

LEO THE TERRIBLE.

AN ENTIRELY NEW AND ORIGINAL

ÆSOPEAN BURLESQUE,

IN ONE ACT.

BY

J. STIRLING COYNE,

Author of "*Box and Cox Married and Settled;*" "*Presented at Court,*" "*A Duel in the Dark,*" "*Did You Ever Send Your Wife to Camberwell ?*" &c.;

AND

FRANCIS TALFOURD,

Author of "*Alcestis,*" "*Macbeth Travestie,*"
&c. &c. &c

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,

LONDON.

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL HAYMARKET, ON MONDAY,
DECEMBER 27, 1852.

Characters—Decidedly Shady.

Mr. CAULFIELD will shew a great deal of COMMON SENSE in the Character of "Æsop."
Mr. BRAID will pass from "grave to—GAY," thence through "lively and severe" to an early supper.

Characters-Undecided and Indifferent.

Miss FANNY MASKELL will pourtray MALKINA, the Cat, with her usual appreciation of the Comic MEWS and FELINE ; and has consented to shew UNCOMMON FOLLY her own features, and "hold as 'twere the mirror up to ill-nature" in the character of the Princess Leonilla's Confidante.

Characters-Decidedly Different.

NORVAL DE BATTERSEA—afterwards " SIR NORVAL," a HANDLE of Leo's Creation ; a fast young English Yachting Man, and Proprietor of the " Lively Sally" MRS. L. S. BUCKINGHAM,
TIMOLEON SINBAD POTTS—originally Pot-boy at the " Eight Bells ;" afterwards a pressed and oppressed man on board the " Lively Sally" MR. KEELEY.

The Animal Kingdom.

LEO THE TERRIBLE—Lord of the Animal Creation; a Monarch of an advanced age, but considerably behind his time MR. JAMES BLAND.
ISEGRIM—the Wolf; a rebel Freebooter, with confused and ill-regulated notions of the Law of Property, and who seeks in an impenetrable fastness to conceal his obvious looseness MR. BUCKSTONE.
SIR REYNARD VOLPONE—a wily old Fox; First Lord of the Treasury, at present a sine-cure, without a sign o'cure MR. CLARK.
LORD BLINKUM—a Reverend Owl; Lord Chancellor MR. CULLENFORD.
SIR CAREY CHICKEN—First Lord of the Admiralty MR. ROGERS.
GENERAL CHANTICLERO—a Jolly old Cock, and Commander-in-Chief of the King's Troops MR. COE.
SHRILL CLARION—his picture in little MISS CATTLEFIELD.
BELLINO—one of the Agents for the Peace Department—a Ram who, though evidently ram-shackled, is given to ram-bell-ing out of the common MR. EDWARDS.
MONS. CANICHE—a Poodle of pure French breed, with a decided cross in love MR. HENRY BEDFORD.
LIEUTENANT RAT—of the Preventive Service MR. ELLIS.
JOCKOSO—a Young Monkey, with many a lathering to his own cheek MASTER COE.
LEONILLA—a Princess and Lioness of the preceding season, having come out in her own Spring; a Belle of purest caste, most undoubted metal, and loudest tongue MISS ROSA BENNETT.
AGNA Two Attendants upon the Princess Leonilla, who, unlike Ladies' Maids, are remarkable for holding their tongues MISS VIRTUE.
JAQUELINA MRS. COE.
More or less enlightened Citizens of Notonaneemap, by numberless Ladies and Gentlemen, who have kindly consented for once to make beasts of themselves.

The SCENERY, dictated by the taste and agreeable to the palate of Messrs. G. MORRIS, O'CONNOR, and Assistants, will be "all their fancy painted it."

Miss CHERRY and Mr. BARNETT will make all the Characters smart under a regular good Dressing.

Several judicious APPOINTMENTS have been made by the liberal ministry of Mr. T. IRELAND.

In order that the MUSIC may not be *bawled*, a few old (h)airs grown grey by being long *worn in bands*, have been arranged from the head of Mr. ALFRED MELLON, who will handle them with his usual *Violins*.

The *Mess* in Scene, if any occur, by the Authors.

The Piece generally forwarded by Mr. LEIGH MURRAY, according to his Stage direction and well-known Theatrical Address.

The Scene is laid at Notonaneemap, a considerable stretch of Country and imagination along the Sea Coast of Bohemia. [For further particulars, the Geographical Student is referred to Shakspeare—Winter's Tale: Act II., Scene III.]

SYNOPSIS

OF THE

Scenery and Incidents

OF

LEO THE TERRIBLE,

In which the Authors will jointly put upon the Audience a cock-and-a-bull (and other animal) story, for which they have not the slightest foundation—bearing the form of an Æsopian Fancy for the present day.

THE FERRY ACROSS THE STYX.

Departure of the Excursion Boat for Hades—Important transfer of Dead Stock to the opposite bank—Out of Fashionable Arrivals—Social Meeting of brother Spirits, or Adelphi Shades—The Fable.

Court of King Leo the Terrible.

The Council—General inadequacy of everybody and everything—Tremendous single Entry, not on the credit side of Isegrim's good books—A strong Act of the Lady of Lions—The Wolf determines to strike out a new *line* for himself, laying down his broad *Gauge* as a commencement—The Shipwrecked Mariners—Startling proposal and desperate determination.

Rocky Defile leading to the Wolf's Lair.

The Disguise—The Knight and the Monk—An Assurance without a Policy.

THE WOLF'S LAIR.
THE DISCOVERY!----THE VICTIMS!
TERRIFIC COMBAT,

In which Isegrim illustrates his designs by numerous cuts—A legitimate and natural effect of a private reading, with a soporific and interesting situation.

BOUDOIR OF LEONILLA,

Wherein Malkina, with a just appreciation of high art, exhibits a *medi-evil* design—The Princess aroused from a fit of the sulks by the gentle application of the Cat, who proves herself a *knout* and *knouter*—Arrival of an easily distinguished Foreigner—Ode Volume of rejected addresses—The Plot thickened by Malkin. who stirs it with a spoon—Assembling of the Conspirators—A general Election, resulting in general consternation.

TERRACE GARDENS

Grand Pas de Leopardesses,

By Mesdames Woulds, E. Woulds, Archer, Brown, Campbel Carroll, Edgar, Gould, Grove, Harvey, Moore, Paris, Russel Smith, Taylor, and Woodyer.

Triumphant Return of the Conqueror!

Extravagant and unnatural Demonstration by the Nation, whose enthusiastic *feu de joie* being perfectly natural must not be considered *a feu d'artifice* of a few dirty faces—Disgraceful Repudiation on the part of the State—Attack on the Palace by Isegrim's Band—Fearful example of what a lawless body may do without a head—The Castle hotly sacked and the Plate coolly bagged—Opportune arrival of Common Sense—General Conciliation.

IMPOSSIBLE DENOUEMENT!

And TABLEAU of a
 Splendour frequently before attempted

ERRATA.

Page 11, line 13 from bottom, instead of " were," read " we're'
 " 13, " 5 from top, instead of " custom," read "customs'
 " 10, last line, instead of "comment vous, portez vous," read
 " come on vous party vous."

C O S T U M E S .

