



L'AFRICAINÉ,

OR,

THE BELLE OF MADAGASCAR.

A Burlesque,

IN ONE ACT.

(Being the first Extranvaganza on the subject printed.)

BY

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THEATRICAL PUBLISHER,

LONDON.

L'AFRICAINÉ.

A BURLESQUE.

Characters.

- DON PEDRO (*President of the Council of H. M. the King of Portugal.—Is asleep when first introduced to the Audience, but subsequently proves himself wide awake by discovering Vasco di Gama's charts, which he appropriates, and charts a ship to carry out the discovery of new lands*)
- DON DIEGO (*A Councillor, father of Inez, in his capacity as such is a fair specimen of the heavy father*)
- DON ALVAR (*a Councillor who gives liberal counsel*)
- VASCO DI GAMA (*a Naval Officer in the Portuguese service who is discontented because he is only a commander. Come-and-ear what he has to say for himself*)
- NELUSKO (*a Slave who is enslaved by the charms of Selika, and unslaved by that lady who eventually becomes his wife, not his slave we hope*)
- DIAZ (*an Admiral, who, like Kempfenfeldt, goes down with all on board. It is hoped the Audience may be un-bored, and that he may go down with them every night*)
- PRIME MINISTER
- (*a prime favourite with the prima donna*)
- SELIKA (*an Oriental Princess who suffers many mishaps, and is in short anything but a happy miss*)
- INEZ (*daughter of Don Diego—is married to Don Pedro, who generously relinquishes her without having recourse to Wilde although he is a savage*)
- ANNA (*confidante of Inez, a very intelligent young woman, who, though she hasn't much to say, thinks a great deal. It should be understood that she is in no way related to Moke-Anna*)
- COLONELLA, or Female Colonel, who shall be nameless.
- Couriers, Soldiers, Sailors, Lascars, Peasants, Peasantesses, &c., &c.*

Programme of Scenery and Incidents.

SCENE 1.—COUNCIL CHAMBER OF THE KING OF PORTUGAL.

DISTANT VIEW OF SHIPPING.

Lamentation and woe!—A *parient* with a heart of *Parian*—An unsuccessful *feint*—First appearance of Vasco di Gama, an *extravagant* youth, who does not however obtain *unlimited credit*—*Courteous contempt*, and *contempt of Court*—From labour to refreshment.

SCENE 2.—THE PRISON OF THE INQUISITION AT LISBON.

A sleeping beauty—Attempted murder—Saved!—The irrepressible nigger—A lesson in geography—A new light dawns upon Vasco—Liberty! liberty! liberty!—The heart of our *tawny* friend is *toro* by a *tornado* of conflicting emotions—Breath of promise—Departure of all parties for the promised land.

SCENE 3.—The Deck of an Outward-bound Ship (Eight Bells)

Song of the dread Adamastor—Any *oder master* preferred by the ship's company—Thunder and lightning—An *unwelcome* friend, who *will come* where he is not wanted—Don Pedro and Vasco fall out—A firing party falls in—Grand tragic tableau—Naval execution—Opportune irruption of John Brown and his Indian boys—Terrific combat.

SCENE 4.—THE ISLAND OF MADAGASCAR.

Palace of Queen Selika—Temple of Brahma—March—Procession—Ballet.

A *Braemar* (Brahma) gathering—Hindoo mythology—A *sovereign* remedy for Vasco's troubles—A royal reception—Electro-biology—Startling results—A female guard of honour—Mutiny and insubordination—A speech from the Throne—Vote of thanks—Elopement of a royal bridegroom—General confusion.

SCENE 5.—VESTIBULE OF SELIKA'S PALACE.

Passengers for Europe.

SCENE 6.—A PROMONTORY OVERLOOKING THE SEA.

The hour before dawn—A maucanilla tree—Contemplated suicide—Sunrise—Morning sun—Waking of the dead.

GENERAL RESUSCITATION! BLUE FIRE!

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L'AFRICAINNE.



SCENE FIRST.—*Council Chamber of the King of Portugal.*
To the right is the Presidential chair—other chairs round—the
PRESIDENT and all the COUNCILLORS asleep or nodding—
Skipping seen through window at back.

Enter INEZ and ANNA, L.—INEZ sighs deeply.

Song.—INEZ.—Air " Oh, dear what can the matter be .?"

Oh dear, what can the matter be ?
Dear, dear, what can the matter be ?
Oh dear, what can the matter be ?
Vasco's so long on the sea.

INEZ. Ah, what indeed the matter now can be
Is more than I or any one can see.
My father to the council chamber calls me.
Chamber of horrors! 'tis that quite *appa(u)ls* me ;
Besides, the morning's not the time to call.

ANNA. P'raps, for this *virgin 'ere*, he's found a *Paul*.

INEZ, (*regarding COUNCILLORS*) I'm *vergin* on distraction !
But one thing
Is left this broken heart—it is to sing.

Song.—INEZ.—Air, " Early in the Morning, Merrily oh."

Really I've been mourning
Since he went away,
Though it's very wrong I know,
O'er the billows foaming,
On the seas away.
Really I've been mourning, drearily oh ;
Ever since the lad, Vas-
Co, went and left me,
Oh, such a sad lass
I've come to be.
I've roamed about the streets,
And I've wandered on the shore ;
But alas ! I shall not see him
Never, never any more.
Oh, really I've been mourning, &c, &c.

(*at conclusion of song* PRESIDENT and COUNCILLORS *wake up with a start, INEZ approaches DON DIEGO and makes a low curtsey*)

INEZ. Papa, dear; at your bidding I am come.

D. DIEGO. Don't interrupt—how dare you, miss?

INEZ.

I'm dumb.

D. DIEGO. I have some news to tell you not unpleasant:

You're to be married!

INEZ.

Oh, sir, not at present!

D. DIEGO. Silence—but let that pass.

INEZ.

Oh no don't, pray.

The *present* can't be *past* whate'er you say.

D. DIEGO. Obedience is the duty of a wife.

Apart from that, a *part-ner* for life

Our gracious king has been pleased to provide ye,

And if you don't accept him, why I'll *hide* ye.

INEZ. Of hope has now departed the last ray.

Alas! poor Vasco, woe, woe, *ay di me*.

D. DIEGO. Yes, *'ide he may*, in fact, perhaps he'd better,

Or I'll—but stay—let me consult this letter.

(*reads letter which he holds in his hand*)

Tis so : his body has not yet been found,

Therefore, of course, it's evident he's drowned. (INEZ *faints*)

Ha, ha, *she faints—that feint* shall not avail her.

