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Oscar Wilde
Scrapbook

Vol. **15**

"Westminster, London," there the scene we've laid,
In which appear at once the Boy and Maid.
He Billy Frankeyes' named; whilst she in sport
We christened Distri-Beauty—"Bu" for short.
Their parents, worthy Commoners, are bound,
By some old musty deed which has been found,
To send their children for a month or so
Up to their uncle Blublud's house, although
They know quite well that he will do his best
To maim and torture each defenceless guest.
They are, in fact, so fearful of foul play,
They only send the boy at first to stay;
A plan which Blublud very much incenses,
Causing the visit which the act commences.

Mr. W. Barrett. I beg to enter, Prince, my protest here.
I had a notion which, spite Irving's sneer,
Would I feel sure have novelty imparted
To this old tale as soon as it was started.
The Babes, as you must know, are as a rule
Shown us as little children still at school.
Well, what I wanted was, by way of *coup*
To have them at the utmost only two.

The Chairman. But that would make them almost
infants.

Mr. W. B. Quite so,
And I maintain the story would be right so;
The earliest versions justify my view.
Besides, 'twould make the scene so *naïve*, so new!
I'd play the baby boy!

The Chairman. Yes, yes; but now
You'd better to your colleague's reading bow.
Come, Mr. Irving, pray.

Mr. I. I will resume
Where Blublud enters angrily the room,
Poor Billy Frankeyes dragging by the hand,
The sister's presence also to demand.

Blublud (addressing the Babes' parents). Look here, you've sent
this Bill of yours to me;
And I'm of course delighted him to see (*pinches him slyly*);
Oh, yes, I'm very fond of Billy, very (*cuffs him*),
And with my Drols will make him, O! so merry;
But that's not it—I want his pretty sister (*pretends to weep*),
You cannot think how very much I've miss'd her,
Dear little Bu, I'm sure she'd like her nunky,
Do let her come! (*aside, kicking Billy*) Take that, you little
monkey!

The Parents. If, as you say, you love our Bill there so,
Why 'twas you kicked him then, we'd like to know.

Blublud. Kick him? What me? Me kick your Bill? Nay, nay!
The Parents. We saw you do it!

Blublud. Lor, 'twas only play!
The Parents. The child is crying, see!

Blublud. What! Billy cry?
Then that's from joy—his spirits are so high.

Why, since the hour you sent him up to me,
His little life has been one long, glad spree.

Billy. O, nunky! what a wicked story! why
You thrashed me only yesterday,

Blublud. Fie! Fie!
You wicked Bill; my Drols I even told
To play with you.

Billy. Then all they did was scold.
Look, parents dear, where one old Drol has kicked me (*shows
bruises*),

And here! (*shows wounds*) where they all set on me and "licked"
me!

The Parents. Poor Bill! why they've cut pieces out of you!
Blublud. You mustn't think that all you hear is true.

The Parents. But here are proofs which cannot be withstood—
You've maimed our Bill!

Blublud (doggedly). 'Twas only for his good!
The Parents (bitterly). Indeed! Then when he to the country goes,
And his bruised limbs, and wounded features shows;

They must consider that 'twas kindly done—
In fact, a proof of his dear uncle's fun?

Blublud. Yes, that's just it. But come, about his sister!
I haven't yet, you know, as much as kissed her.

You'll let me take her back with little Billy?
The Parents. Indeed, we do not mean to be so silly



We're bound, alas! thanks to that musty deed,
From which we hope to very soon be freed;
(Already we've invoked the Court Supreme
And moved it to amend the ancient scheme);
To send our luckless Bill to stay with you,
But we're not forced to spare his sister too.
Nor will we trust her in your wicked hands.

Blublud. Beware how you reject my just demands!

The Parents. Just! Nonsense!

Blublud (seizing Billy). Just or not, your precious brat

Is in my power, pray remember that!

And if you don't give me his sister—

The Parents. Well?

What then?

Blublud. Why, I'll compel you.

The Parents. Not compel!

Blublud. I say I will!

The Parents. Your threats we can defy.

Blublud. I'll kill your Bill!

The Parents. You're bad enough to try.

But you forget that, if our Bill should die,

Two million men will ask the reason why!

Blublud (in a changed tone). Come, come, I'm sure there is no
call to quarrel;

It isn't either neighbourly or moral.

Besides, do recollect with whom you're dealing,

And give me credit for a kindly feeling!

Let me, at least, just have a look at "Bu,"

I want to know she's well.

The Parents. You really do?

Blublud. Yes, honour bright!

The Parents. Your sentiment is good:

"Yes, honour Bright!" We only wish you would!

As to Bill Frankeyes' sister, she's quite well.

Blublud. I want to see her!

The Parents. Then your want dispel.

"Bu's" very well, we tell you, growing daily,

And getting on, in every way, most gaily.

Blublud (whining). Do let me see her, for a minute only!

The Parents. Not half a one.

Blublud. The girl will be so lonely

Without her Bill.

Mr. H. Irving. This is not all the scene, but it will do
To show the line of action we pursue.

Mr. W. Barrett. And I consider that I ought to say
That much of it is not pursued *my* way.
I wished to have Bill's sister on the scene.

The Chairman. I'm very loth indeed to intervene,
But 'twould be better, p'rhaps, upon the whole,
Were Mr. Barrett to himself control.

Mr. W. B. But Irving, Prince, has proved so domi-
neering!

Mr. H. I. And Wilson Barrett's always interfering!

Mr. W. B. No. I maintain what you call interference
Is in reality my close adherence
To all that's best and oldest in the play;
I should have shown this if I'd had my way.
For instance, I proposed, as you well know,
That Bill should wear a monster red-tape bow.

Now, what did you think of *that* notion of mine?

Mr. Irving. Not much!

Mr. W. B. Not what?

Mr. I. Not much!

Mr. W. B. Then, what did you think of my other design?

Mr. I. Not much!

Mr. W. B. Not what?

Mr. I. Not much!

Mr. W. B. But, think, if we gave Billy's sister a dress

Cut out of a Map of our Islands; confess

That the costume would be a tremendous success?

Mr. I. Not much!

Mr. W. B. Not what?

Mr. I. Not much!

Mr. W. B. Still, it's better than nothing at all.

Mr. I. Not much!

Mr. W. B. Not better than nothing at all?

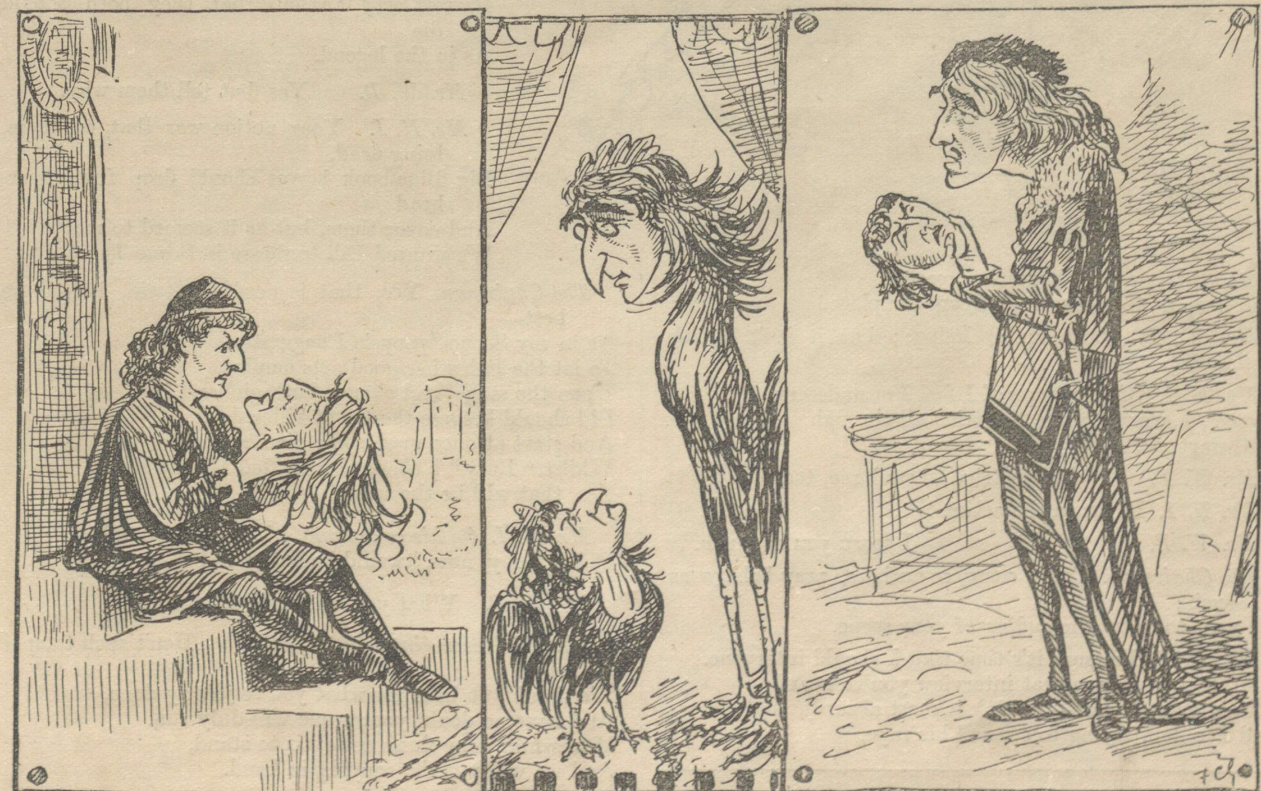
Mr. I. Not much!

Mr. W. B. But she must have a dress,

And the Map one, confess,

Would be better than nothing at all?

Mr. I. Not much!



The Parents. Then send him back to-night.

Blublud. What, with these wounds?

The Parents. Yes; we'll soon set them right.

Blublud. No, no; my Drols would miss the boy so much.

The Parents. 'Tis at their peril, mind, that him they touch!

Mr. W. B. Then, what do you think of my "Hamlet," I'd ask?

Mr. I. Not much!

Mr. W. B. Not what?

Mr. I. Not much!

Mr. W. B. But surely you own I accomplished my task?

Mr. I. Not much
 Mr. W. B. Not what?
 Mr. I. Not much!
 Mr. W. B. But my Godwin's researches, my novel machinery,
 My play-scene enacted outdoor 'neath the greenery;
 Come, what do you think of all this and my scenery?
 Mr. I. Not much!
 Mr. W. B. Not what?
 Mr. J. Not much!
 Mr. W. B. Still, 'twas better than nothing at all?
 Mr. I. Not much!
 Mr. W. B. Not better than nothing at all?
 Mr. I. Not much!
 Mr. W. B. But my readings, so new,
 Must have surely pleased you;
 They were better than nothing at all?
 Mr. I. Not much!
 Mr. W. B. Then what do you think of my "Chatterton," pray?
 Mr. I. Not much!
 Mr. W. B. Not what?
 Mr. I. Not much!

The Chairman. Gentlemen both, however well you sing,
 Remember, please, the Pantomime's the thing.



From all this petty altercation cease,
 And keep to, if you will not keep, the piece!

Mr. W. B. Quite right, Prince; but it isn't I, it's
 Irving.

Mr. H. I. Of such reproof I feel I'm undeserving.
 Barrett, I grieve to say, has tried all through
 To thwart me.

Mr. W. B. Well, you tried to snub me, too.

Mr. H. I. I'd scorn the action!

Mr. W. B. I scorn you as much.

The Chairman. Come, come, co-authors, pray behave as
 such;

We wait to know the ending of your scene.

Mr. W. B. I'm sure it's time that I should intervene.
 Well, then, we close that interview you've heard
 (That's Irving's part—I think it most absurd),
 And Blublud, trying to conceal his rage,

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 street, London, E.C. Incorporated under Act 7 & 8 Vict. cap.
 110, and further empowered by Special Act, 15 Vict. cap. 53.
 Accumulated Fund over £1,000,000; Annual Income, 1883,
 £184,101; Profits already divided, £847,000; Claims paid to Dec.
 31, 1883, £1,166,027; Policies in force, £4,434,661.—EDWIN
 BOWLEY, F.I.A., F.S.S., Secretary.

Clutches Bill Frankeyes and goes off the stage;
 Then "Bu," the sister, comes on with a dance;
 And here I think occurs a splendid chance
 For a strong song!—the facts for which I'm noting—
 Upon the inequalities of voting.

Mr. H. I. 'Twill never do.

Mr. W. B. 'Twill make a certain hit,
 And quite bring down the gallery and pit.

Mr. H. I. Bring down! My aim's to elevate the
 masses!

Mr. W. B. Your aim is dollars!

The Chairman. This my patience passes;
 I must, and will, at once adjourn this reading,
 Unless you cease from thus its course impeding.

Mr. W. B. After the song, then, Blublud comes again,
 With several hired supporters in his train
 To force the parents "Buty" to let go,
 Or, at the very least, the girl to show.

Mr. H. I. But tell them who were Blublud's new
 allies.

Mr. W. B. The Cave of Drols some of his gang
 supplies;

The other ruffians of a type most thorough,
 Included Bribaree and Pocket Burra,
 Who knew their own demise was very nigh,
 Unless Bill Frankeyes' sister soon should
 die.

These hired supporters have their dance, and
 sing

A chorus of corruption in a ring;
 And then occurs, amidst some lively action,
 An effort at the little maid's abstraction.
 This Gayrock, Billy's plucky foster-father,
 Prevents, by his great vigilance, or rather
 By beating Blublud in the stand-up fight,
 In which they afterwards display their might.

The Chairman. So all ends pleasantly.

Mr. H. I. Yes, thanks to me,
 Bill Frankeyes and his sister we leave free.
 Barrett was anxious that they both should
 die
 As in the legend.

Mr. W. B. Yes, but tell them why.

