

WHITTINGTON, JUNIOR,

AND

HIS SENSATION CAT.

An Original Civic Burlesque.

WRITTEN BY

R. REECE,

(Member of the Dramatic Authors' Society),

AUTHOR OF

Brown and the Brahmins; Undine; The Stranger, Stranger than Ever;
Prometheus, or the Man on the Rock; Castle Grim; Love's Limit; Ulf
the Minstrel, or the Player, the Princess, and the Prophecy; Lady of
the Lake Plaid in a New Tartan; Guy Mannering Disguised; A
Game of Dominoes; A Wild Cherry; Farewell of the Fairies;
Knights of the Cross; Ros na Foil; Wicklow Rose;
Gulliver in Lilliput; Our Quiet Chateau; Last of the
Paladins; The Ambassador; A Public Dinner;
Agamemnon and Cassandra, or the Prophet
and Loss of Troy; On the Road; Fancy
Fair; Tale of a Moderator; &c. &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

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First produced at the New Royalty Theatre (under the management of Miss Henrietta Hodson) on
Wednesday, 23rd November, 1870.

WHITTINGTON, JUNIOR,

AND HIS SENSATION CAT.

Written by R. REECE, Author of "Brown and the Brahmins;" "Undine;" "The Stranger, Stranger than Ever;" &c.

The magnificent New Scenery by Mr. GEORGE GORDON, Mr. HARPOD, and Assistants. The Gorgeous Historical Dresses by Mr. S. MAY. The Music selected by Mr. SCHOENING, from rare MSS. of the time of Richard the Second and *Ye Late Players' Manual*. N.B.—No Music later than the Fourteenth Century has been admitted.

Characters.

SIR HIGHBURY DE BARNE (*A Civic Scell of the Period, the best looking Knight of his Day, in love with Rosemarye*) ... Miss RACHEL SANGER.
 ALDERMAN CALLIPASH (*Grocer and Alderman of the Period, a very much older man than his wife by some winters*) ... Mr. OLIVER SUMMERS.
 DICK WHITTINGTON (*A new Version of a famous Character, in fact, the Author has quite altered Whittington's tone*) ... Miss HENRIETTA HODSON.
 FITZBABBAGE } (*The Alderman's Apprentices, of course in love with Rosemarye*) { Mr. C. FLOCKTON.
 JOHN PHILPOT } Miss FANNIE LENG.

OZOKERIT BEN ZODYNE (*The Emperor of Morocco, and also of the Period—as far as we know—but Burlesque is superior to the dull realities of History*) ... Mr. ARTHUR WOOD.
 MULEY (*Black Guard to the Emperor—a Slave, but still a Man and—ha! ha! a Brother!*) ... Mr. A. BISHOP.
 ALI BROWN WINDSOR (*Chamberlain of the Court of Algiers, from a print of the Period*) ... Mr. F. SULLIVAN.
 BINNACLE ... (*A Sailor of the Period—1st Mate of the "Kafsoozeum"*) ... Miss MINNIE HARFORD.
 BLOCKS ... (*A Boatswain*) ... Miss PHILLIPS.
 THE MYSTERIOUS MARINER (*A Heavy Father of the Period—really the—but this surprise is reserved*) ...
 Mrs. ALDERMAN CALLIPASH (*a well preserved Lady of the Period, whom her Spouse playfully calls his Turtle-dove*) ... Mrs. C. TELLETT.
 ROSEMARYE (*Her Daughter, the famous Belle of Bow, ready for a King*) ... Miss KATE EGERTON.
 RAHATLAKOUM (*The Pride of Algiers—the Fairest Thing, whose eyes could tight a hemisphere of—"Oh! bosh!"*) ... Miss MAUD HOWARD.
 THE CAT (*emphatically the Cat; Archæology nowhere, as we must have him in the bill*) ... Master ABRAHAMS.
Sailors, Dancing Girls, and other Auxiliaries of the Period, copied from contemporaneous prints.

Programme of Scenery and Incidents.

SCENE I.—THE ALDERMAN'S SHOP IN CHEAPSIDE.

They called it a "Shop" in those days—a Family Circle—Sir Highbury looks round too—why Dick objected to the shop—the Bells!—the Mysterious Arrival—the Compact—the Skipper and his Boy—Dick makes up his knapsack—Rose makes up her mind, and the Cat thinks a good deal—the Dismissal (History is cheerful up to this time.)

SCENE II.—OLD LONDON, FROM HIGHGATE HILL.

Dick's escape and soliloquy—the Hopper and the Skipper—the Cat still meditating—the Pursuit!—Away!—Why the Alderman and party went to Highgate, and how they decided to go down again—Revenge!—A Balloon! (History, hitherto smiling, is now disgusted.)

SCENE III.—THE QUAY AT QUEENHITHE AND OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

History recovers a little—the Outward Bound—a Momentous Question!—a Dinner Duet—a *pinet* gained and a *quart-ette*—the Alderman urges on his furious career—Sir Highbury shows he is of long descent—the meditative Cat put his foot in it—the Prisoner of War!—the Appeal!—the Cat makes up his mind at last—the Last Appeal!—the Leap for Life!—Good bye to England!—the *Pass-suit*!—(History very doubtful.)

SCENE IV.—THE EMPEROR'S PALACE AT ALGIERS.

An introduction to Court—*Sick Iter*—News of the invasion by Rats—the Compact kept!—the Cat acts up to History (who is delighted)—all is safe but fly, fly!—Approach of the dilapidated Pursuers—the Overland Route—a Summons to the Court (not the County Court!—Now for it—(History nowhere.)

SCENE V.—Grand Audience Hall in the Palace, Algiers.

A Popular Movement (by the Ballet)—the Interview—the Claim—the Decision—Extraordinary Denouement—(Disgrust of History)—the Postal Card—(History Delirious)—Three times Lord Mayor!—Triumph of History, and preparations for what we hope the Managers will obtain

A P L E A S A N T B E T U R N ! ! !

WHITTINGTON JUNIOR,
AND
HIS SENSATION CAT!



SCENE FIRST.—*Interior of the Alderman's Warehouse— every description of grocery, &c, displayed in tins, jars, fyc—placards with "Try the Royal Blacking," " Sea Moss Farine," &c—fire-place, old-fashioned, L., at which are MRS. CALLIPASH and ROSEMARYE, the CAT sitting before them—R. and L. &c. door in flat two high desks, at which FITZBABBAGE, L., and PHILPOTT, R., are busy—the ALDERMAN between them, reading out items.*

Air—" Old Simon the Cellarer."

It's time one should tell you, by way of a start,
What characters here you see:

This party's my wife, and this maiden's my child—
Her name it is Rosemarye.

A lad, too, I keep—an intelligent " cuss,"
And this is the usual family puss; (CAT bows)
These two are my clerks; one most gallant and gay,
While t'other he sticks to his figures all day.

FITZ. For Oh, ho, ho ! eight in seven won't go.

PHIL. And carry sixteen from the column below.

(*ALL repeat—FITZBABBAGE and PHILPOTT beat their desks to the air—CAT dances*)

ALDER. Come! stick to work; let's have no idling here.
Accounts of late have got into arrear;
Things have been going wrong.

PHIL. It's all Dick's fault !
The little vagabond's not worth his salt !

ROSE. He *is* ! (*rises*)

MRS. C. You hold your tongue ! Who bade you speak ?

The rascal has been idling all the week.

(FITZBABBAGE and PHILPOTT *lean over to each other seriously*)

FITZ. and PHIL. 'Tis well! ha, ha!

