

PLEASE TO REMEMBER THE
GROTTO;

OR,

THE MANAGERESS IN A FIX.

*A Metamorphosed Ollapodridical, Boy and Gal-limaufrical
Extravaganzical, Pantomimical and entirely Non-
descriptical Rehearsal,*

BY

JOHN OXFENFORD, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF

"Twice Killed," "A Day Well Spent," "A Family Failing," "Only a Half-
penny," "The Dice of Death," "Reigning Favourite," "Rape of the
Lock," "I and my Double," "A Quiet Day," "No Followers,"
"What have I done!" "Porter's Knot," "Uncle Zachary,"
"My Fellow Clerk," "Sam's Arrival," "Beauty or the
Beast," "Billing; and Coing," "A Cleft
Stick, &c., &c., &c."

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

THEATRICAL PUBLISHER,

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LEGITIMATE COMEDIAN ... (who, trusting still to be comic, waives his legitimacy for this occasion only) ... Mr. FRANK MATTHEWS.
 LEGITIMATE LOW COMEDIAN ... (who strong in his sense of self-respect, sinks lower than he ever sank before) ... Mr. F. ROBSON.
 LEGITIMATE COMEDIENNE (being deeply moved by the sound of her own voice, invokes *Terpsichore* to her aid) ... Miss A. COLLINSON.

Characters in Rehearsal of the Pantomime.

DANDO (a rapacious devourer of Oysters, who, having exterminated many natives, at last meets a settler—*afterwards Harlequin*) ... Mr. F. CHARLES.
 STOUT SHELL } (two contumacious Oysters, resolved not to submit to any rules—*afterwards* } Mr. FRANK MATTHEWS.
 SHELL STOUT } *Clown and Pantaloon* } Mr. F. ROBSON.
 SIREN AND HER SISTER ... (Spirits in water—the former *afterwards Columbine*) ... Miss A. COLLINSON.
 CHARITY ... (a Fairy, who, living in a Grotto, begins at home, and ends there likewise) ... Miss HYDE.
 OYSTERS ... Messrs. BEARD, EARLY PEARLY, WHITSTABLE, &c., &c.

Programme of Scenery and Incidents.

SCENE 1.—THE STAGE.

The Managers in a fix—what shall we do for a Christmas Piece?—Appearance of Peter Patch, who proposes a Pantomime—Magnanimous sacrifice of professional dignity—a Legitimate Company consents after strong remonstrances, to play in Harlequinade.

SCENE 2.—MARGARET SANDS.

An unexpected rise in oysters—Arrival of the Devourer—Union is strength—Dando is forced to "Remember the Grotto"—the Tale of a Mermaid—an Oyster crosses Love.

TRANSFORMATION OF CHARACTERS.

SCENE 3.—A STREET.

"The St. James's Trip," (The Golden Secret) Mr. F. Charles and Miss A. Colinson.
A fall in glass—Quiet Apartments are taken by two Aspirants for public fame—Early Closing Movement—Going to bed but not to sleep—Music's lullaby and a house on fire.

SCENE 4. CORAL CAVES OF THE OCEAN,

WITH SPORTIVE NAIADS SKIMMING O'ER THE DEEP.

Gallant and gaily on the waves riding,	Warble a chorus, passing before us,
Spirits of ocean come to my call;	Skimming the green when the moon-beams sleep,
Nightly and daily through the deep gliding,	Hollow shells sounding echo rebounding,
Swift as in motion ye circle this ball,	Charms in pleasure the turbulent deep.

General Reconciliation, and the Pantomime carried nem. con.

PLEASE TO REMEMBER THE GROTTO;
OR,
THE MANAGERESS IN A FIX.

SCENE FIRST.—*The Stage.*

Enter the MANAGERESS, R.

MANAG. Through all the employments of life, where is there one so full of trouble and vicissitude as that of a theatrical manager? especially in a time of free trade and universal competition, (*sits down*) I'll say nothing of rivals in the same trade, or even of two monster opera houses, both open at Christmas, or of dramatic band-boxes suddenly flung open in obscure nooks and corners. Live and let live! but the swarm of antagonists that don't belong to the craft; Terpsichorean music halls, warranted to supply the best stout, and exhibit the most irresistible *corps de ballet*; two magicians with a basket trick a-piece, and a woman butchered every night; a brace of giants, each taller than the other; a sphinx that has come all the way from Egypt, and, unlike Bo-Peep's flock, leaves its tail behind it; scientific ghosts and instructive magic lanterns; nigger minstrels, who sing the sweetest melodies and talk the purest Joe Miller. And last, not least, Shakesporean readings, pronounced by the faculty to be the finest of narcotics. What a formidable band to contend against, and here I am at the latter end of December without a Christmas piece.

