

MR. BUCKSTONE'S VOYAGE ROUND
THE GLOBE
(IN LEICESTER SQUARE).

A NEW AND ORIGINAL COSMOGRAPHICAL,
VISIONARY EXTRAVAGANZA, AND
DRAMATIC REVIEW.

IN ONE ACT AND FOUR QUARTERS.

BY

J. R. PLANCHE,

*Author of Mr. Buckstone's Ascent of Mount Parnassus, The
Camp at the Olympic, The Good Woman in the Wood,
Once upon a Time there were Two Rings, The
Golden Branch, The Invisible Prince,
&c., &c., &c.,*

THOMAS HAILES LACY,
WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,
LONDON.

*First Performed at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, on Monday,
April 17, 1854.*

CHARACTERS.

MR. BUCKSTONE	{ <i>Sole Lessee of the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, his second appearance in that character.</i> }	MR. BUCKSTONE.
AN AUTHOR		{ " <i>A youth to Fortune and to Fame Unknown</i> " }
BOX-BOOK KEEPER		MR. CULLENFORD.
PROPERTY MAN		MR. CLARK.
CYBELE, alias TELLUS (<i>Goddess of the World</i>)		MRS. FITZWILLIAM
EUROPE	} <i>Her Four Daughters.</i> {	MISS ELLENGREY.
ASIA		MISS GRANTHAM.
AFRICA		MRS. CAULFIELD.
AMERICA		MISS A. VINING.
SPIRIT OF THE OCEAN MAIL		{ (<i>From the Royal Gallery of Illustration</i>) }

The Dresses by Mr. BARNETT, Miss CHERRY and Assistants.

The Properties by Mr. FOSTER.

The Machinery by Mr. ROBERTSON.

The Dances and Groupings by Mr. JOSEPH MARSHALL.

The Overture and Music composed and arranged by Mr. EDWARD
FITZWILLIAM.

THE NEW SCENERY

By Mr. W. CALLCOTT and Messrs. MORRIS and O'CONNOR.

FRONT OF THE THEATRE ROYAL HAYMARKET

Mr. Buckstone determines to Circumnavigate the Globe, and gives his
reasons for so doing.

FOOT OF THE STAIRCASE IN WYLD'S MODEL OF THE EARTH, LEICESTER SQUARE

Mr. Buckstone, as a preparatory step to a Voyage round to Globe, visits the
Model to obtain an insight of the subject and—sleeps upon it.

MR. BUCKSTONE'S DREAM.

EUROPE,

As it appears in Mr. Wyld's Model, and the World as it appears to
Mr. Buckstone. Preparations for a start.

The Young Man with the Carpet Bag Mr. E. VILLIERS.

DISPLAY OF THE SPIRIT OF EUROPE

Out of Mr. Wyld's Model, and in the warlike attitude it assumes at the present
moment.

PANORAMA OF THE OCEAN MAIL.

THE STRAITS OF GIBRALTAR.

The " Ripon " steamer, with the Grenadiers on board, on her passage to Malta,
saluted by a French brig.

CONSTANTINOPLE AND THE GOLDEN HORN.

MR. BUCKSTONE VISITS THE THEATRE OF WAR,

But without the slightest intention of managing it.

GALLIPOLI, AND LANDING OF THE FRENCH FORCES.

Retrospective glances of Rival Richards.

The Duke of Glo'ster, from "Drury Lane". Mr.——

Duke of Glo'ster, from the "Princess's". Mr.——

Mr. Buckstone retreats without coming to an engagement, and crossing the
Dardanelles, continues his journey by the "Overland Route" to

ASIA.

DISCLOSURE OF ITS DIVINITY.

A GRAND ORIENTAL SPECTACLE.'

Bayaderes, Miss LYDIA THOMPSON, Miss L.MORRIS, and the Corps de Ballet.
Re-production (on this occasion only) of the Extraordinary Feat of the

WISE ELEPHANT OF THE EAST.

As exhibited at Astley's Amphitheatre. Followed by the
FEAST of the DRAGON ; or, Wonderful performances of the

CHINESE MAGICIANS,

One of whom will not stick at Impaling (?) his Friend with huge Knives.

Chin Gan.....Mr. Hi. MARSHALL. Wan Sing Mr. J. MARSHALL

Mr. Buckstone sails for

AFRICA.

SAD APPEARANCE OF ITS DARK ANGEL.

Ethnological Notes and Reflections on the Bosjesmans, Zulu Kafirs, Earthmen,
and other unnatural curiosities. Mr. Buckstone crosses the line
and the Atlantic, and visits

AMERICA.

Interview with the Esquimaux from Cumberland Straits and the Adelaide
Gallery.

GLIMPSE OF THE NATIVE GENIUS OF AMERICA.

Effects of the " Thirst of Gold," and perilous position of the
Wild Flower of Mexico on

THE SEA OF ICE.

As frozen on the Stage of the Adelphi.

Mr. Buckstone attacked by the " auri sacra fames." A violent " Struggle for
Gold" by the Theatres in general. Awful Catastrophe. End of
Mr. Buckstone's Golden Dream.