ALDER. Come, will you stick to books.

FITZ. I always do.

ALDER. There, none of your black looks !

By idling the 'prentice mind's debased.

Sticking to business shows you're thorough *paste !*

FITZ. I never get a holiday!

PHIL. Too bad !

ALDER. *I* never took a holiday, my lad,

And see what I've become—a man of power !

Stick to accounts ; that's your true *ledger hour !*

MRS. C. I wonder where Dick is !

ROSE. No doubt you do.

Of course he's been invisible to *you !*

But *I* have seen him.

MRS. C. (*rising—crosses c.*) Husband, did you hear?

ALDER. This is a very awkward business, dear.

You know of my designs for our wild daughter ;

Sir Highbury de Barne in marriage sought her.

MRS. C. That were alliance worthy of our race.

To love this 'prentice lad were dire disgrace !

He ought to be put down.

ALDER. What's to be done ?

MRS. C. He shall be *put down, too !*

FITZ. (*at desk*) And *carry one*.

ALDER. What is this insolence, or insurrection ?

Let's see your books.

PHIL. Now for a grand inspection!

FITZ. (*flinging books*) There! Day book, ledger, afternoon book, night book.

ALDER. Of course you hand me any but the right book.

(*rummaging*) What's this? (*takes out paper*) "To her I love! Oh, sweetest maid!

" Forget that I am chained to irksome trade.

" Let me, though not remarkable for looks,

" Open a long account in your good books.—

" Fitzbabbage." So! *this* way you waste your time!

ROSE. No doubt he thinks that gibberish sublime.

ALDER. If I had dreamt of this, how I'd have thumped you!

FITZ. You'd hardly credit that was an *impromptu* !
The little touch upon accounts is mine.
The local colouring, in fact, is fine.

ALDER. Pitch into him at once, together!

FITZ. No!
Division says four into one won't go.
Respect arithmetic !

PHIL. (*down R.*) He had you there!

ALDER. Enough of this. Retire to your chair.

MRS. C. And let me see you lift your eyes this way,
And out you go before another day.
(*to ROSE*) Your pretty face has caused neglect of late.

FITZ. Ah, me! Oh, tyrant, *love!* (*catches ALDERMAN'S eye*) and six is *hate!*

ALDER. (*to PHILPOTT*) Let's look to *you* now.

PHIL. Right you are, old fellow!

ALDER. (*reads*) " Item—To soap, two pounds of finest yellow;
" Soda "—hum !—" Starch-----" (*sees paper*) Can I believe my eyes ?

PHIL. (*R., snatching*) That's mine, I say!

ROSE. Another sweet surprise!

ALDER. " To her I love ! Oh t fairest maid on earth,
" Forget your bloated father and your birth,
" And fly with him who-----" Well, upon my word!

MRS. C. The lads are both distraught!

ROSE. It's too absurd!

PHIL. Forgive a bursting heart !

ALDER. My cane, I say!

FITZ. You broke it on my back, sir, yesterday.
(*slipping cane up his back*)

ALDER. Go, buy another.

FITZ. Waste's the worst of sins ;
It's *needle-as* to go to such *ex-pins*, (*trumpet outside*)

ALDER, This is a fearful blow!

MRS. C. I know it well

PHIL. Sir Highbury de Barne—that tip-top swell!

ALDEE. It is I it is! Quick! Get into your places,
And please assume your serious City faces.

*Enter SIR HIGHBURY DE BARNE and PAGES, L. C.—he
walks affectedly to ROSEMARYE.*

*Concerted Piece.—" Down amongst the Coals."**

SIR H. (C.) Allow me on my visit, dear,
My best respects to pay.

ALDER. (R. C.) The honour, sir, you do us here,
Sheds lustre on this day!

PHIL. (R.) There's not a bit of hope for us,
Were both cut out I see.

SIR H. Oh, what a blessed chance for you,
To be allied to *me*!

Estimable souls! estimable souls!
Oh, by George, it is a lark, falling in with such a spark
Estimable souls! estimable souls!
Such a swell, a real tip-top shiner!

Chorus repeat.

MRS. C. (L.C.) The sentiments you entertain are flattering,
I'm sure.

ROSE. (L.) But corresponding feelings don't from me, at
least, secure.

FITZ. (L.) Oh, pity us poor 'prentices, who're worked
beyond our keep—
Who live on broken meats and do within the cellar
sleep.

Down amongst the coals! (*business*)
Oh, by George, it's not a lark, all alone and in the dark;
Down amongst the coals! (*business*)
Working like a slave or any miner!

Repeat ensemble.

ALDER. Pray take a chair. I hope you'll stop a bit.

SIR H. Thank you, I'd rather stand, most worthy *cit*.

* Published at Messrs. D' ALCORN'S.

ALDER. This honour, good Sir Knight-----

SIR H. Oh! shut up—do!

(to ROSE) I've only come to have a word with you.

(to MES. CALLIPASH) Good dame, to hear my suit I pray you bid her;

She's *single*—I should so like to be *wid her* !

ROSE. (L. C.) A wife's a clog; a prey to feud and strife.

SIR H. (c.) You're not a *clog* ; you'll be & *patten* wife.

I love you deeply.

ALDER. (R. C.) Oh, you little goose, ye!

SIR H. Accept this *rose* ! (ROSE *throws it down*)

ALDER. (*picking it up*) Rose, she does *re-fuschia* !

SIR H. 'Tis but a nosegay, such attentions *daily-are*,

Don't mind the *croakers* ; let no fear *azalia* !

My hand, my fortune, at your feet I place here.

Give my *hope's no drop*, for it is a *case here* !

ROSE. What flowery language!

FITZ. Yes, the latest caper,

Purloined *verbatim* from a lady's paper.

SIR H. (to ALDEBMAN) She's precious chilly, for so young a thing!

FITZ. *Chilly* ! She always was an *icicle sing* !

ALDER. *Embrace* her. She's worth winning for your pains.

FITZ. *Embrace* her ! The blood *cuddles* in my veins.

MRS. C. She's usually a *dove*.

SIR H. And yet, you see,

She doesn't *quail at pigeon* into me.

PHIL. { (*at desks*) } Ha, ha ! that's deuced good!

FITZ. { (*at desks*) } What means this clatter ?

SIR H. A little playfulness is all the matter.

PHIL. (R.) You swells absorb so much from us poor folk,

We've nothing left to take—except a joke.

ALDER. Well said !

SIR H. What?

ALDER. Humph!

MRS. C. I hope you're not affronted.

ALDER. I said *humph*!

SIR H. Yes, I took that, sir, for *grunted*.

He's an old *bore*, but my extensive charity

Leads me to overlook *pig-culiarity*.

(*aside*) The girl is charming! but her situation !
 I'm sinking from, not rising in, my station.
 Marry beneath me! Conscience whispers " What ?"
 If she's not *bred* to it, I'd *butter* not!
 Something must turn the scale.

