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THE FIRST HOUSE IN AUSTRALIA
THE
KING OF THE PEACOCKS.

Harlequin King Argus,

THE GREEN DOG,

AND THE MAY-FLY;

OR THE

PRINCESS WHO WAS IMMURED IN THE TOWER !

An Original Fairy Extrabaganza,

IN TWO ACTS,

Founded on the Countess D'Anois' Story, "La Princesse Rosette,"

BY

J. R. PLANCHÉ, Esq.,

FORMING THE OPENING TO THE

CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME,

AT THE

OPERA HOUSE, MELBOURNE, 1876.

DIRECTOR .. **W. SAURIN LYSTER.**

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KING OF THE PEACOCKS,

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Argus, the Brilliant-eyed—King of the Peacocks

MISS CATHERINE LEWIS.

Florizel the fair—King of the Verdant Valley ... Miss Lambert

Prince Jessamy—his brother ... Miss Bessie Royal

Poo-lee-ha-lee—captain and part owner of the Chinese Junk

Mr. Geo. Leopold

Soyez Tranquille—Chef de cuisine to H.M. the

King of the Peacocks ... Mr. C. Templeton

O'Don't-know-who (pronounced O'Donoghue—

A Milesian) ... Mr. James Hogan

Page of the back stairs ... Miss Sara Ford

Princess Rosetta—sister to Florizel Miss Alice Wooldridge

Baroness von Huggermugger—ex-nurse and gouvernante ...

... Mrs. J. H. Fox

Rumfizina—daughter of the Baroness Mrs. W. P. Morrison

FAIRY-LANDERS :

- Fairy Faithful—a loyal old Fairylander
Miss Gertrude Graham
- Fairy Fickle—a fast young Fairylander
Miss Blanche Leopold
- A May-fly (such as may fly in Fairyland)—quite a
“Lusus Naturæ” Mr. John Forde
- Fretilion—a green dog with one ear
Master Albert Leopold

OUT-LANDER :

- The Great Sea Serpent (as far as you can see Serpent)
Mr. Endless

SCENERY.

ACT I.

Pleasure Gardens and Chateau da la Beaute in the Verdant Valley

The Old World's End, with a view beyond the Bounds of Probability.

Gates of the City and Palace of the King of the Peacocks.

Home Park in the Verdant Valley.

Deck of the Chinese Junk.

Voyage of the Junk and Arrival off the Coast of Peacockia (a-la-Haidee).

ROYAL PEACOCKIAN NAVY QUADRILLES.

Crew of the Royal Barge by a first-rate set of Pretty Fellows

Blanche Leopold	Kate Forde	Esther Melvin
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Nellie Harland	Bessie Lynch	Carry King
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ACT II.

All Right Bay and Point, to Come in with Fisherman's Hut.

Plume Chamber, in the Palace of King Argus.

The Royal Kitchen.

Grand selection from the celebrated opera of “The Huguenots.”

“Blessing of the Rolling Pins.”

Interior of Fisherman's Hut.

The Dungeon.



KING OF THE PEACOCKS.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE FIRST.—*Pleasure Gardens and Chateau de la Beaute,
in the Verdant Valley.*

Fickle Well, Fairy Faithful, what's the news with you?

Faith. Ah! Fairy Fickle, sad as it is true!

Fickle Stands Elf Land where it did when I was last there?

Faith. Alas! poor country! sorry scenes have passed there!

Like others, it has had its revolution—

The silly Elves would have a constitution—

Not seeing that the whole domain of Fairy

Was nothing if it wasn't visionary.

While some went in for pastoral protection

Others cast their votes for free selection.

King Oberon at first defied opinion,

And fought for Fancy's absolute dominion—

But finding modern Science lent her aid

His fairest passages to barricade,

He broke his lily sceptre in despair,

And fled with Queen Titania—Heav'n knows where!

Fickle And what of this "emeute" was the conclusion?

Faith. Nothing but anarchy and wild confusion—

The empire of the Fairies is no more—

Reason has banished them from every shore;

Steam has outstripped their dragons and their cars;

Gas has eclipsed their glow-worms and their stars.

Robbed of the legends of their golden age,

Mortals make sport of them upon the stage;

And all the poetry of ancient times

Profane by paltry puns and doggrel rhymes.

Fickle So much the better! Novelty for me

In any shape—I love a change to see.

For musty codes I've not the least compassion;

Let me be anything—but out of fashion.

Faith. Faithful by nature as I am by name,

Such vile inconstancy I view with shame.

"Good people" we were called in olden days—

We may be wiser—but not better Fays.

Fickle We never did agree—and never can—

The world turns round—and so, of course, must man,

Then why should Fairy-land of all we survey,

Be never in its turn—turned topsy-turvy?

I'm for the new lights of this wondrous age—
No Fairy-land—except upon the stage.

Faith. In my allegiance I will falter never,
King Oberon and Fairy-land for ever!

Fickle War to the wand! Then I will cast a spell
On the fair sister of King Florizel,
And set her brain some crotchet running after,
Which shall make all her doings food for laughter.

Faith. Be it my task the princess to defend,
And through her trials, be her constant friend.
To-day she leaves the tower in which she's been
Immured from childhood. She is just fifteen,
Fresh as a rose, begemmed with morning dew.

Fickle. "Fresh as a four-year old," we now say.

Faith. Pooh!

Her royal brothers come to set her free.

Fickle. That's liberty and true fraternity.

Enter King Florizel, Prince Jessamy, and Court Fairies retire.

Flor. Fifteen revolving suns have crossed the water,
Since our late father shut up his sole daughter
Within yon tower, to pass her lonely days,
And shun the fate foretold by gossip Fays,
Who trumped up some portentous tale or other,
To frighten into fits our nervous mother.
But having now succeeded to the crown,
We'll smile at stars, if they attempt to frown,
And let the princess freely run about,
As her poor mother cannot know she's out.
And we have passed our royal word as king,
That our fair sister shall "come out" this spring.

Prince No longer shall she linger "all amort ;
Come, sister, and be presented at Court.

*Opening door of Tower, and leading forward Princess Rosetta,
[who is accompanied by the Baroness von Huggermugger.*

Ros. Insolvent as I am in thanks, affection
Tells me in this Court I shall find protection.
I take the benefit of the act, but will
Count myself, sir, your grateful debtor still.

Flor. Sweet sister, we, your brother, moved with pity,
Present you with the freedom of the city ;
Permission our own halls your tent to pitch in—
Wine, coals, and candles, and the run of the kitchen.

Prince Our next care, brother, must be to provide
A handsome bridegroom for so fair a bride ;
Some wealthy prince, some mighty king or Kaiser.

Ros. I marry !

Flor. Marry, why not ?

Ros. By-and-bye, sir.

Let me awhile enjoy my liberty :
I who through skylights only saw the sky,
Am quite enchanted with my mother earth,
To whom I have been a stranger from my birth.

The hills, the valleys, and the flowery mazes,
 No end of heartsease, and no lack o' daisies.
 And, oh ! what beauteous bird do I behold,
 Who yonder does a wondrous tail unfold,
 Displaying such a sight of eyes the tips in,
 All spectacles I ever saw eclipsing ?

Flor. 'Tis called a peacock, 'tis the bird of Juno—

Ros. Is there a king of them ?

Flor. Can't say I do know ;

Ros. I hope there is, for brother, on my life,
 No other creature shall e'er call me wife —
 I've sworn it.

Flor. Rash Rosetta, what d'ye mean ?

Ros. If there's a King of Peacocks, I'm his Queen.

Prince A King of Peacocks ? wildest of vagaries !

Flor. Oh, rather say the King of the Canaries !
 I think I've heard of him—

Ros. But *I* won't hear

Of him, or any other.

Prince Dear !

King How queer !

Ros. So, brother, if you love me, as you say,
 Find out his majesty without delay.

SONG—FLORIZEL.

Oh, never was such a whim in the head
 Of a Princess Royal taken,
 How to find the king she wants to wed,
 Would puzzle Friar Bacon ;
 For him her heart goes pit-a-pat,
 Her nose up at all others she cocks,
 And for no king does she care—that !
 Excepting the King of the Peacocks.

Flor. But, sister, should there no such person be ?

Ros. Then I will wed no person.

Flor. Or, if he

Should turn out, after all to be a bird ;

Ros. I'd wed him all the same for that.

Flor. Absurd !

Ros. I don't see that at all—you'll own, at least,
 I'd better wed a bird than wed a beast—
 As far too many hapless women do.

Prince Upon my honor, brother, that is true !

