

THE LATEST EDITION
OF THE
LADY OF LYONS;
OR,
TWO-PENNY PRIDE AND PENNY-TENCE.



A Burlesque Extravaganza,

BY
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"Richard of the Lion Heart," &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,
89, STRAND,
(*Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market*),
LONDON.

LADY OF LYONS TRAVESTIE.

*First Performed at the Strand Theatre,
Monday, February 1st, 1858.*

Characters.

- BEAUSEANT (*a "bad lot"—of great weight in Lyons, in fact, a heavy villain*)..... MR. SWANBOROUGH.
- COLONEL DAMAS (*a veteran of the old school, and a good school, perhaps a trifle better than the modern—an advocate of military moustaches, and a strict discipline-hairy'un*) MR. G. BOLTON.
- MONSIEUR DESCHAPPELLES (*Wholesale Grocer, Tea Dealer, and Italian Warehouseman. " Families supplied, &c."*)... MR. J. ENNIS.
- CLAUDE MELNOTTE (*a romantic Youth, who, never having done anything for his living, is considered a genius—his mother's forlorn hope, and an admirable Crichton in a rather small way*)..... MR. E. GOMERSAL.
- LANDLORD OP THE GOLDEN LION (*a Re-Republican*) MR. W. DEAN.
- GASPER (*a young man who offers himself as a go-between, and gets—as usual—considerably more kicks than halfpence*)..... MR. CHATER.
- LA PLUCHE (*a simple Footman*) MR. CONWAY.
- MADAME DESCHAPPELLES (*wife of her husband and mother of her child*)..... MISS J. TEMPEST.
- PAULINE DESCHAPPELLES (*a firm believer in Refugee Patriots, out-of-luck Princes, and titled Foreigners temporarily " up a tree"—a victim of misplaced confidence, and supposed to have been Joseph Ady's first correspondent*)..... MISS M. A. VICROR.
- WIDOW MELNOTTE (*a faded flower, choked with [widow's] weeds*)..... MR. J. HOWARD.
- JANET (*a " young person" possessed of what elderly ladies term " a fine sperrit"*)..... MISS ELLIS.

LADY OF LYONS THAVESTIE.

Incidents of Scenery, &c.

DRAWING ROOM AT MONS. DESCHAPPELLES.

A suitor that doesn't suit —Flowery sentiments—Black guard's bouquet—Haughty culture—A proposal and a knock-down argument—Revenge! ha, ha!

" Long Live the Prince !"—Beauseant makes up his mind—The Landlord thinks him a queer customer.

INTERIOR of Mrs. MELNOTTE'S COTTAGE.

The parent's pride—Entrance of the widow's mite—Romantic rum-antics—Return of the messenger with disagreeable tidings and a black eye — The dishonoured note—*spurned!*—A fearful interview and dread resolve.

Back Garden at Deschappelles.

Damas smells a rat—Appearance of Claude as " The Prince of Como" — A friend at a pinch—Prince's mixture—Ringing the changes—"Italian in two minutes without a Master"—A Comoditty—Fearful combat of two—The Prince in danger—Consternation, confusion, and crinoline—A marriage in haste—The bridal party start for the palace by the Lake of Como, at which, it is needless to say, they do *not* arrive.

THE "GOLDEN LION" AGAIN.

A blooming barmaid—Arrival of distinguished visitor —"Put money in thy purse"—Toe-martyr sauce—Indigestion and remorse.

MRS. MELNOTTE'S AGAIN.

This is a dreadful scene and cannot be described—The harrowing discovery made by Pauline that she has been taken in—The fearful resolve of the horror-stricken Claude, and the agonized parting between the Mother and Chee-ild, tend to make this scene perhaps rather too harrowing.

FLATS—Summary disposal of Two Years and a Half.

Back Parlor (behind the Shop) at Deschappelle's.

Beauseant and Pauline about to be united—Agony of the Parents —Malevolent satisfaction of Beauseant—" It's hard to give the hand," &c.—Arrival of Dumas with a mysterious Stranger—The banns forbidden and the nuptial NOT—Can it be ? Yes ! Yes, it is !

THE LADY OF LYONS;
OR,
TWO-PENNY PRIDE AND PENNY-TENCE.

SCENE I.—*Handsome Interior. Folding doors, C.; doors, R. and L.; furniture dispersed about room; easy chair, R. C.*

JEAMES, *a dandy footman, sitting reading a newspaper as curtain rises. A violent knocking heard.*

JEAMES. Why, what a place this here is, to be sure;—
There's some one always knocking at the door.
Would that vile door hence were !—but really, I'll
Not continue here in durance vile;
For vile endurance lasts—(*knocks*) That door—oh dear!
Will bring the porter to his bitter bier.
That's Beauseant dropping in—deluded spoon !—
His custom always of an arternoon.
Towards him missus is at present neuter;
But I can see this suitor don't quite suit her. (*knock*)
I s'pose I must just let the young blackguard in.

*Throws open C. doors, and BEAUSEANT enters suddenly;
He is made up in burlesque imitation of the con-
ventional costume, and resembles Guy Fawkes.*

BEAUSEANT. Now then, young calves and whiskers, take my
card in. (*presents enormous card*)

JEAMES. (*offended*) Young calves and whiskers! Really, sir,
you are

Far from—exactly—that is—not-----

BEAU. (*melo-dramatically striking an attitude*) Ha, ha !
Exit JEAMES suddenly, R.

Song.—BEAUSEANT.

Air, " Bonnie Dundee."

If you search from the east to the western countrie,
You'll never, no never—it's fiddlededee !—
You'll not come across such a villain as me;
It's really an impossibillillitie.

When ten years of age, I would drink and would smoke;
 Into other folks' business my nose used to poke;
 Drowned the family kittens, and thought it a joke ;
 And kicked my old father, and called him a bloke !

CHORUS. Ha, ha!—I'm sure you'll agree
 Ha, ha!—I'm sure you'll agree
 There's not from the tropics to the polar sea,
 A more out-and-out heavy villain than me !

I pistoled my cousin, and got his estate;
 Gave my pater a finishing crack on his pate;
 And as grandmother stuck to my grandfather's plate,
 I popped her for ten minutes on to the grate.
 So now that I've let you all into my ways,
 In a plain candid manner that's worthy of praise,
 You'll agree that whatever young lady I catch,
 Will make for herself a nice (lucifer) match !