(*bells heard playing without*)

ROSE. The bells of Bow,
 Appealing to these senses, say-----

DICK WHITTINGTON *appears at door, L. C.*

DICK. (C) Hallo!
 ROSE. (L.) My dearest Dick ! (CAT *runs to him*)
 ALDER. (R.) So you've returned, I say!
 DICK. I hope I'm not in anybody's way.
 It seems a rather delicate occasion.
 ALDER. Consider that you've lost your situation.
 DICK. Reflecting on its worth, I needn't mind it;
 I only pity the poor chaps that find it.
 MRS. C. (L.) An ill wind blows you here.
 ALDER. That's understood;
 It must be a *nil* wind that blows no good !
 SIR H. (R. C.) Who is this vulgar person ?
 DICK. Noble swell,
 I'm called Dick Whittington, so please you.
 SIR H. Well!
 Why don't you go ? Shall I employ my pages?
 DICK. Excuse me! there's a small arrear of wages !
 I look sharp after money, as you see ;
 I think you'd do the same, Sir Highbury.
 Yet none have seen, sir—no, not one civilian—
 The *colour* of your gold, and you've *a million* !
 SIR H. Insolent ! (*drawing—CAT flies at SIR HIGHBURY*)
 DICK. There! to fight you're not a bit worth!
 I know you're *Armstrong*, sir; but what's your
wit worth !
 A pretty man, who, as the rumour tells,
 Was knighted by mistake for some one *else* !
 ALDER. Oh, this is rank rebellion !
 SIR H. Artful dodger !
 Why, he's a radical, this *little lodger* !

DICK. No, I've no taste for all you preach to us—
I'm no apprentice!

FITZ. He refers to us!

PHIL. He do; and so—revenge !

FITZ. That's what I say.

Let's plot how. (CAT *scratches his hand*) I shall kill
that cat some day!

DICK. You've told me that if I give up this shirking,
And conscientiously will stick to working,
From being 'prentice I shall be a master;
And in my trade degressing fast and faster,
Sink to an alderman, a sheriff, too,
With other Civic dignities in view,
And be, as others *have* been, I'm aware,
Successively degraded to Lord Mayor.

ALDER. And what I said was true.

ROSE. You'll do it eas'ly.

SIR H. You hear?

DICK. What! I become Lord Mayor ?

FITZ. (*at desk*) Oh, *Besley!*
(*slips under desk*)

DICK. I've no ambition for the Civic crown.

SIR H. It's evident this chap wants *Dakin down* ;

Against me he tries to turn the laugh, (*goes up c.*)

DICK. You see, he hides his *scorn*, sir, in his *chaff!*

FITZ. (*aside to SIR Highbury*) Give us a trifle, and we'll
see you through it. (*getting on seat*)

SIR H. Well, since you know it, go it, blow it—do it!

MRS. C. Don't mind the girl, or anything she'll say ;

Retire within—we'll fix the wedding day.

PHIL. That's business, if you like! Did you hear that ?

FITZ. Revenge approaches now ! (CAT *scratches his ear*)
Confound that cat!

Concerted Piece.—" *Jockey to the Fair.*"

SIR H. (R. C.) It's plain this lad is in the way.

ALDER, (R.) The same thing I was about to say.

DICK. (L.) The dickens I mean with 'em all to play,
And lead 'em a rig so rare !

FITZ. (R.) TO wed our Rose is his intent.

PHIL. (R.) O, shan't I be glad when off he's sent!

MRS. C. (L.C.) Upon this match I'm firmly bent.

ALDER. Then come and draw up the settlement!
 SIR H. We'll see things right and square!
Ensemble. { It's not every day a swell so gay
 { Weds such a maiden fair !

DICK. Cheer up and smile, my lovely Rose !
 Things ar'n't so bad as you suppose!

ROSE. (L.) He's only a snob—for all his clothes!

SIR H. Permit me to say, " Take care !"

ALDER. The wedding nothing shall prevent.

FITZ. A pity the chap is only a gent!

PHIL. The way Dick's done is mag-ni-fi-cent!

ALDER. Then come and draw up the settlement! &c.
*(Dance off door, R.—Exeunt SIR HIGHBURY, ALDER-
 MAN, MRS. CALLIPASH, ROSEMARYE, FITZBABBAGE,
 and PHILPOTT—CAT upsets FITZBABBAGE at exit—
 DICK solus)*

DICK. So this is all my dream, my speculation,
 Houseless and turned out of my situation ;
 Fool that I was to heed that story old
 Which says that London streets are paved with gold—
 Weak offspring of some mad poetic head—
 For I have found them paved with *guilt* instead.
(bells) What are those wild bells ringing all day long,
 Singing some senseless see-saw civic song ?
 " Turn again, Whittington!" clangs through the air,
 " Whittington, thrice of London town Lord Mayor."
 Perish the thought—to live that life were low
 Where money only *makes the Mayor to go*.
 My faithful Thomas! look into these eyes !
 This very day your merry playmate flies.
 You weep, the sort of thing I might expect,
 A flood of tears, Tom, from this *cat erect*.
 I'm going, Thomas, *(knock)* Hark! I heard some
 knocks.
 Come in, whoe'er you are!—So open, locks!

Enter MYSTERIOUS MARINER, door, L. C.

MARINER. (R.) Hal *(crosses to L. then to R., followed by CAT)*
 DICK. (C.) I beg pardon, do you wish to see-----
 MARINER. I only have a wish to *se-cresy*.
 Do you sell poison ?

DICK. Well, sir, we retail
All patent medicines.

MARINER. How thin and pale,
And like—but no—your name, sir ?

DICK. About town—
(I must be cautious)—I am known as Brown.

MARINER. Great heavens !—what, Brown—ha, ha! it
cannot be!
But yet the name familiar seems to me.
In happier days, perhaps;—but come, enough !
(recovering)
I want a large consignment of such stuff,
As causes amongst rats a large mortality.
It must be of the very strongest quality,
(wildly) For I—but no, have you the things in
store ?
You shrink from serving me—you'd fain know
more.
This is my history, (crosses, L., and back to R.) You'd
not suppose,
From my appearance, and outlandish clo'es,
I am a Londoner—hush, not a word.

DICK. Excuse me, this is awfully absurd,
Pray state your business with all proper fitness.

MARINER. A moment. It were better we'd a witness.
Hist, Muley! (crosses, L.)

Enter MULEY, door c, and ROSE, R.

DICK. (R.) Rose, my darling, just in time,
Observe this Ethiopian pantomime.
(MULEY does an extraordinary salaam)

Concerted Piece.—"Hokey Pokey, Chief."

MARINER. (L.) From foreign lands, you see, I hail,
My cheek is like the tan,
Yet once I was as pale as ale,
Or any Christian man.

MULEY. (C.) But conquered by his cruel spite,
He sailed to banish grief;
And so became to my delight,
Our Hokey Pokey Chief !

MARINER. They would have named $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{him} \\ \text{me} \end{array} \right\}$ Hikey Pikey,
 Hokey Pokey Choo;
 But the honour $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{he} \\ \text{I} \end{array} \right\}$ rejected, like an English
 native true.

Repeat chorus, ensemble.

DICK. (R. C.) I thought you were a Turk indeed,
 Your garb proclaims you such;
 But with your story pray proceed,
 It interests me much !

MARINER. To tell you I'm a Christian soul,
 Is to this heart relief;
 Though fortune made me, past control,
 A Hokey Pokey Chief!

MULEY. They might have called him Hikey Pikey,
 Hokey Pokey Choo!
 But he thought of this city, and decided 'twas a pity,
 And told 'em it wouldn't do ! (*repeat ensemble*)

MARINER. That is my history.

MULEY. This is the case.
 Him was a native of dis beastly place !
 Him was Lord Mayor.

ROSE. (R.) What's that?

MARINER. (*crosses, c.*) Alas, too true!
 Some years ago before the world knew *you*,
 I gained the Civic chair; but short of pelf,
 Meant to establish by fair means myself;
 No pageant or expensive show I'd try,
 But went to Guildhall in a one-horse fly.