- ÆSOP.—Brown Greek shirt and cap, fleshings and sandals.
- GAY.—Grey suit, time of Queen Anne.
- MALKINA.—Folly dress, with skin cap to resemble the head of a Cat.
- NORVAL DE BATTERSEA.—Sailor's jacket, Guemsey shirt, petticoat trousers, hoop-striped stockings, small three-cocked hat bound with gold lace. 2nd Dress—Fancy armour.
- POTTS.—Man-of-war's-man's dress; blue jacket with white seams, white trousers, small glazed hat, and enormous pigtail.
- LEO.—Long scarlet shirt trimmed with gold lace, royal mantle lined with ermine, Lion's head and regal crown.
- ISEGRIM.—Brigand's dress, with Wolf's head.
- REYNARD.—Modern gentleman's dress; black coat and trousers, white waistcoat, with Fox's head.
- BLINKUM.—Costume of a courtier, time of Queen Elizabeth; with Owl's head.
- SIR CAREY CHICKEN.—Admiral's uniform, time of George the Third, with Sea Fowl's head.
- CHANTICLERO—Military uniform, time of George the Second, with Cock's head.
- SHRILL CLARION.—Similar to Chanticleer's dress.
- BELLINO.—Quaker's suit, with Ram's head.
- CANICHE.—Extravagant fashionable costume, present time, with white Poodle's head.
- LIEUTENANT RAT.—Preventive Service uniform, with Water Rat's head.
- JOCKOSO.—Modern dress, barber's apron and cap, with Monkey's head.
- LEONILLA.—White satin embroidered dress, modern ; with skin cap made to resemble the head of a Lioness.
- AGNA.—Lady's modern dress ; skin cap to resemble a Lamb's head.
- JAQUELINA.—Ditto . skin cap to resemble a Jackall's head.
- MALE AND FEMALE COURTIERS.—Court suits of different periods, and heads of various animals.
- ROYAL GUARDS.—Beef-eaters' dresses, with heads of calves, and steel morions.
- LEOPARDESSES.—Ballet dress; leopardess skins, a la Chasseresse, fastened on one shoulder, and skin caps to resemble the heads of Leopardesses.
- SERVANTS.—Scarlet dresses ; heads of House Dogs.

LEO THE TERRIBLE.

SCENE I.

The Curtain on rising discovers the Ferry over the River Styx, with a distant view of Hades—CHARON pushing off the ferry boat, in which are four figures enveloped in cloaks.

Music—Canadian Boat Glee.—As the boat moves off R., Æsop is heard calling off L.

ÆSOP. Heigh! Stop the ship!

Enters, running L., carrying a portmanteau.

The deuce is surely in it.
I've missed the ferry-boat by half a minute;
Now in mid-stream I see the punt pole poking—
Such punctuality is quite provoking. *(sits on portmanteau)*
Well, well, it can't be helped, so here I'll sit,
And till the next boat moralize a bit.

SONG.

ÆSOP.—" *The light of other days is faded.*"

To write in other days as Gay did,
The world is grown too fast;
The rage for La Fontaine has faded—
The stream run dry at last.
On me the world has turned the tables,
And turned to bad, I guess,
For they who thus can spurn my Fables
Must care for morals less.

Stop ;—who comes here? If I to judge am able,
Tis Gay, the worthiest son of modern Fable.

Enter GAY dejectedly, R.

How dull and sad he seems.

GAY. (*soliloquizing*)

My old dominion

On earth is gone.

ÆSOP. (*rising*)

Gad! that's just *my* opinion.

GAY. Æsop! What brings you here? Why thus, by Styx,

Are you, your staff and luggage, in a fix?

As downcast as a 'prentice runaway.

ÆSOP. Am I? Well, *you* look anything but Gay.

But tell me—whither have you wand'ring been?

GAY. About the world. Sad changes there I've seen—

Such alter'd views of virtue and rascality:

There's not a fable left—'tis all reality.

ÆSOP. Reality! Why, bless your simple soul,

The world's a fable now from pole to pole!

Pills, politics, or projects made to cram one,

What we called fables once, are now called gammon.

But soft! I think I could to you display,

A living fable of the present day.

GAY. Where is it?

ÆSOP. In a region far from hence.

A land where once I rul'd as Common Sense

Until Uncommon Folly fill'd men's minds,

And blew me and my wisdom to the winds.

GAY. That *was* a blow!

ÆSOP. But when my sway they spurned—

Their heads by Folly's fantasy were turned;

And ev'ry face the living likeness wears,

Of bird or beast—to whom the person bears

Affinity in manners or condition.

GAY. A most remarkable and strange transition.

ÆSOP. All done, Sir, by the science of biology,

Based upon phreno-mesmeric-zoology.

GAY. I'd like to see them—'twould be famous sport.

ÆSOP. Follow—I'll you escort to Leo's Court—

There the old Monarch toothless as he is,

Frights all his courtiers with a lion's phiz,

And Folly—now Malkina call'd—still rules—

In likeness of a cat—a herd of fools—

Assume what form you please their pranks to mark,

You'll pass unknown—

GAY. I'll go then as a lark!

Exeunt ÆSOP. and GAY L.H.

SCENE II.

The Court of KING LEO the Terrible, in NOTONANEEMAP.—An arched entrance at back—A Throne and Canopy R. 2 L.—SIR REYNARD VOLPONE, SIR CARET CHICKEN, LORD BLINKUM, GENERAL CHANTICLERO, BELLINO, SHRILL CLARION, and the other COURTIERS and OFFICERS OF STATE arranged on either side of the Chair C, in which KING LEO is being shaved by JOCKOSO the Monkey—The several personages wear the heads of Beasts and Birds, as indicated in the Cast of Characters—ROYAL GUARDS dressed as Beef-eaters, and wearing the heads of Calves, are disposed about the Court.

GLEE.

Silence! Silence! Silence!
 Your silence we are craving;
 Let not a word in court be heard—
 His Majesty is shaving.

LEO. (*roars*) Haah! Miserable shaver! that is twice
 You've cut our chin—Beware you do it thrice,
 For though of lions—none than we are *blander*,
 That constant backing's apt to raise one's dander.

MONK. I'll be more careful, Sire.

LEO. Well get on brisker,
 And when you've shaved us you may trim our whisker;
 Then curl our hair.

MONK. Great beast I grieve to say,
 You've got no hair to curl; 'tis fall'n away.

LEO. To bring it back, Macassar Oil don't spare,
 And for pomatum—kill our friend the bear; (*BEAR growls*)
 Sir Bruin will I know his life lay down,
 To make one hair apparent to the Crown.

Music.—*Enter* MESSENGER C.

MESS. My liege, Sir Isegrim, of Wolf's Crag, awaits
 Admission to your presence at the gates.

LEO. Ho, ho! Sir Isegrim, our marauding cousin, (*rises*)
 Who snaps our tender lambs up by the dozen,
 Regardless, quite, of courtesy and law,
 Leaves scarce one tit-bit for this Royal maw.
 Well, show him up.

(*Exit* MESSENGER, C.)

Our lieges and our friends
 Shall hear his message, and define his ends.
 My crown and sceptre, quick, let some one bring—
 We'll let him see we're every inch a King!

*The Crown and Sceptre are brought to him by ATTENDANTS—
He puts on the Crown, takes the Sceptre, and seats
himself on the Throne, R. C.*

MUSIC for KING, then FLOURISH to bring on ISEGRIM.

*Enter ISEGRIM the Wolf, C, attended by Two WOLVES—He is
dressed in a Brigand costume, as are his two Followers.*

LEO. My loving cousin, you've our hearty greeting,

ISE. I knew you'd be delighted at the meeting.

LEO. You may be sure our love will never alter—

Pray take a seat. (*aside*) I wish he'd take a halter!

ISE. (*aside*) A smooth old file! (*aloud*) I hope I don't intrude.

LEO. Oh, by no means!—but if I'm not too rude—

What brings you hither?

ISE. Well, I'm come to court.

LEO. To Court?

ISE. Your lovely daughter, Sire—don't snort—

It's all correct—it is, upon my word.

Last week my wife was decently interred—

She was my sixth—a pretty dear gazelle,

Who, somehow, never came to know me well.

We had a tiff, she got a sad black eye,

Then like the other five, she needs must die

And leave me free—excuse these tearful burstings—

To take the pledge again on Hymen's hustings.

LEO. (*aside*) His coolness strikes me dumb!

ISE. (L.C.) Well, old bashaw,

Am I to have you for a pa-in-law?

LEO. Inform me first, Sir—where are your estates?

ISE. My income, chiefly, comes from highway rates.

LEO. I mean, to ask you what you've got to back

Your bold pretensions?

ISE. I have got a pack

Of fellows such as these; (*pointing to WOLVES*) rough forest
rangers—

Who're not remarkably polite to strangers;

About contention's bone they will not bother,

They'd pick your bones as soon as any other!