CHORUS. Ha, ha !—I'm sure, &c.

BEAU. Now, I've no pride—I can't a-bear small vices ;
 And Deschappelles has come well through the crisis
 That wholesale grocer must be worth a plum,
 And with a tidy fig-ger down must come!
 A grocer's shop—well, well, I'll not abuse it—
 The deuced trade, I'd better not trad(e)uce it,
 At least at present—married we will be,
 Bury the till and drive a til-bury.
 How the old boy will grapple at my offers,
 Confound his coffee, but I like his coffers.
 A tea dealer, of course it don't surprise one
 The low old chap should like to have a hy-son.
 She comes—alas, I feel how true has she
 Of me a share—I'll watch this share o' me (*chère amie*)
 (*conceals himself behind easy chair, R. C.*)

Enter PAULINE, with enormous nosegay, L. D.

Song.—PAULINE.—Air, " Ever of Thee "

Who can it be that sends me every morning
 Flowers expensive, I'm sure it's most kind ;
 Although men say it's fruitless my adorning,
 Where so much beauty already you find.
 Compliments of course are " pickles,"
 And yet, however used up they may be,
 Female ears one always tickles,
 These flowery speeches somehow gammon me.
 The unknown admirer how I'd like to see,
 I'm sure he's good looking—who can it be ?

Enter MADAME DESCHAPPELLES, R.

MAD. D. Good gracious! what is that that's moving there?

*A he's a moving by that heasy chair;
Come out at once, whoever you may be.*

BEAU. (*coming forward sheepishly*) Lovely Pauline, it's only
only me.

PAUL. "The rudiments of good behaviour" read.

BEAU. It wasn't *rude I meant* to be, indeed;
To do the impolite I didn't go for.

PAUL. To hide behind a chair, oh ! why do *so for* ?

Trio.—Air, " Pretty Polly Hopkins."

Pretty, pretty, pretty Pauline,
How d'ye do? How d'ye do ? ;
Yes, I thought that I'd just call in ;
But to see you, but to see you.

PAUL. Oh, was that all that made you call ?

BEAU. Have your exertions at the ball
Agitated pretty Pauline ?

(with his finger in his mouth)

How d'ye do ? How d'ye do ?

PAUL. *and* MAD. D. Was that all that made you call in?

Stupid of you, stupid of you.

BEAU. (*aside*) She looks so proud I don't feel able,
What shall I do ? What shall I do ?

Nor altogether comfortable,
Me she'll pooh, pooh—me she'll pooh, pooh!

MAD. D. Speak out, you're dumb,

BEAU.  The fact is, mum.

PAUL. *and* MAD. D. Foolish, foolish common person

BEAU. { To bother us so—to bother us so,
You really couldn't get much worse on;
You'd better go, you'd better go.
I really couldn't get much worse on !
But I won't go—but I won't go. }

PAUL. You want papa, perhaps—he's in the shop.

MAD. D. (*aside to PAUL.*) My dear, I wish that epithet you'd drop,
That gentleman will savages declare us ;
Besides, it's not a shop, dear—it's a *wareus*.

BEAU. You'll never hear th' obnoxious word from me,
(*aside*) The shop's a *counter-irritant*, I see.

(kneels, places his hat on easy chair, R.)

I'll die here at your feet if you say, go, die.

PAUL. I'm much obliged to you—I hate a *toe-die*.
Now, fellow-townsmen, get up if you please.
We really don't want any *lie on knees* (Lyonnese)

BEAU. I love you— (*gesture of disdain from PAULINE*) oh, be
silent, little flutterer, (*aside*)

She's so well bred, confound it, I can't butter her.
Last night, when in the mazy dance you twirled
And whirl'd, oh, my ! I felt you were my world ;
And when that fiend in human whiskers came,
I saw at once the ruffian's little game;
I felt, whilst with a skill extremely rare, he
Sang that winning air, quite *sang-win-airy*.

PAUL. What means this melo-drame? Convinced I am
That you are mellow from some morning dram.

BEAU. (*brushing up his hair*) Observe that hair, in this here
form arranged;

Ain't I made beauteous—eh, my beauteous maid ?
I am the mould of form, and fashion's glass—
I've lots of tin.

PAUL. And quantities of brass.

MAD. D. Young man, your birth's too low, your means too slim,
Were you a marquis——

PAUL. (*aside*) How ma—quizzes him !

DAMAS *enters C., unperceived by BEAUSEANT, and advances
beside him.*

Stretch forth that lovely hand. (*DAMAS catches his ear
and twists it*)

BEAU. Oh, dear ! oh, dear.

She's trod upon my *corn* and scrunched my *ear*,
Such conduct Madame Pauline you shall rue,
Or else I'll ruin. (*turns and meets DAMAS*) Halloa!

DAMAS. How de do?

Quite well, I hope—you're looking pretty bobbish ;

BEAU. (*aside*) To use the mildest term, this conduct's snobbish!

Befooled! Confound it! Hang it! Dash it! Blow it!

I'm bursting, but I mustn't let 'em know it;

My bile biles over, circulation stops,

My blood's become acidulated drops;

A grocer's daughter spurn me to my face,

I think I never knew a *grosser* case.

(*aloud*) I leave you, with a smile at your grand airs,

But Pride'll have a fall !

PAUL. (*languidly*) Don't fall down stairs.

DAMAS. I've one remark to make, which is—take that! (*knocks
BEAUSEANT into chair, crushing hat*)

BEAU. With one fell blow they've crushed my heart and hat;

Were I but bigger, vagabond, you'd find

That I would give you-----

DAMAS. (*blusteringly*) What ?

BEAU. Well, never mind.

Concerted piece—"Hoop de dooden doo"

BEAU. You will not wed me ?
 PAUL. No, I'll not,
 Now, your answer you have got.
 BEAU. Then instantly I'll go and-----
 DAMAS. MAD. D. and PAULINE. What?
 BEAU. Hoop de dooden doo!
 (PAULINE goes to BEAUSEANT)
 PAUL. Before you take that frightful phiz,
 Off dear father's premises,
 Pray take a friend's advice, which is—
 Hoop de dooden doo!
 BEAU. I'll go and talk to your papa,
 MAD D. Such things are managed by mamma ;
 BEAU. My last words, haughty beauty, are—
 Hoop de dooden do!
Rushes out, C

SCENE II.—*Exterior of a Village Inn. The entrance from
 D. in F., L. C.*

Enter LANDLORD, with enormous carte, L. C.