D. PEDRO. I see it all; the *phaintom* of this sailor

She *faincies* she beholds!

D. DIEGO.

Behold your bride!

INEZ, (*faintly*) Just turn me over on the other side.

D. DIEGO. She says that she adores you, pray don't frown-

To you, the highest bidder, she's knocked down.

The trousseau to provide I'll not be idle.

D. PEDRO. She's mine then, is she ? clothing too, and *bridal*.

Enter USHER, L.

USHER. A shipwrecked mariner, my lord, doth crave

The *honour* to declare himself your slave.

D. PEDRO. That, *on our* conscience, is most good of him;

We've no objection to indulge his whim.

You may admit him. What's the news he's brought?

USHER. I see he's brought some *sherry* into *port*.

Exeunt INEZ and ANNA, R.

Enter VASCO, L., *carrying with difficulty a large bottle labelled " Cape Sherry" in one hand, and dragging NELUSKO and SELIKA by a rope round their necks with the other—advances and bows.*

VASCO. Good morrow, noble sirs; I bring the *last* news

Of what has proved an *everlasting* *cruise*,

Begun by Diaz and his comrades bold.

- D. ALV. Egad!
 For a *beginner*, that fast's not so bad.
 But come, look sharp, or else, man, you'll do worse
 Than you've done yet ; *to wit*, you'll *prose* in *verse*.
- VASCO. There is *no wit* to that remark I vow ;
 However, I'm a coming *to it* now.
 I am the shipwrecked mariner ; 'twas I as
 Saw our old admiral, the gallant Diaz,
Die as a sailor should ; he found his *grave*,
 With a *gay* laugh, beneath the frowning wave.
 Scarce had we sighted the famed Cape of Storms,
 Which, by the way, with stormy petrels swarms,
 When the sky darkened, and in billows white
 The ocean rose; you ne'er saw such a sight
Long as you've *lived*.
- D. PEDRO. NOW do proceed, sir, pray,
 We can't be wasting the whole *live-long* day.
- VASCO. You've heard of Crusoe? Well, sir, just like him
 Brave Admiral Diaz tried in vain to swim;
 And when he found that he could swim no more
 He begged the waves to dash him on the shore.
 But as they didn't, he once more essayed
 His *flagging* efforts, shouting " Who's afraid."
Flushed from his efforts, less alive than dead,
 Tli' old gent became an admiral of the *red*,
 Yet still he struggled; all at once his hue
 From red was changed to a sea-rulean *blue*,
 And last of all—remember 'twas not fright
 That caused him to hang out the pennant *white*—
 With a hoarse laugh the murky air he rent,
 Cried, " It's all up *wi' Di-az*," down he went.
- D. DIEGO. HOW then did you escape these dangers, tell us ?
 And *b(u)y* my beard you'd best not try to *sell* us.
- VASCO. With ropes I swarmed the rocks, thus gained the shore,
 Which none in *Europe* born e'er climbed before.
 I'll do it again !
- D. ALV. *Your 'ope* is then, mon cher,
 To tread *your rope* suspended in mid air.
- VASCO. Nay, do not wrong me, risen is my dander,
 I want my rights, I am but a commander.
 Give me a ship, with it the rank of post,
 The *main* I'll tempt once more, 'tis no *mane* boast,
 I'll wound those wugged wocks. I'll ope to you
 A world far newer than what we term new.
 (*enthusiastically*) The empire of the sea I'll gain and *double*
 Your doubloons for you without *toil* or *trouble*.

At each new venture you shall throw a main,
 And *hazard* nothing while you *has hard* gain.
 I'll *Arm strong* ironclads, with rifled cannon.
 Naval brigades I'll raise quite *a la* Shannon,
 Lay a *Great Eastern* telegraphic cable,
 Or if I die, my spirit, through the table,
 Shall indicate by *raps* the thing to do.
 That is, it should if spirits aught that's new
 Or useful ever told us.

D. DIEGO. Yes, but we

Don't care a *snuff* for *spirits* or rap-pee.

D. PEDRO. Certainly not.

ALL. Oh, dear no !

D. PEDRO, But I wonder

What you propose as your share of the plunder.

VASCO. Don't mention it.

D. PEDRO. Come say, what shall it be ?

VASCO. Oh ! quite a trifle—Immortality !

D. PEDRO. That goes for nothing; say what would you more ?

VASCO. Well, since you are so pressing on that score,

No *'arm* I mean, but p'raps in this new land,
 You'll grant three days to take what comes to *hand*.
 Prize money is so long in coming, we
 Deem it a most remote contingent—cy!

D. PEDRO. Your conversation's *racy*, but the wise

Don't put much faith in *racing prophecies* !
 And then you see we're so well *versed* in *rhymes*,
 That we can't put faith in your *Cumming* times.

D. DIEGO. I'd like to know if this be all a lie,

Where you expect to go to when you die ?

VASCO. *(pointing to bottle, and then to NELUSKO and SELIKA)*

Where I have been this little flask will shew,
 And these must tell where I expect to go.

D. PEDRO, *(addressing himself to NELUSKO and SELIKA)*

Whence come ye—what's your name—say, is it *Dinah*?

NELUSK. NO, nor no *sup(p)er* she—something far finer.

D. DIEGO. Wilt thou not speak, young woman ? What's your name?

NELUSK. Old *horse*, why *nag* thus at her ? it's a shame.

D. PEDRO. I'll try this beau since that *belle e'en* is *dumb*.

NELUSK. No *dumb belle* she. *(to SELIKA)* *Madam*, the word is *mum*!

Will of the wisps are treacherous you know.

SELIKA. *(interrupting him)* But *Will* is not his name—it is Vasco.

D. DIEGO. Ah, ha, they *whisper Will*, but I won't stand it;

We've caught our *Sa(l)m-on*, if we can but *land it*.

Say, are ye two in a *united state* ?
Art married ?

SELIKA. NO, nor yet *Confederate*.

NELUSK. (*aside*) Great queen, shut up.

D. DIEGO. What says the knave ?

NELUSK. Ahem!

Now be a trump—think of your *diadem*.

D. DIEGO. Your *head* too.

SELIKA. Tain't worth many *crowns* if any.

Why a *Queen's head* is only worth a *penny*.

D. ALV. Except the Queen of England's.

VASCO. But then she

Is worth ten thousand *sovereigns*.

ALL. So think we.

D. PEDRO. And so think all.

D. DIEGO. That to the question's foreign.

(*aside*) I'd like to give young Vasco there a *florin* (flooring)

(*aloud*) This is a case for *stripes* not *stars*, (*aside*) He winces.

