421

YOUNG AND HANDSOME.

A NEW AND ORIGINAL

Fairy Extravaganza,

IN ONE ACT,

Founded on the Countess of Murat's Fairy Tale of "Jeune et Belle."

BY

J. R. PLANCHÉ, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF

Beauty and the Beast, Bee and Orange Tree, Birds of Aristophanes, Blue Beard, Cymon and Iphigenia, Fair One with the Golden Locks, Fortunio, Golden Branch, Golden Fleece, Graciosa and Percinet, Invisible Prince, Island of Jewels, King Charming, King of the Peacocks, New Planet, Queen of the Frogs, Romantic Idea, Sleeping Beauty, Theseus and Ariadne, White Cat, Discreet Princess, Yellow Dwarf, &c. &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,

LONDON.

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YOUNG AND HANDSOME.

As performed at the Royal Olympic Theatre,
On Friday, December 26, 1856.

The Scenery painted by Mr. Gray. The Overture composed and the Music arranged by Mr. Barnard. Dances by Mr. Milano. Appointments by Mr. Lightfoot. Machinery by Mr. Sutherland. The Costumes from the best authorities in Old China, by Mrs. Curl and Mr. Dobson.

Characters.

PRINCESS YOUNG AND HANDSOME (*Daughter of the Fairy Pastora, by her late lamented Husband, King Fabulous*)..... Miss Swanborough.

MORDICANTA (*a Witch, or Fairy, or whichever you please*) ..... Mrs. Melfort.

PHŒBE, PHILLIS, CHLOE, DAPHNE .....(*Shepherdesses*) ..... Miss Castleton, Miss Bromley, Miss A. Shipley, Miss Rose.

ALIDOR (*a Shepherd, descended from the Shepherd Kings of Fairy Land*)..... Miss Thirlwall.

IPHIS, LUBIN, STREPHON, COLIN ..... (*Shepherds*) ..... Mr. Leslie, Mr. Danvers, Mr. H. Cooper, Miss Maskell.

CUPID.....(*that wicked little God*)..... Miss C. St. Casse.
(Her First Appearance here)

ZEPHYR (*commonly called "The Gentle"— "A Chartered Libertine," Son of Aurora, and Husband of Flora, &c. &c. &c.*) ..... Mr. F. Robson.

BOREAS, AQUILO, EURUS, AUSTER (*his Half-brothers, great Swells in their way*) ... Mr. G. Cooke, Mr. F. Coney, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Smith.

JEALOUSY (*a Green-eyed Monster, too well known to need description, and much better known than trusted*) ..... Mr. J. Rogers.

GRIM MALKIN (*Mordicanta's Familiar*)... Mr. Franks.

Nymphs in waiting on Young and Handsome.

Mademoiselles Jackson, Cushnie, Huddart, Shipley, Austin, Hughes, and Gregory.

Tritons and Syrens.

Messrs. Green, French, and Roberts, Mademoiselles Shipley, Newell, &c.

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Programme of Scenery and Incidents.

RUINS OF THE

CASTLE OF ROMANCE

IN THE

REALMS OF FICTION.

The Valley of Violets.

BAL CHAMPETRE POUDRÉ.

Minuet by Miss Swanborough, Miss Thirlwall, Miss Maskell, and Miss Bromley.

PAS DE FASCINATION,

(Adapted to the Situation),

By Miss Swanborough and Mr. F. Robson.

INTERIOR OF

ALIDOR'S COTTAGE ORNÉE.

Exhibition of Black-Art Treasures.

Fancy Sketch of a Lady, in the Costume of a Fairy Queen, by Mrs. Melfort.

Portrait of Young and Handsome, as a Shepherdess, by Miss Swanborough.

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THE CASTLE OF FLOWERS

(The Summer Residence of Princess Young and Handsome).

Dance of Nymphs

AND

PAS DE ZEPHYR ... by ... Mr. F. ROBSON.

WRECK OF THE ROYAL YACHT,

"WATER LILY."

Narrow Escape of the Crew with the Loss of one Passenger.

ENCHANTED CAVERNS BELOW THE LAKE.

Boudoir of the Princess

IN THE CASTLE OF FLOWERS.

THE DRAGON'S DEN.

A Perfectly Tame Dragon, by a Member of the Peace Society.

ILLUMINATED

Porcelain Pavilion

AND

INAUGURATION OF THE STATUE OF ZEPHYR.

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YOUNG AND HANDSOME.

SCENE I.—Romantic Ruins.—The Abode of Mordicanta.

Mordicanta *is discovered seated,* **r. c.,** *studying her magic books, by the light of a lamp on a table; on the other side of the table, on a fragment of the fallen wall, sits a large* **Black Cat.**

Mordi. (*taking off her spectacles and closing the volume*)
The world is turning upside down, depend on't!
E'en I can scarce see what will be the end on't!
Mortals have grown so wonderfully wise;
Their art and science rule earth, sea, and skies.
Long since from all their classical vicinities,
They drove the dear old heathenish divinities;
And now, so far they carry their vagaries.
They "poh, poh!" witches, and make fun of fairies!
And through the world dispute our jurisdiction:
Save in what poets call—"the realm of fiction!"
A realm that every day is smaller growing;
Like an estate at auction—"going! going!"
My only comfort is, from night till dawn;
To think how they'll regret it, when 'tis "gone!"
And they are taught by their fine education;
That happiness was in imagination.
Oh! it's a sweet revenge, I see in store for them,
And greater mischief, magic can't do more for them.
Short is your triumph, ye conceited elves,
Whom no one can deceive, except yourselves.

Cat. Ha! ha!

Mordi. How, now! What impudence is that?
Am I to be laugh'd at by my own cat!

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Dost thou know who I am?

CAT. Of course, I do.

The great witch Mordicanta.

MORDI. So! and who

Art thou?

CAT. I'm your familiar.

MORDI. Far too much.

Thou art familiar! Dost thou see this crutch?
Grin once more like a Cheshire cat at me,
And it shall tickle thy catastrophe!

CAT. Mercy! Indeed I couldn't stifle that laugh,
It really was enough to make a cat laugh.
That mortals can't be cheated seems so funny;
While still they make such Gods of Love and Money!

MORDI. Of Love and Money! Well, of course, I know
Those deities have still some power below;
Though as Poetic Plutus, known no more.
Man worships gold in the material ore,
And Cupid lurks about—the sly young thief,
Insinuating still the old belief;
In vows and sighs, as was his usual custom;
So sweet his words, I sometimes all but trust 'em.

CAT. You, mistress! at your age I should have thought,
You would have set Dan Cupid's words at naught.

MORDI. You talk like a rude cat, and an absurd one!
Mortal or fairy, I have never heard one
Of the fair sex, admit in any fashion.
She was too old to feel the tender passion;
And I confess there is a gentle swain,
For whom I might a *tendresse* entertain,
But that he is so dull—so coy—so shy;
That love could never move him.

CUPID *appears*, L. 2 E.

CUPID. Couldn't I?

What will you bet?

MORDI. Love, here!

CUPID. Where am I not?

From the proud palace to the humble cot;
In the salt desert—on the mountain range,
Aye, madam, even on the Stock Exchange!

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Song, CUPID.—"*Up to the Forest his.*"

Who shall my power defy?
In every class and clime,
Master of all am I,
As they all find out in time.

So oft you've heard before this,
In ev'ry tongue and style,
That e'en to say once more this
Is scarcely worth my while.

Every poet 'neath the sun,
From Homer down to Bunn,
Has made rhymes upon my rigs,
And has had 'em set to jigs,
And if not the words—the tune
Is heard morning, night, and noon,
On organs ground,
Until the sound,
You're sick of very soon.

Who shall, &c.

MORDI. His presence makes me feel I don't know how.
CAT. So it does me—miow, wow, wow, wow, wow, wow!
CUPID. Shew me the mortal who defies my power.

(MORDICANTA *waves her crutch—the back of the scene opens and discovers a glade by moonlight*—ALIDOR *is seen sleeping on a bank of flowers*, L.)

MORDI. Behold him!
CUPID. What, the shepherd Alidor!
Is he the gentle swain of whom you spoke?
MORDI. O, spare my blushes!
CUPID. (*aside*) Well, this is a joke.
And if to spoil it I should be so stupid,
I'm not that wicked little god, called Cupid.
(*aloud*) Well, I approve your taste as far as looks go;
But rather wonder you should down to crooks go,
Who might of sceptres sure a choice command,
For monarch's would dispute a fairy's hand.

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MORDI. Can Cupid feel surprise at such a case?
But know, that shepherd is of royal race;
Last of a line of shepherd kings—cut short
By a proud fairy queen one day for sport.
I hate that fairy and I love that boy;
Make me less sensitive, or him less coy.
CUPID. Sure as yon Planet Venus, was my mother,
Before she winks I will do one or t'other.