Grand Exhibition of the Four Quarters of the World
IN THEIR NEW QUARTERS AT THE HAYMARKET,
AND "SIC TRANSIT GLORIA (EASTER) MUNDI ."

MR. BUCKSTONE'S VOYAGE ROUND
THE GLOBE
(IN LEICESTER SQUARE).

SCENE I.—*The Front of the Haymarket Theatre. The
Box Book KEEPER standing at Box Office door.*

Enter an AUTHOR hastily, L., with a manuscript in his hand.

AUTHOR. Have you seen Mr. Buckstone ?

B. K. Not to day.

AUTHOR. At the stage door they said he'd gone this way.

Plague take it! Of all things of human kind,
A manager's most difficult to find

When *you* want *him* ! but just let *him* want *you*—
He's to be found all day and all night too !

He's not at home, I know—I have knocked there.

B. K. At home. Oh, no ! He is abroad somewhere:

He's got so strange a crotchet in his brain,
I fear he'll never be at home again.

AUTHOR What do you mean ?

B. K. We've apprehensions serious

His past success has made him quite delirious.

Since Mount Parnassus he last year ascended.

His interest in Theatricals seems ended.

He looks upon the Stage as a machine,

A vehicle to run the poles between,

And thinks no scene in all the British Drama

Is equal to a foreign Panorama.

AUTHOR. I'm not at all surprised. 'Tis ever so

With managers. The fellows never know

When of a thing the town has had enough.
If once they make a hit with any stuff,
They cram the public with the self-same fare
Until the stuff's completely worn threadbare.
A great mistake! In all the best society
You'll hear the constant cry is for variety.
No piece should run above a night or two.

B. K. Yours, I believe, Sir, very seldom do.

AUTHOR. Mine ! I can't get for one of mine a chance
Because my Dramas are not filched from France.
They are original!

B. K. And I'll engage
Not one of them " adapted to the Stage."

AUTHOR. Not one ! or I would burn it—I protest !

B. K. (*aside*) Of all your Plays, that Act would be the
best.

Here comes our Property Man.

Enter PROPERTY MAN, *laden with books.*

What have you got

Under your arm ?

PROP. M. Of books a precious lot.

AUTHOR. What are they, pray ? and who may they be for ?

PROP. M. All Murray's Handbooks for the Governor.
Germany, North and South, France, Holland,
Spain,

Switzerland, up the Rhine, and back again—

Italy, Russia, Egypt, Turkey, Greece—

Some of 'em 12 or 14 bob a-piece.

And now I've got to go for loads of maps,

To Wylde and Arrowsmith's, and all them chaps.

I don't know what the Governor's about,

But if he can't an Easter piece bring out

Without this bother about foreign climes,

I'd rather get up fifty pantomimes. (*going*)

B. K. Go through the box office, 'twill save some paces,
And look as if some one had come for places.

Exit PROPERTY MAN *through the office.*

AUTHOR. Here's the great little man, I do believe !

B. K. Then stand aside, for should he you perceive,
It suddenly may strike his recollection
He's wanted in the opposite direction.

(*they retire*)

Enter MR. BUCKSTONE, R.

MR. B. " There is a tide in the affairs of men,"
Says Shakespeare, " which," if it be taken when
'Tis " at the flood, leads on to fortune." So
At least said Shakespeare a long time ago.
But now they've altered him so many ways,
No one can say exactly what he says.
But the fidelity of my quotation
Is not the great point for consideration.
It is a fact there is a tide now flowing
And nobody can doubt which way it's going.
It's running up at Exhibition stairs
And overflows all reserved seats and chairs.
Casts off the painter from the dry old Drama—
Empties her pit and fills his Panorama.
Last Spring tide I was borne by it to Greece,
Got up Parnassus for an Easter piece,
And found there was a way to fortune by it.
Then should I hesitate again to try it,
With the same crew—in the same jolly boat!
No ! I won't rest till I'm again afloat;
And with all canvass spread and flag unfurled,
I'll sail in search of fortune—round the world !

AIR.—MR. BUCKSTONE.—"*All round my hat.*"

All round the world, like a new Robinson Crusoe;
All round the world, I will travel on the stage;
And if anybody asks me the reason why I do so,
I'll say because geography's becoming quite the rage.

AUTHOR. (*advancing*) Breakers ahead!

MR. B. Whose voice is that I hear ?

AUTHOR. An author's.

MR. B. Then a breaker may be near.
For there are shoals of authors I would shun,
As very dangerous flats on which to run.

AUTHOR. Sir, I am one—

MR. B. I feared as much. Good day. (*going*)

AUTHOR. Nay—I am one, I was about to say,
Whose plays, if managers had penetration,
Would purify the stage—

MR. B. By ventilation ?

AUTHOR. An audience "fit, though few" would grace your pit,

MR. B. I never thought an audience few was fit.

AUTHOR. Such sordid views the risk of wreck increases ;

Come to me *for*, and you won't go *to* pieces.

MR. B. What pieces have you written?—I forget!

AUTHOR. I've written none that have been acted yet.

MR. B. Not acted! How could they success achieve ?

AUTHOR. Simply by being acted, I believe.