Mr. H. I. Your notion was that, on them,
 lying dead,
 Big Blue-book leaves should drop from over-
 head

And cover them, but as it seemed to me
 We wanted Bill to figure in Scene Three.

The Chairman. Yes, that is needful; 'twill, indeed, be
 best—

As in my Scene-Synopsis I suggest—
 To let the Fairy her good arts employ
 Upon the stage, and change both girl and boy.
 Bill should become the Giant-killer Jack,
 And start at once upon some giant's track;
 Whilst "Buty" 's changed into Red Riding-Hood.
 Yes, that will be the way.

Mr. H. I. (to his co-author). I knew it would!
 Didn't I say, now, 'twould be better so?

Mr. W. B. What you told me was—

The Chairman (interrupting). Don't such temper
 show.

We thank you both for what you've jointly done,
 And have no doubt your scene will duly run.
 Meanwhile, pray finish it as 'tis to stand,
 And we will put the copying in hand.

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 Comp., 7, Pall-mall East, and 55, Grosvenor-st., London, W.

Mr. Bancroft's Scene.



R. S. B. BANCROFT (to Prince, pro-
 ducing a large roll of foolscap). Shall
 I begin, Sir?

The Chairman. What, your scene?
 Pray do!

Mr. B. With your permission, Prince,
 I'll first run through
 This list (unrolling long scroll) of pro-
 perties that I require
 To mount this scene of mine as I
 desire.

The Chairman. But, pardon (consults
 paper)! Scene the Third proceeds

To deal with Jack the Giant-killer's deeds.

Surely there's nothing very new in this.

Mr. B. Nay, Prince, you would not have me so remiss

As not to grasp the story's archaeology;
 Such carelessness could find no meet apology.

Now, Jack was born (or so I find it hinted
 In a black-letter tract at Leyden printed)
 In County Cornwall, B.C. 98,

An early and a somewhat dubious date;
 Still, thanks to the researches long and deep
 Of three tame antiquarians I keep,

I've culled the features of that early life:
 What clothes, what customs, what pursuits were rife;
 And hope to place upon our Christmas stage
 A finished picture of that mythic age.

The Chairman. What trouble you have taken!

Mr. B. Say not so,

It is a joy into such things to go.
 But to my scene. It opens one Mayday
 Upon the shores of famed Tintagel Bay;

And, in a set of tableaux, I propose
 What Early Cornish life was to disclose;
 To show the way of Early Cornish baking,
 An Early Cornish fight and merrymaking;
 An Early Cornish wedding, too—

The Chairman. But stay!
 Your scene, you know, must some ten minutes play,
 By no means longer. Will all this come in?

Mr. B. The mining, too, of Early Cornish tin,
 I have arranged a tableau that to show.

The Chairman. Indeed, I fear the early tin must go;
 At any rate, just now we'd rather hear
 That part where you make Jack himself appear.

To quote my "Argument," Bill—of Scene Two—
 Becomes, as he grows up, a hero new,
 And, leaving home, with pack upon his back,
 In your scene is the Giant-killer Jack.

Mr. B. You've put the case, my Prince, with great
 exactness;

I only hope I may show like compactness.
 Well, then, my tableaux done (for still I hope
 They may be saved, to widen my scene's scope),
 Jack enters, sword in hand, and has a talk
 With the poor villagers who with him walk,
 Somewhat in this style:—

Jack. Now, tell me, if the question isn't rude,
 Do any giants on your peace obtrude?

1st Villager. Giants, forsooth! I rather think they do.
 Scores of 'em!

Jack. Prithce, name me one or two.

1st Villager. There's one, a most uncommon cruel lot,
 As has his castle handy to this spot.

We call him Giant NOSEAP; others, though,
 This pest as CARVI or as ROTREC know.

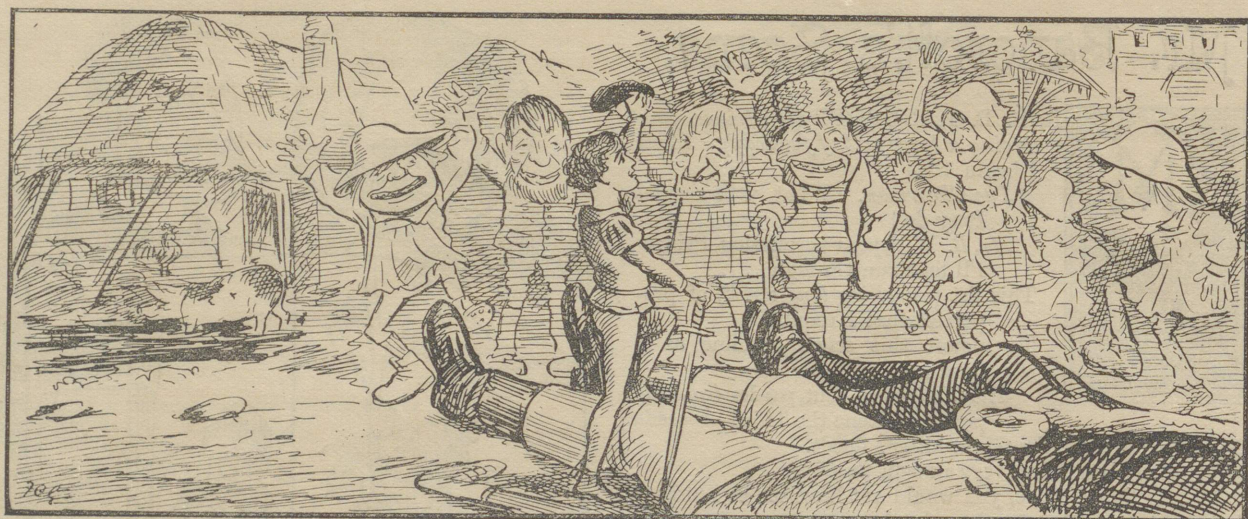
Jack. He lives near here, you say?

2nd Villager. D'ye hear them bells?
 They're ringing in the castle where he dwells.

[The Villagers run off.]

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Jack. But why this haste?
 1st Villager (*hurriedly*). Oh, when we hear that sound,
 To hurry to his castle we are bound;
 For if we don't, he—but, take care, he's coming!
 Jack. Where is he?
 1st Villager (*as he exits*). Listen! that's the giant, humming.
 JACK gets behind a tree, and remains concealed as GIANT NOSRAP
 enters, clad in a suit of black-cloth mail, with stiff-starched
 white-linen bands round his neck, and carrying a crozier-shaped
 club in one hand, whilst in the other he draws a waggon contain-
 ing sacks of corn, wheatsheafs, cows, baskets of fruit, &c.,
 which he has just carried off from the defenceless villagers' home-
 steads. As JACK listens, the GIANT sings as follows:—

Song.—GIANT NOSRAP.

I'm a Giant, you must know,
 Tiddy-fol-lol!
 Who am strictly *comme-il-faut*,
 Tiddy-fol-lol!
 For I'm kept up by the State
 (To spread sectarian hate)
 At a bountiful old rate,
 Tiddy-fol-lol! Tiddy-fol-lol!
 I always dress in black,
 Tiddy-fol-lol!
 And on pity turn my back,
 Tiddy-fol-lol
 And whenever I've to chide
 I have always always tried
 No to lean to mercy's side,
 Tiddy-fol-lol! Tiddy-fol-lol!

Yes, I'm called Giant Nosrap, I'm called Giant Nosrap!
 And, as through my district I ply,
 I claim all the first fruits,
 By no means the worst fruits,
 So much like a locust am I.
 I take farmers' cows and
 Fat sheep by the thousand,
 And all kinds of arable crops,
 And barley and wheatstacks,
 And wood-piles and peat-stacks,
 And turkeys, and apples, and hops!
 I spread superstition,
 And use my position
 'Gainst progress to ardently fight
 I hate all improvements,
 And rational movements
 I crush with the whole of my might!
 Then bring out your tribute, diversified tribute,
 Nor dare to your off'rings deny,
 Lest, unforgiving, I worry you living,
 And turn on your corpse when you die!

Jack (*appearing*). You hoary reprobate! to sing like that!
 Aren't you ashamed of it?

Giant. What are you at?
 You impious layman, know you who I am?

Jack. Know you?—yes, far too well, you utter sham

Giant (*lifting his crozier club*). Dare to approach, and I will lay
 you low—

D'you hear me? (*Aims blow at Jack.*)
 Jack (*dodging it.*) Ah, my friend, much, much too slow.

Now, see if you can hear what I've to say.

Why should I let you live, you monster. Eh?

Giant. Oh, this is sacrilege! Beware your fate!

Why, I'm the trusted creature of the State!

Jack. So much the worse, then, for the State that trusts you.

Giant. My curses on you!

Jack. Ah! my talk disgusts you?

Perhaps the news, then, I am come to kill you

With a disgust more direful still will fill you.

Giant (*again vainly attacking Jack*). Are you bewitched, that I
 cannot despatch you?

Jack. The fact is, I was born to over-match you;
 To forge this sword, which soon shall pierce your heart,
 Two million countrymen have played a part—
 Men, once your victims, but your masters now,
 Whom your pretensions can no longer cow.

Mr. Bancroft. Well, after more of such like con-
 versation,

In which the hero (speaking for the nation)
 Asks Giant Nosrap why he shouldn't die,
 And finds he has no pertinent reply,
 The fight takes place, and 'midst a ringing cheer
 From villagers who've dared again come near,
 Jack gains at length a triumph most complete,
 And lays the Giant dying at his feet;
 But scarcely has he done so than the ground
 Shakes with a roaring and a thunderous sound,
 And as the villagers to shriek begin,
 A new and taller giant rushes in.
 "Who's this?" Jack cries; but the new giant sees
 The prostrate Nosrap, and falls on his knees,
 Groaning and swearing, with tumultuous breath,
 That NALDDROL will avenge his comrade's death;
 Till Jack attracts the giant's eye at length,
 When Nalddrol bellows out with all his strength:

Song.—GIANT NALDDROL.

O DEAR, O dear, I feel so queer,
 I think I shall go wild,
 Unless I lock a poacher up,
 Or crush a helpless child;
 Ho! bring me an aged crone, I say,
 Who has dared to gather my sticks
 Or a plump small boy who to annoy,
 My brambleberries picks!
 A week I will give for a faggot,
 And a twelvemonth (with "hard") for a hare
 Three months I'll give for a trespass,
 So let small girls beware!
 Six months I'll give for a turnip,
 And a fortnight at least for two sticks,
 And three years, as a rule,
 At a Criminal School,
 To whoever a blackberry picks!

Mr. Bancroft. Jack, in amazement, asks what this can
 mean,
 On which the Giant strides about the scene;
 And sings again, whilst trying all the time,
 To catch a man or child for some small crime.

Song.—GIANT NALDDROL.

I'm the curse of my country, the terror of all,
 Especially those who are feeble and small;
 I'm a grabber of land, and the people know me
 As a big-acred Nalddrol and J. of the P.
 Yes, I am a J. of the big, big P.,
 And a very funny J. I'm, too;
 For I never, never saw any practice in the law,
 And I never know what to do.
 But the clerk to whom I look finds the law out in a book,
 And he whispers what it ought to be;
 And the pris'ners at the bar,
 Who or what-so-e'er they are,
 They never mercy get from me!
 Jack. What never? Giant N. No, Never!
 Jack. What never? Giant N. No, never!
 No, never mercy get from me!
 Jack and the Villagers. Then give three groans, and
 three times three,
 For the cruel J. of the big, big P.
 Aye, give three groans, and three times three,
 For the J. of the big, big P.

Mr. Bancroft. Of course, Jack kills him; stabs him to
 the heart,

And then is ready off again to start.

The Chairman. One moment; have you many giants
 more?

Mr. Bancroft (*consulting MS.*). Well, at the very least
 a score.

The next is Rakrent, he's an Irish Giant,
 Especially abusive and defiant.
 Jack puts his eyes out.

The Chairman. Yes, but don't you see
 There cannot time for all your giants be.
 I tell you what, now, you had better do:
 Jack, to conclude, should have an interview
 With one more Giant who disorder spreads
 Because he has, we'll say, a score of heads;
 Each head could sing a line of some good song—
 A verse apiece would make the scene too long;
 And as each head thus owned its special vice,
 Why, Jack could cut it clean off in a trice.

Mr. Bancroft. It shall be done, Prince.
 The Chairman. Then, by way of end,

The Fairy, wishing to the boy commend,
 Shall turn him to Dick Whittington, and take him
 To London Town, its new Lord Mayor to make him.
 It's true he's young, but then he's proved so sage,
 And wisdom 'tis that makes Lord Mayors—*Not age*

Mr. Bancroft. Precisely, Prince, I'll end it as you say.
 The Chairman. And bring it finished, please, some
 future day.

Mrs. Kendal's Scene.



MRS. KENDAL (*taking out her MS. scene
 from her reticule*). And now, my
 Prince, it is my turn to read.
 The Chairman. Quite so, dear
 madam.
 Mrs. K. Shall I, then, proceed?
 The Chairman. Please do! The
 Female Infant in the Wood
 Becomes, as we've agreed, RED RIDING
 HOOD;
 And you will doubtless now to us
 make clear
 What happens to her in her altered
 sphere.

Mrs. Kendal. When I consented to give up my time
 To writing what's mere paltry pantomime,

I felt, Prince, that I might p'rhaps get a chance
 To my crusade against the Stage advance;
 And thus be able to myself repay
 For mixing with mere actors in this way;
 For this, I must impress upon the meeting,
 My stage connection is at most but fleeting.
 In a few years (if fortune favours me)
 From all its gilded vice I hope to flee;
 And from some genteel spot, quite *comme il faut*,
 Try to forget I ever stooped so low.

Solo.—MRS. KENDAL.

I'm thirty-five! I'm thirty-five!
 And so to keep I shall contrive,
 Until I long enough have played
 An ample fortune to have made,
 Then I, with bitter scorn, intend
 The stage to fiercely reprehend,
 And publicly to set my face
 Against this national disgrace.
 Meanwhile, 'till I can this contrive,
 I'm thirty-five! I'm thirty-five!

