

CHANG-CHING-FOU!

CREAM OF TARTAR;

OR,

THE PRINCE, THE PRINCESS, AND
THE MANDARIN.

An original Chinese Burlesque Extrabaganza.

BY

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D'ye Know Me Now? The Queer Little Man, &c, &c.

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*Pretty Polly Piper; or, Queen Elizabeth's Visit to ye Town of
Reading.*

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CHINA MING - CHINA MING - FOU !

CREAM OF TARTAR;

OR,

THE PRINCE, THE PRINCESS, AND THE MANDARIN.

Characters.

CHANG-CHING-FOU (*Emperor of China—a very striking personage—in his youth believed to have been an auctioneer, from the facility with which he knocked lots down*) ... Mr. W. MARTIN.
YEH (*a Mandarin, and a man darin' enough to scale his master's throne, and was thrown in the scale—an extraordinary person; in fact, an antique china ugly mug*) ... Mr. ARCHER FARR.
YANG-POO (*a Prince of the Poooh-poooh (!) family—a dandy, who got up his own linen and saved a crown by it*) ... Mr. A. F. PHILLIPS.
CAPTAIN (*a Chinese man of war, more than a match for any British tar; in reality equal to two, being a Tar-tar*) ... Mr. I. G. AUSTIN.
CHINAMAN (*a philanthropic individual, who wished to get up a Distress Fund, and got a floor-in' to begin with*) ... Mr. F. J. TASSELL.
MERCHANT ... Mr. B. THOMPSON.
MESSENGER ... Mr. J. H. EWART.
HEADSMAN (*a limb of the law, who hacks his way through life, is ever ready to axe a question and make a cutting remark*) ... Mr. W. NEVE.
MRS. FOU ... Mrs. SIDDONS (*Mr. J. T. HAWKINS*).
WHANKEY THUMB (*the Princess, a chased young lady, very much run after—single, but saucy—indeed, an odd little china saucer*) ... Miss VESTRIS ROSCIUS (*Mr. P. T. HARRIS*).
... Courtiers, Guards, &c.

Programme of Scenery and Incidents.

SCENE I. COURT OF THE EMPEROR AT CHOW-FO.

Thrashing which goes against the grain—Paltry news, only an earthquake—A fire: Is that all?—Proposed Distress Fund for the survivors—Collector receives a slight hint to retire, *viz.*, a kick, but no ha'pence—Wrongs of a dealer *in old China*—Imputations and amputations—Pretty Princess and her Ma—Awful news—A real sensation *tail*—Excessive grief and revenge.

SCENE II. AN APARTMENT IN THE PALACE OF CHOW-FO.

SCENE III. A DESERT ISLAND.

Rough, rugged rocks, and green waves of the Yellow Sea.

Sand, but no sandwiches—Rebellion—Un-civil war—Settling-day with courtiers, who pay off their Principal with interest—A sail, a sail!—Going, going, gone!

“Absence makes the heart grow fonder, | Isle of beauty—fare-thee-well.”

SCENE IV. STATE APARTMENTS, THE GARDENS OF THE EMPEROR'S PALACE,

AND DISTANT VIEW OF THE CITY OF CHOW-FO!

A dream—“Conscience does make cowards of us all!”—Cracked, and intends to be spliced—Unprotected female—What news?—No news!—The love-stricken Mandarin—An offer—A scoffer—A refusal—To the altar, or the halter—Violence—Startling situation—The spectre—The rescue—Dream fulfilled—Give me your daughter—Take her—A resuscitation—Altercation—Arbitration and Termination.

SCENE V. A Chinese Revel, and Gorgeous Feast of Lanterns.

[Mr. Lacy's List.]

CHANG-CHING-FOU.



SCENE FIRST.—*A Chinese Court of Justice (!) at Chow-Fo—a Throne of Justice, C.*

Enter MANDARIN YEH, *heading a procession of* COURTIER, *followed by* EMPEROR CHANG-CHING-FOU *and* SUITE, R., *all singing.*

All hail to the Emperor Chang-Ching-Fou !
Chang ching chi co chi co chu!
All hail to the mighty Chang-Ching-Fou!
And chang ching chi co chi co chu!

EMPEROR. (*seats himself*) I'm the Emperor Chang-Ching-Fou,
And I am up to a thing or two !
Study your p's and q's profound,
And put your noses on the ground.

(ATTENDANTS *prostrate*)

YANG-POO, (R.) Celestial ruler! mighty Chang-Ching-Fou!
Whene'er your lofty mien I closely view,
My lowly *soul* is always in my shoe. }

EMPEROR. Mien ? Ha, ha! What does he mean by that ?
YEH. He says you're mean.

YANG. No, no!

YEH. He did.

EMPEROR. (*striking him with sceptre, stick and bladder*)
Take that!

YANG. Transcendant monarch!

EMPEROR. (*striking him*) Shut up ! Hold your prate !
You'd better *shut up* early than *close* late.

COURTIER. Prince of the Moonbeam! if you'd please to hear-----

EMPEROR. (*striking him*) There's one for you! How dare you
interfere ?

These interruptions interrupt our peace—
These interruptions most abrupt must cease.
We're going to sing, so hold your leathern jaws;
But, at the proper time, give great applause.

Song.—Air, " The Monks of Old."
 In histories old many tales are told
 Of the monarchs of earthenware!
 Said not to be cracked, but it ain't a fact,
 For the Emperor says they were :
 Kach one had a flaw that the world e'er saw,
 Till we honoured you all with a view.
 You may laugh ha, ha!
 You may chaff ha, ha!
 We're the wonderful Chang-Ching-Fou!

(Chorus). You may laugh, &c.

(all join in chorus, except YANG-POO, who looks disgusted)

EMPEROR. Why don't you sing ? Low cove! we'll know the cause.

YEH. Why don't you give the Emperor great applause ?