VASCO. I'll take them *starring* into the provinces.

D. PEDRO, (*in the style of a coroner at an inquest*) Gentlemen,
let us to a finding come.

Blamed p'raps by many, p'raps approved by some.

A Presidential seat ain't pleasant, sir.

D. ALV. Particularly in a theatre.

VASCO. I'm *told* 'tis better than a Davis' cell.

Although a murderer is not a *Tell*.

D. ALV. The conversation's growing gloomy, I

Would venture to suggest a *symphony*.

D. PEDRO. NO *good* in these two niggers can I find.

P'raps *harm* in ei-ther is with good combined.

Song.—NELUSKO.—*Air*.—" *Whar do you come from.*"

They calls me a darned nigger, 'cos my skin it is not white ;

But the devil's not so black as suppose perhaps you might.

I'd like to make Don Pedro feel my oriental fist;

If to Yankee land I went, I'd turn abolitionist.

They ask me whar I come from—

What country I belong to ;

But tell 'em I ain't going to

Faddy um ti day.

'Tis all in vain, for it's very plain

From Nelusko, this here nigger, information you won't gain.

There's Selika, she's a beauty, so I'm not ashamed to own

That in love with that young woman most decidedly I've grown

Her skin it is so yaller, and her eyes they are so green ;
Then to add to her attractions, why you see that she's a Queen.
They ask me whar I came from, &c.

Song—Air, " Das Vaterhaus."

SELIKA. They ask me for my country;
But its name they shall not know,
For the pride within this bosom
Will not let me stoop so low ;
Oh, the path 'twixt love and duty
Is most difficult to see—
Yet, oh! am I not his slavey?
Yes, I am no longer free!

I would that I could tell him,
For he's been so kind to me—
I love him! yes, I love him
Most unmistakeably!
To reveal this *lady's secret*
Would be most *dis-Aud-ley* (disorderly.)
So the land where dwelt my father
Shall have *no name* from me.

(Orchestra plays prelude, " Then you'll remember me," then changes suddenly into " Grand Sensation")

D. DIEGO, *(wiping his eyes)* Oh, dear, this tear is very queer,
And needs commiseration,
You'll all acknowledge mine's a most
Unpleasant situation.
My daughter, she, you must agree,
Has no appreciation
Of what you know is all the go—
Wealth, rank, and noble station. *(dance)*

D. PEDRO. It's very well, no doubt, to dance and sing,
But that you see won't satisfy the king.
(to VASCO) What have you more to say ?

VASCO. "Observe that skin.
Mark *you* that *hue*, that lack of crinoline,
Those optics green.

D. DIEGO. An optical illusion,
That seems to me, I fear, there's some collusion.

VASCO. Speak, pray, Selika!

SELIKA. Ah ! it his voice
That doth invoke me ; now I have no choice.

D. DIEGO. Speak out, I say, or I'll call the police !

NELUSK. Remember, Queen, you're sworn to keep the peace.

D. PEDRO. I fear they are impostors.

VASCO. You're another!

You know that he's a man, aye, and a brother.

D. PEDRO. YOU know you're saying what you didn't ought;
We do commit you for contempt of Court.

(VASCO is seized, and dragged out, L.)

From labour to refreshment—that the dodge is

Always adopted in masonic lodges.

A better principle we cannot go upon.

Form the procession! Baud, strike up—lead on!

(PROCESSION is formed, headed by USHERS, carrying the large bottle of Cape wine—exeunt, R.)

SCENE SECOND.— *The Prison of the Inquisition at Lisbon.*
Near centre of stage is a bench—close to it a column, on which is hung an outline map.

VASCO asleep on bench—SELIKA enters L. and gazes at him.

SELIKA. That boy's asleep again, I do declare.

Now if I weren't a lady I should swear.

Ah, what a *duck* he looks. Yes, that's the way

I should have spoken to him in Bombay.

Boy, boy! How quiet? That's more like the call

Quihi, I used to shout when in Bengal.

I'd like to kiss him; no, 'twould not be right,

And yet just one. I almost think I might.

(she leans over VASCO, and is about to kiss him, when she perceives NELUSKO, who enters, L. 1 E.)

Nelusko here! Some corner I must find.

When he's about there's mischief in the wind.

(runs, and conceals herself behind column L.U. E., NELUSKO advances stealthily, with large carving knife, much jagged, in his hand)

NELUSK. Be still, faint heart. I'm going to do a thing

For which it's probable that I shall swing.

Why, he's asleep! ha, ha! *(crosses, n.)* Was that a *snore*?

Senor! rum game, ah. (tragically) Gama, sleep no more.

I slay thee thus! Not sleep-----

SELIKA. *(rushing forward and siezing Nelusko's arm)* You'd take his life.

NELUSK. *(sheepishly)* I saw this *map*.

SELIKA. Yes, with a *Mappin's* knife.

You would have *sawed* his precious wizen through;

But if you don't desist, why I'll *cut* you;

In fact, young *shaver*, you would fain have made

That *old file* enter into this *young blade*.

But of this hate the cause?

NELUSK. 'Cause, why you see *then*
 He is a Christian, and I'm a *heathen*.

SELIKA. It's not OK. *(aside)* To save his life I'll try,
(aloud) Ah ! why this venom : say V N M Y!

NELUSK. Don't call me bad names; what you say's not true.
 You know full well an S H E R U.
 I *hate* him! *(raises his knife to strike)*

SELIKA. *(shaken)* VASCO) *Height* o'clock, master, awake;
 Get up ! What will you for your breakfast take ?

VASCO. *(sleepily)* All right—don't bother me. That Afric wine
 'S too strong I vow. Call me at half-past nine.

SELIKA. Wake up!

NELUSK. *(aside)* To think that I the *Serf* should play.

SELIKA. The sun is up—'tis long past *Peep o' day*.

VASCO. *(dreamily)* "Sleep, gentle sleep!" Lor', how you
 frightened me.

Why as to breakfast—breakfast, let me see ;
 I think a kidney, or p'raps a broiled trout
 Will suit my taste, Nelusko just trot out,
 You're always where you are not wanted. Well,
 It can't be helped, he's irrepressible.

NELUSK. He's too *gallant* by half; with a young swell
 Alone to leave a *gal* *arn't* right. Well, well,
 I must dissemble, (to VASCO) Sir, your most obedn't.
(offers arm to SELIKA) Allow me.

SELIKA. *(turning away)* Don't apologise; you needn't.
Exit NELUSKO, L.