When I the age of forty see,
 No more the stage shall know of me;
 No more will I take leading parts
 With actresses who show their *cartes*;
 That is, I won't unless, of course,
 Things unforeseen my hand should force.
 If all goes well, though, at that age
 I mean to gladly quit the stage!
 Meanwhile, until my time arrive,
 I'm thirty-five! I'm thirty-five!

Mrs. Kendal. Of all the heroines in the Nursery host,
 I think I love Red Riding Hood the most;
 I always liked her tale the best of all,
 And as my past existence I recall,
 I see in it a curious parallel
 To that of this small maid I love so well.
 I was a timid, shrinking girl like her,
 Almost afraid into the world to stir;
 Until at last the thought occurred to me,
 A Nursing Sister I should like to be;



I did, in fact,
 try on the
 starched white
 cap,
 And round my-
 self the cloak
 soample wrap;
 And deemed the
 costume most
 becoming, too,
 When quite a
 novel thought
 my brain went
 through.
 Musing, one day,
 how wicked
 was the age,
 And how all
 kinds of vices
 filled the stage,
 A voice within
 me cried,
 "Your path
 lies there!"

Go on the stage, and its correction dare;
 Once on the boards, you can essay reform,
 And from within, its strong defences storm!"
 Well, as you know, I listened to that voice,
 And in due course declared the Stage my choice.
 But, oh, my friends, I shudder even yet,
 To think what risks my maiden feet beset;
 Dangers, temptations, thronged about my way,
 Till, like Red Riding Hood, one summer day,
 I met the Wolf himself! Yes, face to face;
 And mine, indeed, seemed then a desperate case!
 But, did I waver? No! And, as you see,
 The wicked creature did not swallow me.

No, no, I swallowed him! And, if you care
To see that Wolf—he's sitting in that chair. (Points to
Mr. KENDAL.)



The Chairman. These reminiscences, I'm sure, amuse us;
But, still I hope their author will excuse us
For wishing she would rather let us know
How 'tis she means this scene of hers to go.
In fact, time presses.

Mrs. Kendal. I expected this.
No matter; these remarks you find amiss,
At which, too, I observe some members sneer,
They'll gladly at the next Church Congress hear!
I certainly shall waste no more on you.
As to my scene, I need not read it through;
Enough to say, Red Riding Hood is made
Of all that is improper, most afraid;
The strange adventures I invent for her,
To current matters, as a rule, refer.
Thus, in her journey, she's
accosted by
An aged reprobate, who, glass
in eye,



Stares at her in his senile, do-ldering way,
And, as she runs from him, attempts this lay.

SONG OF THE PROWLER.

I'm a paralysed old roud, with a deeply-wrinkled leer,
I have gout and I have palsy, and my breathing's very queer;
My walk is very tottery, and my sight is very bad;
I dye my hair and eyebrows, I use a liver pad,
And I wear a padded coat upon my back, la-di-da!
And my varnished boots have not a single crack, la-di-da!
I have artificial teeth!
And tight stays my coat beneath;
In fact I'm quite the prowler, la-di-da! la-di-da!
In fact I'm quite the prowler, la-di-da!

[At this point a Messenger enters hurriedly with a note for
the CHAIRMAN.]

The Chairman (reading note). Will Mrs. Kendal kindly
stop one moment?
This note refers to something for our Show meant.
I know you'll pardon me for this digression,
'Tis in relation to our

ROYAL PROCESSION.

Mrs. Kendal. Why, what is that, Prince?
The Chairman. Surely you have heard.
Mrs. K. Indeed I've not—no, not a single word!
The Chairman. It's soon explained—in one of our first
scenes

We've a procession of our Kings and Queens.
Mrs. K. But that's like Drury Lane.
The Chairman. Nay, wait a minute!

And I'll explain the difference that's in it.
Our Kings and Queens, to give the scene variety,
Are living people, mostly in society.
Who places will in our Procession share,
Because our monarchs' names they chance to bear.
Thus Tennyson, as Saxon Alfred leads,
And William Gladstone (with his wife) succeeds
As Norman William, whilst his red-haired son
Is taken by the Duke of Hamilton.

We've Irving, then, to Henry's mantle don,
And Sir John Bennett makes a grand King John;
Then as his son comes Chaplin in the rear,
Whilst as First Edward I myself appear.
And so, in fact, it is all through the scene,
We have names also for each King and Queen.

Mr. Harris. But what's amiss, Prince?
The Chairman. Why, this note from Bright,
To say his Cromwell jerkin's far too tight.
Mr. Harris. Ah, apropos. I fear that's not the worst.
There's something wrong, too, with our James the First.
The Chairman. You mean James Lowther.
Mr. Harris. Yes, he says his ruff
Won't do at all.
The Chairman. What, not quite large enough?
Mr. Harris. He tells me that it strangles him to wear it.
The Chairman. Well, well, he'd better try to grin and
bear it.

I wish, though, Harris, you would see to this—
Bright's note, I mean; find what it is amiss,
And do, please, try if you can put it right.
Mr. Harris. I will, Prince,
The Chairman. Yes, I'd like to please John
Bright.

Now, Mrs. Kendal, if you'll be so good,
We will continue your "Red Riding Hood."
Mrs. Kendal. With pleasure, Prince. You've not for-
gotten yet

How she was by an aged "Prowler" met.
She also meets an agent, who tries hard
To her engage, but she's upon her guard,
And when she hears that it is for a stage,
On which the ballet would be all the rage,
She flies again with horror from the spot;
Until at last she gains her grandma's cot.
I scarce need tell you in the present case
The normal dénouement does not take place;
But as the Wolf's about the girl to eat,
The Fairy Progress comes with all her suite,
And, having sent him howling to the wood,
Makes room beside her for Red Riding Hood



A ROYAL PROCESSION.

And then, this shy young mortal to entrance,
 Bids all her *coryphées* a ballet dance!
The Chairman. A ballet, Mrs. Kendal! Can it be
 We hear aright?

Mrs. K. Yes, Prince, you soon will see
 That what I call a ballet is a measure
 Which Mrs. Grundy could sit out with pleasure.
 Even my fairy, I would have you know,
 Will not be dressed her arms and legs to show.

*which things, with tuckers round the neck most ample,
 made every doll a most amusing sample. Some of the
 company gave loud guffaws, others essayed satirical
 applause; the CHAIRMAN tried in vain to look didac-
 tical; but MR. HOLLINGSHEAD, who's always "prac-
 tical," exclaimed:—*

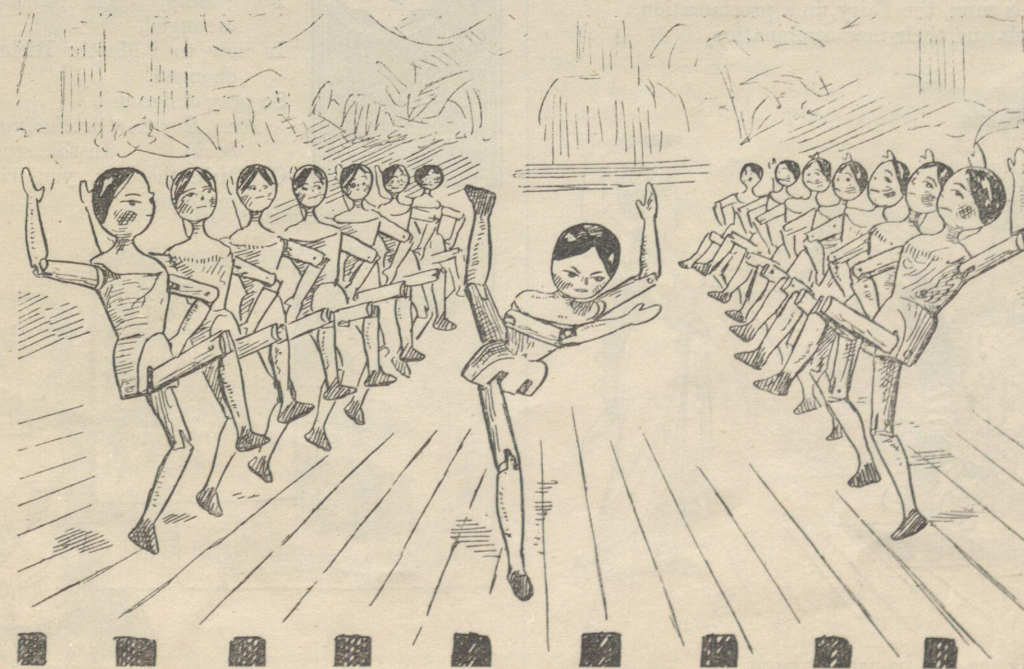
I think that ballets are my line;
 In them, in fact, I and my partner, Shine,



She'll be so clothed as not to cause a frown,
 And wear a simple, straight alpaca gown.
 As to my ballet, if I have it done,
 You may be sure 'twill be a proper one.
 Indeed, to save mistake, some dolls I've dressed
 (My husband's helped me with most cordial zest)
 In that costume in which it seems to me
 A ballet-girl ought properly to be.

And Mrs. K. will pardon me, I'm sure,
 For saying—though her motive is so pure,
 The ballet-girl with high-necked dress won't wash!
 That prudish *ballerines*, in fact, are bosh!
 Ballet is ballet! 'tis no good at all
 Unless it fills each evening every stall;
 And girls costumed like hers, why, they'd be hiss'd
 Alike by Masher and by Methodist.
 No, my dear madam, let the ballet be—
 Or, rather, leave its management to me.
 I have, indeed, a dress designed of late
 Which will sensation certainly create,
 Whilst critics to decide will vainly try
 If body is too low or skirt too high.

[With this, her husband placed upon the table the ballet-
 dolls, which, happily, we're able, thanks to a courtesy
 most kindly shown, to furnish in a drawing of our own.
 These dolls, have dresses fastened round their throats,
 and long and starchless linen petticoats, with goggles blue



disposed on many a nose, and legs and arms fixed in
 a proper pose; and sandled shoes o'er which drop
 pantalettes, edged with a lot of frilling and frisettes;

'Twould puzzle even Mrs. K. to say
 My ballet-girls offend in any way.
 [Produces dolls and poses them on table.

D

Mrs. Kendal. I claim the kind protection of the chair ;
This is the scene which I was bade prepare,
And I've prepared it as I thought it best.

The Chairman. I'm sure we shall be glad to hear the rest.

Mrs. K. I may explain that, be it hiss'd or not,
I cannot change my ballet-dress one jot ;
In fact, the girls I should to dance engage
Would not in muslin skirts go on the stage ;
They are, indeed, selected, as a rule,
From bible-classes in a Sunday-school,
And, just to satisfy them 'twas not wrong,
After their dance they'd sing a little song.

Song and Chorus.—"THE REFORMED BALLET-GIRLS."

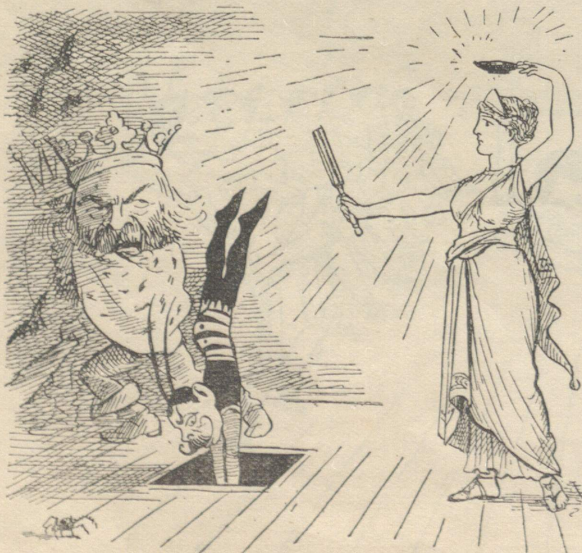
Who are we whose massive feet
Just have danced this ballet through ?
We are maidens most discreet
As to what we say or do !
We have never learned to wink,
Like the worldly *ballerine* ;
We within our shoes would shrink
Were our ample ankles seen.

We of mashers never heard,
Save of those for turnips used ;
It may safely be averred
Billet-doux we've ne'er perused ;
If a man should speak to us,
We should cry "Per-lice !" and shriek,
Or within a Bloomsbury 'bus
Shelter from the villain seek.

We no frisky matrons are,
And our *cartes* are never shown ;
Sadly 'twould our feelings jar,
If we thought that we were known.
And we'd meet each amorous glance
With a vacuous stony stare ;
We would rather die than dance
With our legs high in the air.

When, though, we have done our task,
And we have to blush no more,
With golosh and macintosh
Teacher will be at the door !
And a veil on every face,
Two and two with podgy tread,
We will leave the wicked place,
And march bashfully to bed !

Mrs. K. This sung, the Fairy, in a proclamation,
Defies the Drols and their new combination,



And promising she will be near at hand
When Billy and his sister help demand,
In whatsoever name they may apply ;
She bids her chariot mount into the sky.

The Chairman. And that's the end ?
Mrs. K. Well, no, it is not quite,

For just before she's hoisted out of sight
I thought she might declaim with great effect,
My paper, read, as you may recollect,
Before the Congress ; done with animation
I'm sure 'twould make a palpable sensation.
And then she would, by way of epilogue,
Announce the publisher as Mr. Bogue ;
And p'rhaps it would the pamphlet's sale increase,
To add my portrait forms the frontispiece.

The Chairman. Your portrait ? Why I thought that you despised

An actress who in this way advertised.
Am I not right ?

Mrs. K. Well, scarcely, for I claim
The motive in each case is not the same.
Mine is a most unselfish one, and pure.