(*shoots an arrow at* ALIDOR)

There; if he have a heart that shaft is in it!
Now, madam, all you have to do's to win it;
He'll love the first fair lady he may see.
MORDI. Then I'll take care that lady shall be me.
CUPID. (*aside*) And I'll take care it shan't!

(*waves his bow—hunting horns heard without*)

MORDI. What sounds are those?
CUPID. Diana's been out hunting, I suppose!
MORDI. Diana, driven horn-mad! she found too soon,
A lunatic asylum in the moon.
CUPID. Then what fair huntress bends her steps this way?
MORDI. It is the daughter of that hateful fay,
The Princess Young and Handsome!
CUPID. Is she so?
A sort of person Love then ought to know.
MORDI. O, if some mischief, I for her could brew—
I hate her worse than her mamma—I do!

Music.—PRINCESS YOUNG AND HANDSOME *in hunting attire appears amongst the trees,* R. U. E.

CUPID. Perhaps I can oblige you in that matter.
I will let fly my deadliest arrow at her.

(*shoots at the* PRINCESS)

MORDI. Nay, don't do that!
CUPID. I've done it; you're too late.
MORDI. She'll fall in love with him as sure as fate!
CUPID. Him! who?
MORDI. My shepherd.
CUPID. Zooks! I'd quite forgot him.
Now you remind me, I believe I shot him.

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MORDI. Of course. And should he wake and see her first—
(*as she speaks,* ALIDOR *wakes and sees* PRINCESS, *who from the moment* CUPID *shot at her has been gazing with admiration at the sleeping* SHEPHERD)
Distraction! he has done so.

The PRINCESS *disappears,* R. U. E.—ALIDOR, *who has started to his feet with a gesture of admiration and astonishment, rushes out,* R. U. E. *as in search of her, and scene closes.*

CUPID. (*aside*) I shall burst
With laughter! (*aloud*) Bless me, I have made some blunder!
But Love's so blind, you know, that it's no wonder.
MORDI. Blind! it was done on purpose, and you know it,
You good-for-nothing little villain!
CUPID. Go it!
I'm used to it. I have been from my birth
The best abused divinity on earth;—
There's not a crime or folly folks commit,
But Love, of course, must be the cause of it.
With all my heart;—I'm callous to your clamour,
And laugh at threats. *Omnia vincit amor!*
But take my word for it, that weak or bold fool,
In love there's no fool, madam, like an old fool.

Exit CUPID, L. 2 E.

MORDI. Oh, I could burn my broom for very spite!
Old fool, indeed! The vagabond is right.
What had I with the little wretch to do?
I sought him not—his tricks too well I knew—
But of his own accord the traitor came,
Flattered my hopes, and now—O rage! O shame!
But I will be revenged on Love, and all
He favors. There's one fiend will hear my call,
Who can the strongest spells of Love destroy,
Poison his shafts, embitter every joy,
And torture hearts with agony unknown.
I'll do it, though I feel 'twill rack my own.
Rise, Jealousy, with all your scorpion brood!

JEALOUSY *rises out of cauldron,* L.

JEALOUSY. A true Paul Pry, I hope I don't intrude.

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I think you called me; but from inclination,
Had just dropped in, without an invitation.
Can I make anybody wretched? Pray
Command me. Anything in my small way?

MORDI. You know the shepherd, Alidor?

JEAL. Not I.

MORDI, But you can seek him out?

JEAL. Perhaps;—I'll try.

MORDI. He is in love.

JEAL. Then madam, never doubt me;
For Love, they say, cannot exist without me!
Who's the fair object?

MORDI. Proud Pastora's daughter—
Called Young and Handsome, which *I* never thought her.
Go! make them miserable beyond measure,
As you have made me!

JEAL. With the greatest pleasure.

Exit MORDICANTA, R. 1 E.

Quick to the scene of action I repair!
(*the scene changes as he speaks, to*)

SCENE II.—THE VALLEY OF VIOLETS.

A Shepherd's Hut, R. 3 E.; *a small Garden attached to it, is entered through an arbour; Sunrise.*

JEALOUSY. And hither trips "a trifle light as air,"
Which Jealousy, "a confirmation strong,"
Shall make for one or both my friends, ere long!
(*retires up* L.)

Music.—Enter ZEPHYR, R. U. E., *he trips round the stage, occasionally stepping on a flower or leaf, and dancing on it á la Taglioni in the Sylphide.*

Air.—ZEPHYR.—"*La Sylphide.*"

I'm Zephyr the Gentle,
Of fame sentimental;
The son of Aurora;
The husband of Flora.

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The flowers of the valley,
The bard in the alley,
The pet of the ballet,
All doat upon me.
I am out for the morning,
I give you all warning:
Ye roses and lilies.
And daffadowndillies,
All your sweets I shall rifle,
And with your leaves trifle,
And with jealousy stifle
Each big bumble-bee.
For I'm Zephyr the Gentle, &c.

The critics all own I
First taught Taglioni
To dance on a sunflower or a peony.
And in la belle France,
"Le dieu de la danse,"
The great Monsieur Vestris, took lessons of me.
I float on light pinions
Through Flora's dominions;
(The Greeks call her Chloris)
In jure uxoris,
I'm ranger of bowers,
Inspector of flowers,
And, under the rose, kiss the fairest I see.
For I'm Zephyr the Gentle, &c.

ZEPHYR. (C.) I feel to-day particularly sprightly—
My bosom's lord scarce ever sat so lightly
Upon its throne—to use a phrase poetical.
Of conquest 'tis a symptom quite prophetical.
My gentle whispers, and my plastic poses,
Will play the deuce to-day among the roses.
I'm getting rather *blasè*, though, of flowers,
And fancy, as I flit through ladies' bowers,
I should prefer a little sweet flirtation
With one of those fair objects of creation.
I'm jealous of the fops that flutter round them,
And sigh to cut the rascals out—confound them!
(JEALOUSY *advances*, L.)

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JEAL. (L.) Talk of the devil—and his horns appear.
You spoke of Jealousy—behold him here!
ZEPHYR. *Façon de parler*, sir—without evasion,
For jealousy I never had occasion.
JEAL. Perhaps not—but you wouldn't much object
To kindle it in others, I suspect.
ZEPHYR. Not in the least!—indeed, in my excursions,
'Tis one of my most favourite diversions.
I am a most determined Garden Rake,
And sigh that blossoms have no hearts to break
JEAL. You'd break a human heart, then, if you could?
ZEPHYR. Well, as I am not human, then—I would!
Indeed, my only fear, if I have any,
Is that, if human, I might break too many.
"I would be cruel—not unnatural"—mind,
And spare, at least, a few of woman-kind.
JEAL. In that case, pray allow me to point out
The fairest of her species here about.
ZEPHYR. You're very kind! (*aside*) and most infernal ugly!
JEAL. In yonder garden, then come, nestle snugly;
For love now lures her to this very spot.
ZEPHYR. Upon my word, a pretty garden plot;
I've not much need to lie in ambush though,
For only pigs can see the wind—you know.
JEAL. And jealousy.
ZEPHYR. That's but one proof the more,
That jealousy must be a perfect bore.
JEAL. Look, where the lady comes by love's direction.
ZEPHYR. Of pinks, I ne'er before saw the perfection!
(*they retire, up* L.)

Enter YOUNG AND HANDSOME, R. U. E.

Y. & H. This is the hut in which the shepherd dwells,
In form and face who every youth excels
It ever yet has been my lot to see.
ZEPHYR. 'Tis evident she has not yet seen me!
Y. & H. Oh, happy hut! to shelter one so dear!
ZEPHYR. She might say so, if she knew I were here!
Y. & H. Yet, happy hut, thou art a wretched hovel,
Unworthy such a tenant!
ZEPHYR. Neat and novel!

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PRINC. I'll use the power that my mother gave me,
From spiteful Mordicanta's arts to save me.
And here, a model lodging-house display.
Cottage! become a cottage more ornée!
(*the hut* L. 3 E., *changes to a beautiful pavilion, formed entirely of flowers, jessamine and orange flowers being predominant*)
ZEPHYR. Heyday! my pinions! here's a flower show!
Why she's a fairy!
JEAL. Not exactly so.
She is a fairy's daughter, and possest of
Some little power.
ZEPHYR. As we've had a test of
But wherefore does she try it such low huts on?
JEAL. To please the shepherd, that she's rather nuts on.
ZEPHYR. Nuts on a shepherd! Pshaw! when *I* attack
Her heart, such nuts will vanish in a crack!
PRINC. (*looking out* L.) He comes!
JEAL. (*pointing* L.) Lo! This way moves the favoured spark!
PRINC. His wonder, I will stand aside to mark.
(*retires*, R. 3 E.—ZEPHYR *and* JEALOUSY, *go down to* L. 2 E.)

