

THE  
CAMP AT THE OLYMPIC.

A NEW AND ORIGINAL

INTRODUCTORY EXTRAVAGANZA

AND DRAMATIC REVIEW



BY

J. R. PLANCHE.

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

THOMAS HAILES LACY,  
WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,  
LONDON.

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

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

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

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

The Accoutrements by Mr. MORELAND.

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

### MATTER-OF-FACT PERSONS.

THE NEW LESSEE (*a notorious Fact*) MR. ALFRED WIGAN,  
 HIS WIFE (*an absolute Fact*) . . . . . MRS. ALFRED WIGAN  
 STAGE CARPENTER (*a plain Fact*).. MR. DEAL.  
 A BOY (*in Fact*) . . . . . THE CALLBOY.

### PERSONS OF IMAGINATION.

FANCY ( <i>on, her way to a Fancy Ball</i> ) ..  TRAGEDY . . . . COMEDY . . . . . BURLESQUE .. OPERA . . . . . BALLET . . . . . MELO-DRAMA PANTOMIME .. HIPPO-DRAMA SPECTACLE....	THE  PLAY-  HOUSEHOLD  BRIGADE.	{ MRS. T. G. REED, late MISS P. HORTON.  MRS. CHATTERLEY. MRS STIRLING. MR. F. ROBSON. MISS CORRI. MISS WYNDHAM. MR. SANDERS. MISS STEVENS. MISS E. TURNER. MR. EMERY
GHOST OF THE OLD ITALIAN OPERA ( <i>bearing a great bodily re-          semblance to a celebrated Basso</i> . . . . . HARLEQUIN . . . . . CLOWN . . . . . PANTALOON . . . . . COLUMBINE . . . . . THE TRUE BRITISH SAILOR . . . . . SYLPHIDES . . . . .		SIGNOR CALLI. MR. FRANKS. H. COOPER. MR. LINDON. MISS HENDERSON. MR. MORTON. { MADLLES. HOWARD and GRAHAM.

*SCENE I.*

THE BARE STAGE

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

*SCENE II.*

**RICHARD THE THIRD'S TENT,**

EXACTLY IN THE WRETCHED STATE IN WHICH HE LEFT IT.

FOLLOWED BY

AN EFFECT OF FANCY.

*SCENE III.*

**EXPERIMENTAL CAMP OF THE COMBINED FORCES OF THE BRITISH DRAMA,**

ON THE STAGE OF THE OLYMPIC THEATRE, AND

**REVIEW OF THE PLAY-HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE !**

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

*By the kind Permission of Spectacle,*

WHOSE MARQUEE WILL BE THROWN OPEN FOR THAT PURPOSE

TABLEAU 1—MACBETH MEETING THE WITCHES.

**PERIOD, 1053. COSTUME, 1853.**

MACBETH 1ST .....	MR. WHITE.
MACBETH 2ND .....	MR. WATSON.
MACBETH 3RD .....	MR. HAM.
BANQUO .....	MR. LESLIE
THE THREE WITCHES .....	{ Messrs. Back White and Red

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

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

TABLEAU 3—GROUP FROM "SARDANAPALUS."

SARDANAPALUS .....	MR. VINCENT.
MYRRHA .....	MISS MARSTON.

*SCENE IV.*

A FANCY SKETCH FOR THE LAST SCENE,  
GOT UP ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE, AND PERFECTLY REGARDLESS OF EXPENSE—

FEU DE JOIE-STURM MARSCH FINALE,

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

THE  
CAMP AT THE OLYMPIC.