And by the knightly spurs I daily sigh for,
 This King of Peacocks I'll hunt far and nigh for.
 I swear it to the Peacock, and the ladies—
 The vow by gallant knights that always made.

Flor. Shall I be outdone by my little brother ?

No ! if you go a-head—I'll go another.

To find a sovereign, I will risk a crown,
 And bring my nobles all to ninepence down.

Ros. Oh, happy sister, who can brothers find,
 Not more than kin, but more, much more than kind,

Flor. Rosetta, we appoint you Princess Regent,
During our absence.

Ros. Sir, your most obedient !
I'll rule your kingdom for you, while you roam—
Petticoat government's in favour at home.
But which road do you take ?

Flor. "The King's road," till
We come to "The World's-end," if 'tis there still—
But the world's been of late so queerly spinning,
What was the end may now be the beginning.
However, "Luck's a lord," and may provide,
A special train, not found in "Bradshaw's Guide."
Exeunt King Florizel and Prince Jessamy.

Ros. So here am I, left in a court to play
At being queen—a fine game, I dare say.
And *appropos* of game, I beg to mention,
To preserve peacocks, it is my intention,
Strictly—whoever dares one kill, or eat,
Shall quickly find such food for him's not meat ;
And to promote a peacock immigration,
I'll give a prize for its acclimatization.
And any daw, in peacock's feathers tricked out,
Shall from our court immediately be kicked out.

SONG.—"All Tied Back."

Behold in me a dashing belle,
The leader of the style ;
The cut of this world's dress, no doubt
Will cause you all to smile.
There's one thing I would have you know
'Bout the fashion which you see,
If the style now-a-days you would assume
Just get tied back like me.

All tied back, all tied back,
All tied back, just like me ;
If the style now-a-days you would assume,
Get tied back just like me.

The Grecian Bend day has passed by,
Likewise the Broadway Crawl ;
Of all the styles I ever saw,
This is the best of all.

O ladies, listen now I pray,
Take pattern after me ;
If the style now-a-days you would assume,
Get tied back just like me.

All tied back, &c.

Faith. If such the fate of all in borrowed plumes,
How very thin 'twould make some drawing rooms !
Her love of truth assists my good design ;
Arise, my trusty sprite, in form canine.

Fretilion rises suddenly up a trap in the shape of a green dog
with one ear—Exit Fairy Faithful.

Ros. Bless me! what curious creature have we here?

Bar. A green dog, madam—and with but one ear!
The horrid fright

Ros. Say rather odd and funny—
For such a poodle, I'd give any money
Dressed in a ruff, too, and a scarlet jerkin,
Like Punch's Toby! green though as a gherkin;
Poor fellow, see how prettily he begs.

(Fretillion *begs and dances.*)

And dances, too, upon his hinder legs.

Bar. The little monster is as green as spinach,
Bred in the Isle of Dogs, just facing Greenwich;
Where at the fair, no doubt they have often shown him.

Ros. To whom does he belong? does no one own him?
Then I will, for the darling's worth a million;
Upon his collar is a name, "Fretillion:"
Fretillion! there, he answers to it, see!
My pretty Fretty, will you follow me?

(Fretillion *barks and bows,*

No dog could bark a plainer "yes," I vow,
And what a bow he makes for a bow wow.
I'll have him daily washed, and combed, and shaved.
There never was a dog so well behaved;
He'll make the best of courtiers, I expect,
Despite his odd auricular defect.

AIR AND CHORUS.—"Bow-wow."

This dog has but one ear, and so his memory may bother one.
For what goes in at that one ear, cannot go out at t'other one
But then he has two qualities on which to place dependence.
There's none at court can better beg or longer dance attendance.
Chorus. Bow, wow, wow. Tol de riddle &c.

Princess Rosetta *dances round the stage, followed by the Dog
then goes off, followed by the Baroness and all the Court.*

SCENE SECOND.—*The Old Original World's End.*

Enter King Florizel and Prince Jessamy.

Flor. This farthest shore, washed by the farthest sea,
Was once supposed the old world's end to be,
And hereabouts is Queen Mab's house of call—

Prince Or, where it used to stand, like Hick's Hall.

Flor. True; for from hence all fairy ground is measured
And back fare paid to sites in memory treasured,
When nurse and grand dame told their tales of mystery;
Before the new "child's night lights" dawned on his-
tory.

The march of intellect is quite terrific
No tales tell now unless they're scientific.

SONG.—FLORIZEL.

No, no, no
No little book, bound in gilt paper
At Robertson's and Cole's
Now, tell how Jack made giant's caper

Nor how sly Puss in Boots when funds ran taper
 His cat's paw made of use,
 Percinet forgets his duty—
 Wide awake the sleeping beauty,
 Now, would teach Mother Goose
 How to suck golden eggs.
 Gone are Mother bunch's glories,
 Their wonder and their fun,
 Swamp'd by Peter Parley's stories
 Of all the little Jack-a-horneys!
 The story now is done.

Here on the verge of fancy, with facility,
 We can o'er look the bounds of probability,
 But to enquire our way, we must begin.

Prince Without a house we can't "inquire within."

Flor. No mortal can I see upon this coast,
 Nor upon either hand, a finger post.
 No rail, no road, no carriage—but oh, my!
 Here comes a most extraordinary fly.

Prince A most extraordinary Fly-man rather—
 Of all the Daddy-long-legs, sure the father.

SONG.—MAY-FLY.—"What Do You Take Me For?"

Some think that I am wide awake
 Some take me for a fool,
 But on my word I know my book,
 For once I went to school;
 And the school was Mrs. Gummins,
 (You know the one I mean)
 Where they all turn out good scholars,
 And not a little green.

(Spoken.) But still some take me for green un, the other
 day I met my girl at Knights bridge hanging on the arm of a
 soldier, she said its only cousin Bob, I replied, look here my
 darling—What do you take me for.

Chorus.—Do you take me for a countryman,
 Do you take me for a flat?
 Do you take me for a simpleton?
 Or anything of that.
 If you think that I am fly,
 Or been in this world before,
 Will you kindly let a Fellow know,
 What you really take him for?

A friend of mine a knowing one,
 I met the other night,
 Dear boy I'm glad to see you,
 I know a tip that's right;
 If you'll advance, say twenty pounds
 Your fortune it will make,
 It's for a new invention which
 I know is bound to take;

(Spoken.) Yes, my friend, but what are we to do with the concern ; oh ! I see you are the secretary, and want one to take a twenty pound share in it, what do you take me for ?

Chorus.—Do you take me for, &c.,

Chorus.—Do you take, &c.

I don't invest in Turkish Bonds,
Or Consuls two per cent.,
And Railway Shares, or Silver Mines,
Don't suit the city gent ;
Of course, go in for politics
Like Odger and Bradlaugh,
I swear to love the working man
And not forget the poor.

(Spoken.) Yes, but charity begins at home, I'm number one in our street, number two's next door. What do you take me for ?

Chorus.—Do you take, &c.

Flor. There could'nt be a May-fly more polite.

May-fly Embrace me.

Flor.

Willingly, if you don't bite.

May-fly Not I ; a May-fly neither bites nor stings,
Come to my arms—that is my legs and wings.

(they embrace.)

Flor. Pray can you tell us where, on any ground,
There's a King of Peacocks to be found ?

May-fly The King of Peacocks ! to be sure I can—
A friend of mine, a very fine young man.

Prince Young man ; he hasn't wings, then, like a bird ?

May-fly No, but the " sweetest voice I ever heard,"
Like Sterne's *Maria*.

Prince What a well read fly,
Some book-worm must have bred him certainly.

Flor. And are his subjects men and women ?

May-fly All—except the babbies.

Flor. Wherefore do they call him King of the Peacocks, then ?

May-fly A title merely,
The King of Bantam's not a bantam.

Flor. Clearly.

May-fly The Emperor of Turkey's not a turkey

Flor. Granted—but still the reason's somewhat murky.

May-fly His name is Argus, surnamed Brilliant eyed,
His royal arms, a peacock in its pride :
Peacockia is the land o'er which he reigns,
And full of peacocks are its groves and plains ;
His coach of state is drawn by six fine pair,
And peacock's plumes his guards and pages wear ;
Even his gallant tars, whate'er the weather,
Are scarcely so much tar as they are feather.

Flor. And can we reach Peacockia by this route.

May-fly Yes, but you've gone a long way round about
As the bird flies it's scarcely a stone's throw.

Prince But as we're not birds, we that road can't go.

May-fly Well, if you like to hire a fly, I'm ready.

My springs are easy, and my pace is steady.

I'll take you both, and never stop to bait,

And set you down close by the city gate.