VASCO. *(sitting up and looking round the prison)* How dull it is
 here ; what a hard fate mine is.
 In vain by their black *arts* I'm *compassed*, Inez.
 " Whatever winds shall blow, my 'eart shall be
 The faithful *compass* that still points to thee."
 Ah, that's all very well, I wish I knew
(studies map) From what point of the compass the wind
 blew
 That is to bear me round the Cape of Storms.
(joyfully) Yes, yes, 'tis there. *Good!* *Hope* my bosom

SELIKA. *(quickly)* If you go there you *die*. [warms!
 VASCO. Oh, never say *dye*.
Tint is the word when used by any lady !

SELIKA. *(indicating course on map)* Sail to the right—just so—
 there lies a land,
 Where all are *painted* by Dame Nature's hand.
 She lays the colour on so skilfully
 That it won't come off, even when they cry.
 A land of dates, where all grow their own wool,
 And learn to reverence the sacred bull.

Where naked " butchas," that means children small,
 Eat rice till they grow round as any ball,
 Where old and young wear neither shoes nor socks,
 Where windows have no shutters, doors no locks,
 In spite of our respect for Mr. *Brahma*.
 This land, say, shall it not be thine, Di Gama.

VASCO. HOW know you this ?

SELIKA. From there one fatal morn,
 When bent on catching the nutritious prawn,
 My boat was driven by a stormy gale
 On hostile shore.

VASCO. That *prawn's* too like a *whale*.
Enter DON PEDRO, INEZ, and NELUSKO at back.

D. PEDRO. YOU see you're not deceived ; I'd scorn the action.

INEZ. Alas! it is a gloomy satisfaction
 To see my love locked in this *dungeon*—oh !
Don John, I beg your pardon, Don Pedro,
Incarcerated in this horrid cell,
In case he rated me too fair a belle.
 'Tis he!

VASCO. Hush, hush! *voici*, her *voice* I hear.
 " Is it delirium to a dreamer's ear,
 That utters such sweet words."

SELIKA. Oh ! bother—hang----

VASCO. I've often told you not to use such slang.

SELIKA. HOW fair she is ! I would that thou wert dead.
 (*spitefully*) "Woman in white," or rather I'd say " red."

INEZ. That you're not well *read*, plainly I can see.

VASCO, dear friend, I've brought you liberty.

VASCO. (*embracing her*) I'm sure I'm much obliged.

INEZ. Don't *press* me so.

VASCO. *Liberty* of the *press* is all the go.

Yet am I not deceived. Can it be true?

Oh do repeat the blissful words, *do, do*.

Song.—Air, " Du du."

INEZ. DO, do, list to my ditty,

Do, do, there's a dear man.

VASCO. YOU, you are so very pretty

That I must take all that I can.

INEZ. Oh yes you may take all that you can.

VASCO. Oh yes I will take all that I can.

(*kisses her, she makes a feeble resistance*)

" *Still so gently.*"

D. PEDRO. NOW so gently through me stealing
 I experience a very funny feeling.

Yes, oh yes, I feel my brain is reeling
With an insane desire to punch your head.

VASCO. You'd best not try.

D. PEDRO. Well, as perhaps I can't,
I think I'm safe in saying that I shan't.

INEZ. NOW must I say *farewell*?

VASCO. Well, that's not *fair*.

INEZ. TO all *welfare farewell*; I can't a *bear*
Though to be wishing you, my love, good bye,
The *bare thought* of it makes me long to cry. (*weeps*)

D. PEDRO. NOW stop that *piping*, cease that over brimming.
A *ruche* of tears is not a pretty *trimming*.
You'll spoil your dress.

INEZ. Ah, thanks for the suggestion.

" To *be or* not to be, that is the question ;"
To *bear* with you's what I would have said.
Alas ! I must, since we are marri-ed.
You *savage*!

D. PEDRO, (*aside*) I must tame her ! Don't be riled ;
I've half a mind to have recourse to *Wilde*.
I fear I've *fallen* on a vixen *fell*;
We're evidently incompatible.

INEZ, (*furiously*) But who's this *woman*? *woe, man*, what's
her name!

VASCO. Her name? Oh, Sall, or all as is the same.

INEZ. *Sall? I care* (*Salika*) not a rush for any Sally;
(*points to door*) Not even for the one that's in the *allez*.

VASCO. Oh, come, *don't go* for to be so unkind.
To give her to you I have half a mind.

SELIKA. Eartless young man ! Madam, you do me proud.

Are flounces, flowers, and followers allowed?

NELUSK. 'Twi't hate of him, and love for my dear Queen,
My heart is torn.

VASCO. You're but a *go-between*.

Thou, too, may'st go—a riddance good thou art.

INEZ. " Farewell! a long farewell!"

VASCO. " Good-bye, sweetheart,
Good-bye."

D. PEDRO. *But (t)* blow it, I don't see the *point*, do you ?

VASCO. *CUS on* (*cushion*) !

D. PEDRO. YOU see that you have *missed your cue*.
This lady is my wife.

VASCO. This lady! I'd lay
That you don't know at all the time of day.
To take me in I much hope that you won't try,
You'll find that I'm no " young man from the country."
B

INEZ. Alas, 'tis true! they told me you were false.
 That with one partner six times you did waltz.
 Like " Maud " you made her meet you in the garden,
 And now you turn up just like "Enoch Arden."

VASCO. What mean you, Inez ? Pray don't speak in riddles !

INEZ. Like Guinivere the faithless in the Idylls,
 I have been false to thee ; so like Elaine,
 " I long for death, who puts an end to pain."

D. PEDRO. A *truce* to this stuff.

VASCO. Oh! that rather rich is!
 He calls these *trews*, others might call them *breeches*.
 Inez, you've *kilt* me.

INEZ. NO, my *knight*, don't say
 Such words.

VASCO. I'm thine for ever and a *day*!

D. PEDRO. Come, come, you see this belle has got a ring—
 A *wedding* one.

VASCO. *We ding dong* then must sing.
Air, " Married on a Wednesday."

VASCO. It was two years ago that I went a cruising, oh,
 She's hardly using, oh,
 Me, I'll be choosing, oh,
 Some young woman wot's not given to refusing, oh,
 Some other little gal you'll see.

INEZ. I'm sure that you uncommon welcome are
 For you see, I was forced by my respectable papa
 To marry this fright.
 Yes, I'm tied up tight.
 We were married last Wednesdee.

NELUSK. Ding dong, ding dong.

D. PEDRO. Why don't you come along ?

VASCO. Don't interrupt us in our song.

INEZ. Oh, goodness gracious me.