The Chairman. We're very glad to credit it, I'm sure ;
But there are many people, I'm afraid,
Whom you will find it hard to this persuade ;
And who will even venture to assert
That your own acts your arguments subvert ;
When, in a pamphlet which quite scarifies
Those actresses who dare to advertise
By means of photographs in public shown,
You coolly publish thousands of your own !
So, fearing that discussion may arise,
I think we'll "cut" that reading from the "flies."

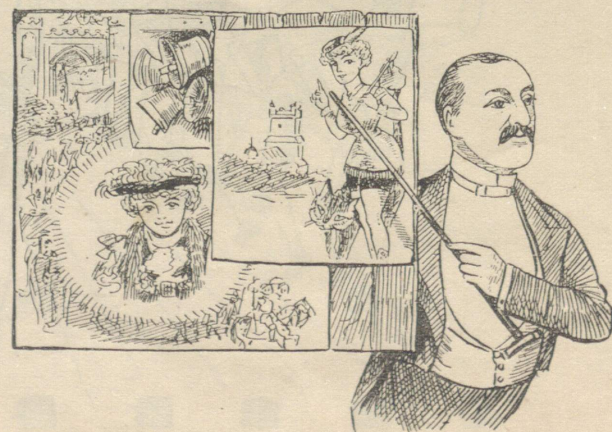
Mrs. K. "Cut" if you please, or let the public jeer me,
I care not, for the Congresses will hear me,
And I, next season, shall not lack a place
From which to spread abroad what foul disgrace
Covers the stage, whereon, indeed, I see
No one redeeming feature left but me.
It's as you choose, Prince—it is your concern.

The Chairman. Why, then, to Mr. Harris I will turn,
And ask him briefly now to let us know
How 'tis he thinks the City scene will go.

Mr. A. Harris's Scene.



THE CHAIRMAN. Yes, Mr. Harris,
we expect from you,
Of young Dick Whittington a novel
view ;
For "Billy," alias "Jack," as we've
arranged,
Is now to "Master Richard" to be
changed.
So pray oblige us !
Mr. Harris (producing his note-
book). In this scene of mine,
Of Dick, the boy, you will not find
one line.



I take my pen up when his cat has made
His fortune, and, with that large fortune's aid,

He's bought his way up to the Civic Chair,
And has become Dick Whittington, Lord May'r !
In fact, to "make" our Pantomime a go,
I mean to give his great *al fresco* Show
On such a scale, so gorgeously complete,
As even Lord Mayor Nottage's to beat !
Though that, I'm bound to add, so good was made,
That it put former efforts in the shade.

The Chairman. Excellent !

Mr. H. Yes, I think I've done the trick,

And that you'll own that I am "up to Dick !"
Who, you must know, thanks to his birth and training,
Is all for civic nuisances restraining ;
And eager for the thorough reformation
Of everything pertaining to his station.

The Chairman. You've planned this Show, then ?

Mr. H. Yes, its every item,
It took a long time even thus to write 'em.
(Shows plan.) You see from this how big it's bound to be,
And so descriptive songs, it seems to me,
Would much relieve the strain upon the eye,
And also help explain who 'tis goes by.

The Chairman. Give us a few examples.

Mr. H. First of all
March twenty Aldermen, each in a pall,
And bearing, all of them, long, lighted candles,
By way of penance for their many scandals ;



As they come up the stage they'll stop and sing.
(Producing note-book.) Well, this is something of the kind of thing.

Song.—THE ALDERMAN'S MISERERE.

We pipe our eye for the days gone by,
In the times of White and Whetham ;
For the banquet and ball in old Guildhall,
In the days we used to get 'em.
Midst the gorging gush and the greedy rush,
Our seats were always handy ;
And we came off fine with regard to wine,
And likewise punch and brandy.

O, the gorging old days and the greedy old nights !
O, the jolly civic lunches and our big appetites !
Ere Sir William Harcourt's Act had put us to rights.
But we don't get that sort of thing now,

Oh ! no.
We don't get that sort of thing now.
(Spoken) Oh ! no.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—The Manager of the Belgrave Steam Laundry begs to state that, having at last completed the additions to the Laundry, he is now in a position to do £30 a week more washing for private families.—Address 196, Ebury-street, Belgravia, S.W.

And oh, 'twas rare to sit in the chair
At the Police-court every morning ;
To echo the Clerk's judicial remarks,
And to add a pompous warning.
And 'twas just first-rate to dine in state,
With the highest nob's hob-nobbing,
And in wine to swim till our eyes were dim,
And our temples kept a-throbbing.

O, the gorging old days and the greedy old nights, &c.

Yes, we groan and sigh for the days gone by,
Those days so truly Tory ;
When, cock-a-whoop, we could wade through soup
To civic pride and glory ;
When vulgar show, and the punch's flow,
Gained knighthood's elevation.
And the "h's" dropped in no way stopped
Our social transformation.

Oh ! the gorging old days, and the greedy old nights, &c.

Mr. H. Behind the Aldermen, in anguish sobbing,
Will be Financiers who've ceased from robbing,
City Promoters, played-out Bulls and Bears ;
All will pass by, weighed down with useless shares,
And seize upon a break in the procession,
To sing the following piteous confession :—

Song and Chorus.—A LAMENT.

WHERE is our last big coup ?
Far, far away !
Where are our profits, too ?
Far, far away !
'Till, in our indigence,
We think of getting hence ;
P'rhaps clients have less sense,
Far, far away !
Far away ! Far away !

Where are those "specs" we made ?
Far, far away !
Where is our quiet trade ?
Far, far away ;
Once we had mansions fine,
Now lodgings are our line ;
In two-pair backs we pine—
Far, far away !
Far away ! Far away !

"LIBERTY" ART FABRICS.—Original inventions for Ladies' Costumes and Toilets. Patterns post free. Regent-street, W.

Gone are our prancing steeds,
Far, far away!
Gone those expensive weeds,
Far, far away!
Gone with our mashing suits,
Gone with our varnished boots;
Gone with our hothouse fruits—
Far, far away!
Far away, far away!



Once there were "bogus" lines,
Far, far away!
Likewise much "salted" mines,
Far, far away!
O how we "bulled" their shares,
Then how we turned to "bears,"
None now such "sells" prepares,
Far, far away!
Far away, far away!

P'rhaps folks can still be "done,"
Far, far away!
So we will cut and run,
Far, far away!
Here swindles now are vain,
But, once across the main,
We may pick up again,
Far, far away!
Far away, far away!

Mr. H. When in due time the ruined songsters pass,
We'll march the Livery Companies *en masse*,
All with their banners, bearing on their face
The total squandered yearly, in each case,
With gilded pyramids to represent
The sum that they in gluttony have spent.

The Chairman. And will the Liveries sing?

Mr. H. I've not decided.

The Chairman. In case they do, your tune might be provided
From Gilbert's "Patience." Some such lines as these
Would not upon the whole, p'rhaps, fail to please.

Song.—THE LIVERYMEN.

WHEN we first took our livery up,
The Wardens observed, with a wink,
Of dinners and luncheons,
And port wine in puncheons
You'll have even more than you think,
And "fivers" most neatly enshrined
In your napkins you'll normally find,
And *bonbons* in caskets,
And fruit in neat baskets
To make your good lady look kind,
Should you sometimes fill often the cup,
Now you've taken your Livery up!

But lo! the Commission has sat,
Nay, more, it has dared to declare,
That the notes napkins under
Were nothing but plunder,
And that *bonbons* no more we must share;
Yes, it rules that the cash hereto spent
On gorging, for teaching is meant.
Whence we in each Livery,
Are feeling quite shivery,
And hipped to an awful extent.
So no more shall we wine, dine or sup,
Though we've taken our Livery up!

Mr. H. Thanks, Prince! you'll give me further help, I hope?

The Chairman. I may; but what comes next!

Mr. H. A Telescope,

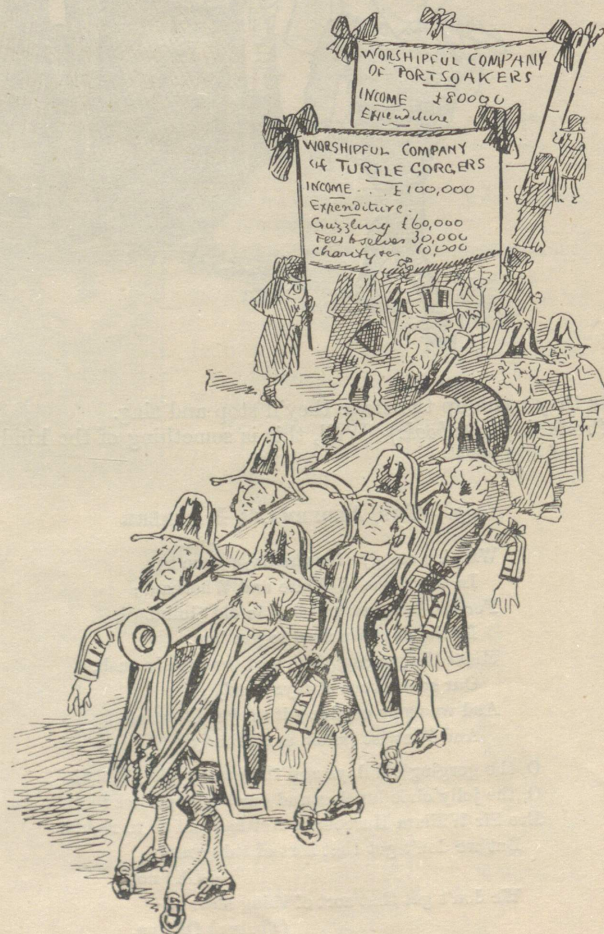
On which, fixed up for use upon its stand,
Dick at the Mansion House has placed his hand.

The Chairman. But why a telescope?

Mr. H. You soon shall hear,
For, as the monster glass is seen t' appear,
The Flunkeys who have got it on their shoulders
Explain its purpose thus to the beholders:—

Song.—THE MANSION HOUSE TELESCOPE.

THIS all other glasses most widely surpasses,
For if you its eye-piece look through,
You will see very plain what is passing in Spain,
And likewise at Pesh and Peru;
One cursory glance will exhibit you France,
Though the air be most cloudy and murky;
And look when you may you will see Mandalay,
And the uttermost portions of Turkey.
But vainly you try parts of London to spy—
Not a glimpse of the spot is revealed to your eye.



What happened was this, if aught went amiss
At Merv or remote Madagascar;
If a Cooly lacked rice in the town of Berbice,
Or Bombay held a ghee-lacking Lascar;

Mr. Hollingshead's
Scene.



THE CHAIRMAN. Now, Mr. Hollingshead if you're prepared,
We'll hear how Whittington as Crusoe fared.

Mr. Hollingshead. Dick, then, soon tiring of his civic life,
Longed for some spot where dangers were more rife,
And, though too old to schoolboy tastes retain,
Resolved to seek his fortunes on the main;
My scene, then, tells you how he tried to do so,

Under the well-known *alias* of Crusoe.

Should a panic malicious be felt at Mauritius,
Or should fire overrun Bomarsund,
At once the Lord Mayor brought these lenses to bear,
And raised a Relief-granting Fund;
And with efforts persistent, calamities distant
He dealt with long after they were non-existent.

But, sad to relate, when a dolorous fate
O'ertook a poor wretch in Soho,
When case after case of starvation took place
At Stepney, or Walworth, or Bow,
If then the Lord Mayor brought these lenses to bear,
The glasses were focussed in vain,
For there then was no chance of his posing in France,
Or receiving an "Order" from Spain;
And he did not much care any object to aid,
Unless it afforded a chance for parade.

Mr. H. After the Telescope is borne along,
Will come the Parish Beadles with their song;
The *very* Common Councilmen will follow,
Declaring that the world is too too hollow;
And those Purveyors, who will find it puzzling
To live when Dick puts gorging down and guzzling.



The Chairman. Your naming Dick reminds me that this youth
Has small connection with this scene, in sooth.
Is this advisable?

Mr. H. Well, it is he
Who is the cause of everything we see;
He has removed the City's chief reproach,
And will come on at last in his gilt coach.
There is no doubt processions go down well,
And great success for this one I foretell;
For when the old abuses have past by
Will come the part on which I most rely—
Dick Whittington's new show, and all that's best
In London's area—north, south, east, west—
Our wisest men, our poets and physicians;
Our painters, authors, seers, and rhetoricians;
These will be seen, great, grand, and noble entities,
Instead of those anonymous nonentities
Who, as it is, in scrubby hats and gowns,
And carriages they've jobbed for three half-crowns,
Roll on an endless line behind the banners,
To show us how debased are civic manners,
And how extremely, vulgar, dull, and slow
Can be what passes for the Lord Mayor's Show.

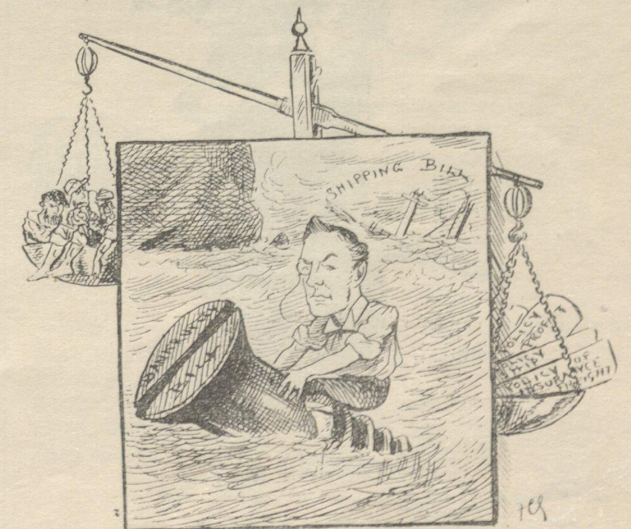
The Chairman. I like the notion much, so please extend it.

Mr. H. Need I read on to show you how I'd end it?

The Chairman. Nay, do not trouble; I am quite content

To let you finish your experiment.
Just let me know the probable expense,
And we'll the properties at once commence.