Flor. And what will be your charge for so much trouble

May-fly Well, two bobs and a tizzy.

Flor. I'll give double.

Make haste, and without farther fussines,

Give us a proof that you're a fly of business.

We're off to Peacockia, early in the morning,

We're of to Peacockia before the broke of day,

Give my respects to all the pretty ballet girls,

We're off to Peacockia, evermore to stay

[*Exunt*]

Jess. And furthermore since singing seems the rule,

I'll sing a little song about Billiards and Pool.

SONG.

All round the world our modern swells,

Up to the present day,

Have not been slow in seeking how

To pass spare time, away.

Each has his hobby, manly sports,

Some heating—others cool.

But give to me those good old games

Of Billiards and Pool.

The game boys, the game boys, play when you're cool

Billiards and Pool, Billiards and Pool!

Of all other games, give me Billiards and Pool.

The harmlessly exciting game

Is well known to be such,

That none but those in proper form,

Can e'er attempt to touch.

The marker full well knows his men,

And note this as a rule,

He spots the "muff" respects the crack

At Billiards or Pool.

Ninety-seven and ninety-five,

You hear the marker say,

'Tis then you know the game is close,

You may expect some play.

The former takes the cue and break,

And nervously, tho' cool,

He spots the red—He wins. Hooray!

For Billiards and Pool.

SCENE THIRD.—*Gates of the City, and Palace of the King of the Peacocks.—March and Chorus.*

Hail Argus of Peacockia King,

From earth to sky let welcome ring,

While we thy praises gladly sing,

Hail, Hail, all Hail.

Descended from a royal line,
 Whose glorious deeds shall ever shine,
 All praise that we can give be thine
 Hail, Hail, all Hail.

Hail! Monarch of the hundred eyes,
 So young, so handsome, and so wise,
 Whose fame to earth's far confines flies,
 Hail, Hail, all Hail.

And we thy servants gladly bring
 Our service to our lord the King,
 And to our gracious monarch sing
 Hail, Hail, all Hail!

Argus Who interrupts us in our expedition?

May-fly Two foreign gentlemen, who crave permission,
 To pay their homage to Peacockia's King.

Argus I'm glad to see folks who'll pay anything
 In these disjointed times. Who may you be,
 And of what nation?

Flor. Mighty monarch, we
 Are like yourself of royal birth.

Argus Indeed.

Flor. I am King Florizel.

Argus A King! proceed.

Flor. This is Prince Jessamy, my only brother,
 Because—

Argus Because you haven't got another

Flor. Exactly so, but I've a sister, who
 Has fallen, strange to say, in love with you.

Argus How, "Strange to say?" That's scarce polite, what
 mean you?

Flor. 'Twould not be strange, sir, if she'd ever seen you.
 But at this date, she knows no more that there is
 A King of Peacocks, than a Mrs. Harris.

Charmed by one bird, such as you drive a team of,
 No other husband but their king she'd dream of.

Argus (*aside*) They must be lunatics, or will be soon.

(*to May-Fly*) Pray did you bring these beauties from
 the moon?

May-fly No, from the world's end.

Argus Take them back to find
 Their wits, which they have lost, or left behind.

Flor. We've therefore travelled to this new famed land,
 To offer you our dearest sister's hand.

Argus Your offer is most liberal, I grant.

Flor. And you accept—

Argus Unfortunately can't.

Prince Don't say you can't.

Argus Well, if you like it better,
 I'll say I shan't.

Flor. Shan't wed Princess Rosetta.

Look on her picture ere you plump refuse her,

- Argus** (*aside*) I've no doubt she's as ugly as Medusa.
 Oh! all ye lovely loves, and gracious graces,
 My heart is wounded in a thousand places
 A frontispiece so fair has never been
 To an earthly book of beauty seen!
 For one neck half so white, I'll take my oath,
 The swan with two necks would have given both,
 Ringlets, "The fair one with the golden hair;
 Had shaved her own, a wig of such to wear!
 Two lips from rose leaves, which have learned their parts,
 Eyes, that are hooks and eyes, to fasten hearts;
 Two Cupid's arrows, 'neath two Cupid's bows!
 And then a nose—oh! Goodness knows! it blows
 All other noses clean out of the water!
 And is this miracle—your father's daughter?
- Flor.** My father's wife said so—and those who doubt it
 Had better not say anything about it.
- Argus** I'll only say, if such your sister's face,
 Your offer I'm delighted to embrace,
 And shall not rest till I embrace her too!
- Prince** We'll fetch her,
Argus No! duce fetch me if you do.
 You are my prisoner. If she's as handsome
 As she is painted, her hand pays your ransom;
 But if not so confessed by all beholders
 I'll have your faces taken off your shoulders.
- Flor.** A bargain, I agree to this;
- Prince** And I,
 But who shall fetch her?
- Argus** Why not send the Fly
 That brought you hither, back for her?
- Flor.** Hold there!
 To such a carriage she's too high a fair;
 Besides, her very sight might quite upset him.
- Prince** Suppose we write a letter, and just let him
 Drop it as he goes by our door.
- Flor.** My ring
 Will do as well. Go, say we've found the king
 We sought for—that our point we've with him carried;
 And beg she'll come at once here to be married.
- Prince** No word of our condition, it might scare her,
 And spoil her looks.
- May-Fly** But who's to pay the bearer?
- Argus** Here is an order on my treasury,
 So put your best foot foremost, Fly, and fly.

SONG.—King Argus.

Oh, my heart is gone, and I'm forlorn,
 A darling face has won me;
 Such a lovely girl, with teeth of pearl,
 I met down by the brook.
 She's the prettiest and the wittiest,

Her smile has quite undone me,
I'm her only beau, she told me so,
When first her arm I took.

Chorus.—She's as pretty as a picture
And her voice is just a cage,
Where little birds are singing
She's the sweetest and the neatest,
She's as pretty as a picture all the while—
Oh, my heart is gone, and I'm forlorn,
A darling face has won me ;
Such a lovely girl, with teeth of pearl,
An angel without wings.

As we strayed along, the sweet girl's song,
Was ringing o'er the meadow,
And I culled a rose, you may suppose,
To give my charmer fair ;
So we'd gaily chat, while her gipsy hat
Half hid her face in shadow,
But whene'er I sighed, her eyes replied—
They shone like diamonds there.

Chorus.—She's as pretty, &c.

SCENE FOURTH.—*Home Park in the Verdant Valley.*

Enter Rosetta and Baroness.

Bar. Madam, affairs of weight demand your care.

Ros. Tell my Prime Minister that's his affair ;
If weighty matters on my head must fall,
My minister I shan't think prime at all ;
Where is my Fretillion, my darling pet ?

Bar. Madam, your dignity you quite forget.

Ros. Don't talk of dignity and state to me,
In neither any happiness I see !
Of politics I can't discern the merits,
And this eternal reigning damps my spirits.
I'd rather roam the fields, and dance the hay
With my dear dog—

Bar. Your dog has had his day.

To higher objects you should turn your mind,
And let him turn a spit.

Ros. He's too refined

For such a service ! No base cur is he,
But most distinguished for his courtesy.
As hateful to me as my own dark tower,
Where my gay bower, without my sweet bow-wow-er.

SONG—ROSETTA.

On matters of State,
Let others debate,
For pleasure to me it is none ;
I care not a jot
For plan or for plot,
Whilst I have my dog and my fun.

Bar. 'Tis really too bad that this vile green poodle,
Should of your Royal Highness make a noodle!
Pardon my freedom—but by me brought up, I
Can't see you blindly led by such a puppy.

Ros. He is no puppy—but were such the case,
Are puppies in a court so out of place?
Or was there never princess known before
Who prized a puppy far beyond a bore?

(Fretillion barks with ut
Hark! that's his bark, he bounds yon streamlet by,
What is he chasing?

Bar. An enormous fly.

Ros. He's caught it too.

May-Fly Oh, you young dog, don't bite so.

Ros. A fly that speaks! amazing, ain't it?

Bar. Quite so.

Enter Fretillion with May-Fly.

May-Fly Madam, pray call your dog from off my shanks.

Ros. Fretillion, let go, sir, directly.

May-Fly Thanks.

Ros. Excuse his zeal, you're not an every-day Fly.

May-Fly No. I'm a Mandragon, or Fair-May-Fly.

Order Neuroptera—the rarest known,
Even in Fairy Land, from whence I've flown.
Not found in any work on Entomology,
But for my presence this is my apology.

Ros. My brother's signet—he's alive and well?

May-Fly Health to his sister sends King Florizel.

The sovereign of the Peacocks he has seen
Who begs you'll hasten to become his Queen.