INEZ. } We were married last Wednesdee.
 D. PEDRO. }

VASCO. YOU don't mean to go for to say that there is true.

D. PEDRO. Yes, but indeed I do.

INEZ. Oh, if you only knew
 The state of the case, p'raps you wouldn't look so
 blue.

VASCO. Oh, woman's perfidee !

INEZ. Oh, wasn't it unkind of him, indeed it was; oh,
 rather!

VASCO. I don't know of whom you're speaking ; but pre-
 sume it is your father.

D. PEDRO. I'm in such luck.
 VASCO. (to INEZ) You're such a duck !
 D. PEDRO } We were married last Wednesdee.
 INEZ. }
 NELUSK. Ding dong, ding dong, &c.
 INEZ. SO we must part—alas! how *sad i'll* be
 When I am parted from this good parti.
 VASCO. What *boots* regret, 'tis *green* of us, my dear,
 With me 'tis *boot* and *saddle*; much I fear
 In one half-hour I must be leaving you,
 Who, as the Frenchmen say, art mine *omnchou* (shoe).
 Song.—VASCO.—*Air, " Le Chanson de L'Amoureux."*
 Oh, I must fly and leave thee, love,
 For glory calleth me away,
 And when she beckons from above,
 I know thou wouldst not have me stay.
 Yes, I must fly and leave thee, love,
 For glory calleth me away.
 And should Don Pedro use you ill,
 On my return an ounce of lead
 I'll give him, 'pon my word I will,
 Or run him through, perhaps, instead.
 I'll shoot him, 'pon my word I will,
 Or run him through, perhaps, instead.
 INEZ. You'll write to me, you owe me one you know.
 VASCO. TO that *debt*, I, alas ! must say *ditto*.
 INEZ. In paying debts, to be so very long
 Is wrong, and then to pay but with a song
 Is hardly any right.
 VASCO. Still you must say
 That payment's better late than never, eh ?
 To *right* a *wrong* you know is always good.
 Therefore, of course, you'll say just as you should,
 It can't be *wrong* to *write*.
 INEZ. Oh, that's a thing
 I won't dispute—methinks a dirge I'll sing.
 D. PEDRO. YOU thought, my boy, you had me on the hip.
 There's many a slip, you know, 'twixt cup and lip.
 You remain here while I am going to try
 The passage *round* the Cape.
 INEZ. I *straight* to die.
 VASCO. Pray don't—that's worse—you see a dirge would bore
 us.
 You'd better far assist us in a chorus.

Air.—" Old Song."

INEZ. Young Vasco { I very much } admire.
 ALL. { she seems to }
 { I'd } like to have him for a squire.
 { She'd }
 There's nobody nigh
 As { handsome } think I.
 { ugly }
 Of him I { never possibly could } tire.
 { assuredly should }
 There's nobody nigh, &c. &c. &c. *{dance}*

Tableau.

NELUSKO.		VASCO DI GAMA.
SELIKA.	DON PEDRO.	INEZ.
R.	C.	L.

SCENE THIRD.—*The Deck of a Ship—the steerage wheel astern.*

DON PEDRO, INEZ, DON ALVAR, and ANNA playing at ship's quoits, K.—group of SAILORS sitting and dividing grog, L.

Air—" Quadrille L'Africaine."

SAILORS. Oh, we are so jolly
 On the ocean billow
 As we sail with the gale,
 Or merrily, merrily heave the log.
 Oh, yes, we are so jolly
 On the ocean billow ;
 Our only care it is to share
 Our morning go of grog.

(NELUSKO is seen hanging about with a hang-dog expression)

D. PEDRO. Ah! ha! Nelusko; well, what would you, slave?

NELUSK. Most noble sir, your hangman's dead ; I crave

The honour to be henceforth your Jack Ketch.

D. PEDRO. The boon is granted. Get out!

INEZ. Nasty wretch!

(NELUSKO retires grinning, and cuts an extravagant caper—the sky suddenly darkens, thunder and lightning)

Air—" Slap bang."

NELUSK. Tra lal la, tra lal la, tra lal la, tra lal lal lal!

(thunder) Oh my, wasn't that a bang ?

SAILORS. There it is again, there it is again!

In what a fix are we.

D. PEDRO. What air is that ?—I heard it once before,

INEZ. I hope we shall not hear it any more,

NELUSK. It is the song of the dread *Ada-mastor*.

D. PEDRO. Well, try some *oder master*.

INEZ. Oh, *peace*, basta.

I mean I wish that jingling tune you'd cease,

'Taint my conception of a *master-piece*.

NELUSK. (*rushing up wildly*) Shiver my timbers, hard a-port,
I say.

The ship will be *broke* up by *break* of day,

If you persist your present *course* to steer.

D. ALV. Of *course* he may be right, but it looks queer.

D. PEDRO, (*fussily*) Oh, dear, oh, dear! well, go, man to the
wheel.

And *woe* betide you if you be not leal.

(NELUSKO goes to the wheel and kicks the man who has
been steering into the middle of the ship—all cuff him)

SAILOR. A boat—a boat!

D. ALV. Ah ! that sounds well.

D. PEDRO. Oh! very.

Haste to-----

D. ALV. Be quick!

SAILOR, (*looking puzzled*) I don't see any ferry.

D. PEDRO. I won't believe my eyes. 'Tis he—yet no,
It can't be.

INEZ. Yes, it is; it is Vasco.

Enter VASCO, by companion ladder—looks astonished.

Chaunt—" Jack Sheppard."

VASCO. There's—Don Pedro, that love sick old gander,

There—Nelusko, he's one of the crew,

There's—Anna too, by all that is comical,

"Why—Inez dear, that can't be you.

D. PEDRO. I'm—blowed if that is not young Vasco;

How—he got here I wish I knew.

Don't—go for to be so satirical,

I—tell you, you'll find it won't do.

Ri toodle um, doodle um day.

VASCO. Ri toodle um, ti doodle dum day.

D. PEDRO. } Ri whack fol lol, toodle de doodle dum.

VASCO. }
ALL. Ri whack fol lol tol de rol day.

D. PEDRO. What brings you here, sir, I should like to know?

VASCO. Come now, don't speak like that, 'tain't *comme il faut*.

D. ALV. My *friend*, your observation is all bosh.

D. PEDRO. He *dies* for this.

VASCO. You'll find that *dye* won't wash.

D. ALV. (*to DON PEDRO*) You're as severe as Draco, the

D. PEDRO. And he's as mutinous as any Fenian. [Athenian.

VASCO. Of an approaching *ill* I come to warn.