DICK. Why, you were mad! you should have made pretence,
 Ex-pounding it by *shillings* and *ex-pence*.

ROSE. No drums and trumpets, and no men in armoar?

MARINER. Nought but my one-horse fly, indeed, my
 charmer.

MULEY. Dis man am mad! (DICK *runs to it.*) Amongst
 de minstrel races
 Dey'd starve unless dey chuse to black deir faces.

DICK. Proceed, good lunatic!

MARINER. I tried this on,
 But in a month I found my credit gone;

So in a ship I fled to foreign parts,
MULEY. An' dere he vanquished all our simple hearts.
He's now our king.
DICK. A king!
MULEY. A reg'lar clipper.
MARINER. At present, though, my business is a skipper.
The country's over-run with mice, (*CAT at fire runs
to DICK, R.*) and so
I come to buy this poison 'ere I go !
DICK. (*crosses c.*) Give me a passage in your ship; you'll
see!
I and my cat will set your country free.
MARINES. A bargain.
ROSE. And leave *me* ?
MULEY. Dat putty gal!
ROSE. If *you* go—I go too!
DICK. My love, you shall!
Can you find room for us ? We're little folks.
MARINER. Of course, I can.
MULEY. Dis am de best of jokes.
DICK. When do you sail ?
MARINER. This afternoon.
DICK. We fly. (*bells heard without*)
Those bells again! It is my destiny !
(*DICK and ROSE run behind counter, L.*)
Music, hurry—Enter the rest of the CHARACTERS.
Some tapioca ? thank you—one and three!
ROSE. (*L.*) Screw of tobacco, two-pence !
SIR H. (*R. C.*) There you see!
Those two together.
ALDER. (*R., furiously*) On 'em I shall drop.
ROSE. I'm only serving, father, in the shop.
ALDER. Be off, you rascal!
DICK. (*L.*) Mind, at three, precisely.
MARINER. (*L.*) Believe me, Brown.
DICK. We've squared this business nicely.
Concerted Piece.—" Doctor's Boy. "
DICK. (*L. C.*) I've made up my mind, sir, and off I shall go,
Where no one but four little people shall know.*

SIR H. (R. C.) I told you before this would sore be the case;
This comes of your keeping such cads in the place.

PHIL. (R.) Attending to bus'ness we call a good thing.

FITZ. (R.) The smallest of gains will a competence bring.

ALDER. (R.) At once you're dismissed, and you're hopes
get a drop,

So take your farewell of the grocer's shop !

Oh!

DICK. Tea, tapioca, tobacco and spice,
Tidman's sea salt, ginger, treacle and rice,
Starch, maccaroni, Peruvian bark,
To live with a grocer's a jolly fine lark.

Chorus repeat.

MARINER. (L.) A mariner bound for the ocean to-day,
Has only a very few moments to stay.

MULEY. (L. C.) And though a poor nigger I fancy that few
Object to my buying a twopenny screw.

MRS. C. (R.) Let's finish the business.

FITZ. A row for a crown!

ALDER. He wants taking np.

PHIL. No, he wants taking down !

SIR H. He's done for at last, and I reap a rich crop,
As soon as he's quit of the grocer's shop,

Oh!

DICK. Tea, tapioca, &c. (*all dance off doors L. C.*)

SCENE II.—*London from Highgate—Milestone, L.—music.*

Enter DICK, R. 2 E.

DICK. Thus far I've climbed to Highgate's leafy crown,
To take a last look at old London town.
A weary journey, but since I have come it,
I may as well see *summat* from its *summit*:
Stretched at my feet as in a page mapped down,
Lies the long vistas of sweet Somers Town,
And Regent's Park—and further distant still,
The monarch of town mountains, Primrose Hill.
There's Hampstead Heath, where all the 'prentice
folks,
On Sunday meet to ride congenial mokes;
The gardens of the Zoo I see down there,
Where noble folks were wont to take the air,

But now devoted to a common crew,
 Yon don't know when you're walking, who is *Zoo!*
 Farewell, old friends, we meet again no more,
 (*bells*) Those bells again—my weakness then is o'er!

Song, Air—"Village Bells."—(T. T. PEDE.)*

Ah, do I hear those bells again,
 Pealing wide o'er Highgate plain ?
 By their sounds remembered well,
 I've been prophesied a swell;
 For they've said for sometime past,
 I should be Lord Mayor at last.
 Ah, that warning in their voice,
 But confirms me in my choice.
 Ding dong!—away I fly.
 Ding dong! Lord Mayor! Not I.

*Enter, R. 2 E., dancing, ROSEMARYE, the CAT, the MYSTERIOUS
 MARINER, and MULEY—Air changes to "Mandolinata." ***

ROSE. I've brought the cat with me, dear,
 All the way up the hill.

MARINER. I'm due at two, to view my crew,
 And start as per printed bill.

DICE. This is a glad surprise, dear,
 Ready I am you see.

MULEY. Ole massa below, he know you go,
 And follow immediately.

DICK. In a jiffy, dear, with my cat I'm ready to go.

ROSE. Come along quick, or we'll all be collared, I
 know!

MARINER. As later, later wears the day,
 I cannot stay.

MULEY. And hear dis faithful nigger say,
 He must "away."

Ensemble.

Away! away! away!
 We're off to foreign lands, where
 Nobody can pursue.

* Published at JEFFREYS & Co.

** CAT. ROSE. DICK. MARINER. MULEY.
 R. L.

I'll wait but a bit to pick up my kit,
 Then over the ocean blue !
 In spite of all contriving,
 Speedily we'll be free ;
 So, off let us get, we'll puzzle them jet,
 And give them the slip you'll see. (*dance*)

MARINER. (R. c.) Come on, time presses; as I said I'm due
 To meet my men at Queenhithe before two,
 And now it's twelve.

DICK. (R. C.) At Queenhithe?—by the way,
 Are you the *Queenhithe Monster*, as they say ?

MULEY. (L.) Dat's good!

MARINER. (*crosses, c.*) What, slave! do you forget your duty?
 Remember, though so *ugly*, you're my booty.

MULEY. Forgive me!

MARINER. I shall put you under lock—oh !
 Hot press, and firmly *bind you in Morocco*
 When we arrive.

DICK. Is that our destination ?
 I've heard it's a pleasant situation,
 But hot: and you're its Emperor!

MARINER. (*at back, L.*) Yet still
 Emperors find some places hotter still !

MULEY. (*looking down, R.*) I see ole Massa! coming up de
 hill.

ROSE. (*looking down, R.*) Too true! and with him too I
 can discern

That hated youth, Sir Highbury de Barne,
 And both the 'prentices.

DICK. (R. C.) Well, then, we'll fly !
 You're ready, sir ?

MARINER. (L. C.) I am.

ROSE. (R.) And I.

MULEY. (L.) And I.

Concerted Piece.—" *Mary Jane.*"*

DICK. To live as a grocer or tailor,
 May suit with a spirit less free;
 I'd rather by far be a sailor,
 Although I've a dread of the sea.

* Published by J. A. TURNER.

MARINER. You'd better I think face the ocean,
And some inconvenience bear."
Than gain in the City promotion,
And live to be made a Lord Mayor !
Oh !

DICK. Farewell! dear Mark Lane !
Across the boiling main,
Where the winds do blow, I am going to go;
And I'll not come back again.

Repeat ensemble.

ROSE. The mariner's words are, I hope, meant,
To cheer up this desolate child;
It's dreadfully wrong this elopement,
And history well may be riled.