I have great confidence in all I do !

MR. B. You must have very great—to say so too !

AUTHOR. Allow me just one scene to you to read,

And you shall judge.

MR. B. I can't just now, indeed !

I'm off, before the tide turns.

AUTHOR. Off, Sir—where ?

MR. B. All round the globe !

AUTHOR. The globe in Leicester Square ?

MR. B. Pshaw! The great globe itself! In hopes to find—

AUTHOR. What ?

MR. B. Novelty!

AUTHOR. There's nothing of the kind ;

And why to see the world through perils roam,

When you can see it safely here at home ?

As Mathews did, who, with his wit and whim—

"At home" to all the world—made it see him.

MR. B. No; monypolylogue is not my forte,

Though actors all like something of that sort;

But you have put a notion in my noddle—

Before I scour the globe I'll see the model;

And may upon some point or other pop,

To which I can go straight without a stop.

AUTHOR. You'll own, then, my ideas are something worth?

MR. B. This is the best you ever had—on earth—

And if it prove a lucky one for me—

AUTHOR. You'll bring my play out, won't you?

MR. B. We shall see.

At all events, my circumnavigation

You shall arrange for stage representation

If you have no objection.

AUTHOR. Sir, I'll do

All in the world I can to pull you through.

For all the world's a stage on which I may

At last get some one to produce my play.

DUO.—MR. BUCKSTONE AND AUTHOR—" *Without a Companion.*"

MR. B. Come, be my companion, then, into the square;
That journey at least, won't take long—
No doubt, in the world, we shall get a hint there,
For a scene, or a joke, or a song.

AUTHOR. You're right, my good Sir, we shall sure make a hit,
If with spirit we do something sprightly;
While safely at home, in your arm-chair you'll sit,
And see all your places fill nightly.

BOTH. Then come on, we decide that a piece shall come out
With a cast that is brilliant and strong;
So it draws, we don't care what on earth it's about,
And that of the matter's the short and the long.

SCENE II.—*Interior of Wyld's Model of the Earth, Leicester Square, at the Foot of the Great Staircase, which occupies the centre of the Stage. Portions of the lower part of the Globe visible on each side of it. In front two or three chairs.*

Enter MR. BUCKSTONE and AUTHOR.

MR. B. Thus far into the bowels of the Earth
We have marched on to get a shilling's worth
Of universal knowledge. But, dear me,
The only people in the world are we !

AUTHOR. The company are up stairs, every one :
The lecture, I believe, has just begun.

MR. B. Up stairs!

AUTHOR. The world begins on the fifth floor.

MR. B. Five stories! and the lecture makes one more!
My patience ! I don't mind so much the walking
Up stairs, but own I tremble at the talking.
Lectures, above all things on earth, I hate !
I shall go fast asleep as sure as fate.

AIR.—MR. BUCKSTONE AND AUTHOR.—"*Such a getting up stairs.*"

MR. B. Such a getting up stairs, of a model in the middle,
Such a getting up stairs I never did see.

AUTHOR. I question if it's worth the pain
Thus to begin the world again.
I've heard 'twas hollow oft before.
But never guessed how great the bore.
Such a getting up stairs, &c.

MR. B. I feel uncommon drowsy—even here.

AUTHOR. There's something heavy in the atmosphere
About this globe—I'm half inclined to doze—
This chair, methinks, invites me to repose !

MR. B. And this one in its friendly arms shall take me!
When that confounded lecture's over, wake me.

*They sit and sleep.—Music.—The staircase sinks gradually
till it exhibits the upper platform, with that portion of the
globe which is visible from it.*

The GODDESS CYBELE appears.

CYBELE. Children of earth!—sleep on, but in your dreams
Hear what the world itself says of your schemes.
For in that mimic world, the stage they call,
'Tis by her voice that you must stand or fall!

AIR.—CYBELE.—" *Oh, slumber my Darling.*"

So, slumber my darlings, as if it were night,
While mother earth shews herself in a new light.
The lands and the realms on her model you see,
They all shall in turn furnish subjects for glee.
Then slumber, my darlings, and dream, while you may,
Of something for Easter that's likely to pay.

MR. B. Where am I?

CYBELE. In the centre of the globe,
Whose secrets of attraction you would probe.

AUTHOR. And who are you with your majestic mien ?

CYBELE. The Goddess Cybele—of earth the Queen—
Sometimes called Tellus.

MR. B. Tellus! Then, no doubt,
You'll kindly tell us all the world about.

CYBELE. I came to be your guide to any part
You wish to see—are you prepared to start ?

MR. B. I am.

*Music.—A large carpet-bag rises, C. and a young man in
evening dress steps out of it, with a sketch-book in his hand.*

YOUNG MAN. You are ?—without a carpet-bag!
That's not the way about the world to wag
And character to note—however brief
You'll want a sketch-book—you may take a leaf
Out of my book. I've characters a host of.

AUTHOR. Pray, what's your own ?

YOUNG MAN. That's not for me to boast of.

What the world thinks of me, the world must say.

CYBELE. Well, you're a lively fellow in your way.

Your bag has been a lucky bag—some good in
Your head there must be—though it's really
Woodin.