LAND. At last I've got a moment, I declare,
 To think about this evening's bill of fare.
 (*reads*) "Minced weal"—"roast weal"—"weal à la
 braise"—"calves' heart"—
 There are more wheels than are wanted in this *carte*.
 "Pie a la scrap"—that's good and very cheap.

BEAUSEANT gloomily enters, R. C.

BEAU. I'll ruin 'em—I'll spifflicate the heap !
 I'll have some dinner, though—what have you got?
 Landlord, let me have everything that's hot.
 (*shouts of "Long live the Prince"*)
 Whom do they call the Prince ?
 LAND. That's Claude Melnotte, sir.
 I think you ordered everything that's hot, sir ?
 BEAU. Who's Claude Melnotte ?
 LAND. His father was a gardener,—
 What pastry would you like ?
 BEAU. I'll never pardon her—
 Not if she goes upon her bended knees.
 Oh, how I loved that woman !
 LAND. Any cheese ?
 BEAU. This gardener's son—why do they call him Prince ?
 LAND. Why, the real fact is, sir, that ever since

His father died, young Melnotte ceas'd from working —
 All gardening and such work he's been shirking ;
 Now he paints, fences, dances too, and sings—
 Devotes his time to verse and such low things—
 Becomes hard up, and practises the rifle,
 But never digs, although he *hoes* a trifle.
 The gardener's son, though, is extremely green ;
 He positively loves—ha ! ha !-- Pauline.

BEAU. Ha! ha ! Deschappelle's daughter ?

LAND. Yes, the same.

BEAU. (*aside*) I have it !—her proud spirit I can tame.

I have her in my grasp (*seizes landlord's wig*)—this
 worst of girls !

LAND. I say, let go—you're ruining my curls !

BEAU. I'll humble her—I will—yes, dash my wig!

(*dashes landlord's wig violently on stage*)

LAND. I say, you sir, you're talking vastly big! (*picks up wig*)

My wig is done for—pity my hard case;

I've a soft heart, although a *bony face*.

BEAU. (*going, R.*) There, stand aside.

LAND. The gendarmes shall be called—

BEAU. Fellow ! you needn't shout, although you're bald.

I cannot stop—there could not be a finer

Young Villikens than Claude—

LAND. You'll be a *diner* ?

BEAU. I can't—I won't—I shant—take that (*gives purse*)—
 good-day.

My soul's in arms and eager for the fray.

Exit, R., LANDLORD, L. C.

SCENE III.—*Interior of Melnotte's Cottage. A latticed window,
 L. C., door, R. C., stairs, L. U E.; tent bed, R., table, C., chairs,
 easel with picture covered; violin on table, paint brushes, &c ,
 a pot of black paint.—Shouts heard as Scene opens.*

WIDOW MELNOTTE *discovered*.

WIDOW. Here comes my Claude, my pride, my hope, my joy,

My own, my darling tiddly ikk'le boy ;

From all that shouting, bless his dear blue eyes,

I'm sure he's been and gone and won the prize.

Shouts.—CLAUDE rushes in with gun, from door R. C.

CLAUDE. Come to my arms. (*embrace*) Observe, ma, what
 I've got.

I won it easy, mother,—licked the lot,

Although a *Colt* you'll find it not a kicker;

I licked the lot and now I'd like to lick her!

WIDOW. We've naught but water.

CLAUDE. Go along, that's *l'eau*.

Fancy a go of water—what a go !

Have we no wine ? No sherry have we got ?

WIDOW. No, not a single drop.

CLAUDE. Not wine ! why-(ne) not ?

WIDOW. All ladies keep a private bottle, snug,

But to be used in illness as a drug.

CLAUDE. (*writhing in pain*) Oh, lor! oh, dear ! oh, my!

WIDOW. What ails the lad?

CLAUDE. Oh, mother, quick ! some physic—I'm took bad.

Be quick ! for goodness sake a—drop of brandy !

WIDOW. In case of sudden qualms I keep it handy.

(*pulls bottle out of pocket, CLAUDE drinks*
(*aside*) He never could have followed at the plough.

How is my darling boy ?

CLAUDE. (*faintly*) I'm better now.

WIDOW. Oh, Claude, pray stick at something, leave off music.

Of fencing, dancing, painting, are not you sick?

Attorney turn, eh? That I've thought before

Would do.

CLAUDE. Already I'm a *batch o' law*.

WIDOW. I am your mother, darling, don't be vext;

Why not turn parson ?

CLAUDE. *Pass on* to the next.

WIDOW. Turn merchant then.

CLAUDE. Leave off, or I shall dread you.

Though fond of racing, ma, I hate the *ledger*.

WIDOW. Then be a doctor—this is quite too much.

CLAUDE. " Throw physic to the dogs ! I'll none of such."

Mother you know I love-----

WIDOW. I do—your mother.

CLAUDE. (*aside*) That venerable female I could smother !

No, no,—Pauline !

WIDOW. The wholesale grocer's daughter!

CLAUDE. My love boils over!

WIDOW. You'll get us in hot water.

That foolish portrait out at once pray wipe,

It's pierced your bosom like a dagger-o-type.

CLAUDE. Last Monday when I met her, ma, I think—

Nay almost sure am I—she gave a wink.

I know they always say that she's a haughty lass;

Then if she wink 'll people call her *naughty lass* ?

I'm forced when she rides past—she looks superb !—

Bridle my tongue, and keep upon the kerb.

When I see that, (*draws curtain from before portrait*) My
love I cannot snaffle it!

See that *pre-Raphaelite*-----

WIDOW. You'd better raffle it.

CLAUDE. Never! divide her limbs 'tween twenty members!
It was last Saturday, as I remembers,
She rode right past, and splashed me. (*shews mud on
coat, WIDOW shudders*) Come, don't shudder.
Sweet mud. (*kisses it rapturously*)

WIDOW. (*crying*) You love her better than your *mudder!*

CLAUDE. (*aside*) I wish that G-aspar would be quick—he'd
better.

What'll Pauline say when she gets the letter ?