Enter ALIDOR, L. 1 E. *he crosses to bank*, R. 2 E.

ALIDOR. I've scoured all the country clean around,
Brushed through each bit of brushwood to be found.
But of that most enchanting country fair
No trace can I discover anywhere.
Queen Mab must o'er my nose have driven her team;
And it was but a midsummer night's dream,
Got up by my own brain in every part,
Regardless of expense—to my poor heart!
For, oh, I feel that having fancied one fair,
To fancy any other would be unfair.
PRINC. (R.) O sweet confession! all my fears you wipe out!
ZEPHYR. (L.) I know an air shall put that shepherd's pipe out!
ALIDOR. (R. C.) But I am out of breath with this fond chase,
So home to——(*observes the change in the cottage*)
Eh! I've come to the wrong place,

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Or I am not the right man to be in it;
In this poor suit——(*looking at his dress*)

PRINC. You shall be in a minute!
For I am so inclined your suit to favor,
That not the richest king shall wear a braver!

(*she waves her wand*, ALIDOR'S *dress changes to one of amber satin and silver, his hat, which he had flung on a bank at entering, becomes one of jonquils and blue hyacinths; his crook turns to a gold one, richly ornamented with jewels, and his scrip, hung upon a branch, is beautifully embroidered and suspended by a wreath of roses*)

Quartette.—ALIDOR, PRINCESS, ZEPHYR *and* JEALOUSY.

"*La Traviata.*"

ALIDOR. Has fancy conjured up this crook,
A sort of fairy fairing!
And is it only with a hook
This fancy dress I'm wearing!

PRINCESS. Never was gentle shepherd more
A gentleman in bearing;
Soon with another fair—ring,
I'll wed my Alidor.

ALIDOR. Who can explain this change mysterious?
PRINCESS. With love and joy I'm half delirious!
ZEPHYR. I don't believe she can be serious!
JEAL. Love shall to her be deleterious,
ZEPHYR. } Too high that shepherd's pipe is pitched!
JEAL. }
ALL. I am enchanted—I am bewitched!

(*at end of which*, ALIDOR *rushes into cottage*, L. 3 E., *and* PRINCESS, *disappears amongst the trees*, R. U. E.)

ZEPHYR. (R.) She's gone! To follow her, oh, let me fly!
JEAL. (L.) Halt!
ZEPHYR. What for?
JEAL. To be dressed!
ZEPHYR. Dressed! am not I?

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JEAL. For one who can't be seen, why, pretty fairly,
But for society, I should say—*barely*,
If to a princess you your court would pay,
It must be in *full* dress—Habit Français.
ZEPHYR. Diable! What, bag, wig and powder—vest,
Embroidered coat, and——
JEAL. Of course, all the rest.
The world no goddess now but fashion sways,
And everyone appears *à la Francaise* ;—
Gods à la Grecque are known but in a ballad,
And nought's *à la Romaine* but punch and salad.
ZEPHYR. But a court suit can't surely be inflated;—
To wear it I must be incorporated.
JEAL. Provisionally; or you'd otherwise
Be nobody at all in ladies' eyes.
ZEPHYR. A solid reason—but, 'twill spoil my figure!
JEAL. I'll take you to an out-and-out outrigger.
ZEPHYR. But there's my body first to find—who can
I trust for that?
JEAL. The tailor makes the man.
And mine supplies the clothing and the frame.
ZEPHYR. If he don't fit me, mind, you'll be to blame.
But what on earth shall I do with my wings?
I can't afford to part with the dear things,
They make me the most favourite of friskers;—
A man of fashion's lost without his whiskers.
JEAL. Contrive to hide—I don't want you to lose 'em;
Only, don't shew 'em till I bid you use 'em.

Duo.—ZEPHYR & JEALOUSY.—"*La Sonnambula.*"

ZEPHYR. Pray do not mingle my human feeling,
Any form that is ungenteel in!
However real,
My frame may be, all
The beau ideal
Of beaux make me!
JEALOUSY. Never fear me, I shall suit you
And you'll find that, without dispute, you
Of belles the passion,
"The glass of fashion,"
"And the mould of form," will be.

Exeunt, L. 2 E.

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Re-enter ALIDOR *from cottage*, L. 3 E.

ALIDOR. Sure, of my senses I shall be bereft;
Of the "Old House at Home," there's nothing left.
'Tis to a green house, by some magic feat
Transformed, with all the furniture *en suite*.
My table is of Covent Garden marquetry,
The floor all floral in its fine green parquetry;
My bed's a flower bed, made with taste and care,
And in the panels painted by Parterre,
Are pictured shepherds, who in other days
Were favourites with goddesses or fays.
Oh, is it possible! Oh, can it be,
Some fay or goddess is in love with me?
Immortal beauty, if thou art, appear,
And bless again my sight! She doesn't hear!
Or will not answer! And I cannot guess
Where she resides, though sure of her address.
She call'd on me, and found me out; I call
On her, but cannot find her out at all!

Air.—ALIDOR.—"*My Cottage near Rochelle.*"

When I behold myself arrayed
In satin fine and rich brocade,
I ask no fitter wife than she
Who so completely fitted me;
And as a housewife who could beat,
A wife who builds a house so sweet,
That I declare for sight and smell,
There's no such Cottage near Rochelle.

But hark! I hear the sound of pipes and tabors;
And here comes all my friends—I mean, my neighbours! (*goes up* L.)

Rustic Music.—*Enter*, R. 2 E., COLIN, IPHIS, LUBIN, STREPHON, PHŒBE, PHILLIS, CHLOE, *and* DAPHNE, *they dance round stage, then sing chorus.*

Chorus.—SHEPHERDS & SHEPHERDESSES (*Morris Dance*).

Now the sun is piping hot,
Come with pipe and tabor,
To this cool and pleasant spot—
Love our only labour!

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Leave the sheep themselves to keep
Alive, from being roasted;
While every lass, in cheerful glass,
Is by her shepherd toasted.

ALIDOR *comes down* C.

IPHIS. (R.) Why, Alidor! Oddsbodikins—look there!
The lad's as fine as five pence, I declare.
PHŒBE. (R. C.) O, what a lovely jacket! Well, I never
(*aside*) I vow he's ten times handsomer than ever.
LUBIN. (L.) A crook of gold—all over gems.
PHILLIS. O, gemini!
COLIN. (*up* C.) And a new house all built of flowers.
CHLOE. (*up* R. C.) Criminy!
STREPH. (L.) He's made a fortune somehow, lads, depend.
LUBIN. Have you been dabbling in the stocks, my friend?
COLIN. (R. C.) Married a widow with a lot of tin?
PHŒBE. Or to a nabob turned out next of kin?
CHLOE. Or been to California gold digging?
IPHIS. Or taken to the turf?
LUBIN. Or thimble rigging?
STEPH. Of a new company become projector?
IPHIS. Or of some British Bank been a director?
ALL. Speak—tell us!
ALIDOR. (C.) My good neighbours, cease your pother!
Upon my honor, neither one nor t'other;
My house owes more to orange flowers than stocks,
I've not been fleecing, even my own flocks;
As to the turf—like you, I've seen some fun on it,
Got up a bank, and sometimes had a run on it—
But nought beyond; and hard as I have pleaded,
Alas! I've neither married nor succeeded.
PHŒBE. (*aside*) That last avowal, I'm struck almost dumb by!
IPHIS. Then all this finery how did you come by?
ALIDOR. I've no more notion than you have yourselves.
PHŒBE. It may have been the work of wicked elves!
LUBIN. Or some mad frolic of that goblin Puck.
CHLOE. Or fair Titania's favour.
ALIDOR. No such luck

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I fear! though last night, by the haunted stream,
I saw a fairer being—in a dream.

PHŒBE. Who was she like? Do tell me, Alidor?

ALIDOR. Like—nobody I ever saw before.

PHŒBE. (*aside*) Provoking!

ALIDOR. And the more I on it ponder,
The more I'm puzzled.

LUBIN. (*looking off*, L. 1 E.) Who is that wench yonder?

IPHIS. (R., *crosses to* L.) Wench! If I'm any judge of pretty faces,
It must be Venus, or one of the Graces!

Music.—Enter PRINCESS, *attired as a Shepherdess*, L. 1 E., *followed by* JEALOUSY, *who in pantomine directs the following scene.*

ALIDOR. Venus or not! she is the very creature
Of my mysterious dream, in form and feature!

PRINC. Good friends, for so I would be with you all,
Don't let me interrupt your rustie ball;
I came not here to spoil your sport, but share it.

PHŒBE. (R.) But I'll spoil yours, sweet madam—you may swear it!
(*aside*) I can see fast enough, why here she came.

ALIDOR. Mortal or goddess! whatsoe'er your name—
You are!—you must be!

PRINC. (L. C.) Bless me, shepherd! what?

ALIDOR. (R. C.) The very person!

