'd home again.

PRIN. I have it ! Oh most trustworthy of men,
Whom do I most consult, but thou, most true ?
It's obvious that I must bury you.

Coq. Quite the reverse ; I'll make an oath, and book it,
You ne'er asked my advice, or never took it,
Or, if you had, we wouldn't have been here.

PRIN. Yes, dear friend, I must bury you, 'tis clear ;
Reflect a moment, calmly, don't be flurried.

Coq. I have reflected, and I wont be buried.

PRIN. Nay, then, you must.

Coq. Oh la—well, if I must
Pay nature's debt, down with my wretched dust,
Hold !—she said *bury*, and not *kill*—do strive,
If possible, to bury me alive. *Exeunt Coq. and PRINCE, R.*

. Enter CLAIRVOYANT and SIR CARMINE, L.

CLAIR. A malediction on each trunk and limb !
May your roots wither, and your foliage dim !
Bewitch a woman—no spell e'er flung,
Turn her to what you will, can bind her tongue.
My spell's dissolved—it's aggravating very—
If he discover the right thing to bury.

CAR. Well, Coqueluche will be buried before long,
And that's a satisfaction, right or wrong.
But what if it be right ?

CLAIR. Then my eight wives,
If here they're left, regain their shapes and lives !
CAR. Ah ! one can easily conceive the bore
Of bigamy, when multiplied by four.
'Gainst marriage henceforth you your heart should harden,
And plant but bachelors' buttons in your garden.
CLAIR. Horrible thought ! Lest that sad hap befall,
I'll witch away the woods, trees, flowers, and all.

Exit, l. 1 e.

CAR. (*Kissing his hand to the Blue Bell*) Adieu, Bluette—and soon
may Cupid's arrow
Shoot slap into your vegetable marrow ;
Till then I live—a toad beneath a harrow. *Exit, l. 1 e.*

Re-enter PRINCE, R.

PRIN. If burying live and dead ask equal skill,
Sextons should bless the new Interment Bill
That rids them of the work. Three times he rose,
And thrust his head out the green grave clothes,
And ere that I could get him quiet laid,
I was obliged to floor him with the spade ;
And if his skull's not fractured, there's a hole
Left for the air to reach the poor old soul.

"Poor Uncle Ned."

By my strength and vigour I have got him bu-ri-ed,
But he made much ado—much ado ;
With turf and mould I've tucked him in bed,
In the grave that we all must come to.
I brought down the shovel and did so—did so—
(imitates the action of hitting on the head)
Poor individ-dle—he said Oh !
Now Coqueluche is dead—I've tucked him up in bed,
He'll cut a jollier figure so. *(looks around)*

But all is as before—of change no particle !
What if I've been and buried the wrong article ?
Yes ; no effects—'tis a mistake, that's plain ;
I'll go dig the poor devil up again. *Exit, R.*

Enter CLAIRVOYANT and CARMINE, L.

CAR. Why can't he leave him as he is at present,
And not go raking up what's so unpleasant ?

CLAIR. I think we may look on with intrepidity,
And trust his highness's stupidity ;
But if between 'em the right scent they hit,
The wood shall at two minutes' notice quit.
Meanwhile I'll think what other change will do
For them, and look out a new form for you ;
To teach these poachers my presence to shun.

Exit, L.

CAR. He'll change me to a man-trap or spring gun.

Do change me to a gun, thou wizard elf—
I'll go off by mistake and shoot myself.

Exit, L.

Re-enter PRINCE with COQUELUCHE, who is picking the mould from his clothes and hair, R.

COQ. How long you were a-coming!

PRIN. Nay, I hurried.

COQ. Ah! but time goes so slow when a man's buried.
Do come home!

PRIN. Not till the right thing I find.

COQ. Your watch, perhaps?

PRIN. No; that I left behind.

COQ. The almanack?

PRIN. A thing I never touch.

COQ. There's no good book that you've consulted much?

PRIN. None.

COQ. Ha! howe'er could I be such an ass?

It is—it must be—

What?

PRIN. Your looking-glass.

COQ. For once that you've consulted aught beside
You consult that ten times.