The Chairman. Succinctly put; but then we know that you
Are always practical in what you do.



Mr. Holl. Thanks, Prince; but now to tell about the trip
Which Crusoe starts on in a "coffin-ship;"

SANITARY INSPECTION.—Fee 2 Guineas. Improvement works undertaken. The Sanitary Engineering Co., 115, Victoria-st., Westminster.

In fact, as he sets sail, the owner sings
This "*chant de voyage*," standing in the wings.

SAIL on, decayed and rotten craft, sail on thy cranky way!
Too water-logged to keep thy course or thy sprung helm obey;
Sail on, oh, paralytic bark, sail on thou ancient hulk,
And may that cargo shift ere long thou carriest in bulk!

Yes, scuttle upon the breakers,
Or be driven upon the strand;
Aye, go to the dogs in congenial fogs
On the banks of Newfoundland!
Or get submerged in a tempest,
Or blown on a rock-bound shore,
Be smattered or smashed, or battered or dashed,
But never come home any more!

Thou art insured, rotten one, for full six times thy worth,
And we shall hear that thou hast sunk with jocund glee and mirth.
Thy cargo is a bogus one—that's underwritten, too;
But laugh Ho, ho! and laugh He, he! we've not insured thy crew!
So they can starve or can fester,
Or scurvy can rack their bones;
They can linger afloat in a leaky boat,
Or go down to Davy Jones.
They can live upon weevily biscuit,
Or be drowned, or escape ashore,
Whatever may hap, we shan't care a rap,
So that you don't come home any more.

Mr. Holl. Cheered by these parting words, our hero
sails,
And quickly meets with equinoctial gales,
In which, as you may probably expect,
This coffin-ship is very promptly wrecked;
That he is saved, though, you will also guess,
Nor will you be surprised at the success
With which, like other shipwrecked mariners,
Assorted stores he to the coast transfers.
He only of the fated crew remains,
And, when at last the rocky coast he gains,
He climbs with ardent haste the nearest high land
To find he's on what seems a desert island.

Musing on this, he then reseeks the shore,
Thinking he'll see the Mansion House no more,
When at his feet, pressed down into the sand,
He finds a printed something on the strand,



Which he at first for a subpoena takes,
A supposition which his anger wakes;

CABINETS.—DRUCE & Co. are now showing an extra Stock of Artistic Cabinets at exceedingly moderate prices, commencing at £2. 15s., also a great variety of Fire and Folding Screens, from 6s. 9d. Inspection is invited.—68 and 69, Baker-street, W. Also entrance from Baker-street Bazaar.

But when he stoops, and picks it up at last,
His apprehension's very quickly past,
For this he reads, whilst towards a tree retreating:—

QUEERLAND ATHLETIC CLUB.

THE SUMMER MEETING.

THIS DAY AT TWO,
UPON THE NEW CLEARED SPACE,
THE USUAL VARIED SPORTS AND GAMES

Take place.

PULLING THE LONG-BOW. GIVING OF LEG-BAIL.

BALANCING BOOKS; AND RIDING ON A RAIL.

SHOOTING THE MOON. "KITE"-FLYING.

MARKED-CARD TRICKS.

OUTRUNNING CONSTABLES

AT HALF-PAST SIX.

For details (other than these Posters tell), apply at once to
W. WADDELL.

On reading this, our Crusoe looks around,
To see if other signs of man abound.
His desert isle must be inhabited,
For W. Waddell had thither fled;
But who besides? As this remark he makes
A sudden sound upon his hearing breaks,
And near the shore, packed in a jolly-boat,
He sees a jocund company afloat,
Who, as they row to land, most loudly sing,
Until they make the very welkin ring:—

We were Trustees in Bankruptcies, Accountants cute were we,
And should be yet but for the Act of artful Joey C.
Yes, still official assignees we might for life have been,
Had not that dreadful Chamberlain appeared upon the scene.
We were tricky, tricky, tricky! and our figures oft were dickey;
But the new Act came and caught us on the H O P.
Yes, although we were so tricky,
That J. C., he was so quick, he
Insisted on us paying up the £. s. d.

But we thought over what had passed, and how, by red-tape's aid,
We'd pocketed at least ten pounds for every shilling paid.
And as we this recalled, we said, "Shall we pay over, then,
And cease to be Accountants, and become mere honest men?"
For we're tricky, tricky, tricky, &c.



Our mind was soon made up. Said we: "We will not pay a sou!
Confound that Joseph Chamberlain and his new measure, too!
We'll follow where Waddell has led; so Ho! to cross the main!"
And we So-ho'd and crossed it, too; and here we are again!
For we're tricky, tricky, tricky, &c.

Crusoe has hardly stepped behind the tree,
When the Accountants land, right cheerily,
And raise a shout, which brings an answering cry
From midst a clump of forest trees close by;
Whence, the next minute, men, at least a score,
Come running very quickly to the shore.
One keeps in front, and all th' Accountants cheer,
And cry "Waddell! Waddell!" as he comes near.
And Crusoe scarce can watch without emotion
Their mutual joy and evident devotion.
"But," says Waddell to them; "you ought to know
These friends of mine—all very *comme-il-faut*."
And Crusoe now the name of each obtains—
Thus, "Lambri Pasha!" Mr. Higgs, of Staines,
Signor Lipardi; Mr. Blakeway, too,
Defaulting bank-directors not a few,
With bank-cashiers (of these at least a score),
Absconding brokers, too, and many more—
For instance, Mr. James Montgomery Walker,
Who, dogged by Justice, had contrived to baulk her.

The Chairman. What happens then?

Mr. Holl. Why, Crusoe steals away,
Afraid in such bad company to stay,
And to the other side the island goes.

The Chairman. And what adventures do you then
propose?

Mr. Holl. Why, then I meant to make him sing a ballad
Descriptive of the Market of Mud-salad,
And find a pretext—how, I hardly know,
To give the Board of Works a slashing blow.

The Chairman. But won't that seem to be dragged in a
bit?

Mr. Holl. Well, yes, to some extent, I must admit;
But it would be a terrible privation
Not to "let out" at "pot-house legislation."

The Chairman. Well, well—I'd better see the way you
do it

Before I make my mind up to taboo it.
But just think what your scene is, I would beg,
And try to hang your "smacks" upon some peg.

Miss Kate Vaughan's Scene.

MISS K. VAUGHAN. It is, I think,
Prince, clearly understood
That I take Mrs. K.'s Red Riding
Hood.

Mrs. Kendal (haughtily). Indeed, it
isn't! For I must decline
To let Miss Vaughan have anything of
mine.

Miss K. V. (coldly). Pray do not
trouble, for it is arranged
As soon as I your heroine take, she's
changed,
And it's as Cinderella she comes in.

In this fifth scene I'm waiting to begin.

Mrs. K. If there is no connection, that will do,
But I could not collaborate with you.

Miss K. V. That's very true; you could not if you tried,
For I have in my calling too much pride
To in joint acts of any sort engage
With one who's libelled so the modern stage.

Mrs. K. How dare you talk like that!

Miss K. V.

Because I choose.

The Chairman. Such interruptions I cannot excuse.
Miss Vaughan, I beg of you to read your scene,
And Mrs. Kendal must not intervene.

Miss K. V. My task has been a very simple one
So I will tell you briefly what I've done;
My Cinderella, to afford variety,
I've made a girl in modern high society,
With two proud sisters and a ma-in-law,
Of whose abuse she stands in mortal awe;

As the scene opens, she's discovered dressing,
And thus her grief is vocally confessing:—

Song.—CINDERELLA.

My mother bids me pinch my waist
Another inch or two,
For, though already tightly laced,
She says it will not do!
And, oh! she says that I must wear
A body cut so low—
My cheeks will flame with honest shame
As through the streets I go!



She says I must expose my charms,
And cause the roughs rare sport,
And leave quite bare my neck and arms,
Because we're going to Court;
But I have heard our Court is pure—
I know our Queen is so—
She cannot, then, require, I'm sure,
Poor me half-dressed to go!

Miss K. V. As she sings thus, her sisters both come in,
And laugh at her, and call her pale and thin,
Bidding her look, to add to her dejection,
At their most skilfully made-up complexion,
Until, their feelings to contain unable,
They sing—

THIS DITTY OF THE TOILET-TABLE.

TEN little Stoppered Phials standing in a line,
We drank choral out of one, and then there were nine!
Nine little Stoppered Phials, one on a plate,
We took our rouge out of that, and then there were eight!
One little, two little, three little, four little, five little
Stoppered Phials;
Six little, seven little, eight little, nine little, ten little,
Stoppered Phials!



Eight little Stopped Phials pointing up to heaven,
 We emptied one to stain our eyes, and then there were seven!
 Seven little Stopped Phials full of toilet tricks,
 One held enamel wash, and then there were six!
 One little, two little, &c.

Six little Stopped Phials; to our nerves revive,
 We drank perfume out of one, and then there were five!
 Five little Stopped Phials a precious secret store,
 We took out our *Eau des Fées*, and then there were four!
 One little, two little, &c.

Four little Stopped Phials, kept where none can see,
 We poured our hair-dye out of one, and then there were three!
 Three little Stopped Phials, one full of dew,
 We bathed our neck and face in it, and then there were two!
 One little, two little, &c.

Two little Stopped Phials, one wouldn't run,
 We scraped our lip paste out of that, and then there was one!
 One little Stopped Phial, when it was undone,
 Out came our pimple wash, and then there was none!

One little, two little, three little, four little, five little
 Stopped Phials!
 Six little, seven little, eight little, nine little, ten little
 Stopped Phials!

Miss K. V. Then the two sisters recommence their chaff,
 And at poor Cinderella's failings laugh.
 Says one: "Was ever known a gawk so simple?
 She has not made a single extra dimple."
 "See," cries the other, with affected passion,
 "She has not done her hair down 'door-mat' fashion!
 And what a waist! it must be twenty inches!"
 And then the poor, long-suffering girl she pinches.
 So they go on until at last they leave,
 And Cinderella's left alone to grieve.
 But not for long, for as her gloves she mends,
 The Fairy Progress suddenly descends,
 Not in the frock that Mrs. K. required,
 But, let me add, in gauzy dress attired,
 And with a train of bright attendant fays,
 Who dance about in varied sprightly ways.
 "Why, who are you?" the frightened girl exclaims,
 On which the Fairy in reply declaims:—

Song and Chorus.—THE FAIRY PROGRESS.

I'm the wonder of an age
 That of wonders is not chary,
 For I'm a competent, keen, acute, expertly mechanical Fairy.
 I've a most miraculous wand,
 Which induces things to vary.
Chorus of Fays. Oh, yes! she's a changing, topsy-turveying
 thaumaturgical Fairy!
The Fairy. I touch a Coach-and-four—
Chorus. And, lo! a Locomotive's screaming!
The Fairy. I touch a Bark Canoe—
Chorus. Behold! a fine Cunarder's steaming!
The Fairy. I touch a Hut of Mud—
Chorus. See where a Stately Mansion rises!
The Fairy. I touch a savage—
Chorus. Lo! her touch transforms and civilizes!

The Fairy. I touch a Yokel—
Chorus. He becomes a Man of Light and Leading!
The Fairy. I touch the lightning—
Chorus. O'er the waves the Telegram flies speeding!
The Fairy. I touch a Tory—
Chorus. But as yet she's not improved his breeding!
The Fairy. I touch a Drol, too—
Chorus. Here at last a check her power sustains;
 She cannot change the Drol, who still an useless Drol remains!
The Fairy. But I'm a wonder, I repeat,
 In spite of my style so airy.

The Fairy and Chorus. Yes! I'm } a remarkable, resolute, dar-
 She's } ing, indescribable Fairy!

The Chairman. And now, Miss Vaughan, if I have your
 permission,
 I think that this will be a good position
 For working in a Tableau of my own.

Miss K. V. You wish it by my Fairy to be shown?

The Chairman. Precisely so; your heroine might say,
 "Now, Fairy, will you please to me display,
 What in, say, twenty years the state will be
 Of those Grand Offices we are to see
 Erected, so they tell us, in Whitehall?"
 On which the Fairy, answering the call,
 Will wave her wand, at once a view affording,
 Of what I'll christen

OUR OFFICIAL HOARDING.

What it will look like when it's brought to view,
 This little sketch of mine will show to you.
 What say you then?

Miss K. V. Why, that I don't object.

The Chairman. 'Tis well! I dared your sanction to
 expect.
 And if you'll kindly make a note—I mean
 Just mark the Hoarding Tableau in your scene,
 That will be settled; and we'll beg of you
 Your interrupted reading to pursue.

Miss K. V. What follows I need not detail at length,
 In short the Fairy thereon shows her strength,
 Fits Cinderella out, as in the tale,
 And promises her aid shall never fail.
 Nay, more, as 'tis not time at Court to be,
 She bids her say what she would like to see.
 "Well, first," she cries, "if such a thing can be,
 One of our greatest beauties let me see."
 On this the Fairy waves her wand, and shows
 A well-known belle (her name I'll not disclose),
 Who, when our heroine to see her asks,
 Is, as it 'happ, engaged in toilet tasks;

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 QUERED, supply ROPER FRÈRES' 1st Quality, medium dry, and ROPER
 FRÈRES' 1st Quality extra dry Champagnes, the public are cautioned
 not to allow other brands at similar prices to be substituted.



THE NEW "A." AND "W.O." BUILDINGS, 1904.

And, spite the pain acute she feels at times,
Accompanies her actions with these rhymes.

Song.—THE SOCIAL BELLE.

It's clear, if I'm to hold my own, I must, with ardent zest,
To supplement my natural charms attempt my artful best.
What Nature's done is very well, but Art can do yet more
To round, to smooth, to renovate, to polish, and restore.