D. PEDRO, (*enquiringly and mockingly*) The '*ill* on which was
'eard the 'unter's 'orn.

No fear. A *better salt* you seldom see.

(*aside*) I'll give it him.

VASCO. *Assault and battery*

That same would be a case of, don't you know ?

I'm serious. You have no cause to *jest*.

Di PEDRO. *Just so.*

Concerted Piece.—Air, " Paddle your own Canoe."

VASCO. I've sailed out here from old Portugal,

But I didn't think to see you.

Now let me advise you, my aged pal,

To paddle your own canoe.

My barque is small, but I care not at all,

For my sailors are staunch and true.

I've missed a wife, so I'll lead a gay life,

And paddle my own canoe.

Then in Nelusko put no faith,

For he's plotting some mischief to you,

But trust your own arm to keep you from

harm,

And paddle your own canoe.

D. PEDRO. Yes, you have sailed from old Portugal,

I haven't a doubt 'tis true.

But I don't think homeward go you shall

On board of your own canoe.

For safe to bind is far safer to find

Is a saying by no means new,

And so, my young swell, you may just say farewell,

To the paddles of your canoe.

(*all repeat*) Then in Nelusko I'll put faith,

For he's safer by far than you.

If we come to harm, he'll swing at the
yard-arm,

And I'll paddle my own canoe.

D. PEDRO. Well, you're a trump to wish to save my life.

VASCO. Your life ? oh, it's not you—it is your wife

I'd save. You don't *suppose* I care what harm

Befalls you ? it's your *sposa, votrefemme*.

D. PEDRO. My *farm*; what mean you, I'm no *husbandman*.

VASCO. (*pointing to wheel*) Why there's your *tiller, till I hear*
your bann

Published in church, I always will declare
 You're *made* no husband to that *maiden there*.
 D. PEDRO, (*seizes him*) *Brazen-faced villain!* see, with fear
 he quakes.
 VASCO. (*throws him off*) I shake you off thus in a *brace* of
 shakes.
 Draw and defend yourself. *Art ready?*
 (*both draw their cutlasses*)
 D. PEDRO. *Hist!*
 I'll *draw* the life's blood from this live *artist*.
 (*they fight—VASCO is overpowered by the SAILORS*)
 There, with *that painter* bind him hand and foot.
 (*aloud*) Two *pelelons* this pal *at once* to shoot.
 (*grand tragic tableau—VASCO kneels—firing party about*
to shoot, when a yell is heard, and the ship is boarded by
INDIANS—general melee— all retire fighting to the stern)

SCENE FOURTH.—*The entrance of an Indian Temple, L.—Palace,*
R. at back —sumptuous monuments, &c.

March—Enter Procession—SELIKA, NELUSKO, PRIME MINISTER,
VASCO, INEZ, and COURTIERS. (Courtiers dressed in incon-
gruous clothes, half savage and half civilised, all carry
umbrellas and parasols of various sizes and colours)

BALLET.

PRIME MINISTER. We swear, don't we ?
 COURTIERS. Oh, yes, we swear !
 PRIME M. By Brahma!
 Great Queen, pray try and be a little calmer.
 By *Brahma*, as I said before, swear we.
 VASCO. A *Braemar* gathering this seems to be.
 PRIME M. We swear again by the immortal Vishnu !
 VASCO. *Vishnu!* who's he ? I *vish* I *knew*; do you ? (*to*
audience)
 It's a rum lingo!
 PRIME M. Yes, we swear by Siva !
 VASCO. Ah, that's a female Goddess— *Casta Diva*
 Perhaps she is. I wonder what they mean.
 PRIME M. TO strangers death, and duty to our Queen !
 VASCO. *Dooty*, oh, *dont'ee*, swearing as you know
 Is not in vogue as 'twas some years ago.
 COURTIERS. Blood, blood, we'll have it ! ka, ka, ka, ka !
 VASCO. Zounds!
 It's too late in the year to blood these hounds.
 I am no fox

INEZ. But I am a poor vixen,
And you (*to NELUSKO*) I'm much afraid must be old *Nick's*
Son.

VASCO. *Nixon a Bishop*, wrote the catechism,
He ne'er originated any schism,
Pish, oh p-ra.y, do now, he ne'er gave offence.

INEZ. Oh,
No, he left that to the Bishop Colenso.

COURTIERS. Death, death to the unwelcome stranger!

VASCO. Death;
Or glory, I say I'm quite out of breath;
You march so fast—glory I have achieved;
But if I die, p'raps it won't be believed
That I have found the *passage*; but to what a paw
Has this lad come along of this here lass.
(*tom tom heard outside and wild shouts, ending with " God*
Save the Queen")

That cry, that cry! ha, ha, it's coming nigher,
All down the street just like the old town crier.
Doleful as his it is,—it is, I ween,
Oh yes, oh yes! and ends *God save the Queen.*

Song.—Air, " Extravaganza Galop."

PRIME M. I really do not like the line
Of conduct you pursue,
I think I'm safe in saying
That you'll find it will not do.

SELIKA. Enough, you muff! such silly stuff,
Won't serve you much I fear.

VASCO. I trust in you, indeed I do,
My darling and my dear.

(*Chorus of INDIANS outside*) Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Ho, ho, ho, ho!
He, he, he, he!
Haw, haw, hum!

VASCO. That horrid cry! oh dear, to pipe my eye
I feel a wish too strong to overcome.

SELIKA. Don't be a fool, (*aside*) I'm sure that I shall cry.

VASCO. I ain't a-going. No indeed, not if I knows it,
mum. (dance) } (repeat)

PRIME M. Prepare to meet thy doom.

VASCO. Don't say *doom, stay.* (bell heard)

PRIME M. Hear you that bell?

VASCO. I do.

PRIME M. 'Tis your *doomsday.*

VASCO. *Do-me* the honour to explain.

PRIME M. It tells

Your hour has come.

VASCO. Against that *peal* of bells

I do ap-*peal*.

NELUSK. YOU die! Why do you blubber?

VASCO. Ah, there's the *rub* and you're the *India rubber*.

SELIKA. Keep up your *spirits*, do not w{h}ine; but stop,

A cordial take—a little ginger pop.

Some *fiz*. {*hands him a bottle, he puts a handkerchief to his face*} Your *phiz* gives you some pain I fear, ah ?

VASCO. NO *sham pain* this, it cannot *be, my dear ah!* (*madeira*)

SELIKA. 'Tis home-made country wine ; drink it you shall.

VASCO. Thank you, *ma cherie*. Yes, it's *Port-u-gal*.

SELIKA. But you shan't die. I'll save you. Mind you say-

That we were married on a Wednesday.