PRIN. It may be tried;

Although I'm not aware, apart from jokes,
That I consult it more than other folks.

Exeunt PRINCE and COQ., R.

Enter CLAIRVOYANT hastily, L., followed by CARMINE.

CLAIR. Confusion light on them—they've done the trick!

Let each tree pack its trunk and cut its stick.

CAR. And you, transplanting spirit of the air,
Label my Bluette, "This side up; with care."

Exit.

The Scene changes to

SCENE VII.—THE MOONLIGHT LAKE.

It forms a bay, with a sloping rocky bank towards the centre, over which cluster broad leaved water plants. At the sides are clumps of shrubs, with rose bushes, foxglove, blue-bell, and honeysuckle, growing on and over the rocks. Water lilies float on the surface of the water, which is lighted by a bright moon. As the Scene opens, the animated flowers are discovered, COQUELICOT, BELLE DE NUIT, EGLANTINE, TULIPINE, FUSCHIA, JAPONICA, &c., BLUE-BELL, and ROSE. Two Memphars. These are all Girls, with costumes representing the leaves and blossoms of the flowers whose names they bear. MIGNONETTE is the rose, and BLUETTE the blue-bell. The flowers talk together.

TUL. How do, love?

BELLE DE NUIT. How do, dear?

COQUE.

A charming night!

EGLAN. The air so sweet!

FUSCHIA.

Yes, and the moon so bright!

(ROSE and BLUE BELL come down, c.)

TUL. Strangers!

MIG. Thanks to Clairvoyant's incantations,

We are, I think, the latest transformations.

How odd I feel!—half vegetable, half human—

Not quite a flower, somehow, nor quite a woman.

But there's no time to wonder—in an hour

The moon sets, and we're once more in his pow'r.

So lady flowers, do please let's stir our shoots,

A dance will take the stiffness from our roots;

And as our perfumes float far, far away,

Shepherds that breathe will bless the flowers at play.

(a dance of the Flowers. In the middle of it they pause suddenly, all listening.)

Enter CLAIRVOYANT hurriedly, L.

CLAIR. Hark! echoing down the silence of the glen,

I hear the voices and the steps of men.

I grieve to shorten your brief human hours,

But take your leaves, and be once more all flowers.

(they retire to their bushes—exit CLAIR.

Enter Fairy BELLE on the rocks, R. U. E., leading the PRINCE and COQUELUCHE as before.

BEL. This way; the road to get more smooth begins.

Coq. That's well, for I've broke several pairs of shins.

PRIN. And what's your name?

BEL. They call me Belle.

Coq. I see—

Belle is your name, as such a belle's should be.

PRIN. Kind rustic, how can we repay your courtesy?

BEL. Lord bless thy nose—it hasn't taken hurt, I see.

But don't thee smell the flowers? I'd like a posy.

PRIN. I'll get you one. (goes up)

BEL. Smell out the sweetest, nosy.

PRIN. (turning round) That we shall quarrel I am apprehensive,

If you make use of language so offensive.

A joke's a joke—if my face you must run at,

Choose something that may fairly be poked fun at,

And not my nose, which I ought best to know

Is rather a nice nose, as noses go.

But you shall have some flowers.

BEL. (aside) He still is blind.

Coq. I'll add to your bouquet, as you're so kind.

(as the PRINCE and COQUELUCHE go to pluck flowers the Fairy disappears.)

PRIN. I'll get that rose—

Coq. And here, for you to wear, Belle,
In your fair hair, is an appropriate harebell.

(as they approach to pluck them, the flowers open; MIGNONETTE's face appears in the rose, and BLUETTE's in the harebell.)

MIG. (plaintively) You wouldn't hurt me, Prince, I'm sure?

PRIN. Holloa!

BLU. Coqueluche, I never thought you'd use me so.

Coq. Oh, dear!

PRIN. I say, Coqueluche?

Coq. I say, your grace?

PRIN. Did you see?

Coq. Did you see?

PRIN. That face!

Coq. That face!
(faces disappear)

PRIN. It may be fancy, yet I wouldn't pluck
The flower for worlds.

Coq. (to the harebell) No more would I, my duck.