MULEY. Just take a good meal upon starting,
And fix on some object your eye;
You'll find when at last we're departing,
You've not the least reason to cry.

(chorus as before)

At the conclusion, exeunt, L., all but the CAT, who comes down to lights to sing, when the cry of "Cat's meat" is heard outside, and it rushes off", L.—Music, hurry—then enter R. 2 E., PHILPOTT, pulling on SIR Highbury, who pulls on MRS. CALLPASH—ALDERMAN pulls on FITZBABBAGE with telescope.

PHIL. Oh, my!

SIR H. Oh, my!

MRS. C. Oh, my!

ALDER. Oh, my!

FITZ. Oh, my !

SIR H. (R.) I'd not a notion it wag half so high.

You said it was a *bank*—'twas all pretence.

FITZ. (L. C.) It is a *bank* (Miss Coutts's), in one sense.

ALDER. (R.) It's hard to drag me here against my will;

Whenever I venture climbing *I get ill*.

And now we're here there's nothing gained, good lack,

And all that's left is to go *Holloway back*.

MRS. C. (R.) Why am *I* lugged up I should like to know,

For *my* part I'd have let the hussy go.

I shan't recover from this frightful strain.

How am I going to get down again ?

PHIL. (L.) Slide down, old girl.

FITZ. That speech you'll find enrages.

There's a *slide difference* between your ages.

I'm the most aggrieved—I burst with spite,

And what is worse, I've lost my appetite.

Love has such wonders worked in me, I fear,

I shudder at the very name of beer.

Alls up with Allsop, he no more for *me* brews,

In fact I've bid *a jew* to all that *he* brews

And all because to work revenge, good lack,

I took your hateful money.

SIR H. Give it back!

Consider it a joke, or that I lent it.

PHIL. Return the money, Fitz !

FITZ. I can't—I've spent it

PHIL. Dishonest youth, to misapply that pelf!

I only wish I'd had the chance myself.

ALDER. Excuse a tear, she was my only child,

An angel, but considerably spiled.

When she was in good spirits, sir, or merry—

Oh ! she was very entertaining—very.

The parent's retrospective vision marks

Her numerous, though somewhat cruel, larks.

This very morning----

FITZ. Speak out, heavy father!

SIR H. This is the proper business, ain't it ?

ALDER. Rather!

The tea leaves----

OMNES. Well!

ALDER. My nightcap was again in 'em.

MRS. C. That's nothing; p'raps it had been used for
straining 'em.

ALDER. The soap was in my broth.

SIR H. The oddest savouring.

MRS. C. That I excuse—perhaps 'twas used for flavouring.

ALDER. But make out how, ma'am, (here I chance
defy!)

My shaving brush got in the beefsteak pie.

SIR H. Was she as wild as this?

PHIL. Ah, slightly worse!
 It wasn't safe to leave about a purse.
 Upon our chairs she'd plaster cobbler's wax,
 And fill our Sunday boots with carpet tacks.
 Reducing to a hobble us poor bipeds.

FITZ. She spoilt our rest by making apple-pie beds.

MRS. C. Blew iron filings into all the locks,
 And sewed the sleeves up of my smartest frocks.

ALDER. I could have made a very charming kid of her,
 But on the whole I'm happy I've got rid of her.

SIR H. Against her now my heart has turned Stone-
 henge.
 Upon that 'prentice though I vow revenge;
 He's lost me a rich wife, and young and pretty.
 What gall'd me most though is—he snubbed the
 City;
 The *Mansion House* he spoke of with a sneer,
 In terms—well I won't *mansion house* severe.

ALDER. The very thought turns me all over shivery.
 I'll spare you what he chose to call the Livery:
 Said all we loved was gloating over treasure,
 And eating the *sum-turtle* of our pleasure.

MRS. C. Rank insurrection!

FITZ. What d'ye mean to do ?
 You don't seem in a hurry to pursue.

PHIL. If this is your revenge, they'll get the best of it.

MRS. C. I don't think they're gone *East*.
 (*looking off all points*)

ALDER. No, that's the *West* of it.
 That would be homeward—woman, I declare,
 You've got no sense, that's not the *South*—*Nor there*.

SIR H. I've an idea, (*bringing them down*)

FITZ. Nonsense!—broach it soon.

SIR H. We'll overtake the wretches by balloon !

ALDER. Good ! And as this idea is your own,
 You are at liberty to go alone.

SIR H. Oh, generous man!

FITZ. This artful little fox,
 Suggests that you will find them at the Docks.

PHIL. No doubt! Sir Highbury, to vengeance pass on
 Out with your new balloon.

SIR H. All right ! Boy, *gas on*.

Concerted Piece.— "Johnny Smoker" (*parody on A German Band*). *Dance off.*

SCENE THIRD.—*The Docks at Queenhithe. Pretty view of the River, with trees on both banks—stone quay, by the side of which is stationed the stern of a large ship, R., "The Kafoozleum"—large bales and packages of merchandise about—barrels, ropes, &c.*

Chorus of SAILORS.—"Buccaneer."*

Then into the dark steer we our barque,
Leaving our care behind us;
Little care we, so we are free,
Where the dawn may find us.

(*Hornpipe*)

BINNACLE. (C.) My lads, the old stage dodge you all remembers!

Oblige me, then, by "shivering your timbers!"
Come on—for idleness don't think I'll praise ye;
Like scholars, you're *haul taught*, yet all *be lazy*.
Amongst the Navy education's slight;
With sailors, when a man is *taut* he's *tight*.

BLOCKS. (L. C.) Here comes the Captain! (*looking off, L.*)

BINNA. With some other parties;
Bowze jibs, or something of that sort, my hearties.
(*they cheer*)

Enter, L. 1 E., dancing to "Mandolinata," DICK, ROSE, MYSTERIOUS MARINER, the CAT, and MULEY—cheers.

MARINER. Enough! Hoist slacks, bend stays, and heave the lead!

BINNA. The tide's out, sir!

MARINER. Beef topsails, then, instead!

Batten down hatches! Let the painter go!

(*SAILORS and MULEY enter ship*)

Haul bowlines up aloft! Belay, below!

Clew up the mainstay, if the port careens!

(*to audience*) I've not the slightest notion what that means,

But I'm obliged to over-awe these boys;

It sounds professional, and makes a noise.

ROSE. Is this the vessel ?

MARINER. Ay, a gem we deem her!

ROSE. I thought that we were going, love, by steamer?

DICK. Oh ! that's the clean expensive trip, they say;

This is what's called the ship and nasty way.

ROSE. What is that dreadful person doing ? look!

(MULEY, *on ship, is putting on white cap and sleeves*)

MULEY. When I'm aboard dat ship I am de cook ;
Dere's dinner at nine bells.

DICK. That's very well !

On my heart fortune's only struck one *belle* !

MULEY. (R.) Is Missey a good sailor ?

ROSE. (R.) Only so-so.

MULEY. And little Massa?

DICK. (C.) Not at all,

MULEY. I s'pose so;

'Cos all de fresh provisions dey have *put* on

Board ship are biled calf s head and fat biled mutton.

(*goes up to ship*)

MARINER. You're not a traveller ?

DICK. Not to my knowledge.

I've made a trial trip, sir, to North Woolwich;

I've doubled Cape Southend; once, I recall,

I dared the stormy ocean off Blackwall.

My chief experiences, though, afloat,

Have been confined, sir, to the penny boat.

MARINER. Were my child living he'd have just been such?

Why does this stranger interest me much ?

I must one question put before we go. (*wildly*)

Had you a father, boy ?

DICK. Who? I? Oh, no!