AIR.—CYBELE.—" *The Lowbacked Car.*"

When first in London city
I saw this youngster play,
The shoes in which he tried to stand,
Seemed large ones, I must say;
But in them, he, without a slip,
Has made so good a spring,
He yet may wear as great a pair,
Of his own manufacturing.

The man with the carpet-bag
Has really some cause to brag,
For the world is inclined
To say everything kind
Of the man with the carpet bag.

YOUNG MAN *bows and re-enters Carpet-bag, which sinks,*

MR. B. He may give all the world the bag for me,
So I'm allowed to fill my *sac de nuit*—
Which ere I can be well off, I must do.

CYBELE. Have you decided where you'd be off to ?

MR. B. Around the Globe I am prepared to sail,

CYBELE. Then we'll leave England by the " Ocean Mail."
In Regent street's the place of embarkation,
The Royal Gallery of Illustration.

Music. SPIRIT of the OCEAN MAIL rises.

AIR.—SPIRIT OF THE OCEAN MAIL.—" *Far, far, upon
the Sea.*"

Not far from here you'll see
The Royal Gallery,
To which in crowds are flocking young and old
To view the Ocean Mail,
Upon canvass spread its sail,
And to get a wrinkle from the story told.

If you're wise the stage you'll leave,
 Do as Telbin did and Grieve,
 They're the boys to paint a panorama rare.
 Overboard the drama fling,
 And all that dull sort of thing,
 And gaily make your hay
 While the sun shines fair.
 As far as I can see,
 Whate'er the country be,
 The town will at a picture of it stare.
 Whether strait or in a ring,
 A Panorama is the thing
 By which to make your hay
 While the sun shines fair.

Ma. B. With such a lovely craft, who wouldn't sail ?
 What is your name ?

SPIRIT. Sir, I'm the Ocean Mail.

MR. B. The Ocean Mail!—The Ocean female say!
 A Syren come to sing our hearts away.

AUTHOR. A picture worthy of the Art of Titian!—

CYBELE. She's been a most attractive exhibition.

MR. B. If you can bring as much cash to my gallery.
 You'll find that we shan't quarrel about salary.

CYBELE. Circular notes you'll take to my four daughters,
 Which will be honoured in their separate quarters.
 And as on Europe you may want to draw
 At once—I'll introduce you.

MR. B. Will you? La!
 That will be a fine feather in my cap!—
 I've seen a drawing of her on a map.
 But I've no doubt she looks as well again,
 For there when she's not coloured,—she's quite
 plain.

Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.

EUROPE. (*behind scenes*) To Arms!

CYBELE ! Hark !—that's her voice.

MR. B. It's a good loud one.

CYBELE. It well becomes her state, which is a proud one ;
 For now, upon the glorious side of right,
 She bids her champions draw their falchions bright,
 And guard her balance, which, too rudely shaking,
 Ambition was upon the point of breaking!

Music:—The Model of Europe opens, and the GENIUS appears in full armour, on a throne placed in a tent and surrounded by Military and Naval Trophies. The flag of France and England conspicuous. She has a drawn sword in her right hand, and a pair of scales in the other.

CYBELE. Behold her, undismayed by wars alarms.

Europe ! my child!—My noble child in arms !

MR. B. I fear she's to the Haymarket unfitted,
For there "children in arms are not admitted."

EUROPE. Who interrupts me in my expedition ?—

CYBELE. A manager upon a peaceful mission,
And a young Dramatist, who burns to write
A play that may find favour in your sight.

MR. B. (*aside*) All over curiously she seems to con me!
Ahem ! The eyes of Europe are upon me!

EUROPE. I'm bound to reverence all good peacemakers,
No matter whether Dramatists or Quakers.
I go, myself, a glorious peace to gain.
The sword of justice, never drawn in vain,
Flames in my strong right hand—and Freedom's
sure hope

Rests in her balance, which is that of Europe!

MR. B. Madam, I am not at all a politician.
But see the justice quite of your position ;
The sword which to the point so well applies,
Will take the scales off certain people's eyes.
The Grand Ballet of action you bring out
Will be one blaze of triumph, I've no doubt;
But Easter will be on us in a trice,
And I must have a Piece at any price.

AUTHOR. A taking subject give us just a wink of.

EUROPE. There is but one which just now I can think of,
For Easter an appropriate selection—
For it lies in an Easterly direction !

AIR.—SPIRIT OF THE OCEAN MAIL.—" *A Row there'll be
in the building.*"

A row there'll be in this quarter soon,
For the Bear would swallow the poor Half-moon;
But we'll make him dance to a pretty tune
If he does'nt eat his words with a spoon.
To shake " the balance" if he dream, Sir,
He'll find himself soon kick the beam, Sir ;

Amongst our records none shall push a
History of Turkey, bound in Russia.

Row ! row ! row !
If Bruin wants a row,
We're ready to indulge his humour
Now ! now ! now !

During this Music clouds have covered the stage, which now clearing disclose the Straits of Gibraltar. The Ocean Mail on her passage out, and the Ripon steamer with the Grenadiers on board rounding the Rock.