YANG. Applause ? Oh, yes! I'd quite forgot; but stay!
 I was just going to. So—Hoo-ray, hoo-ray!

(in a very feeble squeaking voice)

EMPEROR. *(in a passion)* Louder, young man! much louder than before.

YEH. Sing out " Bravo!" will ye?

EMPEROR. And " Encore ! "

(YANG-Poo makes another feeble effort to get up a cheer, and at length bursts out laughing)

A downright insult! Hold, young fop! that laugh,
 It ain't applause at all—'tis only chaff!

YANG. Great Brother of the Moon! don't blame the laugh.

It is your constant *thrashing* brings the *chaff*!

(The EMPEROR and YEH seize YANG-POO and belabour him with bladders)

EMPEROR. *(suddenly winded with his exertion)*

Good Yeh, approach! *(YEH conducts EMPEROR to throne)*

We feel we're rather queer.

We'd be the better for a glass of beer.

Enter GUARD, with large can of beer, R.

(EMPEROR drinks and passes can to COURTIER, who takes a sly pull)

YEH. Great potentate ! upon your royal brow

The perspiration aits. Permit us now

To wipe it off with this.

(draws out huge pocket handkerchief, extremely ragged—YEH looks confused—COURTIERS laugh—EMPEROR looks at them fiercely, and turning round the state of the article escapes him)

EMPEROR. 'Tis kindly meant.
 So, like the wipe you hold, we yield *assent*.
 (YEH *rubs up the face of the EMPEROR*)
 Henceforth, for this great deed, you'll hold the cash:
 Our present treasurer we mean to smash.
 We do, indeed ! Don't prostrate—'tis your due.
 (YEH *prostrates*)
 We feel refresh'd and jolly—thanks to you. (*fans himself*)
 YEH. Shout, Courtiers, shout! The joyful news receive.
 (*great shouting*)
 EMPEROR. Stop shouting! (*strikes COURTIERS next him*)
 YEH. Stop! and don't so much as breathe.
 EMPEROR. Now, then, for business. If he shows no cheek,
 We, perhaps, may let an injured party speak.
 But if he's cheeky, he will be a rash 'un—
 We're something fearful when we're in a passion.

Enter CHINAMAN, with large scroll of paper, L., prostrating.

EMPEROR. HOW now, you reptile ! Crawl a little slower.
 YEH. And duck that head of yours a little lower.
 CHINA. Resplendent wisdom ! bad's the news I bring.
 EMPEROR. Depend upon it, then, your neck we'll wring.
 CHINA. An earthquake dire has swallowed up a town.
 YEH. A got-up story !
 CHINA. Stories all went down.
 Two hundred thousand Chinamen did fall,
 Buried alive.
 EMPEROR. (*yawning*) An earthquake—is that all ?
 CHINA. Oh, no, alas ! Near—in the same dominion—
 An awful foe has burnt to death a million :
 The angry flames your hungry slaves did roast.
 EMPEROR. A million, eh ? 'Twas quite a *national toast*.
 But what's your little game ?
 YEH. That paper show!
 (*takes paper and reads in amazement*)
 Celestial sovereign ! here's a pretty go !
 This varlet wants—'tis almost past belfef—
 To open a Distress Fund! give relief
 To orphans, widows-----
 EMPEROR. Hold! you raise my ire.
 What care I for an earthquake or a fire ?
 YEH. He your subscription wants. In short, some brass.
 EMPEROR. Pickles! Subscription ? why the cur's an ass.

NOTE.—The part included between rules can, if desired, be left out in representation.

A low barbarian dodge! Help the bereaved?
 China ain't come to that—don't be deceived!
 Tremble the culprit who dares ask for pelf.
 Our royal charity extends to—self.
 Brave Courtiers, give him kicks without restriction—
 "More kicks than ha'pence" take as our subscription.
 (COURTIERS *kick him off*, R.)

Enter TEA MERCHANT, L., *prostrating*.

EMPEROR. How now! who's that?

YEH. Some mean and low-born craver.

A-begging, like the last, another favour.

MERCH. Illustrious Tartar! cream o' the family Fou!

EMPEROR. This *Cream of Tartar* won't agree with you.

MERCH. I seek but justice. Look into my case:

Glance where my ear should be—gaze at my face.

Woe, woe is me! borne down with grief and woe.

YEH. Out with your grievance, dog!

EMPEROR. Or quickly go!

Are we an ass to heed the sounds of *wo*?

MERCH. Last night, at twelve—when lanterns had burnt out—

A band of Courtiers, from some ball or rout,

Attacked my hougé, took off my pretty wife,

And left me no assurance of my life;

Prigged my best tea, and all they clapped their eyes on;

Drowned my tall boy.

EMPEROR. What, did they wet your *Hyson*?

MERCH. They did; and when I cried, "Restore my *ch-i-lid*,"

They put the thumb unto to the nose (*imitates*) and smiled.

In vain I raved, "Give up my wife, so dear,"

They cut their sticks; but first cut off my ear—

And here it is.

(*offers small packet to YEH, who draws back in great disgust*)

YEH. Pray keep the *piece*, you knave!

In this here court, how dare ye play the brave?

(*to* EMPEROR) This tea-leaf dealer, from the lower mass,

Has dared to speak against the upper class.

We will not stand it.

COURTIERS ALL. No!

EMPEROR. We're in a passion!

Shall we put up with insult of this fashion?

COURTIERS. No, no!

EMPEROR. Shall we sit on our throne of state

 n to a Congou dealer's prate?

COURTIERS. Of course not—no!