MARINER. It is not *he*, then I (*sobs*)

(MULEY, *from ship window*)

MULEY. Cap'en, it's nine bells.

MARINER. Another failure ! he is some one else.

(SAILORS *retire to ship*)

DICK. They've gone to dinner.

ROSE. Earthly thoughts above !

We can sustain ourselves, dear Dick, on love !

Love's never hungry—sweet words it recoups on,

And thrives upon the *merest taste*.

DICK. (*sniffing*) The *soup's on* !

ROSE. What's tea and shrimps, or buttered toast or rolls,

To the communion of kindred-----

DICK. Soles!

ROSE. How wrong for lovers thoughts on food to waste-----

DICK. (*aside*) There's *lamb on table*.

ROSE. *Lamentable* taste!

Oh, swear you love me!

DICK. Truth is in *my phiz*.

I'm always upon oath—that's *where* it is.

You know how I hate trade, and all its rigours;

In only one sense, love, I'm fond of figures.

(*putting his arm around her*)

For you I cut all chances of ambition,

And make your love, dear girl, the one condition.

ROSE. You're mine for ever ?

DICK. Who'll divide our hearts ?

You little *muff*, we go to *furrin* parts,

Where none can follow.

ROSE. We're not started yet!

DICK. And won't before my dinner, dear, I've eat.

ROSE. You're always thinking about food.

DICK. I say.

Don't let there be *a, food* between us—pray !

Lovers must eat.

ROSE. You're a sad maligner!

DICK. The famous Yillikins, dear, had his *diner!*

MULEY. Hi ! come to dinner. (*CAT runs into ship*)

DICK. Patly, now, he's stept in.

MULEY. You mustn't be *kept out*—so says de *captain*.

DICK. You see that we are summoned, Rose, my beauty!

I don't want dinner, but I'll stick to duty !

Duo—DICK and ROSEMARYE.

*Air —" Ten Thousand Miles Away. "**

DICK. (C.) Singing, oh, for a brave and valiant bark,
And a brisk and lively breeze—

A jolly crew and a captain too,

To carry me over the seas !

* Sung by Mr. E. D. DAVIES in his Entertainment.

To cany me over the seas, my dear,
 With my true love so gay;
 I've taken a trip in a wonderful ship,
 Ten thousand miles away !

Then blow the winds, high—ho !
 Across the waves I go;
 I'll stay no more on English shore,
 But dare the ocean spray !
 I'm going, I may explain,
 To cross the boiling main;
 And I'm off on the move with my own true love,
 Ten thousand miles away!

*(Chorus repeat—MARINES and MULEY through
 portholes of ship—dance—then DICK and ROSE
 get into ship)*

*Hurry Music.—Enter, R. 1. E., FITZBABBAGE, ALDERMAN,
 MRS. C. and PHILPOTT, looking upwards, excitedly.*

FITZ. (L.) Keep him in sight *(looking through telescope)*

MRS. C. (C.) I've nearly cricked my neck

With staring up; he's only a mere speck.

ALDER. (R. C.) Wave something, somebody.

PHIL. (R.) He'll see, mayhap.

FITZ. All right! now, missis, lend your Sunday cap!

Hi!

ALDER. What's the good?—you needn't bellow so;

He may cry high, but you should shout hal-low.

This is a pretty pass, upon my word,

Engaging in a chase that's quite absurd.

I see no traces of the wretched pair !

MRS. C. Are these the Docks ? then where's the shipping?

FITZ. *(pointing to ship)* There!

PHIL. What, that the British fleet ?

FITZ. They're out of sight,

Fighting the Frenchmen off the Isle of Wight

As to the merchantmen, that squadron vast,

The Navigation Act has just been passed—

So they're all cruising just about this time.

ALDER. To those who still regard Burlesque as crime,

(to audience)

I'd here observe that in this case you see,

We've introduced some facts of history;

Which while they mix the useful with the risible,
Excuse there being but one vessel visible.
MRS. C. Ha! (*ballast falls*)
PHIL. What's the matter? Are you mad?
MRS. C. Good lack!
I've got a bag of ballast down my back !
FITZ. He's coming ! Now, as it is pleasant weather,
Should they steal here, we'll catch 'em altogether!
SIR H. (*from above*) Look out below ! (*ballast falls*)
PHIL. He's nearer than he looked it.
(*grapnel descends, L., and catches ALDERMAN by waistband*)
ALDER. Good gracious—help ! (*going up*)
FITZ. Hallo, here's master hooked it!
MRS. C. Oh, save him?
PHIL. Here, catch hold !
(*they all pull down ALDERMAN and the balloon,
with SIR Highbury, L.*)
MRS. C. Oh, worst of men!
SIR H. What was he getting in the way for, then ? (*gets out*)
FITZ. A shame to cause us such a consternation;
You're always showing off your *air o' station* !
ALDER. What I experienced when that was placed
In silent horror o'er my boundless waist,
I'll not reveal—nor yet again endure.
I'm only glad the waistband was secure.
SIR H. Don't blame the cable; it was all stability;
Although you sadly tried its *cable-bility*.
Forget what's past! Say are the truants found ?
ALDER. At present—no, but here's the likely ground.
If they take ship, we'll catch 'em—have no fears !
SIR H. (*reading ship*) "Kafoozleum. Morocco and Algiers."
FITZ. Let's give it up.
PHIL. They'll not go *there*.
MRS. C. That's flat!
SIR H. Hush, for your lives!
OMNES. What is it ?
SIR H. Why, the cat!
(*the CAT comes out of the ship*)
By George, they are aboard!

DICK. ROSE. MARINES.
PHIL. MRS. C. CAT. MULEY. SIR H. ALDER. FITZ.
R. L.

FITZ. Don't make a fuss;
I'll wheedle Tommy.

DICK. (*appearing*) Hallo ! Puss, puss, puss !
Where is he ?

OMNES. Ah!

DICK. We're found out! Hallo !
(*ALL on board appear*)
Up with the gangway ! Let the painter go !
(*the gangway is raised*)
You think to follow us, old chap; you're sold !

ALDER. Where is my daughter?

DICK. You be *young—be'old!*

MRS. C. You wicked girl, come back !

ROSE. I'm taking, Ma,
A little trip!

ALDER. *A trip ! il ne faux pas !*

SIR H. I won't be swindled; have her back I shall!

DICK. She'll be a sailor's wife !

FITZ. Oh, *naughty gal!*

MARINER. I've promised him a passage, sir, that's flat—
On one condition—he must take his cat.

MRS. C. It isn't his; it's mine, by right of law.
Your passenger goes off without a *claw !*
(*seizes CAT tight*)

DICK. Come *to me*, Tommy! Don't your humble guest shun.

MARINER. Tabby or not tabby—that is the question !

ROSE. Puss, puss, you'll never let them be your match!.
Exert your *talons !* Bring 'em to the *scratch !*

DICK. Struggle, good Thomas I bite and claw and tear !
You wouldn't let 'em make your friend Lord Mayor!
(*CAT bursts from them.—runs to lights*)

CAT. Never! (*Jumps into porthole*)

DICK. A sentiment that with me pat jumps.
You'll now observe, good folks, which way the cat
jumps.

MARINES. Cast off!

DICK. Good-bye!

FITZ. We're after you, though, soon !

SIR H. Passengers for the new Algiers balloon! (*rings bell*)
(*ship begins to move—SIR Highbury enters car, and
balloon slowly rises as the ship disappears—the
CHARACTERS on stage trying to get up at scene closes*)

Concerted Piece, Galop—"Dick Whittington" —
(R. REECE).