PRINC. No, indeed, I'm not.

ALIDOR. Till you know who I mean how can you say?
Though not attired exactly the same way,
'Twas you I saw last night in yonder dell;
None but yourself can be your parallel.

PRINC. Were you the shepherd I saw sleeping there,
Who woke with such a start and such a stare?

ALIDOR. I was; and cause enough I had to start,
For as I woke you snatched away my heart.

PRINC. Oh, fie! to think that such a thing I'd do!

PHŒBE. (*aside*) As if she didn't know she'd done it—poo!

PRINC. At least on purpose.

ALIDOR. Do but give me thine
In fair exchange, and keep for ever mine.

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IPHIS. (L.) Young woman, if you'll take a friend's advice,
Don't think of doing it at any price.
ALIDOR. (R. C.) What do you mean?
PRINC. (L. C. *smiling*) That for your sake, perhaps,
These shepherdesses might be pulling caps.
PHŒBE. (*aside*) One would, at least.
IPHIS. No, that is not the danger;
But Alidor's the pet of some grand stranger—
Some goddess or enchantress.
PRINC. Can it be?
ALIDOR. I care not, sweetest, if thou art not she.
PRINC. Oh, that's all well enough, fair sir, for you;
But if this honest shepherd's tale be true,
And I've a rival of such power and skill,
She'll scratch my eyes out.
PHŒBE. (*aside*) If she don't—I will!
LUBIN. Or send a fiery dragon, off to carry you;
STREPH. Or some Welsh giant, with three heads, to marry you.
ALIDOR. (C.) They must destroy me first!
PRINC. (L. C.) Suppose the latter—
I don't perceive how that will mend the matter.
ALIDOR. Distraction! Then am I to understand
That you will not accept my heart and hand?
PRINC. Your heart may not be free as you insinuate,
But I accept your hand just for a minuet.

(*Music.—He leads her up the stage, and with others, they take their places for a dance.—Minuet—at end*)

JEALOUSY *re-enters with* ZEPHYR, *in a Watteau costume*, L. 1 E.

ZEPHYR. (*aside*) For conquest armed, a mighty pretty fellow see!
I shall drive all these rustics mad! Eh, Jealousy?
JEAL. (*pointing to* PRINCESS) She's there!
ZEPHYR. (C.) And in what beautiful society!
Of tulips there's an exquisite variety!
JEAL. (L.) Mind—you are visible—remember.
ZEPHYR. Right!
By Jupiter, I had forgot that quite.

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Of course, I am an air apparent now
To all these treasures! I must make my bow.
(*bows to* SHEPHERDESSES, *who come down in a group,* R., *to observe him*)

PHŒBE. Why, as I live, here is another stranger.

ZEPHYR. (*aside*) Poor things! their heartsease is in desperate danger!

CHLOE. Bless me! who can be this fine scented beau?

PHILLIS. Some nobleman, no doubt, incognito.

ZEPHYR. Fair lilies of the valley! Sweet primroses,
Surpassing all that Flora's realm discloses,
You were about to dance; don't let me, pray,
Be an impediment in any way.
For dancing, I have some slight reputation,
And shall be proud to join your recreation.

ZEPHYR.—"*With an air, Debonair.*"

With an air,
Debonair,
I salute the ladies,
Lovely, young, and witty,
I know how to hit ye—ah!
Such a grace,
In each pace,
In my voice such charms—ah!
All with passion burning,
And my love returning,
Fall into my arms.

(*dances across to* R.)

PHŒBE. What airs!

PHILLIS. What manners!

CHLOE. What seductive graces.

(*all the* SHEPHERDESSES *gather round* ZEPHYR, *who flirts with each alternately*)

IPHIS. (L.) Confound the puppy! with his vile grimaces,
His pumps and perriwig, and twists and twirls,
He's turned the heads of all those silly girls!

LUBIN. The coxcomb will corrupt the whole community.

(*the* SHEHERDS *group together,* L., *and threaten* ZEPHYR)

PRINC. (*aside,* C.) To try my shepherd, here's an opportunity.

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(*advancing to* ZEPHYR) Dear sir, how charmingly you
pirouette.
ALIDOR. (*coming down*, L. C.) She, too!
PHŒBE. (L. C., *to* ALIDOR) Your new friend seems a rare
coquette.
ZEPHYR. (R., *to* PRINCESS) Your praise transports me!
May I be allowed
The honour?
PRINC. Oh, sir, I shall be too proud!
ALIDOR. Hold, sir! That lady is to me engaged.
PRINC. Not for this dance.
PHŒBE. (*aside*) Delightful! He's enraged!
ALIDOR. Cut one so true! for one who can cut three!
ZEPHYR. (*aside*) A pas de fascination this shall be!

Pas de deux.—ZEPHYR *and* PRINCESS.

IPHIS. Divine! enchanting! If she's not Terpsichore,
Then say my coffee is n't made of chicory!
PHŒBE. Fine goings on, upon my word of honor!
I wonder you don't all cry shame upon her!
ZEPHYR. (*aside*) She has fascinated me, I do declare,
PRINC. (*aside*) Poor Alidor, I see is in despair.
ZEPHYR. (*aside*) I feel a new set of such queer sensations,
And the most violent of palpitations.
My heart seems just as if 'twere about to quit me!
They must have given me one that doesn't fit me!
PRINC. (*looking at* ALIDOR) I must console him! (*aloud*)
Shepherd, why this sorrow?
Smile, if you wish that we should meet—to-morrow.
ALIDOR. To-morrow! When? Where?
PRINC. Love shall let you know.
ALIDOR. You swear!
PRINC. I do, by Cupid's strongest bow.
In that same place, where ever that may be;
To-morrow, truly, will I meet with thee.
PHŒBE. (*aside*) An assignation!
ZEPHYR. How? an assignation!
Oh! there's another! precious queer sensation!
Right in my ribs, my heart first sharply poked me,
Then jumped up in my throat, and almost chok'd me.

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Where's Jealousy? He's not far off, I'm sure!
(JEALOUSY *comes down behind him*)
This is a thing I can't—and won't endure,
There must be something wrong the work about;
I've some misgivings of his fitter out.
The tailor's name was Nicoll—Nicoll? no,
Not Nicoll—something deuced like it though!

JEAL. (L.) Did you call out?

ZEPHYR. (C.) Call out? Yes; well I might!
My heart's too big, or else my throat's too tight;
One moment I'm on fire—the next quite icy,
And I look spooney when I should look spicy.

JEAL. Well, you're in love, and you must be a spoon;
You'll get accustomed to it very soon.
Don't show it though, or you'll be laughed at.

ZEPHYR. Me
Laughed at! That would be something new!

JEAL. And see,
She's off—you'll lose her!—be a man!

ZEPHYR. I'll try;
But 'tis hard work.

PRINC. Time flies, and so must I.

ZEPHYR. O, fly not yet, as Tom Moore used to sing,
(*aside to* PRINCESS) Or fly with me?

PRINC. Don't mention such a thing!
To fly in such uncommon fast society,
Were flying in the face of all propriety.

ZEPHYR. Then stay!

PRINC. I can't! A parent most maternal,
Is not aware her daughter is external.

IPHIS. Then we'll all see you home to your own door!

PRINC. Not one step, or you'll never see me more.

ENSEMBLE.—"*Fly not yet.*"

PRINCESS, ZEPHYR, *and* SHEPHERDS.

ZEPHYR. Fly not yet! For half an hour
To stay you surely have the power.
And as an Irish bard would say,
That time of night 's the time of day
For maids that love the moon.

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PRINC. Delighted I should be to stop,
But home, indeed, I now must hop,
My mother does not know I'm out,
And will be anxious me about,
If home I don't get soon.

ALIDOR. Oh, stay! Do pray!
Or let us see you on your way,
For though police so much we pay,
Your throat 's not safe at noon.

PRINC. Nay, pray here stay,
You must not see me on my way,
I'll come again some other day
And see you very soon.

Chorus of Shepherds.

Oh, stay, &c.

Chorus of Shepherdesses.

Oh, pray don't stay!
Home you'd better take your way,
You'll come again some other day,
No doubt ma'am very soon.

Exit PRINCESS, R. U. E., PHŒBE *and* SHEPHERDESSES *follow her at a distance, as if to observe the road she takes*—SHEPHERDS *remain in a group,* L.

ALIDOR. (*stopping* ZEPHYR, *who is stealing out after* PRINCESS) What are you after?

ZEPHYR. After? Nothing.

ALIDOR. No?
Lend me your ear! (*brings him down the stage by it*)

ZEPHYR. Oh! But don't pull it so—
It hurts!

ALIDOR. One word in it—that lady follow,
And I will give you greater cause to hollo!
That's all I have to say to you at present.

Exit ALIDOR, R. 1 E.