(LEONILLA heard talking loudly outside.)

LEO. (*comes down C. from Throne*) Our child! She'll answer for
herself, good cousin.

ISE. If that's her tongue she'll answer for a dozen.

LEO. She only means her playful mood to show—

We suffer it all day, and ought to know.

Enter LEONILLA 1 E.R., attended by Four LEOPARDESSES.

LEON. D'ye mean to tell me, Pa, my hand is sought?

LEO. Embrace your loving father.

LEON. Cut it short.

What is this business—let me understand ?

LEO. (*puts her over to C.*) My poppet! Isegrim pops it for your hand.
(*aside to LEONILLA.*) What think you, love, of his appearance ?

LEON. Ghastly—

But I should like his disappearance vastly.

LEO *returns to the throne.*—ISEGRIM L. *kneels* to LEONILLA.

ISE. His purse and person at your feet he flings.

LEON. I never stoop to pick up trifling things.

(*turning away*—ISEGRIM *retains her hands.*)

ISE. Hear me but swear a little, ere you brush :—

By this soft hand, more soft than softest plush—

By these wax taper fingers—lovely brown,

And by this kiss upon the nail paid down—(*kisses her hand*)

By income-tax prolonged from year to year—

By everything that grumblers hold too dear—

By common justice which we costly keep,

That none may say of us we hold it cheap—

By all our trophies won in glorious fight,
We've grown ashamed of, and keep out of sight—

By penny-post notes sent on lightning flashes—

By nigger novels, and by railway smashes—

I love you terribly—so let's be chums—

I'll take your hand—

LEON. (*C, strikes him*) Then take it as it comes.

ISE. (*rises*) Charming simplicity ! I like her meekness.

LEO. Just like her Ma—strong language is her weakness.

LEON. These sentiments I'm not inclined to share,

And have strange notions as regards red hair.

ISE. Auburn—not red

LEON. Tis likely to remain

Deserted auburn—loveliest of the plain !

SONG.

ISEGRIM.—AIR—"*Will you love me then as now?*"

You need not go to snub me,
Though I've been a little wild;
I'll make a tender hubby,
And I'll draw it very mild.
As I know that ladies' feelings
On certain points are nice,
I'll shortly leave off smoking,
Tis a small and stupid vice.

But when I've been out dining,
 And with hat pull'd o'er my brow,
 I come home serpentine,
 Will you snub me then as now ?

—You dont think you could love me ?

LEON. No, I couldn't—
 I'd see you hang'd first—after which I wouldn't.

ISE. Delightful candour! Yet the women say
 I'm rather captivating in my way.

LEON. I wouldn't have you if there wasn't another,
 You ate Red Riding Hood and her Grandmother.

ISE. The grandmother I strenuously deny;
 For such tough picking ne'er a taste had I.
 As a young wolf, I was a little wild—
 But my six wives have made me tame and mild.
 Of gentles—I'm the gentlest you could wish.

LEON. Your gentles are not bait, Sir, for this fish.

LEO. (*crossing to c. coming between them, aside to ISEGRIM*)

She's rather coy, and wants a little wooing;
 Girls always do. (*apart to LEONILLA*) Zounds, you'll be my undoing!

LEON. (*aside to LEO*) Why, then, his suit upon me will he press ?
 I neither like his name, nor his address.

SONG.

LEONILLA.—AIR—" *The low back'd car.*"

When first I saw that plague, he
 Talk'd, in a marked way,
 Of married bliss, and endless tick,
 And boxes at the play.
 But, though I then was green as grass,
 And coming out next spring,
 No word is there for the hate I bear
 To the frowning cur I sing:
 He looks such a low blackguard,
 The man I could never regard ;
 So shut up, old soul.
 For no art shall cajole
 Me to marry that low blackguard.

Exit LEONILLA. R.H.

LEO. We know our child, and what she says she'll do.

ISE. By Gog and Magog! then you both shall rue
 My rude rejection.—Ruthless war I'll wage
 Upon your kingdom ! There, I fling my gage!

(*Throws down his glove.*)

You'll find 'tis not a green one. Let me pass!

LEO. Your room we much prefer.

ISE. Consummate ass!

ISEGRIM *rushes off C, followed by the Two WOLVES—LEO jumps from the Throne in a rage, exclaiming "Bismillah!"*

LEO. Though what Bismillah means, or right or wrong
I do not know, but feel it comes out strong.

SONG.

LEO.—AIR.—"*Major Domo am I.*"—(*Blue Beard.*)

There is rage in my eye;
Does he mean to defy,
The brute who makes others turn pale ?
When I shake but my head,
They tremble with dread,
And faint at the wag of my tail.
He thinks to fright me, ha! ha! haw !
His threats I vally not a straw,
For I'm the only great Bashaw,
Whose frown keeps all the beasts in awe.
So let the wolf beware my claw,
Or I'll be down upon his taw.
For he never shall have for a father-in-law,
A lion like me with a terrible jaw.

By the nine tails of the exalting cat,
This Isegrim seems inclined to cut it fat;
Our royal back is up at the affront,
We'll answer scorn with scorn—and stand the brunt.

(*Reseats himself on Throne.*)

Speak, General Chanticlero—what say you ?
CHAN.(L.) My answer's simply Cock-a-doodle-doo!
LEO. Your crow has plucked up courage in our buzzum—
The army are the only chaps that does 'em.
CHAN. The army, Sire, are all good men and true—
Alas! they also are good men and few :—
But still, to be cut down, they'll stand up steady.
LEO. I fear they've been too much cut down already.
But we've a navy—where though, by-the-bye ?
Sir Carey Chicken, doubtless, will reply.
SIR CAREY. My liege, I understand—indeed I know,
Our sailing *fleet*—so called from sailing *slow*—
Is now repairing; for they so disguise 'em,
Their parent stocks would scarcely recognize 'em.
Our line of battle ships—unfit for duty—
Have not been built on Hogarth's line of beauty.
Concerning which, opinion is divided—
Whether they're most top-heavy or lop-sided.
LEO. There are our steamers.
SIR CAREY. Gracious Sire, we've tried 'em;—
There's something physically wrong inside 'em—

With a strong moral tendency to burst,
And go down to posterity head-first.

LEO. But we have screw-propellers.

SIR CAREY. What's their use ?

There's always in them, somewhere, a screw loose.

BEL. I raise my voice against all sorts of fighting.—

We mean to settle every wrong by writing;

And to oppose our foes upon invasion,

First try the moral force of mild persuasion.

SHRIL, (*comes to C.*) Let's have a jolly row and lots of plunder.

(*goes up to L.*)

LEO. Bravo! Well said, my little son of thunder !

We'll raise more troops, and may the best man win !

REY. (R.) Tis nobly said,—but who's to stand the tin ?

There's not a single sous in the exchequer.

LEO. What, not a sous ?—This is a case of neck or

Nothing. Lord Treasurer your duty lax is;

Where's your Financial Scheme—Sir—where's your taxes ?

Can you do nothing for us in the City ?

A little bill or loan ?

REY. Ah! there's the pity ;

For ev'ry firm—so very weak has grown,

That much I fear they cannot stand *a loan*.

Our Bills I passed, no gen'rous banker sparing,

Until I found our Bills were all past *Baring*.

LEO. If that's the case—indeed we're in a mess,

Was ever King so taken in distress?

Will no one speak ? Can no one nothing do ?

MUSIC.—*Enter a WATER RAT C. in the Costume of a Coast Guard Officer.*

RAT (*kneels to LEO*) My liege forgive me.

LEO. Pray Sir, who are you ?

RAT. Lieutenant Rat of the Preventive Service,

Your humblest slave!

LEO. Go on—were getting nervous—

This is no time fine words to pick and choose;

So cut all ceremony—what's the news ?

RAT. (*rises*) Some Foreigners have landed on our coast.

LEO. Eh! What! How many?

RAT. Sire—but two at most.

LEO. Call our Militia out—in haste dispatch for 'em,

In such small numbers—we're almost a match for 'em.

RAT. Sire—here they are.