Ensemble— MARINER, DICK, ROSEMARYE, MÜLEY, *at*
Chorus of SAILORS.

ALDER. MRS. C. SIR H. FITZ. PHIL.	{	See, {they're we're} slipping through {our their} fingers!
		In a moment {they we} are free;
		Off {they we} go! He's caught who lingers!
		Spread the sails, and ho! for sea !
		<i>Second Part</i>
		{This is spiteful 'Tis delightful} yes, from frightful
		Persecution {they we} are quit;
		Fortunately {they we} are quite full,
		Not of room is there a bit.

SCENE FOURTH.—*Inside the Palace at Algiers.*

Enter ALI BROWN WINDSOR, R. 1 E., *and* RAHATLAKOUM,
L. 1.E.

ALI. You've heard the news, then, that his ship's in sight?
What a relief.

RAHAT. I haven't slept all night
The scampering and gnawing you'll agree,
Must have been most a *gnawing*, sir, to me,
Who slept beside the pantry—I'm a martyr.

ALI. The pantry ?

RAHAT. Yes, my fate's a *little harder*.

ALI. I never heard a scratch, but like a dormouse,
Slept though the noise of *rats*, dear, was enor-mouse.
They've eaten up my soap, my oil, my tapers,
Amongst my shirt fronts kicked up awful capers;
Traps and contrivances quite useless seem —
Not even sacred is my shaving cream.

(cannons—drums—shouts, R.)

RAHAT. He's landed, I can see him. *(crosses, R.)*

DICK. You're right! your sentiments are very pretty,
They are the favourite maxims of the City.
The civic mode of action's somewhat funny—
Do nothing, make a show, and keep the money.

EMP. Well, now to business. You're, of course, aware
In this position there's no time to spare ?
The rats, on pillage and destruction bent,
Have even got into our Parliament.

DICK. That has an English sound.

ROSE. Don't be absurd !

DICK. Well, sir, this animal will keep his word.
He will, *by* execution on your rats,
Keep up the credit of our British cats.
Oh, he'll do wonders if you give him scope,
He hates all *rats* and is a *mice-anthrope* !

EMP. He has an honest look, and I'm aware,
He'll stick to what he says—I've heard him *swear*,
(*to* CAT) Relieve my much oppressed and punished
land—
I brought you here on *pur-puss*, understand.
As to your fortune, do not think you chance it,
You only tell " *me-ow*," and I'll advance it.

Concerted Piece, Round—" Three Blind Mice."

DICK. Three fine mice!

MARINER. See how they run !

MULEY. They all run off to save their life.

ROSE. He's caught an old rat and his aged wife.

ALI. Did ever you see such a thing in your life ?

Three fine mice, &c, &c, &c.

(*till all the CHARACTERS sing it*)

Exeunt CAT, ALL, RAHATLAKOUM and GUARDS, L.

EMP. Young man, you are a trump!

ROSE. Why, goodness gracious !

DICK. What is the matter?

EMP. Is my sight veracious ?

MULEY. Look dere ! Ole massa hab de trip survived,
And in a caravan hab just arrived.

ROSE. What's to be done ?

DICK. Keep quiet; not so loud!

I think we'd better leave him with the crowd.

They'll beat him till the City wouldn't know him,
And so discharge the little debt I owe him.
They'll much regret this mad pursuit, I'm thinking.

Enter ALI, L.

ALL The rats are disappearing all like winking! *Exit, L.*
EMP. Impossible! the slave of wit's bereft !
DICK. Tommy's begun.

Enter ALI, L.

ALI. There's only twenty left! *Exit, L.*
MULEY. These Moors get so excited, it don't draw;
They should adopt the African sang *fraw*.
EMP. You shall be made a prince!
ROSE. You hear ? Oh, my !
DICK. Delighted! but at present—let us fly !

*Concerted Piece—Air, " Brigham Young."**

EMP. Of this old king only ask a thing
And it's yours with the greatest joy;
DICK. As safe as any clock, oh ! I shall get on in
Morocco,
That's better than a 'prentice boy !
ROSE. In this land if inclined you may make up your
mind
For a pleasant little change of lives ;
MULEY. In the clime of Ramoo Sammy we go in for
poly-gamy,
And marry a dozen wives!

Chorus.

Like Brigham, Brigham Young,
Who, I'm happy to relate, survives ;
"We've an institution great—being permitted by the state,
To have five-and-forty wives ! *Dance of, L. I E.*

*Enter, dismally, ALDERMAN, MRS. CALLIPASH, SIR
HIGHBURY, FITZBABBAGE, and PHILPOTT, R. I E.*

ALDER. (R.) My goodness, here's a state of things !
MRS. C. (R.) You brute!
To let me down first in a parachute !
Why should *I* be selected for the test?
SIR H. (C.) *Fiat experimentum*, and the rest.

* Published by HOPWOOD & CREW.

He sent you by the parachute, 'tis true,
 But don't believe we better shared than you;
 So much I've suffered, both in limb and feature,
 I'm but a *mass of clay*—a *poor slain* creature !

ALDER. I ne'er met people of such savage sort;
 This place is not a *sherry table* port.
 For all their customs much contempt I feel.

FITZ. And yet the people *struck you a good deal*.

SIR H. Your feeble efforts were of course derided;
 Why didn't you stick up to them, as *I* did ?

PHIL. (L.) As to their eyes, a well-directed crack—
 I found—intensified the native black.
 The licking that one fellow got to-day
 Won't make the *Moor the merrier*, I say !

ALDER. They laughed at *me*.

SIR H. The place is, from its sneers,
 Not inappropriately named *all jeers!*

ALDER. Since the balloon broke down-----

PHIL. You mean, burst up!

ALDER. I haven't tasted decent bit or sup.
 It's tantalising to walk over land which is
 Only one-third of what we needed—sandwiches.

SIR H. Although we *did* discover, every one,
 The land of *Ham* beneath this *bakin'* sun.

MRS. C. But—oh! my tongue its occupation shirks,
 To tell the manners of these dreadful Turks ;
 The Arabs, too!

FITZ. (L.) Well, if they didn't plaze ye,
 You should have said in Irish, "*Arab, be aisy!*"

ALDER. That awful caravan, too—what a ride !
 They're only made to *carry van* outside.

MRS. C. Hush! here comes some one.

PHIL. Who is it, I say ?

SIR H. The very nigger whom we saw that day;
 I'll give it him!

MRS. C. For goodness' sake, be still!

SIR H. (*aside*) As he's a good deal bigger, p'r'aps I *will*.

Enter MULEY, L.

MULEY. Against my will, I'm sent to bid you come
 And see our king—as Yankees say—to *hum*.