Enter STAGE MANAGER, R., with various papers.

Well, Mr. Sanger, what have you brought?

STAGE MAN. Very bad news, ma'am. The licenser puts his veto on the "Treble Dilemma."

MANAG. Bad news, indeed. That was to have been my great sensation for the spring. What's the objection?

STAGE MAN. Well, I need not remind you that the heroine, Lady Theresa Strychnine, marries a third husband while the first two are living.

MANAG. Of course not. The appearance of both the happy victims at the wedding breakfast is the grand situation of the second act.

STAGE MAN. Well, the licenser says he don't object to bigamy, but that three husbands carry the joke a little too far.

MANAG. Umph! there may be something in that. Still I regret the piece—the view of the Thames near Greenwich, with the Trafalgar by moonlight, and the removal of the two surviving husbands by means of poisoned white bait, would be singularly effective.

STAGE MAN. Suppose we cut out one of the husbands, ma'am ?

MANAG. Ah, not a bad thought; husbands *are* cut out sometimes. We shall get rid of a difficulty too; our first and second light comedians have been quarrelling for the last fortnight as to which ought to be Lord Laudanum, and which Sir Stephen Strychnine; they may toss up for the remaining one of the two. As for the irresistible third husband, Sir Serpent Smoothly, he can belong to our elegant villain as before. Besides, the "Treble Dilemma," can wait. Anything new ?

STAGE MAN. Here's an adaptation from the French, in five acts and sixteen tableaux, entitled the "Pink of the Profession."

MANAG. The Pink of the Profession is a lady I presume ?

STAGE MAN. On the contrary, a most polished gentleman. The piece requires one actor, one horse, and one hundred supernumeraries; the scenery is to be on the new principle, shut up like an umbrella and slip into the prompter's great coat pocket.

MANAG. I'm afraid that won't suit me ; but the author need not despair, very likely he will find a manager somewhere. But what's that heavy looking affair?

STAGE MAN. Oh, this ? This is a domestic drama of the intensely real school, entitled "Guy's Hospital." The principal character is run over by an omnibus, and has his leg amputated in the presence of the audience; the hospital

scene will be further enlivened by the delivery of two chemical lectures.

MANAG. Horrible thing ; take it away.

STAGE MAN. Think twice about it, ma'am; the author says it's sure to turn up some hostile oratory in the stalls, and in that event he promises to write no end of strong letters to the newspapers. You'll get a deal of advertising done for nothing, that way, ma'am.

MANAG. You may be right, but I don't think I'll risk it; anything else ?

STAGE MAN. A Roman tragedy, in five acts, of blank verse, with no change of scene; it's called " Mutius Scoevo-la."

MANAG. Ah, Mutius Scoevo-la was a great man; he burned off his own band, but he shan't persuade me to burn my fingers. On to the next.

STAGE MAN. " The Child of the Moon."

MANAG. Not a bad title. Is it intended for some infant Roscius?

STAGE MAN. Bless you, no, " The Child of the Moon" is intended for a lady, who, in light summer costume, will jump on the back of a fiery steed, gallop up the Mountains of the Moon, and disappear among the flies.

MANAG. What is the object of her visit ?

STAGE MAN. She goes on a visit to her father, the man in the moon, as far as I can make out, but the plot is rather obscure.

MANAG. Ah, that moon won't do without a very special star, and I want to employ my company. Is there nothing like a burlesque?

STAGE MAN. There is a burlesque, but it's a very solemn one, ma'am ; the poet takes a severe view of his subject, sets his words to classical tunes, reduces the dances to a grand minuet without the gavotte, and perpetrates puns that take half an hour to understand—riddles that only an Oedipus could solve.

MANAG. (*rises and crosses to L.*) Ah, all the Oedipuses in London are occupied with Colonel Stodare's sphinx; but what's to be done ? We are on the very threshold of Christmas, and as Christmas, thank goodness, comes but once a year, we ought to be prepared for the melancholy occasion.

Enter PATCH, up a trap, c, he nearly tumbles forward.

