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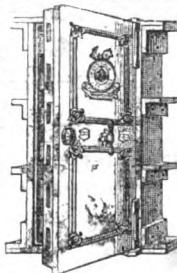
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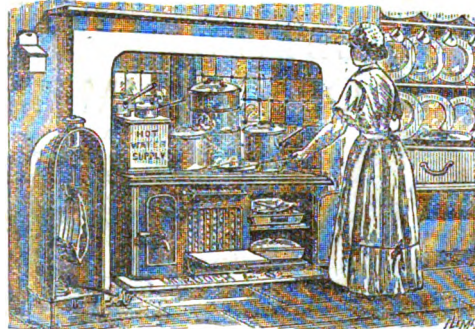
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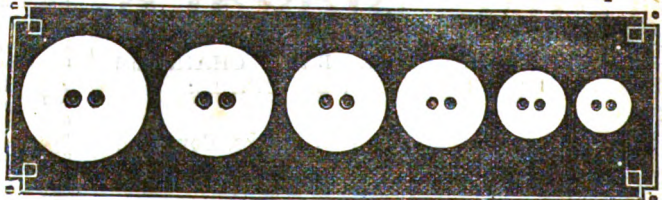
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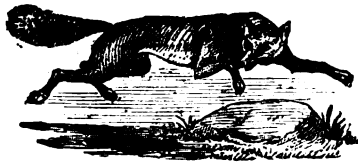
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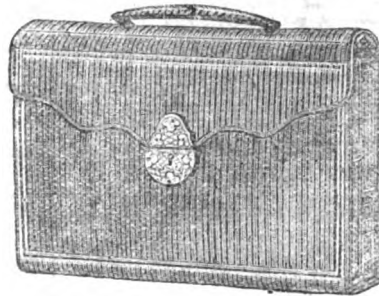
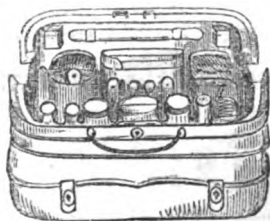
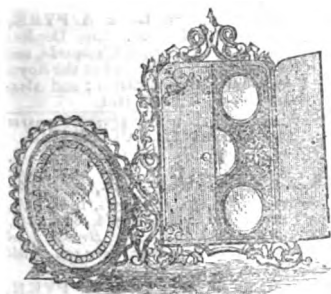
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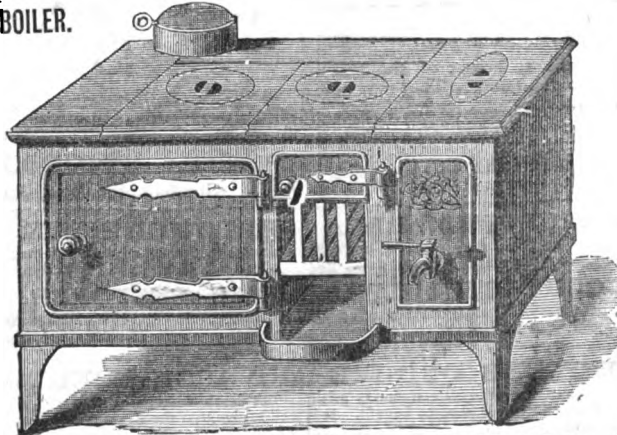
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1876.

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the Height.

ULSTER HOUSE, CONDUIT STREET.—It were
superfluous, of course, to point out that this well-known establish-
ment of Mr. Benjamin's contains at all seasons every variety of the
newest and most approved description of apparel, suitable both for
gentlemen and the gentler sex. But certain of his novelties deserve
special mention. Among the latest wonders of the tailor's art, as here
practised, is "the Universal," which may well be described as "no end
of a coat." The cloth is all wool, soft, warm, and waterproof—the last
epit-let applies to all the cloths used here. It is furnished with a large
hood, has numerous and capacious pockets, and is provided likewise
with a gun-flap, which may be taken off when no longer needed. It is
equally adapted for riding, driving, or walking, and is so built that the
wearer when on horseback may, by a skillful arrangement of straps and
buttons, convert it into both coat and leggings. For this purpose the
skirt is in three pieces, the centre one of which can be turned up inside,
while the two outer ones fasten round the legs below the knee, leaving
ample room for the play of those limbs. It is scarcely possible to
imagine a class of coat more suitable for the sportsman. Another
novelty is a new kind of shooting coat with expanding pleats, so
arranged that, no matter how placed, the body and arms enjoy perfect
freedom of action. It looks like an improved Norfolk jacket, and is
made to fit the figure admirably, so that it is slightly as well as useful.
Another, and indeed the latest, of Mr. Benjamin's novelties, is the
Rink Suit, intended for ladies, chiefly when skating, but available also
for rough cross-country walking. This comprises an underskirt or petti-
coat; an overskirt, opening both back and front; a jacket fitting tight
behind, but pleated in front; a pair of gaiters, and a hat to match. It
forms, indeed, a complete outer costume, and we should judge it
would stand rough wear admirably. Above this may also be worn an
over-jacket, with muff to match, when the intensity of the cold makes
such additions desirable. Other habits, polonaises, ladies' Ulsters,
with hood and cape—so contrived that the wearer may detach them if
she chooses—and jackets with, if required, a skirt long enough for
riding, and that may be looped up and formed into a pannier for
walking. All these coats and costumes can be made in such different
materials, as homespun, chevots, &c., and of a thickness suitable
either to our temperate climate, or the severer cold of a Russian or
Canadian winter. We are not prepared to say if the garment known of
all men as an Upper Benjamin is indebted for its name to the proprietor
of Ulster House, but certainly those who need such an article might do
worse than test Mr. Benjamin's skill and ingenuity as a builder of coats.
—*Land and Water*, Nov. 21st, 1874.

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LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

LADIES' CLOTH SUITS and JACKETS.—Among the
novelties for the present season which Mr. BENJAMIN, of Ulster
House, Conduit Street, has prepared for his lady customers, we may
more especially call attention to one, which most of the fair sex who
put in an appearance in the shooting field or skating rink, or indulge in
rough country walks, will be glad to know of. This new shooting or
skating suit is made in both homespun and tweed, and consists of a
Norfolk blouse, or double-breasted jacket, a pair of gaiters of the same
material, buttoning to the knee; a short skirt bound some quarter of a
yard up with leather, and a tunic which buttons down the front,
and is furnished with ribbons at the side seams, the ends of
which are outside, and can be found on the instant. By these strings
it can be drawn up as a tunic, draping in graceful folds, or will let
down and form a warm, useful skirt, longer than the one below,
which then takes the place of a petticoat; on the principle of the very
useful riding habit introduced by this firm some time since, which by
the same easy contrivance, when required, can be transformed into skirts
of a walking length—a great boon for travelling. Now that tailor-
made costumes are so much the fashion, ladies will find the exquisitely
fitting cloth and homespun suits and jackets made by Mr. Benjamin
particularly tempting. The same firm has a speciality for well-cut
polonaises of light grey cloth with velvet revers and pockets, as well as
for both ladies' Ulsters and travelling cloaks, and every variety of ladies'
jackets. Vicugna and other warm cloths are still as much worn as in
former years, and are now exclusively trimmed with fur; and accom-
panying these are muffs of the same material edged with fur. Ulster
House has made a name for itself in the matter of Children's Ulsters
and cloth suits, and here may be had the leather petticoats which have
been so much in request of late.—*Queen*, Oct. 31st, 1874.

THE R. R. RIDING HABIT, £4 4s. to £7 7s.

THE WATERPROOF SPENCER, 35s. to 45s.

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THE TAILORS' IMPROVED POLONAISE, 70s. to 90s.

NEW POLONAISE WALKING DRESS.—That inde-
fatigable caterer for the ladies, Mr. BENJAMIN, of Ulster House,
Conduit Street, is again in the field with an Improved Polonaise Walking
Dress. Though in view of the recent torrid weather it seems almost
out of place to speak of dresses made of woollen materials at all, yet it
is not always May, and even in spring and summer the chilly and damp
days of our changeable climate often make a woollen dress of light
colour and stylish make at the same time seasonable and comfortable.
Both these qualifications can be united in the new polonaise suit which
has been brought under our notice. It is composed of a double-breasted
polonaise, with a very artistically draped pannier tunic, to be worn over
a plain skirt of the same material as the polonaise, both being finished
off with several rows of stitching at the edge. To these may be added
if desired, a double-breasted jacket for out-door wear in wet or cold
weather. The series of garments are cut and made up with the neat-
ness and accuracy of workmanship which we have always found to be
the characteristics of Mr. BENJAMIN'S *confections* for ladies; neither
has he forgotten to add the many convenient pockets hitherto reserved
for the use of the sterner sex. To suit all requirements in the way of
make of material and colour, Mr. BENJAMIN shows an extremely large
assortment of homespuns, chevots, and tweeds, manufactured of every
imaginable tint, ranging from Oxford grey to the lightest stone colour,
and including the heather, granite, and yellow shades so much worn at
the present time. Some vicugna cloth in this collection, made from un-
dyed wool of the animal, whence it takes its name, is very effective
from its pale golden tint; while the softness of its texture makes it
most suitable for draping into these polonaise tunics.—*Queen*, May 2, 1874.

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THE BRITISH LION.

"You may lead him, but you can't drive him."—*Popular Belief.*

PROLOGUE.

Off the Isle of Wight. Lat. Too great. Lon.: Doubtful.
Page of a Book not written up by the Quartermaster or Captain of
the "Alberta" on August 18th, 1875.

I.

The *Mistletoe* sailed in the Solent Sea,
 Scarce three knots an hour went she ;
 And her passengers all were blithe and gay,
 Keeping their summer holiday.
 None thought of danger—the sea was calm,
 Not even the ladies felt a qualm ;
 For trim was the yacht and brave the crew,
 And at the helm was the Captain true.

Oh! the *Mistletoe* bow!

II.

Upon her track a steamer bore down,
 And her freight was the wearer of England's crown,
 She was mann'd by a crew of pick'd seamen,
 And the most Serene Prince Leiningen.
 Away she tore at a slashing rate,
 For woe! if the train two seconds should wait;
 And woe to the yacht that dared to stay
 When the Queen of England passed that way.

Oh! the *Mistletoe* bow!

III.

The *Mistletoe* crept along like a snail,
 For the wind scarce bellied a single sail;
 The steamer was going at sixteen knots,
 For the Queen was dying to see her Scots;
 And several lubbers of high degree
 Were on her bridge, but they didn't see
 That they'd seal'd the helpless *Mistletoe's* fate,
 If they kept their course at such a rate.

Oh! the *Mistletoe* bow!

IV.

Now close ahead was the *Mistletoe* seen,
 One turn of the helm would have cleared her, clean;
 But why should the German Prince in command
 Trouble his head, or raise his hand,
 An impudent Englishman's yacht to spare?—
 What right had she got to be sailing there?
 How dare a Manchester banker be
 'Twixt the wind and his Serenity?

Oh! the *Mistletoe* bow!

V.

So on he dashed—a minute more,
And the impudent yacht was hit full sore ;
And because she didn't keep safe in Ryde,
Adown she went, with a hole in her side ;
Down, down she sank, and, sad to relate,
This made her Majesty's "special" late ;
Though her people will gladly learn that she
Reached Scotland, at last, quite punctually.

Oh! the *Mistletoe* bow!

VI.

But the *Mistletoe's* crew and her passengers gay
Were struggling for life in Stokes's bay,
And some were saved and some were lost ;
Three lives in all that day it cost,
Not because some lubbers of high degree
Forgot the rule of the road at sea,
But because an impertinent banker tried
To use her Majesty's wind and tide.

Oh! the *Mistletoe* bow!

VII.

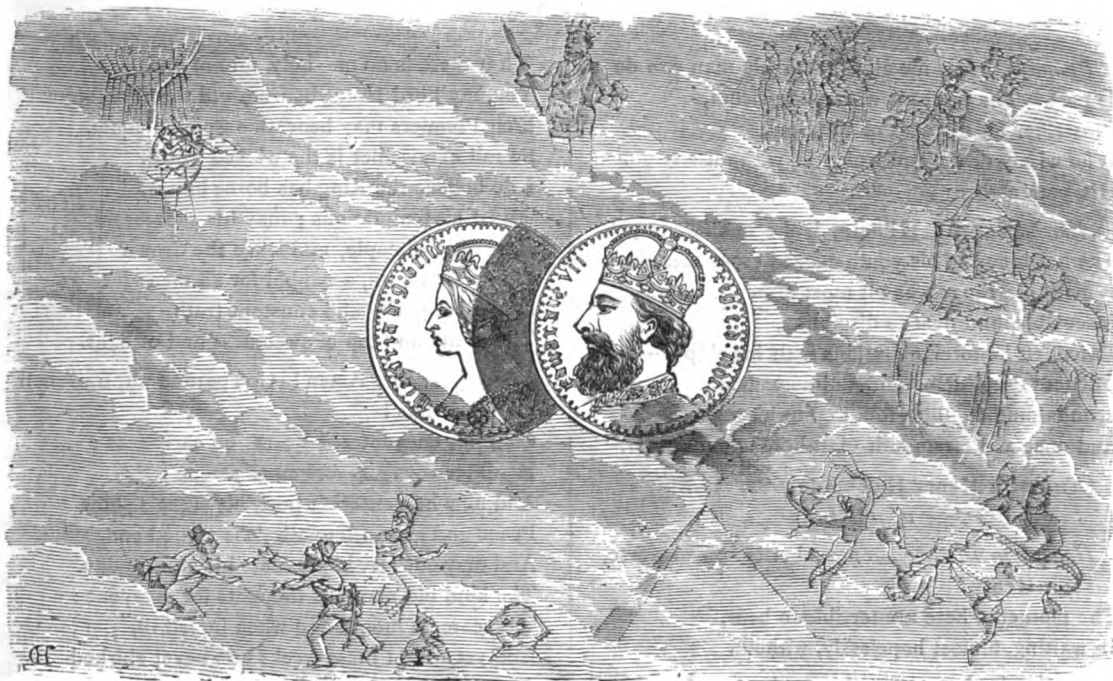
Two sisters sank, and the saved one wept
For the sister the cruel waves had kept ;
And long they sought for that maiden fair,
Till a mariner spied her floating hair,
And under the mainsail she lay dead,
With the ropes all tangled about her head ;
And the cry of grief was long and loud,
As they raised the sail which had been her shroud.

Oh! the *Mistletoe* bow!

VIII.

The Captain died, and the mate was drown'd,
And many days after the body was found ;
The "crowner" sat, and the jury said
No blame was on his Serenity's head.
But the widows wept, and a sister's heart
Still dared for a sister's loss to smart ;
But p'raps 'twill teach such common clay
Not to get in a Royal Sovereign's way.
Oh! the *Mistletoe* bow!





THE COMING ECLIPSE, 1876.—*Nautical Almanac.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Albor Castle. Ante-Chamber to the King's Bedroom.*

Time, 1837.

Lord Honeybourne, the Primate, and Earl Albichalke discovered sitting at a table.

Honeybourne. Fear not, she will do well, being possessed

Of a high spirit, and some strong resolves.

The Primate. Humility and Lowliness are roots,
Better to grow young roses on than Pride,
Which mounts too high, and bears at last bad fruit.

Honeybourne. An humble churchman never knew I yet,

Who was not, in his cowl, more blown with Pride,
Than the most lusty layman. Well, say on ;
I will deny no premisses of yours,
And think that for the Church they're sound enough.

But Crook, nor Mitre, doth Queen Victa claim,
Although her Sceptre o'ertops both, your Grace !

The Primate. If that the Parties, which distress the land,
Shall drop their strife, and raise the staff of peace,

Then should I fear me less that ills will come
From our Princess's sex and youthful years.

Honeybourne. Mean you the land, or they that live thereon ?

The soil, or those who till it—which your care ?
Whig patriotism none can doubt ;—our Queen,
I promise you, shall be by us maintained
Under such guardianship and safe control
That no stray shaft shall touch her, or aimed blow ;
Safe, both her reputation and her life.

The Primate. I'll not discuss your fitness for the task ;

Call no man happy—not before he's dead,
Nor maiden virtuous, lest she's put to bed ;
And my Lord Honeybourne has yet to know
How fertile scandals grow about a court,
Or even round a Downing Street abode.

Earl of A. Is all hope gone then, for His Majesty,
May he not conquer yet his malady ?

Primate. I fear me all that earthly man can do
Is past. The future is with a Physician,
Prescriber for diseases of the Soul,
Who wisely deals, and leniently, with all
His patients.

Albichalke. As William, Duke of Clarence,
The hot blood of his youth caused escapades,
Which to arrange was oft most difficult.
Insensible, and deaf to discipline,
Twice left he foreign stations with his ship ;—
Offences deep, demanding, almost, death.
Scandal and troubles followed in his wake,
And once at Portsmouth—but here is our doctor.

(*Enter Sir Henry Haleborde from the King's
apartment.*)

Honeybourne. Are your news better now or worse,
Sir Henry?
The moments here are terrible to bear,
In waiting, almost hopelessly, without.

Haleborde. Aye, and within we have our troubles
too ;
The King is sinking fast, and soon there'll be
One monarch more upon the roll of Death ;
And quick another in his place be hailed.
He would be left for a brief space alone
With the Queen Adelaide ; and then to speak
With the Fitz-Clarences, who, much unlike
Some bred more i' the law, are dutiful
And show their Royal Sire a tender love.

Albichalke. Thank God it has been so ; our
natural loves
And hopes should ever pay themselves in kind ;
And I am glad his children love him well :
Rough, and irregular, and whimsical,
He was, as princes go, true to his mistress.

Haleborde. That's good ; and those who in
high places dwell
Must be excused some vagaries ; and so
They be not mean, base, nor herd beneath them,
The people will forgive them much ; for men
Are well advised that all of woman born
Are prone to fall ; and most when sweet allurements
Softly force our youth, and leave us panting,
And tremulous with blisses learnt too soon :
Much tempted must be pardoned much, my lords.

The Primate. Our Holy Scriptures do proclaim
aloud

That there is no one holy, no not one.
You, my Lord Honeybourne, will throw no stone ;
E'en Premiers may beneath suspicion come,
So full of mischief is the wicked world.
I do believe the King has borne him well
'Midst his temptations ; may his successors
Better his example, and leave the Crown
To heirs unborn, a symbol for all men
Of perfect purity and constant truth,
The round and top of sweetness and of light.

Honeybourne. Amen ! God pardon all frail men
their sins !

Clarence encountered storms on early seas ;
His later voyages were more serene ;
And now he's entering port, his signals show
Peace and goodwill to all. 'Tis a good end,
And may our last hours mate his closing day.
The kind old man has thoughts for everyone :
'Tis scarce a month ago when he fell ill,
And yet within these weeks he's never shirked
A kingly duty, or a loving deed,
Though in sore travail with his halting breath.
Four weeks this day, our Princess, Queen to be,
Attained her age, and lost her minorhood ;
Right royally the King would have th' event
Marked by a grand ball in St. James's Halls,
Nor would he list to aught was urged against
Fitting performance of the proper fêtes.
" 'T would be ungracious," spoke his Majesty,
' That the old battered bow should not salute
The young sprit springing from the same old stem,
Bearing our English Rose as figure-head ;
May 't rise and dip on placid waters, till
The green wood, seasoned, can endure more strain.
Preserve great England's vessel 'gainst each foe,
God speed the ship, when I am gone below !"
Was it not spoken in a kingly tone ?

Albichalke. Aye, aye ! and 't had the good sea
flavour in 't ;
The great deeps teach the mariner true things ;
'T was kingly, knightly, and true sailor-like.

Haleborde. He, too, with tact bred of a noble soul,
Bethought him to present the sweet Princess
With the best instrument that could be found
Of Erard's or the rival pianists ;—
He knew her skill in St. Cecilia's art,
And would applaud it by his birthday gift.

Honeybourne. It was a pretty tribute from the Old

Unto the New ; from him whose strings were down,
To her whose chords had not their full tones
sounded.

Haleborde. Aye, and how thoughtful for the
Eton boys,
Just when he suffered greatest ; he would not
They should lose one hour of their sports and
games,
But bade all jousts proceed as he was well.
So, when the Duke designed to stay the feast
At Apsley House, the King did straight command
The banquet to be held, and Waterloo
To have its annual revelry confirmed.

Albichalke. His life has many virtues shown
throughout,
Though dashed with something now and then
perverse
And obstinate. The training of his youth
Was scarcely such to bend the twig aright ;
And thus, some little twists may be observed
And pardoned. [*Bell rung in King's apartment.*]

Haleborde. That is my summons ; ah, me,
I haste to give all what poor help my art
Can yield to kingly suffering and pain.

[*Exit Sir Henry H.*]

Albichalke. Pray Heaven, he saves him yet—
I'll not abate
My hopes that he may yet remain with us.

The Pimate. Till life is gone, hope may be
nursed on earth
For body and for soul. We may repent
Our sins at the eleventh hour ; and drugs
May cure our body's ills when all seems lost.

Honeybourne. 'Tis well to keep our trust, what-
e'er betides,

But better to prepare against the worst ;
And in the King's case there's so small a chance
That he may mend ; my mind, I own, doth work
More on the future than the past, your Grace.

The Pimate. I doubt you not ; and you, who
hold the reins
To guide this mighty realm for good or ill,
Must feel a deep responsibility
For what's to come. (*Rising.*) But hark, do I
not hear

A feeble cry, as though a soul had passed ?

[*Lord H. and Earl A. rise.*]

Honeybourne. It is the King's last sigh, I fear me
much.

Albichalke. My dear old friend ! And is he
gone, think you ?

[*Enter Sir Henry Haleborde. They turn to him.*]

Haleborde. All, my lords, is over.—The King
is dead.

The Pimate. God rest his soul ; grant he may
sleep in peace.

Honeybourne. Amen !

Albichalke. Amen with all my heart and soul !
I loved him better than my kith and kin.

Haleborde. If your lordships permit me, I
would write.

[*They bow, and Sir Henry Haleborde
sits at a table and begins to write.*]

Honeybourne. Our duty now demands that we
forthwith

See that the Queen, now Dowager, receives
All help and consolation possible.

(*To Pimate.*) Wilt pass, my lord, into the room
of death,

And do what best your office may suggest ?

Pimate (bowing assent). What comfort I can
give, I will, be sure,
Though with a heavy heart my task I do.

[*Exit Pimate.*]

Honeybourne (to Earl of A.). The household
here advised and ordered, then
With all fit speed we must to Kensington.

Albichalke. 'Tis so, alas ! the close of one career
But opens way for other wheels to run.

Honeybourne. Aye, always ; births, and mar-
riages, and deaths,

These are the columns that outlast all time,—
Proving eternally God's laws obeyed !

Well, we who live have work to do, at least.

[*Sounds bell on table.*]

(*Enter Attendant, who bows.*)

Honeybourne. Summon my lords and ladies, who
are not

In the last solemn rites engaged, and pray
Them quickly come.

Attendant (bowing). I will, my lord, at once.

[*Exit.*]

Albichalke. Will not the reverend father be with us,
On the important mission that we go?

Honeybourne. Yes, by all means; he will return betimes;
See, here he comes.

(*Enter Primate.*)

The Primate. My painful duty done,
I am prepared, my lords, to start at once.
Queen Adelaide is much cast down, but bears
Herself with noble fortitude and calm.

Albichalke. Pray Heaven pity and assuage her
griefs.

Honeybourne. We'll not delay; the household
has been called.

(*Enter Lords and Ladies.*)

Lord of Bedchamber. We come, my lords, with
sorrowing hearts to meet
Your summons, so that we may learn our tasks,
To do them as we should in times like these.

Honeybourne. Much to your own kind skill, and
knowledge full
Of all the ceremonies customary,

We leave to you; nor need we now impress
Upon your careful minds that you shall yield
All sympathising aids to her who mourns
Her husband dead. You will spare naught of pains
To ease the blow that fell but now; and grant
Observance to the royal and widowed dame
Of yet more full obedient courtesy,
If it be possible, than was her due
As queen of our lost monarch.

Lords and Ladies. That we will.

Honeybourne. Yet one more word, and then
each go his way,
His several and separate task to do.
With us the Primate, and the noble Earl,
And royal physician go to Kensington;
But first, sad notice we must make in words
Delayed till now, but must be spoke at last;—
The past we've lived, the future's to be seen;
The King is dead, long live our youthful Queen!

All. The King is dead; long live our youthful
Queen!

[*The household disperses. Exeunt Lords and
Ladies, and Lord Honeybourne, Primate, and
Earl of Albichalke.*]

SCENE II.—*Early morn. Entrance Hall of Guelphington Palace, residence of the Duchess
of Guelph and the Princess Victa. Time, 1837.*

(*Enter Lord Honeybourne, the Earl of Albichalke,
and the Primate.*)

Honeybourne. I'm stiff and cramped with riding
all the night,
But urgency on comfort cannot wait,
And bones mayn't rest till minds have done their
work.
Our hosts cannot be wholly unforewarned,
But still 'tis news, expected ne'er so much,
Must cause a throb and thrill wherever told,
And to the ears of those whom we await,
'Tis pregnant with concern and serious thought.

Albichalke. Aye! a momentous message 'tis we
bring.

Honeybourne. Say, a fat worm we bring the early
bird;
But for great dames we're all too soon: these hours
Are scarcely fitted for a life of routs.

Albichalke. None do less lead that life, or revel
less,
Than the good Duchess and her daughter's self;
And when they knew the monarch near past hope,
Our Royal dames did seek retirement due.

Honeybourne. Good, so! But we'll announce
our presence here,
For 'tis not every day a Queen is called
The first time in her life. They will welcome us
As would the maiden her true Valentine,
Though the stars were not yet quite extinguished.

Yet will the Princess grieve ; she loved old Billy, ¶
As the people called him, the Sailor]King.

(Enter Servant.)

(To Servant.) Wilt say unto thy mistress, the
Duchess,

That the Prime Minister, Lord Albichalke,
Also the Archbishop of Canterbury,
Present their due respects and homages,
And would speak with her Highness with all speed.

[Exit Servant.

Our errand will excuse our earliness.

[They confer together for a few minutes.

(Enter Servant.)

Servant. My lords, the Duchess bids me
deliver

Most gracious greetings to your lordships all.
She seeks the favour of a small delay,
When her Highness your message will receive.
Her Highness would you presently retire,
To rest you of fatigue a little space ;
And gives to your command all the house holds
That your needs may in any way require.

Honeybourne. We thank the Duchess and her
courtesy,

And will frank use the kindness offered us.

(To Earl of A. and the Primate.) My lords, we
will retire awhile and wait

The summons to attend the Royal dame.

(To Servant.) We follow you.

Servant. This way, if my Lords please.

[Exeunt omnes.

SCENE III.—The same.

(Enter Thomas Shapkalph, a Man Servant, and
Theresina, a Chambermaid.)

Man Servant (Thomas). Their lordships are
well bestowed, and are oncommon tired ; poor old
Shovel Hat's a good deal done up, but he desired
that he should be brought an extra can of cold
water, and is for a sort of "header," as I think, into
the bath. Rather him than me ! I don't like cold
water nowhere—not even in me boots, as old Carl
Grimm says. He's a wise old parson fellow,
though, is the Archbishop. But I don't know
what it's all about ; it's oncommon early for big
folks. I wonder if —

Chambermaid (Theresina, whom everybody calls
Jerry). You wonder, do you, Thomas. Just like all
the men ; ye never think o' goin' and askin' what it's
all about—yur too awkward for that ; but yur keep
on wonderin'. Now what did I do ? and I'm only a
woman, Thomas, you know.

Thomas. Only a woman ;—I should like to know
what's worse ; I mean bigger, grander-like.

Jerry. Well, Thomas—I shall go, if you begin to
interrupt me like that—well, directly I heard the
coach, I slipped on my gown, and as soon as the
lords were in the house, I was outside ; and I
knew the Alber livery, and who was inside it.

Thomas. No fear o' that ; I don't believe there's
any man in livery, or uniform, either, that you
don't know.

Jerry. That's sarcastical, Thomas, you shouldn't
be sarcastical ; it'll be the worse for you, if you
are ; at any rate, you know more of me than any
of them do. But Thomas, it'll be a good thing for
us, Thomas, and we can soon get married, and
no more reason] for catchin' cold o' night in the
passages.

Thomas. What'll be a good thing for us, Jerry
dear ?

Jerry. Oh, it's Jerry dear, now, is it ? Yesterday
it was "Get out o' the way with you !" Like all of
ye, when you want something, you can be as sweet
as sugar. But when you've got what you want,
oh ! then, it's be off, and as distant as you please !

Thomas. Now, Jerry, you know I don't act like
that. Last night it was only because that fat Bill
was comin' along and I didn't want him to catch
us sweet-heartin' in the —

Jerry. Oh ! I daresay, sweetheartin' ;—who was
sweetheartin' ? Well, I'm going to see if some-
body else.—Yes there's Mr. William.

Thomas. Well, I'm blowed ! It's Mister William,

is it? I s'pose you'll tell *him* the good thing that's happened.

Jerry. Yes, Thomas, if you are so unkind, I shall, Thomas.

Thomas. Now, Jerry, you know I'm onkomamon fond o' you, and why won't you tell *me*?

Jerry. Would you like to know, really? And I shall truly be Mrs. Thomas Shapkalph?

Thomas. Why, yes, Jerry, as soon as we've got enough to take a little country drum, you shall so.

Jerry. Well, then, I'll tell you, Thomas. I see old Blinkers on the coachbox; I went and got a glass o' Mrs. Phillum's gin, and I run out to him as soon as the swells were in the hall, and I says, "Good morning, Blinkers, you've come a long way early; I've brought you a glass o' particular old Tom and what's the matter?" And he drinks the gin and gives me the glass, and says "My dear——"

Thomas. Like his crammed cheek!

Jerry. He didn't mean no harm, old Blinkers. And he said, "My dear, you'll all be crowin' here now, you'll be the cocks o' the walk; it's all over along o' us. Old Billy's dead!"

Thomas. Oh 'h 'h 'h! my eye! why, they said as he was better yesterday.

Jerry. Why don't ye know, Thomas, when anybody like that's wus, they allus say he's better; that's what they call Bull tins. Some of 'em can make 'em up wonderful. My old father, who were shot in the arm at Quart o' Brass, used to tell us children that old Boney was the best on 'em all at the game. He said that the Dook o' Wellinton wasn't a patch on him; the Dook could lick him

fightin', but at Bull tins the Dook wasn't nowhere. That's what he used to tell us boys and girls, my father did—I mind every word he said.

Thomas (admiring the maid). By gum, Jerry, you are a clever gal, and do deserve to be Mrs. Shapkalph, landlady of the Crown. You've hit 'em right. There's old "Politician Jack," as we call him, Sir Robert's gentleman, you know, Jerry, was in at the Feathers the night before last, and he was a speakin' o' the Rooshians, and he was sayin, they were the biggest liars' out; and he said we might always be sure for sertain that when the Rooshians were devilish perlite, and over and above civil, then we might count on it they meant mischief. He were in Paris with the Dook after the war, and he knows 'em. That perliteness is the Bull tins the Rooshians sarve out afore the row begins or anybody's ill; the others is the Bull tins after the reglar bizness's begun, I s'pose.

Jerry (admiring the footman). Well, now, Thomas, if you was always as sharp as that, you'd make a very good landlord of the Crown. But here's the Duchess's maid. I believe ye, isn't she grand! She's been at Blinkers, too, I expect.

(*Enter Duchess's Lady's-maid.*)

Lady's-maid. The Duchess will be here in a few minutes, so you will leave this abartment at once.

Thomas. Certainly, Miss Likstine.

Lady's-maid. Lich-en-stein, if you please, sir.

Jerry (aside, curtseying very slowly). Oh, ain't the Jarman young woman cuttin' it fine!

[*Excunt Thomas and Jerry.*]

SCENE IV.—*Audience chamber in Guelphington Palace.*

(*Enter the Duchess of Guelph and the Princess Victoria, attended by the Servants of the Household.*)

Duchess (to Servant). You will inform the noble lords who wait

Our coming, that we may receive them now.

[*Exit Servant.*]

(*To the Princess.*) And thou, my daughter, art thou strong to bear

The news of thy near greatness, that doth cast,
On this supreme morn of thy life, its shade
Across the floor? Canst thou, with equal pulse,
And sweet humility, receive this news,
Which, though not unexpected, yet, for graveness,
Far excels all possible prevision
Of its weight, and import to thee, my child?

[*Kisses her.*]

Princess (returning the embrace). My kind and thoughtful mother, for my truth, Which thou hast taught me, I would fain tell thee,

I felt a fear and nervousness but now, Lest, in reception of these gentlemen, I should betray, one way or other, what Might make their hopes of me halt and grow weak ;

But, from my very fear, I courage plucked, And bear it in my breast, blooming and strong. For I did think that, for their sakes, not mine, I'd be all they should wish, so that no act I did to-day, or afterwards, should cause Them any grief or trouble. So will I, Cherished mother, be a good girl in all, To pay your past pains ; and a good Queen, too, To earn beforehand, and to keep, the love Of all my people, who shall be for me In place of Father, whom we've lost, alas, And Husband, who has yet to win my heart. Be happy, dear, and know your counsels true Have nought been wasted ; they shall bear the fruit

Thou hast desired ; and thou shalt be content With me, both as thy daughter, and the Queen.

Duchess (embracing her warmly). Thou dost indeed by this, my darling child, Repay me all a thousandfold, and more, My anxious cares to train thee for that state, That high estate which thou art called to fill ;— Our lords approach ; bear thyself well, my daughter.

The Prime Minister, Earl of Albichalke, and the Primate appear at the back of the stage, and come down.

Princess (aside). How sweet the air, how brave the birds do sing !
A beauteous morn to bring to Heav'n a King !

Honeybourne (bowing low, as also do his companions). Our mission, your Royal Highness, is twofold ;

But we would first declare our due respects And faithful loyalty to the Royal House Of Hanover, to its new head, and branches.

Duchess. We listen, and we thank you, noble lords.

Honeybourne. Tidings we bring, for all, momentous, great ;

For none so great as those assembled now, But chief, they touch your Royal Daughter, here. It is our duty to inform your grace William the Fourth this morning died in peace. The Royal Physician will attest the facts, And England's Primate in due form, herein. By this sad death we all this day deplore, The crown doth now devolve by this realm's laws Upon the Royal Niece of the late King, Sole child and daughter of the Duke of Kent, Of the Duke's sire, the Third George, also dead, The grandchild. Thus, by default of children To our late King, a female sovereign reigns O'er England ; and we do, in the State's name, Announce, the King is dead, Long live the Queen.

All. The King is dead, Long live the Queen.
Amen ! [*All kneel.*]

Lord H. and All (kneeling to the Princess). Our homage thus we pay to Victa, Queen ; And utter forth our best and precious hopes That all prosperity and bliss attend Her Majesty Queen Victa, from this day.

The Princess. I thank thee, noble lords, in all sincere And grateful recognition of your worth ; And I do pray that the Great Lord of all May so direct my steps, through you, my friends— For I am sure you are true faithful friends— That all who live in the great English realm May never have, so long as I may live, Food for regret that I've been called to reign. You will supply my inexperience With your ripe knowledge of the country's needs, And I shall rest in your strong, worthy hands, A passive instrument for England's good.

Honeybourne. We're altogether sure, your Majesty,

That your firm love for what is good on earth Will keep you always in the path of right ; Your high intelligence will comprehend What work's well done, and what is otherwise,— So shall your servants careful prove and just ; Your training, and the kindness of your heart, Will teach you gentle governance of all

Your people, who will ever pray for you
And love you as their head and sovereign.

Albichalke. Your Majesty, I loved your uncle
well,
And so will I his niece, till life departs.

Princess. We know your deep affection for the
King,
And think it very kind that you transfer
To us, your tried and trusted amity.

Primate. From an old man, whose course is
nearly run,
Thou may'st, my youthful Queen, list some advice,
Unleavenèd with any wish of favour,
Or of promotion, being what I am.
Thy high estate, 'bove all the kings of earth,
As Mistress of the loyalest people born,
Demands complete command of thine own self ;
So that, having a mind well disciplined,
Thy orders issued will be Reason's own.
Vicegerent of God's loving grace and power ;
Thou wilt in all things practice Charity ;
This is the first. Then, thou wilt hold to Faith,
And wilt defend our true belief 'gainst all
Who work it ill, within the realm or out.
Hope thou must have that all is for the best,
Whate'er betides ; and, if great sorrow come
Upon thee, as it will,—for all are born to it ;

And Misery's hard shock and Death's sharp shaft
Hit equal ;—gather then thy people's love,
Which will go out to thee in gen'rous strength,
And make of it a fence 'gainst too much grief ;
Thus wilt thou best display thy Faith in God
Be thoughtful for the poor and weak ; be strong
Against oppressors ; and if through mischance
Thou ever workest harm to anyone,
Be instant to repair the wrong thou'st done,
Nor go on in thy sin, as David did.
Being so high, thou may'st more lowly stoop
Than lesser folk, nor lose thy dignity.
Impartial 'twixt all parties in the State,
Let no formed prejudice betray thy acts,
Nor spoil thy judgment ; be thou punctual, patient,
Slow to hear evil spoke, quick to hear good
Of men and women ; so if any tongues
Shall seek to injure, they may deafness find
In thy Royal ear. Believe not backbiters ;
Nor yet put faith in smooth-tongued councillors,
But trust those lips which flatter not thy ways.
Be virtuous, always, thou, our England's Rose,
And then, with the attendant Graces three,
Thy flower shall open with the sweet pink flush
Of Modesty, whilst thy last leaves shall fall
With placid motion to the ground beneath,
Sprinkling thy place on earth with sweet
perfumes.