MAY-FLY—AIR—"Lord Lovel."

King Florizel stood at the Old World's end,
A wondering how to proceed,
When who but I should chance to come by,
A flying at a pretty good speed—good speed, &c.
"Oh, where are ye going, Lord love ye," I said.
"And what did you come for to see?"
"The King of the Peacocks," he answered,
"If you can tell me where he may be—may be."
I told him I could, and I'd take him safe there,
With his brother—for half-a-crown;
And he said, like a King, he would double the fare,
And he paid, without stickling, down—down, down.
I flew, and I flew with them, off' like a shot;
To the King of the Peacocks' Empire,
Where they showed him a picture of you they had got,
Which his Majesty much did admire—mire, mire.
And so with this ring, I was bid to take wing,
As they'd no time to write you a letter;
And say if you mean to become a great Queen,
The sooner you *be* come—the better, better, better.

Ros. Oh, joyful news! Become his queen, indeed!
 Ay, that I will, with all becoming speed.
 But whereabouts may his dominions be?
 And how am I to go, by land or sea?

May-Fly. By sea—this chart will tell you how to steer,
 By public laugh to 'scape each *private tear*;
 What points to make, what straits you'll have to run
 through,

And what confounded flats you may be done through.

Ros. 'Tis well, no dangers shall my heart appal,
 A Chinese junk lies moored near yon black wall,
 I'll with her cable give my train the slip,
 And give her anchor and myself a trip.
 Go fetch the captain, there's a good dog, hie!

DUETT.

Where shall we wander, Princess mine?
 In the woods where the boughs entwine?
 Up the hills where the free winds blow,
 Thro' the vales where the streamlets flow?
 On the sand of the wild sea shore,
 By the rocks where the billows roar,
 Or by the river broad and clear,
 There shall we wander, Princess dear?

I would seek the woodland shade
 Where the birds their home have made,
 I would find the lofty crest
 Where the eagle makes its nest.
 In some leafy bower I'd hide—
 Down some rapid stream I'd glide;
 Peace and calm repose for me!
 Mine the path that suits the free.

Yet we cannot, cannot sever,
 Where thou art I'd cling for ever;
 I should banish every fear,
 Princess mine! when thou art near.
 Trusting, loving, I should guide thee,
 Never should a harm betide thee;
 Life is not all summer weather,
 So we'll brave its storms together.

[Exit Fretillion]

And now, good honey nurse, upon the sly,
 Haste to my wardrobe, pack up all my traps—
 For such, indeed, are women's gowns and caps—
 With me, I shall but take you and your daughter,
 And my dear dog, who like a duck takes water.

Bar. Were it not well to weigh the consequence?

Ros. I will weigh nothing but the anchor—hence.

[Exit Baroness]

Now don't go buzzing this about Fly.

May-fly. Mum.

But here, I take it, is the captain come.

Enter Fretillion, with Poo-le-ha-lee.

MAY-FLY.—AIR—"John Highland Man."

John Chinaman, I wish to go,
To a land, perhaps, which you don't know.
But I'll pay you well, if you'll aid my plan,
And take me aboard of your Chinaman.
Sing hey, my good John Chinaman ;
Sing ho, my brave John Chinaman ;
In short, sing what you like, or can,
But don't say "No," John Chinaman.

POO-LEE-HA-LEE.—AIR—"Bronze Horse."

"Sing hi! sing ho?" if you sing so,
Chinese lingo you seem to know ;
So yeo—heave ho ; I swear by Fo—
To a fare so fair I can't say no.
Blow high, blow low, the junk shall go,
Where e'er you show the wish to row.
The Bronze horse he, an ass would be
Compared to the junk going free,
Which o'er the sea skips like a flea,
So follow me—Poo-lee-ha-lee.

[Exeunt Poo-lee ha-lee and Rosetta]

SCENE FIFTH.—*Deck of the Chinese Junk.*

Ros. Now good, sweet nurse, why dost thou look so sad ?

Bar. Fie! how my bones ache ; what a job I've had.

Ros. I' faith, I'm sorry that thou art not well.

Bar. I feel so very poorly, you can't tell.

My head spins round so, I can scarcely see things,
Amongst this ugly set of China tea things ;
At every breath of wind my fear increases,
The slightest shock may break 'em all to pieces.

Poo. Avast there, ma'am, I say the best of Jack Tars
Are those who, 'mongst the breakers, prove they're
crack tars.

Ros. I'm sure I hope you'll all remain whole sailors,
Though by your heads, you look more like retailers.

Poo. Ay, ay ! we're never out of pig-tail here,
And scud under bare poles, ma'am, without fear ;
Our ship's so handled no sea ever swamp't her,
For each man knows his cue without a prompter.

Ros. Captain, upon my word, you rather smart are.
Are you an English tar ?

Poo. No, I'm a Tar-tar.

Ros. Born at Canton, perhaps, Hong Kong ?

Poo. No.

At Chel-sea, but my dad came from Ning-Po.
He sailed to England one fine day in spring,
And there he saw the beautiful Nan King.
Who kept a china shop in Cheyne Walk.
He never told his love, he couldn't talk
English, so he made signals, but so plain,

She understood, and answered him again.
 And so they married, to his signal joy,
 And I was born a little Peeking Boy.
 But now a seaman stout all danger in
 A daring man though not a Mandarin.

SONG.—*Poor Chinee or Me Likey Bow-wow.*

My name Sin-sin, come from Chiney—
 In a big large ship come along here,
 Wind blow welley much, kick up a bobbery,
 Ship makes Chinaman feel welly queer.
 Me bringer lily girl welly much nicey—
 She come along to be my wife.
 She say she lovee me oncey—twicee,
 Make a big swear to all her life.

Chorus. Me likey bow-wow, welly good chow-chow.
 Me likey gal she likey me,
 Me fetchee Hong-Kong, white man come along,
 Take a lily gal from poor Chinee.

Me come along take welly nicey placey,
 Nice lily house down Petticoat's lane,
 Man name "Mosey" welly much closey,
 Chop-chop all day sell 'em all again
 Me stop along me lily gal wifey.
 Welly happy Chinaman me no care
 Me smoky smoky, lily gal talkee,
 Chinaman and lilly gal welly jolly pair.

Chorus Me likey &c.

One day me say by bye lily white
 Chinaman go and fetchy nice bohea,
 Me go long buy half an ounce of one and four,
 Chinaman welly fond good cup of tea,
 Me go down stairs takee lily walkee,
 By by lily while me comey back,
 Den find a whitey man and lily gal a talkee,
 Kissy kissy, lily gal give a lot i smack.

SPOKEN.—Chinaman likey kissee lily gale himself, me takey
 largee piecey sticky give him whackey whackey on him
 backee, whitey man give me large bootey kickee on me chinee
 leggee run away with my lily gale savey.

Chorus Me likey &c.

Mammy down stairs look after lily gal,
 No, no, lily gal Chinaman find
 Me runney long street too muchee lily boys
 Come along many after Chinaman behind
 Pleecyman come say me makee noise,
 Me askey lily gal, he maky face,
 Catchee me along, show me station house,
 Lockee up a Chinaman in a welly bad place.

Chorus Me likey &c.

Bos. And what came of your father and your mother?

- Poo. Why after me, there came my little brother.
 Ros. No, no ; I mean what was their fate, their lot ?
 Poo. Went back first to Ning-Po, and then to Pot.
 Made prisoners by a horde of Manchoos grim,
 The wretches toasted her and roasted him !
 Then to Australia, where, 'mongst other failings,
 I tried to gather gold by washing tailings.
 But my tale is too long, I'd better stash it.
- Bar. My head feels like a pumpkin.
 Ros. Well, then mash it.
 Bar. Captain ; how long shall we be ?
 I'm sick of seeing nothing but the sea !
 Poo. We're but just out of port.
 Bar. Then bring some sherry.
 For I feel qualmish.
 Ros. Nay, sweet nurse, be merry.
- Sailor Land, Captain !
 Poo. Land—where ?
 Sailor On the starboard bow.
 Bar. Yes, land by all means, anywhere or how.
 Poo. Impossible—my glass, we can't be nigh land.
 It's moving.
 Ros. Some quicksand, or floating island,
 Poo. A chain of mountains going through the water.
 And bearing fast down on our weather quarter.
 Poo. No, 'tis alive, some black-leg of the deep
 Gambling and sporting—
 A sea monster sweep.
 Poo. Tell that to the marines !
 A bet I'll lay
 It's the sea serpent spoken by M'Quae.
 And if he's in a sweep for sporting folks,
 It won't be for the Derby
 But the Hoax.
 Yes, there's his head. No one ever saw his tail.
- Bar. What is he like ?
 Poo. Why, very like a whale ;
 I'll hail him—snake ahoy !
 Serpent The same to you, and many of 'em.
 Poo. Where are you bound to ?
 Serp. The Admiralty ; I'm rather late.
 Promised to dine with the First Lord at eight.
 Ros. Dine at the Admiralty with the First Lord ?
 Poo. Not the first odd fish they've seen at their board ;
 And he can tell 'em something 'bout the ocean
 Of which some ne'er lords had a notion.
- Ros. It's getting dark, I feel inclined to sleep ;
 Deeply I'll slumber on the slumbering deep
 Spread, Baroness, our royal mantle o'er us
 Here on the deck—
- Bar. Will that be thought decorous ?
 Ros. No matter—I cannot turn in below—

That horrid berth would be my death, I know!
 Here will I lie to-night, and you, my sweet.
 My faithful Fretillon, lie at my feet.