EMPEROR. No, no! Ho, Headsman, ho!
 Just amputate, at once, this toady's toe.
 YEH. And I'd suggest, the toady's head also.
 EMPEROR. His head, good Yeh? Not yet; but look ye here,
 Make the culprit lose the other ear.
 (they drag MERCHANT off)
 EMPEROR. (*sings*) I'm the mighty Chang-Ching-Fou!
 COURTIERS ALL. Chang ching chi, co chi, co chu.
 EMPEROR. This is the way I justice do!
 COURTIERS ALL. Chang ching chi, co chi, co chu.

(*great noise outside—beating of gongs, enlivened by female screams*)

EMPEROR. How now! this row and rumpus—what's the matter?
 We hear a *mourning consort* in that clatter.

Enter the EMPRESS, the PRINCESS, and ATTENDANTS, R.

Ha! Mrs. Fou. Come, tell us what is this?
 Say, is our royal daughter still *a-miss*!

EMPRESS. Yes, love! she is, *a-las*!

PRINCESS. But don't intend
 To long remain so, that you may depend.

(*smiles at YANG-POO, who kisses his hand*)

YEH. Most lovely Princess!

PRINCESS. Hold your row, old duffer!
 Just listen to your daughter, royal buffer!
 I brought to book some of your scattered pages,
 And paid a visit to the royal cages,
 To see the rats.

EMPEROR. Oh, dear! bad news I dread!

PRINCESS. And found that six, the fattest ones, were dead.

EMPEROR. Oh, depth of grief!

PRINCESS. Your grief will not avail.

My favourite tomcat's lost his bushy tail.

EMPEROR. Oh, *tale of woe!* (*shivers violently, in which he is imitated by all the COURTIERS*)

EMPRESS. Stop shivering—be a king!

EMPEROR. Of course, my dear—don't mention such a thing.

(*to COURTIERS*) Stop shivering! (*COURTIERS are motionless*)

PRINCESS. Such neglect each rat will kill.

If you won't thrash those keepers, then I will.

EMPRESS. Fear not, sweet daughter! hear our wise intent,
 We'll vent our feelings on this great event.

These pages' insults we, of course, shan't brook;

In short, their "Birds of Michaelmas" we'll cook.

No more your noble cat shall they abuse.
 What cared they for his high and lofty *mews* !
 Upon their backs we'll " cat-o-nine-tails " bring ;
 But stay, 'twill ease our feelings if we sing.

Song.—EMPEROR.—*Air, " Some one to Love. "*

Some one to cut up—oh, some one to slice,
 Some one to torture for starving a rat;
 Some one to hang up and choke in a trice,
 Some one to kill for the tail of a cat !
 Oh ! what are to me a few thousand Chinese?
 Broken crocks—when compared with a nicely done rat ?
 Not a million of subjects this warm heart can please
 Like the purring so soft of my daughter's tomcat.

Chorus.

Some one to cut up—oh, some one to slice,
 Some one to torture for starving a rat;
 Some one to hang up and choke in a trice,
 Some one to kill for the tail of a cat !

EMPEROR. Our " soul's in arms," *et cetera.* Keep us cool!
 While to the keepers we deal out their gruel.
 Princess and Empress shall behold the sport.
 Courtiers! we close the business of our court.

Air, " Bobbing Around. "

EMPEROR. I'm the mighty Chang-Ching-Fou!

COURTIERS ALL. Chang ching chi, co chi, co chu.

EMPEROR. I am up to a thing or two !

COURTIERS ALL. Chang ching chi, co chi, co chu.

(all dance off but YEH, who advances to front melodramatically)

YEH. I've found a treasurership and more may find.

Though great the post " the greatest is behind."

Ambition's mine—to glory will I stride—

Miss Whankey Thumb shall be a royal bride.

A *muff* she thinks me—I will prove a *bore*.

Ambition's mine, as I have said before.

Revenge ? Yes, yes! nought shall my project stay!

Ching-Fou's a duffer—I'll be Emperor Yeh!

(characteristic dance and exit)

SCENE SECOND.—*An Apartment in the Palace of Chang-Ching-Fou—Ottoman, C.*

Enter YANG-POO, R.

YANG. Whankey not here ? Then I am right in stating
 She means to make me *gentleman in waiting* !

A pretty thing, indeed! 'twould never do:
 Why, how she'd make me wait when Mrs. Poo!
 But I'll not stand it! Whankey Thumb shall see
 No hen-pecked husband she will find in me.
 I'll be the master! This Princess shall find
 None, save myself, shall sway my princely mind;
 For, though not Emperor yet, I self revere!
 In short—I, of myself don't think small beer.
 But----- Ha! she comes. Now, as a mild correction,
 I'll sulk a bit—'twill bring her in subjection.

Enter PRINCESS, L.

PRINCESS. Oh, sweet Yang-Poo! (YANG-POO *superciliously waves her away*) But why this change, I pray?
 I see, you're jealous of that stupid Yeh.
 (*sharply*) Why don't you speak? (*coaxingly*) Why don't
 you kiss your Whankey?

YANG. Kiss you? Well—no! I'd rather not, I thank'ee.

PRINCESS. Well, well, I'm sure! Oh, you shall pay for this!
 Wait till you ask me some day for a kiss.

YANG. Ask you? not I! I never shan't no more.
 You are not *major* now in this heart's *core*.

I'll choose a truer, better one, you flirt!

PRINCESS. How dare you call me such a name? I'm hurt!

YANG. I know your goings on!

PRINCESS. And you're another!

YANG. It's shameful of ye, and I'll tell your mother.

I saw ye wink at Yeh, so very sly—

Love, like potatoes, shot forth from the eye.

PRINCESS. You soft absurd—you silly little swell!

YANG. Is that there proper language for a gal?

I'm hurt!

(they turn their backs to each other—he bites finger-nails, she pouts. Their heads gradually turn over shoulder, but when perceived by each other they bo-peep—sundry little feminine efforts at reconciliation—YANG-POO goes in for injured dignity, but grotesquely fails—YEH'S head protrudes at extreme R., watching the pair, the EMPEROR'S at extreme L., doing the same)

PRINCESS. Why, what's the matter with your tie?