MR. B. Where are we ?

SPIRIT. Off the Rock, Sir, of Gibraltar,
And yonder is the *Ripon*, bound for Malta.
A French brig passes the Ripon and cheers her.
And hark ! Tis France, Old England's flag who cheers,
Waving above the British Grenadiers !

AIR.—SPIRIT *or* OCEAN MAIL.— "*British Grenadiers.*"

Since first yon pillars bounded
Thy labors, Hercules,
Their echoes ne'er resounded
With such brave shouts as these.
Thus, noble friends, for ever
Pursue your grand careers !
Hurrahs let us raise for the " Gardes Francaises,"
And the British Grenadiers.

AUTHOR. I'll book that for a scene as new as glorious
And the success of which should be uproarious.
The sternest judge upon the Critic's Bench
With pride will see us take that from the French !

CYBELE. The world is proud to see such nations friends,
Much to her welfare their alliance tends ;
But while their soldiers fight in foreign quarters,
The world must not forget their wives and daughters.

AIR.—CYBELE.— "*The Girl I left behind me.*"

While yon brave troops o'er ocean's foam
'Mid friendly shouts are steering,
Forget not there are hearts at home
Which have more need of cheering ;
While England's honor they maintain
(The glorious task assigned them),
Oh, be it her's to sooth the pain
Of the girls they leave behind them.

MR. R. What port is this we're making ?

SPIRIT. 'Tis the prime port
Just now in all folks' eyes—It's the Sublime Porte !
Behold where glitters in the light of morn
The seven hill'd city and its Golden Horn !

*Panoramic view of Constantinople, Peru, and the Golden
Horn.*

MR. B. Which golden horn, for now there are so many—
There's one in Piccadilly, blown by Kenny,
At the Egyptian Hall, whose notes have long
Been answered by the echoes of Mont Blanc.
Another Burford puffs in Leicester Square;
You'd one yourself—in short, it's quite Horn Fair
And folks who wish to see the best of them are
Themselves between the horns of a dilemma.

SPIRIT. This is a new view of the subject—one
The public may be proud to look upon.

AUTHOR. If a review's the sort of thing you need,
You can't see one more likely to succeed.

AIR.—AUTHOR.—" *Partant pour la Syrie.*"

" Partant pour la Syrie,"

Entendez vous ce chant ?

A vos Fanfares, Russie,

Comme il repond gaiement!

La France et l'Angleterre.

Entre eux nont plus q 'une voix—

" S'il faut enfin la guerre

Que Dieu defend le droit!"

Un Prince a dit naguere,

" L'Empire c'est la Paix,"

Avec transport la terre

Recut ces mots sacres.

Malheur au temeraire,

Qui vient troubler sa joie,

A ce Tyran la guerre!

Et Dieu defend le droit!

MR. B. (R. C.) If I know what to be at I'm a Turk!
This is a pretty job of journey work.
Things are assuming such a hostile attitude,
I feel I'm getting quite out of my latitude;

In seeking for a piece I've gone so far,
I've got into the Theatre of War !

AUTHOR. (L. C.) To singularity you can't lay claim,
Others have managed to do just the same.

CYBELE. Where could you on a fitter subject light,
Than Turkey ?

MR. B. If 'twas Christmas time, I might
With Turkey hope the Haymarket to cram ;
But Easter's mint sauce comes with playhouse
lamb ;
A little, frolicking, light, April fool,
Not the substantial fare we roast at Yule.

SPIRIT. Shall we try back ? The coast of Greece is near—
You can touch there.

MR. B. No, I touched there last year.

SPIRIT. (L. C.) Corfu or Malta, Italy, France, Spain,
Or Corsica—

MR. B. (C.) Ugh! don't name that again—
I've had enough of its odd pair of brothers.

AUTHOR. (L.) At Drury Lane they have got up two others,
Drawn out to such a length—

MR. B. A reason stronger,
For nobody to want to see them longer.

CYBELE. Suppose we take a last view of them both ?

MR. B. To take a last view I should not be loath.

CYBELE *waves her hand.* Music. *Clouds close in the scene.*

CYBELE. Appear!

Richard 3rd from Drury Lane and Richard 3rd from the Princess's arise at the same moment at opposite sides of the stage.

MR. B. Two Corsicans ! Pshaw ! how absurd !
Two Dukes of Glo'ster!

AUTHOR. Two Richards the Third !

CYBELE. How came they their appearance here to make ?

MR. B. I see,—a most ridiculous mistake,
They've sent us up, out of the wrong trap-doors,
Two other " bloody and devouring bores."

SPIRIT. Fiercer than two Kilkenny cats they look.

MR. B. One is too Kean the other long to Brooke.

AUTHOR. Well, if but double parts the stage can foster,
I much prefer this fine old double Glo'ster;
With English stomachs English fare agrees,
And to get bread by—this should be the cheese.

CYBELE. But we're forgetting that which brought us hither.
(to the RICHARDS) Down! down!—Pall-mall—
 and say I sent ye thither!