ZEPHYR. More new sensations, and still more unpleasant.
I've joined a Company that's much too spirited,
And find my liability's not limited.
I shall withdraw.

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IPHIS. (L.) Stop! I've a score to settle
With you, my friend.
ZEPHYR. (*aside*) Zounds! Here's another nettle!
IPHIS. Harkye, Mounseer! I don't know what's your
name—
And I don't care—but Phillis is my flame.
You whisper nonsense to her if you dare—
I'll crack your crown, as sure as you stand there!
ZEPHYR. (*aside*) He'd do it—I can see he would—Alack!
Why did I ever have a crown to crack!
(*aloud*) Not whisper! I shall whisper, if I please.
I can't help whispering amongst the trees.
IPHIS. You can't! (*twirls him round*)
LUBIN. (*twisting him the other way*, R.) My Chloe you'd have
snatched a kiss from,
If she'd a let you;—D'ye think I'll stand this from
A puppy, just because he wears a spit?
Aye, draw it, and I'll baste you well with it!
ZEPHYR. Sir, I shall draw it, or not, as I choose it.
(*aside*) O that I only knew the way to use it!
LUBIN. You won't? Take that, then, coward! (*hits him*)
ZEPHYR. Oh! oh my!
He's gone and hit the wind in the wind's eye!
STREPH. (*taking him by the collar*, C.) I saw you chuck
my Daphne 'neath the chin;—
I've a great mind that pond to chuck you in.
ZEPHYR. Chuck me into a pond! Now do! just do!
STREPH. I will.

Gives him a lift, and ZEPHYR *is thrown completely out of sight*, R. 2 E.

My stars! where have I chucked him to?
LUBIN. I saw him fly, but never saw him fall!
STREPH. He felt like nothing in my hands at all!
IPHIS. Hunt for him, neighbours!—don't let him off so!
We'll have more fun with him. Yoicks! tally-ho!

***Hurried music.—They run out*, R. *in search of* ZEPHYR.**

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SCENE III.—Interior of Alidor's Cottage.

In the panels are paintings of "Cybele and Atys," *and of* "Paris and Ænone."

Enter Mordicanta, L. 2 E.

Mordi. So Young and Handsome has been at her tricks,
And Old Nick yet, to serve me, has done nix.
I'll put my shoulder to Miss Fortune's wheel,
And try on Cupid a rogue's march to steal.
(*retires*, R. 2 E.)

Enter Alidor, L. 2 E.

Alidor. Wonders will never cease! Outside, 'tis night;
Inside, my cottage is as noon-day bright!
The obligation, though, would be still greater,
Were more light thrown on the illuminator.
Is that sweet shepherdess my benefactress?
If so, she is a most consummate actress;
If not, I'm in a deuce of a quandary—
I lose my fair, or I affront my fairy!

Mordicanta *touches the wall with her crutch, and retires again, and the paintings in the panels change—*"*Atys*" *appears frantic, and* "*Paris*" *is seen dead.*

Hah! To my question comes an answer magical,
Showing, of these two tales, the turn up tragical.
Where Atys knelt to Cybele the pompous,
The perjured shepherd now is seen *non-compos!*
And where Ænone called false Paris master,
Paris lies cold as cast in his own plaster!
Each, an immortal beauty's love could slight,
And verdict in both cases, "serve him right."
It's a broad hint, I own it to my shame,
But, madam—fairy, you're the most to blame!
How could you be so shockingly unwise,
To let that shepherdess my heart surprise.
Why didn't you first show yourself to me,
And then, perhaps——

The R. *panel opens, and discovers the portrait of a beautiful female, attired as a fairy queen—*

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below is an inscription—"On her love depends your fate")

Good gracious! Can that be
Her portrait? (*reading the inscription*) On her love depends my fate!
Thanks for the warning—but it's rather late.
A splendid creature, I must needs confess;
If I had never seen my shepherdess.

(*the other panel,* L., *opens and discovers the portrait of the* PRINCESS *in her Shepherdesses' dress—under the portrait is an inscription* "Forget her, or she will destroy you.")

Hah! there she is—just as she was this morning!
And 'neath her portrait there's another warning—
She will destroy me! Well, then I say, let her,
And I'll forgive her; but I can't forget her.
No, though my funeral bier that mischief's brewing,
Like, Jaffiier—I'm in love and pleased with ruin.

Air.—ALIDOR.—"*I love her.*"

I love her—not Sam Lover
Himself, how much, in words could say;
Nor even Stephen Glover,
Set music to them, I could play,
'Tis so beyond all measure;
No Manchester Art—Treasure
Could give me half such pleasure,
As that *charmant portrait.*

I love her, &c.

Exit ALIDOR, R. 1 E.

MORDI. (*advances from* R. 2 E.) Curses!

CUPID *appears,* L. 2 E.

CUPID. You see, old lady, it won't do,
Love's too strong for you.
MORDI. Oh, you viper, you!
CUPID. The rogue's march, now I beat, and you're the marcher;
You're an arch hand, but Cupid is an archer!
MORDI. Were justice known to you, I might demand some;
I am your slave, as much as Young and Handsome,

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Why favor her, and make me your derision?
CUPID. Madam, your passion quite obscures your vision.
I move all hearts to love throughout creation;
But leave to chance, or fate, their inclination,
The youth you love inclines towards another,
Take my advice, and love him—like a mother.
MORDI. Monster! I see you'll drive me to despair!
CUPID. Well! you won't be the first I've driven there!
MORDI. You are no gentleman!
CUPID. I don't pretend to be.
MORDI. When of your tyranny is there an end to be?
CUPID. When the world ends which love was made to revel in;
And where he is defied to play the devil in!
MORDI. Two can play at that game, as you shall find.
Exit furiously, R. 2 E.
CUPID. Poor woman! she's gone quite out of her mind!
To mar their bliss she'll do her worst, no doubt,
But love will keep for them a bright look out;
Hoh! Alidor! awake! a friend to see!
(*calling off* R. 1 E.)

Re-enter ALIDOR, R. 1 E.

ALIDOR. (R.) What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
CUPID. 'Tis Love's!
ALIDOR. I thought so, by the tone seraphic!
CUPID. I bring to you a message telegraphic. (*hands paper*)
ALIDOR. (*crosses to* L. *reading*) "From Young and Handsome to her Alidor!
Hasten forthwith to the Chateau des Fleurs,"
Yes! "Young and Handsome!" That must be her name!
No mortal has to it a fairer claim!
But where on earth is this divine chateau?
And which the way to it?
CUPID. (R.) That love will show.
ALIDOR. (L.) Then please to do it, at a rail-road pace!
Annihilate, in short, both time and space,
And make two lovers happy.
CUPID. I'll my best
Do, to grant your prodigious bold request.

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Duet.—CUPID *and* ALIDOR.—"*Over the Sea.*"

CUPID. Over the land! over the sea!
Swifter than any bird Cupid can flee
Over the land! over the sea!
Going, we shall not be long;
So march! march! march!
In double quick time,
To love's magical rhyme;
March! march! march!
Ye minutes and miles to my song.
Over the land, &c.

ALIDOR. Over the land! over the sea!
Sweet, Young, and Handsome, I'm flying to thee,
Over the land! over the sea!
Somebody's coming ere long!
So march! march! march!
Ye scenes and ye hours,
To the castle of flowers,
March! march! march!
In double quick time to our song.

BOTH. Over the land, &c:

SCENE IV.—THE CASTLE OF FLOWERS.

It is in the centre of a lake, and composed entirely of flowers.

CUPID. (L. C.) Here dwells your love.
ALIDOR. (L.) Oh, what a lovely scene!
CUPID. Of all this fair domain she is the queen.
ALIDOR. The queen! What! is she not a shepherdess?
CUPID. No—half a fairy—wholly a princess.
ALIDOR. A princess! fairy! Why then——
CUPID. Yes—you're right—
She changed your dress and lodgings.
ALIDOR. Oh! delight!
But whose then was that portrait of a lady?
CUPID. A sort of Mrs. Harris—very shady.
ALIDOR. There's no such person!

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CUPID. No—but the old wretch
Who took that likeness from a fancy sketch,
Will try some other dodge your heart to sever——
ALIDOR. From Young and Handsome? Then she must be clever!
CUPID. She is a witch—I warn you—and a cunning one
You run a risk.
ALIDOR. Who would fear running one
For such a prize!
CUPID. Then run it.

Exit CUPID, R. 1 E.—*Music.*

ALIDOR. (*looking off*, L.) Powers above!
It is my lady—Oh, it is my love!

Music.—Enter PRINCESS *in regal attire, and attended*, L. 2 E.