SCENE V.—*Downing Street, after Cabinet Council.*

Lord Honeybourne and Psalmerston discovered.

Psalmerston. 'Tis time you married her ; young
blood's young blood, '
And will be served. This cousin we must press
That she shall take as husband. A Fair Prince
He is, and overtops all other suitors.

Honeybourne. He's scarcely of a mould to suit
ourselves.

Psalmerston. Our sovereign lady he will manage
well ;
He's a consummate prig in my idea,
And cold as ice, with all a German's faults ;
Drawbacks the Queen will not observe, I think,—
The Leiniagens have 'customed her to these.
Coburg and Getha's minds are not as ours ;

For you and I, as right-bred Englishmen,
Are slightly vicious thought, and barbarous.

Honeybourne. Cupid ! thou hast some sins to
answer for ;
Your *bonnes fortunes* have made you a hot name ;
But me they would not class along with you,
Being of sober and of temp'rate mind.

Psalmerston. You, Honeybourne, as pure as
London milk
Will rank, till your adulteration's known ;
And then, like all the world that's been found
out,
You'll be condemned for worse than you have
done.

Honeybourne. Think you, my foreign fire-eater,
all men

Have something on their minds they would not
tell?

Psalmerton. They have, Lord Premier, and all
women, too;

For every man, be sure, has some love fits
He could not call a doctor in to cure;
And every woman loves some man, not hers
By law, but only by sweet custom's use.

Honeybourne. Oh, fie! that tastes too much of
Paris ways;

Still, there's some truth beneath your summing up.
Our Sovereign Lady, then, shall married be
With all the quickness possible. Our term
Of office now draws quickly to a close;
We only hold on sufferance; and Peel
Could close on us some day, and rout us forth.

Psalmerton. Quite true; besides, at all the
palaces

Men speak of scandals; and, at least, our Queen
Must be above suspicion. Thus, the Prince
Should wed her, and wipe out the Palstaff tales,
And Elfinshaw's love-making, and the rest
Of tittle-tattle that the Tories spread.
Have you no news of Coburg's coming yet?

Honeybourne. He's been a little sore, you know,
and thinks

His chances in the world are compromised
Thro' no clear answer being made his suit.
The clever doctor has got over that,
And he's in England now to seal his fate.

Psalmerton. He'll come, and see, and conquer;
trust me that.

Queen Victa feels she wants a helpmate strong;
A man to guide her in the home and state,
So no mishaps like Lady Flora's come,
To vex and trouble her. We ministers
Are well enough for warding off the blows
In politics; a husband's care, alone,
Prevents the dangers which a woman runs,
Unguided by the reason masculine,
Of wounding justice by tyrannous acts,
And killing by contempt affection's self.

Honeybourne. The best of them do err
amazingly,

Unaided by the manly sense of right:—
Women than men are kinder, not so just.

Psalmerton. It's well for some of us they are,
my Lord;—

But for the business thou dost begin,
Prosper thy work, and may the Coburg win!

SCENE VI.—*Drawing Room in Duckingham Palace.*

Queen Victa and the Duchess of Guelph.

Queen Victa (aside). I have resolved; and so it
shall be done.

He comes, my Cousin Prince, and comes, I hope,
To future joy and bliss; and in this trust
I'll wed him. He's a noble, upright prince,
Well favoured, and I loved him as a boy.
As yet, no prince who is by blood and birth
Match for the Queen has pleased me as he does.
Ah! were I not the Queen; aye, then, indeed,
A wider range would give me ampler choice.
Some joys within these last months I have known,
I never can forget, whatever comes
To me of love or bliss from Albor's heart.
I'm young, but know enough to know full well
Some memories will stay, let come what may.

Duchess of Guelph. My daughter, Albor comes
to urge his suit;

He comes to thy command; he loves thee well,
I think. And as great Queen, or woman weak,
Count it a great and precious thing to win
So wise a mind and calm a soul as his.

Queen. Thanks, dearest mother; ever thanks,
for all;

I'm grateful to thee, and will be, to him.

(*Enter Prince Albor.*)

Prince Albor (to the Queen). Your Majesty;
obedient, I'm here,
And very happy to have such commands.

(*To the Duchess.*) My dear, kind aunt, your nephew
loves you well,
And cherishes your kindness, shown so long.

Duchess. My children—so, when young, I've called you oft—

The love I bear you both doth make me wish
That this sweet meeting will confirm the hope
So warmly felt by all our trusty friends,
That you, this day, will plight your honest troth,
And shortly joinèd be in happy bonds
Of union, long to last in firm affection.
I leave thee, *meine kinder*, to yourselves.
God bless you both !

Queen and Prince, } God bless thee, mother dear !
together. } God bless thee, my dear aunt !

[*Exit the Duchess of Guelph.*]

Queen Victoria. My cousin Albor, difficult I find,
Albeit I am used to etiquette of state,
And trained to very arduous thought and work,
To speak to thee of that which fills my mind,
To full exclusion of all other themes :—
Wilt thou, good cousin, therefore aid me now,
If thou art kind, to do our mutual task,
As thou wast wont to help me long ago,
When puzzled by a lesson or a book ?

Prince Albor. No greater wish have I, none
other wish

In the wide world, than now and evermore
To be a helpful man to thee in all.

Queen Victoria. 'Tis sweet, indeed, to hear thy
tongue proclaim

Thy readiness to serve me in my need ;
For I am sorely lonely, Albor, here.
Although my ministers are very kind,
And thoughtful for my comfort and my ease,
I yearn to have one strong right arm and hand
To point the way when dubious paths are reached ;
And one dear, ever-present countenance,
To smile approval, or a warning give.

(*Aside.*) How much his travel has improved the
Prince !

He's kept the promise of his youthful years
To be a handsome man. Oh ! may he keep
All promises and vows as well as that.
I cannot say, like Naples' exiled Princess,
"He's the third man that e'er I saw ; the first
That e'er I sighed for ;" yet my heart tells me
There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple :
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will try to dwell with't I am sure.

(*To Prince Albor.*) I fear me much, good cousin,
thou wilt find

The task of husband to the Queen is hard ;
Checks thou wilt meet, and envious displays
Of pride and stubbornness. Peasant and Peer
Think nothing good that's not of English birth.

Prince Albor. There be some labours painful,
but the work

They make, gives them delight : some kinds of
baseness

Are nobly undergone ; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. Thus, my mean task as *uxor*
Would be as heavy to me as odious ; but

The mistress whom I serve softens what's harsh
And makes my labours pastime and pleasant
sport.

I will accept the hardships that my lot
Shall bring to me ; and my sweet mistress, wife,
Will sorrow when she sees me buffeted ;
And, giving me her love, will make amends
For all that I may suffer, or may lose.

Queen Victoria. So much I will, and more, sweet
coz, for thee :

And when thou'rt burdened, or with slights cast
down,

Then shalt thou rest thee in affection's arms,
And I will weep for having wearied thee.

For all doth come through me, I'll not forget,
Whether of joys or pains, or ease or ills ;
So will I ever mind me to abate

The bad, and to increase the good, for thee.

Prince Albor. Oh, most dear mistress ! thou
pil'st up a debt

I never can discharge, though ne'er so rich
In thanks and heartfelt gratitude I be.

Queen Victoria. Alas ! I feel I may not make thee
happy ;

And should I please thee not, what will be then
Thy compensation for thy freedom gone ?
Canst thou risk that ?

Prince Albor. O speak not of such fears ;
Long, long I've pondered o'er the place I'll fill ;
Have well considered all that I may yield,
The little I may gain ; the balance struck
Shows poor advantage as a worldly scheme ;
But, hear my soul speak from its very depths :
The very instant that I saw thee, did
My heart fly to thy service ; there resides
To make me slave to it ; and for thy sake
I'll be the patient, blameless, virtuous Prince.

Queen Victoria. And dost thou love me so? May I believe

The rank, the power, that are mine to-day
Have not thee dazzled by their glare and pomp?
Art thou, indeed, my lover and my friend?
Am I indeed the object of thy choice—myself,
And not my Queenship? Canst thou swear to
this?

Prince Albor. O heaven! O earth! bear witness
to my words,

And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if falsely, hollowly,
Invert what best is boded for my life
To mischief. On my knee (*knocking*) let me
declare,
Beyond all limit of what else 't the world
I love, prize, honour you.

Queen Victoria (*weeping aside*). I am a fool
To weep at what I'm glad of.

Prince Albor. Why weep'st thou?

Queen Victoria. At mine unworthiness, that dare
not offer

What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling,
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashfulness,
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence.
I am thy wife, if thou wilt marry me;
If not, I'll die a second Virgin Queen.
To be my husband thou may'st deny me,
But none other's wife my mother's daughter
Shall be, whether thou wilt or no.

Prince Albor. My Queen,
My mistress, wife, and all, I am thy slave,
And I will be humble ever.

Queen Victoria. My husband, then?

Prince Albor. Aye, with a heart full willing to
accept
Thy bondage as its freedom; here's my hand.

Queen Victoria. And mine, with my heart in't. Now
our duty

And our love demand that she who's shown to
us

Such priceless help and aid through all our lives,
Should be a happy hearer of the news
Which she hath so much coveted to make.

Ah, my good lord—thou art that now, thou
know'st—

I would with thee, retirèd, sit alone,
And hear thy sweet voice say, "*Mein liebchen,*
mein,"

And banish every thought, besides, from out
The kingdom of thy mind and mine to-day,
But that *noblesse oblige*, and we must fain
Obey the rules of duty, whilst I reign.

Prince Albor. Thou'rt noble, as thou'rt fair, my
English rose.

Queen Victoria. And wilt thou be ambassador to her
Whose anxious heart is thinking how 'twill end?
Be sure, with the credentials that thou bear'st,
And tidings of the treaty that's been made,
Thou'lt be received with all the honours due
To him who's borne away the prize he sought,
And whom success has crowned. Thou see'st,
sweet coz,

I know the value of myself much more
Than did I one short hour ago; for what
Thou striv'st for must be good and standard
stuff,

And through the world 'tis known;—If not too old,
An English Sovereign's worth its weight in gold.

Prince Albor. Thy *badinage* but adds fresh
charms to thee,

And I will go and tell my news at once,
That I may hasten to thy side, my love,
And mark thy words, rich voice, and gen'rous
ways.

[*They embrace.* Exit Prince Albor.]

Queen Victoria. Is't not too happy to be so much
blessed?

Will not the Gods, as in the Roman days,
Envy my lot and on my head rain ills
To compensate the other scale, o'erfull
Of sweets, and flowers, bright-coloured hues, and
fruit

Rich-tinted, and delights all women crave,
And so few get. Ah me! shall I alone
Save grief, of all the world; and, that I'm Queen,
Conquer the troublous waves of sorrow's sea,
And ride at anchor ever in the calm?
No, no! that cannot be; and if I should,
List'ning my courtiers' flatteries untrue,
Descend my life's shore, and in Canute's chair,
Command the bitter waters cease their moan

And change their taste—why, what would come of that?

Naught, naught, and naught should come. I know the sum

Of all attempts to alter God's own ways.

Pagan Poseidon washed the Grecian strand,

The Roman seas bore Neptune's car afloat,

And now Britannia carries on the sway.

But Greece is spent, and Cæsar's Rome is dead,

And where will England be some ages hence?

Yet all the while, now, then, and evermore,

Man's mental tempests raise the ceaseless strife;

The woeful waves lave always human life.

But, courage; no untimely doubts must rise

To-day to mar my hopes, or spoil the joy

My loving mother shows in every trait;

She comes, and he; ah, bliss, this hour thou'rt mine.

(Enter the Duchess of Guelph and Prince Albor.)

Duchess (embracing Queen Victoria). Now could

I die contented, and could sing

The *Nunc dimittis* with all cheerful voice.

Thou hast, indeed, my daughter, made me glad;

My heart o'erflows in thankfulness to God.

Queen Victoria. Live, mother, live, as many tens of years

As those thou'st passed, nor talk of ending that

Has scarce begun. We will be good to thee,

For unto thee, good Uncle Phleopold,

And [the shrewd doctor, do we owe all this.

Albor (to Duchess). Never can I repay one-half that thou

Hast done in my behalf. What I can, I will,

And in the love I'll bear thy daughter, seek

To settle some of the great sum I owe

For all thy thoughtfulness.

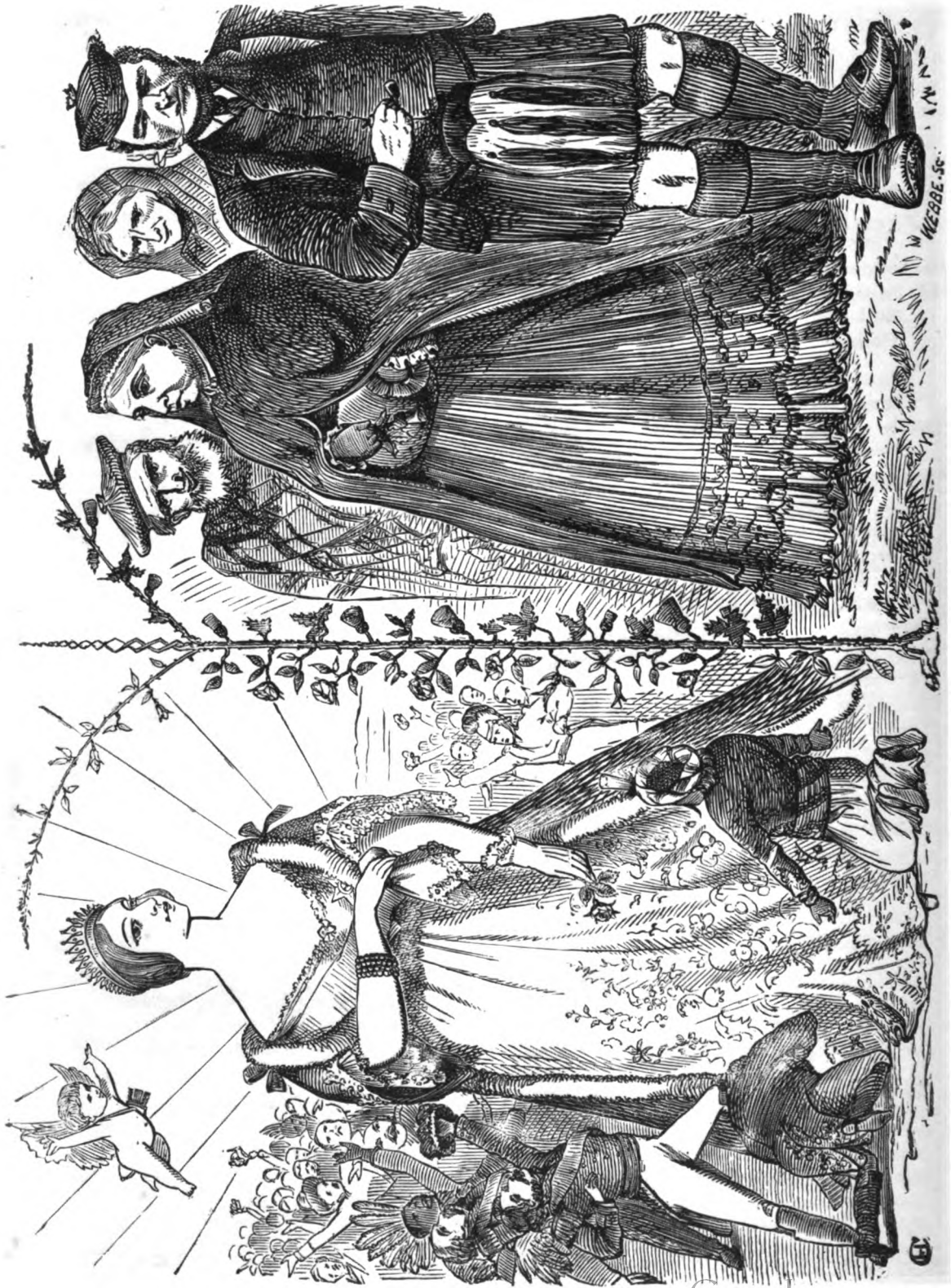
Duchess (taking both their hands and joining them.) O, fair encounter

Of two most rare affections! [Heaven rain grace

On that which breeds between them!

(Curtain.)

END OF ACT I.



THE SWEET ROSE—ENGLAND, 1837.

THE PRICKLY THISTLE—SCOTLAND, 1876.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Queen Victa's *Dressing-room, Albor Castle. Arm-chair and Table covered with Account-books, R. Large Screen, L. Portrait of Albor, Map of Germany, &c., on walls.*

TIME, 187—.

(*Enter the Queen in her Dressing-gown, followed by Ladies of the Bedchamber, Maids of Honour, &c., all yawning.*)

Queen (*to 1st Lady*). Go, call my Minister, and see he stays

Not in his coming! Go, I say. Make haste!

[*Exit 1st Lady.*]

It seems ye know not, ladies, when we speak.

(*Aside.*) Ah, yes, here, too, the traitrous stain hath spread.

Our very Maids of Honour whisper low

The treason spouted by a wretched press;

And say, "Ah, if our Queen would abdicate!—

Ah, if she would but end her days in peace!"

Bah! Am I not a Guelph? Did Guelph e'er yield

To common sense or counsel? I'll reign on

To spite them! I'll reign on to ruin trade!

To paralyse the Court! To —

(*Enter Lord Klepto, the Minister in Attendance.*)

Lord K. May it please

Your Majesty, quick from my bed I come

At your behest:—what pressing matter is't

That keeps your Majesty so long from sleep?

Queen. From sleep, say you, my lord? I do not sleep.

Maid of Honour (*aside*). Nor has she pity on poor us, who do!

Queen. We've much to say. (*Minister sits down.*) But first, my Lord, stand up!

To sit before your Queen! What treason's this?

Lord K. Four hours to-night before your Royal face

I've stood; walked backwards; hid my gapes and yawns

Observed in full the etiquette you ask:

But now, your Majesty, fetch'd from my bed,
And sorely tried, I fain would sit me down.

Queen. Never! Are you, too, tainted with the breath

Of treason? An you're not, stand up!

[*Minister rises.*]

Lord K.

I stand.

(*Aside.*) 'Tis ill-paid work to serve a Queen like this.)

Your Majesty's commands?

Queen.

Where are our sons

Lord K. May I with loyal deference suggest
I'm not the Princes' keeper?

Queen (*anxiously*).

Ah! you hide

Some ill-found news. Say, quickly, where are they?

Lord K. If I might dare to guess, I'd say in bed.

[*Noise of footsteps without, and then a sound as of a human body falling over a bedroom candlestick.*]

Queen. List, what is that? Come in, whoe'er without!

(*Enter Prince Phleopold.*)

Ah! whence springs't thou!

Prince P.

I come, good mother, please

From burning copiously the midnight oil,

From striving to learn science, like papa,

And from the varied studious pursuits

Which great Dudizy said I so much loved.

Queen. Good boy! And where is now my eldest son?

Prince P. I think, mamma, he went to bed at twelve.

Queen. And Humphburgh?

Prince P. He his bank-book adds below
In the Black Drawing-room.

Queen. He's burning gas
For nought. (*To Lady-in-waiting.*) Go, say he'd
better hie to bed.

(*To Page.*) Speed thou, and bid the heir apparent
come.

[*Exeunt Page and Lady.*]

(*To Prince P.*) And so, my son, thou com'st from
study, eh?

Good boy! thou'st better place in my affection
Than all thy brothers; cherish it, my son!
And grow still liker that great one who's gone,
More German, and more fond of German things.
Then, noble offices thou may'st effect
When I no longer can them undertake:
See that the German influence grows apace,
Protect Prince Pagan's interests at all costs;
Send clothes and money to my Teuton friends,
Intrigue for well-paid sinecures for them.
Alas, I would thy eldest brother were
As well-affected to that host as thou.
He's kind and amiable to all but them,
As though his blood were English every drop.

Prince P. But, then, mamma, he'll be an
English King.

Queen. I know not what thou mean'st. He is
a Guelph!

Guelphs first, and English after, should we be.
Moreover, he refuses, as thou know'st,
To woo the sciences and fatten pigs,
And in his leisure to write Broad Church hymns.
Why does he not the temp'rance army join,
As thou hast done, and foster art like thou?

Prince P. Indeed, mamma, he does; not long ago
He made a lady-painter's fortune.

Queen. Ah!
I recollect. But still he is too free,
Too careless of his will, too debonair,
Too lavish of his money —

Lord K. Shall I wait,
Your Majesty? methinks I do intrude
Upon a private gathering.

Queen. My lord,
We are the judge; when we dismiss you, go!
We yet may need your aid and counsel. Stay!

Lord K (aside). Five thousand pounds a year
is not enough
To get for bearing treatment such as this,
And all the foreign work, besides.

(*Enter Page.*)
Queen. Well, boy?

Page. Your Majesty, a score of knocks all failed
To bring an answer from your Royal son;
And asking further of an equerry,
I find the Prince has dined in town to-night.

Queen. Of course.

Page. He went perforce, 'tis said.

Queen (ironically). Of course!
And how accompanied, can'st tell me that?
With Quoins and his continual followers?
You do not speak.—Enough! we know 'twas so.
Always the same; why is't he never takes
His brother Pagan with him. Can he not
Make a close friend of his Scotch brother Archie?
A sterling youth, a credit to the Duke—
A clever and respectable young man.
But no! It's always Quoins and Wym and Har-
dolph.

Will he have never sown those endless oats?
Will his hot blood ne'er cool, his fun ne'er cease,
His headstrong riot never have a curb?

Lord K. Your Majesty, you do bewrong the
Prince;
Of late he hath shown much improvement; still
Is room for more, maybe; and it will come.
The Prince but studies his companions
Like a strange tongue: wherein, to gain the
language,
'Tis needful that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon and learn'd; which, once attained,
Your Highness knows, comes to no further use,
But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,
The Prince will, in the perfectness of time,
Cast off his followers.

Queen. May it come to pass!
'Tis seldom, though, the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion. (*Noise without.*) Who is
there?

Page. The Prince!

(*Enter the Prince.*)

The Prince. Health to my mother! How
d' you do, my lord?

The hour is very late.

Queen (severely). Tis late, indeed,
For coming from a dinner, as we think.

The Prince. Remember, mother, there is much
to do,
Your health to drink ; and pretty things to say
About the Army, Navy, Church, and us.
But had I known you waited me, why then,
By early special had I hasted back.

Queen. Enough ; thy place is always by my
side.

The Prince. An't please your Majesty, I've other
work

To occupy my time ; were I to spend
My mornings with you at the Mausoleum,
My evenings at the Chapel you've re-named,
My nights in social converse round *his* bust,
Who then would do the many acts of State
I now perform ? Who, then, would open parks,
Lay corner stones, hold levées, unveil statues,
Preside at dinners, patronise the stage,
Promote high art ?

Queen (querulously). Don't, Guelpho, I am
tired
Of talking. We would be alone a while.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

(*Calling the Prince.*) Not you, my eldest, stay
with me, I beg.

The Prince. With all the pleasure in life ; but
think you not
'Tis time you slept

Queen. No, no. I have much work
To do. Hand me that green-bound book, from
thence.

[*The Prince gives her a bank-book from the table.*

Queen (opening it). They say, the lying world,
you are in debt,
It is prepost'rous, is it not ? (*Pauses.*) Come,
speak,
And say it is.

The Prince (hesitatingly). Oh, yes ; you say it is.
And so it is, of course.

Queen. Well said, my boy.
That's bravely spoken, like your father's son :
You save each year large sums ; I feel you do.

The Prince (aside). How very likely ! Oh, if I
but dared
To tell her what I really owed, straight out !
(*Aloud.*) You give me too much credit, I declare.

Queen. No, no ; my wish is that you save, and
so
I warrant me you do ; your brother does,
And why not you ? But hush ! a little while,
I would these figures check ; and bring, likewise,
Those tomes be-clasped, which hide within their
leaves
The secrets of my poverty. (*He brings them.*) And
now
For silence ; softly, pray !

[*The Queen buries herself in her accounts.*

The Prince (aside). Oh, that I could
Must up resolution ; tell her all,
And claim full payment for the work I do.
Tell all or not tell all, that is the question :
Whether 'tis better of the Jews to borrow,
To take the cash of base-born, low-bred men,
Who out of my necessities would make
A ladder up to peerages, who claim
My notice, 'cause I take their ill-gained coin ;
Who whine for invitations to my house,
As though the cad who sells you gold, deserved
More notice than the one who sells you hats,
Or builds you coats, or fashions you your boots ;
Nay, not so much, for these are honest men—
Whether 'tis better their demands to suffer,
Or make clean breast of it ; declare my debts,
And pay off all the Jewish herd in full
With money that now fills the Royal purse :
Methinks I will. (*The bank-book falls from the
Queen's hands.*) But stay, my mother sleeps !

[*Walks over to her.*

Five minutes with those figures have availed
To whisper solace to her weary heart.
I'll wheel her chair behind yon folding screen,
And sit awhile to see her sleep is sound,
Before I call her weary waiting-maids.

[*He wheels the Queen in her chair to a further
corner of the stage behind a large screen covered
with views of Coburg-Gothan landscapes, and
picking up the bank-book she dropped, sits down
by the table covered with ledgers, &c.*

This then's my mother's bank book! I dare swear

Its pages bear a different tale from mine.

Mine's not a book I'd choose to foster slumber,

Or make a fav'rite bedfellow; mine is

A volume whose contents would likelier

Keep open wide the ports of grateful sleep.

Ah! who would be a prince? Men envy me;

They paint my life a round of blissful ease,
Of lazy happiness, unchecked excess;

They know not what a Prince's duties are,

When he's to do his mother's work for nought,

And be a King in all but name and wealth.

I wonder would it be a grievous sin

To look inside. (*Opens it.*) By Jove! a noble balance!

Six—seven figures, as I live! Yes, I'll

Be bold, and ask her for a biggish cheque.

[*Goes and peeps at the sleeping Queen.*]

She slumbers still. I fain would learn yet more,
Would see how goes the money I get not.

[*Examines book.*]

Ah! as I thought. Prince Pagan has a plum;

And, here again, the lucky chap, another!

What's this? A Christmas-box for Archie, eh?

Quite right; he merits it; he's badly served

By most of us, I own. But what's A. M.?

The initials constantly occur—A. M.

Once, twice, thrice, four times in a single page;

A tidy sum 'gainst each A. M., moreover,

What can it mean? (*Thinks.*) Aunt Mary, p'rhaps it is.

Yet, no, she could not spend so much.—A. M.?

It might be "Albor's maintenance," but then

I'm Albor, and it does not me maintain.

But stay, I have it. "Albor's Mausoleum!"

In sooth that's gravely guessed; it *must* mean that.

Heaven knows I speak in no unfilial strain,

But I begrudge the sums that tomb has cost.

If that be how to show true grief, it follows

Those cannot really grieve who have no wealth.

To lavish marbles and mosaics rich

Upon the dead one's tomb. To me it seems

(And much I loved the father I have lost)

The simple wreath of deathless *immortelles*,

The pink-tipped daisies watered with the tear

Of sorrow, better mark the mourner's grief

Than storied edifices raised in pomp,

Bedecked and 'dizened like an idol's shrine,

Radiant with marble, brilliant with the glow

Of sun-lit glass of rainbow-tinted hues;

A show place for the curious prying world.

Love *may* rear such a pile, but oftener

Ambition is the architect, and Pride

The master-builder: so, the structure raised

To show our sorrow for the dead becomes

A monument of how we love ourselves.

Perchance, though, I am partial in my mood,

And do the Queen injustice in my thoughts;

I'll shut the book nor search its secrets more.

[*Puts down book.*]

How true it is one fault leads to another!

Knowing my mother's balance at her bank,

I yearn for more financial information.

My fingers itch to ope another book:

This vellum-covered, brass-be-cornered tome,

Whose very look speaks loud of hidden wealth,

Is very tempting. Shall I? (*Suddenly.*) Yes I will.

[*He takes up very cautiously a large ledger labelled on back "Income and Expenditure Accounts, 187—," and again looking behind the screen, proceeds to examine its contents.*]

(*Excitedly.*) No, no, this cannot be. I do refuse

To accept my eyesight's evidence; no, no,

'Tis some good joke the Keeper of the Purse

Hath perpetrated. Yet the more I look,

The more it seems no hoax. I know the will

My father left was never proved. Why not,

I never knew; for if, as none gainsay,

He made his money fairly, why conceal

The sum he made by happy speculation

And careful stewarding the land of tin?

Was it a shame to him to leave so much?

And much it must have been, if what I see

Within this book be right: much, do I say?

Much is no word for it; I see arrays

Of revenue, that, capitalized, amount

To well nigh what the navy costs each year.

I figures see which mean the Sovereign draws

An annual sum ten times as great as mine,

I must have courage, knowing what I do,

To strike for more.

[*A noise behind the screen, at which in his alarm he drops the book on the floor.*]

Queen.

What's that?

The Prince (aside).

I'd better fly.

[*Exit.*]

[*Enter Ladies in Waiting rubbing their eyes.*]

Queen (coming out). What ho! there, Guelpho!

Ladies there, without!

1st Lady. Doth the Queen call?

Queen. Why am I left alone?

1st Lady. We left your eldest son with you, your Grace,

Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

Queen. Our eldest son! Where is he? let us see him!

He is not here? Quick, tell us where he is.

1st Lady. This door was open; he has gone this way.

Queen (suddenly noticing table with books). Where is my private ledger? It was here!
(*Eagerly.*) Hath the Prince ta'en it hence? Go seek him out!

2nd Lady (picking up book). Your Majesty, is this the book you miss?

Queen (taking it anxiously). 'Tis it But open, lying on the ground
He hath been reading it. Go fetch him hitner
Was he so hasty that he did suppose
Our sleep was endless? Fetch him here, I say.

[*Exit 1st Lady.*]

See ladies, see the sort of son we have,
Who, not content to bide his time, must needs
Pry into secrets that our death would tell.

2nd Lady. Lo! where he comes.

(*Enter the Prince.*)

Queen. Depart the chamber, all.

[*Exeunt ladies.*]

The Prince. I did not think you'd wake so soon,
my mother.

Queen. Wake when I may, thy sin was all the same.

The Prince. I only looked inside from curiosity.

Queen. A vain excuse. I stay too long for thee.
Thou dost so hunger for my empty chair
That thou must needs count up thy gains at once,
Before thy hour is ripe. O foolish youth!

Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee,

Thou count'st on chickens, son, as yet unhatched.

Thou'st seen long lists of figures and forthwith
Hast said, "See what great wealth my mother's is
That will be mine." But ah! thou little knowest.

I have some means, but if I should be spared,
I have a final work of love in hand.

I should have told thee soon why I'll not spare
More funds to feed thy great extravagance.

But thou shalt know it now—Albor! my son,
Thou hadst a father!

The Prince. Your Majesty, I had.

Pray—

Queen. Thou hadst a father,—do not interrupt,—
The best and greatest man that ever lived,
The best and greatest man that ever will;
And I, his sorrowing widow, do intend
To keep his memory green: some trivial acts
Of mine already witness my intent,
The Mausoleum built in yonder park,
Memorial and Hall in Alborland,
The Cairn in Gillieshire, and, more than this,
The Chapel that I lately have re-named:—
Before, 'twas Linsey's called, or some such name—
Some dead nonentity, no doubt—but now
ve christened it with a far worthier name,
Tis Albor's Chapel now.

The Prince. But, mother, think,

And tell me, do you feel no pain, no pang,
At thus destroying what was built and named
To keep the mem'ry of a great man green?

Queen. Not I. What's Linsey's memory to me?
Who's Linsey, when my Albor's in the case?
A thousand Linseys should give way to him.
But, as I said, a few things have I wrought
To show my sorrow for a Consort lost;
But they are but the signs of what's to come.
The trivial portents of the great event—
I mean to raise a Mausoleum yet
By which San Angelo shall lose its fame,
The Taj Mahal seem puny and a toy,
At which the very Pyramids shall dwarf.

The Prince. But think, my mother, ere you thus
expend

Fresh fortunes, have your living loves no claim
Upon your purse? Think, mother, have I none?
For years, since, stretching your prerogative,

You have removed yourself from public life,
Have I not in some measure ta'en your place,
And, aided by my darling wife, the pet
Of all the land, performed a regal part ;
Held drawing-rooms and levées, given balls,
Gone here, there, everywhere throughout the
shires,

Promoting loyalty by gathering crowds,
And giving them a show at which to gaze ?
And is it nought that in your noble name
I've played the host to many kingly guests ?
Been bored by ill-bred, savage visitors ;
Amused a Sultan, put up with a Shah,
And entertained in turn a Royal tribe ?
O, mother mine, 'tis no such easy task
To play the host to order as I do ;
Whoe'er the guest, white, black, or good or bad,
Pleasant or otherwise, I've yet to wreath
The same bland smile about my lips ; to press
All hands the same ; to embrace all cheeks alike ;
To vow how charmed I am ; to laugh, to chat,
To make them feel at home what time I wish
That most of them were quite abroad ; and then
The programme of amusement ; 'tis the same
For all ; its horrible monotony
Has grown into a torture hard to bear ;

I know its every item. Item one—
The visit to the Mansion House. Gross meats,
Full-bodied wines, and fuller-bodied men ;
Excess exalted, ignorance enthroned,
Cockney vulgarity apotheosized,
And filthy Mammon made into a God ;
A Lord Mayor at your side for several hours,
An Aldermanic vista 'fore your eyes,
A plague of Common Councilmen around—
Common's a word not nearly strong enough
To qualify the fathers of the City—
And then a floor knee-deep in mangled words,
In wounded concords ; and in h's dropped.—
Such an ordeal how many times I've passed
I dread to think. Then there is item two—
The visit to the Sydenham show in state ;
The inevitable concert in the nave ;
The noise upon the organ ; the display
Of squibs and rockets in the grounds outside ;
The crowds of snobs who sit and calmly stare
At us exhibited in Royal pen ;
Directors blessed, 'twould seem, with no back-
bones,

Who bow and scrape and give us unripe fruit,
And bilious delicacies, which no man
Possessed of sense or liver dares to eat.
Shall I go on, my mother ? Item three—
The Chiswick Garden Party, where are asked
The strangest set of guests that ever met
Under a common roof : or stay, I mean
Upon a common lawn ; for, Heaven be thanked,
The medley does not come into the house ;
You know the scene, my mother, you have come
Upon occasion. Fancy then my task,
When hitching in my arm my royal guest,
We walk, and I point out to him the folk
The Heir to Goldland's sceptre has to honour.
What would he think should I to him say " There,
Your Majesty, a bankrupt scribbler walks,
And next to him an usurer, who combines
His money-lending with the spread of news.
Beneath yon plane-tree sits a genius, who
Fosters the arts, helped by another's wife ;
Nearer to us a Teuton Hebrew stands,
Who finds his Goshen in our little isle,
And plunders the Egyptians with a will ;
Yonder's a lady who, if all were known,
Would long ago have looked on Hannen's face ;
Close to us, see —"

Queen (impatiently). Come, come, enough of
this ;

Thoud'st talk all night if I would list to thee,
And tell till morn thy seeming grievous tale.
'Tis true thou dost the work that once I did,
But thence thou'st honour prematurely gained ;
Thou hast, in sooth, tried on the kingly crown
Before 'tis time : thou should'st not carp at this,
And make it subject for a dunning speech ;
Thy conduct is not dutiful in this.

The Prince. But, mother mine, —

Queen. But me no buts ; my plan
Is well matured ; the site will be yon park :
And such th' elaborate details of my scheme,
That hours would not suffice to tell them all ;
But, briefly : I propose a monster Temple
Which would this Castle comfortably hold :
Its architecture splendid as may be ;
Marble its walls ; its doors of massive brass ;
Its inner fittings gorgeous as were those
Which Solomon —

The Prince. Unfilial it may be,

But, may it please you, mother, I want sleep ;
 And could you skip the details for to-night,
 My mind would better grasp them on the morrow.
 Besides, do you forget what Shakespeare wrote
 In Hamlet? The King says, " To persevere
 In obstinate condolment is a course
 Of impious stubbornness, unmanly grief ;
 It shows a will most incorrect to heaven ;
 A heart unfortified or mind impatient ;
 An understanding simple and unschool'd.
 For what we know must be, and is as common
 As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
 Why should we in our peevish opposition
 Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven!
 A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
 To reason most absurd." 'Tis thus it stands.

Queen. And what have Shakespeare's words to
 do with me?

'Tis ever thus with thee when I would talk
 Of Albor ; it should give thee joy to hear
 These details ; yet as thou art as thou say'st,
 I will not linger o'er them ; but I must
 The crowning notion of my project tell :—
 On central throne, Albor, colossal, sits,
 Whilst round, the sorrowing world bends, worship-
 ing.

No man, whose fame has lived until these days,
 But, reproduced by sculptor's art, will kneel
 Before the greatest man who ever lived :
 Homer will bow before the Genius
 Who put new words to Luther's Hymn ; Mozart
 Will bend before a Maestro who composed
 Gregorian chaunts ; Marlborough and Wellington
 Will kneel down at the feet of one who wished
 In vain to command our army ; Sheridan
 Will quail before the orator whose speech
 Sent working men to sleep ; Sir Isaac Newton

Blush deep before the man who found out Cole !
 Titian and Raphael their faces hide
 Before the hand which sketched our Highland
 home ;

Mechi be meek before the master-mind
 Which put fresh fat on pigs that puffed before.

[*At this moment the Prince, who has for some time
 been nodding in his chair, snores aloud.*

Alack ! he sleeps ; not e'en a catalogue
 Of his dead father's virtues keeps off slumber.