Her wrapt expression I can plainly see.

Now, mother thinks I'd better let her be.

WIDOW. I am offended with you, that's a fact.

(*aside*) Poor boy! he's like Big Ben, completely cracked!
Exit upstairs, L. U. E. CLAUDE advances to footlights.

Song.—Air, " By the margin of fair Zurich's Waters."

Old Deschappelle's beautiful daughter,
(*with a burlesque imitation of the Tyrolean exclamation*)
Lulliety!

If she carries on these skittish games,
Will drive me to whisky and water.

Lulliety!

Or o'er London bridge into the Thames.

In the river I'll soon end my days,

'Midst cats and defunct " Old Dog Trays !"

If they find a verdict of manslaughter.

Lulliety!

The jury 'll be worthy of praise.

Lulliety!

(*short characteristic dance*)

And when some day they clean out that river,—

Lulliety!

For such things may happen perhaps—

The corpus they're sure to diskiver

Lulliety!

Of this most unlucky of chaps.

When folks find—a rumpus there 'll be !—

What stuff they've employed to make tea,

There 'll run one continual shiver

Lulliety!

Through all polite so-ci-e-tie.

Lulliety!

(*dance*)

GASPAR *enters R. C., with a black eye and general "come to grief" look. He is puffing and unable to speak. CLAUDE brings him down.*

CLAUDE. Gaspar! Speak out! Be quick! You'll be my death,
Are you called Gaspar 'cause you're out of breath?
(a pause)

I feel a sinking, though I don't why—
He seems to have had a "oner" in his eye. (GASPAR
hands paper to CLAUDE)
What's this? Returned! Did you the message bear?

GASPAR. I did and got-----

CLAUDE. Well, what?

GASPAR. (*points to his eye*) Look here—and there. (*turns and shows marks of a kick*)

A lackey punched my head, it turned me hazy,
And dazy quite—a lackey.

CLAUDE. (*grinding his teeth*) Lack-a-daisy.

GASPAR. She said the lines were hard.

CLAUDE. Hard lines on me!

GASPAR. And thought you'd better learn your A, B, C.

Observed your pothooks were all crooked,

CLAUDE. Dang her!

My pothooks crooked—crooked pothooks! hang her!

I'm not a gardener now, although of late,

I only asked her for a tater-tate—(tête a tête.)

The apple of my eye she was, I swear;

But now she's nothing but a pomme-de-tear. (*tears the letter in fragments*)

Thus do I tread upon her and I *will*—

But then, confound it all, I love her still!

But no—I'll roll her footman in the mire—

GASPAR. (*aside*) He's getting rather warm—I'd best retire.

CLAUDE. What do you mean by coming here to scoff—

At my misfortunes, go along—be off.

GASPAR *exits hurriedly*, R. C.

I'll meet her in the street and punch her head!

I'll go—yes, I'll go—I'll go to bed.

May she lose fortune, health, position, rank,—

Put all her money in some British Bank,

I hate her—I detest the grinning cat.

(*siezes a brush and dabs a patch of black on to the eye of the portrait*)

False-hearted individual, take that!

I'll to the "Crown," (*goes to door*) her pride and anger
scorning;

Shew my contempt by getting drunk.

(*door opens suddenly, and BEAUSEANT'S head appears*)

Good morning.

Enter BEAUSEANT.

CLAUDE. Out of my way, I'm desp'rate !

BEAU. How de do ?

I want to have a word or two with you.

CLAUDE. (*aside*) Doubtless a creditor—be off—begone !

You're the tax-gatherer ?—if so, come on. (*squaring*)

P'raps you're a bailiff?

BEAU. Gracious ! how you go it.

CLAUDE. (*aside, dejectedly*) The only *bay leaf* that'll crown this poet.

BEAU. I want to speak to you, if you alone are.

CLAUDE. Ha, you're the milk—you'd best seize my Cre(a)mona.
(*hands him fiddle*)

BEAU. (*puts it down*) Fiddle-de-dee.

CLAUDE. The fishman!

BEAU. Leave off carping.

CLAUDE. The music publisher!

BEAU. There, leave off harping.

(*seizes her arm*) You love-----

CLAUDE. (*hysterically*) Ha ! ha !

BEAU. Pauline!

CLAUDE. He! Hee!

BEAU. Confess!

CLAUDE. HO! Ho!

BEAU. Now all the circumstances, Claude, I know.

You wrote to her—that wasn't quite polite.

CLAUDE. But when I wrote I thought that I *did right*.

BEAU. She got the lines by rote, and then returned 'em.

CLAUDE. If she had only torn 'em up or burned 'em !

She called 'em fustian, and what more annoys,
(*clutching BEAUSEANT wildly*)

Declared-----

BEAU. Well! What?

CLAUDE. (*hisses in his ear*) They smelt of corduroys !

BEAU. That was *strong* language— but you won't submit?

CLAUDE. Have I the spirit of a Thomas Tit ?

BEAU. Hark'ee, no longer will I matters mince;

The people all about here call you, " Prince,"

Suppose-----(*looks round suspiciously*)

Well, what ?

Suppose—suppose-----

C

Duet.—Air, " Giles Scroggins."

BEAU. My tailor lives at the West-End.
 CLAUDE. (*all attention*) Ri-tol-de-riddle-ol-de-ray !
 BEAU. I'll indroduce you as a friend.
 CLAUDE. Ri-tol-de-riddle-ol-de-ray!
 BEAU. Attired  landy toggery
 Your're sure to catch proud Pauline's eye ;
 And then you know, you dog-----
 (*pokes him in the ribs*)
 CLAUDE. (*extatically*) Oh, my!
 (*together*) Ri-tol-de-riddle-ol-de-ray!
 (*short dance*)
 BEAU. I'll pass you off at Deschappelle's,
 CLAUDE. Ri-tol-de-riddle-ol-de-ray !
 BEAU. As one of these young foreign swells.
 CLAUDE. Ri-tol-de-riddle-ol-de-ray!
 BEAU. The plot's a safe one I declare.
 Some title you must have that's rare,
 Let's see-----
 CLAUDE. (*suggestingly*) The Prince de Leicester-square !
 TOGETHER. Tolderolderi.
Rush off arm in arm, D. in F.