SONG.—“Bother the Men.”

Bother the men! Bother the men!
 Quite out of patience I get with them, then
 Bother the men! Bother the men!
 “Lords of Creation,” they’re pompously dubbed,
 We so down trodden and dreadfully snubbed,
 Must not complain, tho’ an angel ’twould vex,
 Being of course the inferior sex.
 Bother the men, &c.

Full of conceit, women they treat
 More like the ground under their feet,
 Such their pretence, ’tis an offence
 Merely to hint we’ve got common sense.
 In our anatomy brain forms no part—
 While as for Poetry, Science, or Art,
 Physic, Theology, Politics, what?—
 We comprehend them, oh certainly not!
 Bother the men, &c.

Well we may dread having to wed,
 Strange so many are into it led;
 Sad is their fate, but to alter their state
 We’re out of the fryingpan into the grate.
 See what old maids are compelled to go this,
 If clever they’re either “strong minded” or “blue;”
 Should they start as M.D.s they’re derided and mocked,
 And the lords of creation are dreadfully shocked.

Bother the men, &c.

Ah, but I know what makes them so,
 Jealousy which they are too proud to show;
 Give us a chance, they with a glance
 See we’d a-head of them quickly advance.
 Only let Government bring in a Bill,
 To give us the franchise—and have it we will;
 Women we’ll send into Parliament, then
 O you shall see how they’ll bother the men,
 Won’t we pay off their impertinence then.

Bother the men, &c.

Fickle Now is the witching time of night, in which
 Those who are wicked may behave as such,
 Into your nurse’s brain a sudden thought I call,
 So naughty, it must needs be nautical.

Bar. Something shot through my head. It seems confused too
 It must be an idea, which I’m not used to.
 It is a bright idea, yet a dark one.
 She sleeps; there’s nobody about to mark one.
 Hist, Captain! sure the coast we must be nearing?

- Poo. Not yet, ma'am.
- Bar. Step this way, just out of hearing
- Poo. Ay, ay, ma'am,
- Bar. Tell me candidly—
- Poo. Well, what ?
- Bar. Would you just join me in a little plot.
To make a little fortune with much ease ?
- Poo. I'd rather make a great one, if you please.
- Bar. Then say a great one.
- Poo. Then I'll not say no.
- Bar. You'll not betray your friend ?
- Poo. I swear by Fo !
- Bar. If I betray you, shiver all my chop sticks,
So out with whatsoever in your crop sticks.
- Bar. The matter's delicate, I must confess—
Help me to make away with the princess.
- Poo. To make away !
- Bar. Ay, pop her in the water.
And make a way to the empire for my daughter.
- Poo. How.
- Bar. To the King of the Peacocks we will carry her,
And as Princess Rosetta he will marry her.
- Poo. Will he ? Suppose he don't ?
- Bar. Oh, don't suppose
Any such thing. When dressed in her fine clothes,
My girl will look as well as she, and better.
Fine feathers make fine birds. You'll drown Rosetta ?
- Poo. Well, in that case, then, hand us over some.
- Poo. I must drown something else first.
- Bar. What, the dog ?
- Poo. No, ma'am, my conscience.
- Bar. So you shall in grog.
I've in this case some rare Jamaica Rum.
- Poo. Well, in that case, then, hand us over some.
- Bar. Just clap your nose to it.
- Poo. Oh, crickey, Bill.
- Bar. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
For if your head were fifty times as strong,
'Twould make you tipsy neat.
- Poo. Your health and song.
- Bar. Good gracious ! half the bottle down he sent.
He's a rum customer to some extent.
You'll do the deed.
- Poo. I've lost my perpendicular.
Won't it be murder.
- Bar. Folks who are particular
Might call it so—but in these tasteful times
There are so many pretty names for crimes ;
We needn't surely pick out the most plain.
- Poo. I feel my scruples will not weigh a grain.
When put into the scale against this dram,
- Bar. Are you resolved ?

- Poo. Another pull.
 I'm as ferocious as a Sallee rover,
 Come, bear a hand, and we'll soon pitch her over.
- Bar. Just as she lies and with her nasty dog.
- Poo. Oh, I'll pitch over anything for grog.
- Bar. I call that giving the poor girl a lift.
- Poo. I'm not so drunk but I can see her drift
 To leeward fast.
- Bar. Her whelp's awake though. **Hark!**
- Poo. Well, let her try and get aboard that bark.
- Bar. We're just in time, for day is breaking. **Lud,**
 And I can see the land as clear as mud.

Enter Sailors.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Savee you sailor man, me Poo-lee-ha-lee,
 Chinaman lingo that what they callee ;
 Me come 'Stralia plenty gold to findee,
 Digger cut off pigtail—me never mindee,
 Make some duffer gold, bank man to cheatee ;
 Dark night steal chicken—stew him with rice,
 Bow-wow!—pussy-puss!—all welley nice.

Aye yah, oh yah, wang a wang a wonkey,
 Welley good Chinaman him nebber funky,
 White man no savee, him big donkee—
 Too much Chinaman for him oh, my!

Nex' I go to Palmer, welley bad I thinkee,
 No gold—no chicken,—no good for Chinkee!
 Black fellow 'riginal, want him to spearee,
 You think him stop there—no, no fearee ;
 Back to Melbourne he go quick, he no waitee,
 He sell fresh fish, cabbage and potatee ?
 That not good enough—oh, no, thankee
 Soon he make a rise—open Chinaman bankee.

Aye yah, oh yah, &c.

Chinese lottery, welley good larkee,
 You think whitey man get forty markce ?
 Chinaman know whitey man nothing makee,
 White man pay shilling—Chinaman takee.
 Missa Curtain welley much Chinaman hurtee,
 Send round policemans, take him Missa Sturtee ;
 Him say you find pak-a-pu no jokee,
 You pay hundred pounds, else go to chokee.

Aye yah, oh yah, &c.

Pak-a-pu welley nice game while he lastee,
 White man big fool, loose money fastee ;
 Den policemans come, and all de money tookee,
 Poor John Chinaman hab go back be a cookee.

Me no go sell fish, be a cook or tailor,
 Me go one big junk—learn to be a sailor,
 Now me boss here, captain me they callee,
 Dat's me hab tell of poor Poo-le-ha-lee.

Aye yah, oh yah, &c.

Bar. And walls and towers rise on the horizon,
 I'll go below, and out my daughter dizen.
 We musn't stand on trifles with the king.

Poo. Me! I can scarcely stand on anything.

Sailor A sail! a sail!

Bar. Two, three; a royal fleet,
 The king has put to sea, the junk to meet.
 My daughter—let me hasten to enrobe her. [Exit

Poo. I'm very much afraid I'm growing sober,
 Conscience is making signals of distress.
 I've lost that girl the number of her mess,
 And got myself perhaps into a sad one.
 Besides the bargain—but that's not a bad one.
 The prize brought home, I shall have gold galore,
 I'll cut the junk, and eat salt junk no more;
 On dainty dishes be a daily dinner,
 And drive the grandest coach in Cochin China.

Enter Argus and Count.

Argus My fond impatience would not brook delay;
 Where is the lovely Princess, captain say?

AIR—KING ARGUS—"All in the Downs."

All in the Downs I long lay moored,

A-waiting for an answer kind,

Until I felt completely bored,

And not quite easy in my mind.

So tell me, captain, if you're not too drunk,

If my sweet Princess sailed on board your junk.

Poo. An' please your majesty, she's being dressed

In all her colors—rigged out in her best.

Argus What need of gilding such refined gold?

Is she as beautiful as we've been told!