(*Raising her voice.*)

Guelpho !

The Prince (waking). A thousand pardons I
 must beg !

Queen. Go, ingrate son, nor hope to gain from me
 The monetary aid thou seek'st : nay, more ;
 I do expect that, using diligence
 And care, such as thy brother Humphburgh does,
 Thou sav'st some portion of thine annual pay,
 And bring'st it as an offering to the work
 I have at heart. Now call my maids and go !

The Prince (aside). A perfect mull have I made
 of my chance ;
 Methinks the Jews must gain their titles now.

Queen. You do not go : you mutter too !

The Prince (kissing the hand of the Queen). I
 fly !

What ho ! without there, maids ! Come quickly
 here !

(*Aside.*) Thus have my efforts failed, though well
 directed,

I get a check, but not what I expected.

[*Exit the Prince, and enter the Ladies of the
 Bedchamber, who commence to disrobe the
 Queen as the curtain falls.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Morning. A Room in Malborough House. A smell of smoke.*

(*Enter the Prince and Quoins.*)

The Prince. What's fresh to-day? Is the old Row grown new?

Quoins. Salmon and eels are fresh to-day as Wales
Last night. How is your head, my Lord of Mines?

The Prince. Not better for your din! I doubt that wine
Of Flabbishare's ne'er saw the ripening sun
At Moet's Epernay. Hast seen the Jew,
Who said he'd come down with a plum or too,
If the hook-nosèd girls could be presented?

Quoins. Yes, his Brough'm was there and he within it;
They say he's now too frightened of grim death
To step from out it, lest a charging horse,
Like that which upset you some years ago,
Should mark him with his hoof! He has a fear
Perhaps of hoofs, on earth and down below.

The Prince. Well! let him burn or slide, or what you will—
But did you speak with him?

Quoins. I met his eye;
He bowed and raised his brim, and then I saw
Another rascal join him from the crowd;
I could not stand the two, and so I fled.
Barring the sporting spider, I know none
Of any class of men so low as these.
I'd rather house with prize-fighters, or, say,
At Windsor, than be forced to pass my days
With those feul sons of Israel, who live
To lend fools moneý, and heap deed on deed
In usury, and make a pile of coin
For fatted nephews, and splay-footed girls.

The Prince. You make a pretty sportsman, *sans merci*,
To see your quarry, and then fly your game.

Quoins. Your highness, they, as Eton says, are awful;—

Have you heard the rank coward that Jew is?

The Prince. Who? Violet, who wants the sword
across
His back?

Quoins. That's he, he'd never *front* the steel!
And yet the man's been slain a thousand times:
He'll mount no cob, for fear of being thrown;
He'll go on board no yacht, fearing to drown;
And even walking in Pall Mall, he thinks
Of chimney-pot and cornice, lest they fall
And crush him. Mortality's his terror,
And plays the part of usurer to him,
Exactng each day higher interest,
And heaping fear on fear of what's to come,
Till earth is hell, and hell is earth made worse.
For God's sake, never knight him, my good prince,
He'd shriek aloud, tho' your blade were paste-board.

The Prince. 'Twould be worth hearing like the
shouts and screams
The peoplesh raised, under the dentistry
Of old, our ancestors did glumly use.

Quoins. Gumly, our Wales would say—

The Prince. I pray you net;
'Tis much too early for that sort of fun.
I wonder where our buckish hatter is.

Quoins. He's there in waiting! I saw him standing—

The Prince. Is that another *calembour*, my rogue?

Quoins. Not quite, my rogueship's master, but I have
A few fair ones that we'll uncork to-night,
With your permission.

The Prince. By my mother's wealth,
You never wait for that. But Mowbray comes;



THE RACE AT NEW YORK, 1854. (The Road); The Finish of the Race; Break-crowns; Cheats on the Course; Recovery of the Race.

Help me to give to him castorial orders.

Quoins. I've heard of "Harry with his beaver on,"

And "Who's your hatter" made a question of ;
And Guelpho now's what Shakspeare's Prince Hal was ;

But, soft, he comes, and well he may, as sure
He's very tender on his feet, your Grace,
For all he makes good head-pieces for courts.

The Prince. Tale-pieces, too, he's very valiant at ;—

Ask him, one day, to tell the *Conte Achille*—

[*Quoins starts.*]

No ! no ! 'tis not the "Siliad" nor "John D—,"
Nor is't a fiction of the *Contes bleus*,
But a rich, real, story of to-day.

(*Enter Mowbray, a Tradesman of R— Street.*)

Mowbray (bowing low). Your royal highness appointed me to-day

To take your orders for the coming fêtes ;
I've had some newer shapes expressly made.

[*Showing them.*]

Would your royal highness have them tried to-day ?

The Prince. By all means ; let us see what you have done.

[*He looks at some hats and Mowbray goes for more.*]

Is not this brim too upturned, think you, *Quoins* ?

Quoins. For those whose nose turn up, 'tis, I think,

But for us aquilines, it's just the thing.

The Prince. Mowbray goes now in for the *modes Françaises*,

Since that good-looking Bonapartist prince,
Whose father was that *beau sabreur* of Nap's,—

Quoins (interrupting). Nap ! Nay, my prince,
there is a hatter here,

Who knows too much of naps for you and me.

The Prince. Mowbray was paid his Naps, no doubt, no doubt—

Quoins. That's my vocation, prince, that you usurp.

The Prince. I a usurper ; that's *lèse majesté* ;
I am the Queen my mother's loyal son.

Quoins. 'Tis very true you're very true and good,

Overmuch so, I think—to *others*, mind ;
To *me* thou art a little hard, to filch
My quality—

The Prince. Why, you giver of pills,
I'll physic thee—what quality hast thou
That I appropriate—your M.D.-ship ?

Quoins. D.M. the M.D.-ship. Diplomatist
I'm not—and cure as badly as the rest ;
But 'tis the puns I care about, they're *mine*
To make ; and I would parody a phrase,
And say " If I may make a prince his puns,
Who makes the country's history I care not."

The Prince. Here's a patriot !

Quoins. No ! I'm a punster ;
Take not my cap and bells, I do beseech.

The Prince. We 'll compromise ; for you, the cap shall be ;

I'll have the *belles*. Here jaunty Mowbray comes.

(*Re-enter Mowbray, and Attendant with hat-boxes.*)

Mowbray (opening a box). This is a little less up-turned, your Grace*,

And not so continental in its look.

The Prince. What say you, Doctor Wit, like you its form ?

Quoins. Continent all, I wish, were prince and suite,

In their appearance and their *deeds* as well ;

So do I stand on a dilemma's horns—

The Prince (to Quoins). Get down ; the site's too classic to endure.

(*To Tradesman.*) Mowbray, 'twill do. Ellest shall order them.

Mowbray (retiring). I think your highness will be quite content.

The Prince (to Mowbray). Good-morrow, Mowbray. (*Looks at the clock.*) Just half an hour late.

Oh, what a virtue's punctuality,

* *Your Grace.* Shakespeare thought "*Your Grace*" high style enough for his "Prince Hal." Michael Drayton asks :
" When shall we breed a jea
Such a King Harry ?"

Warrant enough, we think, for the "Grace" of a Royal tradesman.

The "late lamented" always told me so ;
 And she, *ma mère*, once half a minute late
 For audience, chided her own delay,
 And begged acceptance of apology :
 I'm no son of Queen Victa there—that's flat ;—
 Well, I will haste ; I'm overdue for Knowles ;
 Then Andrewson, with all those damned accounts.
Au revoir, Quoins ; I will be kind to thee,
 For all thy faults and speech.

Quoins. Thanks, my good liege ;
 There spoke the real prince, for all *his* faults.

[*Is leaving the room.*]

The Prince. (*Takes a letter from his pocket.*) Here,
 Dicky Bird (*Quoins returns*), come, fly with
 this ; you know. [*Exit Prince.*]

Quoins (*looking at letter*). I ! no ! yes ! phew !
 By Jove and all the sky.

That's on again ! My "Lady Raby Thorncombe."

[*Exit Quoins.*]

SCENE II.—*Evening. An Apartment at Malborough House.*

The Prince Guelpho and Palstaff discovered.

Palstaff. Guelpho, dear boy, my pink and
 prince of Poole's

Most marvellous creations, what's the time ?

The Prince. Time ? Why, that last long round
 of B and Polly,

The liquor of our royal heart they say
 In those cursed comic weeklies, was it mixed
 So badly that oblivion's the effect

In that well-seasoned head ? The time ! the time !
 Ugh ! don't I know it ? Isn't there a ream
 Of loyal addresses somewhat weak in syntax
 To be run through with Knowles, and fitly
 answered ?

But he'll do it ; K's such a dab at letters :
 He's Gladstone, Garibaldi, Victor Hugo,
 Rolled into one epistolary model.

Next I've to choose the pattern for the hangings
 Of my own den on board the Serapis.

Lastly—good gracious !—mustn't I decide
 Whether I'll stop two days in dear old Paris,
 Or give the time to Athens and ennui ?

Palstaff. (*His heels picturesquely deposited on
 mantelpiece.*)

And yet forsooth those wretched Rads still say
 A Prince's place is easy as a Bishop's.
 Why, I'd not change with you, lad, for the crown
 You'll have—well, when you're fifty, and the sire
 Of two or three prolific German couples.
 Not for the smiles of Bouffe and Palais Royal ;
 Not for Grand Masters' aprons ; not to have
 Glib Dizzy puff me, and Jon Duan chaff.

I feel a chronic want of several thous ;
 I don't get grants from Parliament ; and Poole
 Rejects my I O U's. Aye, even Vawson,
 E'en though the Carlton's stiff-hinged gates I
 strove

To ope before the oilèd Israelite,
 Will fly no kites for love—or cent. per cent.
 And yet, my Prince, I would not change with you.

The Prince. Where lives the simpleton who
 would, alas !

Just reach a dry Intimidad, and let
 These fettered and too fleshy limbs stretch free
 From Mason's aprons and from hussar's boots,
 From garters, from the folds of ermine mantles,
 From all the properties that help us play
 The Prince's part in silly, snobbish England.
 Let me yawn once with ne'er a scribe to note
 The facial distortions of his highness.
 Rest and be—woeful here in mine own lounge,
 Removed from Jenkins, Mayors, Corporations,
 Those sworn tormentors of the British Prince,
 And taste sweet freedom and a good cigar.
 As Hamlet says —

Palstaff. What, Hamlet ! Oh, my Prince,
Tu quoque, Brute ! Hast *thou* caught the fever ?
 The lyric drama fever, that but lately
 Came into fashion with the Ulsters, haply
 May die out with the Cheviot suits next year.
 Thou, too, forsworn, firm patron of burlesque,
 Thou judge of ankles and thou friend of Foole,
 Caught by the dreary monotone a lank
 And lantern-jawed North-countryman brawled out

For twice a hundred nights, to edify
 Æsthetic spinsters, giv'n to spectacles.
Quantum mutatus! He who falls so low
 Deserves to have trite Latin quoted to him.

The Prince. Nay, nay, I did say "Hamlet" but
 on "spec,"

Because 't would seem he uttered all the things
 That sound sublime in after-dinner speeches.
 But as he or some other bilious bore
 Is stated to have said when sorely hipped—
 After perchance a bad night at the club—
 How weary, flat, stale, and unprofitable,
 Seem to me all the uses of this world.
 I've not the Dane's strong reasons to go mad,
 It isn't quite philosophy that plagues me :
 But, oh, this same old round of dreary duties
 And drearier pleasures ! Oh, the potting bears
 In the dark forests of the Woronzoff,
 While the Great Autocrat talks strategy
 To me, who never could command a halt,
 But once was pris'ner ta'en on Surrey hills !
 And Humphburgh feels on thorns lest I should
 crack

A double entente in easy *coulisse* French,
 And so revolt a family that boasts
 Such spick and span flowers of propriety
 As Fanny Lear's particular Grand Duke.
 Oh, those dull battues with a hundred gillies,
 In dear mamma's own Versailles, Brighton, Pots-
 dam—

Those everlasting and oppressive Highlands.
 I've shot in France, in Sweden, in the States,
 Pursued the boar at Chantilly, and matched
 My Minton 'gainst the doves at Hurlingham—
 And as a rule they've come off worst. Ah, me !
 They call it sport, dear boy, they call it sport,
 And guess not how I'd rather be a squire—
 Even a tenant on Lord Darnley's land—
 And shoot o'er mine own acres, dog at heel,
 To hie me home to supper in the dusk,
 And talk guano and triennial crops.

Palstaff. Truce to bucolics, sweetest coz ; they
 come

But ill from thee. For all this talk of milk
 And honey, and cream cheese, and beans and
 bacon—

I fancy that's all country people live on—
 They've got the lilt and trip of Offenbach,

Bastard bucolics Halévy might write,
 Burnand adapt, and Farnie set to tunes.
 No, no, the only country thou'st e'er known
 Is but a combed and scented counterfeit,
 A thing of model farms where pigs are lodged
 In patent styes that Hodge regards as boudoirs ;
 A place wherein to "pick up" after Paris,
 Hunt and give croquet parties, and enjoy
 Sweet converse with vivacious Smithton's set,
 Gay Smotherland and e'en my humble self.
 But real, naked Nature, faugh ! she's just
 A common slut that smells of coop and slush,
 Savouring of all the kitchen processes
 Whereby she turns out dishes fit for *us*.
 Keep to the paint, and essences, and laces,
 There is the only sphere that suits our kind.
 The days are gone of simple "Farmer George,"
 The current of our lives has faster grown,
 And if they'd live, princes must head the stream.

The Prince (awaking). Daresay, daresay—
 you're dev'lish eloquent.

Fast, did you say ? that's what they all cry out—
 The parsons, Bradlaugh, Odger, Mrs. Grundy,—
 Fast is my line. I've taken patents out
 For reckless driving through each hedge and fence
 Of social life ! I am the Great Fast Prince !
 For why ? Great-uncle George was surely not
 A very tortoise in his mode of life ;
 At least I know mamma can't hear his name
 Without in the John Knox style rampaging—
 And now ? I don't think Humphburgh's prince
 quite fit

To make a Knight of Malta, though he's close,
 And newly married—facts the public hopes
 Mean virtue or its decent substitute.
 Young Braghtur's trips to Italy were queer ;
 And look abroad.—Take the Galantuomo :
 Is *he* quite up to Albor the Good One,
 In that fierce light that beats upon a throne,
 And heats a prince's passions to a flame ?
 Was Isabella quite like our Queen Bess,
 For all the Golden Rose was sent to her ?
 Hasn't that Munich music-maniac got
 A small *faux pas* or two to answer for ?
 And didn't Lola fondle his late sire ?
 Then, save us all ! The Bonapartes ! Prince
 Pierre,
 Who wed the milliner ; Plon-plon Jérôme,

Famed for a dotard's furious taste for teens ;
 And e'en to soar unto the topmost branch,
 I ask you if the last great pinchbeck Cæsar
 Was quite Arthurian—save in *one* respect ?
 You've not forgot the Bellanger affair—
Belle femme, that Marguerite ; Nap *had* good taste,
 I must allow, in woman-flesh. I've seen
 Queer goings on, too, at the Tuileries
 In that seraglio of *Américaines*
 He kept about him during recent years.
L'Américaine, you know, became a type,
 An institution not much less "peculiar"
 Than t'other Yankee one they fought about.

Palstaff. Nay, not a word against the little
 witches.
 Peculiar, do you say, forsooth ? Just list
 And learn what I think of the institution.

(*Declaims.*)

L'Américaine.

When you have suffered a season of parties,
 Waltzed with all Cockaigne's pale Gorgons and
 Graces,
 Wondering where the confusion the heart is
 Under those breast-plates of muslins and laces,
 Wondering whether the white shoulders you tickle,
 As your breath makes the loose ringlets gyrate,
 Own aught but cold cream and powder as cuticle—
 Dine at the Langham at eight !

If we ~~must~~ all hang ourselves—try a *new* rope ;
 Played out your Howards, de Veres, Mont-
 morencies ;
 Gone to the wall old emasculate Europe,
 Worn out in sinews, in notions, and senses !
 Where are your girls that can lure us and cozen—
 Be devilish, delicious, kind—cruel as fate—
 Be women, in fact ? If you'd flirt with a dozen—
 Dine at the Langham at eight !

"Minnè-haha," laughing water we'll name you,
 Stream of dear lasses from States Transatlantic,
 Freshening our lives' sullen ooze—and who'll
 blame you ?
 Making at times the tide painfully frantic.
 "Minnè-haha," hear it laugh frank and freely,
 Mixed with the jingle of glasses and plate ;
 Briton, to cure one's *ennui* you must really
 Dine at the Langham at eight !

Dine at the Langham ! but not for the dishes,
 Not for the buckwheat and dough-nuts and candy,
 Though they don't merit your pooh-poohs and
 pishes,
 Cook knows his business ; the waiters are handy ;
 But for *L'Américaine*, just to enjoy her
 Arch words and ways, her divine *airs de tête* ;
 Never mind Baron Brisse, Gouffé and Soyér—
 Dine at the Langham at eight !

L'Américaine ! you may say that her manners
 Are free, that she brags, talks tall-ly and bounces,
 Yet all the sweet scents of her own Savannahs
 Come out of her ribbons, her ringlets, and
 flounces.
 Say that her nice nasal tone's an offence, or
 The way that she flirts is a tempting of fate ;
 Well, then, go and dine, immaculate censor—
 Dine at the Langham at eight !

There you will find them all, dear country cousins,
 Outshining native-bred spouses and sisters,
 Flirting and eating and chatting by dozens,
 Their adjectives plain, their appetites—twisters,
Outré their dresses, outrageous, delightful,
 Making our women-folk wither with hate ;
 If you'd think all Bond Street dowdy and frightful—
 Dine at the Langham at eight !

Salt of our slow London life, oh, sweet strangers,
 When you desert us for heavenly Paris,
 Think of the wight who can't laugh at love's
 dangers,
 The Briton grown reckless who gloomily marries.
 Not you ! you'll simply and surely forget him,
 But you'll come back to us sooner or late—
 Then ?—Well, I'd counsel his wife not to let him
 Dine at the Langham at eight !

The Prince. Not bad, but lyrics ain't much in my
 line.

Th' ancestral sentiment I rather like
 Concerning "boetry and bainting"—and
 Approve mamma, who always tells the preachers
 To cut the sermon short and quote no verse.
 What's to be done ? A man can't smoke for ever,
 And life, worse luck, is not all B and Polly.

(Enter Attendant.)

Attendant. Lord Hope Forlorn, your highness, craveth audience.

The Prince. Confound Lord Hope Forlorn !
He's brought that poem.

I feel the frigid warning in the air—
The shadow of gigantic Alexandrines.
Well, well, of course the infliction must be borne,
Family ties are sacred after all,
E'en though they're apt to rasp a fellow sorely.

Palstaff. Besides, list here. You want to be amused,
You're dying for a good Olympian laugh.
Well, I've a scheme will bring it to your lips
In peals your uncle George could never equal :
Admit the poet, leave the play to me.

(Enter Lord Forlorn, attended by Piper, bearing presentation copy of "Lido and Guita.")

The Prince. How goes it, Jack? Sit down, light up, and ring,
Si le cœur vous en dit, for some more Vichy.

Forlorn. My most revered fraternal liege and friend—

The Prince. Listen, Palf, hear what comes of writing verse.

Forlorn. Nor mineral water, nor Havannah weed,
Can soothe this haughty Highland spirit, nurtured
On Dr. Watts and Scotch theologies.
Such carnal pleasures would the Kirk denounce—
And what would Argyll be without the Kirk?

The Prince (aside). *En fait* d'Argyll, I much prefer the Rooms.

Forlorn. I pray your kind acceptance of this work,
The fruits of studious nights and dreamy days ;
Nights when Luguelpha supped with her mamma,
Days when I wasn't ordered until late—
A humble tribute of profound respect,
And, let me add, of brotherly affection.

The Prince (aside). Confound his coolness ;
brotherly be hanged !
(*Aloud.*) Thankee, I think I've heard of it. It's
verse,
Or something of that sort. I don't read much
Except the *Field*, the *Sportsman*, new French
novels,

And what our Annual satirists indite
When Christmas comes. But I'll run over this
At night, be sure. (*Aside.*) The rubbish will
replace

The Mater's pious essays upon Death
And other cheerful subjects which were once
My literary nightcaps.

Forlorn. Con it well.

Ah, Guelpho, all you carpet knights—roués
Intent on ten-pound points and shapely tights —
Know not the tender solace of the Muse ;
How dear her voice is after dull debates
Where Adderley or Newdegate doth lead ;
You don't know how the visions she suggests
Comfort this weary, luckless hanger-on
To the furred border of the purple Royal.

The Prince. Aye, aye, the posture can't be much
more pleasant

Than it is dignified. One's wife's ain folk
Are seldom in a man's affections first,
Nor welcomed best at his mahogany.
A mother *in law* is seldom one *in love*—
But oh, when you must kneel to her and scrape,
When she's your mistress by the grace of God,
As well as a domestic incubus
Imposed by marriage—Jack, that's doubly hard,
And faith, I can't think how you bear your lot ;—
To bring the rear up in each royal show,
Sit next the salt eternally, and see
Your name the last, a postscript permanent,
In paragraphs the Courtly Newsmen pens ;
Whilst home delights, I hear, don't compensate
For public slights. You play the Royal Consort—
How well the poor dad knew the bitter rôle—
E'en in your slippers and your dressing-gown,
If you do ever doff your livery :
While *she* moulds busts, lo you shall knead the
clay.

Forlorn. 'Tis *just* for this I warble—to conceal
That too obtrusive coronet with bays.

Palstaff (aside to Prince). A word with him.
He'd run on thus for hours—

Those Scottish bards were ever long of wind—
Their early bagpipes made them so, no doubt.

(*Aloud.*) Your muse is chaste and tender, O
my lord,
As though Sir Arthur Aid had brought her up
On his own savoury spoon food, warrantèd

To wean us from the world, the flesh and de'il.
 But how about her subjects, noble bard?
 Are they not over narrow, classic, tame?
 Come, give the lady greater latitude;
 Let her wings wave more widely, her white throat
 Give out a freer and a fuller strain;
 Sing the great world we move in, sing the Real,
 And leave to Babel's poet, called Miss Byron,
 Your Lidos and your Guitas and a' that;
 Exalt yourself and sing Society.

Forlorn. Which?

Palstaff. Why, the only living true one—ours.

Forlorn. I know it not—and yet I fain would know;

I feel sometimes a need of livelier things
 Than rhyming and presiding at school feasts,
 And backing movements for augmenting curates.

Palstaff. Augmenting curates, pish! Augment them, do,

I don't much mind; but while you are augmenting,
 Perform the same kind office for the poor,
 Who don't wear surplices, and seldom shirts;
 Get up subscriptions to augment the sum
 Of senatorial wisdom at St. Stephen's.
 Augment shipowners' shrivelled hearts; the brains
 Of some ship captains; and the honesty
 Of all Teutonic bankers—these are wants
 As great as those of curates, be assured.

The Prince. But now as to Society; poor Jack
 Must see a little life. (*Aside.*) I see your game,
 My naval friend, there's humour in the scheme.

Forlorn. But virtuously, I pray. Soil not the dove;

Drag not this spotless tartan in the mire—
 Remember how particular papa is.

Palstaff. You mean, no ladies! Never fear, the sex

Is banished from our revels for to-night.
 Songs and cigars, and rubbers with old chums:
 That's all—and see, the chums appear in time.

(*Enter* Smithton, Finchford, Foole, Dr. Redline,
 Fitz-Kam, Dance, Hardolph, &c.)

Smithton. How do, dear boys?

The Prince. Tol-lol, but bored to death.

Hardolph. No touch of that old fever?

The Prince.

Not a jot.

Hardolph. It made me sell that place in Hampshire, hang it!

You owe me compensation; for, *entre nous*,
 That typhus wasn't quite the least productive
 Of your adventures. But who's here? Forlorn!
 He with Church whiskers and a poet's hair,
 He in Abaddon's cave—Eheu! Eheu!
 How have the mighty fallen! What a depth!

Omnes. The Lord of Ile! It is the Lord of Ile!

Finchford. What means this masquerade, O thou sweet soul

Of goody goodness? But, Smithton, sing
 That song of yours about the Goody Lord
 Whom we turned fairly from his narrow ways
 To our broad paths of pleasantness and joy:—
 He came from Scotland, too, and nearly won
 The place Forlorn got into later on.

Smithton sings—

The Goody, Goody, Lord,

Came a goody, goody, lord,
 Whose capacious brains were stored
 With an edifying hoard

Of new facts

Of a kind that does not shock
 That One Reader of the *Rock*,
 But is just the thing to stock

High Church tracts.

Came the goody, goody, lord
 From the country so adored
 By our Queen—she feels abroad

When in Surrey.

Came that lord across the Tweed
 At Prince Leiningen's own speed
 On the back of a spent steed

In a hurry.

Said the goody, goody lord,
 When all Kensington he'd bored,
 "It's a shame! I am ignored

By the Court,

Which shows taste in coats and hats,
 Which likes gillies, which likes brats,
 But a preacher! oh, dear, that's

Not their sort.

" So I'll take my stand alone,
Independent of the Throne—
Even Royalty shall own
 There's some stuff
In the interesting laird,
Though not with a princess paired,
Whom envious tongues have dared
 Call a muff."

So, his piety proved vain,
For we must narrate with pain,
On his 'scutcheon came a stain
 Very black.
For one night I took him round,
And I very quickly found
That his morals were not sound,
 But were slack.

He got drunk and did declare
" I'll turn reprobate and scare
Scottish parsons with the air
 Called Slap-bang
And I'll stay out late at night,
And I'll come home doosed tight—
Even now I'm getting quite
 Up in slang.

" Oh, they called me soft and meek,
I'll go in for every freak
Of the Prince's jolly clique,
 All their whims.

" B. and S. shall be my drink ;
I'll tip ballet girls the wink,
And grow glib about their pink
 Nether limbs.

" I'll drop thousands at roulette
At Monaco I'll bet,
And at Paris I'll be met
 By *cocottes*.
You shall see, though mild of face
He can break out, kick the trace,
And go Beelzebub's own pace,
 Can the Scot."

And that goody, goody, lord,
We are sorry to record,
Kept his highly naughty word,
 Joked and jeered

At the things he revered erst,
Drank and sang, and smoked and cursed,
Went behind the scenes and—worst—
 Grew a beard !

Palstaff. Bravo ! Now tables. Who's for loo—
for whist,
Ecarté? Nay, lads, we bar not the dice
In reason.

The Prince. Nay, for once, let's drop the cards.

Redline. The devil's picture-books they're falsely
called ;
They're mirrors—for they show so many knaves !

Smithton. The special is in vein to-night ; that's
what
They call at learned clubs an epigram.

Foole. An epigram ! A priggish kind of joke
That assumes the haughty airs of real wisdom.
Give me my quips ; they're plain, and frank, and
free ;
They don't want explanations and foot-notes ;
They don't profess to aught but laughter breed—
Laughter that links pit, gallery, and stalls
In one loud, irresistible guffaw—
Those are what I call jokes !

Redline. Those are what I call
The " Here we are again ! " of modern humour—
The vile *va victis* of all ancient wit—
Mere clownish clap-trap uttered from the stage,
To circulate for months, outdoors and in.

Dance. None of your Latin, old 'un. Rather tell
One of those racy Irish anecdotes,
Full of deep " achs," " begorra's," shillelaghs ;
I go in for the Irish line myself
In costume, long-tailed frieze and roofless hat,
And finish with a jig.

Redline. My stock of tales
Is, by command, reserved for the near journey
Of England's Heir unto the banks of Ganges ;
Into the fiery heart of that far realm
Our sword has conquered and our wisdom keeps,
(Content, of course) for this royal race of ours ;
To India, land of mystery and might,
Where stalks the elephant, a moving castle,
Where springs the spotted tiger from the jungle,
Where flirt grass widows, where " hill scandals "
flourish,
Where blooms the lotus —

Smotherland. Copy, Doctor, shame !

To tell us all the gush you'll give the *Times* ;
We'll read that 'neath the punkahs later on,
And bless our stars our Indian junketings
Are told in the mellifluous prose that sketched
Inkerman, Balaklava, the Crimea,
Which were not themes so worthy of your pen,
As tiger hunts, and Rajah's nuzzurs, changes
Of uniform innumerable, school feasts,
And Bible presentations, barrack balls.

Palstaff (to Prince). The game's afoot. They're
at the dice at last ;

See how the coursing blood mounts up and dyes
The broad and narrow brows, the gamester's colour ;
See how they stake, and how all grow apace
Proficient with the bones as you or I,
Or Humphburgh's self, the master of us all.

The Prince. There go the profits of the Derby
books,

If profits there be any, I dare swear.

Smithton (from table). What ho, there ! Pour
the nectar for the bard ;

Oh, life looks golden through this amber stream ;
Its cares but airy bubbles that impart
A briskness to the draught. Your throw, old chum.
Six—eight—luck turns. A tenner on the next.
(*To Forlorn.*) Art growing learned in the noble art ;
Art growing a good fellow from the "goody ?"
Be one of us ; be one of our own set,—
Our kidney ; that's the graphic term. You'd have
A latch-key by to-morrow afternoon.

Finchford. He'll find the Scot no convert.

The Prince. But as firm

As Ripon in his new religion. Ours—
Which brooks no mummeries, which naught pre-
scribes

As to confessions, save those soft ones made
In ladies' ears, which e'er get absolution,
And not unfrequently rewards—

Finchford. (Interrupting). Religion !

There is none like that one we faithful practice.
It has for its first finest dogma, freedom :
Freedom to live the lives we like the best—
Always within the bounds of *convenience* ;
To place our pride in deftly-fashioned coats ;
To vie each with the other in cravats
Of new device and colours ; to select

The rarest brands, the richest vintages,
The prettiest girls, the studs of purest blood,
And spend our idle and delicious days
Between a boudoir and a stable.

Dance. Ten !

That makes the thousand. I begin to see
Much profit in my pleasure.

Palstaff (to Forlorn). Don't the keen
Canny commercial spirit, which has g'ien
Two noble tradesmen to the City, wake
And teach my lord to calculate his gains,
And doubtless dream of what's the best investment.

Forlorn. Shame on you all ! What wicked
tricks you play !

Smotherland. Tricks ! Three by cards, and two
by honours—flooded !

A man should go to bed who dares lead trumps
With such a hand as mine to play.

Smithton. (To Forlorn). Deuce, ace !

Wouldn't the mere words shock your ministry !
And yet, somehow, they subtle tones distil,
More dulcet than the organ droning psalms
In dreary Crathie's drearier village kirk.
I like the music, I confess the fact ;
It can't be helped, we're going to the deuce—
We who unto our fellows never showed
As patterns of demure propriety ;
Nor shamed their pigeon-shooting with our books,
Rebuked their gay whist-parties with our speeches ;
Nor by our strict domestic constancy,
Mutely condemned those trips across *La Manche*,
With which all Britons e'er refreshed themselves,
From Georgius Primus to E. Septimus.
You've born the white flower of a blameless life ;
Where was the use ? It sounded well enough,
But lilies have gone out of fashion quite.
So *vive* the wine-red roses on the brows,
That never redden save with warmth of wine ;
Long live the modern pink and plump Ideal,
The pleasures we can taste without a thought,
The loves we can indulge without a heart—
All the cool carnal world we see around,
Our sphere, our own sweet set, our seasoned friends.

Fitzkam. D— it, as Kamdux pater would
observe—

Hast ever heard his deep voice muttering
The monsyllables adown Pall Mall ?—

D— it, I think the Scot's too much for us.

Palstaff. Too much ! Not he ; he's captivated
half

By this one glimpse of glorious revelry ;
Poor lad, he's been too clever all his life.

Forlorn. Too clever ! 'tis the word. Well said,
old man,

Too clever ! it recalls the bliss I missed
Long years ago, before they made of me
The husband of her highness. This I writ,
A little song, to mark the episode.

Palstaff. Now, as they used to say at Evans's—
Order, gents, number 'underd in the books,
Peace for the Campbell's early song of love !

Forlorn rises and declaims.

Too Clever.

I was making my views of cosmogony clear,
When she turned in her petulant fashion and
purred ;
" Stop ! there's something keeps teasing me under
the ear."

So there was : A ladybird.

Ah ! the obstinate mount a man's hobby-horse is ;
Ah ! the acres of Eden it carries him by.
Oh ! I ought to have seen the mouth ready to kiss,
Not insect—ready to fly !

But my steed strode on stilts, and I saw from its
back,

Not a hint of his rare winsome girl I might win,
But a little red animal spotted with black
That tickled a lady's skin.

And what beetle stayed boldly. The curved lips
meant, " Come

What a chance thrown away ; he's too stupidly
clever."

Then—I punished that fly between finger and
thumb,

And let that kiss go for ever.

The Prince. Well now, Jack, you have seen us at
our play.

Heard with what ease and freedom we converse—
On horsey subjects, and eke feminine ;
Now say, doth Kensington hold joys like this ?
Is't sweeter to write verse that no one reads—
Save snobs who'd read a Blue-book by a lord,
And critics doomed to cut a dozen pages—

Con heavy sermons, and at night go out
To wait upon my lady like a page ?

Forlorn. P'rhaps not. Your gilded youth tempts
one to feel

That mine's but leaden juvenility.

I speak not here of serious things, my liege,
'T would be a waste of words, I fear me much ;
Still, there's another world ye wot not of—
A world of manners easy as your own,
And rather keener wit. I'll show you that,
An' you are willing, as a small return
For your kind entertainment here.

Omnes.

Agreed !

Palstaff. But where, oh, where's this freer set
than ours,
And can it well exist ?

Forlorn. The set I've known,
Since in the noble legion of the published
My name's been classed. It is the world that
writes—

Whenever it's hard up, not otherwise—
And puns and plays and puffs, and libels, free,
Makes bills of various kinds—playbills and kites,
Drinks deeply, and loves lightly, and swears hard ;
An idle vagrant scampish crew, my boys,
Whose printed lies shape all your lordships' lives,
Who sagely trace the purpose of the Czar
Over a pipe, and pot of half-and-half ;
Who foresee Turkish solvency, half sprung,
And have been known to back Gottheim when
drunk !

They live in a vast chaos of M.S.
Whence is evolved, from time to time, by fits,
A farce, a tract, a guide-book, a romance,
An essay on the currency, an ode
On Suez shares, Royal jaunts to Ind—
That is the world I ask you to explore.
Excuse its oaths ; note not its jealousies,
Its small incessant sickening talk of shop—
Above all, never lend it any tin ;
Still, pray remember, Guelpho, that the world
Owes much to those who make your speeches read
A little like the grammar of a prince
Whose schooling cost a hundred thousand pounds.
But, an' you will, we'll see the other world.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

SCENE III.—*At the sign of the Cap and Bells, Westcheap, or elsewhere. A circular bar, behind which a galaxy of beauty condescends, when not sentimentally engaged, to draw "bitter" and serve "sodas split." Marble tables in discreet penumbra for the convenience of retiring couples engaged in preliminary spooning, intermediate tiffs, or the final arrangement of extra-legal decrees nisi.*

Discovered in various bibulous attitudes : Sweteburn, the Pindaric Bard ; Grantys Schmit, the Critic of the Age ; Shockyar and H. Slee, comic bards ; O'Mee, the Highfaluter ; Rigidone ; Laxun ; Grandsel, the Theatrical Agent ; Editors, Humorous, Literary, and Pictorial ; Sandy, of the Caledonian ; the Character Actor ; the Funny Man ; Irish and Scotch Journalists ; the Satirist ; Actors, Authors, Managers, &c.

Grantys S. Lean back and get a moment's peace, I say ;
Perhaps your own loose lurid verse will calm you—
Although *that's* not the general effect.

Sweteburn. Faustine, ah, sweet and small, and serpentine,
White woman with the weird and wicked eyes.

Grantys S. He's off now ! he'll alliterate till dawn ;
You'll find him at the earliest public-house,
Hissing long lines of s's o'er the bar ;
And worse, he'll do it too in French or Greek,
Or German or Italian ; for he'll say
Things not fit to be heard in fifteen tongues ;
But really, seriously, I must inquire,
Has not the child of genius had enough

Sweteburn. Enough, sir ! I have never had enough
Of anything, except, it may be, Life.
I have lived long enough, having seen this thing,
That you critics are muffs,
So I burn all the weeklies and mean to ignore all
your pouts and your puffs.
If you'll but glance again at those rich songs
That set the world ablaze ten years ago,
You'll find I'm nought if not insatiable.
This breast's a void, nor love nor liquor fills,
With the thirst of the Infinite it aches.

Grantys S. Barmaid, my dear, d'you keep the Infinite ?

(*Enter the Prince Guelpho, Lord Hope Forlorn, and Scala.*)

Scala. This is the place and hour ; look you around,
And see the intellect of England focussed.
Newspaper offices to right and left,
Theatres all around, you'll own the place
Is fitly chosen ; orders can be got,
Or tardy "copy" sent up in a trice.
Now stand aside, and watch the curious throng
While I play the Virgilian cicerone
Unto our Dante.

The Prince. The Inferno's gay,
The Shades, too, seem but wine shades at the worst.

Grantys S. I said to Browning, give us lyric work
And drop your modern philosophic lays ;
The slang of the *Inn Album* and *Fifine*
Degrades *Sordello*.

Rigidone. Heads ! You pay for drinks.

The Prince. Eh ? What's that, Jack ? It sounds like pitch and toss.