(the lilies on the lake open, and female heads appear, crowned with wreaths of the flower)

LADY. (in the lily) Thanks, thanks, and for your kindness we can tell,

Would you release us, how to break the spell:
Pluck my three buds, that near the margin lie,
Cast them into the lake, that gleams hard by,
With them, if you've the heart, and I'll not doubt you,
Fling the most worthless thing you have about you.
Mark the event.

(PRIN. plucks the buds)

PRIN. Oddsbud—but what can be
The thing most worthless 'bout me?—let me see.

Coq. Your purse, if it's like mine.

PRIN. (impatiently) The joke is mirthless.

Coq. Your appetite, for that is worse than worthless
Where there's no grub to eat; or, might I venture
To hint, if you've an odd railway debenture;
Or if you've one of my old I.O.U.'s,
They're not worth much, I'm told, among the Jews.

PRIN. (who has been reflecting) It is—it must be—there's no course
but one;

I'm really sorry, but it must be done.

Coq. What?

PRIN. Nothing.

Coq. (aside) I don't like the way he stares.

PRIN. (aside) 'Twill be less painful if done unawares.

Coqueluche, I have a fancy for a lily,
Pluck me one from the lake.

Coq. (aside) I'm not so silly.

My lord, they float too far off in the brook,
I think, though, you could reach one—with a hook.

(looks at the PRINCE suspiciously)

PRIN. Nay, then, I must—Coqueluche, my friend, adieu,
I'm going to fling in.

COQ. Yourself?

PRIN. (calmly) No, you.

'Twas the most worthless thing, she said, must go,
And you are the most worthless thing I know.

COQ. (drawing his sword) Stand back, my lord, my sword is in
my hand.

PRIN. (draws & disarms him) You lie, sir, and it lies—upon the sand.
In with you. (driving him to the water)

COQ. But one prayer upon the brim.

PRIN. In with you.

COQ. Don't be foolish, I can't swim.
If all this cold without I'm forced to sup,
I can't be fished out, as I was dug up.

(PRINCE urges him to the brink)
Oh ! think of the remorse, when my damp ghost,
A dem'd unpleasant body, comes back post,
With the latch key of Davy Jones' locker,
And haunts you—

(he is gradually forced up at the point of the sword)
PRIN. In !

(he disappears with a splash, PRIN. looks after him)
Twenty feet plumb, by Cocker !

And now for the event (pauses)—no change I see,
Then, poor Coqueluche, they cannot have meant thee.

(pauses again)
(eagerly looking into the lake) Oh, if he would but float ! No,
not a ripple.

I cannot save him, but I'll share his tipple ;
Yes—she I love can never be my wife,
Without her what so worthless as my life ?
In with thee then, and let the reeds in chorus
Sigh the sad dirge of the unhappy Dorus. (he jumps in)

CLAIRVOYANT rushes in, L.

CLAIR. What's that? Confound it, the romantic elf,
Has absolutely gone and drowned himself;
Ha ! this self-sacrifice wins second trick,
But, for the odd one, I'll trust my old Nick.
The Princess and Blurette, by a mistake,
I'd changed into two ladies of the lake,
And that ass Carmine, by my wizard firman,
To watch them, I've transformed into a merman ;
What ho ! my hippopotamus—appear !
Dive forty fathom with me.

(Hippopotamus' head appears among the rushes)

HIP. Master, here !

(he springs on the back of the Hippopotamus—they sink)

SCENE VIII.—UNDER WATER.

Huge water-plants grow up from the bottom, the leaves spreading upwards and expanding as they near the surface, on which are seen lilies floating.

Enter COQUELUCHE, groping his way.

- COQ. Yes—that's the water, and this is the ground ;
 It's most extraordinary I'm not drowned.
 A man who can't be drowned, I've heard felks state,
 Is oft reserved for a more lofty fate.
 Let's hope my case may turn out an exception.
 What's to be done ?—I've leisure for reflection.
(sits, r., and jumps up uncomfortably)
 A nice place, I don't think, is this I've hit upon,
 There's not so much as a dry stone to sit upon ;
 I shall starve soon, for here my only dish
 Is water souché, but without the fish ;
 By the dim light that through the water twinkles,
 I can't see to go hunting periwinkles ;
 All I shall catch will be my death of cold,
 In this damp bed in sheets of water rolled.
(looking off, alarmed)
 What's this—a man's head and a fish's tail ?
 Oh, dear ! it's something very like a whale. (retires, r.)