PATCH. Try a pantomime! (*bawls down trap*) I say, you down there, if you don't put up a trap better than that, you'll be hanged some day for murdering a ghost.

STAGE MAN. (*crosses to R.*) The rogue is true to his appointment.

MANAG. Angels and ministers of grace defend us I What strange apparition is this ?

PATCH. No apparition at all, but an inventor of apparitions in general, originator of all effects, dramatic, melo-dramatic, optical, and polytechnic—the great source of all fantasy, the Fenian head of illusion.

MANAG. Might I be favoured with your name, gifted being ?

PATCH. Certainly! I am Peter Patch of Pimlico, poet, painter, prompter, and performer—principally proud of the province of pantomime—my preceptors have been purely professionals—my mother was a mute, my dad a dummy. Scarcely was I born than I was pushed up a trap-door to take my first glimpse of the world, and I was taught to walk upon a slide. I took my pap out of a property goblet, and when I was a good boy, I was rewarded with a property apple; but don't let me tell any more about myself. As I said before try a pantomime, but let *me* get it up. Egad, I've so much pantomimic fire about me, that I'll make your house look like the grand scene in the " Streets of London."

MANAG. Well, I am ashamed to say, Mr. Patch, that I never heard your name before.

PATCH. Likely enough, madam; my merit is of the modest kind, and depend upon it, when merit is of the modest kind, the world is ready enough to encourage it in the practice of that virtue. My name is obscure, my achievements shine in the capital and glimmer in the provinces. Mr. Pepper says he invented his own ghost. Did he? I don't say he didn't ! Nevertheless—General Tom Thumb and Commodore Nutt say that they keep little; Chang and Anak boast that they grow big of their own accord. Do they ? Possibly you never heard of my repressing wash and my expanding lotion.

MANAG. No. Now really, Mr. Patch, your pantomime,

excellent as it may be, would be no service to me. If you would but exercise your pantomimic talent by descending through the trap by which you came, you would so much oblige me.

PATCH. What! you won't even listen to the plot of my pantomime? You won't have such a treat every day.

MANAG. I trust not.

PATCH. You see, mine is a pantomime with a purpose. In this practical age every thing must have a purpose; even my clown does not say "Here we are," but gravely asks, "How do you make both ends meet this Christmas?" I change a dirty little public house into a magnificent music hall, a drinking fountain into a gin palace, a tailor's bill into a writ, and the tailor himself into a sheriff's officer, a superb mansion in Belgravia into a view of the Bankruptcy Court, Bartlemy fair into the Sydenham glass house, and a liberal conservative into a conservative liberal. The last change I should tell you is nearly imperceptible.

MANAG. Well, all this sounds rather promising and extremely expensive, but you see this is not the theatre for pantomime.

PATCH. So much the better, you'll have all the charm of novelty. Talk about the right man in the right place, give me the right man in the wrong place if I wish to produce a sensation.

MANAG. There may be something in that. Reverend gentlemen, who can get no one to listen to their sermons, betake themselves to a theatre, where no one can be persuaded to see a play; the combined attraction is wonderful; pit, boxes and gallery crowded every night.

PATCH. Well, madam, as you seem to be convinced at last, and nothing is wanted but tricks, music, scenery and dresses, we may as well begin rehearsals at once.

MANAG. What before the piece has been read or even accepted?

PATCH. Bless you, I'm assured of the acceptance as a matter of course, and not only has it been read, but the parts are copied and in the hands of the actors.

MANAG. By whose authority pray?

PATCH. By the authority of your excellent and undutiful stage-manager. Ah, that gentleman, though I say

it before his face, that gentleman is a jewel that ought to be set—

MANAG. To be set down a peg or two if he goes on in this way. Just allow me to ask one question—do you two imagine I am nobody in this theatre ?

PATCH. No, ma'am no, quite the contrary; we have the most profound respect for your authority; but we thought you did not care so much about pantomime, nevertheless, if you have a particular fancy to play Columbine, I shall be only too happy to alter the cast.

MANAG. (*crosses to R.*) Don't talk nonsense, sir, this is a very serious matter, and I regard it in a very serious light. I say, Mr. Sanger, do you know anything of all this?

STAGE MAN. Of all what, madam ?

MANAG. Of this ridiculous pantomime, that is so singularly devoid of an introduction, even to my notice.