It's like that old Yeh's face, 'tis all awry.

I'll make it straight, (*unhooks necktie, endeavours to rehook it, and in doing so puts her face, as if by accident, very near to his—he appears to be endeavouring to hold his head as far back as possible, but, under her influence, gradually draws closer*) There now! 'tis nicely done.

YANG. You scrumptious little ducky! give us one?

PRINCESS. For shame! I shan't! (*aside*) I wish he'd taken one. (*aloud*) Never!

YANG. (*kneels*) Enamelled Princess! beautiful for ever!

Oh, spoil not with a frown the home of roses—

Those features, done by Madame Rachel's process.

Recal the word! Don't make my bosom bleed!

My *heart* is gone, like cabbage run to seed.

Galoptious Whankey! if you'll marry me,

I'll give up smoking, bury my latch-key—

I'll give up billiards and all kinds of play.

Pinn'd to your sleeve, I'll stay at home all day—

Won't call you names should my shirt lack a button—

And thrice a week will put up with cold mutton—

Grant all your whims, will never say you nay;

But with the chaps you must not flirt all day.

PRINCESS. Not your *soft soap* will keep the *chaps* away!

But, oh! you've won my heart—I can't say nay!

You can't imagine how I hate old Yeh!

(*YEH makes a wry face—business with sceptre indicative of revenge—advances noiselessly with EMPEROR*)

YANG. Oh, name the day!

PRINCESS. I'll ask my pa!

YANG. Pooh, pooh!

Your pa's a humbug!

EMPEROR. (*striking him*) A humbug? so are you!

PRINCESS. My pa! I'll faint!

(*screams and throws herself into YANG-Poo's arms*)

EMPEROR. Young man, release my child!

PRINCESS. Don't let me go!

EMPEROR. You'll drive your father wild.

YEH. Hands off at once, or come to blows and cuffs.

YANG. Come, then, to blows, you antique pair of muffs.

I'll soon knock daylight through ye—none shall hinder.

I'll give ye *pains* by giving each a *winder*.

Come on, I say!

(*EMPEROR rushes back in a fright*)

YEH. But why this needless splutter?

His ain't a sword, 'tis but a paper cutter.

EMPEROR. Then die at once!

YANG. Stop, stop! before I die,

Behold yon fiery dragon in the sky.

EMPEROR and YEH. Where, where?

YANG, and PRINCESS. There, there!

(*EMPEROR and YEH look intently upward, while YANG-POO and PRINCESS dance off, L., making gestures of derision at both*)

YEH. I think 'tis all my eye.

EMPEROR (*baking round in astonishment*) They're gone!

YEH. (*doing the same*) Gone, gone! I must say that is cool.

I think we're sold.

EMPEROR. And I think you're a fool!

YEH. A fool?

EMPEROR. A fool! Why did you let 'em slip?

(*YEH seizes the EMPEROR by the arm and drags him from R. to L., and vice versa, with great speed*)

YEH. Great potentate! there's wisdom on this lip.

Just list to me, and I will prove to you

Yang-Poo's a traitor.

EMPEROR. Stop, Yeh! that will do.

YEH. He plays at billiards, whist, loo, and roulette;

At hazard plays, is awfully in debt;

A gambler out and out, at cribbage plays.

EMPEROR. Yes, my wife said he'd very *winning* ways.

Confound the scamp!

YEH. Yes, some day you will rue it.

He's sworn to steal your daughter, and he'll do it.

To some high hill they mean to gently slope.

I know their little game—to-night they will elope.

EMPEROR. What, will my Whankey hook it?

YEH. Rather!

EMPEROR. Then see in me a most unhappy father.

If they live on a mountain top, each time

They rise they'll seek another *climb*.

Oh, deary me!

YEH. But you can stop it.

EMPEROR. How?

YEH. Attend to me and I will tell ye. Now,

I have an island in the Yellow Sea—

You've often promised to go there to tea.

You need a change of air—a little quiet—

A ramble on the sands and change of diet.

Go there to-night—take with you Mrs. Fou—

Her suite and yours—and *don't forget* Yang-Poo.

EMPEROR. And Whankey?

YEH. No, leave her at home with me.

EMPEROR. With you?

YEH. AS punishment, d'ye see?

And when she knows you knows what she's been arter

She'll then reform and be a better darter.

EMPEROR. I'll go at once.

YEH. My ship is in the bay.

EMPEROR. There's no time to be lost.

YEH. One moment stay—

Song.—YEH.—Air, " My Skiff is by the Shore."

My ship is near the shore—
 You soon shall see;
 Step upon the deck
 And have a spree.

BOTH. And as $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{you} \\ \text{I} \end{array} \right\}$ sail along
 Your $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{ } \\ \text{ } \end{array} \right\}$ song should be—
 My $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{ } \\ \text{ } \end{array} \right\}$ Isle of the Ocean!
 I come to thee. *Dance off and exeunt, L.*

SCENE THIRD.—*Deserted Island—High Rocks—Sea in the distance.*

Enter YANG-POO, R., dressed as a Chinese dandy, with the exception of a most extensive dress shirt front and wristbands a la mode.

YANG. Sold! diddled! done! Alas! alack-a-day!
 Entirely flummuxed! by that traitor Yeh.
 He coaxed the soft old Emperor and his bride,
 And simple me, his hated foe, beside,
 And every one the rogue had cause to fear,
 Into his ship, and then shipwrecked us here :
 His fair pretence—a change of air and quiet.
 Our *air* is changed, and, crikey ! so's our diet.
 His *craft* turned out as bottomless as old—
 The *sail* is over, and 'tis clear we're sold.
 Now he'll at once secure the Tartar throne,
 And make the Princess Whankey Thumb his own.
 Oh, beauteous Whankey! soon shall I decay,
 For now I dread, what once I prized, your *yea* !