Music. *The RICHARDS sink.*

MR. B. Quickly transport me to some other quarter—
 CYBELE. We are within sight of my eldest daughter,
 As she is sometimes called. Yonder she dwells,
 Just on the other side the Dardanelles.
 As you're no Hero, will you be Leander?

MR. B. And swim the Hellespont like that young gander?
 No thank you.

SPIRIT. Well, then, give me, Sir, your hand.
 "The Ocean Mail" was once "The Overland,"
 And has so oft the route to India shown,
 That every step of it to her is known.

Music. SPIRIT *waves her wand, clouds separate and show
 the model of Asia, which opens, and the Genius of Asia
 appears reclining in a Kiosque, attended by slaves, dancing
 girls, &c.*

BALLET.

MR. B. A gorgeous Eastern spectacle! the dress
 Of which alone would have insured success.
 When such were wont on Covent Garden stage,
 At Easter, every year, to be the rage.
 But brilliant dresses now alone won't do—
 They must needs have the language sparkle too—
 A whim the manager that greatly bothers;
 One can make dresses, but one can't make authors.

AUTHOR. Look how our partner's 'rapt

CYBELE. In admiration!
 Have you no words for its interpretation?

MR. B. I learned a few of Arabic when young;
 "I will address her in the Eastern tongue—
 (L. C.) Salâm Alicum."

ASIA. Sir, the same to you
 And all your family. What can I do
 To serve you? Pray speak English! it's well
 known
 Throughout my empire—now all but your own.

MR. B. (R.C.) Light of the Harem! pearl of the first water!
 Your slave is burning in this sultry quarter
 To find some novelty beneath the sun.

ASIA. I sent all I could find in '51
To your Great Exhibition in Hyde Park.

MR. B. And is there nothing left that's worth remark?

ASIA. Nothing, I fear, Sir, that your views will meet,
Save of my elephants the wondrous feat.

*Scene opens and discovers "the wise elephants of the East,"
as lately exhibited at Astley's—one of the animals is standing
on its head with its heels in the air.*

MR. B. The wondrous feet, indeed! Colossal trotters!
They ought to make a stand, whatever totters.

SPIRIT. He a wise elephant! well, to my eyes,
In that position he looks otherwise.

ASIA. How could he clearer show, at man's commanding,
The elevation of his understanding?

AUTHOR. A creature with such strength ought to draw
greatly,

But he's kicked up his heels at Astley's lately.

MR. B. He is more fitted for that stage than mine.
And I've no opening in the heavy line.

CYBELE. And if you had, Actors I'd find, or eat em,
Who'd give such brutes a hundred weight and
beat em.

MR. B. My Stage shall never be for beasts a show,
So pray let him pack up his trunk and go—
(Elephants disappear)

ASIA. He's a wise elephant, and knows his cue
Without a prompter.

AUTHOR. That is rather new.

MR. B. Then you have really nothing in my line—eh?

ASIA. What say you to some fowls from Cochin China?

MR. B. Say! that to get my bread I'll nothing foul try—
Mine is the Haymarket, and not the Poultry!

ASIA. Stay! *Apropos* of China; there's a lot
Of Chinese jugglers I'd almost forgot.
If the town's tired of the Feast of Reason,
The Feast of Dragons may be more in season.

Music. *Enter Dwarf and Chinese Jugglers.*

TRIO.—" *Ching-a-ring.*"

Ching-a-ring a ring-ching,

Feast of dragons,

Like a pack of tom cats moll-row-ing,

Chong-moon— Chin-gan—
 Ar-cow—Zan-Ban—
 Yang-gyn—Arling—Wan-sing !
 Half-a-dozen carving knives you'll see, one
 At another fling with might and main,
 Every minute you'll expect there'll be one
 Sticking in his *juggler* vein, Sir!
 Ching-a-ring a ring-ching,
 Feast of dragons,
 Like a pack of tom cats moll-row-ing,
 Oh dear Wan-ting
 Don't, good man, sing,
 'Till in tune you *can* sing.

The performances here take place of the Chinese Jugglers.

ASIA. Their tricks are wonderful, you must allow.

MR. B. I wish they were impossible, I vow!
 If by such hands the stage can pull in pelf,
 I own I am no conjuror myself.

ASIA. Adieu, then—here your time you only lose;

SPIRIT. The world is still before you where to choose.

(clouds close up)

CYBELE. Perhaps my daughter Africa may find
 A subject for you of a darker kind
 The public take an interest some times,
 In heroes guilty of the blackest crimes.

MR. B. The Haymarket had one, a long time back,
 Direct from Africa—Three finger'd Jack.

AUTHOR. And where could tragedy find scenes of woe,
 To match those which poor Africa can show !

MR. B. Say then we just touch at the Cape to see,
 What Good Hope for the Drama there may be.

CYBELE. Or put into the Gulf of Guinea—

MR. B. Nay!

Too many Managers, before to day,
 Have found their Theatres were Gulfs of Guineas,
 Without a Gold coast like your Piccannies.

Clouds open and discover Model of Africa.

SPIRIT. Well, we have made the Coast, if not the Gold.

MR. B. I hope not, like its natives, to be sold.

CYBELE. I hardly know where I shall find my daughter,
 The world knows very little of this Quarter.