STAGE MAN. Well, Miss Herbert, to tell you the truth, I do. Seeing there was no chance of anything else, I jumped at our friend's pantomime. The first scene is set, and we are just going to rehearse.

PATCH. Thank'ee for the compliment.

MANAG. Of course, Mr. Sanger, you have engaged a pantomimic company without my authority ? If so, you may pay them out of your own pocket.

PATCH. He couldn't invest his money in a better speculation, madam.

MANAG. And, then, you may take them to some other house. Sooner than produce that maniac's pantomime on my boards—I'll close the house !

PATCH. That's the very thing you'll have to do, madam, if you don't bring it out.

STAGE MAN. My dear madam, don't let us lose our own naturally sweet tempers—not a single extra performer has been engaged. We have cast the pantomime with your own company.

MANAG. My own company! You must have caught them in a very docile mind; it has never been my good fortune to find them so compliant. Who's to play harlequin?

PATCH. My excellent friend, Mr. Charles, has consented. We had some little trouble about the dress, but we squeezed him into it at last.

MANAG. Poor creature ! How did you manage ?

PATCH. We got him on two chairs and shook him into it.

MANAG. But how did you persuade him to submit to the process ?

Enter MR. CHARLES, R., dressed as Harlequin, but without a mask.

MR. CHARLES. They didn't persuade me at all, it was done by main force—and I'll bring my action for assault and battery—look here, madam, I have a great respect for your property, a still greater respect for you, and the greatest respect of all for myself; but before I play this part I'll be——

MANAG. Mr. Charles ?

MR. C. Don't be particularly shocked, madam; I was only going to say "smothered." Though my line is legitimate, I have sometimes fooled away an hour by looking at a pantomime, and I have found out that a harlequin is not only a most objectionable part, but also the worst in the piece. Madam, do you suppose that this head so richly stocked with brains will consent to twirl itself round like a teetotum in the last state of exhaustion ? What's harlequin ? a thing of shreds and patches, who never gets a hand except when he jumps through a panel. Fancy me jumping through a panel ! Why I should stick in the middle, like an over-fed rat in the cranny of a barn door.

MANAG. Well, my dear Mr. Charles, I am as much opposed to this pantomime scheme as yourself, but since we have gone so far, or rather since other people have gone so far for me I think we had better carry it out.

Mr. C. Carry it out ! you'll have to carry me out on a shutter.

Mr. MATTHEWS. (*behind scenes*) No ! it wont do ! it shan't do ! I'm not going to be made a fool of !

Enter MR. MATTHEWS, L., in Clowns' dress, painted on one side of his face, which he keeps away from the audience.
Now, madam, I have submitted to play no end of bad parts, but I'm not going to disguise myself in this fashion. Why the public wont know me !

MANAG. Surely, Mr. Matthews, I need not remind you

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that the greatest achievement is performed, when the artist, is lost in the part he personates?

MR. M. Oh, yes, that's all very fine in a high art critique, but it won't persuade a legitimate comedian that he ought to sing "Hot Codlins " and "Tippitiwicheh."

MANAG. Does not the melancholy sage say " Motley's your only wear."

MR. M. Well, then, let him play clown himself, as he's so fond of it. Give the part to your leading tragedian.

PATCH. But, my dear Mr. Matthews, you'll make a decided hit.

MR. M. Yes, I shall presently; a very decided hit indeed, and it will be at your head. Hollo, Charles. So you have been and gone and done it, have you? I wonder which looks the biggest fool, you or I? What do you think of this for a mug? (*turns face*) Here we are.

PATCH. But you'll paint both sides of your face?

MR. M. Certainly not; you ought to be much obliged to me for meeting you half way. If I play clown it shall be an original one.

PATCH. Well, I suppose I must submit, now. Gentlemen of the orchestra, a few bars, if you please. No, stop. Where is the Pantaloon?

Enter MR. ROBSON. as Pantaloon, R.

MR. R. Look here, ma'am; do you call this becoming?

MANAG. Well, I don't know, the appearance is aged and venerable, I have seen some actors make King Lear look extremely like it.

MR. R. I trust, at any rate, ma'am, you won't let my name appear in the bills; though I have consented to play the part, there's no occasion to tell the public what a fool you are making me.

MR. M. Come, come, that won't do; the fool was ready made at all events.

MR. C. Yes; you may put down Pantaloon played by himself.

MR. R. What do you mean by those remarks, gentlemen?