So I lace myself like this (*does so*),

I pad myself like that (*does so*),

Make what is angular look round, what bony is look fat (*does so*),

I hair-pin on this hair (*does so*),

Frisettes I stick in there (*does so*),

And to be in the fashion quite this bird-cage thus I wear (*does so*).

I take my blushes from a box, complexion from a jar (*does so*),
My dimples are to order made (a guinea each they are),
My curls were purchased through the Stores (a very cheap job lot),
The alabaster of my neck is four-and-six per pot.

And I line my eyes like this (*does so*).

I mark my veins like that (*does so*),

Fill up this wrinkle so, lay this excrescence flat (*does so*);

I fix and I cement (*does so*),

I powder, puff, and scent (*does so*),

Until, at last, my form is fit in public to present!

Miss Vaughan. These *Tableaux* I propose to multiply,
The details, though, I need not specify.

It is, indeed, so late, it will be well

For me to quickly how I finish tell.

The Chairman. Yes, 'twould, I think, be wise to not
delay;

We'll hear about the rest another day.

Miss Vaughan. In due course, then, my heroine goes to
Court,

And sees strange things which her surprise extort.
For instance, she meets there with high-born crones,
Who shiver as they show their aged bones;
And worthy matrons, who their necks had cased
With a thick layer of enamel paste.

There, too, our heroine, spite her sisters' jeers,

Makes many conquests soon as she appears;

And in the end, as duly I explain,

Does, as her husband, a rich Duke obtain!

But into this, and what 'tis next ensues,

I will not enter now, unless you choose.

The Chairman. Then kindly leave the details till we
meet

To hear these outline Scenes when made complete.

Miss Vaughan. 'Tis as you wish, Prince.

The Chairman. Many thanks, indeed,
For there is yet, you know, so much to read.

Truth's Scene.



THE CHAIRMAN. And now I'm sure
we deem it quite a treat,
Our most respected friend, Miss
TRUTH to meet.

Your scene, I think, the opening eight
concludes,

And to the "Ali Baba" tale alludes?
Truth (consulting a MS.) Yes,
Prince, you are quite right.

The Chairman. Then may we ask
How you have pleased to set about
your task?

Truth. That white-haired gentle-
man, I think, omitted
To say how Crusoe his strange island quitted;
So I suggest one way for him would be
To take th' accountants' boat and go to sea.
At all events, he does get safe away,
And then is wrecked again without delay;
Half-drowned and starved, he begs the Fairy's aid;
Nor is her kind assistance long delayed,
For she appears, for his relief arranges,
And him to Ali Baba promptly changes.

The Chairman. For some good reason, doubtless?
Truth. I will quote

A little song that strikes the scene's key-note;
'Tis when she is about the change to make,
Just as she gives her magic wand a shake.



THE FAIRY'S INVOCATION.

O ROBINSON CRUSOE, O Robinson C.!
Henceforth Ali Baba I'd have you to be;
And this is the reason, sir, why:—
Because in this wicked and Drol-ridden State
Forty Vices personified judgment await.
So off, Ali Baba, say I!

Yes, off, and collect every Vice that you can,
And when you have Forty, remember the plan
That your namesake once found did not fail;
Put your Vices in jars without any delay,
And treat them forthwith in the same kind of way
That the Thieves were all served in the tale!

Truth. Thus charged to carry out a special mission,
And quickly realising his position,
Our hero starts to seek the various Vices;
And one short walk across the stage suffices
To introduce to him Vice Number One—
A Beery Bung, who's seated on a tun,
Whilst, on his face a drunken, vicious leer,
He, with vile drugs, adulterates his beer.
Ali has but my magic lamp to show—
The Fairy gave him this, you please must know—
When, with an oath, the PUBLICAN proceeds
To follow him wherever 'tis he leads.
Then, as he starts again upon his way,
A VESTRYMAN induces him to stay;
And so, at well-nigh every step he takes,
He fresh addition to his samples makes.
And so goes on, till, following behind,
He's all the VICES he was bade to find.
These he thereon essays to catechize,
Obtaining answers which cause much surprise—
They are so impudent, so self-reliant,
And, without doubt, were recklessly defiant.
At last, however, I (TRUTH) intervene,
And have the Forty Jars brought on the scene.

Now, pressed for time, as I know well you are,
We will suppose each Vice is in his jar.
On this I (TRUTH) go round, my lamp in hand,
And Transformation swift from all demand.
But here's a case, as written in my scene,
To show you more precisely what I mean.

DEUTZ & GELDERMANN'S "GOLD LACK," and "CABINET" Cham-
pagnes can, if requested, be supplied by all Wine Merchants, and
obtained at leading hotels and restaurants. Consumers are requested
to see that no other brands are substituted.



"TRUTH goes to the jar containing a VESTRYMAN, and thus addresses him.

VESTRYMAN, too long thou'st guzzled:
By this token, then, be muzzled,
[Pours in some oil from lamp.
Cease to muddle and to meddle,
Cease to peculate and peddle.
Change to honest citizen,
One of Harcourt's Councilmen!"]

Thus I in turn go up to every jar,
And, learning who the various tenants are,
To each some few appropriate lines address,
In which his special failings I express.
But as you know, Prince, it is found at length
That though the oil is of most potent strength,
Yet still the would-be transformation's such,
That for the time the change worked is not much,
And 'tis discovered that twelve months 'twill take
Each VICE a Virtue apposite to make.
So for the present it is soon decided
The jars shall winter quarters have provided.
Now, as it happens, there's a cave at hand,
And into this safe place at my command



Ali and his assistants roll the jars,
Then shut its portal and secure its bars,

Leaving the VICES thus in meditation,
To there complete their thorough transformation.
Now, we have more adventures in my Scene;
Ali with Cinderella meets, I mean,
And, after many risks and dangers great,
Bill Frankeyes and his sister, thanks to fate,
Get reunited, and with joy compare
The strange adventures that fell to their share.
But none of this, I think, should here be told,
Though, if need be, I could the whole unfold.

The Chairman. Well, thanks, then. If you will not be offended,

I'll ask you, though your scene is not quite ended,
To kindly let us take the rest as read,
And with our Transformation deal instead.
This Transformation, now, we've quite decided,
Shan't be like that by most lessees provided,
In which, midst glare of limelight and of gold,
Scenes open and posed ballet-girls unfold.
No, we will give instead what cannot fail
To point a moral or adorn a tale.
Our Transformation is to be, in short,
A visible and practical retort
To those who to the silly view adhere,
That right divine surrounds the British Peer!

Truth. However will you do it?
The Chairman. In a way
That is original, at least, you'll say.
Let us suppose that your scene has been played.
Well, then, the change will instantly be made;
And on the stage, as Scene the Eighth moves round,
A kind of double one will next be found.
"Inside the Upper House" one half will be,
And here the Peers in robes of state you'll see;
Whilst just outside a crowd of boors will stand,
Tending to horses, p'rhaps, or tilling land.
Then Fairy Progress will come up a trap,
And at a sound, like distant thunder-clap,
And, with appropriate gesticulation,
She'll warble out this mystic

INCANTATION.

DUKES and Viscounts, Barons, Earls,
'Stead of nobles turn to churls!
Take those robes of velvet off,
Coronets proceed to doff!
For the time has come, at last,
When your day of grace is past.
Given long to shelve and shirk,
You, at last, are doomed to work.

RIMMEL'S PERFUMED ALMANACS.—"Western Flowers" and "The Light Fantastic Toe," 6d. Novel Christmas Presents in great variety. List on application. 96, Strand; 128, Regent-street; 24, Cornhill



Mansion you must change for cottage,
Potage à la bisque for pottage!
Gun for spade and rod for rake,
Pitchfork you for cue must take.
'Stead of voting Aye and No!
You must dig and delve and sow!
Come, then! leave those padded benches—
Out and weed potato trenches.
Quit your gilded "Sleepy Hollow,"
And the plough and harrow follow!
Come, ye noblemen effete,
Come and earn the bread you eat!
Come, and by your hardy labour
Try to benefit your neighbour;
Strive to make up, ere you're dead,
For the wasted life you've led!
Come, then, come, no more delay,
Come in all your State array;
And, as through the doors you range,
Hear the spell!

Hey! Presto! Change!

Truth. And will the house the actual change remark?

The Chairman. No; for the stage just then will be too dark.

But, when the light's turned up, it will be found
An alteration's taken place all round.
The yokels in the House of Lords will be,
The Peers as artisans and hinds you'll see.
The Horsey Earl you'll notice grooming steeds;
The Betting Lord a plough-horse humbly leads;
The Pheasant Butcher's calmly sticking pigs;
The Purse-proud Peer a bed of turnips digs.
But I need not into description go,
For we have made a sketch the scene to show,
And there you'll better see than I can tell
The odd results of the transforming spell.
This is the notion. What d'you think of it?

Mr. Irving. I think—

Truth. And I am sure 'twill be a hit.

The Chairman. And now, of course, the question needs reply,

Upon what comic scenes shall we rely?

Truth. But where's the clown? I have not heard about one.

The Chairman. The fact is, we intend to do without one.

All. Without a clown!

The Chairman. Well, yes; for you will find

That in the after-scenes we have designed—
Some comic ones, but others, serious, very,—
The clown and his three friends, that quartette merry,
Would, far from tending to assist a scene,
Delay it rather, should they intervene.

Truth. But people like the clown so!

The Chairman. That I own;

But still I cannot, on this ground alone,
Include him when there's nothing he can do.

But stay, though, as so urgently you sue,
We may, perhaps, so far our purpose change

As with the Bumptious Bartlett to arrange;
Or Mr. Lowther—James, of course, I mean—

To act as clown in each alternate scene.

This, though, I will not promise.

Truth. Thanks, indeed.

The Chairman. And now my serio-comic scenes to read.

Mr. Harris. May I suggest, Prince, that it's always better

Not to keep actors too much to the letter.

The Chairman. I thought as much; and so I've not been wrong

In writing for each one a separate song—

That is, for every scene; the total's nine;

And to these songs I will myself confine.

Shall I begin?

Mr. Bancroft. Your pleasure we await.

The Chairman. I'll only, then, by way of preface state,

That I will take the songs from number one,

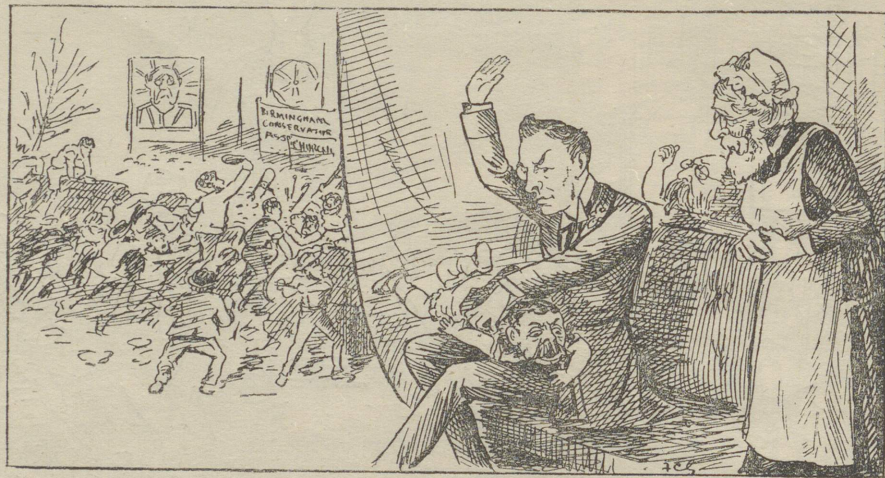
And read them through until the nine are done.

Scene One.

Song.—THE SPANKER AND THE BOY.

Mr. Chamberlain sings:—

LET me spank him for his Leader!
Let me spank his "bonnet" boy,
Who so oft is a seceder,
Poor Sir Stafford to annoy!
And before I've done his trouncing,
Little, trying, tricky elf!
For his recent Aston bouncing,
Let me spank him for myself!
Kind friends! don't hold my hand,
Nor for him be a pleader;
Few can his tongue withstand—
I'll spank him for his Leader!"



Sir S. Northcote sings:—

Ah, he spansk him for his Leader
With much pleasure I observe,
And for him I'll be no pleader,
But wish Joseph's hand more nerve!
For the tricks that boy has played me
Have been utterly too bad,
And the way he's disobeyed me,
It has almost driven me mad.

Please do not spare your hand, I am no interceder,
For gladly here I stand, whilst you spank him for his Leader!

Lord Churchill sings:—

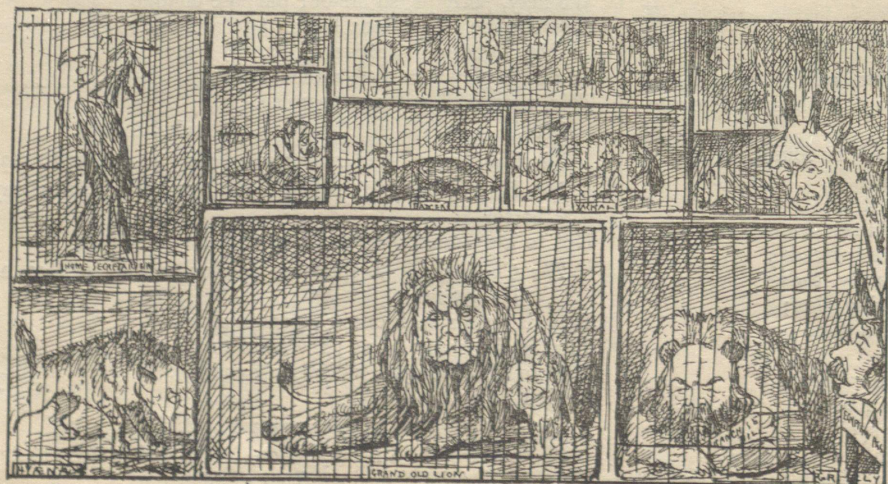
He has spanked me for my Leader,
I am very grieved to say;
For I can't but be a heeder
Of his much more vigorous way.
And my next wild accusation
Shall of some opponent be
Who has less determination
Than strong-handed Joseph C.