Music.—*Enter NORVAL DE BATTBRSEA, C, and then POTTS, guarded by PREVENTIVERATS—NORVAL shakes them off.*

NOR. Sheer off, ye pirate craft,

Or my long fives shall rake you fore and aft. (*gets free.*)

POTTS. (*struggling*) If men you are—which men you ain't in show,
You would n't use a gentle pot-boy so. (*gets free*)

LEO. (*aside*) We're not afraid—they're but a pair of shy 'uns.
Pray what's your business here ?

NOR. (C.) To see the Lions !

LEO. If that's the case—good morning gentlemen!

POTTS. (R.) Politeness in return gives you "Good den!"

LEO. Now we must trouble you to be explicit,

What has procured the honor of this visit ?

Speak frankly and in me a friend you'll gain,

Though rough, I'm a good lion in the *main*.

NOR. My name is Norval—near to Battersea,

My father keeps his boats—a queer card, he :—

His only care—his nest and sculls to feather,

And keep myself, his only son, to tether-

But, I had heard of yachting, and I swore,

To follow some bold skipper to the Nore;

Made up my mind to quit our Isle of Dogs,

And rigg'd myself ship-shape in these here togs. (*crossing to L.*)

LEO. (*to POTTS*) And what, if we may be so bold, are you ?

POTTS, (C.) Lord love your honor's glory—I'm the Crew.

Inclin'd to mutiny, for you in me

A wretched, wrecked, and reckless potboy see.

Once, like a lark, at Putney's fam'd " Eight Bells,"

With pots of stout I served the rowing swells;

Till Norval lur'd me from my native bar

To be that dismal thing—a jolly tar.

Compell'd to live on junk, like those Chinese,

And play at pitch and toss upon the seas.

For ten long days in doleful straits we lay,

And then diskivered we had lost our way.

I gaz'd upon the ocean's area round,

But no policeman in that area found;

Nor even a kitchen cur of low degree;

There wasn't a single bark upon that sea.

At length our junk grew short, and none to succour lend;

We sat upon our *thawts*—with thoughts upon our end.

But to curtail my tale—we shipwreck'd were,

And, splice my handsome timbers! here we *are*.

LEO. Your wondrous *tale* excites my admiration .

We'll have it published, with an illustration.

Meanwhile, to stretch your legs you've our permission ;

Just dance a double hornpipe.

NOR. (*bows*) With submission.

NORVAL and POTTS dance a Sailor's Hornpipe, during which
LEO and REYNARD have been in secret consultation—at
the end of the Hornpipe,

LEO. (*apart to REYNARD*) You're right, my Lord; the hint is quite
enough,

BLINK. Hey—stop! I know the case—let me explain it;
 You've a fair ground for action, if you gain it;
 But then, the Wolf's a sharp one—so attend ;—
 You'll find in me a very downy friend.
 This lawyer's bag, well filled with legal dust is—
 Cast in his eyes—'twill make him blind as Justice.

Gives a lawyer's bag to NORVAL C., who hands it to POTTS L.

This sword, though stiff and rusty in the scabbard,
 Was made in Chancery, to cut and stab hard.
 If you'll have patience in your operations,
 'Twill fight a battle through six generations.

*Gives NORVAL a sword, on the scabbard of which is painted
 the word " Chancery."*

NOR. Thanks, learned fowl—your gifts come *apropos*;
 I'll try their virtue on this vicious foe.

LEO. Now come, young foreigner. (*comes from throne*)

NOR. - Illustrious brute !

You lead the way—I 'll promptly follow suit.

*A Procession is formed, headed by the LION—all exuent
 except POTTS.*

POTTS. And now, without one hope to save our bacon,
 I'll think upon the job we've undertaken.

SONG.

POTTS.—AIR—" *All round my hat.*"

Like a drown'd rat, I 'scaped from the billows—
 Like a drown'd rat, for to die on the dry land.
 Should anybody ax of me, what makes me pipe my eye so,
 I'll tell 'em how I kidnapp'd was, and cruelly trepann'd
 I might have been a soldier, if I had a mind to;
 Five pound they give a militia volunteer;
 But fighting is a thing which I never was inclined to,
 And at the very thought of it I feel uncommon queer.
 Like a drown'd rat, &c.

Enter ÆSOP with a manuscript in his hand.

ÆSOP. All goes, as I foresaw. To save the boy,
 A novel method I must now employ—
 (*aloud*) Timoleon Sinbad Potts !

POTTS. That name is mine!

A stranger—with a human face divine !

ÆSOP. Don't mind my face—attend to what I say—
 Observe this manuscript—a live act play.

POTTS. A play !—What is it—funny or terrific ?

ÆSOP. Purely legitimate—and soporific—

One of the great unacted which we hear of,
That managers and public stand in fear of;
One scene of which being read out of the number,
Is warranted to produce refreshing slumber.

POTTS. (*yawns*) I feel its drowsy influence—Oh, dear !

'Tis very strong!

ÆSOP. (*gives POTTS the manuscript*) You now have nought to fear,

For when your master's in extremitee,
You've only to produce your tragedee—
Sir Isegrim won't refuse a private reading,
For though a Wolf, he is a beast of breeding. (*crosses to R.*)

DISTANT MUSIC.—MARCH—ÆSOP *going*.

POTTS. Stay !—you're not going—with that mug so risible ?

ÆSOP. Excuse me, Potty—I'm your most invisible.

Exit R.

MARTIAL MUSIC.—*Enter in procession, KING LEO, MALKINA, AGNA, JAQUALINA, and the other animals—When the Characters are all on the Stage, the Music changes.*

FINALE.

AIR.—" *Blue bonnets over the border.*"

March, march, Norval and Company,
March away, march, with your sword and companion.

March, march, ready to thump any
Soul that opposes your double battalion.

Hurry off to the lair;
If the wolf ins't there,

Seek for his whereabouts, til! you have found him :

Him to a rally bring,
Just as if in the ring,

Then at your leisure you'll pummel and pound him.

Chorus. March, march, Norval, &c.

While the FINALE is being sung, AGNA and JAQUALINA attempt to arm POTTS with a helmet and breastplate—He expresses by action that he don't mean to fight, and rejects the armour—CHORUS and TABLEAU as the Scene changes.

SCENE III.

A Rocky Pass leading to the WOLF'S Lair.

Enter ISEGRIM, angrily, with a letter in his hand, L.

ISE. Now is the winter of our discontent
 About through a burst boiler to find vent!
 Old Leo sets my black-mail at defiance,
 And with his lioness spurns my alliance;
 Nay, more—designs, now once he's got his pluck up,
 Me in the tomb o' the Capulets to tuck-up!
 A young Sir Norval—so runs my despatch—
 It seems with mine his single arm would match.
 How shall I treat him? Ha! I have in view
 That scene of Scott's—Fitzjames and Roderick Dhu.
 Between them the sole difference will be,
 This time Scott's hero sha'n't escape *scot-free*!
 To suit my craft I'll change my present rig,
 And graft an old plant on this green young sprig.
 The cowl of sanctity shall hood my brow,—
 Wolves have been known in that disguise ere now.

SONG.

ISEGRIM.—AIR—" *The Monks of old.*"

Whatever was told of the monks of old,
 What leery old boys were they,
 I do surmise, as fully applies
 To those of the present day.
 And this dandy spark, who thinks *I'm* in the dark,
 Because in the gloom I dwell,
 Won't journey far ere he finds on a par
 A wolf and a monk as well.

Exit R. 1 E.

*Enter NORVAL, R. 2 E., equipped as a Knight—POTTS follows
 dejectedly, carrying the lawyer's bag.*

NOR., (C.) This if a nice adventure we have got in!
 POTTS.(R.) The melancholy end of early yachting!
 Though spared at present, if there's no retreating,
 I fear we're but preserved for future eating!
 NOB. My soaring spirit could not brook confine!
 POTTS. Why should your soaring spirit drag up *mine*,
 Which was content in its own humble sphere,
 For their own jugs to draw the dinner beer?

NOR. You didn't ease the foresheet as I bid.