MANAG. Oh, pray don't quarrel! my nerves are terribly unstrung already. I am afraid your name must appear.

MR. R. Well, at any rate you can tell them in good

legible type that I have kindly condescended to undertake the part.

MR. M. You condescend! Well, I like that: why it's rather a lift than otherwise! What is to be said of my condescension?

MR. C. Aye, and of mine?

MANAG. Gentlemen—gentlemen, pray keep your tempers, and pray let me retire to my box; I have not the least wish to stand in the way of the comic business.

MR. M. Thankee, ma'am. We shall have what every true Briton likes—a clear stage.

MANAG. I fear you'll also find what every Briton affects to like—no favour. *Exit, L.*

PATCH. Now then for the bars of music. Pant, you there; Patchy, you there; Joey, you here, and I'll be Columbine till thereal one comes.

MR. M. That lady is always after her time.—Here goes then.

(Music.—PATCH runs round stage—MR. CHARLES (as Harlequin) trips round, bats MR. MATTHEWS, who pulls chair away from MR. ROBSON, as he is about to sit down—MR. ROBSON, while falling, aims a blow at MR. MATTHEWS, which falls on PATCH—MR. CHARLES knocks his head against side of proscenium, all slowly recover themselves, each mournfully rubbing their injured part)

MR. C. I say, is this what you call the first rally?

MR. M. If it is, I vote that we don't have a second.

PATCH. No, gentlemen, no, it's not the first rally, and if it was, you need not give Columbine a black eye.

MR. C. Well, well, this hopping and skipping about is very well in its way, but have you no grand situations; nothing to bring me out?

PATCH. Plenty, plenty, sir. Just read your part.

MR. C. *(reads)* "Harlequin is carried up by the tail of a kite, and when he has reached the top of the stage drops on Pantaloon."

MR. R. I'm not going to stand that.

MR. M. You had better not. You'll be smashed unless he misses you.

MR. C. Oh, this ought to be done by a dummy.

MR. R. And my business ought to be done by a dummy too.

MR. M. Then don't grumble, for the situation must be admirably suited to you both.

MR. C. Here's more of it! (*reads*) " Descends through trap and returns enveloped in flames—Clown to extinguish him throws him into a cascade of real water with sufficient force to make a splash, and convince the Audience that there is no illusion."

MR. M. Oh, that's capital business—capital! I shall do it with the greatest pleasure, (*snatches manuscript*) And look, this is better still; I'm to run you through the body with a red hot poker, cut off your head, arms, and legs, and stick you against the wall till you come all right again. How admirably this piece improves as we warm into it.

MR. C. Oh, stuff! I shall throw up my part.

MR. R. And so shall I!

MR. M. Well, gentlemen, if you don't know your duty, I do; I cheerfully consent to sacrifice myself for the amusement of a benevolent and enlightened public.

MISS COLINSON. (*behind scenes*) It's no use! I cannot proceed till I have spoken to Miss Herbert!

Enter Miss COLINSON in a rage, L.

PATCH. Well, my dear Miss C, what is the grievance?

MISS C. Just look here; I thought I was to have a principal part in this piece, and they have set me down for a mermaid—a sort of character that ought to be played by a property.

MR. M. Look closer, perhaps it's a milkmaid.

MR. C. Or a barmaid.

MR. R. Or the Maid of Orleans, or the Maid and the Magpie, without the magpie.

PATCH. Now, before you begin to grumble, just read.

MISS C. (*reads*) " To enter up to the chin in water—"

PATCH. Not real water, mind; only profile waves.

MR. C. You are better off than I ———

MISS C. " Up to the chin in water, with a comb and a glass, and when she is half seas over—" Me? lud! I never was guilty of such a thing in my life!

PATCH. Pray, go on.

MR. M. (*as Clown, reads*) "And when she is half seas over she changes to Columbine."

Miss C. Oh! that's quite another matter, I did not know of the Columbine.

MR. C. You'll fit the part so admirably.

MR. M. Such an excellent match for the Harlequin.

Miss C. Stop! I am not sure I am so fond of the part after all. Could not you let me have a speech or two? You allow the Clown to say, "Here we are," and you might as well give a line to the Columbine.

MR. C. Line! give her a rope, and then she'll——

Miss C. None of your impertinence, Mr. Charles.

PATCH. A talking Columbine is so utterly without precedent.

Miss C. So much the better—I'll create the character.