Poo. She wears a veil, and so I couldn't twig her

Face, but folks say that she's a perfect figure.

Stand by for squalls, now! Here she comes full sail!

Enter Rumfizina and Baroness.

Argus Pearl of thy sex, remove that envious veil.

Fire! murder! thieves! I'm lost—I'm robbed—I'm sold!

Bar. What ails your majesty? Your bride behold!

Argus Avaunt! and quit my sight—let the earth hide her.

My bride! I'd rather wed a bottle spider.

Bar. My liege, you scare Her Highness—pray compose—

Argus Scare her—she's much more like to scare the crows,

And if I did her justice, she should feed 'em,

For taking with my sight so rude a freedom.

Go, clap the hideous creature under hatches.
There let her brood till she this portrait matches.

Bar. Sire, spurn you thou a tender maid, and regal?

Argus Yes, woman, for the tender maid's not legal,
Away, let not a single word be spoken,
Her coin is base, we want no copper token.
And you shall share her fate on board *this* tender.

Bar. Mercy!

Argus No mercy for an *old* offender.
Away with them.

[Guards take off Baroness and Rumfizina.]

Poo. (*aside*) They're taken quite aback,
It's time to sail upon the other tack.

Argus And you who brought this greatest of humbugs,
Don't make at me your ugly China mugs!
Down on your Chinese knees, or, for this mockery,
I'll have you smashed to bits, like so much crockery.

Poo. (*kneeling*) Illustrious brother of all suns and moons—

Argus Peace, I'm ashamed, a set of vile tea-spoons
Should stir up in my soul so fierce an eddy,
Go, go to Bath! your heads are shaved already.
But for the vile imposters who could try
To play the knave on such a king as I,
I'll have their skins made parchment for a drum,
And so tatooed to death—oh, you are come.

[Enter Florizel and Prince Jessamy.]

Flor. Where is Rosetta?

Prince Where's our lovely sister?

Argus Upon your tongue that fib should raise a blister.
I'll teach you, rogues, to poke your fun at me,
Your sister's uglier than a Chinpanzee.

Flor. Back in thy teeth, proud king, I fling the fib,
She's fair as day.

Poo. Then some one's fouled her jib!

Flor. What says the fellow?

Poo. Why, in all my days,

An uglier craft I never saw in stays.

Argus You may say craft,

Flor. With wonder I'm a fixture,
You talk of craft, you spurious Howqua mixture;
You half-seas-over Chelsea China Waterman!
You never saw my sister, much less brought her, man!
Great king, as sure as yonder sail's a bamboo,
This bamboo sailor would bamboozle you.
Spare us a week, and if within that time
Our real sister reach not this fair clime,
And prove she's peerless, we're content to die.

Argus One week is nothing, to one so strong as I,
'Tis therefore granted. To the dungeon keep
You both shall march, and there fall in two deep;
Plunged in its lowlest cell, 'twill be admitted,
Whate'er your crime, you are profoundly *pitied*.

This floating tea chest as your prize lads seize,
Make her a jolly-boat, which way you please.

SONG AND CHORUS.—“Enchantress.”

Grand Peacockian Naval Quadrilles !

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE ONE.—*All-right Bay and Point to come in.*

Enter O'Dont-know-who, from hut.

O'D. I'll be obliged to give my valet warning,
There have I been two hours this blessed morning,
Bawling and swearing, and enough to make me,
Because that villain wouldn't come and wake me.
And who's my “Valet?” Faith, you may ask that.
I keep no man alive except the cat,
And he died yesterday, for want of meat ;
That's fish, of course—there's nothing else to eat
Upon this coast—and though I coax 'em daily,
They won't fork out, they're so uncommon scaly.
I scarce can keep a soul in my old body ;
To leave ould Ireland wasn't I a noddy ?
There of pitaties I had lots to ate,
And as to any other kinds of mate,
Of course, I live upon the fine ould plan,
A rare ould fashioned Irish gintleman.
But sorra a tear I'll shed ; grief's unavailing,
Leave those to blubber who are fond of w(h)ailing ;
I won't lose caste by fearing Fortune's frown,
Something may cast up, if I'm not cast down.

(dog howls without.

What's that ? It surely was a howl at sea,

Some dog fish with met a catastrophe.

(bark.

And there's a bark.

And something like the sort o' bed

That Dr. Arnott calls a water-bed,

Or what might better serve us,

One of Curtis's life preservers.

Murder, alive ! There's some one alive on it ?

A woman, by the powers—without a bonnet !

And some queer looking cur, as green as Erin,

That howls worse than ten Paddies at a berrin !

Faith, then, an Irishman was never known,

On land or sea, to let a girl alone.

When she's in trouble, too—where's my boat-hook ?

I'll get her safe ashore by hook or crook.

And, spite of all that surly puppy's snarling,
Rescue the darling—like a male Grace Darling!

(Takes a boat-hook from the hut, and wading into the water, catches the mattress as it approaches the shore, and drags it on to the beach.)

Come out of that entirely.

Ros. Noble stranger!
Who to our rescue rushed—despising danger
Accept the warmest thanks can emanate
From a damp damsel in a famished state
And swell the gratitude already due
By ordering breakfast instantly—for two.

O'D. Breakfast for two—faith, I'd be glad to see
Breakfast for one—'twould suit me to a T.

Ros. You hesitate—you guess my rank—and fear
That I may look for delicacies here;
But I assure you, no. The plainest thing—
Of a roast chicken, just the liver wing—
A *patieé de foie gras*—or, if you please—
A cutlet, simply dressed, *a la soubis*—
With chocolate and tea—or one, or both,
I'm not particular—

O'D. I'll take my oath
You're not—no more am I—so pray walk in—
(aside) There's nothing of the cat left but the skin
And, faith 'twill take a deal of artful dodging
To find a bit of board about the lodging.

Ros. Come, Fretillon, my faithful friend canine,
You need but meat—you furnish your own *whine*.

O'D. Walk in, and take—all I've to give—a seat
While I go fish for something you can eat.

Ros. Fish for it! Have you nothing in your cupboard?

O'D. No, faith, they're all as bare as Mother Hubbard's.

Ros. Then my poor dog, who begs but for a bone,
Like that respected lady's, will have none.

O'D. It is too true an evil—gone the meat is,
And here I live on point—without potatoes,

Ros. Oh fate, on what inhospitable shore
Have we been cast?

O'D. Peacockia—

Ros. Hah! once more
For pity's sake, kind friend, repeat that name.

O'D. Peacockia.

Ros. Where King Argus reigns?

O'D. The same.

Ros. Mysterious destiny. Do you speak true?

O'D. I'm under the impression that I do;

Ros. [Then know before you stands your queen elect.

O'D. (aside) Poor soul!—a little crazy, I expect.

Ros. How far is't to the palace?

O'D. Scarce a league—
Too far for one just sinking with fatigue.

But you, dear dog, whom nature has provided
With two more legs than she to me confided,
Run to the royal kitchen, and thence bring
The daintiest dish they'd set before the king.

O'D. She must be crazy—stop!—I tell you what,
Don't send him—if you do—you'd better not.
(*aside*) I'll humor her! (*aloud*) His Majesty, at present,
Is pleased to be uncommonly unpleasant—
There's something sticking in his jocular vein,
Which, in his temper, gives him a bad pain.
And joking, when a man is not the least for it—
To lose his dinner, don't improve his taste for it.

Ros. Why, what has fallen out?

O'D. Himself, with two
Young chaps, now fast in jail.

Ros. What did they do?

O'D. They tried to do the king—about a wife;
And soon, in turn, they'll each be tried for life!

Ros. About a wife—two youths—in prison, oh!
They are my brothers, sir!

O'D. You don't say so.

Ros. Dear Fretillion, run—do as you are bid;
Take in your mouth that basket with a lid;
Fill it with all the best things you can find—
Fish, flesh, and fowl—leave not a wreck behind.
Quick go—and quick return.

O'D. He'll make nought of it—

There may be quick return. but little profit.

Ros. If there be not, I'll give you leave to say
That I'm no prophet. Hie! good dog, away!

AIR.—Rosetta.—“Clar the Kitchen.”

This basket, tuck it underneath your nose.
And away to the kitchen as I propose;
And out of that be sure you bring,
Of every dish the nicest thing.
Clar the kitchen—roast meat—boiled meat,
Bold Fretillion never tire.

SCENE TWO.—*Plume Chamber in the Palace of King Argus,*

Enter King Argus.

I rage, I melt, I burn, my indignation
Upsets completely all my calculation;
I'll something rash do. Common sense says dont.
I'll buy a railway—no, on second thought, I won't.
That odious female—ugh! I don't know whether
I shouldn't like to stab her—with a feather!