SCENE IV.—*Handsome Garden Scene.*

Enter DAMAS and DESCHAPPELLES, L.

DAMAS. My friend, you surely have contrived to miss time,
 If you've not learnt a thing or two by this time.
 Your weather eye is open, ain't it ?
 DESCHAP. Why?
 I'm not quite sure which is my weather eye.
 DAMAS. Distinguished foreigners, with titles grand,
 Are sometimes rogues—he, he !—you understand?
 DESCHAP. To whom are you alluding, Colonel?
 DAMAS. Since
 You cannot guess—this young Italian prince.
 DESCHAP. Bother ! 'Tis well the missus isn't near you;
 She'd turn you out at once were she to hear you.
 There's precious little reason in your rhymes;—
 'Tis folly.
 DAMAS. Do you ever read "The Times?"
 For if you do, you'll find that graphiologists,
 Somnambulistic swindlers, biologists,
 Whiskers and beard producers, who are willing
 To make your "heir apparent" for a shilling;
 And all the drones who honest labour shirk,
 Distance the busy bees who toil and work.

Last, though not least, of this most motley crew,
 Are panting patriots—of course a few
 Are suffering spirits, p'raps one out of thirty,
 The rest, though nobly born, are slightly dirty.
 These fortune-hunting vagabonds pray shun.

DESCHAP. You can't mean that the Prince of Como's one?

DAMAS. No, no. At once pray let the subject drop ;
 Or I shall drop your company, and—

VOICE. (*outside, L.*) Shop !

Exit DESCHAPPELLES quickly, L.

DAMAS. I can't quite make this foreign fellow out,
 That he's a swindler, I have not a doubt;
 And yet the dog's good-looking, quite the rage,
 Just like what I was when about his age.
 Sometimes his grammar, too, is rather queer ;
 At lunch he positively called for beer,
 Shunned venison and screamed out for pickled pork;
 And picked his princely molars with a fork.
 I'll not pretend to match or 't may alarm him,
 But if he is a swindler, "*I'll warm him!*"

*Polka.—Enter MADAME DESCHAPPELLES and BEAUSEANT;
 then PAULINE and CLAUDE, in a burlesqued modern costume.*

MADAME D. (*to DAMAS*) With half an eye could anybody see
 The prince had moved in good society;
 He is so elegant, and such a talker !
 He's really quite a dictionary.

DAMAS. (*aside*) Walker ! (*retires to back*)

CLAUDE. (*affectedly*) Who planned these charming gardens ?
 They are weally
 As nice as mine at Como—that is nearly.

PAUL. A man named Melnotte, prince, who had a son.
 Ha! ha! you'll laugh so, that you will, such fun !
 He positively popped to me—it's killing!
 Asked me to marry him——

CLAUDE. Haudacious willing!
 What was he like ? (*DAMAS comes down, L.*)

PAUL. A vulgar ugly peasant,
 With turn-up nose and goggle eyes.

CLAUDE. (*aside*) That's pleasant.

DAMAS. And yet they say, I don't know if it's true,
 That he exceedingly resembles you.

CLAUDE. You're complimentary. (*takes snuff*)

DAMAS. (*aside*) Ah, there I fixed you !
 (*aloud*) A pinch pray of your highness' *Prince's Mixture*.
 (*attempts to take a pinch, CLAUDE shuts box on his finger*)

DAMAS. (*writhing*) Impostors such as you I'd like to lynch.

CLAUDE. Colonel, you merely asked me for a pinch.

(*all laugh at DAMAS, who retires up*)

CLAUDE. (*aside*) He's always at me—he's a plague diurnal;
I can't say that I'm *nutts* upon that *colonel*.

PAUL. Oh, what a charming ring !

CLAUDE. Oh, quite a trifle.

BEAU. (*aside*) Now if he gives it her, the rogue I'll stifle.

CLAUDE. Then, pray accept it.

PAUL. Oh!

BEAU. (*clutching CLAUDE'S sleeve, L.*) That ring was made for
A present to my aunt, and arn't yet paid for.

I say, you know; here ! what are you about ?

CLAUDE. (*turning on BEAUSEANT with glass to his eye*) Intrusive
individual—get out.

(*BEAUSEANT bows cringingly*)

BEAU. (*aside*) Here's a return for lending him fine clothes ;
He knows the ring is mine—I'll wring his nose!

(*retires to back*)

DAMAS. (*aside*) I'll try if this Italian noble knows
His native language, p'raps he does—here goes,
Here, sign or, " Fa bel tempo,"—what's that mean?
(*to audience*) It's the Italian for " all serene."
" Che si dice di nuovo ?"

CLAUDE. (*uncomfortable*) Oh?

Wasn't aware of it. (*aside*) I'd better go.

(*feels pockets*) I've got a dictionary here about,

I think I'd best retire and look it out.

PAUL. Oh, 'tis a language fit for any fairy

So zephyr-like-----

DAMAS. (*putting his hand in CLAUDE'S pocket, brings out book*)
Of course—a diction-airy !

(*CLAUDE is momentarily abashed, but blusters*)

CLAUDE. That I'll present to you, for when you speak

Tuscan, it gives me tooth-ache for a week;

And my Italian, most ill-bred of boors,

Is not exactly *tallying'* with yours.

DAMAS. (*rushing, R.*) I'll get my sword !

PAUL. Oh, whither are you flying?

DAMAS. I'm going, mum, for my Italian iron !

Exit, L.

MAD. D. (*to BEAUSEANT*) As they're affianced, 'twill not be a
crime

To leave them both together for a time;

Of our company they've had enough.

(*takes his arm*) They both look tender.

BEAU. (*aside*) You look precious tough.

Exeunt, L.

PAUL. Now we're alone describe to me your home, oh !
That lovely palace by the lake of Como;
From all accounts it must be very pretty,
Accomodate me with a como-ditty.

Duet, " I dreamt that I dwelt in Marble Halls. "

CLAUDE. Imagine a palace with marble walls,
And furnished by Gillow inside—
The roof lifting up near as high as St. Paul's,
With a front door tremendously wide.
With this bell marked "Servants" and "Visitors"

^{that—}


Lest the knocking should shatter thy frame,
Undisturbed by the postman's unnerving rat-tat—
Why, you'll love me still the same.

CLAUDE. How like you the prospect ?

PAUL. It's stunning. Oh, my!