Song.—Air, " In the Strand."

My heart is sad that once was glad—
 I can't forget the joy I've had—
 In the Court—in the Court!
 Away from Whankey I shall die.
 Oh, how I loved her on the sly!
 In the Court—in the Court!
 I wish I were with Whankey ! Oh, I do ! I do !
 The best Bohea she'd get for me,
 My pretty little Whankey.
 Her eyebrows like the sunbeams slant—
 Oh, how they've made this bosom pant—
 In the Court—in the Court!

Her eyes so bright more light took in
 Than the crystal of a Mandarin—
 In the Court—in the Court !
 I wish I were with Whankey ! Oh, I do ! I do!
 Pekoe, Twankay, we'd sip all day—
 Oh, gorgeous little Whankey !

Her skin white wax, with rose o'ershed—
 Her budding lips a scarlet thread—
 In the Court—in the Court!
 Snow-white hands and fingers fair—
 Tiny feet and glossy hair—
 In the Court—in the Court!
 I wish I were with Whankey ! Oh, I do ! I do!
 Between the sips I'd kiss her lips—
 Oh, dazzling little Whankey !

But here the Empress comes!

Enter EMPRESS, L.

EMPRESS. What shall we do,
 My son-in-law *that was to be* ! Yang-Poo,
 We're in a mess!

YANG. A mess, assuredly,
 My royal mother-in-law *that was to be*.

EMPRESS. Is this an island ?

YANG. Yes; round as a cheese.
 With these two eyes I saw it in two seas—
 Water here, there, and everywhere I traced.
 Oh, so much water, 'twas a watery waste!

EMPRESS. Then we shall starve.

(applies pocket handkerchief vigorously)

YANG. Nay ! why this great dejection ?
 Food we have plenty.

EMPRESS. Yes, food for reflection;
 And though such stuff may strengthen your profundity,
 'Tis not the grub to keep up my rotundity.

(excessive grief)

YANG. My royal mother-in-law *that was to be*,
 Look at yon rock and tell me what you see.

(EMPRESS looks in the direction indicated)

Here, take this opera-glass, 'twill aid your sight.

EMPRESS. I see a something waving, *rather* white.

YANG. *(in the tone of an injured man)* Rather white! Pray
 don't my feelings hurt.

That spotless something, madam, is my shirt.

EMPRESS. Your shirt!

YANG. The same!

EMPRESS. Indeed!

YANG. Yes, nothing less.
Torn from my back, *a signal of distress*.
Some friendly crew may see such signal swinging
And guess our plight when they behold our linen—
May near the shore, our true condition mark,
And, jolly dogs! invite us to their *barque*.

EMPRESS. A bright idea, magnanimous Yang-Poo !
To shift without a shirt when you'd so few.
You wear one now. Dear me! quite smart and spiffy !

YANG. (in *great confusion*) Starched wristbands only, and-----

EMPRESS. A what ?

YANG. A dickey.

EMPRESS. Stop your confusion—at my words don't wince.
I'll not disclose, most patriotic Prince.

YANG. My royal mother-in-law that was to be,
Your lily hand-----

EMPRESS. Tush! Here's the Emperor. See !
Enter EMPEROR and two COURTIERS, L.

EMPEROR. I'm the mighty Chang-Ching-Fou,
And I can teach ye what to do.

YANG. (*slapping the EMPEROR on the back*) Teach us, old boy!
at once reveal your plan !

EMPRESS. Oh, teach us something.

YANG. That is, if he can.

EMPEROR, (*in a rage*) What means this cheek ? Show courtesy
And put your hostile noses on the ground. [profound.

YANG. *Noses be blowed!* We've turned 'em down enough!
We'll turn 'em up now, most egregious muff!
Of your tomfoolery we've had enough.
(*they turn up their noses and bow with mock gravity*)

EMPRESS. Poor dear old man, the Empress feels for you!

EMPEROR. How dare you feel, presumptuous Mrs. Fou ?
Seize her, ye dogs ! and bear her from the scene.

COURTIERS. Walker !

YANG. Old cock, we're not so jolly green!
(*all laugh loudly*)

EMPRESS. I'll go at once—I'll not wait to be carried.
I've not been so insulted since I married. *Exit.*

EMPEROR. D'ye mean rebellion—yes or no—Yang-Poo !

YANG. Rebellion ? Well, we rather think we do.

COURTIERS *crowd in, each armed with stick and bladder.*

EMPEROR. (*throws himself into attitude*) Then come, base items!
Now you laugh and jeer,
But soon I'll send you to your *bitter bier* ;

Soon shall ye pay, ye worms, for being rash,
 For with my club each *china mug* I'll smash!
 Mew, then, for mercy; but you'll mew too late—
 Your ugly features will I *mutilate*—
 Your traitor limbs along my pathway strew;
 Not mince my blows, but make a mince of you!
 Come on, I say (*with energy*), and blow me if I miss!
 Come to the scratch, ye dogs! the scratch of this!

(EMPEROR *pitches into the* COURTIERS, *but to his amazement they return the compliment—a running fight is kept up—the* COURTIERS *aim blows at the* EMPEROR, *but frequently hit one another—at length, bonneted and beaten, he falls, apparently exhausted*)

Song.—YANG-POO.—*Air, "Hoop a dooden doo,"*

Brother heroes, victory shout!
 We have paid the tyrant out—
 Didn't we knock his nut about!
 Lie a pooda Fou!

(*chorus and dance round* EMPEROR)

Brave as lions, ain't we? Yes!
 Alexanders—nothing less!
 We could lick the world I guess!
 Lie a pooda Fou!

(*chorus and dance as before and dance off*)

EMPEROR. (*rises slowly and comes to front—tragically*)

So farewell to this little ugly business!
 Farewell, a long farewell, to all my bigness!
 This is the state of man—

(*great noise outside, with cries of "A ship! a ship!"*)

EMPEROR *trembles violently and listens*

Eh! what's that row?