POTTS. You told me to slack something, and I did;

But what that was, or how 'twould give security,
Is still to me involved in deep obscurity.

NOR. You wouldn't put the helm down, stupid lout—

So she missed stays, and couldn't go about!

POTTS. (*bewildered*) Oh! I suppose, now, of our situation

That's what they call a lucid explanation!

NOR. The hidden rocks we by the winds were thrown upon.

POTTS. They were diskivered, and as such were blown upon;

So don't rate one who's not a seaman rated—

And if you must talk Dutch, at least translate it.

NOR. Well, come, let's on,—e'en now the twilight flickering,

Warns us this *is* no time for idle bickering—

Too late we started.

POTTS. Yes; in fact you mean

One knight set out, as t'other night set in.

ISEGRIM. *disguised in a MONK 'S cowl, re-enters R., and passes across to L.*

ISE. Sons, *Pax vobiscum—presto—et per Jovem!*

POTTS. (R.) Thank you—the same to you, and many of 'em.

NOR. (C.) Stay, holy father, if you time can spare;

And point out, if you know it, the wolfs lair.

ISE. (L.) My son, are you a friend to Isegrim ?

NOR. No !

ISE. Perhaps, you'll dare proclaim yourself his foe ?

NOR. I've vowed his death !

ISE. Oh, come, young man, you're chaffing

If you do kill him, it must be with laughing.

NOR. Let the wolf tremble!

ISE. Yes, if he's a mind to.

NOR. And sue for mercy!

ISE. P'raps he's not inclined to.

My son, don't pray, the vain delusion nourish—

You shake your lance, bat that we know's all flourish—

Nor deem bold Isegrim a dull ass, who takes fear

At such a small edition of *Knight's Shake-spear !*

POTTS. The reverend gent is right. Come home.

NOR. Don't bother.

ISE. Return, young hero, to your anxious mother.

NOR. Sir, do you dare ?

ISE. (*meekly*) I'd not to anger urge a man,

But am opposed to fighting, as a clergyman ;

Therefore, a peaceful flight—excuse my mooring i t —

NOR. Father, my fixed resolve—there's no uprooting it—

I must this cave see, and rout out the brute in it.

ISE. (*aside*) Did he the matter but more closely scrutinate,

He'd find the other leg had got the boot on it!

(*aloud*) With me step out then, you shall put your foot in it.

TRIO.

ISEGRIM, NORVAL, and POTTTS.—AIR.—"*Eclipse Polka.*"

NOR. Then on to glory lead,
The monster soon shall bleed!

POTTTS. And in his ribs, I tell no fibs,
Shall feel a dig indeed!

ISE. To win this honour's meed,
And root this noxious weed
From off the land, a single hand
Will find it hard indeed!

NOR. But have I not a squire,
Such as I would desire ?

POTTTS. Yes, has he not a squire,
Of fortitude and fire ?

Ensemble. Then on to, &c.
To win, &c.

Exeunt L.

SCENE IV.

*The WOLF'S Lair.—A deep rocky Ravine in the Mountains.—
A stump of an oak tree, L.—A kettle suspended over a fire,
form a triangle formed of branches of trees, c.*

Enter ISEGRIM, followed by NORVAL and POTTTS, L.

POTTTS.(L.) Pardon my asking, but I fain would know
As to what distance we have still to go.

NOR. (C.) Dost tremble, Sirrah ?

POTTTS. Why, 'twixt me and you,

Distance does lend enchantment to the view

I take of fighting, and in every fray

I play the Peeler's part, and—stop away !

ISE. Stranger, each rock and tree while passing by,
I watched you cast a most suspicious eye,
That seemed as if you thought upon our backs
You might impose some noxious income-tax;
Or as a traffic-taker make report,
And have a railway through our country brought.
If such your fancy, pause, or else you'll rue
The harm that to your head will Isegrim do !

NOR. From these, the cause that brings me hither now
 Is different as chalk from cheese, I vow.
 By promise as a gent of honour tied,
 I come to seek the Wolf, and tan his hide!
 No first tragedian at his benefit
 Panted for crowds in boxes, gallery, pit,
 As I to meet and whack, upon my word,
 This prowling Isegrim and his grisly herd !

ISE. So be it!

*Springs a Watchman's rattle—a number of armed Brigands
 with wolves' heads, start from behind the rocks on all
 sides, as in the Scene of "The Lady of the Lake."—
 ISEGRIM throws off his cowl.*

These are my wolfine warriors true,
 And I'm Sir Isegrim ! Stranger, how d'ye do ?
 My mountain and my kitchen range you see ;
 (*draws his sword*) And on this spit your goose shall *cook-ed* be !

POTTS. (L.) As an intelligent potboy, I with pleasure,
 As most illegal, do condemn this measure.

NOR. (C.) Betrayed?

ISE. You'd better yield !

NOR. I'd rather, if so fated,
 Mill you I hate, than live *hu-mil-i-ha-ted* !
 Come on ! This tree from its firm roots shall fly
 And stir its wooden stumps as soon as I!

ISE. I like your pluck. (*waves his hand—the WOLVES disappear*)

My high superiority
 Trusts not to a Protectionist majority.

Alone we fight,—you'll find your course is made
 To lead to death, through my *Toledo* blade.

NOR. Quick, quick—the law dust, fling it in his eyes,
 Blinded, he soon must prove an easy prize—

*POTTS crosses to c, takes a handful of the dust out of the
 bag, and throws it in ISEGRIM'S face—he only sneezes.*

Another handful, there Sir! (*ISEGRIM sneezes*) Well, I never !

He does but sneeze, and sees as clear as ever!

ISE. Ha, ha! you thought the dust that once was swept
 From blinding law forms, still its virtue kept
 Against opponents—Think you, I dont know
 How latterly John Doe and Richard Roe
 Went forth in exile—how Distringas died
 With the stiff form of pleading—side by side ?
 Defend yourself, you'll find th' occasion needy ;
 For like a County Court, I'm sharp and speedy :
 Come on! you soon shall your presumption rue—
 As the French say, " *Comment vous portez vous.*"

Burlesque Combat—NORVAL is struck down.

POTTS. Oh! Master's down!—I fear it's all U. P.,
 And pickles with the pride of Battersea.
 ISE. Prepare for death, rash stranger, as you may.
 NOR. Give me five minutes, I have much to say
 In last instructions to my friend, and lots
 Of messages, to give my faithful Potts—
 ISE. They'll be of little use then for the friend
 Who shared your opening here will share your end.
 POTTS. (*falling on his knees*) And could you see a harmless pot-boy
 bleed?
 ISE. You're fit for nothing else.
 POTTS. A thought indeed !
 Those papers!—These may prove our preservation—
 Here's the advantages of education! (*taking Manuscript Tragedy
 from his belt*)
 ISE. What ho!—advance!

WOLVES (*come forward.*)

POTTS. To sooth our last distress,
 A passage from this Manuscript M.S.
 I fain would read.
 ISE. Provided it's not long.
 POTTS. One passage will suffice—it's very strong.

ISEGRIM *sits on a bank*R.—NORVAL *sits at foot of the tree*
 L.—*The WOLVES seat themselves on the ground by the
 fire.*

NOR. What is it that your dreamy eye attracts ?
 POTTS. (*reading in a monotonous manner*) "Jones," an historic
 tragedy in five acts.
 " Act one—scene one—a wood. Three robbers enter—
 " The first one enters L. and goes to centre.
 " First Rob. ' Oh ! give me but my Arab steed, my heart
 " Is in the Highlands! Wherefore ? 'Tis not here.'
 " Second Rob. 'Why there?' First Rob. "Thou knowest the
 Rose of Annandale
 " ' Is culled to deck the festive board of Jones
 " ' Under the greenwood tree,—thou also know'st
 " ' My birth is noble, and unstained my crest.
 " ' And Jones has done this—Jones! the tyrant Jones!'"
 ISE. (*drowsily*) Who is this Jones ?—and what on earth's Jones done ?
 NOR. You interrupt the plot—let him go on.
 POTTS. (*reads as before*) " Oft in the stilly night—a footstep !—
 hush!
 " The robbers hide behind a hawthorn-bush."