CLAUDE. My duckey, my chuckey, my sweet.

PAUL. We'll be married directly and hire a fly;
Run away to your lovely retreat.

CLAUDE. (*bitterly*) But suppose that no prince this young man
you should find ?

PAUL. I should certainly think it a shame;
But if you were not, I should say, " never mind,"
And should love you still the same.
This joy's intoxicating, and I feel-----

CLAUDE. Tipsy with love—my pet, let's have a *reel*.

A reel—exeunt, L.

Enter BEAUSEANT, L. U. E.

BEAU. 'Tis working bravely and it must succeed;
I glory in an out-and-out bad deed,
To glut revenge is so extremely nice—
'Twas always my peculiar pet vice.

Enter CLAUDE wildly, L.

CLAUDE. Release me from my oath—I will not marry her!

BEAU. You will, and to your home this night will carry her.

CLAUDE. From her home carry her to our poor kitchen;
I will no longer be your carrier pigeon.

BEAU. You're in my power—do as you are bid;
Besides, you took your oath.

CLAUDE. (*agonized*) *Oh-tho*, I did.

Enter DAMAS, L., with two broadswords.

DAMAS. (*to CLAUDE*) For your uncivil acts give satisfaction.

CLAUDE. Pooh! you've your remedy by *civil action* .



LADY OF LYONS TRAVESTIE.

[SC. IV.]

BEAU. (*rubs his hands*) This is a downright treat, I do delight in
A pretty little bit of Coburg fighting.
CLAUDE. (*contemptuously*) I never fight with *persons*.
BEAU. (*delighted*) Here's a go !
DAMAS. Person! Take that, you vagabond. (*hits CLAUDE*)
CLAUDE. (*melodramatically*) A b-e-e-l-l-ow !
(*to LEADER OF ORCHESTRA*) Play up some music closing
with a crash;
Expressive of a settling some one's hash.
(*" Dusty Bob and Black Sal" played in a very marked
manner—fearful combat—BEAUSEANT continually
getting in the way—at last DAMAS is struck down—
BEAUSEANT goes up to DAMAS and pats him on the
back—DAMAS turns round and hits him*)
DAMAS. (*rises*) Sir, you have whacked me—those two closing
cracks
Convince me you're a regular lad of whacks.
(*to BEAUSEANT*) Cuss you!—'twere better if away you'd
stayed!
CLAUDE. (*presents sword to DAMAS*) Don't cuss, Damas. Here's
your Damas-cus blade.
DAMAS. (*to BEAUSEANT*) Out of the way I do not wish to put
you--

But next time that I meet you, *I shall cut you.*

Exit, R.

Enter MADAME DESCHAPPELLES, DESCHAPPELLES, *and*
PAULINE, L.

MAD. D. What's this I hear? The Prince must leave?
CLAUDE. (*aside*) Holloa!
DESCHAP. Why leave so suddenly ? Here is a go !
No sooner come than off he walks his chalks.
(*aside to MADAME D.*) I think I'd better go and count
the forks.
MAD. D. What ! count the forks, you venerable guy ?
DESCHAP. Well, never mind; I'll count 'em by-and-bye.
PAUL. The plate's all right, papa.—You're turning mooney!
Both the forks !
DESCHAP. You say that 'cause you're *spooney*.
But how about the settlements ?
CLAUDE. (*sharply*) Oh, pooh !
PAUL. I rather think that's meant to settle you.
MAD. D. (*aside*) They must be married, so I'll drop some hints.
I really can't afford to lose a prince.
(*to CLAUDE*) What! leave Pauline ?
(*PAULINE bursts out crying*)
DESCHAP. Oh, bother!

CLAUDE. Pray don't snub her.
 DESCHAP. That's very like a whale.
 CLAUDE. Pauline, don't blubber!
(bursts out into a childish fit of blubbing—he hands
PAULINE his coat tail)
 There, take a wipe, my pet; don't be a piper.
(wipes her eyes)
 PAUL. Oh, if you go, you'll break my heart, you wiper!
 CLAUDE. *(aside)* What shall I do ? I'm in a downright mess.
 MAD. D. *(to PAULINE)* My dear, leave off, you're ruining your
 dress.
 BEAU. You seem to have in a quandary got.
 A priest's outside—he'll tie the knot—why not ?
 DESCHAP. I won't allow it.
 MAD. D. How you do go on.
(aside to him) I'll give it you my man, when they're all
 gone.
 BEAU. The Prince's situation is most critical;
 He's wanted for some slight offence political.
 Another hour 'tis not safe to stay-----
 CLAUDE. *(with suppressed rage)* Oh, Beauseant, I'll give it you
 some day !
Concerted Piece.—" Haste to the Wedding"
 BEAU. Come, haste to the wedding,
 And let's have no shedding
 Of tears, for it's nonsense, and never does good.
 MAD. D. You'll see they've six horses,
 For that, sir, of course is
 The way a princess leave her parent's home should.
 PAUL. Oh, I think I shall sink, for I've not slept a wink
 Ever since the sweet Prince did evince love for me.
 BEAU. Oh ! go, marry her—carry her off to your palace
 immediately.
(CLAUDE has stood with his arms folded, in gloomy
abstraction; when PAULINE takes his arm and
BEAUSEANT hits him in the ribs, he wakes up.
—Exeunt, L.

SCENE V.—*Same as Scene II.**Enter LANDLORD and JANET from Inn, L. C.*

LAND. Come bustle, bustle, lass, we mustn't keep
 A princess waiting—Claude's been precious deep
 To manage it so well;—how could he do it ?
 What would the mother say, if she but knew it ?

Don't let me think of it—the thought's too horrid.

JANET. Here comes his highness, looking fierce and florid.

LAND. You mustn't stay out here—in for your life.

JANET. I shan't wait on a gardener's son's wife.

Although her husband's proud beyond his means,

Her grandpapa supplied my pa with greens.

LAND. My dear, he's not at all the worse for that.

JANET. You won't find me say "mum" to her, that's flat.

(*bounces into house*)

LAND. Prophetically I see the future dim in

That blooming child, a lecturer on "Women,

Their Rights and Wrongs"—Behold her now assume a

Pair of continuations—she's a Bloomer.

Upon a platform, my fond girl I see,

Deep in her wrongs, theology and tea;

What can I do to give my anger way ?