Scala. The frolics of a pure dramatic censor,
Whose mind unbends itself to quips like these,
And for a time forgets the virtuous task
Of "slating" Grandsel and the Ripirelle.
But in that lean and nervous Irish hand
Place the keen critic's pen—and *gard à vous !*
'Twill traverse every fleshing, find the harlot
Of lordly amateur 'neath silk and padding—
Stab the ill-earned repute unto the heart.
'Twill tap dramatic pimps till they grow faint,
And find no longer comfort in the fair
And facile harems where they reign supreme,
Dispensing smiles and places in the chorus.

The Prince. And where does this knight-errant
of the stage

This Quixote of the *coulisse*, couch his lance ?

Scala. Alas, in lowly lists enough, I fear.

In that broad print, pretentious e'en in price,
That still, heaven save us ! talks of *Ton*, "high
life,"

The *beau monde* ; terms we've left to ladies'
maids ;—

That smells of patchouli and musk, and all
The pungent perfumes of the parvenu ;
And prates of "Lady A." and "Viscount B.,"
Daring but breathe a lord's initials, like
The poor backstairs Court Circular it is.

The Prince. Nay, but if all the critics are so
good,

I fear the evening will be somewhat dull.
I'm not averse to spiciness, myself,
And somehow can't get on with men who are.
That's why I don't get thick with Martle Phreer—
Bless me ! the man has never seen Judic !

Cater (to Laxun). Of course, dear boy, of
course ; the thing is done.

You wrote up that two-headed dwarf of mine
With such delightful unction, I'm your slave.
Your *protégé* shall have the part, your wife
Her box ; and as for those few comic songs,
I'll come down handsomely—two pounds a-piece !
Ha, ha, my boy, you don't know what's in store
For my refined and tasteful patrons—guess.

Laxun. The Barmaid Show is done. It can't
be babies !

Flowers I'm sure you're far too cute to have.

Cater. No, no ; not that. Just think of this,
my boy,

A Show of Ballet Girls, with prizes, there !
Won't there be crowds ! Won't there be tin
returned !

But keep it dark. If Graum but heard of it
He'd do the thing—with limelight and balloons.

Laxun. Bravo, super b ! They'll say the show's
immoral,

Of course ; just let them. Why not ballet girls ?
Haven't the Crimean heroes shown themselves
Just for a-dinner and a pound or two ?

Scala. Hear him, sweet simple soul, that sees
no harm

In leg gesticulations, topic songs,
The wit of *Vert Vert* and of *Dagobert*.
The tights expand—he shuts his eyes. Belle
Rose

Risks a *pas seul* ; those spectacles prevent
Aught but the purest vision of the dance.
And then he knows so many managers,
So many mimes, musicians, and *dames seules*.
Heaven help him if he were not slightly blind,
And wondrously good-natured when he sees !

The Prince. It seems your critic then must
stand alone,

A sort of stone Stylites on his pillar,
To speak his mind out boldly as he should ;
He can't mix with his fellows—they corrupt ;
He can't have friends, he'll favour them of course ;
No hand must take his hand, 'twould blunt his
pen ;

He shall break bread with no one, but sit good
And glum in his censorious solitude.
Well, on the whole I'd rather be—myself.

Donnibrooke. Don't be hard on the critics, sir.

Poor things !

They've got their little weaknesses, no doubt ;
They "cut up" hardly, foolishly they praise,
They're apt to sit out first performances
At the refreshment bar or nearest "pub,"
Where they'll ask "How it's going," and record
A triumph or a failure from the answers.
But, think of it, dear sir, they've all three acts
Somewhere about them, acts that must be
played,

Acts that must find a manager, a stage,
A company ; what would you have them do ?
Why, damn the wittols who won't hear of it,
And puff the houses where they have a chance.
Isn't the action honestly commercial ?
And that a law of nature which ordains
The man who criticises plays and players,
Should want of all things to be played himself ?
And so they pester us with works wherein
We've all the "fat," with parts exactly fit
For our sublime capacities ; and we
Well, we, *pas bêtes*, encourage their fond hopes,
And profit by the notices they give.

Waxcomb. You may, I don't : I played that
comic Prince
Unto the satisfaction of the Court.

The Prince (*aside*). True, I remember, it
was jollier far
Than Irving's slow original.

Waxcomb. Well, zounds !
Your liners called it vile buffoonery,
Rigging up Shakespeare as a pantaloon,
A blasphemy of genius and of art.
As if the comic art weren't paramount
In these brave days, when humour so abounds.
You find it in a ministry that sees
A princely education in pig-sticking ;
In bishops who will bless the royal sticker ;
In specials who'll belaud him for his skill ;
In men-of-war that fit out without powder,
And captains who amusingly collide ;
In law courts where the judges scarce have read
The novel Act they sit beneath ; in Church,
Where Duckworth gets a canonry—for what ?
And tries to fill a Kingsley's vacant stall ;
In schools where masters wrangle with their
chief,
And the boys' part is now to see fair play ;
In our young army mighty Kamdux rules,
Assaulted now and then by unpaid captains,
Dismissing others at his own sweet will.
The comic art, sir—'gad, 'tis everywhere !

The Prince. The age's guiding genius is a
clown.
Who are our friends ? They're glib as Phleopold
Whene'er he's done a scientific "cram."

Scala. The first's the very histrionic type,
In gait, in life, in character and face ;
Blue-cheeked, vain, simple, full of all that's said,
In small provincial prints, about himself
A stagey cock, given to his brand-new hat,
Alring himself in four costumes a day ;
His talk is memories of green-room chat,
One long colloquial column of the *Era* ;
Proving the lines of his poor life have laid
For ever 'twixt the footlights and the flies.
The other—'tis your comic man, called "quaint"
By his admirers. Note the lean, pale face
For ever wreathed with serio-comic smiles,
The decent black that heightens the effect
Of modern foolery, the studied wink,
The desperate mechanic mimicry :
'Tis a mere marionette that spends its life
Elaborating tags at which we grin,
In pity for the travail of their birth.

The Prince. All this is very entertaining—*mais
ça manque de femmes.*

Scala. Oho, there'll be enough
Of them anon. Meanwhile observe yon youth,
He has not the assured and vicious air
Of men who've passed the portals of the press,
Or lingered at stage doors—and look, you see
There peeps the tell-tale paper from his pocket ;
Some guileless novel, sweet and trite and foolish
As first love ; or perhaps a sheaf of songs,
Faint Echoes which the poor lad thinks are Voices.

The Prince. Who talks with him ?

Grantys S. Yon small French cynic masked
By frank urbanity upon his brow ?
Perhaps the wisest of all here to-night ;
A lazy satirist who holds no vice,
No vanity, worth more than one light laugh,
Who knows you all, your follies and your gifts,
And smiles on blandly while you both disguise.
Too idle to do more, and quite content
To be a Juvenal within himself.
Conceal the wasp, let loose the butterfly.

Scala. *Papillon ! Schmetterling ! Farfalla !*
Bosh-h !
Hear what three active minds have done this day
For France, that's writ the plays for the whole
world,
But never yet received its proper pay :—

The Conquest of the Copyright :

A LAY OF MODERN FRANCE.

Out spake then brave Paul Féval
The captain of a band
That guards with care the author's cash
In happy Gallia's land :
Out spake he, and dire anger
Made his rich voice vibrate :
"To every man that writes in France
Tin cometh soon or late.
Then how shall he look calmly
On miscreants who 'do'
His pieces into English
And pay him not a sou ?

"Up with ye, brother authors,
 Who hold your brains your own,
 And with me brave the Channel,
 And make for London town.
 Lord Klepto and Ben Dizzy
 Are authors e'en as we,
 Then who will cross and battle
 For copyright with me?"
 Then out spake Hector Malot,
 Romancer proud was he,
 "Lo, I will set off now to get
 The copyright with thee."

And out spake quaint Champfleury,
 A critic keen was he:
 "I'll cross the main just to obtain
 The copyright with thee."
Très bien, said the Society
 Des Auteurs Dramatiques,
 And straight against a great array
 They set out like one brick;
 For authors when they are pirated
 Will look a little black,
 And do not care for *mal de mer*
 To get their money back.

Just facing Whitehall Gardens,
 Around a green baize board,
 In Downing Street the trio met
 Klepto's punctilious lord.
 Myself from distant Fleet Street,
 Where I work the Levigraph,
 And Hepson, whose eight hundred books
 Don't make his printers laugh,
 And Kilbert and Toy Momas,
 And Ginx's Babe, M.P.,
 Read-Strong—of all pen-fighters
 Of foremost force—and others
 Backed up the Gallic writers
 From o'er the chopping sea.

Then spake out brave Paul Feval,
 The captain of the band:
 "Milord, we call your dramatists'
 Proceedings underhand.
 Our morals though they all abhor,
 They steal our pieces by the score,
Je vous le dis tout court, milord,
Cette chose we will not stand.
 Look to a decade's playbills,
 Search Mr. French's stores,

And marvel not they grumble much
 On Gallia's pleasant shores.
L'Homme n'est pas parfait there; with you
 He's either *On the Sprae*
 Or *Off the line*; your *Dublin Boy*
 Our *Gamin de Paris*.
Un Mari dans du coton makes
 Your *Ripples on a Lake*;
 Your *Game of Speculation's* played
 With our *Mercadel's* stake.
 It's simply *Monsieur Perrichon*
 Enjoys your *Peacock's Holiday*,
 The *World of Fashion*, just for once,
 Is built up by *Les Doigts de Fée*.
 The Englishman *Thrice Married*,
 Succeeding rather more
 Than he deserves who tempts fate thus,
 Gets *la Femme aux Œufs a'Or*.
Un Garçon de chez Vervy
Whit ebait at Greenwich serves;
 The *Juif Polonais* rang Irving's *Bells*
 That jarr'd on Sampson's nerves.
 You touch a *Tender Chord*, it shakes
 In *l'Infortunée Caroline*,
 And your *Two Orphans* are but frauds,
 Their mothers are *Deux Orphelines*.
 You won't e'en spare the Virgin,
 But call *Ma done aux Roses*
 The *Rapparee*, and impiously
 Add that it's *Boucicault's*.
 You've *Used up* our *Homme Blasé*
 Not once alone, but twice;
 You freeze the *Prière des Naufrages*
 Into a *Sea of Ice*.
 You dress *En Manches de Chemin*,
 And find *Nothing to Wear*;
 Your *Man of Law's* a lady,
Mademoiselle Seiglière.
 We claim the *Streets of London*
 For *Les Pauvres de Paris*,
 The *Mari à la Campagne* rears
 A *Serious Family*.
 We French don't call *La Première Ride*
 Quite *A Change for the Better*,
 Nor always find in *Iron Chains*
 A single *Silken Fetter*."

Then "Hold!" cried loudly Klepto,
 "Those names dinned in my ears

Recall to me all the *ennui*
Of the last twenty years.
Your righteous wish is granted,
You have my word and Ben's ;
Your works say we shall guarded be
From British pirates' pens."

And this is how the Copyright
Was conquered by the three—
The Captain bold Paul Féval,
Malot, and Champfleury.

Lazarus. Refused—and at the Orb ! They
say they're full
For eighteen months—a drama, two burlesques,
And farces more than Oxenford could count ;
And yet there was an opening—a young house—
Fresh men who'd hear me, novice though I was.

Filbert. Oh, what ! you still believe in that,
young man ?

Lazarus. In what ?

Filbert. In perseverance, and all that
Old-fashioned folly of our fathers' time—
In all the empty words in novels writ,
And found so meaningless in our own lives.
You have a piece—in verse—about you. Come !

Lazarus. No ; one small act in prose is all
my sin.

Filbert. And big at that, and sorely criticized
You'll find full soon. Blank verse gives dignity
Even to gentle Halliday's productions.
In prose they'll ask you to be lively, fresh,
Witty, original, to fit the troupe,
Like one of Janning's gloves, to know each trick
Of dancing ladies' eyebrows, every twirl
Of low comedians' voices, and exhibit
Each feature at its best ; in short, they'll want
You with your twenty years to equal—beat—
Men who have grown grey-headed in the trade.

Lazarus. They're forced to let in new blood
now and then.

Filbert. Let in new blood ! what they want's
sediment ;
Use the young stream who will, they like the
mud :
Ask poor Tom Robertson's splenetic ghost.

No ; you'll just hawk from stage door to stage
door

Your poor one act, and get it back again,
Scrawled on and thumbed like a protested bill,
With letters telling you you're not a fool—
The writer's willing to allow that much—
But programmes are arranged for two years
hence.

And then you'll write another piece and tread
The same old round, lose heart at ev'ry step,
And worse, lose pride ! grow sour, and sad, and
shabby,

And one day, may be some fifteen years hence,
Your piece—your worst—will take the town by
storm,

And you'll go home and cry, "Too old, too old !"

Lazarus. And meanwhile, oh my harsh, well-
meaning mentor ?

Filbert. You'll fall into the jaws of journalism—
That ogre, which each day dines off a genius,
Dished up by editors *à la Réclame*,
And so be lost to fame and honesty.

Cafferson. Who carps at journalism ?

Forlorn (to the Prince). Come, here's fun.
You're up in tournaments of doves ; we'll see
How journalists engage in bloodless war.

Filbert. Carps, sir ? Not I. Who'd dare do
aught but bow ?

Who'd have a penny or a halfpenny sheet
Against him in the modern fight for life ?
I just observed the press has got a way
Of oft reducing talent to a pulp,
Impressionable, colourless, that fills
Your sixteen columns most delightfully ;
But when that's done, it's fit for nothing else.

Tomace. Your irony cannot destroy the fact
That journalism now's progressive, bold,
And keen-eyed as it never was before.

Filbert. Aye, it imports its blocks from France,
and sends

Its specials unto Khiva and Bombay,
To picture that famed "everlasting Desert,"
Or tell us how the Prince of Wales has lunched.

Cafferson. More, sir, than that. In Literature.

Tomace. In Art.

Vollosh. In the great pastimes of an ancient
people —

Filbert. Come, come ; I'll give you all, my type
of what
Directs and represents our present press ;
An idle lay a comic bard here wrote.

The Fine Young English Editor.

The evening falls, the office gas is lit ; and jaded
men
In aprons hie them quick to their composing
sticks again ;
The sub begins to burrow in a "flimsy" mass,
and then
Comes that new light of literature who's seldom
seen a pen :
Comes the fine young English editor, one of the
modern time.

He doesn't lodge in attics now, and fail to pay
his rent ;
Dick Steel and Goldie might do that—he's too
much of the gent ;
For *Tallers* and *Spectators* aren't the thing on
which he's bent ;
His aim's a circulation that shall bring in cent.
per cent.
To the fine young English editor, one of the
modern time.

You'll never catch him down at heel or shabby
as to coats,
Faugh! your old Grub Street editors! he pays
his way in notes,
For isn't he supported by some financier who
floats
New companies about as safe as Mr. Ward Hunt's
boats ?
Oh, the fine young English editor, one of the
modern time.

Your Fleet Street circles he eschews ; his haunts
are in the West ;
The humour of the Haymarket I fancy suits
him best.
The other—that's a ware to be diluted and com-
pressed,
To point a leader or endow a paragraph with
zest ;
For the fine young English editor, one of the
modern time.

In ancient days, ere truth had grown such an
illicit treat,
One master-mind with purpose bold inspired each
printed sheet ;
One flag was nailed unto the mast in victory or
defeat—
But those old fogey principles are wholly
obsolete.
Says the fine young English editor, one of the
modern time.

Then, print was half a sacrament ; the words it
scattered wide
Flowed from the writer's pen unbid, sincere and
sanctified ;
Then, even editors had wit, and even pressmen,
pride ;
Then the base uses of *Réclame* had not yet been
descried
By the fine young English editor, one of the
modern time.

Nous avons changé tout cela. Mere talent's had
its day ;
Let wit go crack its joke, let genius sing its idle
lay.
We go in for advertisements, the solid things that
pay ;
Police reports, financial puffs ; it is the wily way
Of the fine young English editor, one of the
modern time.

His grammar isn't perfect ; his ideal isn't high,
But he's a keen commercial sense of how to sell
and buy.
He's good at cutting down accounts, and, best of
all, he's "fly"
At finding out the spots where hoardings catch
the public eye—
Is the fine young English editor, one of the
modern time.

He knows the public men to pet, to help his
patron on,
Until that seat in Parliament or baronetcy's won.
He knows the tradesmen worth ten lines, and
promptly has them done ;
He knows the hack hard-up who'll yield him
"copy" by the ton
Does the fine young English editor, one of the
modern time.

And haughtily upon his throne he lounges and surveys
The various field of literature with cool, contemptuous gaze,
Esteeming wit a jugglery, and poetry a craze,
To which he's quite superior, for he is the man
who pays,
And the fine young English editor, one of the modern time.

In politics he's dubious. Be the yellows or the blues

In power, he doesn't care a straw : he wants the latest news ;

And chiefly to reduce his writers' not excessive " screws "

For I'm afraid Economy is the prosaic Muse
Of the fine young English editor, one of the modern time.

His reign's secure ; he knows his age ; but he's not happy quite ;

He dreams of times when to bring out the paper every night

It won't be requisite to have a single man to write—

But just a Marinoni, and the intellectual light
Of the fine young English editor, one of the modern time.

Tomace. Slanderer!

Vollosh. Witling!

Cafferson. False one!

Filbert. *Que d'injures*

For one poor little song that tells the truth ;

I think I've stepped upon an ant-hill, eh ?

Laxun. He's simply a translator.

Vollosh. Plagiarist!

Cafferson. A Liner!

Taipay. Och! now, Jasus, pray be calm.

Let's look our hard fate in the face and own
Heav'n makes some better men than journalists,
And many worse.

Konnore. Here's to you, lad.

Taipay. To you

O'Mee. Perish your principles! I'd have you try

Your hand at picturesque reporting, sirs.

The Prince (aside). That's one of those cursed journalistic spies

Who'd dog me to the Antipodes, I know.

I've seen him on Thanksgiving day, inscribing

I'd got a little balder and looked pale.

His spectacles confronted me at Sheffield ;

He spots me on the boulevards and reports

I stopped at Raby Thorncombe's half an hour,

In the Rue d'Estorgue. I take special trains

To get out of the shadow of that note-book,

But Zounds! scarce off the platform is my foot,

Before I see his pencil hard at work.

And when I get to Bombay, I'll be bound

He'll be the first to meet me on the pier,

A perfect Pollaky or Paul Pry's " Own."

Forlorn (to Prince). Oh, what a sweet immunity is mine.

They never follow me. They hardly deign

My speeches to condense.

Taipay. The picturesque!

I've reeled that off with ease.

O'Mee. Don't you crow loud,

You don't know what the picturesque is yet ;

It takes the few ideas out of one,

Reduces them to one pound ten a column

Or something over twopence every line.

Truth is not quite the dear respected dame

Of goody story-books, I tell you, then ;

I've used the lady shamefully myself ;

The young muse of reporting makes a man

Wholly her own and will not let him flirt

With that old dweller in the well ; indeed

I fancy few of us have ever tried.

A ready pen, that's not too scrupulous

You want to picture in a graphic way

Feasts, spirit *séances*, murders, masquerades,

Grand Guildhall gorges, royal routs and visits

A Lord Mayor's progress or a baby-show ;

Departures for the North pole, monster meetings,

And exhibitions of all earthly things,

From wicker coffins to industrial fleas.

Think, superficial scoffers, what deep wells

Of sympathy, what various interests,

What precious funds of poetry a man

Must hold within himself to write about

Some three or four such subjects every week—

Humorously, pathetically, now

Soaring unto the blue empyrean,

Concerning cabmen's shelters, then descending
To catch the coster's idioms on his lips,
And give them out verbatim to the world.
"Gusher," you say ; well, an eternal gush
Is better than eternal dryness.

Scala. *Bis.*

Well done, my brave! *Caramba!* but you're
right,
Although you're in the opposition shop.
Que Diable! your English prose wants frothing
up,
And we can do it, *eh, amico mio!*
It's we who give a fillip to the press,
Who stir the dreary slough of law reports,
And school-board meetings and ambiguous leaders ;
And yet see how a base, ungrateful land
Uses its poets ! When we dine in state,
Proh pudor! it is Houghton thanks returns
For literature !

O'Mee. Who cares for literature
Among our set ? We care for pounds and pence ;
We are the hordes of journalistic Celts,
Who swoop upon the city every year,
Push boldly into every office door,
Blarney your Saxon editors, and oust
Your Saxon small-fry from the cosiest berths,
And write, write, write, with twenty-Braddon
power,
Novels and essays, poems, leaders, lives ;
All's one, and just despise you all the while,
Keeping our clanship up against you all ;
A serried legion, in a conquered country,
That yields us lodging, drink, and provender.
Your literature—a fig ! Sam Lover, Lever,
And Boucicault, we sum it up in them.

The Prince. In faith the little man suggests to
me
There is a slight redundancy of brogues
In this same Babel. Have they swamped the
press,
As well as parliament ? Though that's not cowed
By force of numbers, but by strength of lungs.

Scala. They're not the smallest section of
the crew
That mans the paper galleys of the day,
And not the least successful, *tant s'en faut.*
Hibernia deigns allow the overflow
Of native talent flood and fertilise
The barren shore of Fleet Street now and then,

And the stream seems to penetrate like oil.
An editor can't leave his door ajar
But what an Irish poet's in the gap ;
You cannot drop a goosequill in the Strand
Before the scion of a kingly race
Has picked it up, and scribbled eighty lines.
You see they've everything upon their side,
They set out in their salad days from home,
With nice domestic novels in their desks ;
Picturing society at Boolabally,
And incidentally elucidating
Such minor problems as the papal power,
Agrarianism, small holdings, and Home Rule.
Once here, they live on little, starve a bit,
But laughing blandly, while you rub your ribs,
Elbow their way full surely to the front.

The Prince. I wonder they've not Fenianised
us yet,
With such a mighty power in their hands.

Scala. They're counteracted by another camp ;
For the barbarians unto whom we bow
Have different origins ; are Goths or Huns.
There are the Scottish types of journalism,
Who come more quietly from o'er the Tweed,
And don't bring novels, but achieve them here ;
Ask Gibbon, Black, Macdonald and the rest.
Their forte is common sense and industry ;
There stands their representative and type.

The Prince. The blue-eyed youth a-tipling in
the shade,
And casting feverish glances at the clock ?

Scala. Aye, our own Sandy ; journalism's
resumed
Its vices and its virtues in that form,
That canny Cupid, careful of his curls,
And careless of his money ; that is he ;
Those glances at the clock mean—She is coming.

The Prince. An assignation, and a Scotchman,
pooh !
They're moral or they're nothing, now, confess.

Scala. Nay, just you hear the gentle Sandy's
lay ;
It is a well-known journalistic joke,
And pictures yonder chubby Strephon fairly.

The Lay of Gentle Sandy.

When Gentle Sandy was a kid
Of exquisitely small proportions,
I've heard the things he said and did
Might be denominated cautions.

Among the God's gifts in his cradle
No silver spoon had he to munch,
But faith, a monstrous golden ladle,
With which the cherub served out punch.

He'd such bold coos, such saucy leerings,
That one by one his nursemaids slid;
His corals he bestowed in earrings,
Did gentle Sandy when a kid.

When gentle Sandy was a kid,
Charmed by this sharpest of young shavers,
His fairy godmamas got rid
At once of their most signal favours ;

And halting their aerial team,
Beside that little couch of wicker,
Ordained that he should prove supreme
In love, law, literature, and liquor.

He should turn out the finest leaders,
Seduce by drooping just one lid,—
There was a panic among pleaders,
When Gentle Sandy was a kid.

When Gentle Sandy was a kid,
Superlatively pink of body,
He loved fine girls, good prose, he did,
And any amount of whisky toddy.

The promise is fulfilled, I think ;
There's nothing like him at reporting,
There's nothing like him at a drink,
There's nothing like him when he's courting.

He's grown up now, they say, heav'n aid us !
A down that chubby chin has hid ;
But yet, somehow, you can't persuade us
That Gentle Sandy's *not* a kid.

The Prince. Good, good ; but this eternal talk
of papers
Is slow as reading them. Let's change the scene.

Scala. Patience. This is the hour when green-
fooms pour

Their sweetest occupants into the bar—
When literature begins to bow to love,
Here come the charmers.

The Prince. Whew ! Then I shall stay.

Enter Miss Snarer, Mademoiselle Dubois, Made-
moiselle Tabak, Miss Lardy Dardy, Miss
Glen Luna, Miss Nellie Force, *etc.* *They*
are all burdened with reticules, and enter
in pairs.

Prince. Ha ! ha ! now this is after my own heart.
Sly dogs who keep this cosy corner quiet.
What havoc Smithton, Hardolph, Palstaff, *Ego*,
Would make here in twelve hours !

Scala. Hush,—hush, I say.
You're not at Mabilie. These, young ladies all,
Are the chief pillars of the modern stage.

The Prince. Not marble pillars, Jack, not
marble, surely !

Forlorn. P'rhaps not, precisely.

The Prince. Who's their favourite?
Yon simpering, soft-voiced gentleman ?

Grandset (to Miss Lardy). My dear,
It's only half-a-sovereign, I know,
But think of the costumes—they come from
France.

Salary's but a silly point of honour ;
Your costume is the solid thing.

Scala (answering the Prince). Oh, he ?—
The very latest product of the stage—
A product such as moss is—one that feeds
Upon the rock and makes it somewhat slimy ;
That's the Dramatic Agent, and these nymphs
Hold him in favour for a multitude
Of reasons, more or less obscure and nice ;
It can't be for the wages he obtains—
One pound a week when bouffes are slow—just
half

When one is mounted with unusual splendour,
That gives a girl some prestige. What she does
With prestige it would puzzle me to say.
Nor can it well be *pour l'amour de l'art* ;
There's not much art about those restless legs
We've watched in pantomime, burlesque, and
bouffe.

It's pour l'amour and pour l'amour alone,
Which is a decent way of putting it
I trust you'll thank me for.

The Prince. All right. And so
He's bouffe-recruiting-sergeant by profession ;
That's one I'd choose myself ; the perquisites
Must be delightful.

Nellie (to Laxun in corner). It was not my
fault—
A splendid supper and no end of fizz.

Laxun. A vicious institution, suppers.

Nellie. Bosh !

Glen Luna. I want some flowers.

Sandy. Have sodas split instead.

Dubois. You're rude.

Sat. No, child, I am only quoting lyrics
Penned by the present fire-and-fury school.

Scala. Here is the rigid critic who knows all
About these burlesque intrigues.

Rigidone. Even so.

I'll tell you how they found a Ladies' theatre,
Who works the wires, whose name is on the bills,
Who gets the license and who finds the tin,
And who's the master on the stage, and eke
In not a few nice dressing-rooms, perhaps.

Rigidone declaims.

The Dramatic Invader.

Now list ye all, who love to hear our British
drama's praise ;

I tell of the peculiar things it does in present
days,

Though all the puritanic scribes against it quote
in vain

The drawl of the Lyceum and the brogue of
Drury Lane.

It was about the muggy close of quite a London
day,

There came a hansom from the West full pelter
Wych Street way ;

Its occupant, a noble lord from Erin's virtuous Isle,
Had sworn to bring out Opera bouffe in quite
superior style—

A common aspiration 'tis, by heav'n's especial
grace,
Of Lords just come into their coin, and Jews of
German race ;

Forthwith a bill of giant size was stuck on every
wall,

And applicants for parts and songs o'erflowed
his lordship's hall ;

Many a histrionic tout became at once en-
grossed,

And manuscripts of bad burlesques poured in by
every post ;

With his moustache superbly waxed the stout
chef d'Orchestre comes,

Behind him press his supers, culled from various
sinks and slums,

And he and managers forthwith engage in vigo-
rous chase

Of some First Lady blessed with decent voice,
and form and face,

And enviously the chorus sneers, wake up the
languid swells,

As she presents herself, the pick of two score
Burlesque belles.

Look how the goddess of the Strand asserts with
smile and frown,

The right to pet her manager, and put an author
down.

So smiled she when near Charing Cross her
beauties were revealed,

And Hebrews of the Stock Exchange success-
fully appealed ;

So frowned, she when at Islington, in wrath she
turned to bay,

Because a chit with talent got some twenty
words to say.

Ho, strike the gloved palms loud, ye swells ! Ho
envy her, ye maids !

Ho, big drum sound a louder note, O scatter
flowers, fast blades !

Thou limelight, stream upon her bust, ye papers,
puff her wide,

Our glorious Venus Meretrix, the actress of our
pride !

Till lengthening years begin to seam that fore-
head fair and bold,

And detrimentals murmur : " Pooh ! the woman's
getting old ! "

Night sank upon the dusky stage and greasy gallery ;

Such nights in England oft have been and oft again shall be.

From Ludgate Hill to Clement Danes, where'er they print or pray,

That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day.

For swift to east and swift to west the new bouffe bills had spread ;

High up, low down on, every board the pleasant news was read.

For o'er the Channel Frenchmen heard with pardonable ire,

Of countless songs and cancons prigg'd for Britons to admire.

Whist parties at the clubs forgot their talk of kings and knaves,

The city clerks poured to the pit in hot and clamorous waves,

O'er Hampstead's furze or Hyde Park elms the luring message flew,

'Till many a young man rushed to take the 'bus to Waterloo.

All through the eve the cabmen plied, extorting many a crown,

And on the night four hundred strict suburbans were in town.

The peelers in the Strand stood still and watched th' electric light

Upon the placard : " Theatre Orb. The New Burlesque. To-night ! "

Then bugle's note and violin's squeak upon the audience broke,

And with a hop and jump the bouffe let off its first poor joke ;

At once in all the velvet stalls the haughty swells take fire,

And with bouquet and hand-clap cheer the damsels they admire.

O'er all the lines of white cravats smug sensual grins appear,

And all the five score nymphs in tights send back a looser leer,

And down the dusty boards in twirls more vigorous than discreet,

To Hervé's tinkle tinkle move three hundred twinkling feet.

And broader still became the songs and louder still the din,

As fast from every Pall Mall club the Guards came driving in ;

And upward straight to gallery the wink and ogle went

And roused dramatic passion in the breast of many a " gent. "

Then when the curtains fell, behind the broughams darted forth,

And freighted at the dark stage door set off for west or north.

And one by one without a pause they took up *dansesuses* still

From fair Belgravian grove to grove, Westbournian hill to hill.

Till comet-like their lanterns flashed in sweet St. John's Wood vales,

And Fulham Road prepared to serve its B. and S. in pails,

'Till every hansom knew full well the way from Clement's Danes

To Brompton and through all the paths of Pimlico's far plains ;

'Till every rake upon the town his last half sovereign spent,

And every dad asked how the deuce the young man's money went ;

And every writer called the piece a work devoid of guile,

And Grandseel just locked up the till and walked home with a smile.

The Prince. That's rather hard, what say you, on the stage—

And harder on the girls who give it grace.

Lazarus. Not on the stage as they've pervert'd it,

These damsels and the swains that suit them best ;

Your Heimschoff, your McRaven, Fleming, Fat Violet Vawson, Palstaff, and the rest.

I don't mind how their yards of shirt they air, In the best box on first nights. I don't mind

The champagne at the back, the little talks

With Loulou and Amanda—not a bit ;

Thank heav'n I'm not yet jealous of that bliss !

It isn't what they put on to the stage,

But what they keep off I complain about.

The Prince. Well, what do they exclude—excepting dress?

Lazarus. What! why, each pair of shapely, shining shoulders
You see here, blocks a real artist's path;
Each one of those delectable *pots-pourris*
Of feeble English, rendering filthy French,
You call extravaganza and burlesque,
Shuts out a comedy which, good or bad,
Might yet be tried; breaks down a poet's hope,
Kills some poor unknown Garrick in the egg.
The nymphs themselves—who'd blame them,
simple souls—
Persuade themselves they're "actresses," are proud
To have a Treasury-day, ten bars to learn,
A small name at the bottom of the bills.

Leston (to Lardy.) I'll do my best. A part's impossible,
That Muscovite attaché took the last, ⁷⁹²²³³⁷⁷
Still, Captain Coldstream strongly urged your claim:
You shall have something in the pantomime.

Nellie. A devil or a page; say, something nice.
I won't wear skirts, I tell you—it's too low.

Tabak. I want a tiny song all to myself.
See how they praised me in the *Houndsditch Post*:
"The Tabak shows conspicuous aptitude
In the new song, 'We'll douse the glim, and
slope.'"

Louie. That Tabak's always cracking up herself!

Leston. What is the figure?

Tabak. What d'you mean?

Leston. How much
Did our dear friend the major pay for that?

Tabak. Pay? Oh, the chap who wrote it had a farce;

The major had it played somewhere; since then
I get good notices.

Leston. Of course, the farce
I played, and made the major take ten stalls.

Nellie. A jealous little chit! would you believe
She cried her eyes out—no great loss, I'm sure—
Only because, instead of her, I got
The front place for two nights when May fell ill.

Louie. And weren't you proud, my lady, eh?
Oh, no!

If I could only do like other girls
And make up to stage managers, I bet
I shouldn't stay long in the rear

Nellie. For shame!
It is not true—it's all your nasty spite.

Louie. Spite against you—pish, child!

Nellie. Don't pish at me!

Louie. I shall.

Nellie. I won't endure it.

Louie. Your hair's dyed.

Nellie. You wish you'd some to dye!

Louie. How dare you, miss!

Nellie. Dear me!

Louie. Oh my!

Scala. Sweet innocents! they kiss
And coo, and call each other nice soft names,
Till one day, when the dear friend is promoted,
Gets one more inch of tinsel on her boots,
A hat that towers above the common line,
And straightway all the doves are shrill as
parrots.

Laxun. Well, well, ambition's meritorious,
Howe'er it speaks or shrieks,

Filbert. Ambition, sir!

It is a composite of vanity,
Envy, and greed—the curse of modern times.
It eats its way into the nation's heart,
And fires its pulse with feverish recklessness.
There's not a village, not a London lane,
But holds some witless worshipper of print,
For print and print alone means fame to them,
Who'd die to see his name in capitals.
Ambition—it's the vulgarest of virtues,
Since virtue you will call it—one that's shared
By every clerk who grumbles at his pay,
Disdains his duty and detests his chief;
By every corporal weary of his stripes,
By every pinchbeck Radical, athirst
For consulships or judgeships; every youth
Who wears his hair long and his collars low,
And in the *Little Peddington Gazette*
Fills up the poet's corner. No, the vice
Of indolence, indifference—that's rare;
That argues some philosophy, some pride,
Some knowledge of humanity and life.

Scala. You are familiar with the vice, no doubt.

Filbert. Just so. Here is my system, if you'd know

My code of carelessness—'tis framed in French,
A tongue that suits such easy principles.

*Je sais qu'en croisant les bras
On ne devient pas trèsriche,
Les moissons n'abondent pas
Aux terrains qu'on laisse en friche.
Travaillez, dites-vous ?*

*Nargue le vieux La Fontaine !
Pour amasser des gros sous,
Ce n'est pas la peine,
Ce n'est pas la peine.*

*On n'obtient pas les grand prix
Que decernent les critiques,
En dépensant trop d'esprit
Dans les gargots esthétiques.
Ecrivez, dites-vous ?*

*Pour que la bêtise humaine
Nous impose tous ses goûts.
Ce n'est pas la peine,
Ce n'est pas la peine.*

*L'esprit n'a pas les attrait
Qu'il nous faut pour plaire aux femmes ;
Les belles font peu de frais
Pour des faiseurs d'épigrammes.
Aimez-les, dites-vous ?*

*On sait bien on ça vous mène ;
Les beaux bras font des licoux.
Ce n'est pas la peine
Ce n'est pas la peine.*

The Prince. How can a man profess these sentiments

With beauty such as this before his eyes ?
I couldn't ; I should find it easier
To break out into rapturous strains of love—
Although I never could do much with rhyme.
And what I most admire about you all
Who live upon your wits, is not your wit,
Nor ev'n your talk—though there you think you
shine

So mightily, outsiders must be dazed—
No, 'tis the cool sublime serenity
With which you treat your love affairs—for loves
You have, of course—the angels aren't without
some !

Sweetburne (waking up). I have been dreaming
in Utopian realms,
And this is what I fancied came to pass
On those far shores where every wrong's redressed.

Declaims.

A Dream of Fair Women and others.

I read, oefore such things had lost their spice,
Les Folies Femmes de Paris—a sweet work
Devoted to the furtherance of vice—
A sort of Devil's *Burke*.

The *Libro d'Oro* of *La Galanterie*,
To get her name in which a dame may do
Without blue blood, but wants a pedigree
Of slightly speckled hue ;

A scroll of fame and frailty that includes
All Hamadryads that have ever shone,
And nymphs who sell the Satyrs, in the Woods
Of Boulogne and St. John.

And for awhile the study of those plates,
Wherein the sylvan beauties were portrayed,
Lifted my soul across the Dover straits
Without a Boyton's aid—

Showed me in panoramas foolish, fair,
Feminine Paris beckoning us all
Into omnivorous Circe's fatal lair,
Coulisse and opera ball,

Casino, café, Bréban's supper-rooms,
Peters', beloved of *chroniqueurs* who sup
Tortoni's *perron*, hallowed by the fumes,
Of many a champagne cup ;

Young Valentino, where Romantique art
At classic Mabilie points derisive toes,
Mabilie, still dear unto the tourist's heart,
Why—goodness only knows ;

Bullier, that curious Eden of the free
And easy Latin quarter of the Schools,
And *Cadet* where La Canaille in its glee
Forgets MacMahon's rules.

And all the round of *bastringue*, bar, and booth,
Lit up and filled with damsels wondrous kind,
Whose task is to complete our British youth
In morals and in mind.

And lo, the vision of fair women rose,
A lime-lit shifting and chaotic mass
Of flaming chignons and obtrusive hose
Oft—*only* hose, alas!