Enter CARMINE, changed into a Merman, L.

- CAR. Was e'er such dressing a poor soul to dish ?
 I'm foul all over, and yet I'm half a fish.
 She snubs me still, though merman I'm for her made ;
 It's scaly treatment, even for a mermaid.
 And when I try to squeeze her larboard fin,
 She splashes me till I am wet to the skin. (sees Coq.)
 Who's this queer fish ?—Ha ! 'tis no fish, that's poz—
 A man, as I am—that is, as I was.
 Live men in lakes, though, sense won't let us quarter,
 'Tis always spirits we mix up with water. (recognising him)
 As I live, 'tis Coqueluche—drowned—gone to pot !
 I should be drowned, but somehow I am not.
 CAR. Not drowned !—here goes then— (rushes towards him)
 COQ. Merman, you are cracked ;
 I can't be drowned—"one trial proves the fact."
 CAR. Behold in me, Sir Carmine—still thy foe !
 COQ. You Carmine ? (pointing to his tail) This tail to that tale
 says "No."
 CAR. By Clairvoyant changed to the form you mark,
 Oh, would for your sake I'd been turned a shark !
 COQ. While upon earth I held you as a cur-man,
 And don't think I'll turn tail now you're a merman.

CAR. What ho! raw lobsters! (*calling off*)
 COQ. Now then for a tussle,
 CAR. Steel your heart's cockles, and nerve every muscle;
 I'll have you pegg'd on the lakes muddiest borders,
 Within an eel-pot—until further orders;
 Then, if you a'nt the scorn of all beholders,
 You may say this is a cod's head and shoulders.

(*points to his head*) *Exit, L.*

COQ. Hold! hold! what's this comes floating thro' the waters?
 A mama mermaid, with a lot of daughters.

A Floating Group—MIGNONETTE as the Lady of the Lake borne by water nymphs, after Frost's picture of Sabrina.

MIG. How came you here?

COQ. My tale's too long to tell;
 But help me out, there's a dear diving belle.

MIG. Alas! I can't—I am a prisoner, too.

COQ. (*disappointed*) And not a mermaid?

MIG. No—no more than you.
 COQ. (*looking behind him*) Amongst the mermaids I've no right to rank,

Unless my tail's been growing since I sank.

BLU. (*from the group of water nymphs*) Save me, Coqueluche.

COQ. (*amazed*) She knows my name—save thee!
 I was about to ask *you* to save *me*.

MIG. (*struggling with the nymphs who urge her away*) How does the Prince?

COQ. How does he?—most atrociously.
 Last thing he did was to drown me ferociously.

Re-enter CARMINE, L.

CAR. (*furiously*) Silence them, gag them, fill their mouths with water.

MIG. (*struggling*) Tell him, that if his nose were only shorter,
 (*the group, which has begun to move, now moves faster*) They force me hence. (*it disappears, R.*)

COQ. I'll follow her, hang fear,
 Anything's better than this watery bier.

CAR. (*beckons, L., two Raw Lobsters rush in, L., and seize COQ.*) Drag him to where the lake's blue water pure
 Receives the flood from the town's common sewer,
 So foul, that, when you gulp the compound stinking,
 You'll fancy it's Thames water you are drinking.

(*he is forced off, L., by CAR. and the Raw Lobsters*)

Enter CLAIRVOYANT, R.

CLAIR. These hippopotami are pleasant riding;
 As smooth he bore me, through the water gliding,
 The Prince swam upwards, for I saw his face,
 Clasp'd by the water nymphs in moist embrace.

'Tis as I feared—thanks to that Fairy Belle,
 They get on in the water, quite as well
 As out of it—and if this constant lover
 The Princess in the water nymph discover,
 I'm put to my last shift to keep the maid.
 Ho! Furiosa! rise—I need thy aid.

(he stamps, FURIOSA rises)

A spell of power 'gainst this audacious pair.