ISE. (*nodding*) Oh! now I me. Yes—nothing can be clearer, (*reclines on the bank*)

POTTS. " Then enter from the mansion, Belvidera."

ISE. 'Tis really beau-ti-fool! (*falls asleep, and rolls off on the further side of the bank*)

POTTS, (*to NORVAL*) It acts, I say.

NOR. Then it has proved for once an acting play.

The WOLVES, who have fallen asleep, half raise themselves up.

POTTS, (*to WOLVES*) My gentle friends, excuse this episode.

(*reads*) " First Rob.—' Methinks he took the mountain road.'

" Sec. Rob.—' And wherefore that in preference to the plain' ?

" First Rob.—' Because 'I know a bank' where ' Mary Blane,'

" ' ' Desereted by the waning moon,' doth weep

" ' With Annie Laurie.' "

(the WOLVES fall asleep while he reads.)

Ha! they sleep—they sleep!

NOR. (*crosses to bank behind which ISEGRIM lies*)

POTTS. Don't touch his legs—he may awake by plucking 'em.

Off with his head at once !

NORVAL (*cuts off ISEGRIM'S head and displays it*)

So much for Buckingham !

NOR. Now that I've cut him, let us cut our sticks.

(Exit with head L.)

POTTS. I can't restrain my feelings!

(Strikes one of the sleeping Wolves with Manuscript)

Bravo Hicks!

Rushes off L.

SCENE V.

A Chamber in the Palace.

Enter MALKINA L. 1 E.

MAL. Now by my faith, the game goes bravely on !

Another move, and ev'ry mother's son

And daughter, in this land shall suppliant bow

At Folly's feet, though wisdom knits her brow,

In purses. None suspect that in this form,

Uncommon Folly leads the courtly swarm—

That by my machinations—Common Sense,
 Their honest Counsellor was banished hence.
 Let this imperious princess whom I rule,
 But wed Caniche, my simple, willing tool
 Whom by a *coup-d'etat* unto the throne
 I mean to raise, the day is then my own!
 She's here, and somewhat, by her looks, irate.

Enter LEONILLA, speaking off, L.

LEON. Well, there, don't plague me, let them go or wait. (*crosses R.*)

Malkina, dear, my only sympathiser,
 My faithful friend and ever kind adviser,
 I'm horribly put out I do confess
 Papa forgets I am a lioness.
 One who has been the rage of all the Town,
 Who ruled the fashion with my smile or frown !

MAL. And none to rule it ever could be fitter.

LEON. To be knocked down thus to the hardest hitter !

MAL. Tis horrible!

LEON. Not that I'd much object
 To that young man who on our coast was wreck'd ;
 But I *will* have it in my power to choose
 Him whom I love, and whom I like refuse.
 Am I a spiritless and patient Grissel,
 Papa can to his liking mould and chisel ?
 A sucking-lamb, just taken from its mother?

MAL. Your virtues all preponderate—more t'other.

LEON. He'll find he shall not, as he roundly stated,
 Choose any mate for one so animated. (*crosses to L.*)

TIGER enters, with card on salver, which LEONILLA takes.

" Monsieur Caniche." Well, show him up.

(*Exit TIGER. L.*)

Tis fair

Such puppies should be shown-up everywhere.

MAL. (R.) Well, to my taste he is a darling man.

LEON. Yes, well enough to hand a glove or fan.

One of those creatures made for us to flirt with,
 Whom Cupid kindly lends no darts to hurt with.

I'll prove him, though. Malkina, not a word.

(*aside*) Of Isegrim's challenge he can not have heard.

Enter CANICHE, wearing the head of a French poodle, L.

CAN. Most lovely Leonilla, may I ask

To kiss your hand ?

LEON. (*gives him her hand, which he kisses*) Yes, that's an easy task.

(*aside*) Now then to try him. (*aloud*) Dear Caniche, attend.

CAN. She calls me " dear." Oh, happiness no end !

LEON. Do me a trifling service.

CAN. *Tout a vous.*

What on the earth would I not do for you ?
Take me out shopping; patient I will wait
While on a bonnet's beauties you dilate;
In your love of a shawl take due delight;
And find your carriage on an Opera night.

LEON.(C.) Nay this is lighter ; but to meet and slay
Isegrim

CAN. (R.) A wolf! that is not in my way.

Dirty my gloves to fight one horrid beast!

LEON. Thus will your love be proved—the state released.

One well aimed shaft the tyrant overthrows

CAN. Love aims his darts from *beax yeux* not *yew bows*.

MAL.(R.) *You beaux* on nothing but yourselves are bent

Unstrung at every slight predicament.

LEON. Will you do battle for me ?

CAN. Oh, *mafoi!*

I cannot fight because 'tis *contre la loi*.

LEON. Then my resolves are fixed, and I will state 'em :

Hear, cur in name and heart, my ultimatum.

I'll wed none who so soon at danger quakes

And whose knees tremble in a brace of shakes.

(Exit R.)

MAL. What course will you pursue now, silly elf?

CAN. I will incontinently drown myself!

MAL. Pursue a water course ? that were sheer folly,

Put spirit in thy heart, look up, be jolly !

Put spirit in thy heart and join our cause,

With Folly plot against the state and laws!

To discontented spirits that conspire,

Proclaim yourself a model rectifier.

CAN. I will, and for a disappointed suitor

I see a kingdom looming in the future.

MAL. Already I have organised a band

Of sympathisers who'll at nothing stand.

This very hour on secret business bent

We meet the new Provisional Government.

CAN. But won't the troops be bumptious in a riot ?

MAL. Oh no, I've found a means to keep *them* quiet—

I've plucked the spirit from these bantams game :

Champagne and sausages have made them tame.

Enter ÆSOP, L., wearing an Asa's head, over which is thrown the hood of a cloak which he wears.

ÆSOP. (*aside*) I'm here before them, and in this disguise

I'll penetrate the Council of these guys. (*retires*)

CAN. Don't you see something in yon dark recess? (*points to L.*)

Re-enter ÆSOP, L.

MAL. We'll thank you for your name, Sir, and address.

SONG.

ÆSOP.—AIR—"When other lips.—"Bohemian Girl."

When racing 'tips,' with guileful art,
 Shall promise loads of tin,
 And prophets offer to impart
 The horse that ne'er will win .
 When hollow 'touts' shall wear a mask,
 And betting-list men flee;
 Allow me, privately, to ask,
 If you remember me ?

You do not recollect that *air*, I fear;

MALKINA and CANICHE draw back the hood of ÆSOP'S
cloak.

But surely you can not mistake this *ear*.

MAL. 'Tis honest Master Braymore, and no other.

CAN. (*embracing ÆSOP*) My friend,—my more than friend—my
 brother!

What can I offer ? Will you wet your whistle,
 Or take the slight refection of a thistle "
 I've heard of all your wrongs on Hampstead Hill.
 Of course you'll join our patriot band ?

ÆSOP. I will!

CAN. Upraise the shout for freedom ?

ÆSOP. And for wittles!

CAN. And knock this aged tyrant down ?

ÆSOP. Like skittles!

KNOCKING heard R. and L.

MAL. Our friends are come—permit them all to enter.

CANICHE goes to R., MALKINA to L.—CONSPIRATORS, with
heads of various animals, enter R. and L.

MAL. (*aside to CANICHE*) Now, you address them in a speech or
 song.

CAN. (*aside to MALKINA*) How shall I pitch my voice ?

MAL. (*aside to CANICHE*) Why, pitch it strong !

CAN. (*mounting on a chair c.*) Most potent, grave, and reverend
 codgers,

My very noble householders and lodgers,
 In furs or feathers—whom I see here swarming—
 The world, I need not tell you, wants reforming.

CONSPIRATORS. Hear, hear!

CAN. King Leo, once, so vigorous and lusty,
 Like his choice port, gets very old and crusty;
 Of all his energies hath age bereft him,
 And of his virtues, roaring's all that's left him;
 For Time, the grim old dentist, with his claw
 Has drawn his teeth, and only left his jaw;

Nay, more, the weakness of his mind he shows—
Our fine old monarch cheats at dominoes.