SONG.—Argus.—“Stab her with a Feather.”

I'll sing of Hildebrandt Montrose
(His proper name is Charlie),

He speaks as tho' with cold in his "dose,"
 Bad French he tries to parley ;
 His hair is in barber's ringlets,
 His eyes are "made up" dark,
 He walks upon his "uppers,"
 While strolling in the park.

Chorus—Au revoir, ta! ta! you'll hear him say
 To the Marchioness Clerkenwell, while bidding her good day;
 I'll strike you with a feather, I'll stab you with a rose,
 For the darling of the ladies is Hildebrandt Montrose.

His scarf, unlike himself, is green ;
 His gloves—"no kid"—are yellor ;
 His wash'd-out pants are well strapped down,
 He carries a "jake" umbrella ;
 He never pays his tradesmen—
 To him they'll give no trust;
 He drinks dry champagne-cider
 Until he's fit to bust.

Chorus—Au revoir!

His stock-in-trade of socks counts three ;
 He chalks his paper collars ;
 He always pays his taxes,
 For his income's just two dollars ;
 He swears he'll wed a "duckess,"
 Tho' he waits till all is blue ;
 'Tho' he goes to bed a beggar—
 Wakes up the Lord knows who!

Enter Page.

Argus How now, what's up? You look quite pale and sickly.

Page Sire, the head cook demands an audience, quickly.

Argus The head cook. Then the matter's grave, or gravy.
 I'll see him straight—admit the slave or slavey.
 Although sometimes denied great princes to,
 I always see my cook—a cordon bleu.

Enter Soyez Tranquille.

Argus Now, Monsieur Chef, the matter?

Soyez *(kneeling)* O, mon roi,
 As de girl sing—"Grace—Grace pour moi."

Argus Grace,—you mean grease I fancy, but enough.
 Come, cleanse your bosom of this kitchen stuff.
 What have you done?—the roast to rags, or boiled
 The fish too much, or the rice-pudding spoiled,
 That thus for pardon at our feet you kneel.
 Speak, we are merciful—Soyez Tranquille. *(rises)*

Soyoz Mille fois pardon, encore, most gracious king.
 I am artiste, I never spoil noting.
 As cook, my gloire, my honour is sans tache.
 Je suis Francais, I could not be so lache
 To live if I should spoil von bagatelle ;
 I fall on my coteau a-la Vatel.

Argus Then what has happened?

Soyez Majesté, I freeze

I am frappe de glace sire, if you please,
Vid terreur and despair, as Shakespere
Make say de Scocheman "Let not your ear
Despise my tongue for ever—dat shall fill him
Vid de forced meat of grief—enough to kill him."
Un grand malheur.

Argus So much distress at it—

As t'other Scotchman answers—"Humph. I guess at it."
The Dodo. That rare bird—so fine and fat—
Stolen—and—you'll no doubt say, by the cat.

Soyez No, sire, not by de cat—but by de dog.

Argus The dog—the turnspit—speak out, you French frog.

Soyez No, sire; no turn de spit about de court—

A stranger dog dat came in by de porte,
And ven my dos is to be Dodo—Tien.
He run away vid him.—O sacre Chien!

Argus What, all my Dodo. All my precious chicken.

Soyez All, every bit of him.

Argus How 'scaped he sticking?

Soyez Sire, I stick at him—ver mooch—but it seem
He cut his stick, before my stick cut him.

Argus Alive into the oven be he hurled.

There's not another Dodo in the world.
The race is quite extinct—this was the last.
A present to my future from the past,
And I had ordered it myself—vile sinner,
In hopes she might have come in time for dinner.

Re-enter Page.

Page Sire, all the household is in agitation,
Dairy and kitchen maids in consternation.
Cries of "stop thief" the welkin rend in vain.

Soyez By gar, dat Monsieur Dog's soon come again.

Argus Ho. Treachery—let all the doors be locked.

By a vile mongrel shall we thus be mocked?
When not a joint is left a king to feed,
The times are sadly out of joint indeed.
Fetch me my blunderbuss—cram it with slugs—
We'll be pugnacious since defied by pugs.
And you, to arms.—Spit, skewers, choppers, siezing,
Pursue with the whole *Batterie de Cuisine*.

SONG.—Soyez.

When first I came here from Patee,
I did go to St. Kildare,
Take apartments oh, so charming
Up on top of all the stair.
In the next room was a lady
On the piano she would play
Music, oh, so very charming
And she sing too all the day.

Chorus—Tra la la, &c.

She play, she sing in splendid fashion,
 She set my brain right in a whirl;
 I was struck with the grande passion,
 She was such a pretty girl.
 Von day I did ask permission
 For to come and hear her play,
 She replied, "oh, oui certainement;"
 That was "really you may."

Chorus—Tra la la, &c.

Von day I declare my passion
 To this lady on my knees,
 And while I was talking to her
 I gave her hand a little squeeze—
 While I swear my passion tendare,
 On my knees upon the floor,
 While I hold her taper finger
 Some one come in at the door.

Tra la la, &c.

Exeunt.

SCENE THIRD—*The Royal Kitchen.*

Enter King Argus, Soyez and Cooks, Courtiers and Six Guards.

Soyez (*entering*) De coquin dog? He nowhere to be found.

Argus Send out more scouts and skirre the country round.

Has any one proclaimed that lots of tin
 Shall be his lot who brings the traitor in?

Page Such a proclamation has been made, my liege.

Argus Declare this city in a state of siege,

If any dog about the streets is seen,
 Seize him—particularly if he's green.

Soyez Ah majestè, lend me your royal ear.

Dis dog, he not so green as he appear,
 He take de hint from all dis grand parade!

We must lay wait for him en ambuscade,
 "First catch your dog," so Madam Glass you tell,
 And den you dish—

Argus Plato, thou reasonest well.

Cooks, courtiers, countrymen, like good Jack Horners

Go hide yourselves in all the chimney corners,

And there lie dark till you hear me cry "bo."

We'll soon see if 'tis to a goose or no.

Soyez Jurons. We swear as in Les Huguenots.

King Argus and Chorus.—"Blessing of the Poignards."—
 (Huguenots.)

CHORUS.—Vengeance, we'll pour on him like hail.

Vengeance, sudden and appalling,

Upon the cur be falling,

Our grub who would curtail.

King Argus.

Sworn to defend our luncheons

To you these trusty truncheons,

As special favours I bestow.

(*distributes rolling pins*)

CHORUS.—All are bound by this new tie
 Yes ; all—will do their duty.
 We can thus, our authority show,
 With a word—and a blow !
 But silence we must keep.
 In whispers only speaking,
 Into your corners creep ;
 The foe will soon come sneaking,
 Revenge upon him wreaking ;
 For your cook. For your king.
 If we can catch the traitor,
 The daring devastator,
 Like a dog, in a string, he shall swing.
 Hush, and hide,—
 Softly glide.
 In whispers only speaking.
 Let not a shoe be creaking,
 Till out we rush.
 Silence. Hush.
 Boys—make no noise.

Enter Fretillion, with his basket.

Argus. Ready! present.

Faith Miss.

Argus Fire.

Exeunt

SCENE FOUR.—*Interior of Hut.*

Enter.—O'Dont-know-who.

O'D. Sure, that green dog's a greyhound out of place.
 He'd be the best horse in a steeple-chase.
 He's won two races in a brace of shakes,
 And from the King's Plate carried off the *steaks*.
 And now the third course he's just walking over.
 Faith, while this lasts we'll live like cows in clover.
 He's done the king out of his dainty dishes.
 Left for the minister no loaves and fishes.
 And that the servants might work the harder,
 He's scoured the kitchen, and cleaned out the larder.
 The mistress has laid down to take a snooze,
 While she sleeps I can eat just what I choose—
 I haven't had so good a chance for ages.
 What's this—an apple tart made of green gages.
 And here's a kickshaw I ne'er saw before,
 It must have come from Savory and Moore.

Enter May-Fly.

May-Fly Delicious, caught the opour passing by,
 And just flew in—

O'D. Your servant, Mr Fly.

Sure it's some time since you were the last comer.

May-Fly I went out fly-fishing with you last summer.

O'D. Fly-fishing ; faith, of you that's mighty fine.

You wouldn't let me get you in a line.