And I saw crowds in costumes of all times;
The *Français'* sober uniform in which
One draws out drivelling Ponsard's bourgeois
rhymes,
In tights fit for Labiche.

The *Odcon's* chain mail—that rings with oaths
Odcon Knights must roll out while they spar,
The ribbons which the Bouffes considers clothes—
Oh, lucky clothes they are!

And Opera tulle and sarcenet stiff and brief,
The ermine cloaks in which Bressant looks
big,
And dear demure Desclauzas' single leaf—
Who doesn't care a fig!

Coat follows coat, skirt chases skirt—they flit,
Shadowy as the garments a ghost wears,
Into that special hell where fires are lit
With playbills of past years;

That deepest depth, the very final trap
Opes into—would it might for some folks
soon!
Where Wills is doomed to serve eternal pap
And never find a spoon;

Where on the heavy stagey stifling air,
Is born the sound of adaptorial moans,
Where Frank Burnand shall burn, and Fairlie's
fair
Lie hung'ring for his bones;

Where Scribe shall harry! Blanchard with a
knout,
And Campbell Clarke teach grammar to the
Jews,
And Harry Leigh eternally bring out
White₂ Cats—and drop the Muse.

Where Reece shall rail at Farnie as they burn,
Frank Green refine the vulgar wit of Vance,
And Mertimer for ever try to learn
The French they speak in France.

• • • •

They pass'd, the properties, the wigs, the tights,
The wands, the wings, the cardboard swords;
then stirr'd
A wind that shook the garish Boulevard lights,
And borne on it, I heard

Divine deceptive Voices with the purr,
You get in Paris, where you get the claws,
And most things feline—even to the fur—
Aye, even to the boas!

And one which in its upper notes would shake
At times as though old age had griped the
throat,
Proud with the memory of past triumphs, spake—
“I was a thing to float

“In clouds of gauze and tarlatan, and put
Ariel to shame, or make a zephyr wild,
To set men dreaming when I arched my foot,
And raving when I smiled.

“My *entrechats*, my *pirouettes*, were food
For many a *Debats* feuilleton I could show;
And critics wrote and wrangled when I stood
A minute on tip-toe.

“For I was Fiacre—the last in that brave rank
That held Danæ high—great, glorious, and
Greek,
The last true artist, ere the pure art sank
To epileptic Check.”

She vanished in a ghostly waltz, and soon
Another Shape replaced her—a stout lass,
Swart, with dark eyes as hot as August noon,
And forehead bold as brass.

“O ho! you pretty patrons of the stalls,
With perfect partings, see how Nature's made;
I have the ancient frankness of the Gauls,
And call a spade a spade.

“I am the Muse with arms a-kimbo; knock
Your statues down, throw fancy to the dogs—
Out on the classic buskin and the sock—
This girl goes in for clogs!

“I am Desclauzas—stout and strong as suits
Mademoiselle Lange and the *Belle Bour-*
bonnaise.
My bawling's beaten all your poets' lutes—
And best of all it pays.”

Then swiftly rose another Voice, and burst :

"Aye, let them troll your ditties and applaud ;—

'Twas I, Madame, preceded you, I first
Called poetry a fraud.

"Oh, *Forté en Gueule*, your followers may cry :
Ain't *C'est pour l'Enfant* every bit as pure ?

'Twas I first made Parnassus a mud pie,
And Helicon a sewer.

"I was Thérèse, and I saw what 'took,'
Dropped art, dropped passion ; knew you'd
had enough ;

The amorous *Sapceur* cozening a cook
Was all my lay of love.

And court and street took up the strains in glee ;
I sang to Cæsar, sang to prince and priest,
And in the palace of the Medici
Roared *Le P'tit Ebeniste*.

Perish the ancient music in its source
Of passion, fancy, art—why should they care ?
They love the *Diva* loud, and hard, and hoarse
With oaths and *petits ver'r'es*."

Madonna of the market-place she stood,
The theme of critics' prose and *salon* talks,
And in the place of rarest flowers they should
Have thrown her cabbage-stalks.

Thérèse ! 'twas her rough hand blurr'd the face
Of beauty, soiled and vulgarized her garb,
She slew the old Ideal, and in its place
Enthroned the *Femme à Barbe* !

The last harsh note had scarcely faded, when
Stole forth two ladies sister-like enlaced.
The first said : "It is Monsieur Dumas' pen
That gave me fame, and traced

"My not immaculate career. My lot
Is to be frail whenever he may please ;
To finish in a convent or get shot,
Or die of heart disease.

"I'm *Monsieur Alphonse's* Raymonde ; I am Jeanne
In the *Ami des Femmes*. My special use
Is always to reform my fellow-man
By going to the deuce,

"And talking like an angel when I'm there.
Lastly, I am the famous Marguerite,
Our Lady of Camelias ; then I wear
White peignoirs to my feet,

"And let my back hair down, and, highly chalked,
Forgive Society.—Pittites agree
If e'er a blessed ill-used angel walked
It's Miss M. Duplessis,

Or otherwise Blanche Pierson." At her side
The other spoke : "I am Jane Essler, she
Whose hollow eyes denote the doomed bride
Of tearful tragedy ;

"The *Jeune Homme Pauvre's* romantic Marguerite,
Whose long-drawn speeches touch the tender
chords
Of grisettes' hearts, and e'en make students' beat
On far transpontine boards."

Then clashed the cymbals and the bugles blew,
Vague scents swarmed o'er the visionary stage ;
A soft, sweet shape arose. We looked and knew
The Darling of the Age.

The Darling grown a little plumper, still
Inimitable, peerless, still the pink
Of all perfection at a waltz or trill,
A *jodel* or a wink,

She spoke no word, she had no need to speak,
Who could withstand the sorceress—who
compete ?
We knew that matchless smile and that unique
Allurement of the feet ;

The way so womanly, and yet so bold ;
Her eyes so frank, her gestures so profane ;
Her step so light—ah ! no need to be told—
Voici La Belle Hélène.

Evohe, *la belle Hélène*, fair and fat,
And forty though they say you are, Time's
touch
Lies soft upon your plumpness—and of that,
Say, *can* one have too much ?

Oh no, my liege, my gracious Grande Duchesse,
However variously our ways incline,
You find us all before your sweet address
Natives of Gerolstein.

And, Reine Hortense, though not a Bonaparte,
One frailty you are saved from : do you know
What charm it is that makes one break one's heart
And buy stall tickets so ?



A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN, AND OTHERS,

1. 1.

Dost understand why, naughty as you are—
 And naughty not a soul can say you ain't,
 Although your wiles would subjugate a Czar,
 Your morals spoil a saint—

Dost understand that, spite of all we know
 About your shamefully Parisian ways,
 How 'tis, Hortense, the stones we ought to throw
 Somehow turn out bouquets ?

It is because the things you say are plain,
 The moral of your teaching's uninvolved,
 You don't pretend that by your gravest strain
 One social problem's solved ;

You don't pretend to have a mission, sweet,
 Or hold a brief for anyone—the cant
 Of cocottes and buffoons, who think they meet
 An intellectual want.

You use your art, *sans façon*, as a thing
 That needs no pompous name affixed to it,
 Just an effective instrument, to bring
 The people to the pit.

In short, you're not a humbug ; though you know
 A dozen princes tolerably well,
 You look beyond that dandified "first row,"
 And never get too "swell"

To smile on boxes, pit, and gallery,
 The 'οι πολλοι that each true artist loves,
 Whose hands applaud all the more potently
 Because they wear no gloves,

That is your charm, Grande Duchesse. Though
 it's sin
 That earns your civil list—all that we own ;
 Yet this saves all—there's truth and humour in
 Your speeches from the throne.

The vision paled to dear familiar strains,
 With which the organs of the last ten years
 Have sorely maddened scientific brains,
 And vexed poetic ears.

And there rose all a company instead,
 A beauteous legion, filing one by one,
 Whence stole a shadow forth at times, and said
 Some words, and then was gone.

One gasped : "My forte is realistic death ;
 The earlier way of dying was too rude.
 I groan and gurgle, and I catch my breath
 Exactly as one should

"After a dose of strychnine. That's the state
 In which to close a modern tragic scene ;
 The lily and the rose are out of date,
 I get pea-green.

"I am Croizette, Monsieur O. Feuillet's Sphynx,
 The famous scientific suicide."
 Then Peschard rose with many smiles and winks,
 And in her deep voice cried :

"I am Queen Indigo—but not a blue
 In theories, though I may be so in tights.
 Man is our natural banker, that's the view
 I take of women's rights."

Then Chaumont followed—Queen of Chanso-
 nettes,
 Ingenuous from her boot-heels to her chin
 With that peculiar innocence that nets
 Fair profits, just like sin.

Massin, whom special correspondents pet,
 Montaland—"heavy mothers" are her line,
 Because her embonpoint's inclined to get
 A trifle too sublime.

Bouffard, the creole, who's a second-rate
 Grande Duchesse, when the real can't be ob-
 tained,
 And little Alphonsine, who's getting great
 In parts where Schneider reigned,

Slim Sara Bernardt, famed for dignity,
 And leanness so pronounced that she could
 drape
 Herself, poor creature, quite abundantly
 In half a yard of tape.

And then the famous Guelph and Ghibeline
 Of song, sweet Théo, amorous Judic,
 Each unsurpassed in her peculiar line,
 Why will they quarrels pick,

And set us all discussing which is best,
 Roguish Rose Michon or la Bagatelle,
 Theo's sly hint or Judic's open jest ?
 Which, there's no man can tell.

All these and many others passed ; the dream
 Grew hazy ; forms were fused, then faded quite,
 As ebbing evening's final golden gleam
 Was merged into the night.

And ever since, though many a naughty page
We've read, no vision came to us ; before
Fair Women of our stupid British stage
We sleep—but dream no more.

The Prince. I call that clever ; and I know
them all ;

Sweet girls, or women in the prime of life ;
But now a love-song, where so much love is.

Sweteburne. Singing of love emasculates the
power
Of loving.

Grantys S. No ; you libel us ; it makes
A man regard the passions as a part
Of life's dull work, things to be pictured,
“ done,”

E'en as we do an exhibition. Love !—
We shun it as we shun pens, ink, and paper,
When the last proof's corrected and we're free.
We want th' unreal thing, the sham, pretence,
A love that isn't serious, unlike
The fiery passions that consume our heroes,
A love not giv'n to desperate harangues,
That simply says, “ Old fellow, let's be chums,
Just for a week or two ; you suit my book,
And I have never read a line of yours ;
You're jolly—and, well, I'm not quite a fright—
And so *Vogue la galère !*”

The Prince. *La Galère's* crew
Is charming ; but whence comes it, how's it
formed ?

Who is the proud Columbus that discovers
All those plump busts, those good and gracious
lips,
So prompt to kiss, or curse, and quaff champagne ;
Those fearless eyes that Belladonna brightens,
And scarce a tear has ever dimmed ? Who rears
The ladies of the chorus ?

Scala. *Chi lo ca ?*
Their stories don't abound in interest.
The syrens spring from workroom and from shop,
And finding needles make their fingers black,
Though they may keep their reputations white,
And tripe and small beer much more hardly
earned
Than oysters and Clos Vaugeot—learn to dance.
There's Nellie de la Botte—Miss Nellie's sire
Sells hosiery, and brought his daughter up
To play by ear and talk atrocious French.

Fitzfarandole descends from a long line
Of columbines and figurantes, and slid
Quite easily on to the boards. De Vere
Met a Guy Livingstone in early youth,
And so was bound to take to tights and rouge ;
Miss Sangdàzur taught music till she read
A lady novelist or two—and then,
The end was quite inevitable. See,
'Tis the same ancient tale of vanity,
The same old love of garish lights, fine clothes,
Vain admiration, and the ghost of love
They try to fancy living, warm, and real.

Rigidou. Where is that neophyte who would
describe

The ballet girl piecemeal ? Take the whole race,
A moral Buffon might describe it thus :
A genus scarcely known ; an animal
That's fooled the most experienced naturalists.
This is the unique species—Ballet girl :—
A baby's hands and feet, small teeth that get
Through any quantity of game and truffles,
A velvet paw that sheaths sharp nails of steel.
It was imported straight from Paradise,
After a naughty flirting with the serpent ;
Although extremely delicate, at times
It has been known to dance from eve till dawn
And sup from thence to noon. This creature
lives

On everything injurious to its health—
As lobster salad and the Ouida books—
It's docile when benevolently treated,
And quite an angel when it's thrashed a bit.
It has been once or twice domesticated,
By several valorous zoologists,
Who state the animal may oft be tamed
With Paris chapeaux, little dinners, brough'ns,
Suburban villas and large diamonds.
Its disposition is affectionate,
Above all on the eve of quarter-day ;
When quite mature its heels increase in length ;
It has been rendered jealous at a pinch,
And even heard of faithful once or twice.

Filbert. And set the male beside her, him who
makes,
Completes her ; sum her cockney patron up.
This biped, gentlemen, comes from all parts.
Its skin's a dress coat ; it's remarkable
For having but one eye—the other orbit
Contains a glass. This species may be found



P. P. C.—*Pour Prendre Conseil.* Parting Prayer of a Cynic.

In regions bordered by Hyde Park, the Strand,
The Thames Embankment, and by Bloomsbury ;
Its chief disease, a tendency to loo.
It is omnivorous, and has been known
To thrive on City dinners for a term,
But chiefly lives on alcohol and malt,
And aerated waters ! 'Tis a class
That may be easily acclimatised
Anywhere in the London postal district.
Supremely docile, if it's caught quite young,
And reared with care, the creature may be taught
To recollect a nigger melody,
And understand a modern opera bouffe.
Benjamin's Ulster overcoat and rinks
We owe to its well-known inventive power.
We've had its brain expressly analysed ;
It yields the gas of half a pint of Mumm,
A column of the *Daily Telegraph*,
A tune from Madame Angot, a report
Of Wainwright's trial, and the nicotine
Of thirteen thousand tenpenny cigars.

Cater. Aye, aye, the genera are fitly matched,
And do each other little harm ; but when
A man of finer metal is ensnared,
Inhales the poison and goes mad, the tale
Is somewhat less amusing, rather sad
And threatening, tragic, terrible, in fact ;
It ends in ruin, death. That man may act
Like one I knew, who loved in such a way,
And such a woman ! Hark the last farewell
A cynic sent, half laughing at himself.
Listen—a moral doth adorn the tale,
Though that's not what you care for in your
songs.

B. B. C.

Would you take a tonic to-night, *ma chère* ?
Would you brisk your blood with a little cry ?
Then tell your lord, with your prettiest air,
Some sweet and simple traditional lie.

And just for this once, only once, forego
All you with him, all with me, you have missed,
Put on the old dress of an age ago,
With its little frills of lace at the wrist.

Who'll know you so, *ma lionne* ? You may come
Without fear by the old familiar way,
Velled, if you like, to my empty home—
Not even a dun will be there to-day ;

And enter my room. With my mouth all white,
With helpless head dropping down on the
chest,
With teeth fixed firmly and fingers shut tight,
With a new expression of perfect rest,

You will see from the door in the lamplight's
glare,
Your first season's lover and lord, my sweet,
Stretched out, good as an Irving *première*—
And pinned by a dagger unto the sheet.

A bullet's not sure, and besides it would soil
The perfect white I would look at this last ;
And then—well, I had not the heart to spoil
A feature wherever your lips had passed.

Never shrink, then, sweet, you will not be hurt ;
Perfumed and bedecked for a gala day,
I have just now fastened unto my shirt
One small, rotted rose from your last bouquet.

I shall take a *débonnaire* pose to lie
Asleep, like a child, with half-opened eyes ;
There are few know now even how to die—
I'll try to die as a gentleman dies.

Now a dead man's prayer, my pet, it is this :
Tant pis for the lover who outdid me !
A kiss on my senseless forehead, a kiss,
As long as our kisses were wont to be !

I have nothing left. But still, if you should
Take a hand at loo to-night, when you go,
You may dip your handkerchief in my blood ;
It is said that brings one luck, you know.

And if, to-morrow, the friends you are with
In the green-room there, with its gas ablaze,
Should rustle their silks and throw in your teeth
Their diamond hoops and their pairs of bays,

Just answer back, with a flirt of your fan,
"I like some different triumphs, you see.
Yesterday, at this moment, a man
Killed himself, *camarades*, for love of me."

Scala. There is the file of hansoms at the door ;
The time has come for pairing off.

Lardy. Where's Alf?

Dubois. Where's Joe?

Cafferson. Hi, Nell!

Sandy. Come, De la Botte.

Glen Luna. Good-bye.

The Prince. It's *chacun sa chacune*,

I see. Ah, well,

Whatever you may say about the press,
Morality's not marked it for its own.

Scala. Are you content, amused, and edified?

The Prince. The *Cap and Bell's* instructive,
certainly.

Scala. Think that it daily sends a million
reams

Of highly moral prose o'er all the land,
And wonder that we're not superbly pure,
And even you are not yet quite reformed.

The Prince. I only wonder, can we get a cab—
And if *that's* literature—why, give me loo.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The private parlour of the Duke of Guelph's Head, Fulham. Table and chairs R., sofa L., piano, and window opening on high road at back. Door leading into bar R., and door leading to the kitchen, &c., L. Large eight-day clock against wall. The host, Thomas Shapkalph, and the hostess, Theresina Shapkalph, known as Jerry, discovered dusting the apartment.*

Jerry. Let's see the note again a minute,
Thomas. *[He gives it.]*

(Reading.) Captain Smith and his friends will require the parlour, as usual, to-morrow evening (Thursday). The landlord is requested to provide a dinner, as last week, and not to forget to see the Old October is in good condition. Should anyone ask for Captain Smith before his arrival, it is desired that all inquiring for him should be asked in to wait his coming.

Pimlico, July 20.

Thomas. That makes the twentieth time you've read it through.

Jerry. Well, s'pose it wur the fiftieth, what o' that?

I'd like to sift it to the bottom, though.

Thomas. Sift what? The Captain pays his reckoning straight.

Jerry. The Captain! Ugh! you fool! D'ye think I nuss'd

A Royal babe for nothink? Ca'ptain, eh?
No more than I am

Thomas. Well, who is he then?

Jerry. Look here, you nincompoop!

[Shows him carte-de-visite portrait, which she takes from her pocket.]

Thomas. Yes, I can see.

Jerry. Who is it?

Thomas. Why, the Coming K——, in course.
What of him?

Jerry. Why, you stoopid, blind old bat!
He's Captain Smith, or else I've got no eyes.

Thomas (looking again at carte). This, Cap'en Smith? O, no, it aint! not it!

The Cap'en don't wear togg'ry like this yeer;
And 'is mustachers aint stified out like that;
You're foolin' of me, Jerry—that you are.

Jerry. You hidjit! don't you see it's just a lark
He's 'avin with his pals; that's why he comes
And spends a hevenin here.

Thomas. No; that won't wash.
If Cap'en Smith's the Prince, he wouldn't pay
To have a common dinner; when at home,
A werry swell 'un gratis they purwides.

Jerry. You stoopid man! that's just what he would do;

It's human natur; and the Princes have it
As bad as any men. When I was nuss
At Kensington I saw enough o' that.
There was the babby's uncles, Ryal Dooks,
As 'ad a court of ladies fine to kiss,
And yet I tell ye, Thomas, many's the time
They've come purtending as they wish'd to know
'Ow little Vicky was, and pinch'd my arm—
A plump one then—and kissed me on the sly.

Thomas. They kiss'd ye, did they? Well, I'm sure. What next?

Jerry. No, Thomas, that was all; I know'd my place;
But there, it shows you men are all alike.

Thomas. And Cap'en Smith is our Prince Guelpho, eh?

Jerry. So I believe—oh, wouldn't he fight shy
Of us, if he knew I 'ad nussed his ma!

Thomas. Well, mind you don't let on and frighten 'im ;

'E pays us sharp enough—let well alone.

Ferry. Tryin' to teach yer betters, arn't ye now?

Thomas. Not I, by George.—But there, 'ave yer own way,

And live the longer. I'll go down and tap
A cask of Cap'en Smith's especial ale ;
See you, wife, to the sucking pig and fowls.

[*Exeunt Thomas and Theresina.*]

Enter Dolly, the barmaid.

Dolly (peeping in cautiously and then entering).

So, company again, I see. I hope
It's Captain Smith and his nice friend Lord Jones.
They're real swells and no mistake o' that.
How easy 'tis to tell the difference, too,
Between the genuine and counterfeit !
I like to spot the City gentry here,
Who hurry home soon after four o'clock,
Then dress themselves to death and sally out,
Deluded with the notion, silly chaps,
The world will take them for the upper ten.
Why, they betray themselves a dozen ways :
Their very clothes have got a Lothbury cut ;
Their toilet reeks with Kino and Cheapside ;
They carry every fashion to extreme,
As Yankee women do the Paris *modes*.
Are coats worn long? They wear theirs longer still.
Are trousers loose? They imitate Jack tars,
In pants made not of cloth but "trouserings,"
A fearful word that smacks of cheap Jew snips.
Are hats a trifle higher? Theirs outvie
The alien's stove-pipe. Are the brims upcurled?
Lo! straightway theirs curl like a Scotch ram's
horn.

Their watch chain is a fetter, ponderous,
Whence hangs a wealth of golden ornaments,
Without a single quality save weight.
They think it marks them as of gentle birth
To have a lot of coats of wondrous shapes ;
To wear an eyeglass ; gaiters to their boots ;
And bear umbrellas faultlessly furl'd up—
Displaying thus a counter-bounder's skill.
Their speech is an exaggerated drawl ;
Their manner so self-conscious, it proclaims
Aloud, "See, we are cits who would be swells,
We ape our betters, don't we do it well?"
South Guelphington swarms with these stucco
gents ;

Its gardens, Sunday afternoons, they crowd :
Some bankers, brokers some, but snobs they all ;
I know them well, they hither come in crowds,
For Hurlingham they patronize, of course,
Just as they'd patronize Whitechapel Road,
Did but a lord or two that road affect.
They think—and 'tis another of their faults—
The girls must worship them, and stand amazed
At their profuseness and their rich display.
Not we! We take their bracelets and their
gloves—

The style and colours that they choose are vile—
And snub them without mercy, as they know.

[*Tapping heard.*]

Why, surely,—yes, here's one !

Le Coupon (without). May I come in?

*Enter Frederick Le Coupon, Esq., of the City
and Temple Club, member of the Stock Ex-
change, &c.*

Dolly. No, this is private ; at the bar's your
place.

Le Coupon. Now, don't be cross, my charmer ;
see, I've brought

That book you wanted. [*Produces 3-vol. novel.*]

Dolly. Oh, then Mudie had it?

Le Coupon. Dessay he has, but I bought this,
you know ;
Can't bear a book that folks have mauled about,
So sent my fella to a shop for one.

Dolly. What ever next? You say you bought
this book,
And gave a guinea and a half for it?

Le Coupon. 'Pon honour, I don't know. What
if I did?

Dolly. What if you did? Why you're a fool,
that's all,
And I don't thank you.

Le Coupon. Come, that's rather rough.

Dolly. It isn't. When I asked you for the book
I thought you'd take some trouble for me, p'rhaps,
And go to Mudie's for it. O dear, no,
You send your man to buy it ; just like you,
Showing how rich you are : it's horrid form
To flash your gold like this ; I hate you, there !

Le Coupon. Dolly !

Dolly. Don't Dolly me!

Le Coupon. I say, look here,
I'm in a hurry, due now at the Duke's.

Dolly. The Duke's? Now don't try that on, if
you please,
I don't like men ashamed of what they are.

Le Coupon. But, really though, the Duke of—

Dolly. Yes, I know.
But first, why is it that you always go
Towards the East at half-past nine each morning,
And disappear till after four?

Le Coupon. You see
A fellow's duties in Pall Mall—

Dolly. No, no,
That *won't* wash either, your brough'm doesn't
stop
Till you reach Charing Cross, and then you take
The train to Cannon Street. I know, you see.

Le Coupon (aside). The devil, that she does.
(*Aloud.*) So you're a spy!

Dolly. I wouldn't take the trouble — you've
to thank
Your friend, Jack Hamilton, that I knew this.

Le Coupon. Confound him, then! though he
can't brag o'er much,
He's in a tea-house, and his name is Spinks!

Dolly. How like true gentlemen are both of you,
Each to betray his friend!

Le Coupon (aside). I'd better go.
(*Aloud.*) Well, since you are so cross, good-bye!

Dolly. Good-bye,
And listen: Never think that squand'ring coin
Makes you a swell; and never be ashamed
Of what you are. So now go to your Duke!

[*Exit Le Coupon.*]

I think he's settled, the conceited fool!
He won't come both'ring, for a time at least.

[*Exit Dolly by door R.*]

Enter Jerry Shapkalf by door L.

Jerry. It's now about his time. O what I'd
give
To hear what passes? Keyholes aint no good,
Or leastways these aint, for I tried last time,

And only got the ear-ache for my pains.
How could I manage? Could I bore a hole
And look down on 'em from the floor above?
No, drat it, that's the billiard-room. Let's see.
Behind the curtains? No, that is not safe.
Beneath the table? No—I must give 't up,
There isn't any chance. Yet, stay—the clock!

[*She walks over to eight-day clock.*]

(*Opening door.*) The very place. There's surely
room enough.

[*Gets into the case and shuts the door.*]
A first rate fit.

Thomas (without). Now, Jerry, where art
thou?

Ferry (stepping out). I heard him plainly,
that is good again.

(*Aloud.*) Here, Thomas, here I am.

Enter Thomas.

Thomas. Is all prepared?

Ferry. All is or will be, trust the cook for that.

Thomas. But thou'lt see to't?

Ferry. Nay, I'm going out.

(*Aside.*) This will explain my absence by-
and-by.

(*Aloud.*) I must go shopping for an hour or two.

Thomas. That's like thee, Jerry, allus goin'
out

At the wust times.

Ferry (coaxingly). Now, Thomas, 'tis all
right;

I tell thee that the cook can manage it,
And Bet 'ull wait, and Dolly'd better help;
The Cap'en likes a pretty serving-maid.
Now then, just go and see 'ow things are going,
And I'll be off at once, d'ye yeer?

Thomas. I yeers.
Thee'lt have thy way once more as usual, Jerry.

[*Exit Thomas.*]

Ferry. He won't be long, so I'll get in to once.

[*She steps into clock case, and shuts door.*]

(*Peeping out.*) I do believe I hear his voice
houtside.

Dolly (without, calling). O master! mistress!
Here's a person come,
Who asks for Captain Smith.

Thomas. I'm coming, girl ;
Bring in the gentleman.

Enter Thomas at door L, as Dolly, followed by Tom Clove, a retired prize-fighter, enters by door R.

Tom Clove. O, ax yer pardon, guvnor ; is this right
For Cap'n Smith ?

Thomas. I think as 'ow he'll come,
You'd better wait a bit.

Tom Clove. Precisely, guv. [*Sits down.*]

Thomas. A goodish sort the Cap'n, eh ?

Tom Clove. Not bad,
But runs to flesh too much ; I mean to take
A stone of 'fat from off 'is bones this month.

Dolly. How dreadful ! won't it hurt ?

Tom Clove. What ! hurt, miss ? No,
He'll come hup smilin' arter it, he will.

(*To Thomas.*) But, I say, guvnor, what's the land-
lord's tap ?

Thomas. I takes old ale with just a dash o'
stout.

Tom Clove. And small blame to ye !

Thomas. Dolly, draw a pot.
You may expect the Cap'n very soon.

[*Exeunt Dolly and Thomas, R. and L.*]

Tom Clove. A rummish sort o' crib to meet a
cove !
But, lor ! that's not my bizness. Here I be——

Enter Dolly, with the tankard of beer, which he takes.

And here's to'rds you, my purty little miss !
[*He drinks.*]

Oncommon good that there.

Dolly. D'you know Lord Jones ?

Tom Clove. Lord Jones ? (*Aside.*) That's one
on 'em for sure.

(*Aloud.*) Lord Jones ? I know a party by a
sim'lar name,

But ain't quite sure about the title, miss.

Dolly. He goes about with Cap'n Smith, you
know.

Tom Clove. Oh ! *that* Lord Jones. In coorse,
I know him well.

(*Aside.*) That's master Quoins, I'd lay a fiver on't.

(*Aloud.*) And he's a most agreeable young man,
too.

Dolly. And is he coming with the Captain soon ?

Tom Clove. (*Looking out of window.*) He be,
miss, by the token that he's here.

Dolly (*crying out*). Oh ! Mr. Shapkalph, sir ;
the Captain's come.

Enter Thomas.

Thomas (*opening door leading from bar*).
Walk in, if 't please ye, Captain ; all's prepared.

*Enter the Prince, in ordinary morning dress,
followed by Hardolph, Quoins, Smotherland,
and Palstaff.*

The Prince. Good ! Shapkalph. Oh ! there's
Dolly. How d'you do ?

Quoins. Why, Dolly, what red cheeks you have
to-day !

Palstaff. Ay, *reddy* to be kiss'd !

[*Tries to kiss her, and is slapped.*]

Quoins. Hullo, my Jack,
Repulsed ! and by a woman. Fie, for shame !

Dolly. He doesn't mind ; he's used to it, me-
thinks.

Thomas. Come, Dolly, to thy place, girl, in the
bar,
Thee'll make more mischief an thou stayest here.

[*Exeunt Dolly and Thomas, R. and L.*]

The Prince. Ah, Tom ! I was forgetting you.

Tom Clove. Well, Prince,
Yer sees——

The Prince. Don't prince me ! Here I'm Cap-
tain Smith.

Jerry (*slightly opening clock-case door, and
sotto voce*). I know'd it was the Prince ; I
said it were !

Tom Clove. Well, Captain, then, the "Orton
Pet's" fust-class ;
He'd pull it off one 'anded, if he liked.
So put a pot on, gents !

Quoins. Oh ! that's the tip.
Then Conkey Bob has not much chance, Tom, eh ?

Tom Clove. I'd eat it in a sendwidge all he's got.

The Prince. And that's your news, Tom, is it ?

Tom Clove. Yes, that's all.

Leastways, unless yer cares to know Bill's dead—
Whitechapel Bill, purweyor ryle o' rats—

One of his ferrits bit him in the thumb,
Which brought lock-jaw'r on, and it finished him.
When will yer have yer next go in, my Captain ?

The Prince. Say Saturday, at twelve: the
usual place.

Now, go and have a snack of what is going.

Tom Clove. All right, my noble sportsmin.

Ta-ta all : [Exit Tom Clove.]

Hardolph. I like the fellow's perfect inde-
pendence ;

There's not much of the toady there, my Ned.

The Prince. There's not, thank heaven ! it's
really quite refreshing

After that fearful week at Mettlefield,
When all the people turned to sickening toadies,
And made one long to kick them from one's path.

Smotherland. Ah, that *was* bad !

The Prince. 'Twas awful, Smotherland.

That Mayor tried all he knew to lick my boots ;
And then that borough member, blatant snob,
I thought he'd ask if he might kiss my toe ;
As 'twas, he followed me just like a dog,
And kept his supple spine at dreadful angles.
Lickspittle loyalty like his, i' faith,
Soon sickens one of having rank and power ;
A month of that M.P. would finish me.
I'd sooner have Tom Clove a thousand times,
For he is honest, which the other's not,
If I do read his character aright:

[Exit Quoins, unobserved, by door R.
leading to bar.]

Smotherland. Yet, I suppose, the people think
you like

To be bowed down to and to worshipp'd be,
Like Thibet's Llama ; that you deprecate
All hostile criticism.

The Prince. Then they're wrong—

I don't like vulgar insults, naturally,
But chaff, e'en though it's hot, I don't dislike.
Of course, you recollect "*The Coming K—*".
Well, truth to tell, I only laughed at it ;
Hard hitting 'twas, but not inspired by spite—

As many people tried to make me think.
'Twas favourite reading down at Sandringham,
And always on the table in Pall Mall.
That shows how far we thought it was unfair.

Palstaff (who has been dozing, suddenly
waking up). What, isn't dinner served ?
Why, what's the time ?

[Looking at eight-day clock.]

That clock says half-past four !

Hardolph (looking at watch). Then it says
wrong.

It's five !

Palstaff. It must be stopped. I'll wind it up.
I like to wind up eight-day clocks, I do.

[He goes over to clock and tries to open the door to
look for the key; but is only able to pull it
open a little way when it flies together again
with a bang.]

Palstaff. Methinks the devil must be in the
clock !

Hardolph. If that were so, Jack, it would be
too fast ;

Old Nick promotes the pace, as I've observed.

Palstaff. There's somebody within. (Pulls
again.) It isn't locked,

For here's the key outside.

The Prince. I say, where's Quoins ?
Two minutes since and he was by my side.

Palstaff. Quoins missing ! then the mystery's
cleared up !

This is a trick of his ; 'tis he inside !

The Prince. Sweet Quoins, come out ; thy
Dolly has come in.

Palstaff. And I am kissing her. (Smack,
smack, smack.)

Hardolph. He makes no sign.

Palstaff. Let's lock him in, and have the
dinner up ! [Locks the clock-case.]

He shall repent his joke before I've done.

The Prince. What is the object of his joke,
think you ?

Palstaff. Our Quoins is far too deep for us to
guess ;

That he meant mischief though, be well assured.

The Prince (calling out). What ho ! there,
Thomas, send that dinner up,

Nor let the ale escape thy memory.

(Enter Thomas, followed by maid with tray.)

Thomas. All now is ready, Cap'n.

The Prince. By the way !
Where's Mrs. S. to-day ? I hope she's well.

Thomas. Oh, yes, she's well enough as wimmin go ;

She's gone out shopping, Cap'n, so she said,
Which means she's talking scandal up the road.

Palstaff. I hope you do not find her troublesome.

Thomas. 'Tis well for she I don't ; lor' bless'ee, sir,

There's but one way with wimmin, break 'em in,
And keep 'em under ; that has been my plan.

I 'ad a little bother just at first,

But now, why now she's quiet as a lamb.

[The clock strikes thirteen suddenly, as though suffering from uncontrollable agitation.

Hullo ! What's that ? It's stopped, too, I declare.
The missus's let it down again, I s'pose.

But that's just like 'er ; there, upon my soul.

What good the wimmin is, I can't make out.

The Prince. Come, come, she's cooked our
dinner wondrous well,

The sucking pig is roasted to a turn.

Thomas. 'Cos I looked arter 't, Cap'n, that is why ;
Jerry wants watching like a kid, she do ;
I sent 'er out for fear she'd spile the fowls.

[Sound of suppressed exclamations from the neighbourhood of the clock case.

Why, what's that noise, is our old clock bewitch'd ?

Palstaff. No, no, 'tis naught. (To his friends.) I
say, Quoins suffers now

The pangs of Tantalus. (Raising his voice.) Ho,
there, Lord Jones !

(Enter Quoins at door leading from bar R.)

Quoins (coming in). Who shouts for Jones,
and why not shout before ?

I see the meal is somewhat far advanced.

Omnes (jumping up). What, Quoins, is't thou ?

Quoins. And wherefore not, sweet friends ?
I did but seek to whet my appetite
By sipping bitters at the outer bar.

Palstaff. Go to ! Thou'rt in that clock case,
or thy ghost.

Quoins. I can't be there ; an 'tis my ghost, why
then

My spirit is a most ill-ordered one,
And strays without my leave.

Hardolph. Come, tell us true,
Hast thou not been inside that case till now ?

Quoins. Not I, i' faith ; ask Dolly, she'll account
For all my minutes since I entered here.

Palstaff. Nay, this is passing strange. Here,
Shapkalph, here,

Take thou the key, 'tis that o' yonder clock,
And solve the myst'ry, or I eat no more.

Thomas (taking key). It can't be nothing
bigger than a rat,
So who's afraid ?

[He unlocks the door of the clockcase, with a sudden jerk pulls it open and finds himself face to face with his wife. Tableau !

Good God ! it's Missus S.

Jerry. It's nothing bigger than a rat, sir, aint it ?
Yer breaks me in and keeps me under, dost ?

I'm quiet as a lamb you blackguard, eh ?

You was afeard I'd spile the chickens, wast ?

[Flies at him.

Thomas. O mussy, Jerry, mussy, how could I
Suppose you was cooped up in that there clock ;
I didn't mean a word o' what I said—

Don't, Jerry, recollect there's company !

The Prince. Yes, really, Mrs. Shapkalph, we
must beg

You put off for a while what chastisement
Your husband may deserve ; and meanwhile, pray
Explain—for this concerns us seriously—

Your presence in that clockcase ; have you been
There all the time as I suppose, or what ?

Jerry (kneeling). A thousand pardings, Cap'n
—Prince, I mean ;

I quite forgot as 'ow you all was here,
When I got out and let that rascal have it.
I thought you was the Prince afore to-day,
And hid inside the clock to prove you was.

The Prince. You're truly worthy of your mother
Eve,

Still such behaviour is extremely bad ;
The knowledge you have gained of who I am
May injure me most deeply ; as for you—

Jerry. O don't go for to say you'll lock me up,
I'm such an old 'un now ; and when you know
I nussed your mother when she were a babe
You will forgive me, Prince, O won't you, now ?

The Prince. What ! You a Royal nurse ?

Jerry. O ; truly yes,

And Thomas here was butler to the Dook.
I know'd you by your likeness almost sure,
And only wanted to be certain.

The Prince. Well,
Your hist'ry is, in some degree, excuse
For what you've done. How long were you a
nurse?

Ferry. May't please your 'ighness, seventeen
years in all
I was about the Duchess.