FUR. Against my spells a charmed life they bear;
 He laughs to scorn fairy, or gnome, or elf,
 Who's sacrificed a failing and himself.

CLAIR. What's to be done?

FUR. Up to your fiery keep
 Convey the Princess, in a charmed sleep.

CLAIR. Well thought—and, lest the enchanted slumber pass,
 I'll shut her in a magic house of glass;
 Like that, which a more wonderful magician
 Raises in Hyde Park, for the Exposition.
 Good speed.

(she descends)
 Now, then, to foil this Prince erotic,
 And fit the glass house up for my exotic.

COQUELUCHE rushes across the Stage, pursued by CARMINE from L. to R.

CLAIR. Ho! Sirrah—quit the hunt—dost hear?—turn back.

(seizes him by the tail)

CAR. My lord, I would have had him in a crack.
 To think he should escape—I scarce can bear it,
 It's one's tail trips one up, till used to wear it.

CLAIR. To fight them in the water 'tis too late:
 On the next struggle will depend our fate;
 To realms of air and fire we must away.

CAR. Oh, very well; (aside) anything else to day?

CLAIR. We'll guard our last post while this arm can wag on!
 To watch our prey, I'll change you to a dragon. Exit, L.

CAR. Too bad, I'd take my oath at the Old Bailey,
 First something fishy, and now something scaly. Exit, L.

SCENE IX.—THE ENCHANTED WOOD AS BEFORE.

Enter FAIRY BELLE, in her Fairy form, L.

BEL. Unscathed by water, they've regained the land,
 And now the final trial is at hand,
 And the Prince triumphs over the powers of wrong,
 If he acknowledges his nose too long.

(she disappears through trap in Scene, L.)

Enter the PRINCE and COQUELUCHE, R.

COQ. Out of the water is all very good,
 I only wish it was out of the wood: (looking round ruefully)

PRIN. But I say, sir, I think I know the spot.
 PRIN. You think you do—I'm certain I do not.
 Coq. 'Twas here you plucked the three leaves from the tree,
 'Twas there, without my leave, you buried me.

The FAIRY BELLE appears from the Scene.

BEL. And here am I, although in finer clothes,
 Your rustic guide, who did so quiz your nose !
 Alas ! I see it is as long as ever.
 PRIN. (angrily) Now did you ever, Coqueluche ?
 Coq. No, I never.
 BEL. Forgive me, and attend to my advice :
 You'd win your love ?
 PRIN. I would, at any price.
 BEL. Though fire environed her ?
 PRIN. Let aught environ
 Her peerless form—stone, adamant, or iron—
 We'll break through all—(to Coq.) wont we ?
 Coq. Whate'er betide.
 That is, you'll break through, and I'll watch outside.
 BEL. Come, then.
 PRIN. As fifty giants I am strong !
 BEL. But, tell me, don't you think your nose too long ?
 PRIN. Oh ! blow my nose.
 Coq. Oh fie—how very rude.
 BEL. Upon the subject I'll no more intrude ;
 On to the final trial—take this flower—(*she gives him a rose*)
 But press it to your lips in danger's hour,
 And I'll be at your side. Drive on, all right.
 PRIN. Which is the road ?
 BEL. Follow your nose, sir knight.
 (BEL. disappears through Scene, L.)

PRIN. My poor dear nose she still will harp away upon.
 Coq. (*aside*) And 'tis a noble instrument to play upon.
 PRIN. Ha ! the flower moves, as if to point the way.
 Coq. A flower should know its own route night or day ;
 Follow it, sir, 'tis a kind bud, I swear,
 Let's hope it wont be blown ere we get there.

Exeunt PRIN. and Coq., L.

SCENE X.—THE HALL OF FIRE.

Arches of stone, lit up with the reflection from a sea of fire which washes the bases of their columns.

Enter CLAIRVOYANT, L.

CLAIR. Hark ! they approach, the great boar is at bay !
 In the last breach I'll fight, while fight I may.
 Spirits of fire—demons, and salamanders—
 Rally beneath the flags of your commanders !

Enter a FIRE SPIRIT, with an extinguished torch, L.