Yes, from his spanking sore, in vain I've been a pleader,
So him I'll tempt no more to spank me for my Leader!

Scene Two.

Song.—THE PARLIAMENTARY "ZOO."

WALK up! walk up! and see our show!
You'll find it worth a view;
It's so complete,
You cannot beat
The Parliamentary "Zoo!"
We've animals of every sort, and every size, and feature;
We've Irish Bulls, and Funny Dogs, and lots of City Bears,
We have one specimen at least of every curious creature;
So listen to the wondrous list their keeper now declares.
We've a Wolf that is a Jackal,
We've a Beetle to attack all



Wicked Quadrupeds that will not say their prayers;
We've a Lynx that writes despatches,
We've a Sea-dog that muffs catches,
And a Beaver with a Buffalo that pairs

The animals are fed at eight,
And 'tis a sight to see
The Lion take
A well-done steak,
The Bison drink his tea.

'Tis well worth while to gaze upon the Leopard changing spots,
The Skunk consuming buttered toast, the Camel at the grill,
And 'tis a treat that's most complete to see the Gull hatch plots,
Or watch the Pelican attempt to carry his own Bill!

We've a temporising Toucan,
And a Tabby-cat that mew can,
And a Parrot that asks questions
by the score.
We've a Reindeer that can
write well,
And a Badger that can bite
well,
And a well-developed "Legis-
lative" Bore!
Yes! we have a lot of Rabbits,
With gregarious little habits,
And an Eagle with the "Ayes"
that likes to vote.
We've a Fox that makes sly
speeches,
We've a Tomtit that im-
peaches,
And a Polar Bear that wants to
change his coat.

Scene Three.

Song.—OUR WATERLESS WATERWAY.

BEHOLD in me a
ruined river,
That was once a
primehealth-giver,
Ere they dared to me deliver
To the Board of Works.
Since the sewage they have
shot in,
They send daily such a lot in,
Fishes now my waters rot in,
Thanks to senseless shirks!
Once my tide was strong and
rushing,
And my fair green banks
kept flushing;
Now I am too weak for gushing,
Hushing all the way!



Once past Richmond I went brawling;
Now my depth is ever falling,
And o'er mud-banks I go crawling,
And the air defile!
For I'm mired by dirty rain-pipes,
Made unclean by reeking drain-pipes,
And befouled by monster main-pipes,
Till my stench is vile!
Once, my crystal waters gleaming,
On by many a town went streaming;
Now my water, then so beaming,
's Steaming all the day!

Water-companies abuse me,
That's why anglers cannot use me,
And riparian tenants lose me,
As they are remarking.
Worse, I spread contamination,
And disease and vitiation
Issue from each exhalation
Rising down at Barking.
Once I was most fit for drinking,
As I in the sun lay winking,
Now, though, I am quickly shrinking,
Stinking all the day!

Scene Four.

Tune.—"STANDARD" STARVATION.

COME, you prejudiced Officials! Come, Inspectors of our
Schools!
Cease awhile your warm discussions; cease to lay down
hard-fast rules!
Cease to push with such fell purpose, what at best is but a craze;
Cease to fight around those "Standards" that like fetishes you
raise.

Aye, abstain awhile from cramming
The pinched scholar's aching head;
We, for pity's sake, implore you,
Feed his body first instead.

Never mind that fatal forcing; leave, oh! leave the o'erworked
brain;
Nor the scholars' lives embitter, your statistics to maintain!
For whilst you frame lengthy minutes, and your cruel edicts
spread,
Your precocious School-Board Crichtons often lack their very
bread!

So abstain awhile from cramming, &c.

Never mind the silly protests that economists may make;
Nor insist on keeping bye-laws when 'tis lives that are at stake.
For it truly little matters what instruction 'tis you give,
If the children that receive it are not strong enough to live!

No, abstain awhile from
cramming, &c.

So we earnestly advise you
to set up one "standard"
more,
And to weigh your poorest
scholars ere they pass the
schoolroom-door;
Let a scale be at the portal,
and let not a child go in
Till 'tis proved that mind and
body both are ready to
begin.

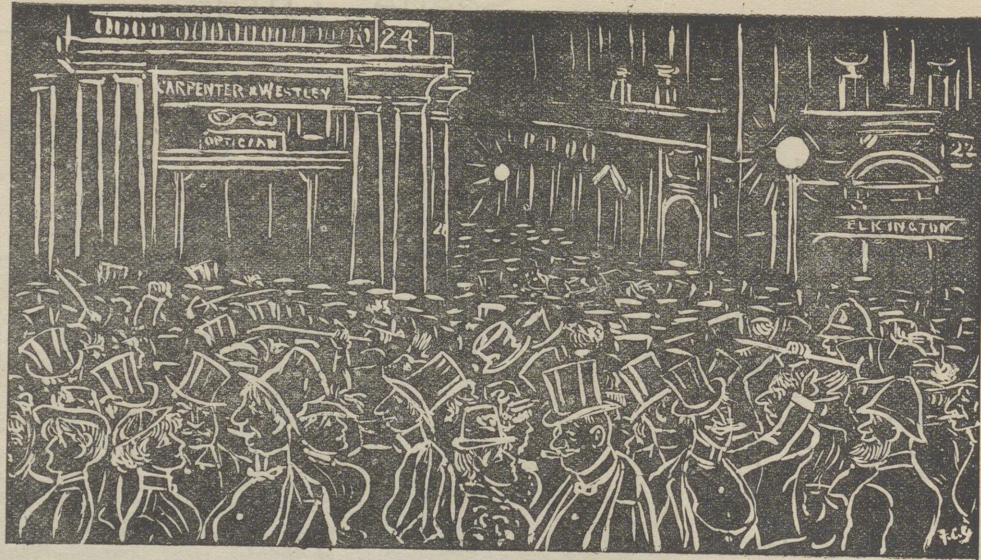
Yes, abstain awhile from
cramming, &c.



Scene Five.

Song.—LONDON'S INFERNO.

HERE is a sound of revelry by night,
For England's capital has gathered then
Her lowest and her foulest and too bright
The gas shines o'er frail women and fast men!
A thousand tongues wag noisily, and when
The music-halls the shameless concourse swell,
And drunken wretches reel from many a den,
The scene grows yet more like an earthly hell!—



But hush! Big Ben booms midnight, like some solemn knell!

Do they not hear it sounding on the wind,
These reckless haunters of the crowded street?
Nay, on they course, their laughter unconfined,
Prepared in all their brazen shame to greet
The ribald roysterers they haply meet!
But hark! that bell of doom breaks in once more,
And some lone hearts its echoes now repeat;
But louder, shriller, ghastlier than before,
Rises that hideous midnight Market's odious roar!

Ah! now there's eager hurrying to and fro,
And frightful oaths and tears of deep distress
And cheeks are drabbled which an hour ago
Were brave with artificial loveliness.

And there are sudden quarrels as the press
Of desperate women swirls and surges by,
With laughter forced and words of bitterness,
Which overwhelms the outcasts' deep-drawn sigh,
As the pale moon breaks through the sombre-clouded sky.

And this in London! in the very street
Which speaks the grandeur of the wealthy west!
'Tis here debauchery and riot meet;
'Tis here each night, when purity's at rest,
There rages rampantly that moral pest
That saps our city's health and blasts her name,
And steals the reputation she possesses't,
Leaving her rifled of her once fair fame,
A bye-word for the nations, and all Europe's shame!

Scene Six.

Song.—A PRINCELY PRAYER.

MAMA-IN-LAW, mama-in-law, O, pity us I pray;
You know I hold you much in awe—you've such a
Sovereign sway!
And that's the reason I was led to do the thing you bid,
But since such trouble has been bred, I'm sorry that I did.
For, O! I'm so unhappy,
And she has fallen sick,
And people jeer at me and say
I've played her a shabby trick!
Yes, I have lost domestic peace,
And through the world must roam,
For there's nothing now but trouble in
Our once most happy home!

Her family is good and old, and, please, I love her so!
And happiness is worth much gold, as you, dear step-ma, know;
Besides, my case, you must agree, is only Lorne's reversed
Then why have you come down on me and done your Royal worst?

So please to withdraw your edict,
And let us meet again—
Oh, do not force two loving hearts
To far apart remain!
You valued your connubial bliss,
Then force me not to roam,
But let us happy be once more
In our little Hessian home!

For, perhaps, you may remember what happened once before,
How then a loving pair you forced your sternness to deplore,

When you recall what followed in a near connexion's case,
You surely will extend to us your clemency and grace!
The Kaiser's a stern old tyrant,
But you're a woman true;
So, 'tis with hope we once again
Thus make appeal to you.
Be generous, then, have pity, pray,
Nor cause true bliss to roam;
But, oh! let peace once more come back
To our happy little home



Scene Seven.

Concerted Piece.—THE NATION'S NAVEE.

H, Britannia, the pride of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
It is time that with zealous devotion,
We saw to the Navy for thee.
If tyrants thou still wouldst make tremble,
Thou needest some armour-clads new,
Or else—it is vain to dissemble—
It's all up with the Red, White, and Blue.

It's all up with the Red, White, and Blue,
It's all up with the Red, White, and Blue;
It is useless to longer dissemble,
'Tis all up with the Red, White, and Blue.

RECITATIVE.

Radicals, Whigs, or Tories we—
We are of all us eager to save the Navee;
Partisans of the deepest dye—
That white is black we would all vote "Aye!"
Whatever our party whips may say,
We never venture to have our way.
But this is a case in which we think
We ought to politics wholly sink,
And join with a patriotic glee
To increase the strength of the Queen's Navee.



Duet and Chorus.—LIBERAL AND TORY FIRST LORDS AND FOLLOWERS.

L. First Lord. The storm, long brewing, soon may burst
On England's peaceful shore.

T. First Lord. Soon foes may join to do their worst,
As in the days of yore.

L. and T. F. Lords. 'Tis that our prestige safe may be
Our politics we ban.
If we supreme would be at sea,
That is our only plan.

Chorus. And shoulder to shoulder, right steady and true,
We must fight as our forefathers taught us to do.
So up once again with the Red, White, and Blue
And sustain the old Navy of England

Scene Eight.

Song.—OUR NON-ADVERTISING SOLDIERS.

THE Volunteers of England, how modestly they stand,
Prepared to do their duty though snubbed on every hand!
Not theirs to puff their actions, not theirs to strut and pose.
No; all they ask is to be led to meet their country's foes!
"The Artists," as becomes them, are always fresh as paint;
That they're not more 'neath "canvas," is p'rhaps their sole complaint.
Their Colonel, you will notice, in collar works right well;
In fact, in big, white collars, if all the truth we tell!
The London Scottish have a ram, which always heads their corps,
And Lumsden wears the mantle now so long Lord Elcho wore—
Or, rather, tries to wear the same, for there are those who say
It sometimes covers Lumsden up in the most thorough way.

"Doncha know the L.R.B.?" They would be quite content
If they had not to our Lord Mayor to arms sometimes present;
This tries them sorely, but still worse the City Marshal's whim,
That they, because he wears red clothes, should arms present to him!
Since London Scots have now a ram with which their corps to head,
The London Irish mean forthwith to get a pig instead;
Then, what with taste for whisky-punch and shamrock shoulder-straps,
Who will deny these Cockney Celts are patriotic chaps?
And they have right good officers, who hold them well in hand.
Now Donegal and Daubeney have both ceased to command,
There's Ward; and Furnival at home alike in silk and pink,
And two right dashing Majors who from tactics do not shrink.
The P.O. Volunteers defy the most exacting railer,



With such a soldier in command
As Colonel Du Plat Taylor
And the Victorias would be
as well as in days past,
Were it not for the fact that
swells are getting scarce at
last.
But space is failing, and no
word of Ranelagh has been
said,
Nor of the Lawyers (Devil's
Own) and their devoted
head;
St. George's, too, Queen's
Westminster, and Civil Ser-
vice Corps,
These must perforce be left
unpraised, with scores of
regiments more.

Scene Nine.

Song. — THE FATE OF "GORGONZOLA HALL."

could at last no longer fight against our crushing fate, So "Gorgonzola Hall" got turned into "New Billingsgate."

Whilst we, deprived of pears and nuts, and "sweeties" bought of "Dunny," Went out into the world to try to make a little money.

Some of us turned photographers, the lords regained Mayfair;

"Stephen" into the wine-trade went; and "Bob," in his despair, Took to the road with tracts; whilst "Jack and Harry," reft of hopes, To active training went forthwith inside the stakes and ropes.

"Laurence and Pat" became M.P.'s; and, when he was not preaching,

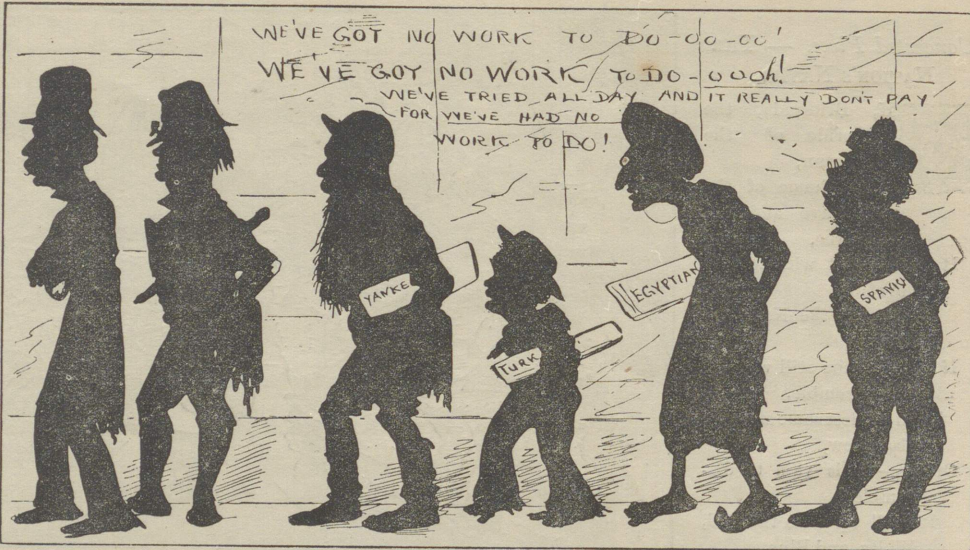
"Jack Long" was little Bible tales to Sunday scholars teaching; "Bennie" to Mormon Land returned; and "Little Ted," at last, Across St. George's Channel to his bog-girt mansion past.