(strikes the Model with her wand)

TRIO.—AUTHOR, CYBELE, & SPIRIT.—" *Coal Black Rose.*"

Hark ! that sound proclaims her come,
 Don't you hear her banjo, turn, turn, turn?
 But music can't her sorrow chase,
 Forced to run in fetters half her human race.

Here grows { my } coal black rose,
 { the }

What she yet may come to—goodness knows.

Few the gems of jetty genus—

An African Roscius and a Hottentot Venus.

The gentleman he wanted no cork to black his muzzle,

And the lady, I am told, needed none for her bustle.

Such shows are no great gos,

What she next may send us—goodness knows.

She fears to open—I will knock once more.—

The Model opens and the Genius of Africa appears.

AFRICA. Hallo ! who am dat knocking at de door ?

CYBELE. Thy Mother Earth ! (*aside*) Poor child, she makes
 me shudder.

AFRICA. Dis child am berry glad to see her Mudder.

But who dem da ?—Me no like buckra man,

Him use poor nigger badly—when him can.

CYBELE. Not these—where'er their nation's flag you see,

The scourge is broken—and the slave is free!—

These are your true friends.

AFRICA. Den me lub em dearly.

Me kiss em.

MR. B. No, there's no occasion, really.

She shows her white teeth, and so grins to greet
 us—

She seems so fond of us—that she could eat us!

CYBELE. She has many faults, no doubt, to be corrected—

Her education has been so neglected.

But niggers have proved that they do not lack art

And music they have made almost a black art.

MR. B. I fear their arts are fitter for demolishing.

What the stage wants is, not blacking—but po-
 lishing.

Here in this zone, which you may call the Torrid,
 Have you no novelty, however horrid ?

AFRICA. De Bosjesmana, dem berry horrid !

MR. B. Poh!

Those gemmen were all bosh some time ago.

AFRICA. De Zulu Kaffirs. (*the Zulu Kaffirs rush on L*

MR. B. In Town all last spring.

They're done so brown, not one brown more they'd
bring.

CYBELE. Well, here are the peculiar sons of clay—

The Earthmen.

MR. B. Earthmen ! the earth babies, say;

Poor little brats ! their Mother Earth should be
Ashamed to know they're out for folks to see.

AUTHOR. Without a subject we must hence depart;

Africa's still a desert as to art.

MR. B. How very odd ! no spark of talent shining
Under the Line—nothing worth underlining.

AFRICA. Dis child hab noting buckra man tink good ;
Still workee—workee ! How poor nigger could ?
As dat Boz-getnman, Massa Dickins, said ;
Me sure me wish dat Africa was dead.

AIR.—AFRICA.—"*Mungo here—Mungo dere.*"

Dear heart, what a terrible life I am led,

De dog has a better dat's sheltered and fed.

Night and day 'tis de same,

Deir pain is my game,

Poor Africa! wish she was dead !

Can nothing be done

For her poor black son ?

Nigger here—nigger dere—

Nigger ebery where—

Dey chain, dey flog,

Dey shoot like a dog.

Oh, oh, oh, oh, no pity show!

Poor Africa! wish she was dead!

MR. B. Spirit of Mungo !—I mean Mungo Park !

Matters here certainly look very dark.

The Moors are no more ; out of tune is Tunis;

Algiers, without a joke, a French " Commune " is;

The Sphynx was by the Broughs made food for fun

The Nile in Piccadilly had its run.

There's nothing left in Nubia that is new;

The Hippopotamus such crowds that drew

Has had his ugly nose put out of joint;
 Poor Cleopatra's needle has no point;
 And if the Gipsies are a race Egyptian,
 I've shown the town the best of that description.

Music. *Tableau, from " Guy Mannering."* MEG MERILIES'
first interview with HENRY BERTRAM, and DANDIE DIN-
MONT in the gipsy encampment.

(Clouds close in Tableau)

CYBELE. There can be no doubt for your stage a Cushman
 Is infinitely better than a Bushman ;
 And that reminds me of my youngest daughter,
 America—for to that rising quarter
 You are indebted for your last effect.

MR. B. Some novelty in her we must detect.
 If the new world can nothing new unfold,
 I might as well have stood still in the old !

SPIRIT. Then, by a course we may call negro-mantic—
 From Africa we'll cross the wide Atlantic.

AIR.—SPIRIT.—"*To the West—To the West.*"

"To the West, to the West, to the land of the free—"
 Which means those that happen white people to be—
 "Where a man is a man—" if his skin isn't black—
 If it is, he is a nigger, to sell or to whack.
 "Where children are blessings—" *perhaps*, as elsewhere,
 "And he who has most—" may have some he could spare.
 Where the legs of the tables in trowsers are drest:
 Away, far away to the land of the West!
 In the West, in the West, something new we should see,
 Or a mighty misnomer the New World must be.
 Such I fear it will prove, but we'll hope for the best;
 So away ! far away! to the land of the West!

The clouds open and show the model of North America.

MR. B. O hail, Columbia !—To great fortunes born!
 Surely we must 'twixt Greenland and Cape Horn
 Find something.