ALDER. To *hum* ?
 MRS. C. *Bee* still !
 SIR H. Then, say we'll come, with pleasure.
 I hear these fools load visitors with treasure.
 ALDER. Alas ! their favour often lasts but one day;
 It's *pearls* on Saturday, and *die o' Monday* !
 FITZ. In hospitality the country shines.
 PHIL. (to MRS. C.) Fetch out your price-card and your
 list of wines.
 ALDER. I wish I could escape; I dread this day !
 SIR H. A *negro* stops an *egress*, though, I say!
 PHIL. Cheer up!
 FITZ. We are in for it!
 ALDER. We are—worse luck!
 SIR H. Look bold, and brag, though, of our English
 pluck.
 The Government protects us in this nation;
 We've got a *Consul*.
 ALDER. That's a *consolation*.
Concerted Piece.—" *Girl with the Golden Hair.*"*
 SIR HIGHBURY, ALDERMAN, PHILPOTT, MULEY, FITZ-
 BABBAGE, MRS. CALLIPASH.
 PHIL. No matter if our Fates will frown;
 We'll dare 'em their worst to do!
 ALDER. It serves me right for quitting the Town,
 And all I foretold's come true!
 MRS. C. It's all for nought that here we're sent.
 FITZ. Allow me to repeat
 That old familiar sentiment,
 What says, " *Revenge is sweet* !"
 ALL. Sweet!
 SIR H. I vow I'll follow them everywhere,
 Every—everywhere!
 I'll bet you a crown I'll soon come down
 On that chap with the curly hair.
Repeat ensemble.
 MULEY. Poor victims ob dis wild-goose chase,
 Alone in dis foreign land!

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You'd better far hab stayed in your place,
 And stuck to your native strand.
 ALDER. Although a nigger, your remark
 In every point's correct;
 And what is worse, we're in the dark
 To what we may expect!
 ALL. —Pect!
Repeat ensemble—dance off. L.

SCENE FIFTH.—*Interior of the Emperor's Palace. A grand Oriental Chamber, highly decorated.*
(Ballet.)

Enter SIR Highbury, ALDERMAN, FITZBABBAGE, PHILPOTT
and MRS. CALLIPASH, *guarded.*

ALDER. (L. C.) Why have you brought us here?
 MRS. C. (L.) Oh, woeful day !
 SIR H. (C.) Why did I ever cut the City, pray ?
 I, who've been *bol'string* up myself as fast,
 That I should die by *bow string*, now, at last.
 PHIL. (R.) What's to become of me ?
 FITZ.(R.) Don't make a fuss.
(to ALDERMAN) The law holds you responsible for us.
 ALDER. To think at *my* age I should run such rigs,
 Who used to *prune* myself upon my figs.
 MRS. C. Whose tea and sugar was above all praisin'.
 ALDER. And boasted I was worth a *plum* with *raisin*.
 An honest victualler—a tradesman thorough—
 The happiest Alderman in all the Borough.
 And now my joy receives this sudden drop.
 PHIL. And nobody at home to mind the shop.
 MRS. C. You've nothing got to grumble at in sooth,
I'm cut off in the flower of my youth.
 SIR H. Yes, flour of brimstone.
 MRS. C. What?
 ALDER. *(aside)* That truth I feel.
Brimstone, she's made me *sulphur* a good deal!
 If I'd known this I'd seen them further first!
 PHIL. They come! *(flourish drum)*
 MRS. C. They do.
 FITZ. And now to know the worst.

March.—*Enter* LADIES, GUARDS, OZOKERIT, DICK, ROSE,
MULEY, ALI BROWN WINDSOR, and RAHATLAKOUM.

ALDER. (L.) Can I believe my eyes !
SIR H. (L.) That chap the king?
FITZ. (R.) And Dick !
PHIL. (R.) And Rose!
MRS. C. (L.) The artful little thing.
ALDER. I'll give it you!
MULEY. (C.) Hush, silence, if you please!
FITZ. I feel so awful shaky in the knees.
OZOK. Stand forward, Alderaian. (on throne, R.)
SIR H. A moment pray;
As *knight*, I claim precedence,
OZOK. I'm the *Dey* !
This is your daughter, friend ?
ALDER. I don't the case shun!
I claim the *hussy* without *hussytation*.
DICK. (C.) But what if I refuse? It may be stated,
That Prince of Tunis I've been now created.
Address your former 'prentice then with loyalty,
And show a due respect to his *New Royalty*.
Remember, friend, that I'm advanced in power,
And here I reign !
FITZ. Dick, *reigning* !
PHIL. Well, I'm *show'r*!
SIR H. What does the girl say ? If she has got a voice,
Let her at *once* state, if she's here by choice.
ALDER. Good !
MRS. C. That's well put.
PHIL. Come, give your answer quiet
ROSE. Unhesitatingly, I stick to Dick.
ALDER. He may not marry with a subject bride.
DICK. An act can put that obstacle aside.
FITZ. Why about royalty make all this bother ?
Let 'em be married, since they love each other.
SIR H. But I object—I urge a prior claim!
PHIL. And so do I!
DICK. The case is just the same.
(to ALDERMAN) I'm not wild now, so pray you do
not frown;
After this *bridal* I shall *saddle* down.

SIR H. A miserable orphan—no one's son—
 A cad—a pauper! poor Dick Whittington.

OZOK. What? (*rising*)

MULEY. Say dat name again.

OMNES. Dick Whittington!

OZOK. (*rises*) Excuse hysterics—'tis my long lost son!
 (*wild embrace*)

SIR H. Oh, nonsense—bosh!

ALDER. Well, I give in perforce.

SIR H. This is my usual luck, of course.
 Why, for her sharpest stings does fortune choose me?
 Ha, ha! 'tis well—no matter—friends, excuse me.
 The time has come when I'll disclose my ills.
 Know then—on second thoughts, though, see small
 bills.

DICK. This blest denouement bids my troubles cease.

ROSE. Accounts too for the title of the piece.

MRS. C. To think that he should get the best of that

ALDER. Excuse the wild remark—but where's the Cat?

DICK. Ay, where's my faithful Tom?

MRS. C. My Tommy, rather.

DICK. Who's gained me both a fortune and a father.

Flourish.—*Enter* CAT, L. C. *leading a large* RAT—*he bows*
to throne—applause.

Tommy! your conduct gives me highest pleasure;
 Remove your prey, and kill him at your leisure.
 So you give in?

Enter GUARD *hurriedly with card*, L. C.

MULEY. Hallo, here comes a guard!

FITZ. Message from England by a postal card.

ALDER. No doubt my business in the City's *undone*.

DICK. The Aldermen and Livery of London.

SIR H. (*snatching*) Hearing that you are idle, and not
 clever.

PHIL. (*matching*) Offer the Civic chair to you?

DICK. Me, never!
 That hateful subject, never mention pray,
 'Twas to escape this, that I ran away.

FITZ. This novelty the office quite sublimes.

SIR H. You shall be made Lord Mayor they say three
 times.

ROSE. Shall make a name to run through history's range.

PHIL. And have your statue placed by the Exchange.

ALDER. Consent, and let's get home!

DICK. And leave my dad,

When he's just found,

OZOK. I follow you, my lad.

I'll only wait to levy a new duty,

And cut to England with the foreign booty.

MULEY. And *me*, your foreign booty, your right hand.

FITZ. Make him black drummer to the City band.

DICK. Sir Highbury, nay, never fret nor pout,

There's good fish in the sea as e'er came out.

SIR H. Of course I'm jilted and in aggravation,

I get a maxim for my consolation.

DICK. What must be, must; it seems I'm to be great,

So yield at once to history and fate.

Don't on this nonsense waste a witticism,

When all burlesque's one great anachronism.

In spite of all complaints from serious sources,

We still pursue, you see, our fearful courses;

But pray forbear, whatever you may feel,

To break a butterfly upon a wheel.

Our object being, view it as you choose,

Not to degrade, but solely to amuse.

Finale—"Whittington Galop."

SIR H. Now our mad burlesque has ending,

Smile upon our nonsense, pray,

With some sentiment befriending.

DICK. Cheer us as we go our way.

Though we're weak and foolish, very,

View us with indulgent eyes ;

All our hope's to make you merry,

Not at all to make you wise.

(chorus, repeat ensemble)

Curtain.