Enter EMPRESS, L.

EMPEROR. Here comes the Empress! Say! what's happened now?

EMPRESS. A war junk's neared the beach. To me 'tis plain
 You'll get your kingdom and your crown again.

Embrace your Empress.

(*takes him round the waist, hugs him, and makes him polka against his will*)

EMPEROR. Oh, oh, my breath! oh, dear!

Enter CHINAMAN, *prostrating, L.*

How now, base fragment, what's your business here?

CHINA. Hail, lofty -wisdom! mighty Chang-Ching-Fou !

Your war-ship's yonder—mandarins and crew
Await without to kiss your royal shoe.

(EMPEROR *seizes him by his long pig-tail*)

EMPEROR. *Tale-bearing knave !* if this, your tale, be true,
When we get home we will present to you—
We will present-----

CHINA. Oh, generous Prince!

EMPEROR. D'ye hear?

We will present to you—a *pot of beer*, (*kicks him off, R.*)

Enter CAPTAIN of War Junk, COURTIERS, and ATTENDANTS, L.

CAPT. Hail, mighty offspring of the sun and moon !

How does your great self feel this afternoon ?

EMPEROR. We're convalescent.

ATTENDANTS. Hail! hail! hail!

CAPT. (*waving his hat*) Again!

EMPEROR. Hold! drop that *hail!* d'ye think we've ceased to

CAPT. You'll reign for ever ! Yea, we do insist [*reign ?*]

Your most tremendous *reign* will ne'er be *missed!*

EMPRESS. To business now. How did you trace us here ?

CAPT. As we, fair Empress, to the land drew near

We saw a something fluttering from a prop.

We in that something recognized a-----

YANG. Stop!

EMPRESS. Don't interrupt, young man! we'll do for you.

CAPT. In short, we landed. From your courtiers drew

Yeh's *coup d'etat*. Now hear what I will do :

My ships—my guns—my cut-throat murderous crew—

Myself—my sword—I humbly offer you ! (*flourishes sword*
unpleasantly near to the person of the EMPEROR)

No boon I ask—no great reward, save one:

You'll make me, when your crown from Yeh is won,

Prime Minister and Treasurer, all in one.

EMPEROR. We cannot promise now; but if we see

The interests of the State-----

CAPT. All bosh ! for me.

If you can't do this trifle on a pinch,

From this *here* island you don't stir an inch.

EMPEROR. Enough! We grant it, patriotic person,

If you'll cut off a head we've put our curse on.

CAPT. All right! that's in my line ! Show me the cove !

If one of these, come on, I say ! By Jove !

All's one to me—man, woman, or a child!

When I draws this, I never *draws it mild !*

(*draws sword and makes a rush at COURTIERS, who scatter*
in great confusion)

EMPEROR. Seize Prince Yang-Poo! My choler must be fed.

CAPT. Yours aint a lay down *choler* ?

EMPEROR. Till he's dead

'Twill stick up *militaire*. Off with his head !

EMPRESS. Stay, stay! for Prince Yang-Poo I humbly intercede.

Put up your sword, and listen while I plead.

(takes the stage a la prima donna, then kneels before the

EMPEROR *and sings in most operatic style)*

Song (andante).—Air, " Woodman spare that Tree."

Oh, Emperor! spare that Prince—

Touch not his noble brow!

The youth has sheltered me,

So I'll protect him now.

His shirt with his own hand

He placed on yonder spot;

It caught this Captain's eye :

Then, Emperor, harm him not.

Had he no signal placed

We'd all have been done brown ;

His shirt waved o'er the sea,

Then wouldst thou knock him down ?

Oh, Emperor! spare that Prince—

Touch not his lofty brow!

He's my son-in-law to be,

So I'll protect him now.

(this song has great effect on the EMPEROR, who blubbers aloud—COURTIERS do the same)

EMPEROR. Our heart's unstrung. We think we'd like to faint.

Support us. *(falls)*

EMPRESS. *(fans the EMPEROR)* Are you off, dear ?

EMPEROR. No, I ain't.

EMPRESS. We both are *one* !

EMPEROR. But now we're coming *to*!

Help us to rise.

EMPRESS. You'll pardon Prince Yang-Poo ?

EMPEROR. We will! Shake hands, young fellow! how d'ye do?

(they shake hands violently—Air, "Limerick Races"—
dance of EMPEROR and YANG-POO, followed by)

Duet and Dance.—Air, " Sheepskin and Beeswax."

CAPT. My ship, my ship! come to my ship! I'll give a hot collation.

EMPRESS. As I am rather peckish, I'll accept your invitation.

CAPT. I've bird's-nest soup and earth-worm sauce, and many a strong potation! [palpitation!]

EMPRESS. Oh, Captain! pray don't mention it! you cause a

Chorus.

So one and all and every one, with joy and animation,
Will gladly go, and jolly 0 ! accept your invitation.

CAPT. I've caterpillars salted down—no better in the nation.
EMPRESS. Oh, that's the grub that to a *T* commands my appro-
bation.

CAPT. With strong Souchong and rich Twankay we'll help our
mastication.

EMPRESS. Oh, Captain! pray don't mention it I you cause a
palpitation!

Chorus.

So one and all, and every one, with joy and animation,
Will gladly go, and jolly, 0! accept your invitation.

ALL—*Air, "I'm off to Charlestown."*

We're off to Chow-Fo without a further warning,
We're off to Chow-Fo, because we will not stay,
We're off to Chow-Fo, before to-morrow morning,
We're off to Chow-Fo, so wish you all good day.