PRINC. (L.) Well—you see I am not a shepherdess.
ALIDOR. (R.) No—but I love you not a bit the less.
PRINC. To rank and riches, then, you've no objection?
ALIDOR. None in the least—enriched by your affection.
PRINC. I feared a swain so sweetly sentimental,
Might scorn a crown, and deprecate a rental.
ALIDOR. Dismiss your fears! Although I never had one,
I'd not refuse a crown, unless a bad one.
"Love in a cottage" has a special charm in it;
But say "a palace," I can see no harm in it.
And as I'm told my father was a king,
I soon shall get accustomed to the thing.
PRINC. How sensible! My heart you quite relieve,
ALIDOR. Sweet princess, I entreat you to believe.
There is no wealth a Rothschild ever knew
That I should not rejoice to share with you.
PRINC. Accept then, with my heart, my hand and throne.
ALIDOR. Enchanted so to do—with all my own.
PRINC. Away! (*to her* ATTENDANTS) And for our wedding celebration,
Let all my court make instant preparation.

Exeunt ATTENDANTS, L. 2 E.

ALIDOR. One foolish doubt arises in my breast;
I'm quite ashamed to own it, I protest.
But such great lengths in flowers you seem to go;—
You're not the Lady of Camellias?
PRINC. No.

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Duet.—PRINCESS *and* ALIDOR.—"*Parigi o cara.*"
(*La Traviata.*)

PRINCESS. From Paris I brought not my Castle of Flowers,
Not one camellia you'll find in my bowers,
Though florid my taste, and my manners not haughty,
Sound are my lungs and my principles too.
Only the music of that very naughty
"La Traviata" I ever knew.

ALIDOR. From Paris she brought not her Castle of Flowers.
Not one camellia appears in her bowers.
Though florid her tastes and her manners not haughty,
Sound are her lungs and her principles too!
Only the music of that very naughty
"La Traviata" she ever knew!

Exeunt ALIDOR *and* PRINCESS, L. 1 E.

Enter MORDICANTA *and* JEALOUSY, R. 2 E.

MORDI. What! orders given for the wedding feast,
And Jealousy has no chance——
JEAL. Not the least;
They love too truly—stop till they are married.
MORDI. Talk not to me of stopping! I have tarried
Too long. I have discovered by my art
A secret, which gives vengeance a fresh start.
My foe, Pastora, gave her precious daughter
Some power on earth, but none upon the water:
Just let me catch her loving swain afloat,
And see if I don't row in the same boat.
Quick! a new element I'll try my luck in;
I am a witch, and not afraid of ducking.

Sinks L. *into lake.*

Enter ZEPHYR, *limping*, L. 2 E.

JEAL. (R.) What, my friend, Zephyr! Why, where did you spring from?
ZEPHYR. (L.) Where that confounded boor chose me to fling from.
And had it not been for my wings and wits,
I had been broken all to little bits;

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E'en as it is, I am all over bruises,
Hear that, Apollo! Hear it, ye nine Muses!
Your own sweet Zephyr—Zephyr, black and blue
In sundry places! Sprained my ankle too!
Can you imagine conduct more improper. Ah?

JEAL. I have heard of such cases at the opera,
But never saw one, save in a certificate.

ZEPHYR. Well, on this *contretemps* not to amplificate,
I mean to jump out of my mortal skin,
And if you like it, friend, you may jump in.

JEAL. What! Be again an airy spirit?

ZEPHYR. Yes!
I'm tired of my body—and my dress.
To be the "glass of fashion's" well enough;
But of this "mould of form," I've quantum suff.
Off it shall brush—Shake me again no man shall!
I am "too flattering sweet to be substantial."

JEAL. Then, Young and Handsome you give up completely?

ZEPHYR. No, I will flutter round her still more sweetly,
Invisible to ev'ry other eye,
And on her white hand breathe my softest sigh.

JEAL. But Alidor won't care for that, you sappy.

ZEPHYR. Well, what's the odds, so long as I am happy?
For now I feel quite down upon my luck,
And since I've had a heart, I've got no pluck!

Air.—ZEPHYR.—"*If a body meet a body.*"

If a body love a body,
As somebody I,
If a body snub a body,
It makes a body cry.
Every lass has got her lad,
To kiss one if I try,
Up comes a hulking chap, half mad,
And says—"I'll punch your eye!"

With a body unencumbered,
Flirting night and morn,
In a rose's bed I slumbered,
Reckless of a thorn;

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But I've got in horrid pickles
Since I've had a heart,
And I feel all over prickles
In my tenderest part!
Bother bodies! let Tom Noddies,
Wear them if they please,
In lighter things, with gauzy wings,
I feel much more at ease.
Jealousy, you don't suit me,
Grim sorcerer, good bye;
However keen—there's something green
In your great saucer-eye!
And when a body's served a body,
Whether low or high,
Off a body throws a body,
And, blow me! so will I.

JEAL. They're coming! I hate sport I cannot spoil!
ZEPHYR. You cut! I'll shuffle off this mortal coil!

Exeunt ZEPHYR, L. 1 E., JEALOUSY, R. 1 E.

Re-enter ALIDOR *and* PRINCESS, L. 2 E., *preceded and followed by* DANCING NYMPHS, *who range* R. *and* L.

PRINC. (*presenting* ALIDOR, C.) Be kind, my Nymphs, to this young gentleman,
Make the best curtseys to him that you can,
Hop in his paths and gambol in his eyes,
In the most graceful way you can devise.
(*sits on bank*, L.)

Music—Dance of NYMPHS—*in the midst of which, re-enter* ZEPHYR, *in his first dress; he mingles in the dance, and every now and then flutters round* PRINCESS.

PRINC. (*to* NYMPHS) Break off!
ALIDOR. What is the matter?
PRINC. Never mind!
(*aside*) I can see there is something in the wind.
ALIDOR. Suppose we on the water have a sail?
PRINC. (*aside*) I shall be followed by that wanton gale;

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Yet sure there's nothing to be frightened at,
In such a very trifling breeze as that.

ALIDOR. Something has ruffled you!

PRINC. A whisper, silly.
Women, my fairy yacht, the Water Lily!

Music. The NYMPHS *make a movement to* R. *and four go off.*

ALIDOR. I'll bring your fairy ship round to the landing,
And in it soon, your fairyship, be handing.

Exit ALIDOR, R.

PRINC. Nay, Alidor! pray look before you leap,
Remember that you can't drive ships like sheep;
The wind is freshening and blows off the shore,
They can't beat up against it! What a bore!

Music—The vessel formed of a water lily, appears, with NYMPHS *and* ALIDOR *on board.*

PRINC. (*stopping as she is about to go*) There's music on the water!

Three TRITONS *and three* SYRENS *appear in the lake, and approach the boat,* R. *and* L.

ALIDOR. What are these?

PRINC. Tritons and syrens from the outer seas!
This is some masque invented to surprise us.

ALIDOR. (*to* TRITONS *who are catching hold of boat*) What are you at? Hold hard! or you'll capsize us.

PRINC. Alas! they've thrown the mask off to my cost;
They'll drown my husband! Alidor! He's lost!
(*the vessel goes to pieces—the centre part with* ALIDOR *sinks, surrounded by the* TRITONS *and* SYRENS—*the rest floats away with the* NYMPHS)

Re-enter ZEPHYR, L. U. E.

PRINC. Help, help! (*faints on bank,* L.)

ZEPHYR. My rival sinking! This is glorious!
She's fainting! She wants air! I am victorious!

Music—the bank changes to clouds, on which the PRINCESS *is drawn off,* ZEPHYR *leaning over and fanning her in a classical attitude.—The scene meanwhile has begun to rise, and* ALIDOR *is seen sinking through the lake until the change is complete to*

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SCENE V.—Enchanted Caverns below the Lake.

Alidor is left standing in the middle of the stage.

Alidor. My feet appear as if they found a landing,
Yet scarcely can support me notwithstanding,
Explain this to myself, I really can't,
That water lily, must have been a plant!
Dragged under water, shovelled under ground,
Buried alive, as soon as I was drowned!
And now left on this dark and lonely shelf;
A solitary ghost—to haunt myself!
Who has done this?
Mordi. (*within*, L.) A friend!
Alidor. A friend! that's good!
And yet 'tis every day so understood,
If a man's jilted, or popped into quod,
It's always through a friend—that's very odd!
And is it really the same thing down here?
Where ever this may be, for I'm not clear.

Enter Mordicanta, L. 2 E.

Mordi. Behold the friend, who served you in this case.
Alidor. Zounds! It's some very old friend—by the face,
Mordi. Judge not by faces, they are sometimes double.
I could change mine.
Alidor. Then pray do take the trouble!
If you are long to be my *vis-a-vis*,
You couldn't lose by it.
Mordi. That we shall see.
Alidor. You served me *in* this case—you say,
Mordi. I do.
Alidor. Couldn't you serve me out?
Mordi. We'll see that too.
Alidor. To whom am I indebted, madam, pray?
I should be glad to pay you—the same way.
Mordi. Cease, cruel boy, to wound a heart that throbs
For you so fondly.
Alidor. Throbs! For me? Oddsbobs!
Mordi. I've loved thee ever since I saw thee first!
Alidor. With me the fact exactly is reversed.