MR. C. You see, Mr. Patch, it comes to this—Is ours a profession or is it not? Nobody in the the world is less ambitious of talking than I am, still the sound of one's own sweet voice is so very agreeable.

Miss C. And to hop about the stage without uttering a single word is decidedly unfeminine; besides, it must be so pleasant to speak in a pantomime. The more I think the matter over, the more I am convinced I ought to have a speech.

PATCH. Well—we'll see about it. What sort of speech shall it be?

Miss C. Humph! suppose we say a little soliloquy!

PATCH. Something about—about—eh?——

MR. M. That's it exactly.

Miss C. Something to raise attention at the outset—vacant look—darkling eye—sarcastic smile—and determined brow—then jealousy—spiteful mirth—that I may smile, and murder while I smile.

PATCH. You shall have it. Now for the quartette and then we'll start in due form.

Quartette.—Air, "Early in the Morning."

MR. C. Early in the morning, why we came to-day,
We'd be very glad to know.

Miss C. If, sir, you call a Pantomime a Play,
Our opinions differ.

ALL. Yes—just so.

Song.—" *Paddle your own Canoe.*"

I've bothered my brain a deal in my time,
 I've fretted till all is blue,
 At Tragedy, Comedy, Pantomime,
 To hit upon something new.
 Effects full a score I've invented and more,
 But I'm told they will not do ;
 They've been done before, what a dreadful bore,
 The cry is for something new.
 Ghosts, limelights, murders—all are stale,
 Seduction and bigamy too ;—
 Oh, under the sun there is novelty none !
 The proverb is old but true.

For things fresh and bright I still am in search,
 Can any one give me a clue?
 'Tis hard if at last I'm left in the lurch,
 While hunting for something new.
 Some joke newly crack'd, some startling fact,
 A story that's known to few,
 I'll cheerfully work into a tableau or act—
 But it must be a little new.

Ghosts, limelights, murders, &c. *Exit, L.*

SCENE SECOND.—*Sea-beach, with a long series of profile, waves; several gigantic oysters, two of them enclosing CLOWN, L., and PANTALOON, R.,—come forward.*

MR. M. (*lifting up shell, L.*) I say, Mr. Patch, what's the name of this Pantomime?

PATCH, (C.) Ah, I forgot to tell you, " Remember the Grotto; or, Harlequin and the Fourth of August." It refers to an ancient period of British history. You should be aware that although in the present enlightened times you can eat oysters when you like——

MR. M. Can I though, when they are eighteenpence a dozen!

PATCH. Pshaw! hear me out. In old times it was otherwise, and before a particular day you could not get an oyster for love or money.

MR. M. Well, it is only by the latter of these expedients that we get them now.

PATCH. If you'll just have the kindness not to poke your fun so often—it will be all worn out before the first night of performance. Dykwinkyn has discovered by profound research that King Caractacus passed a law prohibiting, under penalty of death, the sale or consumption of a single oyster before the fourth of August.

MR. M. Yes, I remember; and about the same time Boadicea passed a law forbidding a single grouse to be shot before the twelfth.

PATCH. Come, at this rate we shan't have done till midnight. This, you will understand, is supposed to be the fourth of August, and the oysters knowing that the habitual massacre is at hand, and growing weary of the oppression of man, have determined to rise.

MR. M. Rise! What, did they get to more than eighteen pence a dozen in the reign of Caractacus?

PATCH. Now, we've had quite enough of your oyster sauce. The oysters rebel, and you are the ringleader—a sort of John Hampden.

MR. M. It will be more in keeping with the subject if I am a sort of John Pym in Cheapside, or Wilton in Ryder-street.

PATCH. Tut, tut. Dando now appears and puts the oysters to flight.

MR. M. Who is Dando?

PATCH. An ancient Briton, equally famed for his devouring love of oysters and his stern repugnance to pay the fishmonger. The business now explains itself.

(a boat passes in the foreground with MR. CHARLES as Dando, a swell of George IV.'s time, and a living vinegar cruet, L., and peppercastor, R.—they jump on shore and attempt to capture the OYSTERS, who all scream and run off, R. and L., except MR. MATTHEWS, who falls down in his shell, L.)

MR. C. *(in despair at their escape)* Only one for a man used to twelve dozen!

MR. M. Don't eat me—I'm too big for a native!

MR. C. You're too small for my appetite, but large enough for my vengeance.