I haven't thrashed the Boots since Saturday.

(*Exit into house, L. C.*)

Enter BEAUSEANT, R., then CLAUDE, L.

BEAU. Your highness is a trump.

CLAUDE. And you're a knave.

BEAU. Though you're a *serf*, that epithet I'll *waive*.

CLAUDE. Why to this fatal marriage did you urge us ?

That deuced (juiced) word ! I hate it more than *word—juice*.

You're not a man, no, you a wolfish brute are ;

do you to Pauline—I shall go to Utah.

Pass far from childish scenes and early sights,

My *latter days* amongst the *Mormon-nights*.

BEAU. In better spirits soon you're sure to be.

CLAUDE. You'll find me shortly in a-merry-key.

BEAU. That's well—I promised you a purse.

CLAUDE. (*takes purse*) Oh, shoot me !

Kick me ! garotte me ! but don't *persecute* me !

Although *I personates* a prince, go hence :

This *person hates* all thoughts of recompense.

I kept your borders—pr'ythee keep thy hoard,

You'll lose your louis at the gambling board ;

I know you worship "hazard" and "all fours,"

You *adores "loo "*—so keep your *louis-d'ors!*

(*throws purse violently on stage*)

BEAU. It fell upon my toe and makes me bellow.

CLAUDE. Then stoop and pick it up. (BEAUSEANT *stoops*) You *stoopid* fellow.

BEAU. Well, I've no wish to thus continue strife,

I'll take a stroll; here comes your wife.

No longer female suits suit female tastes;
 In suits of mail the female form's encased.
 By the strongest female mind, 'twill be confest,
 That woman, though once wronged, is now *redressed*.

PAULINE *enters*, D. R. C, and CLAUDE *with a handkerchief tied round his hat, &c.*

CLAUDE. Holloa, old lady!—Mother, how d'ye do?

PAUL. Why, what a horrid place you've brought me to!

WIDOW. (*aside*) She's precious grand! Why did he wed above him?

(*to CLAUDE*) Embrace me! (*over CLAUDE'S shoulder to PAULINE*) Pray, excuse me, but I love him.

PAUL. Indeed! (*aside*) She loves him! 'Pon my word, that's cool!

CLAUDE. (*aside to PAULINE*) She's cracked! (*to WIDOW*) Get out, you thundering old fool!

WIDOW. You funny boy! "Old fool!"—that is a good 'un!

(*to PAULINE*) My dear, I've made you such a scrumptious puddun!

PAUL. "Puddun!"—"My dear!" (*to CLAUDE*) What a strange creature this is!

CLAUDE. (*aside*) Now for a row between me and the missus!

PAUL. What does it mean?—Am I awake or dreaming?

Explain at once, or I'll set up a screaming.

I see I'm taken in—tricked—diddled—done!

(*crosses to WIDOW*) Who is that man, old woman?

WIDOW. He's my son.

PAUL. Your son? My stars!—all false! Your title sham!

(*wildly to CLAUDE*) Are you a man?

CLAUDE. Yes, I believe I am.

PAUL. I thought you had a title?

WIDOW. Not a tittle.

PAUL. I wish that ladies might swear just a little!

Is this your palace lifting to the skies?

Your whole description was a pack of lies!

Is this your costly furniture by Gillow?

(*snatches little pillow from bed*)

Do me the favour to observe that pillow.

Why what a pillow, empty as the pate

Of many so called *pillars of the state*;

A famous antidote to pleasant dreams—

And not a blanket—oh, how *blank it* seems!

WIDOW. I'd better go, her language is so bitter,

If I stay any longer I shall hit her. *Exit up stairs, L.*

PAUL. My ma and pa not here, assistance fails—

Thank goodness though, at least I've got my nails.

I'll tear your ugly eyes out, you poltroon !

CLAUDE. That's coming to the scratch extremely soon.

PAUL. These fingers itch to give it you, my lord !

CLAUDE. Madam, remember, I'm already *clawed* (Claude).

PAUL. To think, too, that a gardener was his father.

Art thou not flesh—have you no feeling? (*pinches him*)

CLAUDE. (*wincing*) . Rather

PAUL. Have you no reason ? What have you to say,

For having used me in this shameful way?

Song.—CLAUDE.—" *Billy Taylor.*"

CLAUDE. A little time ago, I was a gay young fellow,
Boiling o'er with mirth, extremely full of glee;

But my love, I did diskiver,

To a haughty damsel.

PAUL. (*aside*) Which of course means me.

CLAUDE. (*spoken*) Explanatory and amatory chorus of one—
(*sings*) Tidy, iddy, iddy !

CLAUDE. Four-and-twenty full grown verses,

I enclosed to you one day,

Martin Tupper's—though they terse is—

Is a downright fool to they.

(*spoken*) Literary and egotistical chorus expressive of the aforementioned sentiment. (*sings*) Tiddy, iddy, &c.

That unhappy lot of metre

Didn't meet a happy lot;

Then came Beauseant,

PAUL. The creetur!

CLAUDE. Down upon me like a shot.

(*spoken*) Chorus expressive of the swooping and vulture-like action hinted at. (*sings*) Tiddy, iddy, &c.

CLAUDE. Hatred, love, revenge, combined to

Urge me to this cruel hum !

PAUL. Poor young man !

CLAUDE. I've a great mind to

Take a dose of Lau-da-num !

(*spoken*) Suicidal chorus expressive of the somniferous effects of the poison. (*sings*) Tiddy, iddy, &c.

PAUL. (*aside*) Poor fellow ! But no—no I never can,—

A gard'ner'd make a first rate husbandman.

Enter DAMAS, BEAUSEANT, DESCHAPPELLES, and MADAME
DESCHAPPELLES, D. *in F.*—WIDOW *descends the stairs.*

DESCHAP. My child! My child! (PAULINE *goes to her* FATHER)

MAD. D. My daughter ! Oh, my daughter !

(faints in BEAUSEANT'S arms, who struggles)

BEAU. *(to WIDOW)* Could you oblige me with a glass of water ?

MAD. D. *(revives)* With something in it.

DESCHAP. *(pulls her from BEAUSEANT)* Here, come out of that;

Forget not that you're elderly and fat,

(to CLAUDE) Ruffian!

PAUL. Papa!