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

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

- MR. W. Well, come what may, at least behold us here !  
I hope you're satisfied ? (*to MRS W.*)
- MRS. W. So far, my dear.  
The house is ours. We've nothing now to do  
But—
- MR. W. Fill it. Do you call that nothing, too ?
- MRS. W. Well, it's not much. The Theatre is small,  
And Lord John Clapham said he'd take—
- MR. W. A stall!
- MRS. W. Well, love, that's one—and one—
- MR. W. (*checking her*) "*Friend*," you would say,  
"Makes many." I devoutly wish it may.  
However, we are in for it, and so .  
It's no use *talking*, we must *act*!
- MRS. W. I know  
We must act, and I come resolved to play—
- MR. W. All the best parts.
- MRS. W. If they are in my way.
- MR. W. And your's is such a taking way, my dear.
- MRS. W. Come, Mr. Impudence, you needn't sneer,  
There *was* a time, to which I *could* allude—
- MR. W. Nay, don't be angry.
- MRS. W. Then don't you be rude.
- MR. W. I'd not the least intention. Don't let's squabble !  
But as you've got me into such a hobble—

MRS. W. *I* got you?

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

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

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

Whilst men in doubt stand scratching their dull  
polls,

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

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

And so at once to business. I have got

An opening piece, of which I like the plot (*takes*

MRS. *out of his pocket*)

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

MRS. W. Law! Why that's been done

At the Adelphi!

MR. W. A piece—not this one.

MRS. W. But the same titles—

MR. W. More attractive make 'em.

When titles are so catching, people take 'em

Just as they do the measles—from each other.

And 'bout this Camp there has been such a  
pothor,

The name alone is money sure to bring.

So here, you man! fly-catching at the wing—

A CARPENTER. *advances from between wings*

Show us a pair of flats.

(CARPENTER *smiles*) What do you mean

By grinning? Get me out, Sir, a tent scene!

(*aside*) Of flats, I'll swear, that rascal meant to  
say

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

*A Tent Scene is put on.*

What's this?

CARPENTER. King Richard's tent, Sir.

MR. W. (R) That will do.

It's so old—that it's actually new.

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

Arise before me! Our cause won't be fur-  
thered

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

CALL BOY *brings forward two old broken chairs.*

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

" This is a sorry sight! "

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

MR. W. How so ?

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

MR. W. Oh ! oh ! OH !

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

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

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

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

MR. W. How about hats ?

MRS. W. Ah ! there the pinch is felt!  
Only one cocked hat!

MR. W. Humph ! that won't go far  
To carry on, as we may say, the war;  
Although at Astley's half-a-dozen horses  
And twenty men play all the British forces !

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

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

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

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

MR. W. " Angels and ministers of grace defend us! "  
What does this novel stage effect portend us ?

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

FANCY. Hum!

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

FANCY. Mum!

I'm Fancy.

MRS. W. Only fancy that!

MR. W. Who'd guess,  
In such a habit—

FANCY. It's a fancy dress.

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

FANCY. You forget .

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

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

FANCY. With that intent I came.

AIR.—FANCY.

*"La Dona Mobile."*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MRS. WIGAN *goes off L. U. E., and re-appears in white dress.*

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

TRIO.—FANCY, MR. and MRS. W

"Rat-a-plan."

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

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

To arms! the magic call obey.

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

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

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

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

MR. W. A letter in her hand ! why then the dame is—

FANCY. The wife of the ambitious Thane of Glamis !

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FANCY. Behold, he comes!

TRAG. " Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor !"  
Can that be he ?

FANCY. In heavy marching order.  
Not as when Garrick used to meet the witches—  
In gold laced waistcoat and red velvet breeches;  
GARRICK *appears as* MACBETH *with the daggers* (R.)  
Nor as in Kemble's time, correct was reckoned,  
Accoutred like " the gallant forty-second."

KEMBLE *appears as* MACBETH *with target and truncheon* (L.)  
But as a Scottish chieftain roamed scot-free—  
In the year one thousand and fifty-three.

TRIO—MR. and MRS. WIGAN and FANCY.

" *Auld Lang Syne.*"

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

TRAG. " My countryman! and yet I know him not!"

MR. W. More like an antique Rum'un than a Scot!

TRAG. A Scotchman, and no kilt ?