Duett.—Kafoozleum.

- MR. C. Oyster, do not thus retreat!
 Oyster, you've no right to feet—
 Oyster, you were made to eat.
 Oh, kafoozleum, kafoozleum, kafoozleum ;
 Oh, kafoozleum, fol th' riddle I do.
(repeat and dance)
- MR. R. Man ! to you our death is fun ;
 But when oysters have to run,
 Then they think of number one !
 Oh, kafoozleum, &c.
- MR. C. Oyster, pray behave as such ;
 Oyster, why avoid my touch ?
 Oyster, I won't hurt you much.
 Oh, kafoozleum, &c.
- MR. R. Tempt me not, bewitching swell,
 Though I'm sure you mean me well,
 Yet I'd rather trust my shell.
 Fol th' riddle I do.
 Oh, kafoozleum, &c. *(dance)*

PATCH. The oysters bent on vengeance, construct a Grotto hard as adamant, *(a Grotto of the sort made by street boys rises in the middle of the water)* Capital! fine effect! *(MR. CHARLES re-appears in boat in the same groove with Grotto)* The boat of the devourer strikes against Grotto and sinks, *(this happens)* When a beautiful Siren appears!

Enter, among waves, Miss COLINSON as a Mermaid, with a comb in one hand and a glass of negus in the other.

Miss C. All right, beautiful Siren, that's I!

PATCH. Why, Miss C, what in the world do you mean by that alarmingly strong glass of brandy and water?

Miss C. Oh, fie ! Mr. Patch, it's port wine negus!

PATCH. But, grog or negus—

Miss C. It's quite right; my part says, "Enter,  a comb in one hand and a glass in the other."

PATCH. Confound it. I meant a mirror !

MR. M. (*peeps up from wave*) I approve the change; she may contrive to give us a sip now and then; and it's dreadfully dry work here under water.

PATCH. Well, you can alter that in the evening.

Miss C. Nothing of the sort. The evenings are fright, fully chilly!

Enter MR. ROBSON (as Pantaloon) L. 1 E.

MR. M. Of course ; so the negus is carried *nem. con. !*

MR. R. The negus is carried *nem. con.!*

PATCH. The Siren sees the drowning youth.

MR. C. (*peeps up*) I'd better put my head up a little, or I shall be too deep for her.

PATCH. She calls a sister to assist her.

Miss C. What do you mean, by a sister to a sister ? Are there to be three of us ?

PATCH. No—no—only another beside yourself; when I say a sister to assist her, I mean to aid her.

Another SIREN appears, R.—they raise MR. CHARLES from water and glide off, and re-appear with him near the front.

Now music—beautiful situation, isn't it? The dramatic action is resumed—first Siren and Dando embrace—second Siren meaning to do as she would be done by, sinks through trap—two oysters come forward, open their shells a little, one nips Siren, the other secures her young man—despair of lovers—exultation of oysters in general! (*all this is done by the CHARACTERS—the minor OYSTERS rush in on both sides*) Suddenly the good fairy, Charity, dressed as a Charity Boy, rises from the top of the grotto, (*a very fancy CHARITY BOY rises as indicated*) and by short, but pithy verses, effects the transformation.

CHARITY. (C.) Please, sir, I've dropped my part among the waving billows.

MR. M. Then send to the Polytechnic, and borrow Mr. Pepper's diving bell.

PATCH. You can't call the part lost when you know where it is; perhaps you have heard of the story of the Irish sailor, who, having dropped a kettle—

A general groan—minor OYSTERS hurry off, R. and L

MR. M. Come, come, none of your old Joes here—
take them to the burlesque writers. (MR. ROBSON *gives*
part to CHARITY BOY)

CHARITY. Ah, here's the part, after all. Oyster, you're
a duck of diamonds; may your beard never grow less,
and may you never lose your pearl.

MR. M. No, as you came so opportunely, you shall be
called Early Pearl.

PATCH. Come, come, transform—transform !

CHARITY. (*speaking rapidly*) "Remember the grotto"

Is always my motto.

You, siren so fine,

Become Columbine.

You, Dando, begin

To be Harlequin.

You, oyster, shall soon

Be old Pantaloon.

And you cheer the town,

As side-splitting Clown. (*all change*)

SCENE THIRD.—*Two Lodging Homes.*

(*trips and comic business*)

Transformation Scene.—Finale.