- SPIR. The devil damn thee, black ! What mean thy gazes ?
 Up, through the hill of fire, they wade like blazes ;
 We can't so much as singe a single hair.
 CLAIR. The powers fly from me—but thus high in air,
 They cannot reach us.

Enter a SPIRIT OF AIR, his wings trailing, R.

- How, now, cream-faced loon ?
 SPIR. There are a hundred—
 CLAIR. Hundred what, you spoon ?
 SPIR. A hundred eagles ; swooping from the sky,
 They caught them up.
 CLAIR. (*knocks him down*) Lie there, slave, for the lie.
 But if 'tis true, as true it is, I fear,
 Like Mr. Ferguson, I can't lodge here ;
 I 'gin to think my spell of life is run,
 My nicks found out, and my dark doings done ;
 Ring the alarm bell—blow fear, come thwacks,
 At least, we'll stick tight to our post like wax.

Enter CARMINE, as a dragon, R.

- CAR. They will advance, o'er twenty dragon's tails !
 I'm nothing to them, weighed in my own scales.

Enter the PRINCE and COQUELUCHE, R. H.

- PRIN. Turn, wizard, turn !
 Coq. Turn, dragon, turn ! (*the dragon turns*) Oh, la !
 CAR. I'm turned already—wont you take a paw ?
 (*runs at Coq., and beats him off, R.*)

(terrific combat between CLAIR. and PRIN. PRIN. is beaten down, L.,
 and CAR. drives in Coq., and beats him down, R.)

CLAIR. Ha, ha, ha, ha ! the slaves are in my power !

Coq. (*aside*) Don't mind his chaff, your highness, use the flower.

(*the PRINCE presses it to his lips, just as CLAIR. raises his sword
 to strike. FAIRY BELLE appears from L., and touches CLAIR.
 with her wand ; the sword drops from his hand, and the dragon
 remains fixed in an attitude*)

- BEL. From the heart outwards stiffen into stone !
 Arise, infernal powers, and claim your own.
 (*CLAIR. stands motionless, and sinks through the Stage, L.*)
- (*to dragon*) For you, Sir Carmine—
 Coq. (*surprised*) Carmine ! (*to BEL.*) If you will
 Be so kind, let him be a dragon still ;
 But put the fire out in his nasty jaws—
 I should like a tame dragon, without claws.

(she waves her wand; CAR. crouches at the feet of Coq., who puts his foot on his neck; the centre of the Scene opens, and discovers MIGNONETTE asleep in a casket of glass)

BEL. Behold your love, kiss her lips through the glass,
And from her limbs the charmèd sleep will pass.

(PRINCE rushes up to the casket and attempts to kiss the PRINCESS;
his nose constantly strikes against the glass, and impedes him)

PRIN. Between us still the charm doth interpose.

COQ. If I might hint, the charm is in your nose.

PRIN. Accursed feature—would 'twould shorter get!

(it becomes shorter, but still impedes him)

BEL. Would you repine if it were shorter yet?

PRIN. No odds how short—so I could but succeed.

(his nose returns to natural dimensions)

COQ. Huzza! 'tis done; it's very short indeed.

(the PRINCE kisses the PRINCESS, she awakes; the casket opens, and she descends)

MIG. Who's this?

Prince Dorus.

MIG. Nay, it can't be true;

Where is your nose?

'Tis sacrificed for you.

BEL. I'll join your hands; henceforth be happy lovers,
Since his defect the Prince, at last, discovers.
Break evil spells, your wedding feast to cheer,
Be none but happy faces present here.

(Scene opens, and discovers ranges of light and flowers, with a gigantic bouquet in the centre. BELLE waves her wand, opens the bouquet, and discovers the animated flowers grouped with garlands. Courtiers, Ladies, Fairies, Nymphs, &c., enter and group themselves)

Chorus of all the Characters. Air—"Vive l'Amour."

Some defects we each of us may trace,

Plain as was the nose upon { his } face,

But what of that?

To his faults and failings blind is each,
Till he find them keeping out of reach
What he'd get at.

Then, by his love of self, grown sudden cute, he
Owns that a blot, he once took for a beauty;

'Tis, we are sure, a lesson all must lack,
So pray, so pray, so pray, to-morrow all come back.

Curtain.