*(Groans and cries of "Shame! Shame!"—CANICHE
descends from chair)*

—The fact is, he had better not remain,
But start for England by the early train.

ÆSOP. England, I've heard of it.

MAL. A barbarous spot,
Where Common Sense is not yet quite forgot.

CAN. A vulgar, dem'd hard-working land, I hear,
Where everything is flat, except the beer;
A sort of home for Sovereigns in disgrace,
For Princes, Poles, and Magyars out of place.

MAL. Enough of that—a leader we must name.

ÆSOP. Come gentlemen,—crown's off,—pray make your game,
We don't presume to influence your voice.

MAL. But we expect Caniche shall be your choice.

CONSPS. Caniche! Caniche! Caniche!

ÆSOP. Caniche, our leader you have been elected.

CAN. The compliment is more than I expected,
But I accept it with supreme delight,

I'm ready to do anything, *(aside)* But fight

MAL. Will you together stick?

CONSPS. We Will.

ÆSOP. Like bricks.

MAL. Then to this scroll let each his name affix. *(produces a
parchment roll)*

ÆSOP. In the next room we'll sign.

ALL. Agreed.

ÆSOP. Away!

I'll follow straight.

Exeunt CONSPIRATORS L., except CANICHE and MALKINA.

(aside) Their project to betray,
I'll with this paper turn King's Evidence,
And these wild fools shall learn that Common Sense
Favours no plots, no hashing up of classes,
Which, like the Tariff, takes in foreign asses.
With such talk, demagogues may gull a nation,
But the true patriot's watchword's—Moderation!

Exit ÆSOP. L.

Enter LEONILLA, R.

LEON. *(to CANICHE)* What! not gone yet?

CAN. Is then to love a sin?

MAL. *(aside to CANICHE)* That's right! stick up to her—go in
and win.

TRIO.

LEONILLA, CANICHE, and MALKINA.—AIR.—" *A life by the galley fire.*"

LEON. For the love of a girl of fire,
 Sir, your metal is far too mild,
 Were you owner of half a shire,
 And drew largely on Coutts and Child.
 On Coutts—on Coutts—
 For if to the Opera we go,
 How the beaux will all deride,
 And say, " How can that dem fine creature show
 With that milksop by her side ?"

CAN. No. the life of a girl of fire—
 Especially when she's riled—
 Is not what I admire,
 As suiting quite this child.

AIR.—" *Clar de Kitchen.*"

CAN. *Mon ange!* if you will but be calm,
 I swear to you I meant no harm.

LEON. One word's as good as twenty, so—
 That one word being, go sir, go—
 Clar de premises, or, by Nemesis—
 Clar de premises, or, by Nemesis
 You'll find all the fat is in the fire.

CAN. Yet hear me Leonilla, *ma foi*;
 You can't know *comme je vous adore*.

LEON. To all the love you prate about,
 My answer's short and sweet—get out!
 So clear the boudoir—to be stood for
 A tailor's dummy's all you're good for;
 Take that, ninny, and retire.

CAN. Clear the boudoir ! *ma foi*—what for ?
 What is all this tempest brew'd for ?
 From this here shindy I'll retire.

MAL. Clear the boudoir—to be stood for
 A tailor's dummy's all you're good for ,
 Take this warning and retire.

Exeunt LEONILLA, R., CANICHE and MALKINA, L

SCENE VI.

The Palace Gardens and Terrace of KING LEO—Entrance R. and L. at back—The Scene on opening discovers a group of LEOPARDESSES dancing.

AIR and CHORUS.—" *Valse Hollandaise.*"—" *Pietro il Grande.*"

To the victor, who's a picture
Of all virtue, now exert you,
And advancing, keep on dancing
Till you may tired be.

And great his glory be, who put the wolf up a tree—
And his squire all admire,
Though he's rather queer to see.

At the end of dance and chorus, shouts outside L.

Enter POTTS, L.U.E., borne in triumph by GUARDS, who carry him down to c.

POTTS. Thank you, that's quite enough; so take my blessing.

This popularity is quite oppressing—

I'll stroll awhile.

Enter ÆSOP, L., with the roll of the CONSPIRATORS in his hand.

ÆSOP. Whither away then now ?

POTTS. Wither away yourself, and tell me how

You like it.

ÆSOP. Pooh! close up and list to me—

I'm in possession of a mystery, (*holds up the roll*)

POTTS. Of Paris?

ÆSOP. No, of Beastland, of that kind

The name of Guy Fawkes chiefly brings to mind.

POTTS. (*alarmed*) A blow-up here ? If so, I will retire. (*going R.*)

ÆSOP. Don't be a fool,—your presence I require.

Here, take this parchment scroll;—nay, don't refuse it—

And presently I'll show you how to use it. (*gives POTTS the scroll*)

DUETT. 

ÆSOP. and POTTS.—AIR—" *Since you mean to hire for service.*"—" *Midas.*"

ÆSOP. (R.) Do me but this trifling service—

Come with me, you jolly, jolly dog!

POTTS. (L.) What do you mean ? I'm getting nervous.

I am in for the whole hog.

Fal, lal, la !

ÆSOP. Let's shake hands and strike the bargain .

We will Mistress Folly, Folly jog!

POTTS. 'Gainst your logic there's no argying;

I'm prepared for the whole hog.

Fal, lal, la !

Exeunt R. 1 E.

Enter LEO, *followed by all his Court, CANICHE, and GUARDS,*
R.U.E.

LEO. (C.) Woe, woe ! This Norval, having Isegrim slain,
Claims half our kingdom—forest, hill, and plain.

FOX. (L.) I think we have a plan, Sire, as advisers——

OWL. (R.) As the King's most respectful sympathisers——

FOX. Twixt your north frontier and the southern breakers ——

OWL. You hold, Sire, several hundred thousand acres.

FOX. Let him have half, Sire, but let *his* half be

Acres of marsh land, swamped by every sea——

Acres of moorland, destitute of grouse——

Acres of bog, that won't sustain a house.

FOX. And should your daughter call them bad, or blame them,
Make it high treason for him to reclaim them.

LEO. A goodly thought—worthy a lawyer's brain !
Without, Sir Norval!

Enter NORVAL L.U.B.

Upon you we deign

To settle half our kingdom ; which your half is moors,
And quaking bogs, and marshes on the shores.

NOR. Upon such grounds I'll not accept an acre:——

Best give your quaking bogs to some earth-quaker.

Sir, you the vile chicanery outstrip

Of Pennsylvanian Bonds and Turkish Scrip;——

Compared with you, all Railway hands are clean,

And Emigration Agents 'all serene.'——

You gave your word, and ought to keep it.

LEO. Pooh!

How could I keep what I had given to you ?

NOR. This to my smould'ring wrath is a rekindler.

You're little better than a common swindler!

LEO. Swindler ? Lest we his rebel head be punching,
Away with him to our remotest dunging.'

GUARDS *Seize* NORVAL.

There let him argue, without bit or sup,

Till famine and the *argue* eat him up.

NOR. But, Sire——

LEO. Away!

POTTS *rushes in* R.U.E.

POTTS. Hi! Ease her! back her! stop her!

Turn her astern!—do anything that's proper

To stop a ship ! (*comes down to R.C.*)

LEO.(C.) Muzzle that mad lunatic !

POTTS. (*giving* LEO *the parchment*) Read, Sire, and say if I am
aberratic.

LEO. (*starts*) What! have the seeds of discord taken root?

POTTS. Of which, Sire, you're to have an early *shoot*.

LEO. (*looking over the scroll*) The traitors' names, too! Then these
mob haranguers

Shall for their pot-hooks have as many hangers !

Some one must hang,—will some one tell me which ?

REY. I should suggest Caniche.

BLINK. Of course, Caniche!

CANICHE *runs off R.H.—Discordant Music outside.*

LEO. What noise is that of horns and hurdy-gurdies,
That stuns us like an overture of Verdi's ?