WIDOW. I'll not stand this, that's flat,

You pudding-headed vagabond, take that.

(slaps pudding into DESCHAPPELLE'S face)

CLAUDE. *(to DESCHAPPELLES)* Papa-in-law, by all means keep
your daughter,

When I say keep her, sir, I mean support her;

I give her up; Damas, I'll turn recruit.

PAUL. You don't mean that you'll leave me here, you brute!

DAMAS. Well said, brave boy !

CLAUDE. Away at once we'll start—

As for Pauline I pluck her from my heart,

She may on any her affections fix.

(to PAULINE) Farewell for ever, *madam*.

BEAU. Brayvo, Icks!

Concerted Piece—Finale to Second Act of " La Sonnambula."

CLAUDE. I am guilty!

PAUL. Do not leave me :

Oh, to think that he'd deceive me.

CLAUDE. To the battle field I rush to earn—

A soldier's fame, or die !

PAUL. Do not go and leave me here,

A widow so bewitched—oh, my—

CLAUDE. } Yes I'll go.

PAUL. } Do not go.

THE REST. } Oh, he will go—to the wars—oh !

PAULINE *faints—picture—closed in.*

SCENE VII.—*A Street*

Enter BEAUSEANT, R.

BEAU. Ladies and gentlemen, our stage is small,
In fact we've hardly any room at all;
We can't affect effects, we couldn't do 'em,
As for transparencies you'd soon see through 'em;
Here'd be a situation perhaps you'll say,
For showing how Claude Melnotte fought his way ;—
A sort of military panorama ;
We can't.—The next's the last scene of the drama.

Two years have past—imagined that with ease is,
 To hact this piece it must be hacked to pieces.
 Melnotte not heard of—Pauline thinks him dead,
 Your humble servant is about to wed ;
 Don't grumble that our dresses are the same,
 For that the clock is quite alone to blame.
 As the next scene by this time is arranged,
 Prompter! just whistle, please, and have this changed.
Exit BEAUSEANT, L.

SCENE VIII.—*Interior of Deschappelles's. Centre doors, table
 and chairs, R.*

NOTARY *seated before writing materials, R.*—*enter* DESCHAP-
 PELLÉS, L.

DESCHAP. Oh, luckless day! Confound this fearful crisis,
 I've often made alarming sacrifices ;
 I never thought, alas, I should be brought to
 A sacrifice like this—my only daughter!
 I'm bankrupt if I don't. Would I could knock
 This bankrupt's head out of this bankrupt's stock!
 They say the nicest way of turning kicker
 Is to get drowned. I'll drown myself—in liquor!
(retires to back)

Enter MADAME DESCHAPPELLES *and* PAULINE, *pale, with her
 hair down, R., and* BEAUSEANT, C.

BEAU. All is prepared. I'm rather in a hurry.

PAUL. *(to MAD. D.)* Take me away !

MAD. D. My dear, yourself don't flurry.

Song—PAULINE.—"*It's hard to give the hand.*"

I have sighed and suffered long,
 Early have I come to grief;
 Only sometimes in a song
 Can I feel some slight relief!
 Two long years, and more than that,
 Nourishment but alight I've ta'en,
 And I've been so very flat,
 I shall ne'er come round again.
 With the cockney boys who stand
 Howling this tune, I agree.
 "Hoh, it's 'ard to give the 'amd,
 Hoh, it's 'ard to give the 'and,
 Hoh, it's 'ard to give the 'and,
 Where the 'art can nivvor be!"

BEAU. Now then, be quick. *(clock strikes one)*

PAUL. What fearful haste!—oh, *what* hurry!

BEAU. My dear, think of the notary.

PAUL. I'll not 'urry !

Enter DAMAS with CLAUDE, cloaked and in a Colonel's uniform, C.

DAMAS. Cousin, good even; this is Colonel Morier,
A soldier who has never been before here.

MAD. D. *(bows)* Excuse the want of room.

DAMAS. Morier hates humming.

MAD. D. But there are more'ere than we thought were coming.

DAMAS. *(to PAULINE)* The colonel is a friend of your late
spouse,

(aside) I do foresee a kick-up in this house.

PAULINE. *(timidly approaching CLAUDE)* How did poor Mel-
notte die? I thought he'd thrive, oh !

CLAUDE. He isn't dead, Miss, he's alive, alive, oh !

PAUL. Alive !

CLAUDE. Of course he is.

PAUL. Alive ! Oh, jigger me!

CLAUDE. And you're about to do an act of bigamy!

PAUL. Tell Melnotte when you see him, every day
I've thought of him when he was far away ;
And that I'd rather have him poor and needy,
Unshaven, even out at elbows—seedy ;
Than this rich rascal, full of wealth and wine.

CLAUDE. *(aside—rapturously)* What do I hear ?

BEAU. *(brings paper and pen to PAULINE)* A soft nib, please to
sign;

Why you look pale and tremble—did you ever !

PAUL. I'm better now, the pen, I'll sign it.

CLAUDE. *(flashing paper down)* Never !

ALL. Holloa!

BEAU. I say, Morier !

CLAUDE. *(throws off cloak)* Morier, no longer-----

PAUL. Claude! *(falls in his arms)*

BEAU. *(aside)* Returned! As Milton would have said, " I'm
floored!"

CLAUDE. They sent me to the East.

PAUL. It's not surprising,

That in the *y'east* you'd have some chance *of rising*.

CLAUDE. There now are openings for modest merit,
And honours may be grasp'd by lads of spirit,
No more the arm that well can wield a blade,
Droops, chilled by aristocracy's cold shade ;
Not now the gallant soldier disregarded,
Sinks in his grave neglected, unrewarded;

For now the soldier's only test of worth
Is his true gallantry, and not his birth.

Concerted Piece,— "Hoop de dooden doo."

PAUL. In your kind smiles, oh, let us bask !
We've tried hard to perform our task;—
Oh, generous public, all we ask
Is—Hoop de dooden doo !

BEAU. Although I'm bad, you'll plainly see
That this burlesque requires me ;
Pray, therefore, let your verdict be—
Hoop de dooden doo !

CLAUDE. AS life's made up of smiles and tears,
All actors have their share of fears;—
Dispel ours with some kindly cheers.

ALL. Hoop de dooden doo!

Curtain.