VASCO. (*drinks*) I feel quite *strong* now. I so like the freak,

That you I'd marry each day in the *week*.

COURTIERS. Death to the stranger!

SELIKA. If no stranger he

Should prove.

PRIME M. 'I would prove a *strange anomaly*.

SELIKA. Yes, this *strange animal he* is my spouse.

In honour of our nuptials we'll carouse.

Nelusko, shout, you rascal. Swear it's true ;

For if he dies, my boy, so too do you.

NELUSK. In foreign parts, these two they were as thick

As thieves ; and so got married. I must stick

To what I've said; a plain unvarnished tale.

(*great excitement*) It's plain I've hit the head of the right

nail. (VASCO looks alarmed)

SELIKA. (*encouragingly*) It's all pretence.

VASCO. That's quite another thing.

SELIKA. Dutiful subjects, you behold your king.

(PRIME MINISTER, COURTIERS, &c., pass VASCO, and

SELIKA in single file, making grotesque bows—PRIME

MINISTER paying marked attention to INEZ—*exeunt*, L.)

SELIKA. (*placing a disc, such as those used by electro-biologists,*

in VASCO'S hand—disc absurdly large)

Mark well this *disc*. You shortly will *discover*

That you perform must be Selika's lover.

VASCO. Impossible ! I won't!

(SELIKA makes mesmeric passes in front of VASCO'S eyes)

Oh, yes, I do.

(*affectionately*) Selika dear, I love, I love but you!

Duet—Air, " The girl with the golden hair."

VASCO. Selika, dear, full well you know-
That I love none but thee;
The beauties of your face and form
Are quite too much for me.
At one time I was foolish, love,
And did not know your worth,
All through some stupid prejudice
'Gainst Oriental birth.
I vow I'll follow you everywhere,
Oh, every, everywhere;
Your emerald eyes I richly prize,
And above all, your coal black hair.

SELIKA. HOW very odd—how very strange,
That you so long were blind
To the attractions of my face,
My figure, form, and mind.
However, you'll be wiser now,
And judge of my real worth.
In spite of my eyes and prejudice
'Gainst oriental birth.

BOTH. I vow I'll follow you everywhere, &c.
Dance and exeunt, L.

Enter female GUARDS, under command of female COLONEL, C.

COLONEL. Keep silence in the ranks there. Halt! front dress.
(form line, not a very correct one)

Oh dear, I've got them in a pretty mess.

You wretched *sticks*, you're *clubbed*. How dare you laugh?

1ST SOLDIER. Colonel, you're only fitted for the *staff*.

2ND SOLDIER. Yes, you're a duffer. I say it's a shame,
You're always bullying.

COLONEL. That rascal's name
Take down. A month to barracks I decree.
Shall be confined this mutinous company.

2ND SOLDIER. I will not be confined—I've done no crime.

COLONEL. Soldiers, I think this a most fitting time
To tell you all that I'm delighted quite
At the way you've behaved, both day and night;
And for your future guidance I would say
Whene'er you see a man, look t'other way;
Against poor men and babes we don't make war,
Although I know that at the infant's roar
Your souls are stirred, be ye matron or maid,
And mind you don't drink—too much lemonade.

Enter COURTIERS, SOLDIEES, PEASANTS, &c, R. and L.— *Music.*

Air—" John Brown."

CHORUS. Selika has returned to us across the stormy wave,
We'll stick to her although we know that she has been a slave;
But then these darkies are so good, so loyal, and so brave.
So we'll go marching on.
Oh, glory, Hullo, you there !
Glory, glory, Hullo, you there!
Oh, glory, Hullo, you there!
So we'll go marching on.

Young Vasco is her husband, so through dangers not a few,
We'll do our best to back him up and pull him safely through.
For there's nothing in creation that we cannot dare and do,
So we'll go marching on.
Oh, glory, Hullo, &c, &c.

Enter VASCO and SELIKA, *arm-in-arm, c.*

SELIKA. Thank you, good people, for the welcome gay
That you have given us this happy day.
Permit me to remark, in all sincerity,
That I'm rejoiced to notice the prosperity
Of this great country : an alliance foreign
I've entered into, but will not be boring
You with my family affairs; to mark the day,
I do release all prisoners.

ALL. Hurray!

SELIKA. To each child born this day I'll stand godma;
And to go *farther*, Vasco'll be godpa.
Henceforth the usual taxes none need pay; I
do abolish them.

ALL. Hurrah ! hurrah!

VASCO. Most gracious Queen, upon this day of grace,
I hope you will not think it out of place,
If I presume a vote of thanks to move ;
And trust, that our good subjects here will prove
Their deep devotion, with their loyal tongues,
No *longer* wait, let all blow out their *lungs*.
Shout soldiers, sailors, ay and every lascar,
God save Selika, Queen of Madagascar.
*{all shout—in the excitement VASCO slips unperceived
to R. 1 E.}*

Go it, ye darkies, holloa, that's the way,
And I'll *take leave* to wish you all *good day*.
Inez is in that room I have no doubt,
So I'll slip *in* before they find me *out*.

To cut short a long tale I'll just skedaddle,
 And soon again my own canoe I'll paddle. *Exit,*
(his absence is suddenly perceived—confusion—all run in
different directions)

SCENE FIFTH.—*Vestibule of Selika's Palace.*

Enter VASCO and INEZ, E., carrying cloaks, bags, bonnet boxes? &c.

VASCO. Don Pedro's dead, therefore there's now no bar.

That I know to your *union* with this *Tar*.

INEZ. I've said *ta-ta* as I'm not going back.

I've no objection to our *union*—*Jack*.

VASCO, Let's hasten, dear, you know for clown nor king
 Do steamers wait.

INEZ. Before we go, we'll sing.

Duet.—Air, "Portugese Negro Melody."

VASCO. Let us go, love, let us go, love,
 Across the stormy sea,
 For you know, love, for you know, love,
 That you're safe along with me.
 We very soon shall be sailing,
 Over the seas away.
 We have no time to linger,
 (Have we, dear ?) We have no time to stay.

INEZ. Yes, we'll go, love, yes, we'll go, love,
 Across the stormy sea,
 For I know, love, for I know, love,
 That I'm safe along with thee.
 We very soon shall be sailing,
 Over the seas away.
 We have no time to linger,
 (Have we, dear ?) We have no time to stay.

BOTH. Chin a ring a ring ting ting ting,
 Chin a ring a ring ting tay,
 Chin a ring a ring ting ting ting,
 (Such a pet) Chin a ring ting ting tay.
Exeunt, L.