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MORDI. Is this thy gratitude for love like mine?
ALIDOR. Your mode of shewing love is superfine.
Restore me to my love—my bride—my joy!
MORDI. She'd be the ruin of thee, foolish boy!
I've power to raise thy fortunes, far beyond
That peevish poppet of whom thou'rt so fond.
I *am* a fairy! She's scarce half a one.
ALIDOR. Were you ten times a fairy, and she none,
She's young and handsome—you are old and hideous!
I grant you the comparison's invidious.
But for her sake I'd burn a town, like Paris!
MORDI. (*appearing as the Fairy Queen in picture, Sc. III.*)
What am I now?
ALIDOR. By jingo! Mrs. Harris!
MORDI. A second time this form I have assumed,
To please your eye; though for it I am doomed
To pay severely—still your love to buy——
ALIDOR. It can't. I know those charms are all my eye
That Mrs. Harris is a specious vamp,
Beneath which grins a subtle Sairey Gamp.
And still in eharms, my princess is your peer!
MDRDI. If beauty cannot tempt you—just look here!
(*waves her wand—the scene becomes illuminated, and treasures appear*)
In silver, gold, pearls, diamonds—countless millions!
Love me—and draw on me at sight, for billions!
ALIDOR. For wealth, alone, I've not the least avidity;
I worship Cupid, madam—not cupidity!
MORDI. Can nothing tempt you?
ALIDOR. Nothing you can offer.
MORDI. Beware how you tempt me, ungrateful scoffer!
Once turn my love to hate—there is a pit
Within these magic caverns—deeper yet—
The dragon's den! If once I pop you in it,
You'll be chawed up in less than half a minute!
ALIDOR. Do it! I'm desperate! and I defy you!
I scorn your love! Let me be *pit*tied by you.
MORDI. (*furiously*) Then open, pit! and dragon, quickly swallow him! *Music.*—ALIDOR *sinks*, C.
Oh! could it swallow me, with joy I'd follow him.
Rushes out, R. 1 E.

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SCENE VI.—The Boudoir of the Princess, in the Castle of Flowers.

A cloud, on which the Princess *is extended insensible, is wafted in behind opening in* L. *flat, by* Zephyr.

Zephyr. Poor creature! what more for her can I do?
I've brought her home—but cannot bring her to.
It's quite astonishing that she can be
So very long insensible to me.
And what, I comprehend with less facility,
Is that it so affects my sensibility;
A foolish feeling, which however odd, I
Could not quite cast off with my cast-off body;
That touch of nature, which the poets say,
Makes the whole world kin. Proving, by the way,
That it is one touch of their common mother,
Makes all men prone to cousin one another.
But soft! I do believe she is reviving!

Princ. Help, help! To save him, vainly I am striving;
The vessel parts, and he is sinking, sinking!

Zephyr Of that confounded shepherd still she's thinking!

Princ. In some dark fold my precious lamb they pen up.
Here they went down. Oh, I'll dig; dig the den up!
(*rises*) Where am I? Hah! who's there! What do I see?

Zephyr. Don't be alarmed—it's nobody but me,
The gentle Zephyr, who has hither flown,
His aid to render and his love to own.

Princ. Mock not my grief, thou trifler too etherial,
Thy love, thy aid, alike are immaterial!

Zephyr. You thought not so, when in material togs,
Brocaded coat, and other thingumbobs;
I was your partner at the village hop.

Princ. Were you, then, that conceited little fop?
I thought I knew your voice, upon my word;
But couldn't fancy you'd be so absurd!

Zephyr. Absurd! there's not a god that you could name,
On Mount Olympus, but has done the same!
Jove as a bull, Europa deigned to woo,
And I—I made myself an ass, for you!

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And the sad fact, I'm even now revealing,
That though I've cast the skin, I've kept the feeling!

PRINC. Forgive me, if your feelings I have hurt,
You mustn't fancy me a heartless flirt;
I didn't mean to wound you; I declare
I'd no idea one could wound the air!
But for a light, inconstant wind like you,
The only lass to turn attention to,
Would be a wind-lass.

ZEPHYR. That has wound me up!
Oh, for poor Villikins's pison cup!

PRINC. My Villikins is drowned, or worse—that hag,
Vile Mordicanta, hides him where no drag
Can find—no diver reach to break the spell,
Or I myself would be a diving belle!
Oh, Alidor! my life! my lord! my blessing!

ZEPHYR. Hem! This is positively quite distressing;
I must evaporate! I can't stand this!
Exquisite wretch! Oh, that I off might kiss
The tears that trickle down her innocent nose,
As oft I've kissed the dew-drops from the rose.
But her cheek—Oh, such purer pearls bedew it,
I feel I haven't got the cheek to do it.

PRINC. You pity me, I see you do, for I
Am half a fairy—and with half an eye,
See more than others could with two or three.
Oh, Zephyr, you are a divinity!
And——

ZEPHYR. You're another. Swift! to any quarter
Despatch thy slave; and over land and water
He'll fly to serve you.

PRINC. Over will not do,
I need some power that can go under too,
And to restore my husband means discover.

ZEPHYR. A cool request to make an ardent lover.

PRINC. But you are not a selfish mortal man;—
Act like a demi-god—you know you can.

ZEPHYR. (*aside*) What eyes she has! that last look was a twister!
One must be more than mortal to resist her;—

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I can't! The struggle's over—it is past!
To blight such love 'twould take a sterner blast.
(*aloud*) Madam, behold the generous friend you seek,
I'm a brave spirit, not an airy sneak;
I'll go through fire and water for your sake,
And if I haven't strength to stir the lake,
I'll call on my big brother winds, to rise,
Wherever I can find them in the skies;
And such a jolly breeze we'll make together,
No land nor water witch the storm shall weather.

PRINC. Do that—and I'll in turn be your adorer;
And build a temple here, to you—and Flora.

Exit PRINCESS, L. 1 E.

ZEPHYR. My wife! That is a floorer! Never mind!
For Young and Handsome still I'll raise the wind;
And as I've so legitimate a view in it,
Even my wife can't blow me up for doing it!
Swift! Let me see which way the wind blows.
(*runs to window*, L. F.) Oh!
East and by north it's coming on to blow;
That's not a bad wind, if we get enough of it.
It's getting up! I just caught the first puff of it!
Ho! Aquilo!

AQUILO, *appears at the window*, L. F.

AQUILO. Hah! how d'ye do, young fellow?
ZEPHYR. Step in, I want you.
AQUILO. (*jumping in*) Now! what's up?
ZEPHYR. Don't bellow!
Where's brother Boreas?
AQUILO. A few points behind.
ZEPHYR. Just whistle to him then, but gently, mind.
(AQUILO *whistles at the window*)
And Auster?
AQUILO. He's gone round to blow a cloud
With Eurus.
ZEPHYR. Hush! for heaven's sake, not so loud!
Here's Boreas!

BOREAS, *at the window*, L. F.

BOREAS. What's the row? (*enters*)

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ZEPHYR. (C.) Hush! don't you make one!
Until I tell you. (*shakes hands*) Bother! How you shake one!
Whisper! (ZEPHYR *whispers the two Winds*)
AQUILO. (L.) } No! You don't say so?
BOREAS. (R.) }
ZEPHYR. Do be quiet!
You'll blow the roof off, if you make this riot!
Whisper again! (*whispers them*) Now, what d'ye say?
AQUILO. (L.) All right—
I'll do it.
BOREAS. (R.) If I don't, just blow me tight!
ZEPHYR. (C.) Away, then! Rouse up Africus and Corus;
United we must carry all before us.
But not a breath that may the foe inform——
BOREAS. Oh! the old dodge—the lull before a storm.

Trio.—ZEPHYR, BOREAS, & AQUILO.—"*Zitti, Zitti.*"

ZEPHYR. Zitti! Zitti! Piano! Piano!
Mind you don't let mamma know;
She'll blush, and let papa know.
He's a Titan, rather slow.

BOREAS. He'd order old Æolus,
In his round house up to roll us:
Or leave poor Zephyr solus,
To fall without a blow.

AQUILO. Then away, with Zephyr hieing,
To assist his purpose trying;
Through the window quickly flying,
Like an arrow from a bow.

ALL. Piano! Piano!
Soon from every point the wind shall blow.

Exeunt all by the window, L. *flat, very cautiously.*

SCENE VII.—THE DRAGON'S DEN.

ALIDOR *is discovered standing in an attitude of astonishment, gazing at* CUPID, *who is seated on a* DRAGON, *which appears perfectly tame and tractable.*

ALIDOR. O prodigy! I wonder and adore!
CUPID. You've said so about twenty times before;

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And stood, to manifest your joy and gratitude,
As many minutes in that striking attitude,
Come, for awhile your admiration season;
Nor think, because I'm Love, I won't hear reason.