MRS. W. Don't Macbeth say—  
" We've *scotch'd* the snake, not *kilt* it" !

MR. W. Oh! don't! pray ! (*scene closes*)

AIR.—FANCY.

" *The Bonnets of Bonny Dundee.*"

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

LADY TEAZLE.

Blooming as brightly as in former years,

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

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

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

" Your piece is clever, but won't draw a shilling."

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

COMEDY(C.)O Mercy ! Tell me, pray—

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

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

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

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

COMEDY. Oh, lud! she'll bite !

MR. W. Part them ! they are incensed!

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

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

AIR—MR. WIGAN.

" *We have been friends together.*"

- You have been friends together,  
Together money made—  
When tragedies and comedies  
To crowds were nightly played!  
And though the word may make you start—  
The fact you must allow,  
You have been—damned together !  
Shall a light word part you now ?
- MRS. W. (R.) Talking of humour—where on earth has fled  
Our broad old English Farce, or is he dead ?
- FANCY. No, but too homely for this polished age,  
He's lately taken French leave of the stage;  
But there's a substitute still more grotesque  
We often find for him—He's called Burlesque.
- TRAG. Don't name the wretch ! I hate him with a hate  
Known only on the stage ! He mocks my state;  
Mimics my voice; my words mis-quotes, mis-  
matches,  
A vice of kings! a king of shreds and patches !  
(*Flourish of penny trumpets, heard L.*)
- FANCY. He comes ! I know his trumpet!
- TRAG. Too ! too ! too -  
Well I remember it! Support me, do !
- MR. W. Tragedy ! show me where's the actor strong  
enough ?
- TRAG. Then I shall fall! (*sinks in a chair*)
- MRS. W. Alas, I've thought so long enough !
- Charivari. Enter BURLESQUE, L. 2 E. in the costume of  
King Arthur in " Tom Thumb."*
- BURLES. " Call up our cavalry from Horslydown !"  
Queen Tragedy, I'll fight you for a crown!

AIR—BURLESQUE.

*"Such a fine King as I!"*

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

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

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

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

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

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

BURLES. Else wherefore breathe I in dramatic land ?

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

BURLES. Those who think so but understand me, half.  
 Did not my thrice-renowned Thomas Thumb,  
 That mighty mite, make mouthing Fustian mum ?  
 Is Tilburina's madness void of matter ?  
 Did great Bombastes strike no nonsense flatter ?  
 When in his words he has not one to the wise,  
 When his fools bolt, *s pares* folly as it flies,  
 When in his chaff there's not a grain to seize on,  
 When in his rhyme there's not a ray of reason,

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

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

COMEDY. I vow the wretch to common sense pretends!

BURLES. Don't mention it, I beg, even among friends.  
Like Mr. Snake, though here the truth I own,  
I should be ruined, if abroad 'twere known.  
I live, as that same worthy does aver,  
Upon the badness of my character.  
If once of common sense I was suspected,  
I should be quite as much as you—neglected.

TRAG. "That's wormwood!"

*Music.*

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

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

FANCY.(L.) 'Tis English Opera!

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

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

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

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

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

" And first in early Greece—she—she—

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

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

TRAG. They'd Tragedy!

MR.W. And Chorus !