SCENE SIXTH.—*A Promontory overlooking the Sea; a large tree on C of stage.*

NELUSKO and SELIKA discovered.

SELIKA. Nelusko, dear, you're just like a gorilla :

I mean as active. Climb that mancanilla,

The biggest blossom pluck, and bring to me. [a tree,

NELUSK. *(climbs and picks flower)* Yes, ma'am, considerably up

I feel, like the old woman in the shoe,
 Minus the kids, I don't know what to do.
 SELIKA. Thank you. Oh, dear! I do declare the scint
 Reminds me painfully of peppermint,
 Which when a little girl I used to prize
 Almost as much as toffee or bull's-eyes.
 Now, like Queen *Dido*, I am going to *die*.
 NELUSK. *Dido, die don't.* Oh ! I shall pipe my eye.
 SELIKA. It must be so, although I know it's vanity,
 They'll bring it in temporary insanity.
 NELUSK. Alas! woe worth the day, woe worth the hour,
 In which I plucked that most pernicious flower.
 No *man-can-iller* do or be more sillier
 Than I for picking that 'ere *mancanilla*.

Song—Air, " Gran' Dio Morir" (Traviata)

SELIKA. Oh ! dear, it's very hard to do
 The thing I contemplate,
 And yet I cannot continue
 With him a *tete a tete*.
 If Vasco were but here to see
 The deed on which I'm bent,
 I haven't the least doubt that he
 Would certainly relent.

Air, " Jeddy Dowkins"

NELUSK. One little question I would ask,
 And that, dear queen is whether
 You any strong objection have
 To let us die together ?
 I hope that you will ponder well
 On this unpleasant freak ah,
 For what can poor Nelusko do
 Without his dear Selika ?

Air, " Le Parlate d'Amor" (Faust).

SELIKA. (*contemplating flower*) Oh, magnificent flower, oh dear,
 oh, dear,
 It is a most unpleasant feeling
 That o'er me's perceptibly stealing,
 That I shan't be much longer here.
 Oh, magnificent flower, oh, dear, oh, dear.
 If I had not been so very silly,
 I'd have picked a geranium or lily,
 For I would much rather stay here.

Well, after much mature consideration,
 I think this is a *striking* situation.
 For *horror-struck*, my friends, of course will be,
 When they *come* to see what's be-come of me.
(looks into the sea) Into the water I will jump. Oh, no,
 I couldn't touch the bottom on tip toe.
 I'd hang myself outright, but then you see,
 The mananilla's not a *gallows* tree.

NELUSK. It's *gallows* fine to talk like this, great queen,
 Think of your subjects.

SELIKA. Don't suppose I mean
 To do it really. You I won't deceive.
 The whole affair is but a make-believe.
 I think the flower is the simplest plan.

NELUSK. Woe, woe!

SELIKA. One sniff and I'm a dead wo-man.
 Here goes. Nelusko, go and toll the *bell*;
 This *bell-a-donna's* done her work. Farewell!

{feigns death—sun rises—morning gun fires}

{starting up} That horrid gun, it goes quite through my
 head—
 Wakes me each day. Oh, I forgot I'm dead.
 I'm in a *middle state*.

NELUSK. Well, this is rum.
 Oh, she must be a *speaking medium*.

(ship appears—VASCO and INEZ On deck)

Why there's a ship. Hallo there ! ship ahoy !
 Vasco and Inez, I declare.

SELIKA. Joy, joy!
(throws away flower and rises) There, I don't want you now,
 you nasty branch.
 You see to live or die I've got *carte blanche*.

VASCO. *Blanche*, I am here.

SELIKA. I see you are, my *dove*,
 I was about to *icing* my way above.

VASCO. At sight of you I own my courage *quail-ed*
 But our arrangements have, I hope, *dove-tailed*.
 This *blackbird* happily did Inez mark,
 And so we came to stop your little *lark*.

D. PEDRO, *(entering, E.)* And I'm here too like all *birds* of a
 feather,
 You see we still contrive to flock together.

INEZ. He here? I thought him dead.

D. PEDRO. Don't say the word,
 If these great *guns* *(to Audience)* don't wish me a *dead bird*,

Enter DON ALVAR and ANNA, L.

Don Alvar too, and Anna, this is quite
To my old eyes the most refreshing sight.
VASCO. TO make things wear an aspect still less sinister
Blowed if here's not your *dexterous* prime minister.

Enter PRIME MINISTER, L., got up to represent Earl Russell.

He'll get us into troubles not a few;
Because he knows that he can pull us through.
INEZ. Who's this old warrior that towards us limps,
Covered with barnacles and crabs and shrimps?

*Enter ADMIRAL DIAZ, R., covered with barnacles, and looking
very wet and limp.*

DIAZ. My name is Diaz, you behold in me,
One who, while at the bottom of the sea,
Married a mermaid—by the telegraphic cable
I scrambled up as quick as I was able.
I'm come to help you in your task, and beg
(to *Audience*) That these, to help us up, will give a leg.
INEZ. In that request I'll join you ; but their hands,
I trust, more firmly may unite the bands
By which we're knit together. If they say
They will, we'll live for many a long day.

VASCO. One little difficulty still remains,
You two are bound, you know, by Hymen's chains.
D. PEDRO. Don't be alarmed! oh, I won't interfere!
I do resign her to you.

INEZ. Thank you, dear.
D. PEDRO. I can't appreciate the sweets of wedlock ;
Or our affairs would still be at a dead lock.
I was too rough for her; there was the *rub*—
I much prefer my *rubber* at the club.

SELIKA. And I Nelusko here consent to wed,
And be his living bride though sometime dead.

INEZ. Our aims but fun and frolic to awaken,
And trust our end by none may be mistaken;
But rather pray that you will kindly deign
To smile on our burlesque of " L'AFRICAINE."

Concerted Piece.—Air, " Pull back."

INEZ. If we have given pleasure,
It will fill up the measure
Of our joy, and at your leisure,
We hope your boat you'll pull back.

- SELIKA. Each night we'll hope you've brought us
Your wives, and sons, and daughters,
And we hope they may think that we are very
funny.
- VASCO. Oh, oh, oh ! we hope we've found a plan
To make them happy; we'll always do the best
we can.
- CHORUS. Don't think that we shall gloomy be
If your approval's won,
But let our play for many a day
And many an evening run.
If on our side the welcome tide
Of public favour ran,
We'd always do the best we knew,
And do the best we can.

PRIME M. ANNA.. D. PEDRO. VASCO. INEZ. NELUSK. SELIKA. DIAZ.
R. L.

Curtain.