ALIDOR. Forgive me, if in such a situation,
My reason suffers some slight alienation.
That man alone, who has been such a hobble in,
And found Love where he looked but for a gobble-in;
Who, doomed to stuff a horrid monster's maw,
Has seen that horrid monster hold his jaw,
And coolly turning tail, just as he met him,
Sit down and pick his teeth, as *if* he'd eat him;
That man alone—let prejudice not blind him—
And first, remember, you have got to find him—
Could understand the feelings that steal o'er me,
Viewing the interesting group before me.

CUPID. I grant, the animal which I bestride,
Is more agreeable to behold—outside;
And that you see it from that point of view
Is an advantage that's occurred to few.
St. George—who I acknowledge was a game one—
Could whop a dragon; but he couldn't tame one.
But taming monsters is to Love a trifle;
To bring the wildest down he needs no rifle.
Of all the creatures that have hearts to feel with,
Love oft finds man the hardest brute to deal with.

ALIDOR. But since for this poor little man before you
You've done so much, you'll do a little more—you
Will, I am sure, and set me free instanter.

CUPID. Softly! this race we can't win in a canter.
The course of true love never did run smooth;
And there's a green-eyed monster yet to soothe,
Who in that course is throwiug stumbling blocks
More hard to get through even than these rocks.
To trip us up he'll stick at no atrocity.

ALIDOR. Alas! then who shall help us?

CUPID. Generosity,
True love's best friend—proof against all temptation,
And at a wish comes its impersonation.

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Enter ZEPHYR, L. 2 E.

ZEPHYR. Where there's a will there *is* a way. A chink
I found, by good luck, on the very brink
Of desperation, and I've wriggled through it;
Now I've no body, I'm the boy can do it!
And here you are! living (*crosses* C.) on Love, no doubt;
Half-starved, and dying for a good blow out,
And you shall have it in a brace of shakes. (*noise*, L.)
Hark! what a row one of my brothers makes
Rumbling down after me! (*goes to* L.)
ALIDOR. Who is this mighty
Brisk little fellow? he seems rather flighty!
CUPID. Zephyr! he has been visible to you
Before, and was your rival once.
ALIDOR. (*starts*) Ah, true!
CUPID. But there is no occasion for that start,—
To do much harm he never had the heart:
But here comes one that has. Now for the struggle.

Enter MORDICANTA *and* JEALOUSY, R. 1 E.

MORDI. Hah! what strange phantoms with my senses juggle?
What light now breaks on my suspicions dark?
CUPID. The light of Love—the most electric spark.
MORDI. Out on thee for a false intriguing knave!
What dost thou here?
CUPID. I came your love to save.
Behold him, perfect still in form and feature;
And here's your monster, quite another creature:
So tame, a child might play with him at snapdragon,
Or a young lady make of him a lap-dragon.
MORDI. Alidor, still alive! Jupiter Ammon!
And you preserved him for my sake?
JEAL. (*aside*, R.) Oh, gammon!
CUPID. Yes, that you might release him without ransom,
And, in the best of senses, do the handsome.
JEAL. By giving him to Young and Hansome—don't!
MORDI. Oh, never fear me—no! no! that I won't!

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I am omnipotent this lake below!
ZEPHYR. (*advancing* L. C.) Then I'll blow up the lake,
and you also.
MORDI. You! Zephyr! why, you flimsy little wispster,
You couldn't make its tiniest billows tip stir!
ZEPHYR. Will you, once, twice.
MORDI. Ten thousand times—No, no!
ZEPHYR Then enter Messrs. Boreas and Co.

Enter, L. U. E., BOREAS, AQUILO, EURUS, *and* AUSTER.

Blow winds, until you crack your cheeks! Rage!
Blow!
I'll help you! Ev'ry little helps, you know.
JEAL. Even for Jealousy this work's too warm!

Exit JEALOUSY.

CUPID. Love rides the whirlwind, and directs the storm!
(*a tremendous tempest—wind, thunder, &c.—the rocks are blown away, and discover—*

SCENE VIII.—THE PORCELAIN PAVILION.

Enter, R. *and* L., PRINCESS, NYMPHS, *&c.*, SHEPHFRDS *and* SHEPHERDESSES, *&c. &c.*, CUPID, *with* ALIDOR *and* ZEPHYR.

ZEPHYR. I've kept my promise—Now keep yours, and set me
Up in this building.
PRINC. If the gods will let me.
ZEPHYR. Then turn your heavenly eyes towards the ceiling.
While Cupid to the *beau monde* is appealing,
In box and stall—I fly to the Parterre,
Of course, and whisper, I'm your favourite air!
I know how very gracious you can be,
'Twas you who first made somebody of me.
Then let me for this "airy nothing," claim
"A local habitation and a name."

Finale.—(*Yankee Melodies*).

PRINCESS.—"*My Mary Ann.*"

Though "young and handsome," everybody knows
Myself I did not style;
I hope all those who are so, in yonder rows,
Will on their namesake smile.

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ALIDOR.

And let the drama play Merry An-
Drew for a little while,
And the gay cap of Folly permit her to wear
In the old Olympic style, Merry Friends!
In the old Olympic style!

ZEPHYR.—"*Bobbing around.*"

One year I was a Yellow Elf,
The next a Prince who frown'd around;
But now you see me as myself:
I'm Young—and Handsome, too!
As such to-night I've danced and sung,
Bobbing around, around, around!
And if perchance I've pleased the Young,
The Handsome sure you'll do.
And let the Drama play Merry An-
Drew for a little while,
And come down with the ready for your holiday fare,
In the old Olympic style, Merry Friends!
In the old Olympic style!

Chorus.

And let the Drama, &c.

(*during the last chorus,* ZEPHYR *is elevated on a pedestal, and the* NYMPHS *in a group form a Tableau*)

Curtain.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R.	R.C.	C.	L. C.	L.
Right.	*Right Centre.*	*Centre.*	*Left Centre.*	*Left.*

FACING THE AUDIENCE.

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Costumes.

ALIDOR. *First Dress:* Brown jacket and trunks, white wig, black shoes, canvas wallet, white hat. *Second Dress:* Amber satin jacket and trunks trimmed with violet and silver, embroidered wallet, hat with flowers, black shoes.

CUPID. White merino shirt; pair of wings, broad blue ribbon round the head, and ringlet wig.

CAT. Black skin dress; mask and tail; brass collar.

ZEPHYR. *First and Third Dress:* Set of fleshings, blue gauze body, skirt, and scarf; flaxen ringlet wig and wreath of roses; pair of wings; pink boots. *Second Dress:* Pink embroidered silk coat, waistcoat, and breeches, trimmed with silver; silk stockings, black shoes and rosettes; white wig; lace cravat and shirt; white hat and dress sword.

JEALOUSY. Black tights, yellow scale body, trunks, and armlets; high yellow wig; green eyes.

SHEPHERDS. Jackets and trunks of various colours; straw hats, white wigs; various coloured stockings, shoes.

TRITONS. Green tights, gauze body and skirts; long flowing wigs.

MORDICANTA. *First Dress:* Red, trimmed with black velvet and Hierogliphics; long-haired grey wig and conical hat. *Second Dress:* Large brown cloak; long-haired wig, and hat. *Third Dress:* White satin and gold, crimson satin robe; tiara, and white wig.

YOUNG AND HANDSOME. *First Dress:* White skirt, green body; hat and feathers, white wig. *Second Dress:* Pink striped silk tuck-up gown, grey petticoat, white under petticoat; white shepherdess hat, white wig, and band of flowers for scarf. *Third Dress:* Light blue satin and silk, white satin petticoat; white wig.

SHEPHERDESSES. Various coloured tuck-up gowns, coloured petticoats; white wigs and hats.

NYMPHS. White muslin tuck-up skirts and petticoats; hats with flowers, &c.; pink and silver bodies; white wigs.

SYRENS. Flesh bodies, blue gauze and silver skirts; long hair wigs.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION—1 *hour and* 32 *minutes.*

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YOUNG AND HANDSOME.

A NEW AND ORIGINAL

Fairy Extravaganza,

IN ONE ACT,

Founded on the Countess of Murat's Fairy Tale of "Jeune et Belle."

BY

J. R. PLANCHÉ, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF

Beauty and the Beast, Bee and Orange Tree, Birds of Aristophanes, Blue Beard, Cymon and Iphigenia, Fair One with the Golden Locks, Fortunio, Golden Branch, Golden Fleece, Graciosa and Percinet, Invisible Prince, Island of Jewels, King Charming, King of the Peacocks, New Planet, Queen of the Frogs, Romantic Idea, Sleeping Beauty, Theseus and Ariadne, White Cat, Discreet Princess, Yellow Dwarf, &c. &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,

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