"The Major," in his Highland home, upon his bag-pipe wailed; "Richard" his little lonely barque across th' Atlantic sailed; "The General's" wild laugh thenceforth at Aldershot was heard; "The Colonel's" sternly martial tones the Shorncliffe echoes stirred.

"Peabody" "dashed his wig," and ceased to hunger for "more books;"

"Algy" no longer brushed his hair, regardless of his looks; "The Lion's" roar was checked at last, and even "Joe" grew thin;

And "John" went to his old port wine and much-loved violin.



To Sanger's "Little Gus" repaired, to play a super tar; "Arthur's" melodious shrieks in "Trunks" no more were heard afar;

"The Skipper" he a-hunting went, whilst "Lacy's" ceaseless zeal

Made him upon the cinder-path the "Demon of the Wheel."

And now at night the Huntsman Wild the Yankee Market sees, Amongst blue lights and murmurs of in-nu-mer-a-ble Bees!

But never now, 'midst soft "miaows" is "Poor Old Joe!" discerned,

Nor is the "Saint" asked solemnly if he his bread has earned.

"The Chevalier" his organ and his monkey both regained;

But "Edmund" in its place no more his eye-glass dull maintained.

The "Grasshopper" was silent, too; "King Cole" no jokes advanced;

His Majesty the "King of Spain" no "Options" now financed.

The "Captain" his much-swelling chest in breastplate did install, And then went off to do his best to ornament Guildhall.

In short, all hied this way or that, at Fate's so harsh decree, Till Capel-court was empty as the mull of "W. B.!"

We are bound to consider our Pantomime's length, And we thus many points of most evident strength And political satire and flashes of wit Have been fairly compelled to entirely omit. Thus many a scandal and crying disgrace, For censure of which we had hoped to find space; Many evils Society tries to conceal; Many vices, in short, with which TRUTH tried to deal, We've been forced to leave out of our new Pantomime, To be duly attacked, though, at some later time! So let their defenders just use this reprieve, And try to a lost reputation retrieve; Electing to act in a sensible way That may censure prevent at no far-distant day.

"But there's much yet to do; still I am not afraid, For I'm certain that no one his task will evade. Meanwhile, we'll adjourn until Monday at noon, When—unless you consider that Monday's too soon— We will meet on the stage at the hour I have said, That the piece may be then to the company read."

So the meeting broke up; and when Monday came round, There was none who was not at his post duly found; And, in short, from that day until Boxing Night came, Scarce an hour of repose could the management claim: The toil was incessant, but nobody shirked; From the Prince to the call-boy, all willingly worked; Till amidst loud expressions of public delight, The curtain drew up on the opening night.



AND with that," cried the Prince "the performance will end, Unless we see cause to our programme extend.

There are some more scenes we could use, it is true—

(The ones, Mr. Harris, I handed to you),

But I fear that if these in addition were acted,

Our piece would be then too unduly protracted.

They're arranged, I may state, by some warm sympathisers

Who wished to assist—I mean TRUTH'S ADVERTISERS."

"I've examined them, Prince," Mr. Harris returned, "And in them have certainly merit discerned; So I think, on the whole, we shall find it the best To have them performed, but apart from the rest. They give us a chance certain people to use, Whose services otherwise we must refuse."

Said the Prince: "I agree, then, to what you propose, That these scenes in effect shall our Pantomime close. So they did. And they now, in effect, may be noted In the pages to traders' announcements devoted.

"And now," the Prince added, "it only remains To every one thank who has taken such pains; And to also regret that we don't see our way All the hints to include we've received for our play.

The Result.



It is not our intention to publish, as we could, The notices unnumbered, and mostly very good, In which the London papers were eager to express The fact that the performance had proved a great success. No, it is not our purpose those critiques to here obtrude, But with a private matter to our narrative conclude.

The piece, then, had been running some six or seven nights, And was already quoted as one of London's sights, When in our crowded post-bag, one morning it befel, We lighted on a letter, addressed "MISS TRUTH, THE WELL."

Which letter, as it deals with a notable event, We think it not unseemly to publicly present.

My Dear Miss Truth,

Three months ago you gave, at my suggestion, some excellent advice to me upon an urgent question. I thanked you at the time, but since I've put your words in action, and therefore feel I ought to state with what great satisfaction I've seen success my efforts crown, just as you said it would, and been the means, I've cause to think, of doing real good.

Now this result, my dear Miss Truth, undoubtedly is due to that good counsel offered me so willingly by you. Our



Pantomime so well received is certain now to run, for in our takings we each night surpass the previous one. It goes still better every time, and therefore I'd propose that you should come again to-night, and so a box enclose. But, whether you consent or not, I crave your kind permission to call and make to you, forthwith, some fuller recognition of all that my Committee feels, and I most fully share: so may I ask for one half-hour, if you as long can spare. On Thursday then, if you so please, I'll come at half-past

three, and bring—for they insist on it—some colleagues, too, with me.

I will not here repeat our thanks, but leave them till we meet, when it will be my privilege to lay them at your feet. Far better than ten written words I always deem one said word, and so remain,

My dear Miss Truth,

Yours truly,

ALBERT EDWARD.

The hour has come, and loud's the hum up Carteret-street now swelling, As hansoms stop and broughams drop their tenants at Truth's dwelling. The Prince is there, and Bruce and Hare, and several legislators; The Premier, too, soon comes in view, and two well-known debaters. In short, a score pass through our door, and eagerness elates them. As in they go where, cheeks aglow, Truth quietly awaits them. With bows profuse, and much excuse, and compliments repeating, They all form line, and, at a sign, commence this vocal greeting:—

With hearts filled up with gratitude, That ever shall prevail; We venture to this day intrude, And TRUTH to loudly hail; We thank her for her good advice, And beg our Chairman now To please produce that laurel-wreath, And place it on her brow!

[THE PRINCE deftly brings out a box from his coat-tail pocket, and opens it.

All. Yes, crown her! crown her! crown her! Yes, crown her truthful brow! Truth. Please, don't so overwhelming be; Your gratitude is going too far. Such laurel-leaves are not for me; You're much too grateful, indeed you are

Mr. Gladstone: I hailed a hansom cab to-day, and here did quickly whirl, I dressed myself up spruce and gay to see this charming girl,

E

And now I'm sure I hope that wreath upon her brow will stay,
That all of us may have a chance admiringly to say—

Chorus. She's got it on! she's got it on!
Doesn't she look fascinating?
She's got it on! she's got it on!
Spite of her expostulating,
She's got it on! She's got it on!
And whilst this reiterating,
We declare, She's more fair
Now she's got it on!

Truth. Then thank you all, kind people!
And as you wish it so,
This wreath I'll wear, and tender care
Upon it I'll bestow.

All. We ask no more, sweet maiden;
If only this you'll do,
So beg to say Good day! Good day!
And take our leave of you.

The Prince But before we go we shall just have time
To give three cheers for our Pantomime!

All. Aye, give three cheers, and three times three,
For those who our Pantomime go to see!

Mr. Gladstone. And now, if you please, three more to raise
For this fair young maid who wears the bays!

Truth. And grant me a favour before you've done—
Three good cheers, please, for EVERY ONE!

All. Yes, three good cheers, and then we've done—

Hip, hip, hurrah for every one!

A Key to the six full-paged Cartoons in this Number will be published in the ordinary issue of TRUTH of Dec. 4.

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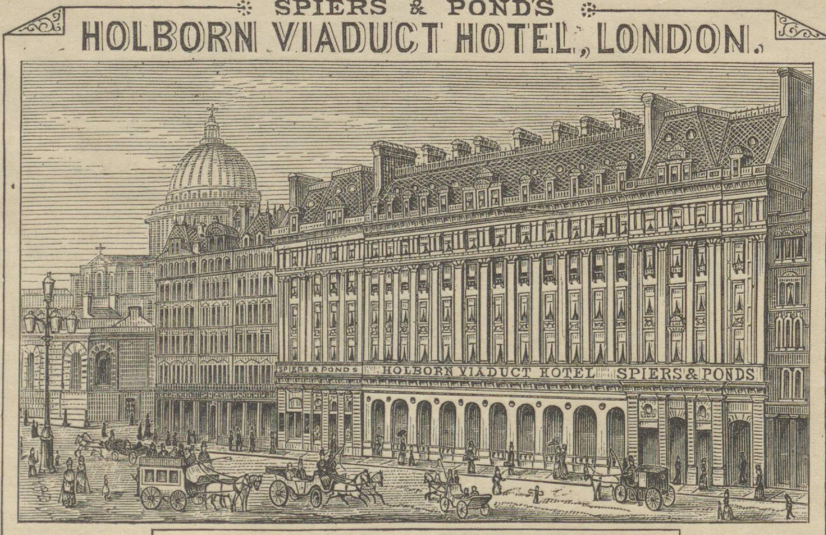
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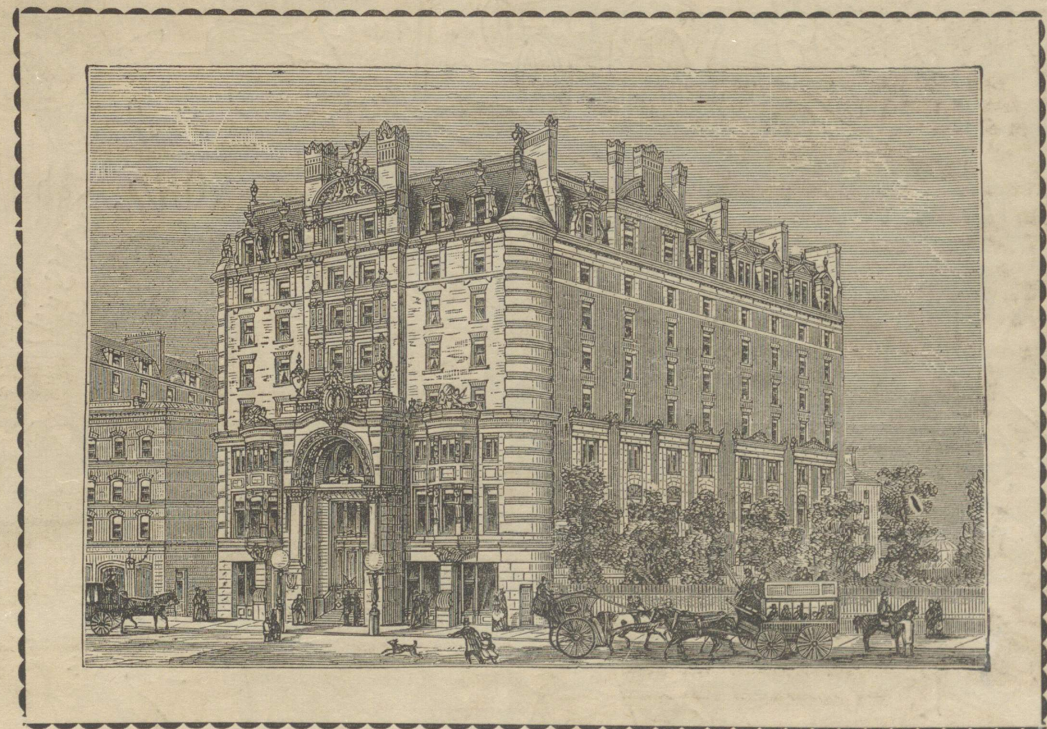
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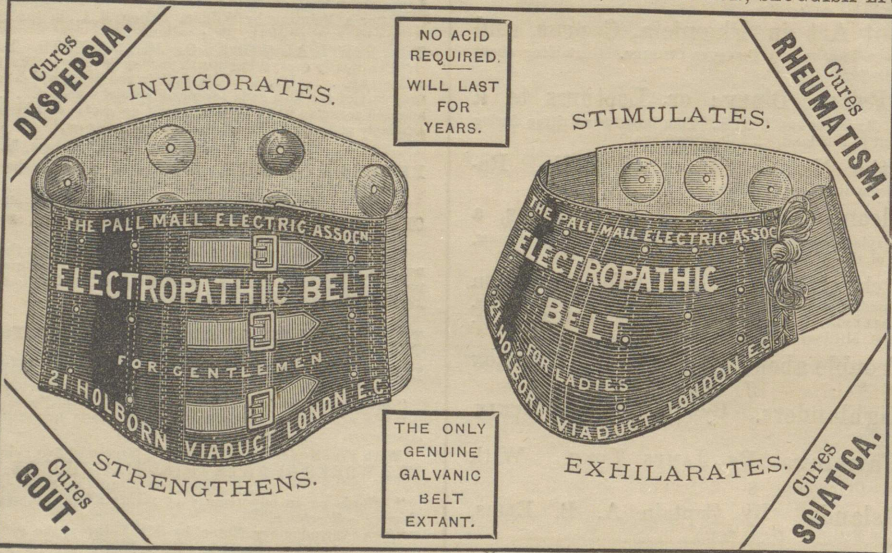
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CHRISTMAS + NUMBER

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, 1884.



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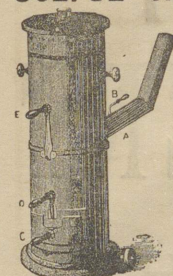
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