The Prince. Ah! I see.
I do not wonder at your spying trick—
For seventeen months about a Court's enough
To make one lose one's honour and one's pride,
To crawl and creep, to lie, to sneak, to spy,
To peep through keyholes, hang about back-
stairs—

Yes, I forgive you; but on this condition,
Thomas must hear no more of his mistake.

Ferry. Whatever your Ryle 'ighness says is lawr.

The Prince. Then not a word to Thomas, re-
collect.

Thomas. I thanks you kindly, Prince—you may
depend
I'll never blab a word 'bout Cap'n Smith.

The Prince. I trust you, Thomas.

Palsta 'Tis unfortunate
This episode took place just when it did.
The dinner's not half over.

Ferry. No, there's sweets!
And coming sharp! Come, Dolly, now, those
tarts!

(*Enter Dolly, with tray.*)

The Prince. You kept Lord Jones with you a
long, long time.

Dolly. Indeed, 'twas not my fault.

Hardolph. We knew 'twas not.
What have you got to say to that, Lord Jones?

Quoins. Come, eat your dinner; I'll explain
anon.

Hardolph. Your hint is wise; already *contretemps*
Have marred the meal! three chairs are empty
still—

Will Slaughterford, and Foole, and Dance, be
here

Quoins. All three have promised, so we yet may
hope—

[*Knocking without. Exit Dolly.*]

That may be one or more!

(*Enter Dolly with a telegram.*)

Dolly. For Captain Smith.

The Prince (opening it). Another *contretemps*
—nay, scarcely that;

But still, 'twill break this merry meeting up.
There is a big fire "on" at Bermondsey,
To which the Captain says I had better come.
What say you, shall we go?

Omnes. Yes, let us go!

The Prince. So be it. If these other fellows come,
I'll leave a message for them with Miss Dolly.

Quoins. I'll give it to her, whilst you pay the
score. [*Exit Quoins.*]

Palsta f. And I'll just look poor Dolly's parents
up.

Thomas. 'Ow I regret what's 'appened I can't
tell.

Ferry. Nor I.

The Prince. There, there; it's over; say no
more,
But learn a lesson for the future from 't.

[*Pays bill.*]

Thomas and Ferry. Oh! thank you, Sir.

Ferry. And could I make so bold
As to desire my compliments to Her
As I have nuss'd and lived to see a Queen?

The Prince. I cannot promise to deliver them;
You'd better call some day with them yourself.
(*To his friends.*) Now, are we ready?

Smotherland. Ay, my drag's outside.

The Prince. Come on then, comrades mine, and
follow me

Through fire and water! Ho! for Bermondsey!

[*Exeunt the Prince, Hardolph, Smotherland, &c.*]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE—*The Hall of the Coal Scoop Makers' Company. The massive plate and golden scoop of the Guild on a buffet at the back of the stage. A small table spread for six, R.; Shallow, the Master, Fangs, the Warden, Grip, an Assistant Warden, Scupps, the Steward, and the Rev. Mark Stuffer, the Chaplain of the Company, discovered sitting round a fire L.*

Shallow (looking at his repeater). Our friend is late.

I hope he will not fail us ;
At such a juncture all should rally round
Our threatened civic institutions.

Stuffer. True,
It doth behove all Christians rich to fight
Against the Philistines, whose wicked hands
Would spoil the sacred trusts we do dispense ;
Aye, spoil the very altars of our Church.

Fangs. It's simple blasphemy and sacrilege,
In my opinion.

Grip. It's sheer robbery !

Scupps. Your rhetoric is fine, but recollect
These Radicals, confound 'em ! won't be frightened
At verbal missiles. Call them all the names
Your indignation can invent ; and still
They won't be baulked.

Shallow. But surely, Master Scupps,
The law won't let them interfere with us—
A guild three hundred years of age, at least.
Isn't the City sacred ? Can't the Mayor
Stop these iniquitous commissions ?

Scupps. Well,
You see, unfortunately for us all,
Public opinion is against our side.
It has a notion that we companies
Are naught but guzzling, swilling sets of men,
Who, letting slip the purpose of our being,
Devote the money, left to foster trade
And help necessity, to feed ourselves—
To dower sinecures for relatives—
To aid political intrigue—promote

Our personal indulgence—and, in short,
To treat the trust funds as they were our own.

Fangs. And so they are.

Scupps. You scarcely hit it there,
It will not do, believe me, thus to talk
In this emergency ; an we would keep
Our plunder, then our policy must be
One of conciliation, like to that
The Lord Mayor has inaugurated—he,
Observing 'cutely that a little cloud,
Reform foretelling, o'er the City hung,
Took instant steps to dissipate it with
The genial influence of social warmth.
Surely you know that for the past few months
The Lord Mayor's *chef* has had nor peace nor
rest ;

His kitchen staff is worked well-nigh to death ;
The little dinners at the Mansion House
Have grown notorious ; now, around the board,
The comic journalists assemble ; now,
The pens that deal in satire are the guests ;
In turn, the writers of the dailies come ;
In turn the weeklies gather with their wives ;
No man in London who can write, and cares
To dine *en prince*, need go without a card ;
Since, suddenly, have civic magnates learned
The hidden excellences of the press.

Shallow. If this be true, what of it, Master
Scupps ?

Scupps. What of it ? Why, the papers answer
you.

Time was the City was the standing butt
For comic scribes to shoot at ; aldermen
A weekly source of gibes and jokes ; but now
The City's sacred ; aldermen writ up

As cockney Crichtons ; even satire fails
To gird at civic jobs and weaknesses—
The *Age* devotes its columns to the praise
Of Sheriff Gog ; the *Wasp* congratulates
The world that Lord Mayor Magog "came to
town ;"

The *Shaver* gushes o'er the corporation,
As though it were an Areopagus,
And gives its chief men's likenesses in tint.
In fact, it looks as though the Mansion House
Had cooked away a crisis ; nay, had dined
Each yearly tenant to a baronetcy.

Stuffer. Most edifying ; but, I say, it's late ;
That turtle soup is ready, I dare swear,
And 'tis not meet to let God's creatures wait
And spoil by cooling.

Shallow (*striking a bell*). *Stuffer*, you are
right :
We'll dine though *Palstaff's* not arrived. (*To
waiter who has answered the bell*.) The
soup !

[*The five worthies seat themselves at the table R,
The Rev. Mark Stuffer says a long grace,
whereupon they stuff napkins under their
chins and fall to.*

Stuffer. Waiter, green fat !

Fangs. Yes, *Shallow*, 'twould be well
To send a ten-pound cheque or two about
Amongst the magistrates, th' acknowledgment
In next day's papers would look well.

Shallow. Just so :
Especially, as since old *Silkestone's* died—
The only Coal-scoop Maker on our list—
We have not paid a single pension.

Grip. Phew !
How would that figure in our balance-sheet,
Had we to furnish one to the Commission ?

Scupps. Oh, that's all right, we'd do as *Prymer*
did—
He's steward to the Boot-lace Makers' Guild—
He put down all the cost of all the "feeds"
Under the head of Charity !

Shallow. Well done !
But did it pass ?

Scupps. O yes, they asked him what
Espécial form this charity assumed ?—

On which he said 'twas food and wine dispensed
To starving brethren.

Shallow. Capital ! first class !

Stuffer. I really think deceit in such a case
Was justified ; e'en as it often was
Across the Channel in the Irish Church,
When many clergymen gave to the Board
Far higher incomes than they fairly earned,
To get a larger commutation sum.
In fact, an Irish bishop said to me—
He had himself thus gained a largish lump—
" 'Tis not displeasing to the Lord," said he,
" To spoil the Egyptians, let's get all we can
" From Billy Gladstone and his rabid crew !"

[*Voices without.*

Shallow. That voice should be Sir John's.

(*Enter Sir John Palstaff.*)

Palstaff. The which it is—
Don't say the turtle's off !

Shallow. There's some for you,
I bade them keep it warm.

Palstaff. Most noble man,
Command me, and I'm yours obediently.

Shallow. That's good, we want your help.
You know, of course,
The City companies are much attacked,
And those infernal Radicals protest
'Tis time we did disgorge our misused funds.

Palstaff. I've heard about it ; nay, I came here
straight
From talking of it with a Minister,
And what he says bodes naught but ill to you—
You are so very bad, said he, without
E'en one redeeming quality.

Fangs. But sure
The Tory party's strong, and must defend us.

Palstaff. It's strong, and it would keep its
strength, and so
Must not take up with what is wholly rotten.

Shallow. Come, come, Sir John, was that a
friend's remark ?
Rotten ! say you ? Why, by my—

Palstaff (*interrupting*). Ah, well done,
Most excellent, but, *Shallow* ! that's the talk
To dupe the public with ; but here we're friends,
And have no need to assume the virtuous.

Come, honour bright, can you stand up and say
One item in this company is sound ?
I'm sorry for it, very sorry, since
I know your dinners are the best one gets
At any City hall ; but it were best
To frankly own what we have to depend on.

Grip. Sir John speaks truth.

Shallow. On second thoughts, he does,
And 'twill be best to know the worst at once—
You have your books here, Scupps ?

Scupps. They're in the safe.

Stuffer. But, here, I say, let's finish dinner
first ;
You should not mix this venison with accounts.

Palstaff. The parson's right ; one dear's enough
at once,

[*They go on with their dinner, and discuss the unpleasant skeleton that is presiding at the banquet. After an indistinct grace from the Rev. Mark Stuffer, the usual loyal toasts are drunk, and the steward produces his account books.*

Palstaff. My advice is—since you ask it—to
prepare

To meet the worst ; for 'tis a perilous age.
When ragged Radicals will have their way—
So I propose that Mr. Scupps relate
Exactly how the Coal-scoop Makers stand.

Omnes. Agreed, agreed.

Scupps (opening his ledger). Mr. Master,
Mr. Warden, Sir John, and gentlemen. In
presenting you with a balance-sheet of the
income and expenditure of the Right Worthy
Guild of Coal-scoop Makers for the year to
31st December last, I will not detain you by
reading the preliminary observations on the
foundation and the past history of the Company
I have prepared. They will be useful in due
time.

Palstaff. Hear, hear.

Scupps. At present I will only say that for
the simple reason that the Coal-scoop of the past
has all but disappeared beneath the feet of Pro-
gress, to be replaced by the Coal-vase and the
Coal-box of the present, the art or mystery of
Coal-scuttle making has ceased to call for any
aid or subsidy from the funds of this Guild. I

do not mean to imply that even when Coal-scoop^s
were in use the art did receive any such aid from
you ; I only give a plausible excuse for the
present state of things. Having done so, I will,
with your leave, plunge at oncè into figures. The
income from all sources last year amounted to
£11,594 17s. 2d. (Hear, hear.) It was thus
made up :—

	£	s.	d.
By rents from the Bandbox Alley property, Cheapside, E.C. ...	5,050	14	3
„ Ditto from the Ballyskinnem estate, Ulster	3,740	19	8
„ Interest from invested capital	2,041	4	7
„ Admission fees.....	17	17	0
„ Fine, paid by a struggling Coal-scuttle Maker who had not taken out the freedom of his Company, and has since been sold up	21	0	0
„ Balance from previous year...	723	1	8
Total	£11,594	17	2

You will observe with satisfaction the income
from the Bandbox Alley property still steadily
increases. It will be remembered that, in 1577,
one William Mutchmaker, a liveryman in this
honourable Guild, bequeathed six houses in that
alley to this Company on the condition that a
peal of bells should be rung in St. Anastasius-by-
Bucklesbury church every 1st of April to his
memory, and that sixteen quartern loaves should
be given every other Sunday at Aldgate pump to
as many Wapping widows who could produce
their lines, and a list of at least eight children
born in wedlock. The rent then derived from
the property was £16 4s.—just enough to per-
form his wishes and leave a margin to pay for
the hire of a vehicle to take the quartern
loaves and the Warden of the Company to the
pump. I need scarcely say that the wishes of
the pious founder are still scrupulously carried
out, though the regulation about the lines is
sometimes, of necessity, suspended. The cost to
the Company last year was £15 13s., so that
a tolerably tidy balance of £5,035 1s. 3d. is left
us to eat and drink to Mutchmaker's memory.
(Cheers.)

The Ulster estate was granted to this honour-
able Company by the King in return for an

advance then made him of twenty good English pounds, a mint of money at that day. One Biddy O'Blarney was the largest tenant on the estate when granted to the Company, and she paid a rent of £9 4s. 6d., which it was determined at the time should be spent in charity. This sum is now, as will appear in the balance-sheet, regularly spent in giving a Christmas-box to the Company's beadle.

And now I will state the items of expenditure.

	£	s.	d.
To 16 quartern loaves every other week, and bell-ringing once a year, in terms of William Mutchmaker's bequest	15	13	0
„ Charity (to Beadle) according to the arrangements of the original members of the Company	9	4	6
„ Four quarterly dinners for whole Guild, 240 members, at £1 10s. per head per quarter	1,440	0	0
„ 12 monthly dinners for Executive Council and friends, say 40 at £2 per head per month.....	960	0	0
„ 52 weekly dinners for Master, Warden, Chaplain, &c., and friends, say 10 at £3 10s. per head per week	1,820	0	0
„ Steward's salary	1,000	0	0
„ Chaplain's stipend	500	0	0
„ Pension to worn out Coal-scuttle Maker at 15s. per week for 47 weeks.....	35	5	0
„ Wine and biscuits for refreshment at sub-committee meetings, &c. &c.	441	7	4
„ Travelling expenses of Master, Warden, &c. &c., viewing property in Bandbox Alley and the North of Ireland ...	517	8	2
„ Salary of principal clerk	600	0	0
„ „ 2nd „	400	0	0
„ „ 3rd „	300	0	0
„ „ 5 junior clerks	650	0	0
„ Presentation plate to Master...	250	0	0
„ Donations at Master's discretion.....	1,000	0	0

To Portrait of Warden for Hall...	105	0	0
„ Salary of Beadle	150	0	0
„ Uniform of „	50	0	0
„ Auditor's fees	500	0	0
„ Sundry expenses duly passed under Company's seal	310	2	6
„ Balance forward	540	16	8
Total	£11,594	17	2

[The reading is followed by loud cheers, amidst which the Steward resumes his seat.]

Palstaff. Exceeding full of interest; still is't not A little rotten, Mr. Shallow. Eh? Not quite the balance-sheet you'd have appear in public, eh? For Fawcett to dissect, Or Gladstone probe. Not quite the ticket, eh?

Shallow. Well, as you put it, no; still I protest 'Tis all our business, not the outside world's.

Scupps. Whereas the outside world as loud protests 'Tis all its business and not yours.

Stuffer. To me, A vulnerable point is, that you give Your auditors as much you give me; Thus placing Mammon level with the Church; This should not be: increase my salary Lest the Commission note this patent blot.

Palstaff. More likely still, they'll cut your name right out, For how could one defend you; what's your use Except to eat more turtle than the rest, And fill your plate with green fat 'bove your share?

Stuffer. Sir John! These words from you?

Palstaff. Ay, faith, from me. You parsons are the Jonahs of all ships— Ill-omened is the cause the Church defends. I've marked that bishops always vote *en bloc* Against reforms that must be passed: they mop The sea out like so many Partingtons: So, tell me what a bishop thinks and does, I know at once the opposite is right.

Stuffer. You speak not like Sir John that once I knew;

Are you, too, 'mongst the Radicals? Not I!

Palstaff. The people smells too strong to have my aid. Yet do I hate all cant, and so I hate The bishops who profess to follow Christ.

They follow Him, i' sooth, but how? I ask;
 In padded carriages, on C springs hung.
 Christ fed the multitude and fasted oft;
 Is there a bishop does not daily dine
 On what would feed a hungry multitude?
 Indeed, 'tis now the multitude feeds them.
 Christ slept upon the mountain—bishops lie
 On feathers, and have quilts of eider-down.
 Christ went about the country doing good,
 Whilst bishops go to town t' oppose reforms;
 And having lived their very Christ-like lives,
 Do not die Christ-like deaths at any rate,
 But leave large sums of this world's dross behind,
 As Doctors' Commons registers will show.
 Bishops like Christ, i' faith! I do believe
 If Christ were in this wretched land to-day
 (And, sinner as I am, I wish He were),
 And asked a bishop for a cure of souls,
 That bishop wouldn't give it Him, I vow,
 Had he a relative that wanted one.

Stuer. Oh, oh! my lord, you're metamorphosed quite.

We asked you here not knowing of this change.

Palstaff. Nay, I'm not changed. Jack Palstaff is no saint,

Nor is he—be you sure—a hypocrite.
 I call a spade a spade, and you should not,
 As Christ's disciple, money try to grab.

Shallow. Come, come, no bick'ring; still I hope we've not
 In Palstaff found a Balaam who, fetched here
 To bless, is going to curse us.

Palstaff. Curse you! No!
 I'd help you from your hobble, an I could,
 Were't only for the dinners I have had.
 Depend on't, sir, Inquiry is at hand:
 That's certain. How to meet him is your *crux*.
 Much may be done by subtlety. Know you
 A journalist 'gainst you exceeding fierce?
 Give him a clerkly sinecure at once,
 And ten to one 'twill stop his pen for life.
 Know you a paper specially adverse—
 Get at its editor, and ask him here.
 Give him the finest dinner cash can buy;
 Flatter him; kneel before him if needs be;
 Send some of your Madeira to his house;
 Offer his son (an he has one) a berth,

His wife (if wife there be) a set of scoops
 In precious metal, 'twill be coin well spent.
 For every day this dinner-giving spreads
 And eats away the honour of the press—
 Its vaunted independence drowns in wine,
 And buys its birthright with a mess of soup.
 Follow my plan, and likely, you will get
 The press to back you. Cook your balance-sheet,
 Send round some cheques to public charities,
 And have some Coal-scoop Maker pensioners;
 Make dummy ones; but have some at all cost,
 And maybe for a time you will stave off
 The reckoning that is inevitable!
 So, for awhile I still may dine with you
 And unimpeachable declare your *chef*.

Shallow. For your advice much thanks, we'll follow it.

See to it, Scupps!

Scupps. I've noted all the points,

'Tis to my interest to see them worked.

Stuffer. And as to what I said?

Shallow. 'Tis not the time

To press the matter.

Grip. Couldn't we sell up

The Company's assets, each take a share,
 And snap our fingers at the future?

Scupps. Nay,

That is impossible, unless an Act
 Be passed by Parliament.

Palstaff. I see them at it!

Shallow. One bumper. (*They fill.*) To our next week's dinner, drink.

Fangs. 'Tis sad to think each one may be the last.

Grip. Take not so sad a view; the sky may clear,

For threatened men live long, the saying goes;
 The corporation has had, oft, reprieve.

Palstaff. And wishing you one, I will take my leave.

[*Exit Palstaff. The others remain and discuss for a time whether it would not be well to at once expend last year's balance in gratuities for themselves before it is too late, and the scene closes on the Steward drawing cheques in accordance with the desire, which is duly carried out in the end.*]

END OF ACT V.



THE LILIPUT LEVY ON JOHN BULL GULLIVER.

ACT VI.

SCENE I.—*The open space in front of the Mansion House. Crowds of Citizens assembled, reading the Proclamation of War affixed to the front wall. Enter policemen, newspaper boys, stockbrokers, thieves, merchants, rogues, tradesmen, swindlers, publishers, blackguards, &c.*

1st Citizen (to his right-hand man). It hath come at last then, good neighbour ; although the *Thunderer* did preach "Peace, peace," even in its second edition yester noon.

2nd Citizen. Ay, ay, Master Travers ; when I read that article, I went and sold out all my Turks straightway.

1st Citizen. And now that we are at war, 'faith, how think you we shall come out of it, eh ?

2nd Citizen. Ah, there you ask too much of me, good sir. We shall fight well, mark you ; but if it be possible to drown us on our way to the battle, or to starve us when we get there, or to send us into the fray with the wrong ammunition, or to in any way vex and hinder us, then, mark you again, the great Incapables who direct this grand country will do so at any cost.

1st Citizen. Come, come, Master Blunt, you be-wrong our Ministers there ; surely with all their faults they are patriots.

2nd Citizen. Patriots ! say you. Ha, ha ! Patriots is good. Prithee tell me, neighbour, what a patriot minister is ?

1st Citizen. A patriot minister, as I take it, is one who 'fore all and 'bove all, loves his country, and works for her weal.

2nd Citizen. Exceedingly well put, Master Travers. Your definition does honour to your heart. But now let me have my turn at defining. I have known many Cabinet Ministers, all good patriots ; but I will take me one, since they are mostly alike, and tell you in what his patriotism consists. There is my Lord Lirriper Lister, for example, the Secretary of State for the Torpedo Department. There is a patriot for you ! He doth indeed love his

country, especially the 5,000 acres of it he doth own in Redmarlshire. So much doth he love the land of his birth that he was found only last Martinmas stealing a nice little corner off the Common of Thievendon, which is as you know in Redmarlshire too, that he might have still more of the treasured soil to love. Nor does he love the land of his birth alone. He sets his affections likewise on the coins that form part of its revenues ; and having a rent-roll of £120,000 per annum, he exclaims, "Oh let me serve my dear country, for I feel so patriotic." So hereupon he is put to look after the Torpedo Department, and to show he is not proud, he takes the £5,000 annually paid to the patriot who performs this duty ; for he thinks it well, not only for his country to be dear to him, but for him to be dear also to his country. But his patriotism is not half satisfied yet, mark you. No, no, in the great effusion of his burning love for his country, he determines that all his kith and kin shall do something for his country too ; and so it comes to pass that his sons and his daughters' husbands, and his nephews and his nieces' sweet-hearts, and his wife's brothers, ay, and even his second cousins several times removed, are also patriots in a smaller degree, and all serve their country at smaller salaries. Here, then, is glorious patriotism for you, Master Travers ; here you see how nobly "blue blood" sets an example to the baser sort. Is it any wonder we feel safe when we have such patriots as Lord Lirriper Lister at the helm ? But mark you—

Policeman A 1. Now then, move on, here, move on ! This isn't Cogers' Hall, gentlemen ; move on !

[*Exeunt 1st and 2nd Citizens to the Green Bay Trec.*]

Newspaper Boy. [Ninth Heedeeshun, Sar! Countsil o' War this arternoon, Sar! The Horse Guards ordered to Hafricar this day, Sar! Ninth Heedeeshun, Sar!]

1st Stockbroker (buying a paper). This looks like business, Cozener. The Guards to embark next Saturday.

2nd Stockbroker (Cozener). And I am a holder of Egyptians! Curse the war!

1st Do. Cheer up, and hold on till it's over. 'Twill be a short affair.

2nd Do. Short for us you mean?

1st Do. Not a bit of it. We shall win in a canter.

2nd Do. Especially as we have no army to win with.

1st Do. But we have prestige.

2nd Do. Which can't carry a rifle.

1st Do. And money.

2nd Do. Which is useless, as soldiers cannot be bought ready-made.

1st Do. And do you forget our Navy?

2nd Do. Out of sight, out of mind, you see. It is true our ships can't be sunk by the enemy. We have anticipated their attempts most successfully.

1st Do. But all the Navy is not under water. There is the "Disastrous."

2nd Do. Which hasn't sunk, because she has never floated.

1st Do. And the "Unfortunate."

2nd Do. Which will be employed to take the Archduchess back to Russia, and detained there to bring her back when the war's over.

1st Do. Then there is the "Incompetent."

2nd Do. Which will probably go into action with her sluice valve open.

1st Do. And the "Incapable."

2nd Do. Whose boilers prime.

1st Do. Not forgetting the "Deleterious"

2nd Do. Which as a rule carries no powder.

1st Do. You take a pessimist view, thanks to your Egyptians.

2nd Do. Not at all, I think things might be much worse.

1st Do. How so?

2nd Do. Our First Lord might be an Admiral, and insist on taking the command.

1st Do. Your tone implies he would take nothing else.

2nd Do. Not he, not even a runaway slave on board.

[*Loud murmurs and cheers from the crowd.*]

1st Do. Hullo! Here comes the Lord Mayor. We shall hear the rights of the business now.

[*Enter the Lord Mayor in his State robes, attended by the Sheriffs and the Corporation; the City Marshal and the other Municipal authorities appear at the top of the steps leading to the grand entrance of the Mansion House. Flourish of trumpets as the Lord Mayor comes to the front and unfolds the Royal Proclamation.*]

Omnes. God save us all.

Lord Mayor. In the Queen's name I pray you listen all.

Know ye by these same presents that this day
Have we, Victa, Queen by the Grace of God
And people's will, proclaimed war 'gainst Russia.
Long have we brooked the doings of the Czar,
Our cousin; seen him treaties abrogate;
Browbeat our old allies; annoy our friends;
Annex new conquests; spread his frontier line;
Threaten our well-beloved realm of Ind—
And yet we made no sign. But he at last,
Having no fear of God or man, has dared,
Incontinently, Turkey to attack;
Giving no guarantee of his intent;
Treating our serious protests scornfully;
And being deaf to our ambassador—
Wherefore our island's prestige being at stake,
And India menaced by his dark designs,
We've ceased from diplomatic intercourse,
Thrown down the pen and taken up the sword;
Sure of our people's aid, and strong in this,
Our cause being good, God will defend the right.
Done at our Court at Albor Castle, this
Sixteenth of August, one, eight, seventy—
God save the Queen.

Policemen, &c. Hip, hip, hip, hip, hurrah !

City Crier. Silence, an't please ye, silence for the Mayor !

Lord Mayor. I would to that which I have read to you,

Add little. Citizens, we are at war !
Before 'tis o'er, there's likelihood enough
We, as a nation, shall smart desperately,
Experience many wounds and much distress ;
But then what we must bear in mind is this,
Our enemy will also suffer much ;—
Wherefore I think it meet we should prepare
To heap live coals of fire upon his head,
And following the traditions of this place—
The telescopic charity, I mean,
For which the Mansion House was ever famed—
I would announce the opening of a fund

For the relief of Russians in distress,
And wounded Cossacks ; also bear in mind
The fund for Russians, whose poor feet and hands
Succumbed last winter to Siberia's cold,
And were with broken chilblains covered, still
Lies on my table ; likewise gifts in kind,
Or cash in aid of the last mission sent
To Christianize King Mtesa, and to spread
Rum and religion through his land, are needed.
Verb. sap. I, being classical, will say,
So now subscribe, good folks, and pass away !

[*The people flock into the Mansion House to subscribe to the various foreign charities alluded to, and the scene closes as the newspaper boys announce the 'leventh heedecshun, with particulars of two deaths from starvation in St. Smiles's parish.*

SCENE II.—*The Commander-in-Chief's room in Pall Mall. Door L. A long table covered with samples of buttons, tailors' pattern-sheets, &c., C. Several lay figures in full uniform in the corner of the stage R. Sofas, easy chairs, and couches R. and L. Maps of Asia and Africa on wall at back of stage. In large arm-chair at end of table is discovered Kamdux, measuring a piece of gold lace.*

Kamdux (looking at his watch). But by my royal blood they're late ; the hour fixed for the Council struck two minutes since.

In urgency like this it doth behove
No warrior, o be slack. [*Knock without.*

Ah ! p'rhaps 'tis they.

Who knocks ? [*Enter Orderly.*

Orderly. Your Grace, the road beneath is blocked
With those who haste to obey your urgent summons.

Kamdux. Then why, in glory's name, ascend
their not ?

Orderly. The spirit's willing, but the flesh is weak.
Sixteen Bath chairs contain as many Generals,
Who cannot put a foot to earth ; ten more
In carriages conveyed, have gained the hall,
But find the stairs insuperable ; a score
Send word to say they cannot leave their beds ;
But, failing power to draw their sword to serve
Their country, will right bravely draw full pay
Till such time as the foe be routed ; six

Bold veterans even now, ingeniously,
Are sitting up their way, and stair by stair
Are slowly mounting ; two Field Marshals blind
Came here at once, but fainted straight away,
And had to be sent home again in cabs.

[*Bumping without.*

Your Grace, yon sound proclaims the welcome
fact,

At least one General has gained the top.

Kamdux. Admit him !

[*Orderly opens door, and a General slowly bumps his way into the room, followed, after a short interval, by three more, all of whom are placed on sofas by the Orderly and revived with brandy.*

Kamdux. You spoke of six.

Orderly. Your Grace, the other two
Broke down upon the stairs and cannot reach.

[*Looks out at door L.*

But others come ; I see one bravely mounts

On crutches ; and one manages to walk.
Come, come, your Grace, the prospect doth improve.

[*Enter another distinguished officer on crutches, followed by a do. do. limping slowly, and a young and dashing Aide-de-Camp.*

Aide-de-Camp. Your Grace, assembled in the hall below

Are many officers, the flower and pick
Of this land's army, and they fain would give
Their aid in your deliberations here ;
May't please you to admit them ?

Kamdux. Are they Generals ?

Aide-de-Camp. Nay ; they are young in years
and low in rank,

But capable, 'spite that, an't please your Grace.

Kamdux. Do they amongst their number chance
to reckon

A German prince ; or flow the veins of any
With royal blood ? If so, bid such come up.

Aide-de-camp. The most efficient cannot make
a claim

On either ground.

Kamdux. Then bid them go away ;

But send the Germans and the blood-royals up
Directly they arrive : see well to this.

[*Exit Aide-de-Camp, and enter soon after three young officers of tender years, who take seats of honour, and begin to pare their nails.*

Kamdux. And now to business ; since the war's
declared,

We must decide the plan of our campaign.
But, first, a very pressing matter waits
The Council's hearing : I am grieved to say
That up till now the cavalry and line
Have worn their forage caps, when in undress,
Tilted towards their left ears ; need I say
How necessary 'tis to alter this,
And wear the cap towards t'other ear inclined.
It makes me shudder when I recollect
We've nearly gone to war with this unchanged.

1st General (*burning blotting-paper under his nose for asthma*). The noble Duke is right.

2nd General. (*holding in his false teeth*). There
is again

That matter of the medals ; years ago
'Twas partially reformed ; but on the eve
Of war 'tis time to finally decide
If we shall let them overlap or no.
Imagine, brother Generals, if you can,
An officer that goes to fight with medals
Put on as pleased him best !

Kamdux. You are quite right ;

This is a vital point : I will to-night,
Ere I give way to sleep, send the *Gazette*
Our orders on both points that have been raised.
And now we may to lighter matters turn.
As you may know, the enemy in force
Has swooped upon Constantinople ; marched
An army on Damascus ; and a fleet
Has threatened Alexandria, and our path
To India ; thus, it us behoves forthwith
To Egypt occupy with force, to sweep
The Russian vessels from the tideless sea,
And hold the Suez Isthmus at all costs ;
For Egypt's like our own, and we must share
With Egypt's prince the burdens that may fall on't.

2nd General. My plan would be to threaten
Cronstadt, make

A feint upon St. Petersburg, and thus
Divert the enemy from what he's at.
In Spain, in eighteen nine, I recollect
How—

Kamdux. Yes, exactly ; you have told that tale
At every levée for the past twelve years.
Your plan for making feints would be all right
Had we the troops to make them with ; as 'tis,
At most some fifteen thousand of all arms
Will be the total of the force we send
To Egypt.

3rd General (*trying to look sly, and to put his gouty foot to the ground*). Who commands
the expedition ?

Kamdux. I waive the right ; 'tis thought my
presence here
Is more desirable ; here I shall be
To solve the problems that will surely rise.
(*Looking at the three young officers.*) To watch the
interests I love to serve,
To arrange promotion, and to play the part
Of Moltke in my study. Should there come
A sudden doubt as to some button's size,

Some lace's thickness, or some fringe's depth,
 My oft-tried memory will at once adjust
 The difficulty. Yes! I shall stay at home!
 The more so as my absence from the field
 Will give a younger relative a chance
 To show his powers, hitherto confined
 To shooting tigers from an elephant,
 Or seeing cheetahs chase and kill wild bucks.
 Now he—I mean our Prince, the Coming K—
 Will lead our army, and show all the land
 The stuff he's made of.

Omnes.

Bravo! Hear, hear!

Kamdux. Woolwich in this emergency has shown
 To great advantage, though by sad mishap
 Things have not all turned out as we could wish.
 For instance, saddles have we and to spare,
 Some seven thousand ready to our hand;
 Of horses, though, to put them on we've none.
 We have a great supply of boots and coats,
 But lack of men proportionately great.
 Artillery of obsolete designs
 We have in stacks; the superseded cannon
 Would cover acres; but of modern guns
 Adapted to oppose to Krupp and Co.'s
 There are, say, twenty-four, and more than these
 We have, you know, one eighty-one ton gun;
 But how to get that cannon where it's wanted
 Is more than we've been able to decide.

5th General (*pulling out a packet of papers and diagrams*). I have myself a plan for making
 guns

Which merely needs development; at such
 A time I'll not hold out for rigorous terms:
 There! take the notion for ten thousand pounds.

Kamdux. Softly, my veteran; there are pigeon-
 holes

Past number lining my official den;
 And each is crammed with patented designs
 Of cannon, bombshells, bayonets, and guns—
 Wish you that yours should join the multitude?

5th General. But mine is really good; a great
 reform

In ordnance, I assure you.

Kamdux. That counts naught:
 You little know our War Department's way,
 Your scheme is good, say you, then is it damned
 Most surely; for its very excellence

Will rouse the prejudice, the envy, hate,
 And malice of officials, whose success
 Is bound up with existing failures: nay,
 An would you die in peace, an would you
 'scape

Inveterate persecution, burn your plans,
 Nor bring them 'neath official cognizance,—
 For sure as they be good and they be seen,
 They'll rouse up bureaucratic jealousies,
 And straightway you will know the direful fate
 Of him who tries to serve his country. First,
 They'll lure you on with promises, speak fair,
 And suck your brains what time they build your
 hopes;

Then, as you wax more sanguine, will draw back,
 Suggest impediments, raise doubts, which you,
 Impulsive, trustful, earnest, sweep away.
 You challenge trials, you beg for ordeals stern,
 Fair competition's verdict you invite;
 You lose in short your head, say bitter things,
 And saying them, you fall an easy prey.
 Thenceforth, your doom is fixed, your pet design
 Is scheduled, docketed, and pigeon-holed,
 And never more has chance of use or trial.
 If wise, you bear your fate; a fool, you fight
 'Gainst the inevitable; then will come
 A weary series of rebuffs and wrongs;
 The demon of delay will dog your steps,
 And fasten you with fetters of red-tape;
 For justice craved will heartless sneers be given,
 Cruel inuendoes on your fame be cast;
 Till e'en official spite has wreaked its worst,
 And leaves you ruined, broken, cowed, to die.
 There, put your papers up, that's how we treat
 The fruit of brains more fertile than our own.

(*Enter Aide-de-Camp.*)

What now, Fitz-Kam?

Aide-de-Camp. The Coming K—, below
 With many friends, awaits an audience.
 He tells of strange excitement, Citywards,
 Rumours of later combinations brings,
 As fruit of which the Eagles join the Bear,
 And Prussia helps our foe.

Kamdux. Admit them all.

(*To the Generals.*) Move not; the Council is not
 yet dissolved.

*Enter the Coming K—, in hussar uniform,
 followed by Quoins, Hardolph, Finchford,*

Smotherland, Slaughterford, Palstaff, &c. &c.,
also in the full uniform of their various regi-
ments. The Generals rise, as well as they are
able, and salute the Prince, who with his
friends take seats round the table.

The Prince. So, 'Cousin Kam, 'tis thus you meet
to plan

The coming struggle ; and to those old dears,
Who ought to be in bed, you look for aid.
No, no, the gallant fossils, I dare swear,
Mean very well, but these are desperate times.
Fresh from the Premier in Downing Street
I bring you news of Mismarck's latest coup.
He, cock of Europe, but for us, now thinks,
The time is ripe to cut our comb, which means—

Quoins. We'll have a brush with him.

The Prince. Have done then, Quoins,
Tis not the time for quips. Well, Cousin George
How suits this new alliance your designs?
What say these hoary molluscs to my views?

Kamdux. Rash nephew, now as ever, thy hot
blood

Would carry thee to some ill-timed conclusion.
Deliberation is our watchword ; here
Round me are gathered England's oldest swords ;
Our ripe experience must assert itself,
So do not mar our Council. There is much
Of moment to discuss ; we must decide
If troops on foreign service sent shall wear
Their last new tunics or their second best ;
Then there are rules to issue on the beard,
And how to wear it during the campaign.
In short—

The Prince. In long, you mean. I won't stand
this,

There is no time for details, we must face
The fact that we are in most desperate straits ;
Already Grauffman threatens Kurrachee ;
The Russian fleet is in the Golden Horn ;
And Freidrich Wilhelm with two army corps
Marches on Varna ; and I find you here
Haggling o'er petty items, with a set
Of brave, I own, but worn-out, weak-kneed
men !

Where are the young and rising officers ?
Where's the new blood the army so much needs ?
Sir Garland Lorel, where is he ? No chairs

I see for Captains Gard and Close ; no place
For Colonel Enterpryse, say, why is this ?

Slaughterford. One moment, give your ears. I,
inasmuch

As England is in danger, move herewith
That Guelpho, our beloved, trusty Prince,
Preside this day at our deliberations ;
That every man 'bove seventy go to bed,
And then, in view of this emergency
We lay, before we part, our future plans,
And swear forthwith we'll carry them right
through.

All the Prince's Retainers. Agreed, agreed !

Kamdux. Then I'm not wanted here.

The Prince. Nay, but you are ! Stay with us
by all means.

Your mastery of details much will aid.
Those aged Gen'als, though, had better go,
Till such time as—and Fate such time forfend !—
Our city's threatened ; then can they come out
And have the Chelsea Pensioners' command.

[*Exeunt the Generals.*

Smotherland. One thing before we further go ;
what troops

Have we ? And more, what number that we may
Despatch at once to Egypt ?