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

- And that's about the best in English still.  
 MR. W. Except "the Beggar's."  
 OPERA. That's a Vaudeville!  
 MR. W. Have you no new and great airs on your shelves ?  
 OPERA. The greatest airs the singers give themselves !  
 FANCY. And while they do so there is little chance  
 Of seeing English Opera advance ;  
 The only compositions her proveditors  
 Have lately gained by have been with their  
 creditors.  
 MR. W. Then Bishop, Balfe, and Barnet, where are they !  
 MRS. W. Wallace ! Macfarren !  
 TRAG. (*wildly*) " Rivers ! Vaughan ! Grey !"  
 OPERA. Madam!  
 FANCY. Poor soul! Her wits are going fast,  
 She has not seemed quite right for some time past  
 And now Burlesque completely has upset her.  
 TRAG. I shall weep soon, and then I shall be better !  
 MRS. W. Suppose you take a nap ?  
 COMEDY. Aye, sister, do,  
 Your audience sleep sometimes, why shouldn't  
 you?  
 MR. W. (*to* COMEDY) You're too severe upon your  
 sister muse.  
 (*to* OPERA) This interruption, madam, pray ex-  
 cuse.  
 OPERA. Sir, I'm accustomed to a few bars, rest.  
 MR. W. You spoke of airs by which you were opprest.  
 OPERA. Oh, even my foreign rivals on that score  
 Suffer as much as I do, if not more;  
 One has already given up the ghost.  
 FANCY. See where it walks !

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

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

ENSEMBLE—*from Don Pasquale.*

SOLO—GHOST OF OLD ITALIAN OPERA.

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

TRIO—MR. WIGAN, FANCY, E. OPERA.

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

GHOST.

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

TRIO.

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

## GHOST.

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

GHOST *retires*, R. 3 E.

BURLES. Poor Buffer!

MRS. W. Buffo.

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

AIR—MR. WIGAN.

" *Oft in the Stilly Night.*"

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

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

FANCY. Like the poor sylphide when her wings were  
cropped,

Behold her shorn of all her magic power,  
Denied to dance upon a single flower.

*Enter* BALLET "a la Sylphide" L. 3 E. *with her* CORYPHEES.

*She expresses her altered state in action to* MR. W.

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

BALLET. Oh I could tell you, Sir, in words as well,  
But if the Ballet talk'd it mightn't tell.

FANCY. She tells you, fallen from her high estate,  
On her last legs she's taken now to skate;  
Like a bold wench, resolved at any price  
To cut a figure, though it's but on ice.

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

AIR.—BALLET.

*(Skating Music in Le Prophete.)*

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

*Scene closes.*

MR. W. Cold comfort this for a new speculator !

MRS. W. For a house warming—a refrigerator!

ME. W. A Drama must be found, or we are undone,  
With spirit in it to stir up all London!

FANCY. Oh, if you want a piece with spirit in it,  
I'll call up Melodrama in a minute.  
His supernatural efforts have told,  
When all things else have failed. Appear!

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

Behold!

MR. W. What monster's this ?

FANCY. The one from "Frankenstein."  
He reads a lesson to folks in your line.  
How many a manager I've seen a stew in,  
Making a monster that has been his ruin!

MRS. W. He looks of blue ruin the incarnation !  
I've no great hopes from his resuscitation!

FANCY. There is a spirit of another blue,  
He sometimes personates the fine old "true! "

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

FANCY. Of Black-eyed Susan, there the hero stands,  
Into the pit he oft has piped all hands,  
And brought the drama up with a wet sail;

BURLES. He goes a-head—but thereby hangs—a tail.

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

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

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

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

### QUINTETTE.

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

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

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

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

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

ALL.

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

MRS. W. But though such kickshaws may succeed perchance,

We must have some "morceau de resistance";  
And from such fare we're as far off as ever.

MR. W. Do help us, Fancy!

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

MRS. W. What! from Aladdin?

FANCY. Quite another thing;  
One who knows how the public in to whip,  
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

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

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

AIR.—FANCY.

*"I'm the Genius of the Ring."*

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

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

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

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

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

FANCY.

You're very hard to please!

MR. W.

The town is harder!

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

*Music.* SPECTACLE *appears in splendid fancy dress.*

SPEC.

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

Or quite uneatable may be the best.

MR. W.

Who's this that talks and looks so mighty fine ?

FANCY.

Spectacle ! a great friend of mine !

BURLES.

OPERA.

PANT.

MELO.

& HIPPO.

And mine !

FANCY.

You've heard of him, of course!

MR.W.

And seen him, too,

Till I am almost sick of him! arn't you ?

SPEC.