General dance and closed in by

SCENE FOURTH.—*Apartment in the Palace at Chow-Fo.*

YEH *discovered reclining on a couch—starts up a la Richard III.*

YEH. I did but dream; down, fluttering bosom, down,
I can't be hard up when I own a *crown*:
A crown and kingdom too—from land to sea,
China is mine, and suits me to a *T*.
But, oh! that dream, so real, it made me quake,
It took me in, whom folks deem wide-awake.
Methought the Emperor came, I called out " Police!"
He looked so fat—as if he ruled o'er Greece,
And not o'er China—Yang-Poo too—my foe !
From him I turned, but felt behind his toe.
Yes, kicked I was, upon my honour—Yes!
Then stripped of clothes, and sent without a *dress*
To Jericho! But 'twas a dream—no more !
The Emperor, Empress, Yang-Poo—cast ashore
Upon that island, each day must get thinner;
They'll get their *desert*, but ha, ha! no dinner.
Enough of them, they're done for, spifflicated,
A cup too low—while I am elevated ;
Away with ghostly fears! Shall ghostly dreams
Turn my great self from my great selfish schemes ?
No, no ! a Tartar kingdom in the strife
I've boldly won—now for a *Tartar* wife :

Oh! lovely Princess, Whankey Thumb most fair,
 My bride—my empress ! you shall be, I swear!
 I'll ring your little finger—yes—but stay,
 Sloe leaves and Congou ! but she comes this way !
 My courage fails, I'll stow myself away. *Exit, R.*

Enter PRINCESS, L.

Song—Air, " Willie, we have missed you."

Oh ! Yang-Poo, it is most queer,
 Queer, queer, and rum :
 Yeh—when he spoke of you, dear,
 He said that you would come;
 But long I've had to wait,
 For the young chap of my choice—
 Why the dickens don't you come, sir ?
 And let Whankey hear your voice,
 I'll make music on your ear,
 A *musical box*, you drone !
 Oh! Whankey wants to kiss you,
 Well-come, well-come home ! (*seats herself*)
 Oh, deary me! what shall I do ?—heigh ho !
 No one to flirt with, save ugly old Yeh, oh !
 And he a muff, a downright, perfect fright,
 I'd wish for *mourning* soon with such a *knight*;
 He sends me presents—calls them rich and rare.
 His hated *presence*—fugh ! I cannot bear.
 There's something in his looks entirely killing,
 Of late to flirt with me he seems most willing.
 He tries to ogle, strives to smile with grace,
 He fails to do it, so he makes a face,
 And *such* a face ! but hark ! upon the stair,
 I hear his "*poor feet*." Yea ! I do declare
 He comes : and now I'll know, upon my word,
 What news from pa, ma, and Yang-Poo he's heard.

Enter YEH, L.

PRINCESS *sings—Air, " Good News from Home"*

What news have come ? What news for me ?
 From those cross fogies at the sea,
 From dear Yang-Poo !—Oh! stay my fears,
 It seems he's been away for years.

YEH. No news! No line !

PRINCESS. Oh! then with grief I'll pine,
 And seek for comfort in a cry—*No line!*
 Too bad, too bad ! (*goes to side*)

YEH. Stay, sweet celestial, stay !
I've news!

PRINCESS. (*coming back*) Oh, jolly! let me hear 'em pray!
(*YEH falls on his knees flop, claps hand to his heart, sighs, and endeavours to look interesting*)

YEH. Oh, can't you guess what's weighing on this breast ?

PRINCESS. If you have something heavy on your chest,
Go take a pill!

YEH. Talk not to me of pills;
But like sweet sunshine shine upon my *ills*.
Oh, ease the burden that I now endure,
And of my sorrows prove "*the perfect cure.*"
For I'm in love, up to my neck and higher,
This heart is *tinder*, set by you on fire.
Oh, yield the *match*, or 'twill consume away ;
Say yes! at once!

PRINCESS. There stop, at once, I say !
You soft old man.

YEH. Oh ! turn not, lovely mocker;
Look at my face!

PRINCESS. A good cast for a knocker.

YEH. A knocker, say you; true! to you and more,
In closest bonds, bound always to *a-dore*.
Wrench me not off!

PRINCESS. All gammon, that will do;
You know my hand is promised to Yang-Poo.

YEH. (*starting to his feet*) The villain played the knave.
Yes, you may start!

PRINCESS. (*coolly*) And being a *trump*, of course he took my
heart.

YEH. Your love's misplaced; the cove's too tall, too high!

PRINCESS. Young girls are fond of *high-men*, so am I!

YEH. (*with energy*) Do you refuse ?

PRINCESS. Of course!

YEH. Then list to me!
Here at your feet, I'll be *felo-de-se* !

PRINCESS. *Fellow—d'ye see* I'd rather have Yang-Poo,
Without a brown than share a *crown* with you;
I'd rather far, than with such spooney dwell,
Go drown myself, and be a *diving belle*.

YEH. (*with terrible energy*) What, what! rejected! scorned
Beware, I say!
Tremble rash princess, I am Emperor Yeh !

PRINCESS. A mushroom emperor surely—what ago!
And what about my pa, I'd like to know ?

YEH. (*deridingly*) Your pa's defunct.