Kamdux. With the Guards,
And by denuding every garrison
In England of its men, 'tis possible
To send out twenty thousand of all arms.

Palstaff. And quite enough ; why, every English-
man
Is up to half-a-dozen foreigners.

Quoins. What, Jack, forget you, then, so soon
the way
In which one German Jew was match for you ?
Ay, more than match ; eh, Jack ? though, match
or no,
You made not light of him.

Hardolph. Matches, they say,
Are made in Heaven ; they savour more of Hell ;
At least the gentleman in point suggests
No higher origin, although a match—

The Prince. Ah, there you go, you fellows—
fooling still ;
Truce to it, Hardolph, as you love me true—

Now, Kamdux, this small force you speak about
Must sail on Thursday ; this is Saturday.
Let Garland Lorel have command ; his task
To land in Egypt, hold it at all cost,
Assisted by the fleet ; our islands, safe—
With dread torpedoes circling all their coast ;
Each citizen a soldier, at a push—
Can spare the fleet to do aggressive work
On Baltic shores, our commerce to protect
From the attacks of th' allied ironclads.

Quoins. But you, my Prince, and we, what task
is ours ?

Doom us not to inaction ; let us show
Our countrymen we are not merely rakes ;
That wild oats' sowing's not our only rôle ;
That, on occasion, we have souls that rise
Above a lark, though larks soar very high.
We may not be the goody-goody prigs
Some folks would have us ; may not brush our hair
Like ranting parsons, and write pretty rhymes,
In which mild virtue is its own reward ;
We may not beg for curates in distress,
We may not be authorities on art,
Thanks to the coaching of an Alan Cole ;
We mayn't burn midnight oil except for whist,
Ecarté, "nap," or loo unlimited ;
Our lives may not suggest the good young man's
Who signs the pledge, banks at the Birkbeck Bank,
Finds in the Albor Hall Elysium,
In Brompton boilers his abode of bliss,
Who would not have a latchkey if he could,
Who stays up late to read the " Gentle Life,"
And thinks it fast to ride outside a 'bus ;
We may not be such prigs as that, and yet
We may be painted blacker than we are.
For we are Englishmen, and have hot blood,
And manly passions that will have their vent,
E'en if it be in nonsense : but now comes
The chance we longed for ; here is war at last,
And we can fight, and will ; our land shall see
Us play the man. So, Yedward, see to it,
That we have posts where thickest is the fight,
That we be sent where fiercest is the fray.
I speak for all, is't not so, comrades mine ?

Omnès. 'Tis as thou sayest, Quoins.

The Prince. Thanks, thanks, good friends.
I know your hearts have spoken : as for me,
I, too, rejoice the time has come when deeds

Can wipe out follies of the past ; for long
We have been playing holiday, until
To sport has grown more tedious than to work.
We have not been immaculate, I own,
But Princes will be Princes, nobles nobles,
Though censors say their worst ; and as for me,
I do not claim immunity from blame,
But as you said, my Quoins, I'm not so black
As I've been painted. 'T has been favourite work
With some to find my armour's weakest points ;
But at the worst, what have I been but human ?
Say I humility's base string have scraped,
And called a boxer by his Christian name,
Whilst I, 'neath Alma Mater's fostering care,
Was coached by him in art of self-defence—
Is this a crime ? Must I indicted be
Because, forgetting that I was a Prince,
I've been a lad of mettle ; talked strange slang,
Drank wondrous liquors in most wondrous cribs,
Loved women, wine—

Hardolph. We'll take the rest as read,
Confession's good for all our souls, sweet Ned,
But thine might last some time, and moments
press ;

Should not our plans be settled straight away ?

The Prince Right as thou usually art not, 'tis
meet

Thy counsel's followed ; now then, for my scheme.

Omnès. The scheme, the scheme ! So now for
Guelpho's scheme !

The Prince. Lo ! listen to 't. Some moons ago,
I sailed

For India, Look your Hansard up, and there
You'll see, the trip was underta'en by me
Upon the highest, noblest, worthiest grounds.
That clever devil—you know whom I mean—
Told to the gaping flock of stuck M.P.s
I yearned to do the State a service, yearned
To study Indian character, to learn
Its wants, its races, languages, and creeds ;
All which was simply not the truth, you know.
I wanted change, I wanted novel sport,
I wished to give my overstrained account
Some months to gain a balance in ; and so
I went. As most of you went too, to tell
What happened is to waste my time and yours :
But chief of what we all must recollect
Is the surprising welcome I received ;

The unexpected fervour of the crowds ;—
 Their loyalty ne'er wrought upon till then,
 It fairly frightened me :—I went to hunt
 And shoot ; and thought if I escaped
 Th' assassin's knife 'twould be a slice of luck ;
 But when I found the air re-echoed cheers,
 That Sikhs with Goorkhas vied, Bombay with
 Oude,

The hill tribes with the dwellers on the plain,
 In warmest welcome—when I found my name
 A pow'r, my presence a great tow'r of strength,
 It sobered me, it filled me with amaze,
 It made me think I *was* a Coming King !
 And, moving through that wondrous Continent
 (You chaffed sometimes that I was dull and glum),
 I pondered much on what had happed ; I saw
 In India's loyalty, as shown for me,
 A marvellous resource in day of need.
 That day has come ; it finds us plunged in war
 With Europe's strongest powers, who can place
 Full twice five men in line 'gainst one of ours ;
 We have the will, the pluck, but not the men ;
 And 'tis the men I'll raise.

Quoins. How, gracious prince ?
 Will you recruiting sergeant turn, or sow
 The dragon's teeth like Cadmus ?

The Prince. Hold your peace !
 My plan is this. This night again I start
 For India : threatened even now 'tis said
 By Grauffman from the Afghan side ; if so,
 We'll give him battle on our side the hills,
 We'll fight him in the Punjab, or beyond.
 I do remember me what Hodson did,
 And, by the living God, I'll match his name,
 And block the passes with the Russians' bones.
 Grauffman disposed of, comes my bolder scheme ;
 I mean to preach in India a crusade,
 To call the people to our help, to raise
 Old England's banner, with its glorious lines,
 That all the world, whate'er its tongue, can read.
 Then have I mighty faith that they will flock
 About my standard ; wiry Sikhs will come,
 And little Goorkhas, ugly as they're brave
 And true ; the Rajpoots all will bring their might ;
 From Mysore, Mewar, Kolapore, and Cutch,
 From Edar, Khairpur, Junagarb, Dhranga.
 Nawanagur,—its Jam will come, so will
 Bhownagur's Thakur ; Rahpipla's Rajah

Will never fail his Prince, nor Plahnpur's Dewan ;
 Bismilla Kahn and all the rest will aid ;
 The swarthy Afghans, too, like not the Russ,
 And hosts of Punjabees will follow me ;
 And if all these, well led by us, curb not
 The Moscow dogs, and send them howling home,
 Then Guelpho cares not for the crown to come,
 But will bleed you, and wash his follies out
 In death, whose measure's just the same for all.
 Thus shall I have my chance, at least, and so
 Swart India shall have a chance, as yet
 Denied her ; maybe I am wrong, all wrong,
 Have not read right the Oriental's heart ;
 But, right or wrong, I swear I will not fail
 For lack of trying ;—who will try with me !

Hardolph. I will !

Quoins. And I !

Finchford I too !

Slaughterford. And I !

Smotherland. And I !

Palstaff. So will we all !

Omnes. Agreed, agreed, agreed !

The Prince. Sweet friends, I thank you ; we
 have shared for long

Most good and ill that goes to make our lives,
 Our joy has not been selfish, nor our grief ;
 Our sprees have been joint-managed property ;
 Wherefore 'tis fitting that in this essay,
 The boldest one in my till now slow life,
 I have your company—you've promised it :
 Your hearts and hands are mine, full well I know,
 Thank you again ; and now to part, to meet
 To-morrow night at Dover. *Au revoir.*

[*All the Prince's friends shake his hand warmly
 and go out, followed by Kamdux, who has
 listened to the conversation in silent sur-
 prise.*

The Prince. A noble set at heart ! I knew they
 were ;

They wanted but the occasion as did I.
 Since I awoke I feel another man ;
 Life has a purpose now ; I live to do
 And not to dream. How fervently I long
 To carry out my plans ; should I succeed,
 And help beat back our foemen, sweet 'twill be
 To feel I've acted worthy my high place

To know I've paid the people's kindness back
 In some degree. Speed on, ye laggard hours,
 That bar me from my future; yet methinks
 I would not that ye sped too quick; for love
 Binds me in fetters that I would not break
 Too hastily. My noble love, my wife!
 No word of thine would keep me at thy side,
 When country joins with honour in the call
 Which parts us; still, 'tis passing sweet to know

That if thy love were not by duty gagged,
 'Twould call me back and hold me near thy
 heart!

Such love demands my presence till I leave;
 And never have I felt, before, our time
 So all too short to shape our fond adieux—
 I come my love, my princess and my wife,
 Henceforth with thee I'll share a nobler life!

[*Exit the Prince.*]

SCENE III.—*A room in the Kaiser's Palace at Potsdam. Tables and chairs C. A very large map of Great Britain and Ireland on wall R. Door L.*

(*Enter to the Kaiser, who sits at the head of the table, Kronspur and Mismarck.*)

Kaiser. And where is Moltke, Wilhelm?

Kronspur. Sire, he adds
 The final touches to the plan, by which
 Our movements will be guided; if in truth
 You have resolved this wicked war go on.

Kaiser. Resolved! Me! Wicked war! Come,
 come, my son,
 What words are these?

Mismarck. Ay, well you may demand;
 Go on, forsooth? Of course it will go on.

Kaiser. You hear, son Wilhelm?

Kronspur. Yes, what *he* (*points to Mismarck*) declares.

But have you, father, no will of your own?
 Are you the Kaiser? for it seems to me
 Your Chancellor dictates, he pulls the strings,
 And you and I, like puppets, wag our heads.

Mismarck. So, so, I'm brought to hear this lan-
 guage, eh?

Kaiser. has your good son again rebelled?
 Pray tell him—'twere not in good grace from
 me—

How much such conduct grieves, such words
 offend.

Kaiser. Yes, yes; 'tis very ill of you, Kronspur,
 To question what our Chancellor has done.

(*To Mismarck.*) Prince, pardon him; he's head-
 strong, does not know,

As I do, how your every thought and act
 Are for the Fatherland!

Kronspur. Enough! I bow
 To your decision; still, this war is wicked,
 And is not, Kaiser, of your thought or wish;
 'Tis bred of that ambition uncontrolled
 Which, long ago, has with its spirit filled
 The throne you sit on; worn the crown you wear,
 And leaves you Kaiser but in empty name.

Mismarck. I will not hear this speech. Be't
 as thou say'st,
 Then is there greater reason to be dumb.
 Provoke me not; the master-mind that made
 Can maul and mar; the hand that raise, reduce.
 Beware, my Prince, how thou incurr'st my hate!

Kaiser. Most foolish boy, have done; can'st
 thou not see
 Our obligations to Bludhausen?

Kronspur (*bitterly*). See!
 Ay, that can I. Go on! I say no more.

Kaiser. Your plans, good Chancellor, we now
 await.

Mismarck. The details Moltke settles, as thou
 heard'st;
 But so much is agreed. The army corps
 At Wilhelmshafen massed, embarks to-night,
 Its bourne being England, and (*pointing to Kron-*
spur) its leader thou!

Kronspur. Never!

Mismarck (sternly). I say that corps embarks to-night,

Its bourne being England, and its leader thou!

Kronspur. And I again say, Never! do thy worst; My foot shall never England's soil invade.

Mismarck. So, ho! some sudden scruple, eh?

Time was

Thou thought'st invasion no great sin; thy path Through France was marked with fire and blood, and death,

As though thou likedst that thou didst. Hast changed?

Art chicken-hearted? Would'st thou play the coward?

Kronspur (with a threatening gesture). Thy age protects thee, cruel, bloody man;

I fought 'gainst France as 'gainst a bitter foe Of Fatherland; but what is England's crime That I should lead an army through her shires To fire, to take, to pillage, and to kill?

Mismarck. Thou askest England's fault. I'll tell it thee.

She stands between the wind and my ambition
She dares to criticise my acts; to turn
Me into ridicule; she holds her head
So high, she must be humbled—see, our plan
Is to effect a landing on the coast
Of Dorset, where 'tis open, near to Poole
A landward dash, and Portsmouth will be ours,
Which means the road to London clear.

Kronspur. And then?

Mismarck. We'll occupy it, cut the Lion's claws,
And be the Cock of Europe.

Kronspur. Foolish man!
Thou knowest not what sort these English are;
Go get an insight, lead the corps thyself:
I've said I will not go. Plunged into war
By thy infernal policy, I must
March with my fellow Germans, and I will
But not in England. There'll be fighting East;
I'll cast my lot in that campaign.

Mismarck. Well, go,
Report thyself at Varna; and once more

Beware, Prince Wil, lest I, whose hand alone
Has raised the Hohenzollerns, let them fall!

Kaiser. Come, Wilhelm, go, nor vex our Chancellor.

Kronspur (kneeling at his father's feet). Good-bye, my father, 'tis with no bold heart
I take my leave of thee; forebodings dark
Have ta'en the place of glad anticipations.
'Tis not that death I fear, but I could wish
'T were braved in some more righteous strife.
Farewell.

God guard thee!

Kaiser. And thee too, my son, my son!
(*Aside.*) Cursed be the plotting mind that parts us thus!

[*Sound of bugles without.*]

Kronspur (jumping up). And now for Varna!
[*Exit Kronspur.*]

Mismarck. Sire, 'twere well to keep
Thy son in better order, lest it hap
That parents suffer for the children's sin.

Kaiser. No effort shall be lacking on our part
To meet your wishes. (*Aside.*) Thus it is I've raised
A monster, like a modern Frankenstein,
That makes a slave of me.

Mismarck. I go to join
With Moltke in deciding finally
The English conquest. *Gott in Himmel!* how
I long to march upon their capital!
And sack the city Blucher longed to sack
[*Exit Mismarck.*]

Kaiser. I am a cipher in my sad old age:
My only use to indorse th' ambitious plans
Of Mismarck; I'm his catspaw and his tool;
Ah, my Augusta! when I telegraphed
From France my pious messages to thee,
I little thought this blood and iron man
Would soon become my tyrant: Nemesis
Has swiftly followed: now myself I feel
The savage will that worked such woe to France,
Against my reason have to war to go,
And make a leal friend an angry foe!

[*Exit the Kaiser to seek comfort with Augusta.*]

SCENE IV.—*The English camp near Peshawur. Tents pitched all around. In C. the tent of the Commander-in-Chief, the Coming K.— In F. watchfire; round which are, assembled Prince Guelpho, Quoins, Fitzkam, Hardolph, Finchford, Smotherland, Slaughterford, Palstaff, Smithton, &c., &c.*

The Prince. Let's fight with him to-night!

Smotherland. [It may not be

Quoins. You give him, then, advantage.

The Prince. Not a whit;

Why say you that?

Quoins. Our men are hungry, faint,
The commissariat having failed—

Finchford. As usual!

Quoins. Supplies are on the road; two hours
from now

They will be here. The men can sup right well,
Sleep sound, and fight like devils in the morn.

The Prince. My Quoins is right; we will not stir
to-night;

But hark! a bugle sounds.

(*Enter Aide-de-Camp.*)

Aide-de-Camp. Your Grace, without,
An Envoy from the Russian camp demands
An audience under flag of truce.

The Prince. 'Tis well.
Conduct him hither. (*Exit Aide-de-Camp.*) He,
perchance, may bring
Us later news from Europe; which we've lacked
So long.

Smotherland. God send it may be welcome
news!

(*Enter Russian Envoy from Grauffman's camp, as
the bugle sounds a parley.*)

Envoy. I come with gracious offers from the
Czar
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

The Prince. Sir, we are English gentlemen;
proceed.

Envoy. Your Highness! General Grauffman
bade me say—

And he is by the Czar himself inspired—

He wishes you no ill; but inasmuch
As Russia's frontier line must be pushed out,
To find a seaboard for these Tartar States
She holds in vassalage, the monster realm
Your country rules must furnish it; but let
It's cession be a Conference's work;
Nor leave it to be shaped out with the sword.
For when the sword thus shapes a frontier out,
'Tis apt to rudely and at hazard cut,
Nor draw the line as would diplomacy.
Your Highness! I have spoken!

The Prince. Sir, pray tell
Your general he is kind in what he says;
But we are here to guard our frontier line,
Nor Conference nor sword shall alter it;
Unless, forsooth, the sword of which he spake
Shall gain for it fresh confines towards the north,
And thus provide the coastless Tartar States
With their desiderated seaboard; though
Not gained as he would wish. So, go; present
Our compliments and tell him what we speak

Envoy. Your Highness, pardon me; but have
you heard
The news from Europe?

The Prince. Ours dates five weeks back.

Envoy. Then know you not the way the war is
going?

The Prince. Come, let us hear your tidings, good
or bad,

Envoy. Our last advices from St. Petersburg
Bear date October seventeen, and bring
Us news Constantinople's ours; your force
In Egypt still holds out, though hardly pressed
By Kronspur and his Germans on all sides.
Sir Garland Lorel's killed, and of your men
A handful but remains; yet help from home's
Impossible; though Mismarck has as yet

Not landed ; still, his ships and ours blockade
Your coasts. Your fleet's nigh gone. The iron-
clads
Of Popoff's circular-design sunk six
Opposèd ships ; the others wisely fled ;
And, but for your torpedoës, England now
Had felt the foot of the invader. Bread
We hear is sixteenpence a loaf ; the Queen
In Scotland ; and the income-tax ninefold
What 'twas last year.

Quoins. These items, if correct,
Should only nerve us with fresh energy,
That we may haste to aid our 'leaguered force
In Egypt.

The Prince. There, sweet Quoins, thou speakest
right.

(*To Envoy.*) We thank you, Sir, for all your
courtesy,

Au plaisir de vous revoir ; à demain.

Quoins (aside). That's one to Ned ; he means a
coup de main.

Slaughterford. And tell the General to be up
betimes

That we may have it over in the cool.

Palstaff. And don't forget to say that I am
here—

Palstaff, Sir John. Grauffman will know the
name.

Envoy. Your Royal Highness, and good Sirs,
adieu.

[*Exit* Russian Envoy.]

The Prince. (*filling his glass.*) To our success,
to-morrow !

Omnes (drinking). Our success !

Smotherland. How strangely move events ; not
years ago

What one amongst us thought to come to this ;
Then we were idlers on a pleasant trip,
Now to save England is our glorious task !

Hardolph. We'll do it, too, I'm longing for the
fray—

To cut and thrust at some one.

Slaughterford. Ditto here ;

'Twill be a new sensation : hitherto
One's been compelled, if but for practice sake,
To knock a peeler down at intervals,
Or castigate some too offensive cad ;

But how intensely jolly 'tis to think
That one may hit out freely, right and left,
Cut, thrust, ram, batter, overthrow, knock down,
Sans fear of Knox at Marlborough Street next day,
And cutting comments in the Penny Press,
Headed, "A Lord in trouble," or the like.

Quoins. 'Tis shocking so to say, but true n'er
th' less

That English people dearly love a fight.
The relish that we feel, our men possess,
'Tis shared in great or small degree by all.
That influential voices call for peace
I know ; what, too, those influential voices are—
Commerce is one, and so is Riches. Greed
Thrives best in peace ; Affection hates a war.
But louder than all other voices comes
The cry of England's instinct ; *that* shouts War !
'Tis born with us ; the blood that fills our veins
From fighting sources flows : the Celtic stream
Has mingled with the grand old Roman flood ;
The blood of Angle and of Viking mixed,
Has joined that older stream : then into it
Has poured a Norman tributary. Hence
Most marvellous 'twould be, if we, whose blood
Is Celtic, Roman, Angle, Danish, Norse,
Did *not* rejoice in war.

The Prince. Well drawn, my Quoins ;
And whether true or not your theory,
It was high time that England had a war :
We all of us were hasting to the bad,
Emasculated by threescore years' peace.
The country was too rich ; old forms had changed,
We had been conquered by the German Jews,
And made to tribute pay to vulgar hosts :
Thus, Money was the standard of the Man.
You know, good comrades, our own case to take,
How we were bound in luxury's sweet chains,
How morbidly unhealthy grew our life,
Till 'twas at last a bore to live at all
Now, looking back, I'm heartily ashamed
To recollect th' example that I set.
Poole was our master ; we bowed down to him,
And meekly wore the coats he for us built ;
Existence was a desert tempered by
New trousers : a monotony relieved
By effervescing drinks of novel names :
Men did not live, they dressed : they did not talk,

They yawned : they troubled not to love, they
bought ;

And what was there that money could *not* buy?
Armed with it, blackguards purchased titles;
thieves

Got into Parliament ; glib swindlers wormed
Themselves into society ; round rogues
Bought out true men, and worth went to the wall,
And we, ourselves I mean, filled with disgust
To find our houses crammed with snobs and cads
Whose money was their only passport, fled
In desperation from the vulgar brutes,
To wander in Bohemian wilds, and take
Revenge in this way on society
Who, bribed with yellow gold, had ope'd her doors
And let the crowd of money grubbers in.

Quoins. Nor doth it grieve me much, sweet
Ned, we strayed
A little while in those Bohemian wilds
Of which you spake.

Hardolph. Ay, surely, 'twas not bad
What we in that land learned ; was it, my Jack ?

Palstaff. Not bad, say you, my Hardolph ; say
'twas good,
Exceeding good, and Jack won't say you nay.
I like Bohemia wondrously, its ways,
Its fashions, females—

Guelpho. Fie upon thee, Jack,
At thy age too !

Palstaff My age ! come that is good ;
Thy parting, Ned, is wider than it was.
'My age i'sooth ! I'm in the prime of life.

Quoins. That's fatal ; he who speaks *thus* of
himself
Is always going down hill ; but age apart,
Bohemia suits me also.

The Prince. Still 'twas strange
To find half Burke Bohemianized, to ask
For Viscount This—and to be told he's at
The theatre of which he is lessee ;
The Earl of That—and find he's hard at work
At painting pictures somewhere in the wood.
To hear Lord Someone's brought a novel out,
The Duke of Something's written a burlesque,
That several Honourables their coaches drive
For hire—

Smithton. But dost thou mean that's not correct
Remember, Guelpho, I've done that myself.

Guelpho. Thou silly boy, to take offence like
that ;

I merely said it sounded strange, that's all.
For if a lord may drive a coach, why then
Should not a younger son a Hansom steer,
Or tool an Islington or Brompton 'bus ?
But it was simply my intent to show
To what strange pastimes we've of late been *driven*.
I almost took a House myself, but found
So many friends had one, there was no need
To throw more money in the bottomless pit.

Hardolph. Ay, 'tis expensive work, as I know
well.

I had the Harmony for sixteen months ;
I' faith it ate up more than my town house,
My place in Berks, my Highland box, my yacht,
And six weeks with M. Blanc at Monaco.

Quoins. And is the game the candle worth, old
man ?

Hardolph. Scarcely. At first it is intensely nice
To wander at your will behind the scenes,
To chat with low comedians of renown,
And drink bad liquor with them in their rooms,
To parley with divinities in tights,
To flirt with sweet *jeunes premières*, to toy
With "ladies of the ballet," and to stand
Continual treat impartially to all.
It gives a *souçon* of delight to feel
Your money for the populace provides
A show of limbs no other house can match,
And in a way (you don't know how or why,
But toadying critics tell you it is so)
The drama elevates. But this wears off
Extremely soon ; you find the funny men—
Their anecdotes once told—but vulgar bores ;
That sweet *jeunes premières* make up and pad,
And bring down griffins in the shape of "ma's,"
Who ask you what you mean and use the word
"Honourable" often with the aspirate "H."
As to the goddesses in tights, they live,
Say vegetate, alone on onions ;
Whilst as a rule the ballet girls know life
To such extent they criticise champagne,
Accept a sealskin jacket with just "Thanks,"
And offer you a lift home in their "brooms."

Yes, worthy friends, the words of Solomon—
 (If he were e'er a theatre lessee
 The candid chronicler does not relate ;
 But probably he was, for not much missed
 This Royal Crichton)—well, to use his words,
 " This also (Theatres) is vanity."
 And then he adds, " vexation too of spirit "—
 And, I might add, a loss of coin likewise.

The Prince. Thanks for thy candour, Hardolph,
 but methinks
 'Tis time those baggage vans were here ; see to 't,
 My Quoins, that we may feed, and sleep, and rise
 The better fit to meet the foe to-morrow.

Smotherland. Before we part—'tis long odds,
 recollect
 We do not all meet here to-morrow night—

Let's fill one bumper to our absent friends.
 We most of us have some fond woman's heart
 A beating quickly for our sake ; for love
 Is bound up in the life of every man—
 'Tis some cold soulless *thing* who never loved.
 Let's drink, then, silently, to absent friends,
 And vow to fight as though those women's lives
 Hung on our victory.

They fill their glasses and drink the toast amidst dead silence, which is broken in upon by the shrill notes of the bugle, announcing the arrival of the forage and commissariat carts, and calling the men to supper ; upon which they all shake hands warmly, and go off to seek their respective divisions ; and a bright full moon rises as the scene closes.

SCENE V.—*The field of battle. A plain near the encampment. Alarum. Excursions (not with Cook's tickets). Rolls of Musketry. Cannon.*

(Enter the Russian Host (as far as possible) under General Grauffman. Enter the English hosts (also subject to stage exigencies) under the Prince Guelpho. They fight. Drums. They continue to fight. Trumpets ; and presently exeunt the rival hosts to fight in a less constrained area. Enter General Grauffman and his staff.)

General Grauffman. Art sure, Peremtikoff, the
 'rak was served
 To all the rank and file at morning mass ?

Capt. Pereremtikoff. Four thousand gallons,
 General, were used
 To cheer our troops ; each man had half-a-pint.

Grauffman. Then why this flagging—why this
 lack of dash
 Which marks our men ?

Colonel Dunnovitch. I know this, General,
 The 'rak was furnished by a Yankee firm
 Who have a friend at Court.

Grauffman. Then all's explained.
 'Twere better that the men had had strong tea
 Than water mingled with some poisonous trash ;
 No wonder they are flagging.

(Enter Aide-de-Camp on horseback, suddenly.)
Aide-de-Camp. Our centre, General, is hardly
 pressed

By English horsemen, and needs help forthwith.

Grauffman. Go say I'll bring reserves to them
 myself.

(Aside.) The struggle is more serious than I
 thought ;

Yet are our numbers vastly in excess

Of their small force, and numbers sure must tell.

(To his staff.) Come, follow me, my comrades, to
 the fray.

[Exeunt General Grauffman and staff.]

(Alarum. Enter Palstaff very much tumbled and soiled.)

Palstaff. At last a quiet corner, where to pull
 Myself together somewhat. This beats all
 I in my utmost nervousness conceived,
 And yet I felt so valiant overnight.
 But since—

(Enter a shot. Palstaff ducks his head.)

There ! that's the sort o' thing I hate.

I've always vowed that mineral drugs worked
harm,
And stuck to herbs, but now 'twill be most strange
If I escape without a leaden pill,
Or leaden bolus rather, which, i' faith,
I know will be too strong to suit my case.
Oh! could I only once get out of this
I'd cast my lot with M. P. Richard—

(Enter a shell, which Palstaff dodges.)

There!

War is a wicked thing!

(Enter Prince Guelpho on foot, without his sword.)

The Prince. What Jack, thou here and idle!
Lend thy sword,

'Tis not all over yet; their right is smashed—
In charging it, it was I lost my horse—
Their left is wav'ring, but their centre's firm,
And there's some fighting still; so come, thy
sword.

Palstaff. Well Ned, i' sooth, I've done enough to-
day.

I've earned a life's repose; such deeds in arms,
My Ned! Six Cossacks as I live—

The Prince. Good, Jack!
We'll have the Cossacks presently—thy sword!

Palstaff. Nay, not so fast, sweet Prince; stay here
with me
And lie in wait for Grauffman.

The Prince. Let those lie
Who like; I want thy sword, if so it be
Thou hast no use for it, as sooth it seems.

Palstaff. Nay, nay; thou tak'st my spirit, if thou
tak'st
My sword!

The Prince (taking out pocket flask). Thy spirit,
quotha! here, take this! *(Throws flask at him.)*
And now thy sword! *(Takes it.)* Thou'lt profit by
th' exchange.

[Exit the Prince.]

Palstaff (unscrewing the stopper of the flask.)
P'raps Ned is right *(drinks)*. I' faith I'm sure he
is—
I'll get me to the rear amongst the carts,

The safest way of being in the *van!*

[Exit Palstaff.]

*(More alarms and excursions. Enter the Prince,
Quoins, Fitzkam, and Smithton, followed by a
squadron of mounted Sikhs.)*

Guelpho. My Quoins, retire, that lance thrust
bleeds apace.

Quoins. May Heaven forbid a shallow scratch
should drive
Me from the field e'er victory is ours.

Smithton. If that be so, we have no breathing
time;
Let's make the victory ours right off!

Guelpho. Well said!
There is no sound of money bags in that.
Tis noble mettle!

Fitzkam. One more charge will turn
The Russ to flight.

Quoins. Then let that charge be made,
And quickly, or you'll do me out of it,
And that I'd reckon selfish.

The Prince (to bugler). Sound the "Make
Ready!"

Quoins. One moment ere we start, and this to
thee,
Sweet Ned! if I should fall—'tis like I may—
Tell them in England that I did my best;
Tell them that reckless, restless, royst'ring Quoins,
Quoins the extravagant, the ne'er-do-well,
Did do his fighting fair and straight; tell *her*,
My Ned, thou know'st the "*her*" I mean.
And if, the Jews all paid, there aught is left,
Tis all for *her*, Ned; that is all. Good-bye!
My brave Mahrattas wait me.

The Prince. Farewell, Quoins.
Thou art too gloomy. We shall meet again!

[Exit Quoins.]

(To bugler.) Now sound "The Charge!"

*[The bugle sounds, and the Prince and his fol-
lowers, with the Sikh horsemen, gallop off.]*

SCENE VI.—*Another part of the field, with alarms and excursions of its own.*

(*Enter General Grauffman with his staff, retreating.*)

Grauffman. Oh, fatal day! here end my master's dreams

Of glory and unbounded Eastern rule.
Worse this, than Nicholas and his disasters.
Woe has come on us, and a dire defeat.

Col. Dunnovitch. Yet have we bravely fought,
and stubbornly.

Grauffman. And they more bravely and more
stubbornly.

But who would think the Sikhs could ride us down?

Capt. Peremtikoff. Thanks to their officers. By
the Greek Cross,

They're worth the Guards, those Sikhs.

Grauffman. Aye, there thou'rt right.

The Afghan tribes, too, are as good; they all
Like devils fought. And as for the dwarf Ghoorkas
Our line men are no match for them, I swear.
They never flinched, though our artillery
Played on their columns such an iron hail.
But wondrous all belief or count above
Is the behaviour of the English swells.

By God, I think those men would never turn;
That's why these swarthy horsemen love them so,
And follow them like hounds, close at the heel.

'Twas steadfast won to-day; yet was I told
To have no fear of them. The Prince, 'twas said,
And his companions would be easy prey;
Their coming out here but an idle whim.

Most sternly have they given the lie to-day
To such assertions; England may be proud
Of such a prince; her prince of such a following:
That is the prince I'd like to serve; a prince
Who earns his title by his gallant deeds,
And leads by right of arms as well as birth.
But here to linger is to be cut off;

Let's lead our mangled remnant from the field.

[*Exit Gen. Grauffman and his staff.*]

(*Enter The Prince Guelpho, Quoins, Slaughterford,
Smotherland, Finchford, Smithton, Fitzkam,
and Hardolph.*)

The Prince (*grasping Quoin's hand*). Thank

Heaven for this, thou see'st my words were true
We've met again.

Quoins. Yes, thanks to Hardolph!

Hardolph. Nay!

I did but knock a Cossack's long pin up,
Who took thee from behind: but thou art faint.

Quoins. A little; but to see you all puts life
Into me. Is thy flask at hand, dear Ned?

The Prince. Now let confusion rest on Jack's
thick head;

I gave my flask to him.

Smotherland. Here's mine, my Quoins.
Now drink to our success. [*Quoins drinks.*]

Quoins. I'm glad to pull through, now the day
is ours.

'Twill please the governor immensely; p'rhaps
He'll pay my bills upon the strength of it.
But have we all pulled through?

The Prince. Yes, all, thank God!
Finchford is badly hit, and Slaughterford;
And I have got a scratch, but that is all.

Fitzkam. This news should reach our fellows
right away;

'Twould cheer them on in Egypt to hold out,
And put fresh pluck in all the folks at home.
Let me start off at once!

The Prince. 'Tis well conceived.
Go! tell the Suez chaps we're on the way:
Embarked at Kurrachee a week from this,
We ought to be in Egypt ere the moon
Is at her full; at any rate, say thou,
We come as quick as mortal men can come;
And as there is no hampering Control,
No fetters of red-tape to tie our feet,
No commissariat fiend to hold our hands,
That is more quickly than they can believe.

Fitzkam. I start in thirty minutes; you that
would

Entrust sweet missives to my care, go write—
But only to relations—recollect,
Ill not be Cupid's go between, mind that!

Hardolph. Still may we write to cousins, eh,
Fitzkarn?

Fitzkam. Be they but once removed.

The Prince. Hullo, here's Jack!
Poor Jack, we 'd quite forgotten him.

(*Enter Palstaff, driving two Russian soldiers before
him at the point of the bayonet.*)

Why, Jack!

What's this?

Palstaff. These two be all are left of four
Who took me at one time, without my sword,
Which thou, my Ned, had carried off; these two
Are left; the other four.

The Prince. The two, you mean.

Palstaff. Four, Ned, I told thee four. The six
came up

And mainly thrust at me; without ado
I gathered their eight bayonets up thus.

The Prince. Eight? Why there were but six,
Jack, even now.

Palstaff. If there of bay'nets' points were eight,
in sooth,

There were eight Russians.

Quoins. Ay, 'tis plain as mud.

Palstaff. Well, then I held them till I shot the
six;

The other four——

The Prince. Why, six and four are ten!

Palstaff. I grant thee that—The other four, I say,
Drew back; but I, a bay'net seizing, chased
The six——

The Prince. Tis monstrous! now he makes them
twelve.

Palstaff. O'ertook them, prodded three, and
whilst I fought

The other five——

The Prince. Will no one stop the knave?
Or we shall have another army grow
Out of his bragging.

Palstaff. I will cut it short.
I should have brought five pris'ners to the camp,

But several Cossacks came behind my back,
And turning to defeat them, all but two
Escaped, and here they are!

Hardolph. 'Tis all a lie.
Thou wicked Jack! I saw thee, not long hence,
When at the rear to get a tourniquet,
Snug in a bread-van: then I saw thee steal
All softly from thy lurking-place and take
Two inoffensive prisoners from the guard,
Whom after a *detour*, thou bringest here.

The Prince. Oh, fie upon thee, Jack! what hast
thou to say
To this?

Palstaff. But this; I thought it well to see
The baggage waggons were not carried off—
For what is victory without a meal
Soon after it? So, though I strongly yearned
To be where thickest was the fray, I stayed
Amongst the carts, repelling each attack,
Losing no joint throughout the day, nor loaf,
Nor e'en a bottle of pale ale, though fierce
The raids upon them all. When vict'ry came,
I, caring not to claim especial praise
For my devotion in the rear, resolved
To hide my prowess, and to merely say
I did the ordinary thing, as you;
So took my pris'ners and prepared my tale.

The Prince. Then how about the period of the day
When I found thee alone, *dispirited*?

Palstaff. Ned, an thou lovest me, no more of
that.

The Prince. Nor will I; 'tis a great and glorious
day

And not a time to linger over faults.
Besides, a well-earned meal awaits us; come,
Tis time we wash the powder from our face,
And add fresh strength to hopes just newly born;
For after such a rout as here's to-day,
Russia will have enough to do 'gainst hordes
Of horsemen, who'll beset their rear, and prey
Upon the stragglers, for a hundred leagues;
So we may safely march for Kurrachee.
To-morrow morn advise your men of this.
Next, dinner, sleep, a five days' march—not more,
And then to meet the foe on Egypt's shore.

SCENE VII.—*The harbour and quay at Kurrachee. Transports and ironclads filling port; embarkation of troops is rapidly going on. Soldiers from all parts of India throng the land, and intense enthusiasm prevails everywhere.*

(*Enter Quoins at the head of regiments of cavalry commanded by Rajpoot Chiefs, and English Officers, who form on the quay.*)

Quoins. So far, my men, so good! About to embark,
Let him who of his promise doth repent,
Speak out and claim exemption: 'tis the wish
Of our good Prince, no man shall go with him
Whose heart says, Stay at home. How say you then?

Omnes. We all will go! we all will go!

Quoins. 'Tis well.
At six assemble here again, but now
You have an hour for ease and rest. Fall out.

[*They fall out.*]

(*Enter a detachment of Sikh cavalry led by Har-dolph.*)

Quoins (watching them defile before him.) Now,
by my faith! a right-down gallant set.
Not button-perfect may be, nor with belts
Pipe-clayed as Kamdux would desire; but still
The very men I'd have with me in fight.
Five thousand such as these! 'Tis strange to see
How great a talisman is Guelpho's name.
A score of years ago we held our own
In India but by sheer and desperate might.
And now, obedient to the Prince's call,
All Hindostan has rallied to our flag,
And burns to be led on against our foe.
Tis all a mystery to me!