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

MR.W.

I doubt

If you bring in as much as you take out.

SPEC.

"Well, try a piece without me now-a-days;  
 See if your triumph will be called a blaze ?

MR. W.

The blaze is often only in the bill—

MRS. W.

Or one that burns the fingers through the till.

COMEDY.

Why should a drama that deserves success  
 Burn blue lights, like a vessel in distress?

TRAG.

Has not immortal Shakespere said—'tis silly,  
 " To gild refined gold—to paint the lily ?"

SPEC.

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

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

TRAG. More shame then for the town!

SPEC. (*to* COM.) And you, Miss Prue!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FANCY. Well, Fancy has done all she can to aid you,  
And seems more fanciful but to have made you.  
You must make up your mind—if you have got  
one—  
Out of all these fair offers is there not one  
That you can count on?

TRAG. (to MR. W.) Tragedy restore  
To the proud station that she held of yore!

COMEDY. (to MR. W.) Give Comedy again a chance to  
play  
Where folks may hear what she has got to say.

MR. W. Thus Tragedy and Comedy between,  
I stand like Garrick—in the print, I mean,  
The only way like him that I could stand—  
A musing, with a Muse on either hand;  
Now swayed by Mirth—now mov'd by Melan-  
choly,  
Or, like Macheath, 'twixt Lucy and poor Polly ! 

AIR.—MR. WIGAN.

" *How happy could I be with either*"

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

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

OPERA (R.) Let native Music here, then, weave her spell—  
You really sing yourself, Sir, pretty well—  
Italian Opera can't object to Rome;  
For English Opera there's no place like home.

MELO. Try me ! I keep all spirits under my lock !

BURLES. Try me, my boy, remember Mr. Shylock.

PANT. Before you leap, just look at one of mine !

SPEC. (R.) Without me you can never cut a shine !

BALLET (R.) You'll catch no mice without an "entre chat"

HIPPO. (R.) What can you find like horses, pray—to draw ?

MR. W. (C.) I am completely bothered—that's a fact!

And, like some actors, don't know how to act.

TRAG. But screw your courage to the sticking place !

MR. W. I have—and stuck quite fast—that's just my  
case.

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

MR. W. I wish you would.

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



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

Upon me, I'm afraid you'll steal a march.

Gay as a lark, and so good humoured too—

I feel I can't extract too much from you!,

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

Ballet shall help me to keep up the ball.

Opera lend a ballad or Romanza, '

And Fancy make Burlesque Extravaganza.

Pantomime teach me how to do the trick,

E'en Hippodrame may furnish a last kick.

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

Spectacle's after all the card to win with.

MR. W. Yes, *after all*; yet in one sense, my friend,

Spectacle should not be the Drama's end.

Where that's the case the satirists may say

It is indeed *all over* with the play!

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

FANCY.)

(to Audience) And now I fain would call up your huzzah's,

To keep the ground for us and our review.

I have not told you all I mean to do;

For on that head—as promises may fetter—

The Lessee thinks the less he says the better !

But to our Chobham if you will but tramp,

And smile on our experimental Camp,

A gallant corps in time I hope to form,

Which may, some fine night, take the town by  
storm!

Oh! let me hope that hope's not a forlorn one,

I'm a bold man, if ever there were born one !

Pardon that, boldness in my utmost need,

And by your *coups de main* make mine succeed ;

Confirming me in this proud situation,

By the command of general approbation.

SPEC. From me. to borrow nothing, do you mean ?

MRS: W. Perhaps you'll favor me with a last scene,

On this occasion, by your own desire.

SPEC. Then give the word—

MR: W. Make ready!—present!

*Scene changes to a splendid Fairy Temple.*

Fire ! (*coloured fires are lighted*)

FINALE.—*The Sturm Marsch.*

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

SOLO—MR. WIGAN.

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

SOLO—FANCY.

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

CHORUS.

March to support, &c.

CHORUS.

*Grand Salute.*

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