PRINCESS. Oh! what an awful crammer.
 YEH. Your ma's the same-----
 PRINCESS. Dead ?
 YEH. Dead as a hammer.
 PRINCESS. And loved Yang-Poo ?
 YEH. Well, if you'll me believe,
 For his old China's sake, he's ceased to breathe;
 You start! Ha, ha! seem staggered at the news.
 They're dead as herrings, door nails, or old shoes.
 PRINCESS. Say, traitor, say—who robbed them of their breath?
 YEH. (*drawing himself up with an air of satisfaction*) I'm the
 successful author of their death.
 PRINCESS. *Author and publisher* to boot—base wretch !
 Ignoble scamp! the police at once I'll fetch.
 (*she rushes first to one door and then to another, but finds
 them locked*)
 YEH. (*rubbing his hands*) Ha ! try the doors, they're locked—
 you're in a cage.
 PRINCESS. Police! Police !
 YEH. Yes, vent your rage!
 PRINCESS. Help! Help! I'll scream!
 YEH. Please do, a regular squealer,
 Ring out, *sweet belle*, a peal, and bring the *peeler*.
 PRINCESS. You good for nothing—wicked, bad old man!
 YEH. Young female woman, hear my little plan.
 The great soul's stirred, in the great soldier Yeh,
 I mean to marry you without delay.
 In love or war —surpass the world I can;
 (*to audience*) *Eh? am I right ! or any other man.*
 Now to the mosque—at once—no more delay,
 This blessed hour shall see you Mrs. Yeh I (*claps hands*)
Enter GUARDS, L.
 YEH. Conduct the Empress to the temple, slaves.
 Strike gongs and tea trays loudly. Off, you knaves!
 PRINCESS. I shan't! I won't! I'll kick ye—scratch ye—bite!
 Help! murder!—help!
Enter YANG-POO and several COURTIERS, L.
 YEH. (*in extreme fright*) What spectre meets my sight ?
 YANG. Hands off—my love—my bride! (*GUARDS fall back*)
 PRINCESS. His voice—tis he!
 YANG. The very same.
 PRINCESS. Yang-Poo! Oh, deary me!
 (*they rush into each other's arms*)
 YEH. I don't feel well, (*moves towards side*) I think I'd better go.

Enter EMPEROR, EMPRESS, COURTIERS, CAPTAIN, and ATTENDANTS, L.—YEH, *in his attempt to escape, runs up against the* EMPEROR, *and is sent reeling into the midst.*

Sold, sold!—my dream---

YANG. (*kicking him*) There, take that, will ye ?

YEH. Oh!

EMPEROR. Secure his arms, and bring the traitor hither.

That with our royal frown we may him wither.

CAPT. What good's a frown ? There punch his head, (*strikes him*)

YANG. Just so.

CAPT. Like that, (*strikes him*) and that, and that.

YEH. I'm done for—oh!

(*dies—the EMPEROR making quite sure that YEH is dead, gives him a blow on the ribs, and exclaims*)

EMPEROR. The victory's mine!

CAPT. My final blow has won it.

EMPEROR. 'Twas almost done as well as if we'd done it.

But truth for sure, that hit was not *a-miss*

EMPRESS. Reward the valiant Captain then for this.

EMPEROR. We'll keep our word, *what ne'er before we've done,*

Rise, minister and treasurer, all in one.

EMPRESS. Emperor once more, now seek your throne of state,

But first upon our royal daughter wait.

(*PRINCESS and YANG-POO come forward*)

Song.—Air, " Villikins and his Dinah:"

PRINCESS. Oh, papa, oh, papa, I've made up my mind,

To marry just now I feel strongly inclined,

My cats and my rats I'll hand over to you,

If you give me for a husband the gallant Yang-Poo.

*Dance and Chorus.—*Ching a ring ching, ching a ring ching,

ching a ring ching, ching chi, &c.

YANG. Oh, Emperor, great Emperor, just look at my style,
Examine my pigtail, and glance at my tile;
You'll not find such a swell all through China's
broad lands.

I'll take daughter and fortune clean off your hands.

*Dance and Chorus.—*Ching a ring, &c.

EMPRESS. Oh, Emperor, great Emperor, his suit don't deny,

If you say no, they're sure to elope on the sly;

My daughter's like me, so don't prove her foe, pa!

Or to pay out her parent she'll make a *faux pas*.

*Dance and Chorus.—*Ching a ring, &c.

EMPEROR. Oh, daughter, fair daughter! Oh, wife of this chest!

And you lucky fellow, I grant your request,

As *pater-familias*, 'tis far the best plan,

To get off my daughter as fast as I can.

*Dance and Chorus.—*Ching a ring, &c.

EMPRESS. These young folks single long enough have tarried,
 EMPEROR. I take the hint; at once we'll get 'em married.

We'll make their wedding quite a *bright* affair;
 A gorgeous feast of lanterns straight prepare,
 To shew our friends the father's in the right of it,
 He feels his heavy loss, and so *makes light* of it.

EMPEROR. (*sings*) I am the mighty Chang-Ching-Fou!

CHORUS. Cock-a-doodle—doodle—do!

YEH. (*sitting up sings*) Cock-a-doodle—doodle—do!

(EMPEROR and COURTIERS *rush to side in great fright*
but the CAPTAIN in dumb show reassures the EMPEROR,
and singing is resumed)

EMPEROR. I am the mighty Chang-Ching-Fou!
 And cock-a-doodle—doodle—do!

YEH. (*dancing*) Cock-a-doodle—doodle—do!

EMPEROR. (*frightened*) A spectre, oh!

YANG. Are you alive or dead?

YEH. Alive and kicking.

EMPEROR. Then chop off his head.

(GUARDS *advance towards* YEH)

PRINCESS. Stay, I implore! don't grace my wedding, pray!

With *chops* and *calfs head* spoil my *dejeuner*.

No, no; put up your blades, and cease all altercation.

Refer the matter to the arbitration

Of our kind friends in front.

ALL. Agreed!

YEH. My fate—

(*to audience*) Then rests with you. Be kind—be moderate.

I've been a villain deep—yet feel no sorrow,

And, if you're pleased, will be as bad to-morrow.

Finale.—Concerted Piece.—Air, "Whisper of Love Waltz"
Montgomery.

In fear and doubt we stand,
 Lend us a kindly hand;
 Oh, prythee smile,
 Our hearts beguile;
 Say we have pleased to-night,
 And fill us with delight.
 Your smiles rain on us,
 Look in again on us;
 Go, tell all your friends, indeed and you should,
 Our piece is but little, but little and good.

Curtain.