(*Enter an Indian juggler, with his usual apparatus, which, however, he places on one side, and drawing out a packet of printed slips from a wallet, plays on his tom-tom as he sings in a monotonous voice the following lines, only stopping occasionally to sell copies of the lay to the public.*)

Native Juggler. (Sings.)

Our Shah Zadah came to us,
And thus to us did say:
Now who their Prince will follow,
To drive his foes away?

Now who their Prince will follow,
When he to fight goes forth,
With Mismarck's savage Prussians,
And the Russians of the north?

Right swiftly sped his message
Upon the silent wire,
Spread north and east and south and west
By the tongues that never tire,

Till all had heard its purport,
And on the trysting day,
His faithful followers mustered
All eager for the fray.

Up rose the golden morning
On mountain and on sea,
It gilded all the temples
Of sea-laved Kurrachee;

It shone where four score thousand
Were marching to the ships,
It fell upon their lances,
And turned to gold their tips.

From every Indian city
That boasts an old-time name,
From every fighting district,
That gallant army came:

From Agra's marble palaces,
From Gwalior's ancient wall,
From Delhi's granite battlements,
They answer to the call;

From where St. George's fortress
O'erlooks the Orient sea ;
From the rock forts impregnable
Of Trichinopoly ;

From the wide-spread cantonments
Of blood-besmirched Cawnpore
From Oude's historic Lucknow,
Where help brave Campbell bore ;

From the rich banks of Hooghly,
Where proud Calcutta lies,
Where the bastions of Fort William
In bold defiance rise ;

From the burning southern cities,
From the Punjaub and Peshawur ;
Where the frowning rock defences
Of Afghanistan tower ;

The cities of the Nizam
Had furnished of their might ;
The henchmen of the Holkar
Had gathered for the fight ;

The Sikhs came from their mountains,
And mustered at Lahore ;
There was bustle at Baroda,
And commotion at Mysore ;

And not a sturdy hill-tribe
But sent horsemen to the plain ;
And twice five thousand Ghooraks
Thought the Prince's call not vain.

All sects, all castes, united
To follow him to death ;—
There was no thought of sneaking,
Of treason not a breath.

And all the nations wondered
And the foe fell back appalled,
To see how India answered,
When the Prince of India called.

Quoins. These be indeed strange times ! I will take some of your songs, my good fellow. Are they your own now, eh ? or serve you but as the poet's publisher ?

Juggler. They are written, Sahib, by the great Brahmin Ragmag Keshub Bunderbob.

Quoins. And a credit to him i' faith. (*To Hardolph, who has dismissed his men.*) See here Hardolph, what the great Brahmin Ragmag Keshub Bunderbob has written.

Hardolph (looking at slip). Quite a clever old party, I declare. (*Enter Smithton hurriedly, running against him in his haste.*) Hullo ! my sweet youth, steady—steady does it !

Smithton. A thousand pardons, Hardolph, but a fellow has just come from Bombay with despatches and news from home. Has Guelpho passed here of late ?

Quoins. No, he does not pass readily as yet, though he *is* half a sovereign already, but wait a while, the eclipse is beginning, and then—Why here he comes and all our fellows with him.

(*Enter Guelpho, followed by Smotherland, Finchford, Palstaff, &c., &c.*)

Smithton. Hail, sweet coz. I have news for thee ! See here ! (*holds up a despatch bag*). What 'tis to be in command ! But they say there is news from London in it and we are dying for it, so stand not on the order of your opening, sweet Ned, but ope at once.

The Prince (taking out a packet of papers). From Kamdux, ah ! they'll keep (*throws them down*). There must be surely a line from—(*hastily looks through the contents of bag*). Ah ! here it is ! Your pardon, comrades all (*breaks open note and reads it*). Thank heaven, she's well !

Palstaff. And all the little kings and queens to be !

The Prince. Are also well, Jack ; but I am selfish (*looks at letters*). Why, see, a packet for everyone, that's very good (*gives round letters*). Even for thee, Jack, see ! (*gives packet*).

Palstaff. I know the hand and marry, but they are all the same. Confound the woman !

Quoins. Shame on thee, Jack ! Confound a woman ? Fie !

Palstaff. Thou need'st not pity her i' faith. The man that could confound Dame Jerry is not weaned yet. One, two, three, why seven letters as I live, and all dunning me for a trumpery reckoning I have run up at her bar at the Crown.

Hardolph. Mean you the bar, Jack, where an array of picked barmaids draw the October ale, and dally coyly o'er segments of porkpie, and ancient buns, with their admirers?

Palstaff. No, sweet Innocence, I do not: my drum, where Jerry taps, is a neat quiet place for a man when he's sick o' the world, and wants nursing.

Hardolph. Keep your Crown, or let it keep you, for that's more likely, by half, fat Jack. I like my bar; it is a favourite haunt of the Muses, a halting place on the slopes of Mount Parnassus, a temple where Literature worships Beauty, a—

Quoins. Bravo, Dolph! That's borrowed, I know; but time presses, and why not say that thy bar is a pet boozing ken for the literary hacks of Fleet Street, and ha' done with it?

Palstaff. Thou art coarse, Quoins, now as ever. I have been to thy bar, and here's proof (*showing a bill*).

Quoins. Let's see thy bill run up amongst the Graces and the Muses (*snatches it from Palstaff's hand*.) Item—A Chelsea bun. A Chelsea bun is good. It sounds innocent. Item—O Jack, what's this! Six B. and S.'s, four and six? Fie, fie! Item—Eight S. and B.'s, six shillings. Fie again! Item—Another Chelsea bun. Item—Eighteen S. and B.'s Oh, Jack, for shame! Item—the following day, the same except the Chelsea buns. I won't go on, 'tis too monstrous. Two Chelsea buns to this intolerable deal of B. and S. Oh, Jack! I never knew before the Pierian spring was B. and S. Out upon such a fat swiller!

Palstaff. Hast done? cause an thou hast, there may be news from London good to hear.

Smotherland. It must be since we all have letters. Let us then each tell in turn an item, that facts confided to each may be known to all. What say ye?

Omnes. Agreed, agreed!

Smotherland. Then thou, Prince Ned, begin; now prithee off!

The Prince. The Queen's in Scotland.

Quoins. That is scarcely news.

The Prince. Well. Brother Humphburgh's given a thousand pounds

To aid the sick and wounded.

Hardolph. Ay, that's news!

Smotherland. There's been a fire in Lombard Street.

The Prince. Was 't big?

Smotherland. It only burnt out Eimgott's banking-house.

Palstaff. 'Tis pity he's not gone, too, with the house!

Quoins. His books are safe, of course.

Smotherland. Alas, they're not. A fact the more to be deplored as they were wanted at the Emma trial next day; He's inconsolable, they say.

Smithton. Poor man! My news is that the "Duke's" is shut *pro tem*. It's *clientèle* being busy making lint.

Finchford. For us perchance, worse luck.

Slaughterford. The Malborrow Club Has volunteered *en masse* for Egypt.

Quoins. What! The Israelites and all! Methinks the Jews Might go into the battle padded well With all the paper that they hold of ours.

The Prince. But if the modern Pharaoh heard about Our Israelites, and would not let them go Until they paid for what their ancestors Took with them when they made their midnight flit?

Hardolph. 'Twould serve them right; no punishment's too cruel For those who give you, when you ask for coin, Spurious old masters, and Houndsditch cigars.

Finchford. I've heard from Chauncey who sends an *on dit* That Boulanger has joined the Russian flag.

The Prince. Poor Val! He lost his purse, which was not trash, As well as his fair name; may Fate forefend I meet him in the battle, face to face.

Hardolph. Amen for me!—my tip is simply this:— The little girl at Richmond, you know who— One can't forget her *soirees musicales*—

Come, come, sweet Ned, there is no need to blush—
Has turned a saint and *sœur de charité*,
And more, has gone to Cairo as a nurse.

Quoins. What a temptation to get wounded! eh?

Hardolph. The little place—the daintiest little trap

E'er set for mortal men—is let on lease—
O irony of every-day events!—

To a Low Church drysalter who has prayers,
Both night and morning, in the garden room!

Slaughterford. O, Nemesis!

Quoins. Mine's rather serious news.
There's been an anti-German riot; first
The mob went to the Horse-Guards, nor would leave
'Till all the German officers we have
Had been *gazetted* out the army; then
It went, and at the Admiralty served
The German naval captains just the same;
Next held a meeting in Trafalgar Square,
Relieved Prince Pagan of his offices,
And passed a motion by which 'twas decreed
All Germans should clear out the following noon,
The which they duly did, and seventeen trains
Of Teutons went from Charing Cross next day,
Since when no music in the streets 's been heard,
And German sausage has become a drug.

The Prince. This social chat is nice enow, but still

You should the state of public matters learn
As I am told them by the Premier's hand.
Our island's still in peril, but holds out
Thanks to torpedoes of the fishtail make:
Six ironclads, at different times engaged
The Portsmouth batteries, and six times went back
So mauled as to be towed from action; thus

As Mismarck had at first but nine in all,
He grows more chary of the trio left.
Thus we may look on England as all safe,
Though in a most uncomfortable state.

Quoins. Chairy—un-come-for-table—is't a joke?

The Prince. No, no. 'Tis not a time for jests.

Quoins (sotto voce). Jest so!

The Prince. Outside our island things are not so bright,

Although our triumph makes amends for much.
The force in Egypt yet holds stoutly out,
But every day is in more desperate straits;
Entrenched at Suez like a rock it stands
'Gainst which th' allies, in huge waves, vainly dash.
The Danube lands are occupied in force
By Prussian Eagles and the Russian Bear.
Egypt is theirs, save for the sacred spot
Which just a handful of our fellows keep—
Could they but see this sight, could they but know
What's coming to them o'er the Persian gulf!
Let's give one British cheer—'tis foolish p'raps—
But still on fancy's wings the sound may reach
Our leaguer'd countrymen, may give them hope
And nerve their heart and hand to fresh exertions.
Come comrades, one hurrah!—Then to the ships.

Englishmen. Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!

Indians. Heep, heep, heep, hoorree!

[Upon which, at the Prince's word, the bugle sounds and the work of embarkation goes rapidly on. When at last all are on board the transports, they stand out to sea, under a salute from the forts of Kurrachee and amidst the enthusiastic shouts of the volunteers.]

CURTAIN.

END OF ACT VI.

ACT VII.

SCENE I.—*The English entrenched camp at Suez. As the curtain rises bugles are sounding in all directions, sounds of heavy firing are heard around, and there is a general hurrying of the men to their stations.*

(Enter General Grunt, Captain O'Gullivan, Major McMaxter.)

General Grunt. A fresh attack! But where? which side is pressed?

Capt. O'Gullivan. Shure, Ginear, 'tish't us at all, at all.

Major McMaxter. Gude faith, I'm none sae sure ye air nae richt.

There's a blaud o'naise, but nae no clours and nicks.

They're feichtin 'mang theirsels.

Grunt. What do you mean? They cannot want more practice than they get with us.

O'Gullivan. Nay, Ginear, I'm not shure o' that.

Foighting's entoicing work, when once ye're in't, They can't bate us and so they bate aithoother.

Grunt. More firing still, methinks you're really right

But here comes the picket that's just relieved.

(Enter a picket.)

(To Sergeant of picket.) Well, Sergeant, what's this firing to the East?

Sergeant. The enemy's engaged, with whom o'er 'tis,

'Tis with a force that slowly drives them back.

Grunt. You're sure of this?

Sergeant. Full certain, General. And Bounce here, Corporal Bounce declares he heard

A British cheer!

Grunt. Then Corporal Bounce's a fool!

A British cheer and from the East i' faith!
Our succour if it came 'd be from the West.

O'Gullivan. Och thin, thire's India, Ginear, that's the aste.

McMaxter. That's verra richt, but spoasin that et es.

O'Gullivan. Why p'rhaps they've sint to help us, rist their sowls!

Grunt. That's nonsense. India's threatened on the north,

There Grauffman is in force: at best our troops Can only keep him back.

McMaxter. Dinna ye ken Prince Guelpho's there?

Grunt. Oh yes, I knew of that. His presence though, cannot mend matters much. He's young and headstrong, quite unfit for war, Save p'rhaps a sham one 'mongst the Surrey hills, I only hope he will not come to harm.

[Shots without.

But list! that firing's surely nearer now.

McMaxter (excitedly). Dinna ye hear it, dinna ye hear it noo?

[He throws himself flat on the ground, and puts his ear to the earth.

It's a' richt noo!

Grunt. In heaven's name what d'you mean?

McMaxter. Mean? why I hear the bagpipes and we're saved!

(Enter Aide-de-camp, hastily.)

Aide-de-Camp. General, a scout just in, reports the news.

An Army Corps, commanded by our Prince,
Upon the coast this morning disembarked ;
By a forced march surprised the Russian camp,
And driving them, with fours hours' fighting, back,
Has fought its way within a mile of us.

Grunt. This is great news indeed ; but art thou
sure ?

Aide-de-camp. There seems no possibility of
doubt.

McMaxter. Why there's the sloggan, Gen'ral.

Grunt. So there is,
And hark—yes, yes, yes 'tis the British cheer.
We'll go and meet our saviours. Fall in, there.

[*The men fall in.*]

"Tenshun ! Form fours ! Right ! Left wheel !
Quick ma-r-r-ch !

*The British forces march out amidst a scene of
the greatest enthusiasm : a sudden tremendous
cheering and general hubbub outside tell of the
junction of the beleaguered troops with the
Prince and his Indian reinforcements, a
meeting which the limited extent of most stages,
and the excessive number of supers required
for such a tableau, render it inadvisable to
make to take place coram populo.*

N.B. The noise to be made in the wings under
the above circumstances being practically bound-
less, no definite directions for the charivari
need be given.

SCENE II.—*The battle-field near Suez. The British army in battle array ; the assorted
Indian troops in ditto, ditto. Excursions with Cook's tickets this time, a party bound for
the cataracts having turned aside to see the battle.*

*Enter Prince Guelpho with his staff. He forms
as much of the army as he can into a hollow
square, for the purpose of saying a few words.
He says them.*

The Prince. Soldiers ! to state that Europe's
eyes this day

Were on you, were the usual thing to say,
But, for a change I'll not begin like that.
Soldiers ! I'll say instead, this day at least
A score of specials have their eyes on you ;
And some of them are nearer than you think.
One is, I know, a drummer, and will write
His copy on his drum-head, which cut out
Will form his message without further fuss :
Others have equally ingenious plans ;
But you'll be well reported, have no fear,
For is not Doctor Redline here, with pow'r,
To send your deeds straight to the *Thunderer's*
page ?

And sent by special wire, your acts to-day
Will figure in the London evening prints ;
And more than this, 'twill please you when you
hear,

Miss "Roll-call" Thompson is upon the field,
And by arrangement with the enemy,
Will unmolested sketch your daring deeds ;
So that, next May, if you be spared, you'll see
Yourselves in Piccadilly, cynosures
Of shilling-paying crowds.

The Army. Hip, hip, hurrah !

The Prince. You cheer, but I've not told you
all as yet.

More honour waits you, for Sir Edward Lee
Has wired to say that all who should survive
This fight will welcome be at Muswell Hill
A twelvemonth hence ; he asks you all to dine,
And there'll be fireworks in the park at nine ;
And more, if your broad backs can bear ought
else

Of fame or glory, more, I say, my men !
For Joseph Moses's written, and he says
He'll put his gushiest gusher on to do
A leader on us in the *Bellowgraph*,
In which I am to be compared, at least,
To Alexander and Leonidas,
And p'rhaps to Bonaparte and Wellington ;

Whilst you, my soldiers, will be told you're like
 The demigods of Lemprière, likewise
 The ancient Romans and the older Greeks.
 And if we'd like some certain name worked in,
 We only have to let the gusher know,
 And, if it's classical, he'll manage it.
 'Tis time we battle joined, yet naught I've said
 Of what the Government will do for you.
 There 'll be a medal, which will be for all
 Who'll wear it in the way Kamdux directs ;
 And when you're very old, in time to come,
 And you're about to starve, your clergyman
 Will write about you to the *Times* and ask
 Subscriptions, that John Nokes, who fought at
 Suez,

May not of hunger die, and folks will send
 Such sums that you, in the meantime removed
 Into "the house," will, till your dying day,
 Have just enough per week to buy you snuff ;
 For England thus her aged veterans treats,
 Both you of England and of Hindostan—
 For equal bravery earns the same reward.
 So come, my soldiers, I have given you cause

To fight this day most desperately ; I've put
 You on your mettle : show these heavy men
 The way to fight ; show me, your Coming King,
 The stuff you're made of ; tighten now your grasp,
 Now set your teeth, now stretch the nostrils wide,
 Hold hard the breath and bend up every form
 To its full height. (You don't forget Miss T.)
 I see that there is none of you before me
 That hath not noble lustre in his eye ;
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot !
 Follow your spirit ! Right about and charge !
 For life, and home, and Merry England, charge !

[*Exeunt.—Alarums and general melee, into the
 midst of which an ironclad structure, some-
 what resembling a bathing machine, and sur-
 mounted by a flag of truce, is drawn on and
 posted in a commanding position. This is
 understood to contain Miss Roll-Call Thomp-
 son, and the Special Correspondent of the
 "New York Herald," at the expense of which
 paper the armour-plated structure has been
 provided.*]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the field. Alarums.*

(*Enter The Prince and his Staff.*)

The Prince. Well have we done : that charge told
 bravely there,
 More, more's to do, th' Allies still keep the field,
 And being three to one, still show some fight.

General Grunt. Methinks the Afghan cavalry
 have sent

Dismay among the Cossacks of the Don.

The Prince. The Indian troops are all behaving
 well ;

That charge of Sikhs upon the Russian guns
 Was worthy of our Light Brigade.

Hardolph (excitedly looking through his glass).
 See there !

How Quoins and his Rajpoots are driven back
 By an advance of Prussian infantry ;
 They are Augusta's Guards, all veterans,
 And carry all before them. See ! poor Quoins
 Is outmanœuvred ; they have turned his flank !

O Guelpho, give me leave to lead the "Bufs,"
 Now in reserve, to succour him.

The Prince. Nay, coz.

'Tis I who'll help our well-belovèd Quoins.

(*To General Grunt.*) See thou our plan is kept
 till I return.

Hold on, brave Quoins ; I come to escue thee !

[*Exit the Prince.*]

(*Enter a Special Correspondent, disguised as a
 Lascar camp follower.*)

Special Correspondent. Your pardon, gen'ral,
 but I'm seeking news.

How goes the battle !

Hardolph. Ere we tell you that,
 Tell us for what it is thou dost enquire.

Special. I represent the *Shadow*, as you know,
 A farthing journal of widespread renown.



THE COMING STRUGGLE IN THE ORIENT.---“Whencesoever the Body is, thither will the Eagles be gathered together.”--*The Old Story*, p. 116

Hardolph. The *Shadow*, eh? I thought its special news
Was writ in Fleet Street.

Special. Nay, you do it wrong—
My presence here proves that; it amplifies
Its telegrams, I own, but all do that.

Hardolph. Thou mean'st the details are supplied
at home;
Thou sendest but the barest outlines, eh?

Special. Precisely! Thus, my message sent
but now
Was merely—"Battle's on, North East, Suez,
British and Indians charged, the Prince com-
mands."

Hardolph. That all?

Special. Yes, all: but did you chance to buy
The *Shadow's* first edition, you would find
A column, at the least, of glowing prose,
Crammed full of colour, smoke, confusion, noise,
And vivid details, life-like as Defoe's.

Hardolph. Thanks for thy candour; take for thy
reward
The news that we are winning, and must win,
Bar some unprecedented accident.
E'en now the Prussian Guards that pressed our
left

Are checked, I see, by Guelpho's plucky charge.
Thou may'st in safety wire the *Shadow* this:
"The British winning all along the line."

Special. Thanks: that will sell a whole edition
out.

[*Exit Special to wire.*]

General Grunt. A Russian battery on yonder
mound
Annoys our baggage-trains, and should be spiked.

Hardolph. An you can spare the Bengal Lancers
here,
Who form our escort, I will see it be.

General Grunt. Take them, what time I visit
our reserves
And see they're ready whatsoe'er betide.

[*Exeunt General Grunt, Hardolph, and rest of the
Staff. Enter the battalion of Augusta's Guards,
slowly retreating, commanded by Kronspur.
They rally. Enter to them the 3rd Buffs,
led on by Prince Edward, supported by Quoins*

*and his Rajpoots, who have also rallied. They
fight. The inevitable alarms.*

The Prince. Now, gallant Buffs!

Kronspur. Hoch! Vorwartz meine Kinder!

The Prince (aside). That voice! but let it pass.
A time will come.

Kronspur (aside). Potztausend teufel! diese
stimme hier!

Aber es ist von keiner bedeutung.

The Prince. Already, gallant Buffs, Miss T—
has made

Two sketches of the Sikhs: 'tis your turn now,
And I may add *entre nous* that Doctor R—,
My late Assistant Private Secretary
Is watching you; so now for daring deeds!

Quoins. Sa Rajpootanas! Tiffin, wallah bub,
Vishnu vedras kag mushub chunder rant!

The Rajpoots. Yo, yo, mag Sahib! Jagger-
mugger, Jo!

[*The British and Indian forces advance with
renewed force and energy.*]

Kronspur. Zich euch zuruck meine Kinder, doch
langsam.

[*They "zich zuruck langsam," accordingly, followed
by the Buffs and the Rajpoots, led by Quoins.
Prince Edward remains on the spot, and
beckons to Kronspur to remain also. He re-
mains.*]

The Prince. If I mistake not, thou art Friederich
Wilhelm.

Kronspur. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my
name.

The Prince. My name is Guelpho; I'm thy wife's
own brother.

Kronspur. I do not question thy identity.

The Prince. I little thought to find thee here.

Kronspur. Nor I
To find thee.

The Prince. After what the Queen has done
For Germany, 'tis sorry recompense
To find her warring 'gainst us in the field.
What saith my sister to 't?

Kronspur. She's very vexed,

And vowed she would go back to Albor Castle ;
On second thoughts, though, changed her mind
and stayed.

The Prince. Poor Vicky, she might well have
stayed with us—

But come, thou wishest, I suppose, to fight.

Kronspur. Far is it from my wish !

The Prince. Then why art here?
Why hast thou joined our Russian foes to-day ?

Kronspur. 'Tis all the work of Mismarck.

The Prince. Mismarck !

Kronspur. Ay !

He is the Kaiser, 'tis *his* will is law.
My poor old father is his slave, and I
For parent's sake have humbly to obey.
I've fought this day with but a sorry heart,
And our defeat brings with it no great grief.

The Prince. Defeat, say'st thou ? The battle is
not o'er.

Kronspur. Yet is its issue sure ; my Guards
borne back

Will turn defeat to rout. See, even now
The Russian centre leaves its guns and flies.

The Prince. By George, thou'rt right ! This is
most glorious work !

Kronspur. And I prevent thee from thy share
in it.

Leave me, I am thy prisoner, on parole.
And go and wear thy well-earned laurels, Ned !

[*Exit the Prince.*]

And I am Kronspur ! He who led through France
A conquering army. Nemesis is swift.
A thousand curses rest on Mismarck's head !
I care not for myself, but oh ! to see
My veteran soldiers beaten by a crowd
Of Indian levies, generalled by a youth
I thought the Prince of Pleasure and Repose !
How Paris will rejoice and raise the cry
" *A Berlin,*" ay, and with some reason now,
For gone our prestige and our laurels lost.
I'll get me to the camp, no longer gaze
Upon the field where our ambition dies.

[*Kronspur is going out, when he is met by Palstaff,
who starts at seeing him, but finding him
unarmed, plucks up courage.*]

Palstaff. And art thou one of us ?

Kronspur. A prisoner I,
Who seek the camp.

Palstaff. I just have come from there.
How goes the day with us ?

Kronspur. 'Tis wholly yours.

Palstaff. Of course it is—have I not fought
amain ?

Thou art my prisoner. (*Draws pistol.*) Come at
once along.

(*Aside.*) He seems of mien and rank by no
means low,

I'll run him in and thus my prowess show !

[*Exeunt Palstaff and Kronspur.*]

[*A loud alarum. Enter Prince Cortchakoff on
foot.*]

Prince C. A horse, a horse, Siberia for a
horse !

And Central Asia for a drosky brought
To bear me from the field on which lie crushed
The brightest hopes of my imperial lord.
Farewell, a long farewell to all his greatness !
This is the fate of Czars ! In vain they take
Large tracts of country from the wandering Kurds,
And massacre vast mobs of Mussulmans ;
In vain they'd ravish Turkey from the hands
Of her besotted tyrant, and transplant
Their Winter Palace glories to Stamboul ;
For when they think their schemes are ripening,
comes

The frost of failure. England nips the roots,
And then they fall as one has fall'n this day,
And as I too have fallen. I have ventur'd,
Like many greater men whom I have aped,
To throw myself into diplomacy,
But far beyond my depth ; my tricks have failed,
My ruses turned upon me, my confabs
With Mismarck, spoken of with bated breath,
Have ended thus and left me here this day,
Weary and old with service, to the chance
Of life's rude stream, which must flow over me.
Oh ! how mistaken, foolish, and how wretched
Is that poor man who hangs on princes' favours !
Mismarck, were you but here to see my fall,
I'd charge thee thou didst't fling away ambition ;
Did'st love peace more than war, remember that
Corruption wins not more than honesty—

[*Alarums and Excursions without.*

Alas not e'en am I allowed to make
My last confession without hinderance ;
Those savage Ghoorkas come, I must away
And finish my last dying speech elsewhere.

[*Exit Prince Cortchakoff.*

[*Enter the remains of the Russian army, in great confusion, pursued by the Indian cavalry. Alarums to a positively alarming degree. The remains of the Russian army seek to outwit their foes by doubling round behind the scenery and coming on the stage as though they were a fresh host ; but such subterfuge meets with its right punishment. Enter the ironclad Bathing-Machine, at full gallop, in order that the painter of the "Roll Call" may take studies of Muscovite faces, in all the terror of retreat. She takes them, and exits for other parts of the field, followed by the remains of the Russian army. Exeunt also the Indian forces. Enter Quoins and Hardolph, leading small detachments from different sides.*

Hardolph. 'Tis my sweet Quoins. (*To his men.*)
So, halt !

Quoins. 'Tis Hardolph. (*To his men.*) Halt !

Hardolph. How fares it with thee ?

Quoins. But a scratch or two,
Which naught I count by our complete success
Now well assured. And thou ?

Hardolph. Unharmed, thank heaven.
But very weary. Hast thou seen the Prince ?

Quoins. Not lately, but, i' faith, with work like
ours
On hand, it's not a time to pick out friends.
But this I know, ere yet the battle turned,
And I was sorely pressed by Kronspur's Guards,
'Twas Ned himself who brought relief to me
And bore back Kronspur and his veterans.

Hardolph. We saw it from yon knoll, 'twas nobly
done !

Quoins. Most nobly, truly.

Hardolph. Does it strike thee, Quoins,
How strange it is we're here ? I scarcely feel
Myself at times, when retrospectively
I call to mind the set we were at home—
Mere pleasure-seekers living lives of ease,
Tempered with warmish whist.

Quoins. 'Twas there, my Hardolph,
The better stuff was in us, though 'twas masked
With selfishness and utter laziness—
A laziness I tremble to recall,
That made it too great trouble to be men,
And well might let our honour fade away,
Our very chivalry and knighthood die.

Hardolph. Thou put'st it, Quoins, exceeding well,
methinks.

This very hour, as I, with kindling eye,
Watched Guelpho's bravery, I thought the same.

Quoins. Ah ! worthily has he come off this day,
Though he was always brave an he'd a chance,—
I recollect, 'tis not so long ago,
When shooting in the jungles of Ceylon,
He risked his life without a second thought,
And coolly faced a chance of death.

Hardolph. Ah ! Quoins,
'Twas we who spoilt our Ned so many years,
And made him what he was ; in better hands
He long since had developed princely gifts,
Such as he now has shown he doth possess.
But 'tis too late to cry o'er upset milk,
A lesson lately learned is learned indeed ;
But what will they in England say to this ?
This glorious vict'ry—this decisive day !

Quoins. What will they say ? What have they
said ? thou mean'st ;
For lightning tongues ere this have told the tale ;
How now the Pyramids look grimly down
On Prussia vanquished and on Russia crushed !

[*Loud shouts without.*

And hear where even now fresh shouts arise.
Our presence here is needless—let us go,
And swell the pæans of our conquering prince !

[*Exeunt Quoins and Hardolph with their men.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the field. Alarums and flourishes.*

[*Then enter the Prince, General Grunt, Captain O'Gullivan, Major M'Maxter, Hardolph, Quoins, Finchford, and divers others of the Prince's suite and staff, and miscellaneous forces.*

The Prince. God and your arms be praised,
victorious friends ;

The day is ours, the foe is in full flight,
And England holds her head aloft again.

General Grunt. Courageous prince, well hast
thou done thy part.

Thy well-timed aid it was that gave us heart,
Thy well-considered plans that gained the day.
In England's name I thank thee for thy help.

Omnes. Hip, hip, hurrah !

[*The bands play "See the Conquering Hero Comes," and "For he's a jolly Good Fellow."*

The Prince. Thanks, General, and thanks all,
and thanks again.

Yet do I not deserve your generous words,
For what avail my arm, what aid my sword,
If you (*pointing to Quoins, Hardolph, &c.*) had
not brought yours to second them.

(*Turning to Indian troops.*) But most of all, to
you, brave men, is due

The thanks of England, in that you have left
Your native shores to battle for the power
That is your mistress. When I said I'd go
And raise my flag amongst you, there were those
Who curled the upper lip ; they knew you not,
I did—for I had seen your loyalty,
Knew your devotion ne'er before expressed
To that great throne beneath whose wings you live,
And came to test it. Nobly has it stood
The proof. You all go back to India's shores
With "Suez" on your banners, on your hearts
This legend, "We have saved old England."—Go,
My friends of divers races, varied creeds,
But similar in this—ye all are brave—
And take this message back as said by me :
Edward of England, Seventh that is to be,
India shall be remembered when I'm King,
And in the councils of our mighty land
She shall take up thenceforth her proper place ;
Her burdens shall be lightened where they press

Most heavily ; her wrongs shall have redress,
Till in the days to come she shall be bless'd
With smiling plenty and fair prosperous, years.

The Indian Troops. Heep, heep, hoorree !

The Prince (turning to the British forces).

Comrades, you know what I would say to you :
Most nobly have you kept the prestige up
That has been yours since England had a name ;
To beat your former prowess could not be ;
That you have worthily sustained it here,
The flying hosts of foemen loud proclaim.
Already is the news to England flashed,
Her sons are worthy of her honour. Come,
Three cheers for merrie England, with a will.

[*Three cheers are given by the forces, and before they are over, enter Sir John Palstaff, keeping Kronsaur in front of him by means of a fixed bayonet.*

The Prince. What ! old acquaintance Jack, and
is it thee ?

I feared thee done for, and my thought was this—
I could have better spared a better man.
But what is this ? Why, Kronsaur, as I live.

Palstaff. Ay, and a parlous task it was I trow
To take him prisoner and to bring him here.
Threescore of stalwart men, his body-guard,
Fell on me—

The Prince. Steady, Jack, for it so haps
Myself met my illustrious relative
And eased him of his sword.

Palstaff. That may be true,
But didst thou bring him here ; come, answer that ?

The Prince. I' sooth I didn't ; I had other work
That called my notice.

Palstaff. There you have it all.
I, having routed all the Russian left,
Turned for new worlds to conquer, and saw thee
Leave Kronsaur ; whereupon his men came back,
Surrounded him, and would have ta'en him off
Had luckily thy Jack not been at hand.
I rushed upon the troop with three more men—
They all unhappily now lick the dust,
Or would confirm my story—for four hours
We fought, until three swords worn out, I seized

A rammer, and with well-directed blows
Stretched well nigh all my foes upon the ground.
Then—

General Grunt. 'Tis the strangest tale I ever
heard,

This is the man I saw behind my tent
When to the camp for a remount I went.

Kronspur. A prisoner, silence would become
me best,
But this man's lack of truth is my excuse
For speaking.

Palstaff (threatening with bayonet). How!
thou givest me the lie?
Have care—

The Prince. Put up that gun, it may go off.

[*Palstaff drops it hastily.*]

Kronspur, our Jack is privileged in his talk;
We favour his romancing—let it pass.
(*To Palstaff.*) Jack, keep thy yarn, and tell it
o'er the nuts.

(*To Kronspur.*) Dost know what news has come
into the camp
Through Brindisi?

Kronspur. Indeed, I know no news.

The Prince. Mismarck is mad. His heated
brain, o'erworked,
Excited by potations, has giv'n way,
And when he heard of Suez won and lost,
He laughed and cried, and raved, "Kronspur is
there:

He'll never see his fatherland again;
I'll crown his father once again in France,
And then we'll reign another forty year."
With that he broke his meerschaum pipe and
box,
By that sign you must know he's very mad.

Kronspur. My father's curse fell on him as I
left.

Bludhausen's paid: he mercys showed to none,
And God has none for him—*Si. Ja, ja, vohl.*

The Prince (to the Staff). And now before we
separate, to know

The worst about our losses: it needs be
They are severe; but how about the staff—
Our own immediate set?

General Grunt. 'Tis far too soon

To know the worst, but I regret to say
Lord Smotherland is wounded dangerously

The Prince. Methought I missed him.

General Grunt. Slaughterford is killed

The Prince. Killed, sayest thou?

General Grunt. Alas, your Highness, killed,
Full early in the battle, as he led
His men into the thickest of the fray.

The Prince. Alas, poor Charlie! a most
genial soul,
The king of jokers, infinite in jest;
How often have we shared the selfsame lark,
And joined together in the flow of soul.
Where be his gambols now—his quips—his
songs?

His stories that the table set in roars?
How we shall miss him at the Malborrow,
And sigh to see his pipes, his cues, his chair—
I've lost a funny and a faithful friend.

[*Cannon without.*]

What sound is that which breaks upon my
thoughts,
And calls me back to living things again?

Quoins. List! what is that they shout?

Voices without. Long live the King!

The Prince. What treason's this?

[*Enter crowd of officers, Dr. Redline, and the
Special Correspondents, &c., shouting "Long
live the King!" "Long live Edward VII!"*]

The Prince. What mean ye by these cries?

Dr. Redline (advancing with paper). Your
Majesty!

We give you but your due: I've just received
By private wire (which, as your Highness knows
Connects my journal with the battle-field)
A message bringing us important news,
Whose purport, by your Majesty's kind leave
I'll read. 'Tis dated London, 6 p.m.
"News of the glorious victory to hand;
Intense excitement everywhere displayed;
The Cabinet's been sitting all the day,
And frequent messages have passed between
The Premier and the Queen, who's come to town;
Great crowds collecting in Trafalgar Square!

6.30 : More intense excitement still,
And shouts of 'Long live Guelpho' from the
crowd.

A mob has blocked the ground of Marlborough
House,

And calling Alexandra, hail her Queen !
Rumours of abdication float about.

6.45. The Premier's just announced,
From the Home Office window in Whitehall,
The abdication of Her Majesty
In favour of her son Prince Guelpho, now,
By grace of God and people's will, our King.
The city's wild with joy. N.B. This news
Is *quite authentic*, and may be announced !"
This being so, your Majesty, to me
Belongs the happy duty first to call
For hearty cheers for our new Sovereign.

[*A tremendous shout is raised, repeated by the
soldiers who learn the news. The shouting
continues for some minutes; the scene being
one of indescribable enthusiasm.*

King Edward. Soldiers ! my heart's too full to
tell my thoughts,
Since, thanks to my good mother's gracious act,

Succeed I to the throne, to-day made firm
And strong once more by your most loyal en-
deavours.

God helping me, I will so reign o'er England,
She never shall repent the choice she made.
Too long I've given my enemies the chance
To point the scornful finger ; giv'n real friends
Much cause for sorrow. Now those days are past,
I now my loose behaviour throw right off,
And pay the debt I never promised :
And as 'twas unexpected, so 'twill prove,
My reformation, glittering o'er my faults,
Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
Full worthy of my now exalted post
'Tis not within man's means to wholly be ;
But, soldiers, I will try to bear myself
Like a good Englishman ; give me your aid,
And with my Queen beside me, I will seek
England's first place among the powers to keep.

[*Shouts of " Long live King Edward ! " " Long
live Alexandra ! " " Long live us all ! " and a
general feu-de-joie and Royal Salute.*

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MR. LENNOX BROWNE, F.R.C.S. (Ed.)

British Medical Journal, Jan. 24th, 1874.

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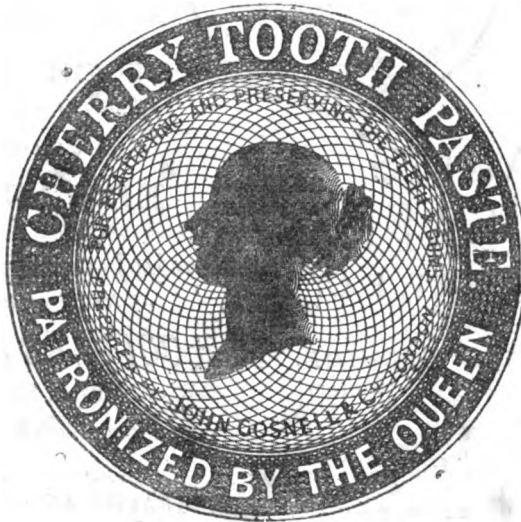


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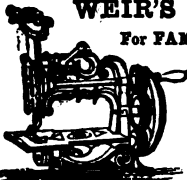
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