A stuttering MESSENGER rushes on, L. 1 R.

1st MESS. Oh! my g-g-gig-g-gig-g-g—

A second stuttering MESSENGER rushes on, L. 1 R.

2nd MESS. May it p-p-pip-p-p-pip-p-pip—

A third stuttering MESSENGER rushes on, L. 1 E.

3rd MESS. Great kik-k-kik-kik-k-kik—

The three MESSENGERS continue stuttering together.

LEO. You cream faced villains are you all struck dumb?

The wretch that hesitates is lost!

MESSENGERS. *(together)* He's come!

LEO. Who's come, ye caitiffs ?

Enter CHANTICLERO and SIR CAREY CHICKEN, L. 1 E.

CHAN. Isegrim is, my liege,

*General consternation—LEO totters and is supported by
REYNARD and BLINKUM.*

His brigand band the palace gates besiege. *(crosses at back to R.)*

LEO. Isegrim ? 'Tis false—I'll not believe it—pshaw !

NOR. *I cut his head off.*

BLINK. Then he's dead in law.

SIR CAREY. But not in fact, for horrible to state

Without his head he fights without the gate. *(crosses at back to R.)*

POTTS. Such conduct's most unnatural.

NOR. (L.C.) A foeman,

Without a head—I'll thrash him or I'm no man !

LEO. Brave youth, you have inflamed our heart like tinder,

Hang out our banners from our garret winder.

NORVAL. exits L. 1 E. followed by POTTS.

From honor's scratch none here will flinch I hope.

REY. *(aside)* My inclination's for a gentle slope.

Steals off R.

LEO. Brave Chanticlero, you our foes to leather,
Shall show your plumes—

CHANTICLERO sneaks off R.

He's showing the white feather.

Sir Carey Chicken, you've the sole command
Of all our troops.

SIR CAREY. I never fight on land. *(Struts off R.)*

Shouts renewed outside L.

LEO. Then saddle quick, my fleet and gallant grey.
A horse to serve a king—who runs away!

Shouts and noise outside increase—A loud crash as of the breaking in of the Palace Gates—KING LEO'S GUARDS and ATTENDANTS cross the Stage precipitately at back from E. to L.—BLINKUM exits R.—LEO, who has been looking off at back through a large race-glass, now comes down.

LEO. The gates are down. Come on ye ruffian pack,
At least I'll die like Cæsar—on my back !

Stretches himself on his back, C.—Enter ISEGRIM, L.U.E., without his head, followed by his Brigand WOLVES, all armed.

ISE. Thus far into the palace, sword in hand,
Have I led on my rough and ready band;
We bowl'd the gates and wickets down like shot,
They made the runs and *we* the innings got.
(To the WOLVES) To you, brave comrades, all the spoil belongs,
The rings and watches, spoons and sugar tongs,
The wine—the ale—the bottles and the corks,
The maids of honour, and the silver forks ;—
These little knick-knacks all shall be your own,
Except the Princess, whom *I* mean to bone.

WOLVES *hurrah, and rush off shouting, led by ISEGRIM, R.*

Enter NORVAL and POTTS, L. 2 E.

NOR. This way they took—come on my faithful Squire.

POTTS. Sir Norval, as your follower,—I desire
To enter—my protest—against—this haste—
Of wind—and courage—'tis a wilful waste.

Cries and shouts outside, R.

LEO. *(raising himself)* There, there, the rascals are going it—d'ye
hear 'em ? *(lies down)*

POTTS. I'll do as you do, Sire. *(lies down beside LEO on his back)*

NOR. I do not fear 'em !

REYNARD, BLINKUM, CANICHE, *and the other* COURTIERS,
GUARDS, ATTENDANTS, *and* LADIES OF THE COURT, *are driven in confusedly, R., by ISEGRIM'S Wolves, who are loaded with gold and silver plate—Two of the Wolves carry AGNA and JAQUELINA on their shoulders—After all,*

Enter ISEGRIM, bearing LEONILLA in his arms.

ISE. We've sack'd the palace and have bagg'd our game,
So let us now return the way we came.

NOR. (*opposing him*) Come, this is carrying a joke too far,
Your further passage from this spot I bar.

Don't you perceive. Sir, you have lost your head—
A gentleman should know when he is dead.

ISE. Oh, that's all stuff! I here distinctly state
The debt of nature I repudiate.

POTTS. (*rising*) Conduct which I condemn without remorse
As unbecoming levity in a corse.

ISE. Plethoric potboy, silence ! (*to NORVAL*) Don't mistake,
You'll find me now extremely wide awake—
If you mean fighting you shall have a strapping,
This time, depend on't, you don't catch me napping.

LEO rises, C. —ISEGRIM sets down LEONILLA, who rushes to
her father's arms—ISEGRIM and NORVAL. go up the stage
and prepare to fight, going through the parade as in the
fencing scene in " Hamlet."

LEON. My father! (*embracing LEO*)

LEO. (*weeping'*) My sweet child, this revolution
Has quite broke down my feeble constitution.

LEON. Ah ! now, at last, we deeply rue the day
When we to lawless Folly yielded sway.

LEO. Had we been wise we ne'er had banished hence
Our old and true adviser, " Common Sense."

*Enter ÆSOP C. ; he comes down brusquely between ISEGRIM and
NORVAL, who drop their swords.*

ÆSOP. Who names my name ?

LEO. Ha ! do my eyes deceive me ?

ÆSOP. (C.) No Sire, I am the party named, believe me ;

ÆSOP, or Common Sense; for in this form
I've watched while Folly's madness ruled the storm;
Till each had felt the error of his ways,
And Reason in this land, once more, should raise
My ancient banner, which again unfurl'd,
True men may rally round against the world.

LEON. No more shall I on Pride and Folly doat.

LEO. My love, I fear we've rowed but in one boat—
I've been a deal too much inclin'd to growl.

REY. I've been a stupid ass.

BLINK. I've been an owl.

SIR CAREY. I fear I've not the pluck a breeze to weather.

CHAN. Give me your hand, we're both birds of a feather.

CAN. I've been a silly pup.

ISE. And I confess
I've been a rascal—neither more nor less.

ÆSOP. Such universal penitence declares,
Beings by Reason, freed from Folly's snares;
So, to your proper forms I now restore
Each bird and beast—the reign of Folly's o'er.

*(The Characters throw off the Animals' heads, and appear
with their proper features)*

ISE. (*to AUDIENCE*) Though once a wolf, I'm now a pretty *dear*,
 As harmless, quite, as any I see here;
 For as I've changed my head I'll change my life,
 Amend my ways and seek a little wife.
 Will any lambkin take me to her breast?
 A rake reform'd of husbands is the best.

FINALE AND CHORUS.

AIR—" *Je suis un petit Tambour.*"

ÆSOP. My fable of the Frogs
 You remember, I dare say,
 And the little boys who pelted them
 All on a summer's day.
 Our Authors are the Frogs—
 The little boys I view; (*looking round the house*)
 To frown on them were surely death,
 Though't may be sport to you.

CHORUS—Our authors, &c.

GAY. Like the Hare and Many Friends,
 Assistance here I crave;
 For on your will alone depends
 If I be Gay or grave.

LEO. Restored to Reason's sway,
 And Freed from Folly's chain,

POTTS. I'll serve my beer at Putney Pier,
 And ne'er to sea again.

CHORUS—Our authors, &c.

CAN. You captivating youths,
 Your follies pray repent—
 Be warned in time by me, and take
 A lesson from a gent.

LEON. A lady sure may plead
 For mercy to prevail.

NOR. To make the weight, pray throw me in,
 To turn the dooming scale.

CHORUS—Our authors, &c.

GUARDS. LADIES. COURTIERS. LADIES. BRIGANDS.

BLINKUM.
 REYNARD.
 CANICHE.
 MALKINA.
 ISEGRIM.
 ÆSOP.
 LEO.
 LEONILLA.
 NORVAL.
 POTTS.
 GAY.
 SIR CAREY.
 CHANTI.

R. R.C.

C. L.C. L.

Curtain descends.