- May-fly No, to be sure—I only went to look on
And wasn't in the least inclined to hook on.
I think the better boat's a butter boat—
But *apropos* of fishing—what's a-float?
- O'D. A-float?
- May-fly What news? I have just returned; and I
Am, as you know, a very curious fly.
- O'D. You may say that—well, then, I give you warning
Something uncommon was afloat this morning.
- May-fly Indeed. What like?
- O'D. A damsel and a dog.
Two most illustrious strangers—
- May-fly What, *incog*.?
- O'D. *Incog*! no, faith, in bed—at least a top of one.
- May-fly Alas.
- O'D. A lass; yes, and a mighty proper one.
Thrown overboard by an outlandish skipper,
Who in the ocean had the heart to dip her.
- May-fly What colour was the dog?
- O'D. Green as a lizard.
- May-fly 'Tis she. Princess Rosetta.
- O'D. You're a wizard.
For that's exactly what she said herself.
- May-fly Why, then your fortunes made, you lucky elf.
Haste to the king, who mourns, perhaps, her loss.
You'll be made Knight Companion, or Grand Cross.
- O'D. Faith, night or day companion, I don't care
If I get cash enough and some to spare.
- May-fly You'll prove, no doubt, in either case, a jolly one.
Enter Poo-lee-ha-lee.
- O'D. What chap is this?
- Poo. A very melancholy one.
- May-fly The captain, or his ghost, Ombre Chinoise!
Ope, if you can, your Chinese lantern-jaws,
And in your way say why you hither wend it.
- O'D. If he speaks broken China, who's to mend it?
- Poo. I am a chap—chap-fallen—with Fortune out,
Who's conscience, hanging his heart's neck about,
Like Gobbo junior's—would the owner strangle,
If at the yard-arm he'd a right to dangle.
For a policeman vainly did I look,
To take me up—so up myself I took—
And if you'll have the kindness to commit me,
They'll find, no doubt, a halter that will fit me.
- May-Fly Haven't we met before?
- Poo. The talking flyman,
Who drove a bargain wth me—
- May-fly Hark ye, my man,
Where is Princess Rosetta?
- Poo. Peace, tormentor,
She's gone to Davy Jones—'twas I that sent her.
- O'D. Faith, of his locker, then, she found the key—

Enter Rosetta.

Poo. Alive, as I'm alive; oh, that deep sea,
It can cast up as cleverly as Cocker.

Dog jumps in at window.

O'D. Thunder and turf, let go my street door knocker.

Enter Soyez, Cook, and Courtiers, with a rope.

Soyez In the King's name, you are my prisoners made here.
Bind dem, two, tree, four, five—both all togeder.

AIR,—“Vive le Roi.”

Chorus Swearing death to traitor slave,
Fly we catch, dog we draw;
Soon the King shall beat the knave,
Vive le Roi, Vive le Roi.

O'D. What's the row?

Ros. What have we done,
That we thus are done to?

Poo. To be hanged, I go for one.

May-Fly I'll be hanged if I do.

Soyez You have all rob-a' de king,
Like the Scotch Rob-a-Roy.

As Duprez, in “Tell,” he sing—
“Suivez moi, Suivez moi.”

Chorus Swearing death, &c.

(they bind Rosetta, Poo-lee-ha-lee, O'Dont-know-who, May-Fly, and Dog, all in one line during this chorus, and at the termination of it drag them out prisoners.)

SCENE FIVE.—*A Prison.*

Enter Florizel.

Flor. Here in cold cell, as dark as a coal cellar,
Have I been seven days and nights a dweller;
Of hopes and fears enduring a variety,
Upon that treadmill of the mind—*anxiety.*
From my dear brother, too, half-broken hearted,
Upon the solitary system parted—
Up to his neck almost in water yonder,
The boy they've left is in a pond—to ponder,
In such a dripping well incarcerated,
Our bonds, no doubt, will soon be liquidated.
Take warning from our fate all ye whose humours,
Lead ye to run astray on simple rumours.
For what has brought this peril on my head?
The idle tail a Peacock chanced to spread.

AIR.—FLORIZEL—“Sister Dear.”

Sister dear, down thy soft cheek,
Fast the tear drops would be stealing;
Could'st thou but know how sad the feeling,
(Although to own it may be weak),

Which makes the neck uncommon queer,
I've risked for thee, my sister dear.

Sister dear, to act in court,
As your solicitor I've ventured,
And for you an appearance entered,
Your case determined to support—
But you, I fear will not appear,
And they'll sign judgment—sister dear.

Enter King Argus, admitted by Jailor.

Argus Good evening. Don't let me disturb you, pray—
You were sol-fa-ing, sir—sol-fa away.

Flor. Would I were far away—or you were farther.

Argus (to Jailor) Bolt—we have business.

[*Exit Jailor.*

Flor. Sanguinary?

Argus Rather—

But in suspicion—guilt's a general dealer—
The pickpocket thinks every pump a peeler.

Flor. The hapless mouse—who knows the cruel cat
Is on the watch—may surely smell a rat.

But wherefore dost thou come? Is't for my life?

Argus It's twelve o'clock, and I've not seen my wife.
That matchless beauty—who may matchless be,
For aught I care—since she's no match for me.

Flor. You mean to say she's not arrived?

Argus I do;

And therefore I have ordered chops for two.

DUO.—ARGUS AND FLORIZEL—"Vien tutto oblio." (*Favorita*).

Argus Yes; you have failed in your truth,
Like the beautiful maid, sir,
Whom I made up my mind to adore,
But whom now I shall never, I shall never see more.
For cutting my heart to the core,
The full price—the full price must be paid, sir;
Such was the bargain we made, sir,
When you sold me—you sold me before.

Flor. Here's a fine flourish forsooth,
But an error you've made, sir;
Once at least you must see her, before
You can say that you'll see her—that you'll see her no
more.

For chops it is easy to roar,
But you'll find when they come to be weighed, sir,
Off such prime necks they'll cost more
Than you e'er paid—you e'er paid before.

Argus What dog is making such a row?

Some new edition sure of "Snarley Yow."

*Enter Soyez Tranquille, and Guards, with Fretillion, Poo-lee-
ha-lee, O'Dont-know-who, May-Fly, and Rosetta, prisoners.*

Soyez Victoire! Ah, majesté. See in your power
 De dog dat did de Dodo dare devour.
 Vid two tree coquins more—and—ecoutez—
 Von pretty girl—ah—Gentille a croquer.
 Among de rest, I instantly detect her,
 Beautiful sire, ah, sweeter dan my nectar.
 Advancez, miss.

Argus O Heavens!
 Flor. What do I see?

You.

Ros. I myself—

Argus Then she herself is—

Ros. Me.

Argus Rosetta.

Flor. Sister.

Ros. Brother. (to Argus) Husband.

Argus Wife.

Transported I deserve to be for life.

And so I am—if you for life are mine.

“To err is human—to forgive, divine”

Ros. Forgive my favourite then—who prigged your prog—
 You know the Proverb—“Love me—love my dog.”

Argus With all my heart—I’ll a new order found
 Of merit—I’ll have Knights of the Green Hound,
 Dog’s collars they shall wear, and a dog’s star.
 And this your favourite shall be registrar.

Ros. Pardon beside, this Tom Tug of a Tartar,
 Who was too drunk to know what he was arter.

Argus What was his crime?—For of it I’ve no notion.

Poo. Don’t mention it—a mere drop in the ocean?

O’D. I hope, for nothing, sir, you’ll pardon me.

May-fly And I’m as innocent as fly can be.

Soyez Me too—so I—Oh, Soyez charitable?

Argus Heaven sends us meat—but who sends cooks?

Soyes Diable.

Argus We here proclaim a general amnesty.

May-fly That’s a good general.

Poo. Generally—

Flor. (to Rosetta). By whose direction found you out this
 place?

Fairy Faithful *appears*.

Faith. By mine—The friend of all her royal race.
 Never was good princess in Elfin story;
 But to protect her was the good Fay’s glory.

Fairy Fickle *appears*.

You come too late for mischief, Fairy Fickle.

Fickle What, is there no catastrophe to tickle,
 Not e’en the author’s?

Argus Not if I prevail—

He points the moral—I adorn the tale—

SONG.—Argus.

Joy and happiness attend them,
Peace and love with them abide ;
Fairy Faithful! still attend them—
Argus and his royal bride.
All good spirits hover o'er them,
And protect their double throne :
Gentle Hymen! go before them,
Fortune mark them for her own.

Chorus—Argus' praises we are singing
In Peacockia's valleys green,
And our Op'ra House is ringing
With our cry :—" Long live the Queen!"

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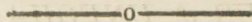
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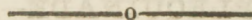
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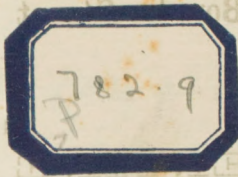
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