CYBELE. If to Greenland you would go—
 What say you to a group of Esquimaux ?

MR. B. They'd have been novelties some few months back,
 But now in Town already they've a pack.

SPIRIT. Yes, in their seal-skins—they've a visit paid
 My sister Gallery—the Adelaide.

AIR.—SPIRIT.—"*Tight little Island.*"

In the Lowther Arcade,
 Their appearance they've made,
 In England, the first we have seen land ;
 And to see them they say,
 If we English will pay.
 It is ours that we ought to call *Green land.*
 Oh, it's a wonderful Green land,
 And has proved so since ever it's been land.
 But there's one thing I know,
 That by friend or by foe
 Old England was ne'er called a mean land.

AUTHOR. But where's the genius *loci*?—trot her out—

CYBELE. She's somewhere in the backwoods, I've no doubt.

Music—"*Hark! 'tis the Indian Drum,*"

The model opens, and the GENIUS OF AMERICA appears.

MR. B. A handsome squaw—but looking like a fury—
 Pray is she Mrs. Sippi, or Miss Ouri?—
 Because we've full length pictures had of both;
 Though to pronounce them like, I should be loth.

CYBELE. She is the native Genius, brave and wild.
 Two foreign gentlemen who found the child
 Gave her their names, by which she now is known ;
 But e'en to me she never told her own.

AMERICA. What would the white man more?—hath he not all
 My warrior-hunters used their own to call?
 My forests bow their heads down to his axe,
 Through my vast prairies run his iron tracks,
 O'er my bright rivers smoking fleets are rolled,
 And my soil bored by quenchless thirst of gold.

MR. B. By thirst of gold!—of course, why do we all
 Scramble and ramble round this earthly ball,
 But for what out of it we hope to scratch?
 Who is it the gold fever doesn't catch,
 And for the precious metal toil and struggle,
 Write, fight, sail, dig, dance, fiddle, act, and
 juggle?

CYBELE. Over the stage I know its potent power,
 Witness of Mexico your own "*Wild Flower.*"

*Scene opens and discovers the "Sea of Ice" in the melodrama
 of the "Thirst for Gold" at the Adelphi.*

MR. B. A sea of ice ! I don't say so to quiz it,
But if that's not an ice scene, pray what is it ?

AUTHOR. Well, you can't say it's one without a flaw.

MR. B. It's so cracked up though that it's sure to draw.
I'll have a piece of it!

CYBELE. Take care ! Take care !
More people to play on it, it won't bear!

MR. B. Tempt not a desperate man! Let go your hold !

CYBELE. What do you stuggle for ?

MR. B. For gold ! For gold !

(The Marylebone, Standard, City, and other theatres rush in upon the scene)

AUTHOR. Five theatres already on it fall.

One piece of ice cannot support us all!

See, it gives way! There ! there, I told you so.

It's let some of them in, and down they go !

The ice clears off as in the drama, and the theatres sink between the pieces.

MR. B. Help! Help !—The stage is sinking !

CYBELE. I've been told
That, ever since I was a twelve-month old.

MR. B. But don't you see the drama going down !

CYBELE. Get something up that will attract the town,
And save it.

MR. B. I came out but with that hope.

(MR. BUCKSTONE and AUTHOR sink into their chairs on each side the stage, and scene changes to staircase as before)

MR. B. *(in his sleep)* A rope! a rope!—my kingdom for a rope!

Out of the North-west passage drag the pole,

And throw the Line itself across the hole!

AUTHOR. *(in his sleep)* We crossed it long ago !

MR. B. Back for it steam !
(The scene changes to the foot of the staircase as before)

MR. B. *(waking)* Have mercy, critics !—Soft! 'Twas but a dream!

Where am I—in the world still ? Ah! who's there ?

The Author ! fast asleep in t'other chair.

Wake !

AUTHOR. (*waking*) What's the matter ? Is the play begun ?

MR. B. It's over.

AUTHOR. You don't say so !—Will it run ?

MR. B. I've no idea. I feel I'm still on ice.

And that I may be tripped up in a trice.

When round the world I venture to look here

I scarcely know which course 'twere best to steer.

Just now I dreamed the world was on my side.

CYBELE. (*entering*) Let's hope the vision will be verified.

If I have not the world misrepresented,

Say that with his voyage round it you're contented;

Accept the homage of myself and daughters,

And here let all the world take up its quarters.

Demonstrate to the town the earth's attraction,

And so give universal satisfaction.

Stairs sink again and discovers

LAST SCENE.

The Four Quarters of the Globe on splendid emblematical thrones, two on each side the stage. Ice in centre at back. The Globe, on which is seated in triumph and close alliance England and France.

FINALE.—"*La Reine de Roses.*"—Valz.

All the world who strives to please.

Has a difficult task,

And indulgence may ask

On occasions such as these.

When the world to good humour's inclined,

Don't say that to bring the Globe here

We have travelled quite out of our sphere.

All the world is a stage,

And we live in an age

When to move it has made up its mind ;

Then to give our stage new life,

Do the Globe a good turn,

And its progress to learn,

Nightly round it as we steer,

Let us see " all the world and his wife."

FINALE.